"THE FIRST TIME I USED
CALIFORNIAN POPPY PERFUME
I WAS ENCHANTED . . .

. . now I do not feel dressed without it," says

Lady Bridgett Poulett
(BRILLIANT BALROOM DANCER)

Just why do lovely society women—famous alike for their charm and beauty—wear Californian Poppy Perfume? In a world of flamboyancy this unique perfume is a joy to wear. Not too heavy—just discreet enough for day wear—just sophisticated enough for glamorous nights. Enjoy fragrant Californian Poppy for yourself—you’ll be surprised at the difference it’ll make to your outlook on life!

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Lady Bridgett Poulett
is justly famed for her perfect heart-shaped face and her perfect dancing. An ardent first-nighter, she is to be seen at all important premières, where her lovely gowns excite universal admiration.

AIR AND SUNLIGHT FILTER TO GROWING SECOND SKIN THROUGH THIS GOSSAMER-FINE POWDER

In six weeks' time your present skin will have disappeared and what is now your second skin will take its place. To keep it soft, clear and lovely it needs the vital forces of air and sunlight now, while it is growing. Air to make it strong and healthy; sunlight to give it natural radiant colouring. Gossamer-fine Californian Poppy Face Powder transmits sun and air to your tender growing skin—keeps it lovely now and in the future. Use it always to protect the beauty of your complexion.

6d and 1/-
(Natural, Rachel, Peachtree, and Sunbrook)
Masculine Film Favourite Number One if 160,000 Englishmen (and women) who contributed to the Bernstein Questionnaire can’t be wrong. Gary’s latest, “Souls at Sea,” is his last under the Paramount contract that brought him fame and fortune. He will be seen next in “The Adventures of Marco Polo.”
'10 MINUTES TO WAIT before leaving for the theatre'—says JESSICA TANDY —'so Mine's a Minor!'

'Minors' are inexpensive, but not 'cheap.' They are a quality brand—made of the same tobacco and packed with the same care as much dearer cigarettes. And they last the full 10 minutes.

PLAIN, CORK OR 'IVORY'-TIPPED

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

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FOR THAT LEISURED ½ HOUR — DE RESZKE MAJORS, 20 FOR 1/-
DEAR KAY FRANCIS,

Once upon a time, and not so very long ago, there was a Hollywood actress who, though she took an intelligent interest in her career, was regarded as the essence of sweet reasonableness, the director's friend and the producer's joy.

Perhaps she felt that she owed something to films as well as having given something to films, because her stage career had not been sensationally successful and she was down to her last few dollars when her friend, Walter Huston, got her a screen role that made her famous overnight.

At any rate, her reputation for common sense and off screen charm even in business matters became something of a byword. She did not even worry unduly if she was given a role or two that she knew would not be likely to enhance her prestige.

"It seems to me," she said, "that a studio makes seventy-five pictures a year and they can't all be good."

Of course, she confessed, she tried to raise Cain at the front office periodically, but thought it foolish to get unpleasant about it.

If you have read so far you will doubtless recognise that this is not a fairy story and that its heroine's name is Kay Francis.

We mention this pleasant impression we have always had of you because in view of it we find it particularly hard to believe the increasing number of Hollywood gossip stories which have recently appeared charging you with being concerned in studio "incidents," clashes with directors and fellow artistes.

Filmpgoers would doubtless have forgiven you an honest-to-goodness revolt against some of the material that has been handed out to you in the last year or two.

We can appreciate that you have had some terrible stories to contend with, "real stinkaroos" as you put it yourself. Few actresses would have gone on accepting them with such patience.

We find it less easy, however, to appreciate the growing list of incidents over frequently petty issues with which you are credited by the film colony scribems.

It started in a small way with reports of trouble during the filming of Wonder Bar.

Then we heard that you had had a reporter ejected from a restaurant, where you were holding a party.

When you came to London on your last visit you went out of your way to snub the English press, which had always treated you with the utmost courtesy and consideration. You really needn't have bothered, incidentally, staging that undignified "run out" at the boat train. We weren't as interested in the then-blooming romance between Kay Francis and Delmer Davis as all that.

The growing legend, however, has really reached the culminating point in the series of rumours of childish verbal clashes between you and Joe May on the set of your latest picture Confession.

When an actress, following other similar charges, is accused in the public prints of losing her temper with her director because of so trivial a matter as being politely corrected over a line of dialogue she is in serious danger of acquiring a reputation for artistic temperament.

And you should know, as well as we do, that no star can afford to maintain a reputation for artistic temperament, certainly no star who has figured in as many indiffereent pictures as you have in the last two years. If you don't know we're telling you.

Which brings us naturally to another development in your career which is distinctly disturbing. Don't you think that you are becoming too closely associated with the more sobby Hollywood forms of manufactured emotionalism, particularly in thes mother-love roles, of which you apparently have another in Confession.

You have pretty well run the entire gamut of hifmic feminin suffering. We think we speak for many picturegoers when we say that we would like to see a revival of the charming and sophisticated Kay Francis of One Way Passage and Trouble In Paradise.
Bid to Move Movie City

Who discovered Robert Taylor?

Talkie Tom Sawyer chosen

Hitchcock's new Thriller

Mary Clare Returns to Screen

Determined bid is at present being made to put Hollywood on the map! Officially, you know, there's no such place.

It is not listed in any gazetteer. It has no railway station, no municipal building of any kind, and no post office. Indeed, only by the courtesy of those in charge of the United States mails are your fan letters ever delivered.

Hollywood actually lost its identity in 1910, when it merged with Los Angeles. About a year later the movie cameras that were to make it the most famous place in the world were first set up there.

Now some astute gentlemen in Culver City have had a brain wave. It is claimed for Culver City, which is the home of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Selznick and Roach studios, that it controls two-thirds of American film production.

And its Chamber of Commerce is taking steps to change the name from Culver to Hollywood City. If they succeed it will probably be over the dead bodies of all the other producers in California. The move, at any rate, is causing a first-rate crisis.

Bob Taylor Discoverer No. 51

The latest claimant to the title of "The Man Who Discovered Robert Taylor" is English-actor E. E. Clive.

"I was producing a play called M' Lord the

A charming new study of Ginger Rogers, who is due to do "Hollywood Hotel" next, with Dick Powell as her co-star.

Duke at the Hollywood Playhouse," he explains, "and I needed a good-looking young chap to take the part of a motion picture star who heads a company which comes to the Duke's ancestral home to shoot a picture. The play was all cast except for that one part.

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

"The following day he came to me and said that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had offered him a contract. Ben Piazza, then casting director for that studio, had seen him in M' Lord the Duke the night before and wanted to sign him up. Clive confesses, however, that he strongly advised Bob not to take the offer.

Another Harding "Whimsy"

Ann Harding is engaging in trying to perform the difficult feat of having her cake and eating it, too.

Miss Harding, after being treated with loving care by her producers over here, who went to considerable pains and expense to provide her with a suitable story, and delayed production for months while she condescended to decide on one, receiving a handsome salary meanwhile, voiced some very unflattering opinions on British films on her return to New York.

There was no profit in it, she said, and only the Hollywood stars who "could afford to indulge in it as a little whimsy" should go to work in England.

Now, back in Hollywood, Ann is reported to be demanding previously unheard of contract terms on the strength of "the increased prestige she has acquired as a result of her success in Britain."

A little "whimsy" seems to be indicated.

Doubles of the Stars

The long shots of the heroine needed for the completion of Jean Harlow's last picture, Saratoga, will probably be made with Jean Seale, who closely resembled the star and had doubled for her previously during retakes.

Miss Seale is one of the many people in films who have failed because they look too much like the stars.

Twenty-two of them are having the time of their lives at the moment playing in Once a Hero, a Hollywood story, which calls for "doubles" of the famous.

Among them is Sylvia Lamour, whom even Frankfort Tone must have difficulty in distinguishing from Joan Crawford. She went to Hollywood four months ago. Margaret Bryson was always being mistaken for Loretta Young, so she applied for a role and got it. Philip Waldron's friends told him he was "another Clark Gable," but Metro was not
impressed; he served as a prop man there and is now at Warners playing bits.

- It is rather interesting to learn that even Bing Crosby has a double—who croons, too. His name is Earl Haddox, he looks very like Bing, and his voice is like Crosby's. "Only," he says, "not so good."

- Also in the cast of Once a Hero is Mary Miner, who bore such a likeness to Irene Dunne that Bing kept her under contract during the term of Miss Dunne's employment.

- Carol Dietrich is not related to Marlene Dietrich but she has made a living because of her likeness to the star. In The Garden of Allah, many of the long shots were of Carol and not Marlene.

- Betty Dietrich, sister of Carol, is a dress extra and occasionally secures a stage engagement because she looks like Greta Garbo.

- There's another Dietrich sister who is not in Hollywood. She resembles Marion Davies.

- The fact that John Bohn is a counterpart of John Barrymore has wrecked his screen career, he says, he has a standing offer to play Barrymore for any producer without charge if given a part as John Bohn.

- Dr. W. D. Dearborn attends to his chiro-practic practice in the evenings and by day is an actor and stand-in for William Powell; he had a substantial bit in Ziegfeld.

- Virginia Rendel impersonates the one and only Mae West. She has been doing it on the stage for some months.

**Heart Cry Department**

- One of the most persistent requests put forward by filmgoers invited to make suggestions in the Bernstein Questionnaire for the improvement of cinema entertainment was for double seats for courting couples.

**Screen's "Tom Sawyer" Found**

- Another famous talent hunt has come to an end with the announcement that the long-sought screen Tom Sawyer has been found.

- The lucky youngster is Tommy Kelly, a 12-year-old lad who was discovered while playing in the street near his home in the East Bronx, one of New York's poorest quarters. For two years his father has been unemployed, in receipt of State relief for his wife and five children.

- Now Hollywood's magic wand has waved and Tommy has the chance to emulate the success of another Selznick discovery, Freddie Bartholomew, who earns $250 a week.

- No fewer than 25,000 boys of every class were personally interviewed, and hundreds were screen tested during a search which has lasted nine months. Tommy was just one of the hundreds given screen tests.

- Three months ago Selznick viewed some of the tests in the studio projection theatre. Tommy's was among them. The producer ordered the test to be run through again. Then a telegram was dispatched to the Kellys in New York requesting Tommy to go to Hollywood for a further test.

- The boy arrived in Hollywood with his father, Michael Kelly, and was immediately put in the hands of dramatic coaches to prepare him for his final ordeal.

- Mrs. Kelly is still in New York looking after the rest of the family.

**Crisis Over Hollywood**

- It was a substantial bid Tommy brought to the table, but the offer was spurned.

- The old crooner, Bing Crosby, has taken another fancy to film-making. He has been keeping his eye on a young woman in the pictures, and it is said that he has bid $5,000 for the young woman's services alone.

- However, Miss Garbo, who has been given $5,000 for her services alone, will not say yes to Bing Crosby. She is said to have told him that she would not accept a bid of that amount.

**One Film Star—One Dollar**

- How much would you think a film star was worth to a film company? A million dollars? Well, perhaps.

- Mr. Louis B. Mayer revealed the other day, however, that M.G.M. carries Robert Taylor, Luise Rainer and Eleanor Powell on its books at an asset value of exactly one dollar per head.

**Marlene's "Golden" Hair**

- The great big world can now go on turning.

- A Paramount bulletin solemnly assures us that the United States government has given Marlene Dietrich permission to use gold dust to enhance the beauty of her blonde hair.

- She has been visited by Pierson Hall, United States District Attorney in Los Angeles, who investigated the statutes governing private possession of gold, that she may use genuine gold powder providing she does not have more than $20 worth in her possession.

- Miss Dietrich, it seems, gave up the use of the real thing and adopted a substitute when Congress passed legislation prohibiting the private possession of gold in 1933.

- However, at the start of Angel, Ernst Lubitsch, director and producer, urged her to return to real gold dust after Charles Lang, photographer, discovered that the genuine gold is definitely superior in photographic results to the gilt substitute.

- Miss Dietrich has applied to the director of the **Hollywood**

- **NEW ROMANCE FOR ELAINE?**

- HOLLYWOOD is wondering whether Elaine Barrie, divorced wife of John Barrymore, is in love with Leon Janney, youthful actor, who has appeared on the screen since childhood.

- When Elaine departed for Denver, where she will commence a tour of the principal American cities, Leon was there to bid her a fond farewell, but the famous John Barrymore was nowhere in evidence.

**Poor Mary**

- Mary Brian's Filippino houseboy, Jonga, is a violent movie fan, and it is unfortunate that his likes and dislikes sometimes do not coincide with those of the actress.

- The gentleman, by telephone or calls upon Miss Brian, and Jonga happens to like his work on the screen, he is bid immediate welcome, whether Mary is anxious to see him or not.

(Continued on page 8)
Douglas Fairbanks and his former wife, Mary Pickford, were very pleasant to one another, when they met, for the first time in several years. The occasion was the departure of Alexander Korda for England. Korda, as you know, has been negotiating for the control of United Artists, in which Mary and Doug are financially interested. Estranged couples in Hollywood rarely quarrel when they meet.

Lauder's "Sweetheart"

Sir Harry Lauder has fallen for a fair charmer, and it is none other than Shirley Temple! The famous comedian turned down numerous film offers, but declared he would work in one of Shirley's pictures for nothing, a great admission for a Scotsman to make!

Sir Harry presented the little star with a tam-o' Shanter decorated with a rosette of the Lauder plaid.

A British Snob

A young English gentleman who had hoped to win favour as an actor in Hollywood films, encountered "tough sledding," and, rather than borrow from his friends, became a butcher in the home of his uncle. It was his misfortune to serve a meal at a dinner where many of his former friends were guests. All but one of his friends observed to him, except a rather unimportant, universally disliked British actor, who asked the "butler" to call him up first if he desired to drop around to his home.

A Modern "Godiva"

Jean Hapburn, a pretty young lady, who claimed that she committed burglary to secure an opportunity to act in the movies, was sentenced to serve from one to ten years in the Techachapi Pension for Women. When guards arrived to take Jean to prison, they discovered that she had discarded all clothing! Matrons seized her, forcibly put on garments, and bound her hands.

Jean is now in Techachapi, and, if the parole board is kind, she may be out in a year or two.

Thirty Years Later

Willie Howard received the shock of his life when he looked up to give his order in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary restaurant and found that Sophie Tucker was waiting on him. It was all part of a "gag," as they say in the stage.

More than thirty years ago, Howard was sitting in a restaurant, and Sophie Tucker was taking his order. He was so impressed by her personality that he advised her to go on the stage.

Time marches on, and Sophie is now "sitting pretty" in Hollywood.

Unassuming Star

Numerous stars profess a desire to get back to the stage, and face audiences again, and many sometimes do, but it remained for Joan Bennett to set a new precedent.

The actress has announced that she will go East this summer for experience and contact with her fans, not on the glamorous New York commercial stage, but in the little barn theatres of Woosocket, old North Beach and Ogunquit, and other New England towns, at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week.

An Angry Mother

Martha Reed recently eloped to Las Vegas, Nev., with Hamilton (Buddy) Westmore, one of the famous Westmore Brothers, make-up experts to the film stars.

The couple was all set to go to Hollywood to accept the congratulations of their friends, and to face the wrath of Martha's mother, Mrs. Peggy Reed.

Mrs. Reed did not approve of the elopement, saying that her daughter was only 20 and should think of her career for a while instead of marriage, and also that the "love birds" had promised to defer matrimony for two years. However, she finally yielded, gave her blessing, and all is well.

Troubles of a Star

Bruce Cabot returned from Florida minus one shirt, a new watch, and with a large bump on his head. All as the result of refereeing a girls' soft ball game in Jacksonville.

A wild hit by one of the girls accounted for the bump and souvenir-hunting fans for the rest.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

HITCHCOCK'S New Thriller

ALFRED HITCHCOCK is always news, whether he's preparing a film, directing it, or resting after it and thinking up the next. And as he's always doing one of these three things, he's a great help to the questing studio gossip-writer, who is a little inclined to find things dull and tricky in the studios in these dog days.

Not that it's nearly as bad this summer as I've known it; but after last year—well, the contrast is just too pathetic anyway. "Hitch" is well under way with his new film, A Shilling for Candles; he's reduced the price to at least half—it used to be Shillings for Candles.

If they change it to Love in Flight I'll never say another kind word for Hitch "as long as I live; and that's just to be difficult, mind you, because I consider him one of our few really good directors.

Horror

One thing I particularly like about his films is that he isn't obsessed with the idea that tragedies occur only in deserted mansions at midnight, or in ghostly woods with owls howling. The more ordinary the setting, the greater the effect of the tragedy by contrast; I remember once during the War I was walking cheerfully through a charming little wood, thinking of bloater paste for supper, when I came suddenly on forty men who had been killed by gas shells.

That was about the most horrible moment of the War for me. Hitchcock realises that principle, and plays it up for all he's worth.

A Shilling for Candles is of particular interest to Picturegoer readers because the girl to whom you awarded the Gold Medal this year is playing the lead—Nova Pilbeam.

Only three years ago she was hailed as a new child star after her appearance in Little Friend. Now, at seventeen, she is playing her first romantic lead.

Nix On Sex

I understand that Hitchcock, in deference to her youth, will put the soft pedal down on the sex stuff in this picture, and will concentrate on the thrills.

Opposite her he has made an interesting choice—young Derrick de Marney, who at present is missing in action. He is known on the stage than in films, but this is a state of affairs which will soon be remedied, I think.

There is an able supporting cast. "Hitch" has a reputation for having the same people in all his pictures if he can possibly find room for them, so I was not surprised to find Percy Marmont on the set.

Marmont, you may remember, played the Englishman with a German wife, who was murdered by Peter Lorre by being tipped over a precipice in Secret Agent. In this new one he plays a Chief Constable, and father of Nova Pilbeam.

In addition we have J. H. Roberts, Basil Radford (whom I last saw as the Defending Counsel in Jump for Glory), George Curzon (where's he been?), Jerry Verno, George Merritt, H. F. Maltby, J. Miller, Fred Royal, Edward Rigby, and Mary Clare, who has been absent from films for much too long.

House Fallen

She's been playing almost continuously on the West End stage, of course, but that isn't much comfort to us picturegoers. She was in the news recently through her house falling in on her; maybe you have to have something like that happen before the studios remember you exist.

Oh, and I nearly forgot... John Longden. John has been in the Antipodes, making and playing in Australian films, for some years. Since he returned he has had played in French Leave for Pathe; he certainly hasn't wasted much time in getting back into films on this side.

And here, also, is an excellent example of the same people recurring in Hitchcock's films: John Longden was in the very first talkie "Hitch" ever made—Blackmail. And very good he was.

I told you the theme of A Shilling for Candles, I think. A murder is committed, the young man is suspected, and he and the girl escape.
practise dancing on a barge. It isn’t as easy as you’d think, owing to the camber.

**Neagle’s Next**
- Another new subject announced is Anna Neagle’s next.
- This will be *Nippy*, a tale of a Lyons waitress. Presumably Lyons is now such a national institution that you can mention it, like Pears Soap and *Punch*, without being accused of trying to advertise it.
- Anyway, who cares?
- Opposite Anna will be Ralph Reader, who co-operated with Herbert Wilcox in making a film of his famous Gang Show, in the hope of discovering some new screen talent, and succeeded quite by accident in discovering himself as a new leading man.
- Herbert Wilcox has sailed away to furrin parts, with *Victoria the Great* in round tin cans marked “Not Wanted on Voyage.” to show it to the New Yorkers before the Old Londoners get even a smell of it.
- Just before he left he told me he was so tickled with the colours which form the end of that film that he had decided to make his next, *Nippy*, entirely in Technicolor.
- There will also, he tells me, be a chorus of 64 nippies. I hope Ralph Reader will teach them how to “hoot.” He knows.

**A Change of Jobs**
- Walter Mycroft, in charge of production for Associated British at Elstree, believes we suffer from a shortage of directorial talent.
- Well, I agree there is a shortage of good directors—though the mediocre ones who are out of a job just now would make a respectable-sized film crowd.
- Anyway, Mycroft is out to find one or two good new ones; and his first experiment in this direction is with one of Richard Bird, who has long been hankering to get behind the camera.
- In several conversations I’ve had with him he has shown a keen interest in, and a creditable knowledge of, the technique of picture-making.
- I hope he’ll be as impressive in his new role as he’s been as an actor.

**Some Time Ago**
- His first assignment is the Edgar Wallace thriller *The Terror* which should cook up very successfully into a screen spine-chiller.
- The last time I saw it as a stage-play was at the Artillery Theatre. Woolwich; an old actor of my acquaintance had asked me to go and see his daughter in it, and, if I thought anything of her performance, give her a little publicity, which would be very helpful to her, as she was just starting in her career.
- I did think something of her, and I did give her some publicity, which I believe was helpful to her.
- Her name was Margot Grahame.
- “Dicky” Bird must, however, beware of one pitfall; there’s a kind of fallacy abroad in our fair land that, because Edgar Wallace is sure fire box-office in the theatre, he necessarily translates well to the screen.
- I have known some pretty dreadful films to be made from Edgar Wallace stories; even the highly successful *The Frog*, when put on the screen by that expert producer Herbert Wilcox, seemed to me a dreary affair.

**Not Guilty!**
- Now I expect I shall receive a protest from Walter Mycroft against my “criticising *The Terror* in advance,” whereas I’m doing no such thing. I’m merely warning Dicky Bird of the fallacy which all the luck in the world (I’m very fond of Dicky), and promising to watch the experiment with great interest.
- Now for a couple of Quota pictures—which is, let me assure you for the umpteenth time, no reflection on their quality, but merely an indication that they are made in this country for distribution by American companies.
- My complaint some weeks ago that we didn’t see enough of Nancy O’Neil nowadays has apparently been taken to heart.
- She is now down at Wembley, playing opposite Oliver Wakefield in *Bone of Contention*, for Fox British.
- The bone is a sacred one, which is inherited by a young man named George Peabody, who sells it to an Indian Rajah for £5,000. With this money George goes to England to get in touch with a girl.
- Oh, didn’t I mention that everything had gone wrong? Sorry. Well, anyway, it has.
- That’s kind of stuff.
- Albert Parker is directing it, and the cast includes Clifford Heatherley, Patric Curwen, Eric Hales, Ernest Mainwaring, Brian Buchel, Robert Nairac, Molly Hamley Clifford, and John Laurie.

**Fox is Back**
- You remember Mr. Laurie, of course?—the Highland crofter in whose wee hoose (a but-an-ben, I fancy) Robert Donat took refuge in *Thirty-nine Steps*.
- I wish somebody would give me a sacred bone.
- Talking of colour, as we were just now, it will be intensely interesting to see what will happen to British Chemicolour when William Fox gets going on it.
- British Chemicolour is the system in which Karl Grune made certain sequences in *Pagliacci*, a Tauber film. Recently he took it to America, and invited the famous William Fox, founder of the Fox Film Corporation with its capital of $50,000,000, to see it.
- He saw it, remarked that it was the first colour film that had not hurt his eyes, and agreed to emerge from his retirement and become an active executive of British Chemicolour.
- I’m glad William Fox is coming into the news again; it’s been kind of dull without him.

**An Elusive Pimpernel**
- Elstree is still quiet this week, with only *Over She Goes* on the Associated British floors (seven floors since three were burned down).
- Denham, however, is warming up beautifully to a real hot summer under the arcs.
- Six productions are in progress there, either actually on the floor, being prepared, or in the cutting stage; they are *The Speaker*, *The First and the Last*, *The Drum*, The *Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel*, *South Riding*, and *Bicycle Built for Two*.
- The new Pimpernel has been chosen; he is Barry Barnes, a British actor who has previously faced a movie-camera, and the cast includes Francis Lister, Henry Oscar, Margareta Scott, and Sophie Stewart.
- Now let the storm break!

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Mr. and Mrs. John Loder have been holidaying on the Continent. Our cameraman caught up with them at the Fontainebleau chateau in Paris. John has just completed his role in “Dr. Syn.” across the South of England, she torn between love and duty, he torn between love and self-preservation. All the elements of good meaty drama here; and “Hitch” will get it, never tear.

**Jessie Afloat**
- This, I may or may not have omitted to mention, is being made at Pinewood; and there they are making preparations also for Jessie Matthews’ next film, to follow *Gangway*.
- The title is already announced. It’s to be called *Full Sail*, and will be about, and on, and occasionally in, Father Thames.
- In it Jessie will become the adopted daughter of a London bargee; this should be a rather pleasant holiday after the somewhat nerve-racking time she had on her last picture, in which it is estimated that 10,000 rounds of ammunition were fired by gangsters in the sacred cause of realism.
- Now she and Sonnie Hale are having a well-earned rest in their “hideout” in Cornwall; I only hope she is having an opportunity to

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**NEXT WEEK**

**MY MARRIAGE SECRETS**

by BETTE DAVIS

The happy marriage of Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson is one of the wonders of Hollywood. The couple married at a time when the wife was already a successful film actress, and he an almost unknown band leader. Bette drove about in a $50,000 car to prove that they were living within his income. Now he is rapidly climbing the ladder of success in his own career.

In *Picturegoer* next week Bette tells the secrets of their married life in one of the most intimate and revealing film star interviews ever published.

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Next week is an important one for film fans. On sale, on July 7, will be the new *Picturegoer Summer Annual*—a magnificent 100-page holiday magazine illustrated in colour and featuring a wealth of articles by the best film writers and some of your favourite stars.

The *Picturegoer Summer Annual* has established itself as a necessary part of the well-spent. This year it is better than ever before.

It is, in fact, too good to be missed. So make sure that you get your copy early.
This has been a year of tragedy in the film colony. The writer of this article looks beneath the official whitewash applied to a number of recent cases and shows you why the strange deaths of Hollywood go unsolved.

by Malcolm Phillips

Even the sordid Arbuckle case had its element of mystery. It is not generally known that if it had not been for a telephone call to the coroner, by an anonymous hospital nurse the police would never have heard anything about that fatal party and Virginia Rappe’s death would never have been investigated.

Incidentally, a final typical Hollywood touch was supplied by one of the jurors who subsequently acquitted the 300-lb. comedian. By a previous arrangement he signalled the verdict to a reporter, who was thus able to beat his rivals to the story by several minutes.

Early this year Ross Alexander added another chapter to the tragic mysteries of movieland. There must be something wrong when a young man, famous, wealthy and on the threshold of film stardom finds life too unbearable to continue.

Characteristically, yet another unsolved death mystery was advanced to explain his suicide. A year ago Alexander’s second wife, the actress Aleta Friele, was discovered in their home with a bullet through her head. The circumstances pointed to suicide, and a coroner’s jury decided that she had taken her life. Her father, a New Jersey doctor, however, was not satisfied and demanded further investigation.

Ross Alexander, distracted, retired from films for a while. Then he returned to the studios and played opposite Anne Nagel in The Voice of Scandal, as soon as the picture was completed they eloped to Yuma. He found happiness for a while in his new marriage, but a long spell of depression followed a visit to the scene of Aleta’s death.

One night he told his bride that he was going out to shoot duck. He went to a barn a hundred yards from the house. Servants heard a shot, they found him dead in the hayloft, a bullet through his brain and a revolver by his hand.

As usual, before the inequity there were whispers of pressure being brought to bear to prevent a too-public inquiry. Investigating Detective Bert Massey declared that there was no evidence linking up the actor’s death with that of his second wife.

“We haven’t found a suicide note or anything else,” he said. “Alexander had been drinking heavily and apparently fretted a great deal over the Aleta Friele tragedy. But we do not believe that he was culpably implicated in that. We believe hers was a case of suicide like his.”

Neither case was fully nor satisfactorily cleared up according to our own legal standards.

Nor has an adequate solution ever been offered of the mysterious death of beautiful Thelma Todd, whose gorgeous body, still clothed in evening dress was found crumpled up in the front of her car in a locked garage on the morning of December 16, 1935.

Death was due to carbon monoxide poison and a badly cut lip was explained by the possibility that the actress, in falling sideways, had struck the steering wheel.

Accidental death was a convenient theory. Thelma, it was suggested, had fallen asleep in the car, with the garage doors shut, and had been killed by the fumes from the motor.

Poor Jean Harlow took with her to the grave, and the reunion in eternity with the man who was her husband, her secrets of the mystery of Paul Bern’s death.

Though, with the exception of the William Desmond Taylor affair, it was the most spectacular, the Bern case is only one of the many unsolved mysteries that lie heavily on Hollywood’s conscience. Indeed, the percentage of unexplained deaths in the film city is probably higher than that of any other in the world.

The truth about most of them would make Hollywood’s manufactured dramas seem tame, yet it is doubtful if it ever be told. Questions regarding them are frigidly discouraged by the powers that be in a town where the official whitewash system has now been brought to the point of perfection, where not one in three suicides ever gets into the newspapers, where police cars crawl to answer alarms in order that film executives and the ambulance may get there first and remove the body, and where the gaols are notoriously full of former judges and district attorneys.

It was typical of Hollywood methods that on the day of Bern’s death three prominent producers were on the scene almost three hours before the police arrived.

While the body of William Desmond Taylor lay on the floor of the living-room of his West lake Park apartment, with a bullet wound in the neck, and before the coroner got there a friend went directly to the victim’s bedroom on the upper floor and took away a bundle of the dead man’s letters and personal belongings.

Stranger still, all the evidence gathered at the house, including three long blonde hairs and a night-gown, subsequently and mysteriously disappeared from the police station!
But when the body was found the engine was turned off and there was still plenty of petrol in the tank. Could Thelma herself have turned it off? A detective who carried out a test in the same garage could not stand the fumes more than two minutes.

The investigation of the tragedy revealed glimpses of the party life of Hollywood that is not widely advertised these days.

On the Saturday evening she had attended a party given by Ida Lupino at the Trocadero. Ida subsequently revealed: "Thelma told me that night, 'I'm in the midst of a marvellous romance with a San Francisco man. I hope you may be able to meet him some day.'"

She was driven home in a hired car, arriving about 3.45 a.m. and was walking up the path when the chauffeur drove away.

It was not long before the customary Hollywood element of the fantastic began to appear in the case. Thelma Todd was a co-partner with Roland West, the well-known director, in a restaurant business, the Sidewalk Café. Both lived in rooms above the café, though he subsequently testified that the connecting door was always locked.

On the night of the Lupino party he had gone to bed at two o'clock, shut the doors of both the rooms and the reception quarters and had inadvertently locked Thelma out. He later explained that he thought she had a master key.

If it is accepted that the actress was in the car in the garage of her own free will, it is assumed that she went there for shelter and warmth. Her car, incidentally, was always parked some hundreds of yards away from the café in a garage in the lower half of a house owned by Jewelry Carmen, West's estranged wife.

Stranger still was the further mystery factor introduced in the case by Mrs. Wallace Ford, wife of the actor and one of Thelma's best friends.

On the Sunday afternoon Mrs. Ford was giving a cocktail party. At four o'clock, she declared, Thelma called her on the telephone:

"She told me," Mrs. Ford said, "that she was coming to the party and asked if she might bring a friend. 'You’ll drop dead when you see who it is',' Thelma added.

Thelma, according to Mrs. Ford, went on to ask if she could 'come as I am' and rang off with the promise to be there in half an hour.

Other people came forward with stories of having seen Miss Todd on the Sunday. Jewel Carmen said that she had noticed her driving in Hollywood with a dark, foreign looking man in her own car at 11 o'clock that night. A Mrs. Kane, who lives in Laurel Canyon testified that she saw the star telephoning in a drug store on Sunset Boulevard at four in the afternoon.

Mrs. Ford, moreover, is certain that she could not be mistaken about the voice. The autopsy revealed, however, that when found Thelma had been dead for at least eighteen hours and possibly thirty.

And if it had been Thelma who rang Mrs. Ford, where had she been during the twelve hours since the chauffeur dropped her at the cafe? Why hadn't she returned to her apartment after the cafe' opened to change her evening gown?

A coroner's jury found her death "probably accidental," but recommended further investigation and a grand jury inquiry was begun. But so far from the case being cleared up the probe created new mysteries.

It was known that the blonde star had been the victim of extortion threats. As a matter of fact, at the time, one man was awaiting trial on the charge of trying to obtain money from her by menaces and another had been committed to an asylum.

It was also widely reported that Los Angeles racketeers were trying to persuade her to permit gambling in the rooms above the Sidewalk Café.

There was much conflicting and irrelevant evidence regarding Thelma's state of mind just before the tragedy. Among those who testified that she was depressed was Ida Lupino. Robert Galer, a costume designer, said that she had spoken mysteriously of "being too broke to pay bills."

The Hollywood touch came in again when Alex Hoose, who waited on the star at the Trocadero party received a threatening note warning him not to testify.

Guests at the party gave evidence that Thelma was perfectly sober when she left and had taken only a very few drinks. The autopsy, however, showed quite a large percentage of alcohol in her brain.

One of the many rumours that sprang up in the course of the investigation was that the victim’s throat bore marks indicating possible violence. It was denied by the autopsy surgeon, but some of the members of the jury expressed regret that cremation of the body had been permitted so hurriedly.

The findings of the investigation were, as is the case of nearly all such Hollywood investiga-

tions, inconclusive. Some of the jurors declared unofficially but quite uncompromisingly, however, that all the witnesses did not tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

One of them told a newspaperman "the whole truth of Thelma Todd's death will never be known."

It will almost certainly never be known now, at any rate, whether the beautiful blonde comedy girl fell asleep in her car with the engine running or whether she was carried there in an unconscious state and made the victim of a "monoxide murder."

The answer to those questions belongs with those other unsolved mysteries of movieland, the strange death of Thomas H. Ince, the Irving Thalberg of the silent screen, in a luxury yacht in 1924 (Marion Davies was a member of the party) and the Paul Bern, Ross Alexander and Aleta Friele tragedies.

They are the secrets of Hollywood.
N the film business, as in any other, the customer is always right. The difficulty is that no one, not even the customer himself, always knows what he wants.

Nine years ago Mr. Sidney L. Bernstein, head of a chain of London and provincial cinemas, set out to discover what his patrons really thought by means of a comprehensive questionnaire.

The experiment was repeated in 1932, 1934 and again this year.

The results, which have just been made available, reveal that among the 159,000 odd filmgoers who completed the questionnaire, Norma Shearer is the most popular actress on the screen and Gary Cooper is the most popular actor. Norma also headed the list both in 1932 and 1934. Gary Cooper was a long way down, in fact twenty-seventh, in 1932.

The complete “popularity” list contains some surprises and, indeed, is in many instances at variance with the evidence available to us through our contact with a very much larger film public.

Here it is, at any rate:

**MALE.**

1. Gary Cooper.
2. Clark Gable.
3. Charles Laughton.
5. Ronald Colman.
7. Franchot Tone.
8. George Arliss.
11. Leslie Howard.
12. Fred Astaire.
13. Spencer Tracy.
15. Robert Montgomery.
16. Wallace Beery.
17. James Cagney.
19. Robert Young.
22. George Raft.
25. Errol Flynn.
27. Bing Crosby.
29. Will Hay.
32. Paul Muni.
33. Tom Walls.
34. Jack Holt.
35. Cedric Hardwicke.
36. Clive Brook.
37. Lionel Barrymore.
38. Boris Karloff.
40. Edmund Lowe.
41. Dick Powell.

**FEMALE.**

1. Norma Shearer.
2. Myrna Loy.
3. Greta Garbo.
5. Claudette Colbert.
9. Merle Oberon.
10. Loretta Young.
12. Marlene Dietrich.
15. Barbara Stanwyck.
17. Joan Crawford.
20. Jean Harlow.
23. Katharine Hepburn.
25. Irene Dunne.
27. Rosalind Russell.
28. Anna Neagle.
30. Bette Davis.
31. Cicely Courtneidge.
32. Joan Blondell.
33. Jane Withers.
34. Nova Pilbeam.
35. Rochelle Hudson.
36. Joan Bennett.
37. Maureen O'Sullivan.

**Above:** Charles Laughton, third most popular actor.

**Below:** Gary Cooper, Actor No. 1, and Jean Arthur in "The Plainsman." Right: Patsy Kelly, second favourite small part player.
The CUSTOMER TALKS BACK

The results of the Bernstein Questionnaire, just published, throw some interesting new light on the tastes of talkie audiences and the trends in talkie entertainment.

Ginger Rogers is more popular among men than women, particularly among the 21 to 40 age group; Claudette Colbert is more popular among women throughout all age-groups. Shirley Temple derives 62 per cent. of her votes from women. Her votes in women's age groups 21 to 40, 40 to 60, and over 60 are higher than those of Ginger Rogers.

In contrast to the men, Britain would seem to be improving in the heroine department. In 1932 there was one British star in the first sixteen; in 1934, five; in 1937, four.

Ginger Rogers, at thirty-eight, is one of the most popular actresses of the screen today. Her appeal is not limited to the younger group and she is equally popular with both sexes. Her popularity in the age group to 34 has increased since 1934, while the percentage among women has declined slightly.

The two stars who rank highest among British patrons are Joan Crawford and Marlene Dietrich. Joan Crawford's position is more firmly established, having been at the top for five years, while Dietrich's popularity has been on the rise in recent months.

Among British actresses, the most popular are Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, and Greta Garbo. Joan Crawford's popularity is based on her演 a wide range of roles, from dramas to comedies. Marlene Dietrich is known for her dramatic roles, while Greta Garbo is popular for her work in films such as "The Scarlet Empress" and "Napoleon."
MYRNA LOY

The tremendous rise in popularity among British filmgoers of Myrna Loy is indicated in the fact that she occupies second place in the latest Bernstein Questionnaire list of screen favourites. Myrna will be seen next as Kitty O'Shea in "Parnell."
EARLY ten years ago, in April, 1928, to be exact, there appeared in Picturegoer a full plate of a good-looking, typical Englishman with the following caption beneath it: "A few more film successes like The Ring and His House in Order may induce the studios to woo this sound and pleasant young man from the West End stage."

But unfortunately the studios were not so astute as the writer of that caption and it is only recently that the "pleasant young man" has won the recognition he deserved. And as is far too frequently the case, it was Hollywood that gave him the opportunity which had been denied him in British studios.

As a matter of fact it was Irving Asher, the manager of Warner-First National British Studios who first discovered that there was something in this very likable and capable young man.

He had appeared in three very good little British films and after that he was offered a contract with Warner in Hollywood.

The films were Church Mouse, in which he appeared with Alastair Maclaine, and La Plante in the "tom-boy" of the silent screen, No Escape and Something Always Happens and I remember the time that these were hailed as being a good deal better than many more pretentious and publicised films.

Ian Hunter started his screen career in 1928, but it was not until 1934 that he really became one of the leading male players which rather inclines one to doubt the perspicacity of our movie moguls.

Soon after his discharge from the Army—he joined up in 1917—he decided to follow his brothers' example and go on the stage.

He did well and gained a good measure of popularity. In 1928 Alfred Hitchcock cast him in The Ring, a boxing picture which did much to build up the director's prestige even if it did not bring Hunter into a blaze of limelight.

Thereafter he divided his time between stage and screen—always an unsatisfactory arrangement—until he appeared in the picture I have mentioned above and got his chance to go to America.

His first role was that of a drunken lawyer in Men on Her Mind in which Bette Davis made her starring debut, and he gave such a brilliant performance that he practically stole the picture.

It was largely due to this success that he was chosen by Max Reinhardt to appear in his elaborate picturisation of A Midsummer Night's Dream and as Thersas he once again stood out and made producers realise that here was an actor who had a fine sense of characterisation and also a very strongly individual personality.

Actually he had been to America before this when he acted in two stage plays The School for Scandal and Olympia, but he does not seem to have attracted a lot of notice at that time.

I think of Marry—With Love, a picture that had a fine delicacy of sentiment and was notable for the all round excellence of the acting, that he made his first big success.

He played the hero and the friend who stifled his own feelings for the heroine in order that she could be happy with the man of her choice.

He brought to the role a wonderful tenderness and a sincerity that was particularly moving.

He followed it up with another self-effacing role in The White Angel, but the part did not allow any really big opportunity.

But as he played opposite Kay Johnson in Jalna and with Kay Francis in I Found Stella Parrish.

It seems to be that he has much of the same sort of appeal as Owen Moore, the sincerity of gentleness when necessary not unmixed with a certain reserve and shyness.

It is also typically British with a similar attraction in that respect to Ronald Ronald. But added to these he has a complete individuality all his own which is even present in his sink its for the benefit of the characterisation he happens to be giving.

Ian Hunter, since he appeared as Thesys in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" has come rapidly to the fore. Hollywood has given him the chance which British studios failed to do.

by LIONEL COLLIER

The star in character for the role of a middle-aged family man as he appears in his latest picture, "Call It a Day."

It was particularly noticeable, I think, in The Devil Takes the Count, a picture which did not appeal very strongly to me as a whole but in which "once again" the British actor scored an individual success.

In Call it a Day he has another role to which he is admirably suited and which adds still further to his prestige. He is cast as the father of an English family whose love affairs and domestic troubles generally cause him a great deal of worry.

And at last, Ian Hunter has won through after a lot of hard work and not much help in the way of luck.

However, he has probably enjoyed the struggle for he is of an adventurous disposition.

He was born near Cape Town, South Africa, on June 13, 1900—incidentally he does not blame his natal date for any setbacks he has had, he is not at all superstitious.

He was educated at St. Andrews College, Grahamstown, South Africa, until, at the age of fourteen, he sailed in his own twenty-four foot sloop Elain to England arriving in the early days of the war after a voyage which held the menace of submarines as well as the ordinary dangers of a voyage in such a small boat.

He went to school at Aldenham in Hertfordshire and proceeded to show a decided preference for athletics.

As soon as he could he joined the Army and served throughout the war during which he was twice wounded.

It was during his convalescence periods that he first tried his hand at theatricals, appearing in regimental concerts on several occasions.

Hunter did not, as some of our stars have done, become a actor. His first engagement was a "walking on " part and he had to fight every inch of his way up the ladder of success.

Perhaps it was the personal qualities that he imparts to the role of Sir Herbert, the obtrusive, nervous and but extremely likeable character, that gives him a sense of strength and reliability, two predominant characteristics in his personality make-up.

Basil Dean gave this young actor his first real chance and he appeared in several London successes with such well-known artists as the late Sir Gerald du Maurier, Gladys Cooper, Herbert Marshall, Leslie Banks and Edna Best.

Herbert Marshall certainly got a good start on him but I think Ian Hunter is rapidly making up the leeway he lost.

He could easily be cast in a Marshall role since there are similar qualities in both artists.

Ian Hunter may be a little breezier in his love-making but he too can convince one as a "faithful lover," ready to sacrifice himself for the object of his affections.

He has not, as yet, expressed preference for any of the roles in which he has appeared on the screen but he does confess that he enjoyed playing Captain Hook in Peter Pan as much as anything he has done on the stage.

British actors in Hollywood have a reputation of being well-dressed, but Ian Hunter, while he is always well turned out, never takes any great interest in his clothes except in so far as they affect the character he happens to be playing in the studio.

I do not think he will ever be labelled as one of the screen's best dressed men which certainly would not be in keeping with the quiet, unobtrusive ruggedness inseparable from his character.

He is married and has two children. His wife is Cassa Pringle, an actress, and his two sons are called Jolyon George, aged 10 and Robin Fan, aged 7.

His elder son's name, Jolyon, is a tribute to the late John Galsworthy for whose work Ian Hunter has the deepest admiration.

He is a voracious reader and when he is not sailing his cutter or playing golf he can always be found with a book. His choice of literature is another indication to his character. He lists as his favourite "The Forsyte Saga," by Galsworthy, "Belles of the Croydon," by Dorothy Parker's "Laments for the Living," Sir Percy Fitzpatrick's "Jack o' the Bushveldt" and all Ernest Thompson Seton's animal stories.

An open-air man, six foot one inch tall and likely to become even more popular in the near future than he is at present if he continues to get the breaks he deserves and has worked so hard to obtain.
Little bird says—

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FOR THE HAIR

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1937
When YOU GO to

HOLLYWOOD

A great many people think that a Hollywood contract is as good as a golden key to Heaven.

Now read on.

by Guy BEACON

SUPPOSING you were offered a Hollywood contract to-morrow—would you accept it?

Yes, I agree, that sounds just about the silliest question since the class in which is a riddle when it spins? But it will bear close examination.

Is a Hollywood contract a wholly desirable thing?

You will quite naturally reply, “That depends on whether you want to be an actor (or an actress) or not.”

But even if you do... is it a good thing to go to Hollywood?

Contrary to the opinion of Janet Johnson—which, though not necessarily a representative one, is by no means unique—Janet was born in Adelaide, South Australia, in November, 1914, which makes her a war-baby. As some hundreds of thousands of Picturegoers readers also are war-babies, I crave your especial interest in and sympathy with Janet.

Besides, she is entitled to both on her own merits. She is an Actress. Passed lightly over the toddling stage, we find her at school in Melbourne, determined (at any rate, from the age of 14) on a career as an actress.

With a perspicacity beyond her years, she Jumped “being an actress” and “going to England” together as one desirable thing. How right she was!

Before she left school she began methodically and with a fearful intensity of purpose to pester her parents, as soon as she left her schoolbooks behind her she began to pester managers, who grew so tired of saying, “Come to-morrow,” that they sent her on a tour to New Zealand as understudy.

After that,” she told me, “I returned to Melbourne and was understudy or walk-on, or both, in practically every play that came from the West End of London.”

“For four years I did this—and even that didn’t damp my ardour. And then I began to get leading parts, and life became exciting—but only because I was several steps nearer to Shaftesbury Avenue.”

At last she decided she couldn’t, or wouldn’t, wait any longer, and came home, accompanied by her mother. (Colonials pathetically call this grey-skied, sea-girl isle “Home” before they’ve even seen it.)

“It happened that I had met Miles Mander in Sydney, and he made a screen test of me, which he sent home to Gaumont-British. As a result of this, soon after I arrived, I went into Everybody Dance, with Cicely Courtneidge.”

I remember her in that, but thousands wouldn’t. As a matter of fact I noticed her particularly, because it’s part of my job to keep an eye skinned for new faces, and I thought hers was a good one; but it was a “straight” part in a musical picture, and it seemed like a case of “hearth and dance except our Janet.

Then she got into Lady of the Lake at the Criterion Theatre (yes, you’re quite right, Nova Pilbeam was in that, too), and that started something.

On the strength of a lovely and sensitive performance in that, she was offered a seven-year contract with 20th Century-Fox in Hollywood, which thousands of girls would have given their eyes for.

And she accepted it, thereby conforming to general practice.

Of course, so much depends on what you go to Hollywood for. Some have gone, rather rashly, hoping to further their acting career.

Janet Johnson was one of those, but let her not be unduly condemned for that; no less a personage than Helen Hayes made the same whacking error.

Helen, one of the greatest actresses on Broadway, went there to play in The Sin of Madelon Claudet.

When she returned to New York, she went to see the film. Afterwards she said she had seen a lovely performance, but hardly recognised it as hers. It was clear that the director and cutter between them created from the raw material with which she had supplied them.

Janet Johnson did not even have the satisfaction of supplying the raw material. She waited... and waited... and waited for something; but though her pay-cheque came as regularly as Friday, nothing else did.

“I made a couple of tests,” she told me, “but that was all. When I arrived in Hollywood I was filled with lofty and noble ambitions. ‘I don’t want to go to parties,’ I told myself; ‘I’m not here for fun: I want to work, work, work!’

“And after two months of waiting for some work to do I knew I wouldn’t be able to stick it; if they’d tried to find a psychological way of breaking my spirit they couldn’t have hit on a more effective one than simply finding nothing for me to do.

“They weren’t trying to do any such thing, of course. They were kindness itself; but Joseph Schenck, who had signed me up, was away on a yacht cruise, and no one else apparently had the authority to give me any work to do.

“But didn’t they groom you for stardom?” I asked.

“Not a groom! I knew hardly anyone, don’t care for riding or swimming or any of the things that go with the California climate, and I simply got bored cold.

“At the end of four months Mr. Schenck was back in Hollywood, and I went to him and asked him to let me off the rest of my contract, and he did, and I came home.”

England certainly didn’t neglect her; almost before she had stepped off the boat she had taken over Vivien Leigh’s role in Bats in the Belfry at the Ambassador Theatre.

As I write this, that play is going strong, and seems likely to continue for some time; and after that—well, the future of Janet Johnson’s career is in the lap of the gods.

There is no doubt about her quality; she has an arresting personality, a strong sense of character, a great deal of charm, and a bubbling sense of humour. Also she is a trained actress, whom it’s a joy to watch moving about a stage or even sitting still on it.

This is true even in such a nebulous kind of part such as she has in Bats in the Belfry—in which the character she plays is something of a misfit, being about the only non-batty person in the play.

I said hers was not a unique case; I have talked to several young contract players in Hollywood itself, who were simply eating their hearts out for work that somehow didn’t come their way.

They were being lavishly paid, and perhaps they lacked the strength of character which enabled Janet Johnson to decide she was wasting her young life and burying her talents in a napkin.

Several well-known actresses have fled from their Hollywood contracts. Edna Best did, Benita Hume did, Binnie Barnes, Claire Luce... and several well-known writers have spied shrieking back to New York and hard coal after some months of imprisonment and enforced idleness in Writers’ Row.

This is not intended as a reproach against Hollywood or the people in it; it’s an indictment of the system which takes acting talent and leaves it to rot in idleness, when a little understanding of the restless ambition that eats at a young actor’s or actress’s heart might save and develop genius for a screen that needs it now as badly as ever in the past.

All the same, if you were offered a Hollywood contract to-morrow...
In spite of her daily bath...

she's an UNDER-ARM VICTIM...

Y OUR bath at 8 o'clock in the morning cannot protect you from underarm perspiration odour at 3 o'clock in the afternoon—all it can do is wash away traces of past perspiration. It cannot prevent perspiration odour from occurring later in the 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 bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, 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 Carters Brand Little Liver Fills 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 Carters Brand Little Liver Fills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3d and 3/-.

BRING YOUR HAIR TO LIFE

Hair can be pleasant, clean, but uninspiring—or it can be a vision of breathless loveliness, aglow with glowing lights. The secret lies in the use of Drene, the new STYLE shampoo.

Drene, being soapless, leaves no film whatever. Drene gives 3 times more lather, and you need no special after-riece; and it makes "perms" last longer, settings much easier and more lovely.

Send your name and address, with 3d. in stamps for postage and packing, to Thomas Hedley & Co., Ltd., Dept. DN-16, Queen's Lane, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, for a trial bottle of Drene sufficient for at least 2 shampoos.

STRODONIA

A softly radiant complexion is nature's priceless gift to beauty. Strodonia cream contains with laure, natural and fragrance that cleanses and beautifies the skin in a natural way. STRODONIA CREM & PEPFOLD, Ashley Road, Bristol.

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17c, 3/3/57
Derrick de Marney has been somewhat over-looked by film-producers, but that state of affairs will shortly be a thing of the past.

YOU'VE read that Alfred Hitchcock's new leading man, whom he has chosen to play opposite Nova Pilbeam in A Shifting for Candles, is Derrick de Marney; and you may be wondering who he is.

Not if you're a playgoer, of course; not even if you're a faithful picturegoer, for Derrick is by no means unknown on the screen. But no film role of the magnitude of his present one has so far come his way, and it behoves us to enquire into the matter. Derrick is 26, and has a sound theatrical background and upbringing.

Of French and Irish ancestry. . . . Wait a moment, let's stop and consider this.

Occasionally it happens, when you get the blood of these two nations mingling in one set of veins, that the French prudence counteracts the Irish recklessness, and the Irish shrewdness damps down the Gallic fire.

This certainly doesn't seem to have happened in the case of Derrick de Marney. And now pray let us proceed.

Of French and Irish ancestry, he comes of a family of well-known actors. His maternal great-grandfather and grandfather were both prominent artists, Edward and Alfred Concanen, and his grandmother, Nellie Herbert, was a celebrated performer in her day.

His mother, Eileen Concanen, retired from the stage at 16, and Edward de Marney, who was a London editor.

Young de Marney was caught early—or rather caught himself early; he went on the stage at 18, and during his apprenticeship he played in The Admiral's Lady in Mrs. Patrick Campbell's company, and in Noel Coward's Hay Fever.

"Mrs. Pat gave me a piece of excellent advice," he told me once; "it was 'Spend money in the theatre business—but never your own!'".

Derrick also told me he learned his job principally from actresses; Eva Moore and Kate Cutler (with whom he played, alternately, in Hay Fever), Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Dorothy Gilis, and Claire Eames—such were his theatrical "govertures," and no boy could have been better taught . . . or more eager to learn.

He contacted Dorothy Gilis when he and his brother Terence brought her from America to play in Young Love at the Arts Theatre—and Derrick played opposite her. This venture obtained considerable publicity, although (or perhaps partly because !) the Lord Chamberlain would not allow the play to be performed in an ordinary theatre.

Claire Eames was the brilliant American actress whose impersonation of Queen Elizabeth was one of the most distinguished ever seen on the London stage, and whose death some years ago robbed the theatre of one of its greatest ornaments. We elder picturegoers remember her as Shayle Gardner's wife in Rex Ingram's Three Passions.

Derrick de Marney tells me he owes a very great deal to her interest and sympathy.

I saw Derrick first, I think, in the lead in Fata Morgana, and shortly after that in All the King's Horses, and with Owen Nares and Doris Keen in Romance, and he always appealed to me as a sensitive young actor with a peculiarly penetrating sense of character.

I think he probably learned more at the Gate Theatre, London, than anywhere else; there he had opportunity to play widely different roles, in plays that varied from The Pleasure Garden to Eugene O'Neill's The Ha'ir Ap.

A list of the plays he has been in would provide a kind of thumbnail history of the London stage for the past few years, but outstanding productions in which he has figured were Yesteryear, Byrom, Sir James Barrie's Barbara's Wedding, Down Our Street, and The Storm Fighter with Flora Robson.

He was in Bernard Shaw's own production of Candida with Sir Barry Jackson's company at Malvern, and had two seasons in New York—-one in The Matriarch with Constable Collier, the other in The Last Enemy.

Other notable plays in which he figured were The Faithful Heart with Godfrey Tearle and Miracle at Verdun, both at the Comedy Theatre, London, and then as Fernando in The Tudor Wench, at the Embassy and Alhambra.

He so impressed the author of this last one, Elswyth Thane, that she wrote a play specially for him, Young Mr. Disraeli, which ran at the Piccadilly and Kingsway Theatres, and proved to be of the utmost importance in his career.

With his brother Terence he produced Rodney Ackland's first play, Improper People, at the Arts Theatre Club, and in this production they introduced to London not only an important playwright but also an important actor—Esmond Knight.

Derrick has made over thirty appearances for charity, and for seven or eight years he has taken part regularly in broadcast plays. But what about films?

Well, for a young actor of such accomplishment and experience he's been curiously absent from the screen; but perhaps it's because he's been so immersed in the theatre—and also because he has never been content to play "straight juveniles," sacrificing good money in order to play character roles.

Right at the beginning of his career he took part in a number of silent films—about a dozen, if I remember rightly; but not until that monumental production The Private Life of Henry VIII did he dabble in talkies, Frenzied Finance, Sir James Barrie's Barbara's Wedding, Down Our Street, and The Storm Fighter with Flora Robson.

There followed other Korda pictures in which he took small parts to "get the feel of it"—Catherine the Great, Don Juan, The Scarlet Pimpernel. In this last he wore six or seven different disguises, and every day used to make a point of saying "Good-morning" to Alexander Korda—always noting with satisfaction that he was not recognised.

In fact, I think it would be safe to say that Korda didn't really recognise him—or at any rate his ability—until he saw him in Young Mr. Disraeli.

The direct outcome of that was a long contract with London Films, his first part being "Richard Gordon," the young air-mechanic in Things to Come.

And that—such is the nature of long contracts—was also his last appearance for London Films, though he was lent to Capitol to play opposite June Clyde in Land Without Music, in which he made the best of a somewhat nebulous part.

Before that, by the way, he had played in a couple of Fox Quota films, Once in a New Moon (opposite Rene Ray) and The Laughter of Fools (opposite Pat Paterson). They attracted as much attention as such things usually do—about equivalent to throwing a very small pebble into a very large pond.

Since Land Without Music he has played in four films—Windfall, Cafe Mascot, Victoria the Great (in which he played . . . the young Mr. Disraeli) and Pearls of the Crown.

I'm open to bet you never heard of this last one! It was made in France, and directed by the famous French actor Sacha Guitry, and is a sort of Cavalcade of the Kings and Queens of England.

It is typical of historical films that Derrick played Lord Darnley, who was neither a king nor of England!

So there you are. That brings us to the stage at which Derrick de Marney charges across the South of England in company with Nova Pilbeam, fleeing from the law.

I have a strong feeling that this will be the beginning of big things in the film world for him; he has an engaging personality, great acting experience, and an ability beyond his years. It's time we took advantage of all this.

I believe Hitchcock will.
Frank Moulan, a veteran Gilbert and Sullivan star, as Koko, the Lord High Executioner, in a famous scene from "The Mikado," with the male chorus.

The GIRL SAID NO

This new musical, which features Irene Hervey and Robert Armstrong, presents excerpts from the famous Gilbert and Sullivan light operas for the first time on the screen.

Above: Irene Hervey, seen here with Robert Armstrong goes geisha for one of the "Mikado" sequences.

Right: Harry Tyler, Robert Armstrong and Edward Brophy look tough enough here to cause any girl to say "no."

Right: And here are William Danforth, Vivian Hart and Frank Moulan in a "Ruddigore" excerpt.
Mr. and Mrs. Warren Williams snapped at their ranch home just outside Hollywood. They are usually to be found there at the week-ends.

Diana Napier has a lesson in the art of applying make-up in the new Hollywood manner, from a Max Factor expert.

Above: Behind the scenes with Marlene Dietrich: a rehearsal "shot" from the "Angel" set.

Right: Martha Raye demonstrates to Director Florey that even a wooden horse has nothing on her when it comes to "mugging."
(Above) Elsie Randolph has a "Mrs. Thin Man" type of role as the detective hero's wife, Alice.

Jack Buchanan as John Forrest, ace sleuth, commissioned by the insurance companies to track down a smash and grab gang.
Among Forrest's many accomplishments is the art of ju-jitsu — though at times it's tough on Rankin, the butler (Lawrence Grossmith).

Jack Buchanan becomes a private detective who cleans up a gang of jewel thieves in this new comedy. Elsie Randolph is with him again and also in the cast are Arthur Margetson, Anthony Holles, Zoe Wynne and Lawrence Grossmith. The film also marks Jack's debut as the chief of his own production company.
Above: Merle prepares a cocktail for the cameraman. That radiogram in the background is her pride and joy. It can play records continuously for two hours.

Right: Much of the star’s spare time is spent in her library. The books are not there just to look at either.

The PRIVATE LIFE of MERLE OBERON

“Picturegoer’s” cameraman pays a visit to the charming British star at her home overlooking Regent’s Park. Merle has now quite recovered from her motor accident and has started work again.

Above: The star relaxes in her sitting-room. Although her home is in the heart of London it provides the quiet she desires.

Right: And so to bed. Merle retires for the night in her simply-decorated bedroom.
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which will cleanse and stimulate scalp, strengthen hair-roots, give luxurious, strong-growing hair of silky lustre. The daily use of this tonic will preserve your hair against loss or deterioration. If your hair is Scanty, Short, Weak, Splitting, Dull, or Coming Out, this Tonic will restore Health, Abundance and Beauty. The name is Fredk. Godfrey's RENAIL Tonic, which is sold at the popular price of 1/9 (or 3/- for a double-sized bottle). (Coupon below brings generous Free Gift Trial supply.)

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If your scalp is dry, irritable, too greasy, or infected with the germs of scurf, the free sample supply of the Dandruff Lotion will make a noticeable improvement.

Send the Coupon for whichever you want, and make sure of your Free Gift.
BE IN THE FASHION WITH LILY PALMER

The attractive little artiste who had made a name for herself in cabaret in Paris before she appeared in British pictures had this attractive jacket especially designed for herself. Below we give the full instructions for making it.

d.c. in sp. between dbl.trs. of last shell.
23rd row—S.s. to first d.c., 3 ch., 1 dbl.tr., 1 ch., 1 dbl.tr., 1 tr. into same place, 1 d.c. into sp. of next shell, work in pattern to end of row.
24th row—Same as last row, s.s. to top of 3 ch. instead of first tr.
25th row—Same as 21st row.
26th row—Work in pattern ending with a shell on top of last tr. (32 shells).

SHOULDER SHAPING

27th row—S.s. to first dbl.tr., 1 d.c. into sp., work in pattern to end of row.
28th row—S.s. to first d.c., 4 ch., 1 tr. into same place, 1 d.c. into sp. of next shell, work in pattern to end of row.
29th row—Work in pattern ending with a d.c. on top of 4 ch.
30th row—Work in pattern ending with a d.c. in sp. of last shell.
31st row—Same as 28th row.
32nd row—S.s. to top of 4 ch., 1 shell into next d.c., work in pattern to end of row.
33rd row—Same as 30th row.
34th row—Work in pattern ending with 1 tr., 1 dbl.tr. into last d.c.
35th row—S.s. to top of dbl.tr., 1 shell into next d.c., work in pattern to end of row.
36th row—Same as 27th row.
37th row—Same as 34th row.
40th row—Work in pattern ending with a d.c. on top of last dbl.tr. Repeat from 27th to 32nd rows once more (29 shells).

ARMHOLE

45th row—Work in pattern until 21 shells have been worked, 1 d.c. into sp. of next shell.
46th row—Same as last row working 20 shells.
47th row—S.s. to first dbl.tr. of previous row, 1 d.c. into sp., work in pattern to end of row.
48th row—Same as last row.
49th row—Work in pattern ending with a d.c. in sp. of last shell.
50th row—Same as last row (18 shells).
51st row—Same as 4th row until 16 shells have been worked, 1 d.c. into sp. of next shell. Break off thread.
52nd row—Same as 2nd row until 13 shells have been worked, 1 d.c. into sp. of next shell. Break off thread. Turn work as usual.
53rd row—Join on white at first dbl.tr. of 3rd shell, 1 d.c. into sp., work in pattern ending with a shell in last d.c. (11 shells).

54th row—Join on blue at first dbl.tr. of 3rd shell, 1 d.c. into sp., work in pattern ending with a d.c. in sp. of last shell (8 shells). Break off thread.
55th row—Same as 4th row until 6 shells have been worked, 1 d.c. into sp. of next shell. Fasten off. As this pattern is reversible work right front exactly the same with the exception of buttonholes which are worked on 4th and 5th rows.

To work Buttonholes:

4th row—Work in pattern until 13 shells have been worked, 1 d.c. into sp. of next shell, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into sp. of next shell, * work 4 shells, 1 d.c. into sp. of next shell, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into sp. of next shell, repeat from * twice more, work in pattern to end of row.
5th row—Work to first buttonhole, miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., miss 2 ch., 1 shell into next d.c., work in pattern to end of row, working remaining buttonholes in same manner.

BACK

With white commence with 36 ch. (4 inches).
1st row—* Miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., miss 2 ch., 1 shell into next ch., repeat from * to end of ch. (6 shells). Break off thread. Join on blue at first d.c.
2nd row—Make 17 ch., work same as 1st row, the 3rd shell being worked in first d.c. of previous row, work in thread to end of row. Break off thread. Keeping work with same side towards you join on white at first d.c. of blue row.
3rd row—Same as 2nd row. Break off thread. Join on blue at first d.c. of white row.
4th row—Same as 2nd row. Break off thread. Join on white at first d.c. of blue row.

Repeat last 2 rows once more leaving both threads hanging (18 shells).
The work is now turned as before.

ARMHOLE

7th row—S.s. to first d.c., 3 ch., 1 dbl.tr., 1 ch., 1 dbl.tr., 1 tr. into same place, 1 d.c. into next shell, work in pattern to end of row (19 shells).
8th row—S.s. to top of 3 ch., 3 ch., 1 dbl.tr., 1 ch., 1 dbl.tr., 1 tr. into same place, 1 d.c. into sp., work in pattern to end of row.
9th row—Work in pattern ending with a shell on top of 3 ch.
10th row—Work in pattern ending with a shell on last tr.
11th row—S.s. to top of first tr., 3 ch., 1 dbl.tr., 1 ch., 1 dbl.tr., 1 tr. into same place, 1 d.c. into sp., work in pattern to end of row.
12th row—S.s. to top of 3 ch., make 52 ch., into 4th ch. from hook work 1 dbl.tr., 1 ch., 1 dbl.tr., 1 tr. into same place, * 1 d.c. into sp., work in pattern to end of row.

SHOULDER SHAPING

13th row—Work in pattern ending with a d.c. on top of 4 ch.
14th row—Work in pattern ending with a d.c. in last tr.
15th row—* 1 s.s. in d.c., 3 ch., 1 dbl.tr., 1 ch., 1 dbl.tr., 1 tr. into same place, 1 d.c. into sp. of next shell, work in pattern to end of row.
16th row—S.s. to top of 4 ch., 1 d.c. into sp. in same place, 1 d.c. into sp. of next shell, Work in pattern to end of row.
17th row—Work in pattern ending with a d.c. on top of 4 ch.
18th row—Work in pattern ending with a shell in last d.c.
19th row—S.s. to top of tr., 4 ch., 1 tr. in
A BOOKLET ABOUT WOMAN'S MOST DIFFICULT PROBLEM

The most fastidious woman may cause embarrassment to others at certain times. "Feminine Hygiene—Some Remarks and Advice" by Dr. Th. H. Van de Velde, who is one of the world's greatest gynaecological specialists, explains the reasons for this and how it can be avoided in future.

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SEVENTH HEAVEN

H EY, stop that... give me the knife.”

“No.”

“You little... why, you really meant to do it, didn’t you? You look like a ghost. And with my knife, too. I like that. What did you want to take it for?”

Mastered by the man’s grip, Diane ceased to struggle. Let him have his knife back. There were other ways of inviting death.

“You can’t stop me. I’ll go to the Seine,” she sobbed.

“All right. Jump in the river if you want to. Lie in the morgue with a rope round your head, and see if I care... there, I’m shaking all over... hey... stop.”

She could hear his footsteps behind her. It was late. The slum quarter with its church, opposite a house of ill-repute, known as “The Sock,” on the left slope of Montmartre, was deserted. At the end of a blind alley, Diane halted, no match for her pursuer.

“That’s the way to the river,” he informed. “But why d’you want to throw away your life?” By the remote light from a street lamp, she looked up at him. He wore the waterproof overalls of a Paris sewerman. Under the peaked cap, his features though sweaty and grimed, were youthful. His voice was offhand but his eyes, dark as velvet, were those of a thinker.

“You were the one who told my sister to stop thrashing me in the street just now, and threatened to put her down the sewer manhole if she didn’t?” Diane asked.

She did not add that after this piece of chivalry, he had propped her against the mudguard of a station- ary taxi, and left her there half-conscious. After which he had chatted to good Father Revillon and shared a supper of bread, onions, and red wine from the bottle, with Boul, veteran taxi-driver.

“Yes, though why did I ask, heaven knows. If that woman’s really your sister, why don’t you run away from her? She keeps an immoral house. Surely you don’t like it there?”

I like it? Nana threatened me because I threw wine at an old man who tried to kiss me. How can you think I like it there?”

“Come now, that makes all the difference; your not liking it, I mean. Because you live in a low place doesn’t say that you need be low too. Now I’m only a sewer man. That’s as near nothing as anyone can be. Yet really I’m a very remarkable fellow. Sometimes I feel like a king for no reason at all. What’s your name? Mine’s Chico.”

As they talked, the river seemed infinitely less inviting to Diane than it had ten minutes ago. Her feeling that after all lifetime might have something to offer her, however, was swiftly dashed by the appearance of a police officer who shook her arm.

“Come along, you,” he ordered.

“We may as well have you in goal as well as your sister. There’s room beside her in the van.”

“You can’t arrest her,” Chico said stoutly.

“Why not? She’s one of the girls from the ‘Sock,’ isn’t she?”

“Be careful what you say, officer... be very careful... she... she’s my wife.” Diane tried to conceal a start but the officer apparently failed to notice it.

“Ah! Why didn’t you say so at first? Your name and address please.”

“Chico... nothing else. I never had a father, you see. 48 Rue Notre Dame de Lorette...”

“I hope it’s the truth. I shan’t forget to call at your house to make sure.” He departed with a swagger.

“Now, why did I say that? Why am I always doing things I don’t mean to?” Chico groaned. “They’ll look it up in the record and find I have no wife... to-day Father Revillon put me on to a new job. I should start to-morrow as a street cleaner and have a hose. I should have street cleaners friendly with me. They never associate with sewer men. Now all that’s done for. What shall I do?” In spite of her own plight, Diane was amused at his despair.

“Couldn’t you let me stay with you, till the police come, to prove to them you had a wife—then I would go away and not trouble you? As for the records, couldn’t you say we were married in Belgium or Italy?” Diane suggested.

“No... wait a minute... let’s see... that’s an idea... come on.”

THE STORY OF THE FILM

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of 20th Century Fox.

She followed close on his heels through the streets of Paris, to a dim entrance hall and up a stone staircase.

At the top story he let himself in with his key. She stood on the threshold entranced. The room with its iron bedstead, clothes curtain, cooking stove and simple furniture, was spotlessly clean and had a small window, overlooking the roofs of Paris and the dome of Notre Dame.

Chico threw up the sash and started across a home-made plank bridge connecting with another attic. “Come on,” he invited. “I’ll introduce you to Gobin and Madame Gobin. He’ll help me on to-morrow’s job. He’s a street cleaner.”

She attempted one step on the plank but her head swam. A large black cat appearing suddenly by a chimney pot, added to her terror.

“What’s the matter?” Chico called. “I’ll show you how... no... not that way... never look down. Always look up. Now don’t tell me you’re afraid of Gobin. She belongs to Aristide. He’s an astrologer. He reads horoscopes and keeps cats, scores of them, opposite. You’d find any place you are... well... what do you think of it?”

“Why this is heaven,” she said softly. He frowned. “Now, look here. You mustn’t take this too seriously. I only brought you here because I know. You’re not going to take advantage of me.”

“No, indeed.”

“Good. Well, there’s the bed.”

Unravelling the mysteries of cookery, Diane was given a board next morning, was a joy to Diane, restored after her untroubled sleep. Coffee was ready for Chico when he came in from a night spent in Aristide. He had been received with much ceremony and friendliness by Monsieur Gobin, who had accompanied him to the Commissioner of Sanitation, and had apologised, moreover, to Madame, for Madame Chico’s inability at present to tackle the bridge. The introduction was thereupon conducted at the window, Diane smiling across at a pleasant-looking woman and a middle-aged man with black moustache.

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Erasmic vanishing cream
her with a slight bow. "That will be all, Madame. I shall not trouble you further."

"Your help, it certainly occurred to me to look at him."

"I couldn't do a little, sir?" he replied. "Make yourself pretty pretty. Here. he tossed her a marguerite from the mantlesheen and departed to join Gobin in fetching supplies.

She had tucked in the marguerite above her ear, pleased with the effect. The open window made her start. It was Aristide, the arcollogist from the opposite attic. Beholding Wallis with two black eyes was vindictive. He stood with Grissette under his arm. "You, in spite of the police having called?"

"How did you know the police called?"

"Never mind. Chico told me you were only staying here till they had been cleared out. I love to stay so as to stay. No good will come of it. You will drag him down to his level, rob him of the greatness that he might aspire to. For decoration."

"It shall never be again," she called waving to him half-way across, encouraged by the admiration in his eyes.

She found poor Madame Gobin in tears beside her husband. War with Germany had been declared. Gobin had received his notice to join the colours. "It came this morning," Madame Gobin explained, "while he was at work. Chico expected one, but he passed over his tone. Soberly, Diane dressed, but all thoughts of war and its partings, were left behind as she stepped back across the plank.

Chico stood in the middle of the room staring as though something new, strange and infinitely lovely was being revealed to him. He was as one who was born. He gathered her in his arms, carrying her now this way, that, as though she would proclaim to the world the unassailable truth. "I love you, Diane."

The concierge knocked. "For you, Madame," she cried, bringing her post. It came after left, she said. Diane stared at the War Department's official mobilisation note.

"It... it can't be," she faltered. Chico caught her to him. They were closer than they had ever been, closer in spirit, for now he knew what it was to be afraid. Diane, I can't leave you," he cried. "I can't let you go alone. What's the matter? I feel all shaken inside. Don't leave me ever, or I shall go on, like a candle."

"Chico... and you talk to me about courage."

"Yes... how easy it is to say it."

"Lean on me. Trust me. I'll be strong and wise for you."

"Diane. I have to report in an hour. I must know you're wife."

"These medals. Father Revillon gave them to me. They hang round the neck by the chains. Diane, do you believe in God?"

"Yes... since He brought you to me."

"Then in His sight we'll be married. A man must appeal to something. Say 'Before God I take you Chico for my husband.'"

"With hands clasped, then. "I will, Father."

"Eleven o'clock."

"I'll hold the medal and think of you and say. Chico... Diane. And in the temple do the vows."

"Begging with her head against the wall, then?"

"She started back as the door was flung open. Nana, dark-eyed, malnighnt with every sign of her pro
duced. Father and dressing and, stood there.

"I've been waiting till your sewer man, the same one, why don't you ask me how I like being in gaol?"

"Do you want, Nana?"

"What's this, something he gave you?"

She snatched the medal with the slender chain from Diane's throat. Once Diane would have remained seated. Never the braw-born courage put forth its voice.

"Give that back to me. back, I tell you. The two women struggled. The medal dropped to Nana's grip, on the floor by the bed. "I'm not afraid of you, Nana... I'll never be afraid of you again."

With one hand she seized her treasure, with the other, despite Nana's blows, a belt from a cardboard catch-curtain. Wielding it, she slashed at Nana till the terrified woman sought the street. The next day she dragged to the crypt of Father Revillon's church, converted into a military hospital, her scalp and broken teeth. She was passing at one rush hour through the main building—stretcher after stretcher was being carried—when Sister stopped her. Should she go to Lieutenant Brissac behind the curtain? He was coming to after an unpleasant business. It was the first of many occasions on which Diane was to be touched by his youthful charm but she was by her. She did not realise the actual sorrow so many haggard and harassed women, of her serene beauty. "Diane, do you look so happy round about eleven o'clock?"

"Brissac asked her one day, from the crypt."

"That's when I'm in heaven. Every day at eleven o'clock my husband comes to me. I think as I was the amiable woman."

"I ought to laugh at you, but I can't," he confessed. "Your husband must be a very remarkable fellow."

"He is indeed... now I must go back to work. True every day, Chico."

"Chico," she said, "I was afraid."

"As a woman, I was afraid."

"I sense that I am alone."

"Diane, you're alone."

"I meant to tell you that you are alone."

"Am I?"

"They are coming."

"They are coming."

"Diane, is that you?" he called.

"I can't see you. Come to me." He held out his arms. She ran into them without a word. She was pressed against his cheek. His voice was in her ear. "Diane... you think I was dead."

"I didn't."

"I didn't."

"It meant to make me believe so, but I couldn't... I didn't."

"The old smile made his features young. "Well, of course I'm very remarkable fellow," he said.
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**HILTON BLEACH**

**The County Perfumery Co., North Circular Road, West Twyford, London, N.W.10**
I MUST confess that I was not greatly impressed by Tytler’s comedy, “Sights of London.” He was quite effective but to my mind there was a touch of effeminacy which was out of keeping with the burlesque nature of his premise. This may have been due, to some extent, to the period costume he was wearing. At any rate I found him increasingly offensive in a driving car with Loretta Young, Love is News.

He gives a vigorous and well characterised study of a young woman who gets paid back in his own coin by an heiress whose love life and affairs he blazon in the headlines.

Loretta Young is the heiress in question and she gives an admirable performance, intelligent and attractive. Like Tytler Power she is much better in modern comedy than in period drama.

The comic cast, in fact, consists of Steve, an actor who helped to make this one of the breeziest comedy romances we have seen for some time is Don Ameche. There is also Steve’s fiancée for him and he depicts a hard-bitten city editor to the manner born, which is another instance that this actor who looked like being typed in romantic roles, has his fair share of versatility.

The director, T.R. Garnett, has got the cast so well in character and has presented this hilarious comedy with admirable slickness and excellent direction.

We have been frequently fed with newspaper reporter romances, but this one has a novel angle of approach.

The reporter, Steve Leyton, who, in accordance with screen tradition, is a sententious young fellow, is taken back by his editor, Martin Canavan, with whom he wagers a perpetual feud. However, after it becomes known of their romance he does not run at all smoothly, which fact makes the long-suffering Myrtle even more impatient.

At last her patience gives out and she, with the help of the young count and some more of Dinwiddy’s acquaintances, “wangles” the message of the stars and succeeds in getting her wedding day arranged.

Marjorie Gateson is very good as Myrtle and Ben Blue supplies some excellent slapstick comedy.

The comedy is carried out by Eleanor Whitney and Johnny Downs who, of course, have plenty of talent at their disposal to do and they are very effective.

You cannot take any of it seriously, but the cheery way the absurdities of the situations are brought out and the excellence of the singing makes it worth seeing.

HOTEL HAYWIRE.

This is a crazy domestic comedy which provides plenty of laughs during its course of action. It gives Lyle Overman a real chance to exploit his dry humour as a detective whose wife is far from being a lady in his pocket one night.

Steve, a young man, is the chief of a small country town near his beloved one and Steve gets stiffer.

Finally he threatens to appear in a divorce court to try to get nearer his beloved one and Steve gets stiffer.

A slight romance is pleasantly introduced by Mary Carlisle and John Patterson, while excellent support is given in the characterisations from George Barbier, Porter Hall, Benny Baker and Collette Lyons.

REVIEW by Lionel Collier

On the Screens Now

**OUTCAST**


We are becoming rather too familiar with doctors who get fired from hospitals for taking on their colleague’s patients and performing urgent operations from which the aforesaid patients generally die.

But in this case the interest lies not so much in the fact that doctor stabs and poisons, but that he is nearly lynched by a crowd of villagers who had learnt about the scandal.

It is a strong and illuminating insight into mob psychology.

The story is human and vital, but the climax is rather weak and the development too obvious to hold one’s interest consistently.

Lewis Stone is in excellent form as an almostQuaker lawyer who defends the doctor when he takes refuge in a small village to escape from his past, and Warren William is convincing as the gang leader.

Karen Morley, too, does well as the girl who starts out to seek revenge, and finds herself in love with the object of her avengers.

The small-town atmosphere is well maintained, and the characters are all well drawn.

The lynching sequence is excellently handled.

**IN A MONASTERY GARDEN**


Quite a good acting performance by a local colour help to bring conviction and sincerity to this somewhat slow-moving and sentimentally

HOTEL HAYWIRE.

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**CRACK-UP**


An unusual and rather intriguing spy plot is hampered by the artificiality of the atmosphere, and touches of rather crude melodrama and sentimentality.

However, it does grip at times, and Peter Lorre’s performance as a small spy is very effective.

He controls his activities, on the behalf of a foreign government to obtain possession of some new aeroplane engines, and is a half-wit who is looked on as a mascot by the aerodrome.

His contrasting studies of the figures of the foolish, the pompous and cool agent are very effective.

Brian Donlevy, too, is good as a pilot who is ready to sell the planes, and MarkRouting is youthful and attractive as a young aviator who, with the former uses as a catapault.

Ralph Morgan is a convincing portrait of the designer of the machine.

The trend of events leads to the agent, the pilot, his machine and the young mechanic all being on board the aeroplane when she takes her maiden trip.

They crash, and the three old men sacrifice themselves for the youth.

Dino is real human feeling, as well as a thrill, in these sequences.

**BOLD CAVALIER**


Pictoresque period adventure story reminiscent of The Mark of Zorro, photographed in colour and dealing with the Spanish occupation of California.

The plot is elaborated with Western—and makes more capital out of its fights and action than out of the characterisation or story values.

As the hero, Zorro, who is framed on a murder charge by a Spanish commandante after his efforts to help his fellow Californians, Robert Livingston is certainly versatile—he rides, stunts, and sings energetically.

But the memory of the murdered man who falls in love with Zorro, and innocently betrays him, Heather Angel, is a blot on the characterisation of a not much strength of character.

Sig Rumann pictures the com-
John and I ran our winning in the mixed doubles.

Thank goodness, I managed to achieve some chic when we went up for the silverware. I'd been massaging between sets with that glorious 'Tosca' perfumed Eau de Cologne! 'Tosca' is the most wonderful idea - really royal Eau de Cologne plus 'Tosca', which is the most moonlit-romance sort of perfume. One uses 'Tosca' as a general reviver, too, and perfume. Of course, there's 'Rhinegold' perfumed Eau de Cologne, too - a distinctly dashing perfume. And 'Troika' (the new one) is all fresh and wins - on-the-health! You can be utterly lavish with "4711" perfumed Eau de Colognes - a positively generous bottle isn't at all expensive!

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CHOOSE YOUR SHAMPOO CAREFULLY

No. 1.

THESE MICRO-PHOTOGRAPHS demonstrate the danger of experimenting with synthetic substitutes for Evan Williams famous shampoo.

No. 1 is a micro-photograph of a synthetic Soapless Shampoo around a hair shaft. Note the hard undissolved crystals.

No. 2 shows how the hair shaft has been distorted and harmed by such drastic treatment.

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SPOTS and RASHES can ruin your Summer
A month ago—
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But she uses
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Nowadays all sensible women are waking up to this fact. Men just do not like carelessness about underarm perspiration. It stales so soon, and becomes so unpleasant to them. So now the regular use of Odo-ro-no has become a part of the wise girl's toilet routine — as important as cleaning her teeth.

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Perspiration is sure to ruin 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.

Make sure you are free from the taint of perspiration! Don’t expect friends to tell you . . . don’t count on detecting it yourself. Use Odo-ro-no regularly.

Odo-ro-no, being a physician's formula, is recognised as a safe, dependable preparation that both checks and deodorises perspiration.

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The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index

- OUTCAST
- CRACK-UP
- BOLD CAVALIER
- THE GREAT O'MALLEY
- TAKE A CHANCE
- AULD LANG SYNE
- CRIMINAL LAWYER
- LUCKIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD
- BULLDOG DRUMMOND AT BAY
- MYSTERIOUS CROSSING CROSS MY HEART
- IN A MONASTERY GARDEN (Re-Issue)

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

TOWNSEND, WHILING — BILLY BRIAN — Gentlemen of the turf

There are flashes of humour in this rather dilatory farce dealing with the adventures of a racing tipster, and there is a well-produced horse race, but otherwise its appeal is directed to the unsophisticated.

Claude Hulbert as the tipster who is employed by an owner to find out why the odds on his horse have shortened is fair but he is not given much chance to exploit his own particular brand of humour.

The main fault is that, generally speaking, the jokes are too obvious and they are not well timed.

Binnie Hale has little to do as a woman who has drayd a horse in a sweep which is threatened to be withdrawn from the race and she makes up her mind that it has got to run.

Jack Barty and Harry Tate do what they can with indifferent material.

* AULD LANG SYNE
ANDREW CRUCKSHANK — ROBERT BURNS
RICHARD ROSS — GAVIN HAMILTON
MARGOT GRAHAM — MARGARET MILLS
CHRISTINE ADRIAN — JEAN AMOUR
CAMEO SCENE — CLAUDIA
DORIS PALLETTE — HIGHLAND MARY
JENNY LAIRD — EILEAN BAGGIE
ERNEST TEMPLFORD — ERNEST MACDONALD.
CHARLES HOWARD — MR. BURNS
ANN WILSON — AGNES BURNS
LENA NADERY — MRS. BURNS
HERBERT WILLIAMS — JESSE
FRANK STRICKLAND — MR. AMOURS
JOHN RAE — MR. MCNAB
FREDERICK WEBSTER — SAILOR
ANTHONY PALLETTE — MR. DEMPSEY
Directed by James A. Fitzpatrick.

Unpretentious, biographical film dealing with the life of Robert Burns. It is quite well produced and, while there is restraint in the depiction of the Scottish labourer's amours, the general effect is one of sincerity.

The pictorial quality of the picture is good as is the musical score.

Andrew Cruckshank gives a sound performance as the poet and recites his verse excellently.

As the loves of his life, Highland Mary and Jean Armour, Doris Pallette and Christine Adrian are effective.

* CRIMINAL LAWYER
LEE TRACY — BRANDON
MARGOT GRAHAM — MADGE CARTER
EDWARD CANNELLI — LARKIN
ERIK RHOSES — BABBIT
BETTY LAWORD — BETTY WALKER
FRANK M. THOMAS — WILLIAM WALKER
WILLIAM STACK — WILLIAM LAWORD'S ASSISTANT.
WILLIAM STACK — DISTRICT ATTORNEY HOPKINS
Directed by Edward Cullen.

Familiar crook-lawyer plot with Lee Tracy as the cat's paw of the owner of a gambling den. He gets tired of his position and when the saloon is raided he pleads guilty for the men arrested.

Thereafter he is at daggers drawn with his former employer whom he finally outwits.

Although full of vitality Lee Tracy's enthusiasm in every situation tends to become monotonous.

Margot Graham scores as the heroine, a woman the lawyer has extracted from a frame-up, while Betty Walker is sound as his fiancée who walks out on him.

A very good study of a criminal comes from Eduardo Cannelli as

July 3, 1937
Lionel Collier — Cont.

the proprietor of the gambling den.

The story is quite well developed and there is plenty of action, but the imperfection of the final scene is apt to let one down.

*LUCKIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD*


Jane Wyatt.................. Pat Dunlop
Louis Hayward.................. Anton McCallen
Nat Pendleton................. Eugene Pallette
Catherine Doucette........... Mrs. R. Neville Dunlop
Phillip Reed.................. Terry Mayhew
Viola Calhoun................. Mrs. Olson

Directed by Edward Buzzell.

Jane Wyatt and Louis Hayward co-star quite effectively in this slight romantic comedy. She is cast as the spoilt daughter of a millionaire and he as a clerk who falls in love with her. She decides to prove to her father that she can support herself for a month on one hundred and fifty dollars.

Their romance is continually being interrupted by a "dumb" detective, amusingly played by Nat Pendleton, who is employed by her father to watch her.

The girl's fiancé, a social parasite, conveniently runs away with an even wealthier young lady, thus paving the way for the lovers' happiness.

A few amusing boxing scenes are brought in but otherwise the picture relies on its domestic comedy for effect.

*BULLDOG DRUMMOND AT BAY*


John Lodge.................. Hugh Drummond
Claud Allister................. Alyn Longworth
Victor Jory.................. Gregor How
Hobson...................... Barry MacKinnon
Richard Bird.................. W. Wright
Brian Brcnue................. Mervyn
Jim Gerald.................. Vincent Calver
Annie Esmond................. Mrs. Calver
Maire O'Neill.................. North
William Dewhurst............. Reginald Portside
Frank Cady.................... Dr. Belless

Directed by Norman Lee. Adapted from the novel by "Sapper."

Serial-like action is the order of the day in this "thick-ear" melodrama which makes up what it lacks in intelligence and cooperation with robust action in which poison gas plays a part.

In this instance, Drummond, played vigorously but not nonchalantly by John Lodge, pits his wits against Kalinsky, an unscrupulous German in armaments and succeeds with the help of his vaucous pal Algy in bringing him to book.

Claude Allister is sound in the "silly ass" role and Hugh Miller and Victor Jory are capably scored as Gregorow and Kalinsky, the two crooks.

Dorothy Mackaill makes a return to British pictures as Algy, a mysterious drover who in the end turns out to be an intelligence officer. She supplies the necessary love interest. It is a proper affairs but should appeal to the unsophisticated and juveniles.

MYSERYES CROSSING


James Dunn.................. Addison Murphy
Jean Roann.................................. Yvonne Fontaine
Annie Devine.................. "Carolina"
Horace MacArthur.............. N. J. Stephens
John Eldridge............... Paul Briland
Herbert Marshall.............. Henry Charters
Lowry Raker.................. Wilson
J. Farrow......................... Chief Behind
Clarence Muse.................. Lincoln
Libby Totherow................. Esther Lister

Directed by Arthur Lubin.

Quite good acting and staging but a commonplace story which fails to hold the attention at all securely. There are thrills in the opening but "red herring" trails and by-play tend to take the sting out of them.

James Dunn shows to advantage as Murphy, a reporter who tracks down the murderer of a banker and wins his daughter's hand.

Andy Devine is a sound stooge to the hero and Jean Rogers attractive as the heroine.

John Eldridge supplies the villain capably enough but the material does not help him or the other players to any considerable extent.

Fair technical qualities.

CROSS MY HEART


Kathleen Gibson............. Sally Nichols
Tully Comber............... Cheeky Barlow
Kenneth Duncan.............. Steve King
Audrey Fitzgerald........... The Major
Muriel Johnston.............. Miss By
Eric Hall................. Mr. Bland
Robert Field................. Mabardi
Sam Baines................. Snowball
Sylvia Cochrane............. Alice
Frank Tiekel.............. Henry

Directed by Bernhard Matheussen.

 Ingenious and theatrical romance dealing with a girl who keeps a boarding house in Bloomsbury and decides to launch out in cabaret. She fails but is employed by one of her former boarders King at his successful dance club where he secretly runs a gambling den.

Another boarder, Barlow, who also loves her, succeeds in keeping her out of harm's way and in exposing King.

Kenneth Duncan acts well as King and Tully Comber shows promise as Barlow.

As the heroine Kathleen Gibson is stilted and does not do justice to the two songs she has to sing.

As an old major, Aubrey Fitzgerald supplies a sound character study.

RELEASSE FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

I HAVE received many requests to publish the films awarded two, three, and four stars during the past two months.

Leaders of the list in some districts do not see these pictures until long after the actual release date and that such a list, with reference to the dates on which they appeared, would be of very great value to our readers. If possible, I am publishing every week the list suggested in alphabetical order and the number of stars awarded in brackets.

Aren't Men Lazy (2) May 15
Kiss on the Knee (2) May 15
Big Broadcast of 1937 (2) May 22
Under Cover of Night (2) May 15
California Mail (2) May 15
Chante Louie Waltz (2) May 15
Charlie Chan at the Opera (2) June 10
Come and Get II (2) May 1
Come up Smiling (2) June 10
Dangerous Number (2) June 19
Flying Hoose (2) May 15
Gay Dainted (2) May 15
General Spandy (2) May 8
Margot Raudly Revises (2) June 15
Just for Luck (2) May 8
King's People (2) May 8
Kings Do It (2) June 15
Lady Reporter (2) June 12
Love from a Stranger (2) June 5
Man of the People (2) June 19
Nellie Melba (2) June 19
Mill on the Floss, The (2) June 5
More Than Mercy (2) May 19
No Exit (2) May 1
O'Malley of the Mounted (2) May 1
One for All (2) May 15
Pluckman, The (2) June 8
Plunk of the Irish (2) June 19
Private Lives (2) (Revision) June 10
Polo Joe (2) June 12
Romance (2) May 1
Second Front (2) May 1
Sensation (2) June 8
Tainted Money (2) June 19
Tomahawk Escapes (2) May 1
Two Girls From Paris (2) June 12
Three Men in a Horse (2) June 12
Wax Tailor (2) June 12
Thunder in the City (2) June 12
Under Cover of Night (2) June 12
Voice of Scandal (2) May 22
Wanted: A Woman in Television (2) May 8

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Patricia is famous for her beautiful hair—just as Superma is famous as the world's championship system of permanent waving. YOUR hair can be as beautiful and wavy if you have it "permed" the Superma way.

Neither wind, rain nor sea water can harm your beautiful waves and curls if your perm is a Superma Machineless—the world's championship system of permanent waving—that will last from July to January.

Superma waves and curls are far lovelier and more natural than is possible by any machine process. Ask your hairdresser for Superma Machineless, or come to us for your perm. INSIST on Superma—do not be put off.

Write for free brochure.

SUPERMA MACHINELESS PERMANENT WAVE

SUPERMA LTD. Radnor House. 97. Regent St., London, W.I

No electricity...No machines...
PRODUCERS of musicals are always seeking some elaborate device to introduce singing. Critics have told them the story must have a reason for singing. Deanna Durbin’s singing on a boat at the beginning of Three Smart Girls was held to be inappropriate.

Surely this is one of the most mistaken notions conceived. Is anybody singing for no reason at all? They are far commoner than those who sing only at the most appropriate moment for a very reasonable cause.

People will sing at any odd tune, thus expressing their jote de vivre. Let films realise this and show the star singing in her garden, at her piano or on her yacht.

So far from being wrong, such inconsequent bursts of song are eminently true to life. The girl who sings only before an audience or over the radio is an unnatural person.—E. Livsey, 19 Colville Terrace, Bayswater, W. 11, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

(‘The difference is that in real life a full orchestra is very seldom handy for accompaniments.—‘Thinker.’)

Jean Harlow
- She was not great. She never fostered strife in multitudes; her only gifts to them were humour, wit, her teaching, cheerfulness. Not by these things are hist’ry’s pages marked, or men left the span of our contemporaries lives. We mourn her though, and in her passing count our loss far more than it might be had some great leader died, who had by fearlessness, no less than by what he’d achieved, won immortality.

She entered the world and helped us laugh, some good she did, and harm she brought to none;

Of many greater, not so much is true.

She played her part till this unlimeted curve.—Gordon Roberts, 14 Waverley Road, St. Budeaux, Plymouth, who is awarded the first prize of £1s.

The Great What-Is-It
- What is a star? One picks up an illustrated paper and sees a photo of “Miss-Who-the-deuce-is-this the well-known film star.” Yet one has seldom or never heard of her.

Should not the word “star” be only applied to those two or three who have earned it by showing they can portray almost any role?

The others are simply film actors.

Charles Laughton would be entitled to the word, but Buchanan, Astaire, Rogers and a host of others would simply be film actors.

I know you will agree even if you dare not admit it.—Roy Galworthy, 46 Rolle Street, Exmouth.

(‘I dare admit anything if it happens to be true. Actually, the word star is only correctly applied to players who are billed bigger than the picture.—‘Thinker.’)

Interviewed
- Miss Tessie Tip toes was most charming about my interviewing her. After remarking that the beauticians of Hollywood were responsible for her charm of feature, she said that thrillers were the fashion of all.

About her late husband she was pleased to say they fought like cats and dogs, and when they dumped each other at Reno it was their happiest moment.

She was most brief about cinematic art. They cram me into any role, she murmured, as long as the cheque is on Friday.

The remark about English policemen having big feet and looking like palookas was just being jotted down in my notebook when a studio official gently led me away and explained that I was talking to Miss Tip toes’ stand-in, who had just been fired.

But it was good while it lasted.—Imman Race, 46 Sookey Crescent, Sandringham, E. 14.

(‘It sounds like a beautiful dream!—‘Thinker.’)

The Bare Idea
- When I went to see Sanders of the River and Wings Over Africa, the black women hardly wore anything. Now, I don’t think that is right; after all, they are human the same as we, and just because they happen to be black it does not mean to say that they do not have to wear anything.

It may be their own way in their own country, but at least they ought to put something on them when taking part in a film.

Also it is not very nice if you have a brother of boy-friend sitting next to you.

I hope somebody will see this and voice their opinion.—H. Donwmark (Miss), 15 Ship Street, Cubitt Town, Poplar, E. 14.

(‘I hope so too.—‘Thinker.’)

Is It Funny?
- After seeing Aren’t Men Beasts? I am wondering if the censors were wide awake when they passed this appallingly vulgar film.

The dialogue overstepped the mark considerably several times, and the actions were even worse. The sight of elderly men disarranging a young lady’s clothing is not funny.

At least the Americans give us some genuine wit, without having to resort to the kind of smut given in this film. Yet the critics gave it two stars.

W. I. More, 116 Wilberforce Road, Finsbury Park, N.A.

(‘While there is a public for this kind of thing it will continue to be made.—‘Thinker.’)

She Wants To Know
- Men don’t use 16-inch guns to shoot rabbits, she said. Hence the film industry is striving to do, because where its technique is becoming increasingly perfect and its settings more elaborate, it is still handling a few sparse ideas derived from the old “mellerrumfumes.”

Why the eternal black-and-white characters? Why should the hero always be chivalrous deep down, and the heroine always really virtuous? Why should love always be pure and lasting? Because in life and art people are nuances of good and evil, and emotions are fleeting. But San Francisco, e.g., for all its huge background, had the primitive ideas of “the sinner’s reformation.”

Why imitate the stage? Why use words when a significant camera angle and a subtly thrown light and shade can tell an intense story. Fantasy has greater power than “realism.” Why be captive when your medium is free?—(Miss) Dorothy Sealand-Jones, 11 Hunter Street, Briton Ferry, Neath, Glamorgan.

(‘Why, indeed?—‘Thinker.’)

YOUR VIEWS WANTED
- What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only, not exceed 150 words. Address to “Thinker,” “The Picturegoer Weekly,” Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.
"What he will think about your skin tomorrow depends on what you put on it today."

*SAYS "MRS. X"*

"I sometimes wonder how many girls are anxious and miserable because they find their skin getting more and more dry and blotchy. Very often it happens in spite of cosmetics—and sometimes I am afraid because of them. You needn't have any more worries of that sort. The new Pompeian powder has been perfected specially to protect you from them. It's beautifully fine and gentle and there's nothing in it to harm even the most delicate skin. It will make you lovelier today—and the loveliness will last."

In 3 packs at the old prices: 2d., 1/2d. & 6d. Ask also for Pompeian Bloom, Day Cream, Night Cream and Lipstick, from 6d.

**FREE** Send for my free 'Attractoscope.' It will find your personal "attraction index" and show you how to "rate" and increase your charm and personality. Write Mrs. X, c/o The Pompeian Co., Ltd. (Dept. P.1) 160 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

---

"I never miss a rehearsal just for that!"

She's never "inconvenienced" now

She'll get into her chorus clothes and start long hours of dancing without the slightest worrying risk. She leads a normal uninterrupted life now, because she wears Modess, the towel with the wonderful moisture-proof backing. If you are particular, careful of your personal daintiness and freshness, you too will appreciate the obvious advantages of Modess.

For Modess are made by world-famous makers of surgical goods—after years of investigation to find out what improvements women wanted. The result is not only certain-safe protection by the moisture-proof backing, but also extra absorbency because Modess are made of a super-absorbent downy cellu-tissue. And the towel is edged with softest cotton wool to prevent chafing and stop moisture spreading to the sides. Until you have tried Modess you can have no idea how comfortable you can be—you just put one on and literally forget about it. And they are soluble, of course, as easily disposed of as toilet paper. Next time, ask for a packet of Modess. Sold at all drapers and chemists.

**AMAMI 6d. NAIL VARNISH**

They all notice your fingertips... so keep them smooth and brilliant with Amami Nail Varnish! One coat keeps them fascinating for a week or more. Get a 6d. bottle to-day—it will last you months! Amami Nail Varnish is delicately perfumed and made for you in 5 fashionable shades—Colourless, Natural, Coral, Rose and Ruby.

To prepare your nails for the perfect manucure, use Amami Nail Remover—richly perfumed in 6d. bottles. Also Amami Cuticle Remover 6d. Complete Amami Manucure Set 6d., 1/6, x/6, 3d.
John Howard
- Has the distinction of being one of Hollywood's most popular young men about town, an eligible bachelor and much in demand as an escort and attache of feminine stars.
- Like Robert Taylor he was discovered for the screen by a talent scout at a College amateur dramatic show, in this case at Western Reserve University in Cleveland.
- He wasn't particularly keen (he wanted to be a journalist, as a matter of fact), but funds ran out and he took advantage of the offer of a film test. It was successful and he was given a contract by Paramount.
- What is in 1924, he had a small part in Car 99, got promotion in Gentlemen of the Navy, and now scores a success as Robert Conway in Lost Horizon.
- Howard was born in Cleveland on April 14, 1915; is 5 ft. 10 in. tall and has blue eyes and brown hair.

Leslie Howard
- Was born Leslie Stainer in London on April 16, 1889. He was educated at Dulwich College, where he first showed an interest in the theatre, writing school plays and acting in them.
- After a short-lived career as a bank clerk in the City he went to France. War-time theatrals at the St.Cloud Theatre, which also launched him on the stage, and on demobilisation, Leslie headed for the theatrical agencies, securing his first job in a touring version of Peg O' My Heart.
- He established a stage reputation in London and New York with such plays as The Green Hat, Outward Bound and Her Cardboard Lover. Outward Bound subsequently provided his first film vehicle and he scored a notable artistic triumph in it.
- Since Romeo and Juliet he has been devoting his energies to the New York stage. Now he is back in Britain at star in a film version of the life of Shakespeare.
- Leslie Howard is 5 ft. 10½ in. tall, has fair hair and blue eyes.

Sydney Howard
- This popular comedian was born on a certain August 7 at Yeading, near Leeds. For some years he ran a small business as a printer's traveller and his earliest stage ambitions were evidenced in amateur performances. He answered a local advertisement for a "part-time comedian" and got the job.
- Later he became a full-time comedian in a concert party at St. Annes-on-Sea, near Blackpool, until an accident with a stage manager spotted him and gave him lead in The Radium Girl.
- The year 1927 was the turning point in his career. He was heard of in Hit the Deck at the London Hippodrome.
- Then followed Funny Face with Fred and Adele Astaire and The Co-Optimists. 1929 saw his first film—his film test for B. & D. convinced everyone present with laughter and he was signed under contract and starred in Splinter Films since incorporated, Up for the Cup, It's a King, Night of the Garter, Trouble, It's a Cop, Girls, Please.
- His recent films include Chick and Splinters In The Air.

WHO'S WHO

Be in the Fashion with Lilli Palmer—(Continued)

into sp., work in pattern until 21 shells have been worked, 1 d.c. into sp. of next shell.

21st row—S.s. to 1st dbl.tr. of previous row, 1 d.c. into sp. work in pattern ending with a d.c. in sp. of last shell.

22nd to 24th rows—Same as last row (17 shells).

25th row—S.s. to 1st d.c. of previous row, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into sp. 1 tr., 1 d.c. tr. into sp. of next shell, work in pattern ending with 1 tr. 1 d.bl.tr., 1 ch., 1 d.bl.tr. into last d.c.

26th row—Same as 10th row.

27th row—Same as 21st row.

28th row—S.s. to 1st d.c., 1 d.c. into sp. of next shell, work in pattern ending with 1 tr., 1 d.bl.tr. into last d.c.

29th row—Same as last row.

30th row—Same as 24th row.

31st row—Same as 7th row.

32nd row—Same as 21st row.

33rd row—Same as 28th row.

45th row—S.s. to 2nd dbl.tr. of previous row, 1 d.c. into sp. work in pattern until 4 shells have been worked in sp. of next shell. Fasten off. Work other sleeve the same.

COLLAR
- With white commence with 111 ch. Work first 3 rows same as sleeve. Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows 3 times—Fasten off.

IMITATION POCKETS
- With white commence with 280 ch. (32 inches). Work same as collar for 3 rows (7 shells). Break off white thread only. With blue work 2 rows of d.c. all round pocket. Work other pocket the same.

BELT
- With white commence with 280 ch. (32 inches). Work same as collar for 7 rows, working a buttonhole in place of 2nd last shell on 4th row (48 shells). With blue work 2 rows of d.c. all round belt.

BELT TABS
- With a double thread of blue work 2 pieces of cloth 2 inches wide-

MAKING UP
- Damp and press each section of jacket. Machine-stitch side and shoulder seams (½ inch seams). Stitch a small seam on sleeve leaving straight piece at bottom. Oversew straight piece on right side of sleeve. With blue work 2 rows of d.c. all round edge. Turn back to form cuff and tack in position. Insert and sew through holes (½ inch seams). Place centre of collar to centre of back overlapping ¼ inch of front of jacket. The ends of collar being 1½ inches from fronts to form lapels. Slip stitch to jacket. Sew on pockets 3 inches from lower edge of jacket. Sew on buttons. Stitch tab at side seams at waist line. Sew on buttons. Stitch a blue thread at edge of left front at top buttonhole. Work in d.c. down front, along lower edge and up front, lower edge and up right front to top buttonhole, 2 ch., turn, work another row of d.c. on top. Now continue round remainder of left front, round collar and right front on wrong side of jacket, 2 ch., turn and work as before. Fasten off. Press seams.
Can you face a "close up"?

Always remember that a "close-up" is a test—not only of features, but of fragrance.

"Evening in Paris" perfume appeals especially to women with original and distinguished tastes. Unique but unostentatious, it is seductive without being sensational.

"Evening in Paris" powder, perfumed with the same delicate fragrance, clings kindly to the face—softening the features and lending an exquisite finish like that of a "soft-focus" photograph.

Perfume from 1/3 to 21/-; Powder 1.9.

WOMEN! Why suffer
Periodic Pains
month after month

Let Baxen See You Through those "Difficult Days".

"For ten years I suffered dreadful aony each
month; I always had to take a day off work. But
now, all I do is take a dose of Baxen, and I con-
tinue with my work without any pain or discomfort
whatever. Mine has always been a severe case, and I
have tried all kinds of other remedies without success.
I am more than grateful for your wonderful Baxen."—
Miss M. C., Coventry.

Baxen is a specialist's prescription—safe and
reliable. It contains no aspirin, no dangerous "drugs." It
cannot harm the heart, upset the stomach, or interfere with the
natural function.

Every day thousands of
women buy Baxen from their
chemists. Even those who
always had a "very hard
time" now enjoy the peace
and comfort of Baxen; so
why go on suffering the
needless pain which Baxen
is your sure remedy. All
in different patented tubes
in flat tins. 1/3d.; also Powders 1 3d. pkt.

A free trial supply of Baxen will be
sent you gladly. Write for it to-day to
Nurse E.B., c/o. E. Griffiths Hughes, Ltd.,
182, Adelphi, Salford, Manchester.

Take a lead from
MERLE OBERON
and have Glorious hair

Glorious natural waves

Vorsemar is a scientific and harmless prepara-
tion that gives the hair natural waves and curls
easily and quickly. You'll be delighted with the
wonderful results.

Thousands of testimonials
have been received from
satisfied users. Ladies, if
you want to have really
lovely natural waves, buy
Vorsemar, 1/6 per tube (to
give babies and toddlers
natural curls use Curly Top,
1/3 per tube, last a month.)

The complement of love-
ly hair is a good shampoo.
Use Vorsemar Shampoo
1/3 tube gives 12
brilliant shampoos. Retains
the vital oils and leaves the
hair a halo of glorious
lights.

Obtainable at Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Ltd., and all good
chemists, or in case of difficulty direct post free from
THE Vosemar COMPANY (Dept. T.7.11)
11 Parsons Lane, Bury, Lancs.
W. (Birmingham).—The late Ross Alexander, 26, of 25, Allenson Road, died suddenly at his home on Oct. 27. He was a first-class professional and was well known in the Birmingham area. His funeral has been arranged for this week.

LET GEORGE DO IT!

JULY 7th.

OUT WED.

PICTUREGOER SUMMER ANNUAL

TAN CLUB NOTES

Readers who are interested in Bing Crosby should join the Bing Crosby Club, which is being formed in the Tan Club, now being formed. For full particulars write to Miss Louis Harvey, 41 Morton Drive, Glasgow, S.W.2.

I WAS A SAP UNTIL I MARRIED," says J. McCrea. What miracle did marriage work in the personality of J. McCrea? You'll be excited by his answers in "The Picturegoer Summer Annual!"

TEN FOR SIXPENCE—TWENTY FOR A SHILLING

HERE IT IS AGAIN! Britain's greatest and most gloriously screen Annual—"THE PICTUREGOER SUMMER ANNUAL!" A wonder-budget of film thrill on one splendidly sparkling pages—more than TWENTY full-page Art Plate portraits of your favourite players—Scores and scores of wonderful photographs—fascinating articles by the stars themselves. (Look at the list on the left—and they are only a few.) In addition there are absorbing stories, intimate film secrets revealed, gossip from the "sets" and the dressing-rooms—in fact you'll be amazed and delighted when you see this superb annual.

And now we've given you just the tiniest glimpse of the hosts of fascinating features in this grand film holiday annual—now it's up to you. If you miss it you'll miss something that makes filmland more interesting than ever before. So hurry. Go to the nearest bookshop or Newsagent now and order your copy of "The Picturegoer Summer Annual!"

VARITY

There is no better filter—tipped cigarette obtainable. The quality of the tobacco is beyond dispute—Varity are made by LAMBERT & BUTLER

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES—HERE'S THE PICK OF THE BILLBOARD!

YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS

THE GREATEST FILM THRILL OF THE YEAR

The Picturegoer Summer Annual

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OUT WED.
Hair chart

COPY TO EVERY GIRL

A separate setting to make the most of each type of face.

Event of OUTSTANDING INTEREST! MARIO, with his rich experience in dressing the hair of famous film stars, offers you VALUABLE ADVICE... FREE! In this wonderful chart a hair style for every type of face is described and illustrated. Whether you are blonde, brunette, brown, dark or silver; whether your face is long, round, oval, heart-shaped or square, Mario HAS A WORD FOR YOU. Never before has such a wealth of expert advice been FREE for the asking. So send to-day! A card will bring you these BEAUTY SECRETS LABELS.

You need your own special shampoo for your own special type of hair. That’s where Amami tops the list — and has done for over 20 years! There is nothing to compare with the 47 specially chosen ingredients in Amami! These Amami Hair-Nourishers and Hair-Beautifiers penetrate deeply into the very roots of your hair so that it quickly becomes softer, silkier, more youthful, gleaming with a thousand hitherto unsuspected hidden lights. Amami not only cleanses the hair, it tones up the whole scalp, bringing perfect hair HEALTH, the only possible foundation for true beauty and a perfect setting.

Stop Hair Falling
Grow It Like This

Read this letter. See how you, too, can stop your hair falling and grow it again, thicker and stronger than ever.

My hair was falling rapidly and becoming terribly thin,”writes Miss D. Jell,”I had used 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. Also my hair, which was greasy and grea, resumed its natural color.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

Kotalko quickly stops hair falling—regrows it thickly and strongly. Kotalko and Kotalko Soap rid of dandruff, and quickens an Aziade for men's, women's and black hair.

EXCLUSIVE PERFUMES IN DAINITY COMPACTS

Every friend I meet seems to want one of those charming compacts of solid perfume. Since that famous Paris House, Aziaèdè, succeeded in concentrating really exclusive scents into their compacts, solid perfume has certainly become a rage. Aziaèdè (which by the way you pronounce Azi-r-day) make the most heavenly perfumes, amongst them Lilac, Mimosa, Sweet Pea, Gardenia, Carnation, Jasmin, and for special occasions "Ecstasy," and yet they cost you only one shilling. Personally, I like Mimosa, and I must say it’s delightful to put a touch behind my ears or on my hair when I renew my make-up. There’s a delightful lavender, too, which mingles simply delight. If you want to be in the fashion, be sure you carry an Aziaèdè Perfume Compact in your handbag.

Buy one from your chemist or send your shilling direct to Dept. G., Aziaèdè, 172 Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.
Sylvia gets her big chance

Mr. Williams Do come and watch — Sylvia is going to dance.

WHY
YES — I'VE
HEARD SHE'S
VERY GOOD.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HER?

MM — DANCING IS FINE.
GOOD ENOUGH FOR MY
NEW SHOW — BUT
HER COMPLEXION
VERY POOR.

DO YOU REALLY THINK
HE'D ENGAGE ME IF
I DIDN'T HAVE
TIRED SKIN?

I'M SURE OF IT
— START USING
KNIGHTS CASTLE
AND YOU'LL
SEE.

AND IN SIX WEEKS TIME —
IT'S SO GOOD OF
YOU TO GIVE ME
THIS CHANCE.

NOT AT ALL.
WITH YOUR TALENT
AND THAT LOVELY
COMPLEXION
YOU'RE A SOUND
INVESTMENT.

Knights' Castile
SPECIALY MADE FOR THE FACE

FOURPENCE
PER TABLET

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

If you mean to sunbathe this holiday, be sure you do it with safety. You can, if you observe just a few common-sense rules. Your type and your usual place of residence need to be taken into consideration. If you're out of the town you will tan much more readily and with less reddening of the skin than if you live in a city. The pall of smokiness that hangs over most industrial districts is a perpetual curtain between the sun and the city dwellers. It cuts off many of the health-giving rays of the sun and it certainly screens us, too, from some of the burning rays.

Whereas the country dweller has become used to the rays and so can sunbathe for long periods with safety.

Sunbathing does not suit everyone. There are a great many people who are infinitely better without any sunbathing at all. They are the natural blondes and the red-haired, those who freckle, and those who redder badly whatever the colour of their skin and hair.

Generally speaking it is the darker-skinned brunette types who take more readily to exposure to the sun's rays. These can stay for long periods in a bathing or a play suit with benefit. The others get a headache, become nervous, frequently feel sick, and acquire a peeling skin.

These are the danger signs. If this is what happens to you, be wise, and give up sunbathing altogether. Sunlight is tremendously complex. Some of it we see, some parts we feel, some rays warm us, and in excess burn us. Some part of it improves the condition of the blood; on the other hand, sometimes it breaks down the red corpuscles. Other factors destroy germs.

The best time for sunbathing is in the morning. You need to keep cool while you sunbathe. The gentle warmth of the early morning sun induces a very light perspiration. This is ideal, for it just keeps the skin soft and moist. Later in the day the heat induces a heavier perspiration and there is a risk attached to it.

Weary a shady light-weight hat. This shades the eyes and protects the back of the neck, two vulnerable parts. Do not be tempted to lie for a long time on your tummy, with your spine exposed to the full heat of the sun. That is positively dangerous.

Make haste slowly. Be content with short periods first and lengthen them day by day. Expose a small portion of the skin first, and extend that day by day.

Give your first exposure without a protective — just a few minutes, then apply your sun-tanning cream or liquid for each subsequent sunbathe. In this way you will tan without tears.

Many of my readers are the mothers of small children, and they are rightly very anxious to do the correct thing about sunbathing. The same rules as I suggested for adults apply to little people. Mothers will have noticed that the small golden-haired child often gets freckled in too much sun, whereas the darker-skinned babies can run about for hours in a bathing-suit without ill effects on health or temper.

Early in the morning and late afternoon when the sun's rays are lengthening, are the best play times for the fair-skinned child. Keep it out of the midday sun altogether.

Particularly if the child is already ailing or nervous, it cannot stand sunbathing. Far from being a cure for the child's ill, it will positively do harm.

Many babies have sunbathing from infancy, but in the case of a child who is not accustomed to it, begin very gradually. First of all expose the feet and ankles only. Give no more than four minutes on the first day, and then as I suggested with grown-ups gradually lengthen by a couple of minutes each day and a couple of inches more of skin. Thus, stage by stage the baby's bodies are gradually accustomed to the experience.

Babies acquire their tan more slowly than adults, but once they have it it is a pretty good protection. Always, of course, watch the fair-skinned baby with vigilant eyes, to guard against the slightest hint of reddening.

Many of the tanning preparations sold for adults are quite suitable for children also.

Do not go to the other extreme and keep your fair-skinned child fully clothed on the beach. A simple sun suit is a very good garment, the more so if it is made of artificial silk which allows a gentle penetration of the healthful ultra-violet rays. This is also true of a white cotton material.

If the child is playing in the sea and is likely to get too much sun, I personally have found the wisdom of letting it wear a light-weight cellulose blouson over the bathing-suit. It allows a certain amount of penetration, prevents burning, and is so easily rinsed out in fresh water and dried. It needs no ironing.

Where burning of the skin has taken place, do not wash it, just mop the child liberally over with calamine lotion, and keep out of the sun.

A letter accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, or a postage coupon if you live in the Dominions, or in the U.S.A., will at once bring you a quick reply by post. Address your note to ANNE, c/o THE PICTUREBOKE, Marriotts House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Talkie Title tales

This week's prise of half a guinea is awarded to Miss E. Lowe, 425 Derby Road, Birdholme, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, for —

Top Hat
In the Soup
Come Out of the Pantry
Careless lady

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to —

Mrs. Harper, 70 Leslie Road, Forest Fields, Nottingham, for —
Mother Carey's Chickens
Escape
What the Puppy Said
Just My Luck

Mrs. H. Wilkes, 53 Kiniths Way, West Bromwich, Staffs., for —
The Good Earth
You're Teasing Me
Next Time We Live
The Mule's New Home
Miss Sylvia Newnham, 35 Southwood Lane, Highgate, N.8., for —

Camilla
Dre Traumende Mund
La Crie Est Fini
Foreign Affairs

If you own a "Talkie Title" Tell us what you think of it. "Talkie Title Tales" is in line three or four talkie titles in order to make a short-sheet story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o PARRYMACO, Marriotts House, Bow Street, W.C.1.

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 BEACON.
In the most unexpected places

The illustration below shows a retailer's cottage premises in the little village of Cockfield, Suffolk. Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes can be purchased here, as in many similar picturesque and remote spots all over the country.

Here, there, everywhere, in the most unexpected places it is possible to buy Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes—the favourite of millions. The vast demand which makes this possible guarantees their unfailing freshness and proves their great popularity.

PLAYER'S MILD NAVY CUT CIGARETTES are not so well known as the popular Medium Navy Cut Cigarettes, but if your taste is for a mild and very smooth smoke, ask for Player's "MILD." An old established brand, the prices are the same as for "Medium" 10-6d, 20-111d.
When summer turns fair skins to soft rose-and-gold wise devotees of sunshine change their make-up subtly. These new tints in your colouring call for careful treatment, if you are to make them the asset they should be. If you have already joined the throng of cosmopolitan beauties who know and love the misty loveliness of Yardley Complexion Powder you may find it wise to change your usual tone to either Rose Rachel or Gypsy shades, prepared with an eye to glowing skins. Your quiter shades of Yardley Lipstick, too, should give a place in the sun to those more glamorous. Yardley Complexion Powder, Yardley Lipstick, and Yardley Beauty Replacements will bring out the loveliness that is yours by right. Find them quickly, anywhere in the world where the sun is shining. And send for the little volume "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street," or follow this Yardley treatment to keep sun-proof beauty in your skin this summer.

YARDLEY TREATMENT FOR SUMMER SKINS

All Skins: Liquefying Cleansing Cream, equivalent to the cleansing oil in a perfect youthful skin, for cleansing at night. Followed by Toning Lotion, for a dew bath (non-astringent).

All Skins: Skin Food, the equivalent of the skin’s own depleted nutritive elements. All Skins: Morning wash with Yardley English Lavender Soap; freshening with Toning Lotion. For Skins: Sun-proof Lotion as a Powder Base. Dry Skins: Complexion Cream, nutritive powder base. Gummy Skins: Complexion Milk, a morning face bath; dry skins—leave on its powder base. All Skins: Yardley Complexion Powder, in glorious sun-shades to withstand the English summer climate, prevent raking and degeneration. Large sizes, Creams, Lotions, 5/6. Cream Rouge, 2½. Eyeshadow, 2½. Lipstick, 5½. All Skins: Yardley’s Sunbon Oil for tanning. Sun-proof Lotion, to prevent sunburn. Obtainable at the better Chemists and Stores.

FACIAL TREATMENTS USING THESE LOVELY REPLACEMENTS OF NATURAL BEAUTY IN THE YARDLEY TREATMENT SALON, 5/6, 10/6, 15/6.

33 OLD BOND STREET
LONDON, W.1
Regent 1501
My Marriage Secrets

by BETTE DAVIS
ALREADY THEY'RE MAKING A
DATE WITH A BEAUTY SPECIALIST...

PALMOLIVE!

How Dr. Dafoe has watched over his five famous little charges with tender, loving care! And their nurses, too...studying the Quins' every move...keeping them from harm! They've another protector, too. Dr. Dafoe has appointed a guardian for those delicate baby skins...one to keep them smooth and flawless, soft and lovely—Palmolive!

He chose Palmolive because the Quins have always had unusually sensitive skins. So sensitive that for weeks after they were born, they were bathed only with pure, gentle Olive Oil. It was all they dared use on those tender baby skins. So what more natural follow-up than a gentle Olive Oil soap—Palmolive! Look at the Quins now—the five most famous "Schoolgirl Complexions" in the world!

TRY KOLYNOS. Discover for yourself just how amazingly effective it is. Used on a DRY brush morning and night it will improve your teeth at once. They will feel cleaner. Soon they will look naturally white—whiter than you believed possible!

This remarkable dental cream foams into every tiny crevice and kills millions of germs which are the cause of stain, tartar and decay. KOLYNOS is refreshing and pleasant to use. Your teeth are cleaned perfectly—right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel without injury. Try it. Get a tube to-day.

Of all Chemists and Stores.
1/9, 1/6 and 6d.

MADE IN ENGLAND

THE MOST ECONOMICAL TEETH PASTE

SILF DENTAL CREAM

FOR CLEAN, WHITE TEETH and HEALTHY MOUTH

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 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, sunk, 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 Carters 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 Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.

SMALL BOTTLE 8d.

FOR GREY HAIR SHADEINE

Is safe, easy and simple to use; one liquid; without dyeing, permanent and available at your reputable dealer. It is to all natural little slate color. No Medical certificate needed.

AT ALL CHEMISTS

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

KOLYNOS LTD.

10d.: 1/-: 5/-: 10/-: 3/-

20d.: 1/-: 5/-: 10/-: 3/-

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TO-NIGHT
Apply Crème Tokalon, Skinfood, Rose Colour, which contains Biocel—the amazing discovery of Prof. Dr. Strefuski of the University of Vienna. This vital cell food is obtained from carefully selected young animals. Science now knows it is the loss of this natural element from the skin which causes wrinkles. Crème Tokalon, Biocel Skinfood, feeds it back to the skin while you sleep and makes the skin smooth, firm and young again.

TO-MORROW MORNING
See how much fresher and smoother your skin is after the very first application. In a few days wrinkles begin to disappear. In a week you look years younger. Apply Crème Tokalon, White Colour (non-greasy) in the morning; dissolves away blackheads, makes skin soft, smooth and white. Women of 50 may obtain a fascinating complexion of which any young girl would be proud. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

The 6d. bottle of L'Onglex is as big as the 1/2 bottle of many other nail polishes and lasts for months. L'Onglex keeps nails lovely without cracking, peeling or fading. Sold everywhere.

L'Onglex
LIQUID NAIL POLISH
In eight shades including Natural, Rust and Old Rose
POLISH REMOVER 6d.
CUTICLE REMOVER per bottle
BRITISH MANUFACTURE

This little girl got engaged

Soon she'll be a radiant bride with veil and heart a-flutter. She may not have so glorious a wedding as sometimes shown upon the screen, but for her it will be the most glamorous event in the world—and she's seeing it in the glitter of her Bravington engagement ring. What are her plans for the wedding? Who helps her with the details of what to do and whom to ask? Why, Bravington's again—in their splendid BRIDE BOOK she finds heaps of help in planning out the great event of her life. What are your plans? Whether you will marry in the office of a Registrar, or precede a bevy of bridesmaids down the aisle, you, too, should get the Bride Book, which is FREE. Then if you want presents for someone else, there's the Clock Book or the Watch Book.

This was the ring that she chose

Diamonds set in Gold and Platinum—quite inexpensive too, and insured Free of Charge. You really must see Bravington's Ring Book if you hope to be engaged, or are buying a new ring. You'll get so much better value at Bravingtons. POST THE COUPON NOW for the Book you desire.
‘10 MINUTES TO WAIT until they get the wrong number’— says ROY ROYSTON

—‘so Mine’s a Minor!’

‘Minors’ are inexpensive, but not ‘cheap.’ They are a quality brand—made of the same tobacco and packed with the same care as much dearer cigarettes. And they last the full 10 minutes.

De Reszke MINORS

In tins: 30 for 1/- * 60 for 2/- * In boxes: 15 for 6p * 30 for 1/-

FOR THAT LEISURED HOUR—DE RESZKE MAJORS, 20 FOR 1/-
DEAR SIMONE SIMON,

There, there, then. Did the great, big, nasty London newspapermen frighten little Simone so much that she had to lock herself in her cabin at Southampton?

Or, perhaps, the great, big, nasty Atlantic waves afflicted little Simone (pronounced "Sea-Moan") with that most unglamorous of all maladies, sea-sickness, and she wasn't presentable to the Press?

Or, perhaps, little Simone just didn't know any better than to behave more like a problem child sulking at a school picnic than a highly-paid film actress, who claims to be a great artiste, on holiday?

Really, Simone, we have borne very patiently with your enfant terrible act since you went to Hollywood two years ago and were given the biggest personal publicity campaign for years.

We were quite prepared to think it was cute when it was solemnly announced that you had demanded, among other things, to be provided with a panther because you must have wild things about you, and a change of perfume for every change of scene because your acting needed exotic perfumes to give you the mood.

We were even at first inclined to be indulgent about the recurrent stories of Continental temperament that followed your early appearances on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot.

After all, we told ourselves, you were a stranger in a strange land and Hollywood's methods can be difficult for a sensitive actress.

But the stories continued too persistently to be ignored indefinitely, particularly when they were accompanied by the facts of your mysterious withdrawals from the casts of your early pictures.

We were told, for instance, amidst much beating of the big drum, that you were to have the role of "Cigarette" in Under Two Flags, which seemed like an ideal piece of casting.

Rumours of temperamental outbursts on the set were followed by your departure from the cast and the engagement at considerable expense from another studio of Claudette Colbert.

The same thing happened in the case of A Message to Garcia with the exception that this time it was Barbara Stanwyck, American, business-like and well-behaved, who had to be called in hurriedly.

A long time afterwards the explanation of illness was put forward on your behalf to explain your absence from the completed films in both these cases and our chivalrous and susceptible Mr. Lionel Collier went so far as to make a speech for the defence on these lines in the Picturegoer a week or two ago.

The sceptical, however, remembered that when after your initial Hollywood success in Girls' Dormitory studio and press men cooled their heels waiting your pleasure the same convenient cause was advanced and that despite the fact that you were supposed to be on the verge of pneumonia, with a dash of appendicitis for good measure, you were able to take in the tennis matches and the film colony's night life during this period.

Similarly the Simon reputation for being difficult to handle was not helped by the reports that a succession of tutors engaged to cure her, at times, not too intelligible accent, had to throw in their hands because they could not cope with the pupil's tantrums. It is significant, at any rate, that the accent is still far from perfect.

Some mystery again attached to your removal from the cast of Danger-Love at Work, after the piece had gone into production, and just prior to you distinguishing yourself in the Southampton incident. This time the official story was that the role was considered unsuitable.

As to the affair in the NORMANDIE, we are not even entertained. Jane Withers does that sort of thing so much better on the screen.

All that the film public requires of its film stars off screen is dignity and reasonably good manners. We have always respected the feelings of artistes of standing who have genuinely wished to be spared the more blatant forms of publicity. Such performances, however, as locking oneself in a cabin merely make us wonder where artistic independence ends and childish exhibitionism begins.

It is time that you came out of the nursery, not for our sake, but for yours. As we had occasion to remark to Katharine Hepburn the other day, stick out your tongue at the cash customers as much as you like, but your screen work will have to be a darn sight better than it has been so far if you want to get away with it.

The Editor
LEXANDER KORDA is shortly to start a systematic search for new British film faces. We have never been in favour of stunt talent hunts, which in the past have rarely produced anything but headaches, but we wish him undertaking well. Heaven knows, we need more stars.

Briefly, Mr. Korda's scheme is to try out young actors and actresses—amateur and professional—in a series of short features. The films will be shown at the 250 theatres controlled by Oscar Deutsch and the public will be invited to record their opinion on special cards.

The vote will decide the future of the candidates. Those who are received with approval will be given opportunities in full-length films and groomed for stardom.

The plan sounds feasible. Shorts have, in the last few years, provided Hollywood with at least two front-ranking box-office personalities, Bing Crosby and W. C. Fields.

But please don't send your applications for tests to me. Mr. Korda's address is c/o London Films Studios, Denham, Bucks.

Bob Taylor For London?

- Now it seems that it will be Robert Taylor, not Clark Gable, who will be the first of the company's big Hollywood stars to come to work for M.G.M. in England.

Bob, it is stated, will bring his manly beauty to London in the cause of the long-planned Yank at Oxford.

One imagines that if Culver City's new Gift to the World's Women does come here even the Marlene Dietrich fan-mobbing records of last year will go by the board.

Harlow Roles For Virginia

- It looks as if Virginia Bruce, who, although always regarded as one of the most beautiful women in Hollywood and an actress of some talent, may be the official choice for grooming to take the place of Jean Harlow on the M.G.M. star roster.

She is, at any rate, definitely to be given one of the scripts that had been prepared for Jean, The World's Our Oyster.

It is also considered probable that she will be given the Harlow role in Tell It To The Marines.

Garbo's Future

- Despite those reports of a Garbo comedy following Marie Walewska, Greta has not shown any signs yet of getting down to serious training with the custard pie.

Her next, as a matter of fact, will probably be The Queen's Escort, while, at the moment she is considering what may well be her most ambitious dramatic role yet, Joan of Arc. She is studying an original treatment of the subject by her great friend Mercedes d'Acosta.

Most of the major screen actresses have at one time or another longingly eyed the part of the Maid of Orleans. Personally, I think the choice of Garbo would be ideal casting and I don't care if the accent pedants do dispute it.

Greta is also reported to be considering Italian's Delight, the successful Lunt-Fontanne play. In this case she would be reunited with Clark Gable.

Child Star Parents Attacked

- An outspoken attack on the parents of child film stars is made by a well-known Hollywood welfare worker, Miss Birdina Anderson.

Miss Anderson is engaged by the State of California to look after children engaged in film studios. At present is in charge of the six boys playing in Dead End.

Indicating parents "who refuse to do a stroke of work and depend entirely on the earnings of their movie children," Miss Anderson declares, "the studios are to blame only because they need children in pictures and pay the boys and girls large salaries. The money attracts parents with eligible children to Hollywood. The parents will do anything to attract the attention of casting directors to their offspring and it is the children who suffer!"

"Hollywood's history," Miss Anderson continues, "is filled with stories of the failures of young people who were sensational child movie players. The few children who made a lot of money and still retain it and their self-respect now that they've grown to maturity, were lucky enough to have intelligent parents. Jackie Coogan is a good example. Shirley Temple will be."

"On the other hand," Miss Anderson points out, "virtually every other child movie star of years gone by has come to public attention recently only because they are trying to make impossible 'comebacks,' because they are suing their parents, or for some other pathetic reason."

As a parting shot, Miss Anderson gives her opinion that at least 70 per cent. of the film children are exploited by their parents!

Defying a Talkie Taboo

- A Star Is Born has started a new fashion for behind-the-scenes-in-Hollywood films. Last week I told you about Once a Hero, the picture which features the stars' doubles.

Now Fay Garnet is to defy one of Hollywood's most rigid taboos by showing how movie camera tricks are done.

The picture will be called Stand In and is, according to present plans, to reveal how pictures really are made.

Stand In is another of the Weekly Illustrated serial stories to be filmed.

It was Fay Garnet, by the way, who expressed surprise when he met a famous actress with her ex-boy friend at one of the film colony festivities the other night. "I thought you had thrown him over," he remarked. "Well, I did," she replied, "but you know how badly a girl throws."

Short Shots

Loretta Young and Tyrone Power are the latest stars to have their hand and footprints recorded in cement in the Chinese Theatre forecourt, Hollywood's Hall of Fame—Ray Milland's most enthusiastic fan is Maria Dietrich;
Mama Marlene had to do a job of autograph collecting for her the other day—After Blue- beard’s Eighth Wife Claudette Colbert is to do another comedy, Are Husbands Necessary? (that ought to be a gift to the Talkie Title Tales enthusiasts)—Barbara Stanwyck has received over 2,000 letters from agitated admirers protesting against her going blonde for the title role of Stella Dallas—Frances Dee and hubby Joel McCrea will be co-starred in Wells Fargo, Paramount’s new pioneering epic—Al Jolson is talking of retiring from films and becoming a stock broker—Next Grace Moore picture will be The Sound of Her Voice—Irene Dunne, Holly- wood’s champion woman golfer, did a hole in one at Bel Air the other day—Dick Foran is Hollywood’s latest bridegroom; said “I will” to Ruth Hollingsworth at Tia Juana the other day—Hailed as a Ginger Rogers rival is Mitzi Haines, wife of Dave Gould. M.G.M. dance director—Kay Frances also has some competition this week; American fashion paper editors have selected Helen Vinson (Mrs. Fred Perry) as best-dressed woman in Hollywood—Ramon Novarro, staging a come back in She Didn’t Want a Sheikh will have another old timer, Lola Lane, in the feminine lead.

Saying It With Songs

- Just how many modern song numbers in one picture can human fortitude endure. I am wondering because it is announced that in Alexander’s Ragtime Band, the new Twentieth Century-Fox musical, there will be at least 32 songs, all by Irving Berlin.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS

Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot from Hollywood

MAE WEST IN LAW SUIT

FRANK WALLACE, who declares he married Mae West in 1911, when she was 18 years old, lost two suits, one in New York and another in Los Angeles, in which he sought to prove that she was his wife. In a third suit, brought in Los Angeles, Wallace claims one half of Mae West’s estate under the community property law of California, whereby husbands and wives share equally in the possess- ions of their mates.

The blonde star is giving a good imitation of the Sphinx, and has had nothing to say regarding Wallace’s claims, but she is thinking of changing the famous slogan to “come up and sue me sometime.”

“Mrs. Tarzan’s” Adventure

- Lupe Velez declares that the next time she has traffic with anything concerning the term black-jack, it will be the card game, chewing gum, or even the murderous bludgeon, but never again will she foot the famous Black Jack Mountain on Catalina Island.

The pretty wife of Johnny (“Tarzan”) Weissmuller is still displaying the bruises and lacerations suffered whilst participating in the popular Catalina Island sport of trying to run down and capture one of the nimble mountain goats that run wild on Black Jack Mountain.

Lucky Girls

- The Studio Club, which provides inexpensive lodgings for girls employed in the studios and by business organisations, recently celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday.

One of the club’s directors, Mrs. Lucille Webster Gleason, noted stage actress, and the wife of the equally famous James Gleason, invited me to the anniversary dinner, which was followed by the presentation of a stage play capably enacted by residents of the club.

Hollywood celebrities were there in force, but were unable to outshine the pretty girls of the club.

The building is a magnificent affair, of Mediter- ranean architecture with gardens, patios, balconies, loggias, fireplaces and libraries. The girls usually sleep two in a room, but as sleeping accommodation, breakfast and dinner, can be secured for as little as $7.50 (about 30s.) a week, they have no reason to complain.

Pet Aversions

- Ann Sothern has a few pet “shalt nots!” She will not answer telephones after midnight nor open telegrams. She will not get up early on Sunday morning, be it for fire, flood or war.

On the other hand, Ann cannot stop eating strawberries, reading gruesome mystery yarns, and seeing Charlie Chan pictures two and three times.

Blessed Event

- A cat can look at a King—and hold up the activities of film stars as Bette Davis discovered.

The little star was about to start work in a scene at the Warner Studio in Burbank the other day. Lights and cameras were ready, when first the sound man and then everyone else on the set heard mysterious sounds. Operations were halted until technical workers discovered a mother tabby and her new family. She has chosen a corner under a nursery chair for her blessed event.

Holding Hands

- Rochelle Hudson and Jack Haley are not in love, but they did hold hands, not in a film, and cannot deny it!

The two were working in a Twentieth Century- Fox picture in which they are arrested and handcuffed together. When time came for luncheon it developed that the property man had mislaid the key to the manacles.

(Continued on page 8)
E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

PLAYING BAERS and LYONS

The British studios this week have taken to playing Baers and Lyons.

An in case you're inclined to think spelling is a bit shabby, let me explain.

First of all, I told you recently that Max Baer is playing an important part in the new Stanley Lupino-Laddie film which Associated British are making at Elstree—Over She Goes. He plays, you may remember, the role of Silas Morner, the Man Who Doesn't Know His Own Strength.

Well, now I find that Warner Bros.-First National at Teddington, are not going to be left further behind than they can help; they have engaged what is presumably the next best thing—Max's young brother Buddy Baer.

They couldn't have had Max in this picture, anyway; they've got one already—Max Miller, who is quite enough Maxes in any one picture.

Expert Advice

This one's about all-in wrestling and boxing, and a full-sized boxing-ring has been erected in the Teddington studios, under the expert advice of no less an authority than Mr. Callaghan, the manager of the Ring in Blackfriars Road, who is also acting as referee in the film.

Habitués of the Ring will recognise several prominent personalities from that famous palace of punches, including the brothers Gutteridge.

Gangster tea party at Denham. On the morning of the party was given by Jessie between gun battle in "Gunwagons,"

who have been seconds in a great many important fights.

George Currie, an all-in wrestler before he took to film-work, was the victim selected to oppose Buddy Baer in the picture, from what I saw of the fight I imagine Currie might wish he had stuck to the no-holds-barred racket.

There's another all-in-wrestler in the film—Clem Lawrence, who has quite an important part; but of course the film is Max Miller's. When he turns on his flow of small-talk, he's apt to steal the picture right away from under the noses of everyone else in sight.

Hi, Miss?

Well, so much for Baers. How about the Lyons?

I told you last week, I think, that Anna Neagle's next film, Nippy, was to be the romance of a Lyons' waitress; she will have Ralph Reader as her leading-man—a customer, presumably—and a chorus of 64 "Nippies."

Right! Now in my weekly prowl round the Denham studios what do I find? Fourteen "Nippies" doing their stuff in a film—Max Miller's—of The First and the Last, with Vivien Leigh, Leslie Banks, and Laurence Olivier.

But these are actually Lyons' waitresses, mark you, to give the final authentic touch of realism to the affair. The scene is a reproduction of the Vita-Sun Café in the Coventry Street Corner House, and fourteen waitresses were picked from the four hundred who work there and given a chance to "do their stuff" for the film.

And I don't mind betting you that if we could tell what's going on in the "dark warm inside cupboards" of those fourteen lasses, we would find every one of them obsessed by the hope that a film-producer will see them and give them a Hollywood contract.

The worst of it is that these things sometimes happen.

Try A Glow!

In the film a new ice-cream concoction is served to Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh; accordingly a new one was invented by the experts, and Basil Dean christened it "Alpine Glow."

Well, you've heard all about the food used in films; usually it's pretty grim, but this proved to be so eminently satisfactory that the stars had a hard task to keep their director from finishing it.

Consequently it has been decided to make "Alpine Glow" a regular item in future menus at Coventry Street Corner House.

Nowadays we hear a great deal about Films With a Purpose. I'm not quite clear whether the purpose of this film is to make film-fans Lyons-conscious, or to make Nippies film-conscious, or to make Basil Dean ice-cream-conscious.

Or all three.

Reshuffling 'Em

There has been something of a reshuffle of titles in the last two or three weeks. The name of Music Hall, for instance, has been changed to Talking Feet; this is the U.K. Film in which John Baxter has been directing at Sound City, with John Stuart, Enid Stamp-Taylor, the whole usual Baxter company, and the cream of the music-hall world.

The title has been changed, I gather, in

So the two players had to sit, side by side, while they consumed the noonday repast.

Later the key was discovered, and all was well.

Her Old Kentucky Home

No bits of Scottish castle or other European extravagancies will grace Irene Dunne's new mansion, but the star has imported a white picket fence from her native Kentucky home in Louisville to surround the house.

It was over this fence that Irene first caught her glimpse of the outside world, and she has made it part of her new home, not only for its sentimental attachment, but because the star is a firm believer in American architecture, in which low white picket fences play no small part.

A Wise Man

C. Henry Gordon takes a taxicab every time he plays bridge with Henry Stephenson.

They live across the street from each other in Hollywood.

The reason is that the street is a sort of traffic bottleneck, and a continual stream of cars passes at about forty or fifty miles an hour. So Gordon calls a taxi, which takes him around the corner and behind the opposite apartment, then up to it on the right side of the street to let him out.

Hollywood Says That

Joan Crawford always carriesinitialled white handkerchiefs.

Ralph Bellamy reads Russian novels and English classics.

Claude Rains has taken up the breeding of German boxer dogs.

Barnett Parker appeared on the stage for thirty years before starting his film career.

Maureen O'Sullivan refuses to remove her wedding ring when acting, so it has to be concealed beneath wax.

Betty Furness is a "fashion magazine saver."

Luise Rainer never wears her hair curled except in the films.

Sophie Tucker was born on board ship en route to America.

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Sophie Tucker was born on board ship en route to America.
Temperament

- Tracy plays the part of an overworked star who becomes temperamental and breaks his contract to seek rest and quiet in the country.

- There is, as you find in all the best films, a Chase; in this case Tracy is pursued by an indignant manager and a persistent journalist; he also strikes up a whimsical friendship with a baby girl, and is torn between the necessity to appear at a command performance and the desirability of his presence at the sick child’s bedside.

- Imagine the throbbing notes a tenor can get out of this situation!

- There is also gipsy encampment, and the celebration of a Romany wedding. Well, so far I have simply not been able to bear gipsy weddings on the screen—the gypsies are all so clean and well-groomed and Shaftesbury Avenue.

- I hope Sinclair Hill will give us something more realistic for a change. He nearly always does manage to get conviction into his work.

Merle’s Shoes

- The cast of Command Performance also includes Mark Daly, Finlay Currie, Julian Velez, Ray Collett, Jack Melford, Phyllis Stanley, and Stafford Hilliard.

- Julian Velez is the character actor who has recently done excellent work in Paramount’s British film, Night Ride, in which he plays an Italian café proprietor.

- Stafford Hilliard is a well-known and able West End actor whom I have not heretofore seen much in films. He is also the father of Patricia Hilliard.

- But to return to the matter of titles, the new Madeleine vehicle, which is to be directed by Ludwig Berger for London Films, at Denham, and has a background of Russian Ballet, is to be called (at any rate to be going on with) Red Shoes.

- These shoes may be almost literally called a vehicle, for the title is derived from an old legend of a girl who wore red shoes which made her dance unceasingly.

- At present Merle is studying ballet-dancing, and as ballet dancers usually begin their training from the age of four or thereabouts, you can imagine that Merle’s life at the moment is not precisely a bed of roses.

Leave It To Sandy

- Another production to suffer from title trouble is the new Sandy Powell film which Herbert Smith has been directing for British Lion at Beaconsfield.

- This was originally called It’s Turned Out Now Awaits, a pretty clumsy affair which I didn’t expect to endure very long, anyway.

- Then it became It’s a Fair Cop, which was much more reasonable, and had the advantage of describing the screen character of the egregious Mr. Powell, who this time becomes a special constable.

- However, for some reason, they couldn’t leave well alone, and the title has now been changed once more, to Leave It To Me, which I presume is a catchword in the picture, something like Powell’s “Can you ‘ear me, Mother?”

- Along with the comedian we have Iris March, Franklyn Dyall, R. J. Jeffries, Dennis Wyndham and Davy Barnaby.

- And Chinatown.

Efficiency

- Next title-change, please!

- It’s the film which we have been pains-takingly billed to call Atrip. This, again, is a Beaconsfield production, where they suffer terribly from titular vacillation.

- Strictly speaking, and in British fair-play and all that, this is not a British Lion production, but is being made by Tudor Films for distribution by British Lion.

- And now we’ve got that suitably clear, let’s clear up this matter of the titles.

- Its new one, which it will probably carry till the end of its days, is The Wire Wife; presumably this is descriptive of Bernard Nedell, who plays an American “efficiency expert” who comes to England and “promotes” a dreary waste of marshlands into a health spa.

- Herbert Brenon directs, and there are also present Jean Gillie, Hugh Wakefield, Arthur Wontner, Felix Aylmer, H. F. Maltby, Davy Burnet, Jack Hobbs, Irene Ware, Kathleen Kelly, C. M. Hallard, Ronald Anderson, and Dennis Wyndham.

- Quite a cast.

Seeing London

- That, I think, just about exhausts the title-changes; but we may have a change a little later, for the name of Alexander Films’ new production, Television Trouble, is so like Max Miller’s Transatlantic Trouble that they may decide to alter it.

- The players in this, so far, are Gene Sheldon, Richard “Freddy” Franklin (of B.C.), Polly Ward, Hal Walters, and Cynthia Stock.

- People who complain that we are never shown London on the screen may be interested to hear that in the new film which Lawrence Huntington is directing at the Highbury studios a girl chases a crook all round the Metropolis, particularly the West End; finally he gets on a train at Waterloo and is run to earth at Kingston.

- Francesca Bahrlei (a new one on me, I’m afraid) is the girl, and the cast also includes Anthony Ireland, Paul Neville, and Frank Birch.

- It’s called Twin Faces.

Going Mediaeval

- I have been wondering when we should hear further from Atlantic Films, whose first effort, the Edward G. Robinson film Thunder in the City, rang bells.

- Now I hear that they have almost completed negotiations for the purchase of three other stories, of which one is a sea-story, having for its leading character the Spanish captain of a salvage boat.

- Another is likely to be called Fancation; maybe you remember that Miles Mander directed Madeline Carroll in a film of this name at Elstree some years ago, but perhaps that is being tacitly forgotten.

- This one has the story of a prince in mediaeval Italy who falls like a ton of bricks for a beautiful peasant girl who is believed to be a witch; the idea is to go in for spectacle in a big way.

- And so the costume film resolutely refuses to die.

Biggest All-Star Feature Yet

WILLIAM POWELL, Eleanor Powell, Joan Blondell, Joel McCrea, John Boles, Elissa Landi, and Sylvia Sidney all in one programme.

- It sounds like a film fans’ pipe dream, but it is true. All these stars contribute enthralling articles or interviews to the PICTUROGEO SUMMER ANNUAL, which is now on sale.

- "Are you the Perfect Wife?" by Bill Powell, "How to Hold a Husband," by John Boles, "What I’ll Tell My Son," by Joan Blondell are, however, only the glaring features in this magnificent 100-page magazine, which is lavishly illustrated throughout in photographs.

- In addition to articles which will give you a new slant on your favourite stars and take you behind the scenes of film production, there is the brilliantly fictionalised story of the new £300,000 Marlene Dietrich film, "Knight Without Armour."

- THE PICTUROGEO SUMMER ANNUAL is selling out fast. Make sure of your copy by ordering it at once.

George Brent has to play the role of a cripple in his latest, "Go-Getter."
THAT would involve revealing some things that have been secrets between Ham and me,” objected Bette Davis. She was smiling at our impertinent question, just the same.

“Go ahead, tell him!” chuckled her husband, tall, dark and handsome Harmon O. Nelson.

Bette wrinkled her nose at him across the luncheon table. Nelson made a boyish grimace in return. It didn’t matter at all to these two that Paul Muni, Kay Francis, Basil Rathbone and other famous people at nearby tables were casting frequent glances in their direction—and perhaps wondering how a star and her husband could face an interviewer together so merrily.

“After all, why not?” said Bette, getting back to our question. “What you want to know is how I’ve kept my sanity—”

“And your husband, and some real friends, and your sense of humour,” we reminded her. “It’s a well-known fact that some stars are unadulterated pains in the neck to those who must associate with them. That you’re different is equally well known. Speaking of secrets, by the way, why haven’t you been willing to talk about your marriage before?”

“Because it’s none of anyone’s business!” Bette retorted swiftly in allaire of anger. Words rushed on. “Just because my sort of work necessitates a goldfish-bowl existence—”

“Hold on!” Nelson interrupted, mischief in his eyes. “You don’t blame either of us, do you? Are you really angry or is this just an act to impress your Vast Public?”

Bette’s wrath collapsed mid-flight. She began to laugh. “There—do you see?” she exclaimed. “If we’d gone searching for it, we couldn’t have found a more perfect illustrated answer to your question about what keeps me sane!”

“I get that sort of thing at home all the time, not only from Ham, but from Mother, sister Bobbie, and many of our friends. They pin my ears back the instant I show the slightest sign of taking myself too seriously! “Let me even unconsciously strike some pose, indulge in some mannerism of action or speech they consider affected, and they pounce like hawks.”

“They make pointed remarks, or as pointedly ignore me. Or if the occasion seems to demand it, they start cappering like lunatics, presumably imitating me in the act of going high hat!”

“Now I ask you, in such an environment how could anyone do otherwise than stay sane, normal, human—and therefore happy?”

“Depends on the star,” we qualified. “Many wouldn’t be able to take the necessary ragging. Why, several we know have even gone so far as to hire ‘no-sayers’—and then fire them for saying ‘no!’”

Bette gave her husband a long look, full of fun but shamelessly tender. “Maybe,” said she, “the ragging has to be done by experts!”

Remaining Hollywood’s most regular “fellow” despite the fact that many are proclaiming her the screen’s greatest actress is its own reward, according to Bette’s theory.

In preserving her sense of values she sees the greatest chances for continued happiness in marriage, and the best hope for further achievement in pictures.

“Naturally you can’t hope to do your best work on the screen while suffering from delusions of grandeur, or any other mental handicap,” said she. “And how could a victim ever be happy, facing the perpetual dissatisfaction and disappointments of life as an adult ‘soiled child’?”

“A speculation that scares me and makes me
secrets

I am well-learned in the art of flattery, and I have seen my share of it. But who knows? Perhaps the disease provides its own anesthesia!

Although she pokes fun at its victims, Bette admitted that she recognises the tremendous pressure of flattery, in its various phases, on screen stars. Self-flattery, flattery from yes-men, flattery from well-meaning critics. "The most intoxicating thing in Hollywood isn't the liquor but the flattery," she epigrammed, then added: "That isn't original—I've heard it somewhere. But it's true. It works just like any powerful and persistent mental suggestion, and it's easier to take than many.

Easier, for example, than the suggestion tried on a man when various persons conspired to tell him he looked ill. If you recall the story, you'll remember he laughed at them at first; declared he'd never felt better in his life. But after a while he actually began to feel ill, and called his doctor!"

Bette had needed encouragement rather than ego-reducers during her early days on the screen. Her first Hollywood employer, Universal, let her know it considered her a colourless personality and an inept actress, and then fired her. Her early days at Warner Brothers were only a little more heartening; a sort of uncertain stay-of-execution period rather than one openly dedicated to the development of a great star.

"Then was the time when Ham, Ruth and Bobbie bolstered my courage," Bette explained. "It may have been just as well that I needed a little stimulation for the ego rather than the reverse during the first year of our marriage.

You know how sensitive young people are toward each other in that period of adjustment? I helped, of course, that Ham and I had

I have severe critics watching me is this: do those who get elephantiasis of the ego ever realise that the malady is creeping upon them?"

We paused for a chuckle at that graphic bit of phrase-coinage, elephantiasis of the ego! "I'd think that they'd have periods of lucidity, when they could see what was happening, and recoil from it in shame and fright," Bette continued. "But who knows? Perhaps the disease provides its own anesthesia!"

Bette has gone "brounette," as this latest studio portrait reveals.

known each other for a good many years; have gone to school together.

"It didn't take us long to get our marriage and our careers lined up on a sensible working basis. We recognised at the outset that we faced the problem of dealing with marriage, obviously a joint responsibility—and two careers. Mine, which already showed some progress, and his, which was just beginning.

"It became apparent to us very quickly that the thing to do was to consider the careers also, in a measure, a joint responsibility."

"I couldn't blow a trumpet, lead Ham's band, nor conduct the business in which he is engaged to-day, any more than he could double for me on the screen.

"Our team-work wasn't planned to aid or interfere in either the technical or the business side of each other's occupation."

"It was rather a scheme to share the incidental burdens of our work. The inevitable by-products, you might call them. To endure the separations, to tolerate the in conveniences and personal sacrifices. To recognise them as part of a job, accept them as one accepts a phase of one's job.

"The scheme worked, and far from abandoning it, we find it more valuable to-day than ever. At first we didn't accept some of the 'by-products' without a fight.

"The choicest example of our rebellions that I recall was buying and driving that old Model T.

you've probably heard about. That was crazy—but it was fun.

"The £5 car you got to show Hollywood you were living within Ham's income?" we asked.

Both Bette and Ham laughed. "You're wrong about the price," giggled the star. "Ham gave me a five pound note one day and said, 'Here! Go down on Glendale Boulevard where those second-hand lots are and pick up a "lazzy" with that. Be sure you get one that runs!'"

"Well, I went shopping and almost bought one for £4, but finally in a burst of extravagance paid £4: 10 for a really fancy job! We drove it around Hollywood for quite a while, but I don't think many people got the idea. Most of them thought it was just a publicity stunt."

Luncheon was finished Nelson excused himself. "After all, I'm a busy man these days," he grinned.

As he hurried off, Bette's eyes followed him proudly. And it occurred to us that while we'd heard several stars talk almost as good a theory for happy married life, Bette was living hers.

What she had said was no formula, recited like a well-learned bit of dialogue from her latest movie's script. It came from the heart.
GRACIE ALLEN, with a hunted look in her wide blue eyes, promptly swooned when the subject of our interview was broached. "Oh, Georgie-Porgie," she wailed, snapping out of her faint with an alertness bespeaking desperation, "come here, quick." Georgie-Porgie came sliding down the bannister in double-quick time. "What is it, Gracie, what is it?" he shouted.

"That man's here again, wanting me to give him ten ways to make a man propose. Oh-b-h-h-!"

Georgie-Porgie for a moment appeared as though he, too, were going to fall in a faint. Then, he snorted:

"You should know, Gracie, you should know. You got me to propose."

Gracie looked aghast.

"Why, Georgie-Porgie, I did no such thing. How can you say I did? You know you did. Tell the nice man you're sorry."

"Oawowoaw," grumbled Gracie's lesser-half. "Oh, all right, I'm sorry," and he stalked grimly out of the room.

"You're very congenial, you and George," I ventured.

"Oh, that," twinkled Gracie, slapping at the empty air, "it's a game we play, George and I. You see, I almost married another man."

She curled up in the easy chair.

"That would be my Rule Number One," she chirruped, "... have another sweetheart. That's the way I was married. All during the three years George and I were appearing together on the road in our act, before we were married, I was engaged to another man. He was in the show business, too, but I saw him only when we were in New York.

"Naturally, I liked George tremendously. We were together most of the time, and I held a very warm feeling for him in my heart. But it never occurred to me that I was in love with him.

"George had asked me repeatedly to marry him, but I had always refused. 'After all, Georgie-Porgie,' I told him, 'I am an engaged woman.' Finally, after proposing to me again one night in New York, he got mad and said:

"Gracie, I'll give you just ten days to make up what you call your mind. Either it's the other man or me. If it's the other man, we'll wash up our act right now, and I'll get another partner. I can't go on like this."

"Well, I got to thinking how I had come to rely upon George, and how I'd miss him. I'd miss seeing him every day and eating with him—we always took all our meals together—and hearing his jokes. The more I thought about it the more I was convinced I couldn't give him up. So... we were married.

That should be all ten of the ways, as far as I personally am concerned... have another sweetheart. It's the rule that worked with me,
although I didn't do it deliberately. But there are others, all of them effective because I've seen them work." She began to count them off on her fingers.

"Be a better cook than the next girl, is one. Every man loves good cooking—don't you?—and if you can cook better than his other girl friends, and give him the kind of dishes he enjoys most, you stand a whopping good chance of having him propose.

"Then, there's the tried-and-true method of leaving a man flat. Think a bit, and you'll probably discover that several of your friends have been married by either consciously or unconsciously following this procedure. I know some of mine have.

"By this, I mean that if you are getting nowhere with the man you want, that even though you know he likes you tremendously but still isn't going to propose, or can't make up his mind to do so . . . break off with him.

"Go away on a visit, if you can. I know one girl who left Hollywood for New York, when the man she had been going with for a number of years wasn't any nearer the point than he had been during their first week of friendship. She no sooner had arrived in New York than he was begging her to return, and they were married shortly afterwards. Men are funny that way, don't you think. . . . or do you?

"Of course, not everyone can go away, but you can refuse to go out with him. By turning down his every overture, you will make yourself hard to get in his eyes—it's an even chance that he'll settle the issue by popping the question.

"Since most bachelors are wary to-day—and who can blame them?—another rule that might be followed—how'm I doing?—is quite clearly trying not to get your man.

"But, of course, just like a man, he's gone when he's needed most. George's awfully bright. And that reminds me of another rule. But maybe we'd better say that this one is what NOT TO do to make a man propose. It's this. . . .

"Never let a third party bring you together with a man you particularly want to meet, if that person is doing so because he or she has told him that you're made for each other. It's fatal.

"The man meets the woman with a chip on his shoulder, on the defensive. It will take everything a girl can summon for him to alter his attitude.

"Opposites attract, I've noticed, and this is another good rule to follow. If the man of your choice is a wisecracker and gay, of buoyant spirits, be more reserved, quiet. Join in his fun, certainly, but be just the opposite when it comes to manners. If he is the quiet type, no doubt he'll enjoy your peppiness, your gaiety, and you'll stand a pretty good chance.

"Never be the professional clinging vine, but it's quite all right for a man to see that you depend on him, need his help and advice. In this respect, it is pardonable for you to be none too smart, but don't be too dumb, either.

"For our tenth rule, what could be more fitting than for a girl to be a 'good scout.' She should own a sense of humour, be vital and alive and not let little things like getting caught in the rain upset her. Most men are good sports themselves, and they admire this quality in a woman.

"Oh, George-Porgie," she called, as the front door slammed and her lord and master strode into the house, "guess what. . . . I'm going to open up a school for prospective proposalers!"

(Off-stage noises of Mister Burns swooning.)
Even his best friends would not describe Laughton as a screen Prince Charming, but Charles is, according to the results of a recent Questionnaire, more popular than most of the official matinée idols. He was third on the list of favourite stars. The actor is at the moment busy with his new production company with Erich Pommer. His first film will be based on Somerset Maugham's story "The Vessel of Wrath."
WITH her second picture appearance—in The Great Ziegfeld—Luise Rainer won the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for 1936’s best performance by an actress. Expert opinion gives her a strong chance of winning it again in 1937 for The Good Earth.

After three pictures she is the actress of the year—Garbo’s greatest rival. Yet, when you come to think of it, after those three pictures and fame that few attain, probably less is known about Luise than about any of the official stars of Hollywood. Of movies, including the Great Greta herself.

Both stars, incidentally, are in the same studio, and piquancy will be added to the judging of the next A.M.P.A.S. awards by the fact that the only other outstanding acting performance to date is that of Miss Garbo in Camille.

The film colony herself has got used to the Garbo adoration; she is forever fathomed the enigma that is Luise Rainer.

The two women, as a matter of fact, share one experience that might prove a common bond. Luise’s debut in Hollywood was strikingly similar to the frigid reception that must be one of Garbo’s most melancholy memories. Loneliness, drably garbed, suffused and made up according to Hollywood standards and unable to speak English very well, the newcomer from Vienna made very little impression on her arrival. She almost, in fact, dropped out of sight. She might, indeed, have followed that small army of Continental importations who have been thankful that they have been known for a few years, but for the fact that at the time—1933—Garbo was suffering from a particularly acute attack of 1-tank-l-go’-one sickness and the studio thought Rainer might be a good trump to have up the M.G.M. sleeve in the negotiations. It is not generally known that it was Constance Collier who took the Viennese actress under her wing during this trying period, supervised her costume and appearance, and brought out the full force of her striking personality.

Even then, and after she had come through her film tests with honours, Hollywood was hesitant about holding out the glad hand. When he saw her on the screen, Mr. Louis B. Mayer, complained that her appeal was too unusual for her to be groomed in small parts; she would have to have a lead or nothing.

The problem, it is said, caused him considerable. Hollywood prefers to “build up” its new personalities gradually, to make sure that they have that something that creates a response at the box-office before digging too deeply into its trouper pockets.

Despite her record, mostly in highbrow drama on the Continental stage, Luise Rainer was unknown to the film public. Robert Ritchie, the talent scout, who was once engaged to Jeanette Macdonald, saw her in a Pinero play in Vienna three years ago. He was so impressed that he went to her dressing-room after the performance, and the same evening made a contract with her on the backs of menu cards.

She had been on the stage since as a 16-year-old girl. She had discovered that the fortunes of her once wealthy parents had ebbed. She had made a reputation in Shakespeare, Ibsen, Pirandello and had appeared with the Max Reinhardt company.

But when she arrived in Hollywood to meet that dismal welcome she was still a doubtful screen quantity and she was not even pretty according to film standards.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Mayer hesitated. Politics came to the rescue of Rainer’s career. Myrna Loy chose that moment to “walk out” of her part in Escapade, that the studio was unable to cast, and decided the executive to take the gamble with his Austrian importation. Luise was rushed into the Loy role.

The newcomer puzzled her co-workers from the start. Before long weird stories were emanating from the Escapade set via William Powell and others of a strange phenomenon, who, one moment, while the cameras were turning, was a great actress of unusual dramatic force, and the next, a shy, happy child indulging in such pastimes as wheeling her pet dog Johnnie round the lot in a barrow.

She played Jazz tunes on a gramophone incessantly between scenes to which, to the amazement of the spectators, she executed spirited clog dances. She’s aonde artist one minute, and an irresponsible kid the next. But take it from me,” said Powell, “this girl is going to be a big star.” Escapade proved him right.

Her private life even further baffled the rustics. She attended none of Hollywood’s parties. If she was seen at all it was generally walking through the country-side or enjoying herself immensely at one of the fun fairs.

She defies all the conventions in regard to clothes and make-up (with the exception of lipstick), wears slacks most of the time, and moves about in a limited circle of a few intimate friends.

Her habit of acting on impulse has more than once proved embarrassing. Just after Escapade, when everyone was talking of the new discovery, she went away without notifying anyone. It never occurred to her that she would be missed.

On another occasion she set off to spend a morning at the beach, and finished up in Mexico. When she returned two days later her employers, her servants and friends were nearly frantic. It seemed that she had had a sudden urge to go exploring, and had, after travelling most of the day, found herself near the border and unable to resist the temptation to see a new country.

Her marriage this year to Clifford Odets, the playwright was, however, probably the biggest surprise she has yet sprung on the film city. Nobody suspected a romance between the brilliant Austrian actress and the young playwright, both of whom had remained aloof from the Hollywood mob. Even the columnists were caught unawares. There had been none of the usual exhibition of holding hands under the tablecloth at the film colony night spots.

Moreover, it was known that at the time she went to America, Luise was broken-hearted over the tragic end of a romance in Europe. The man’s identity is only hinted at even to her intimates. He was a famous figure in the world of State, and he died in an airplane accident.

Luise, child of nature and impulse in so many things is serious about her marriage and her career. In three films she has achieved more than any actress since talkies. There are no heights which she may not attain—even the throne of the Garbo herself.
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SHÉ’S MAKING UP
for LOST TIME

by Max BRENN

The source of Patricia Ellis’s abounding energy has long been a mystery. Here is the explanation.

PATRICIA ELLIS works hard, plays hard, and lives every moment of the time in between. When I first contacted her she was contacting flies, with a swatter. This was in a charming old world cottage in the village of Denham, which in itself is just about as old-world as anything to be found in Bucks.

Patricia has rented the cottage while she is working at Denham studios in The Playboy for Marcel Hellman’s new company, Excelsior.

The two leading men are Jack Hulbert and Rex Harrison, and one of those celebrated hits which has occurred in the script, so that the production has been postponed for a fortnight, and Pat suddenly found herself a playgirl with time on her hands. So she’s flown to Paris.

I was interested to discover what made this extremely youthful veteran (Pat’s twenty) so full of energy. "When I was a kid," she told me, "I had a serious illness which kept me in bed for over two years.

"Naturally I used to lie in bed and think of what I would do if I ever got well— which seemed a little doubtful now and again—and I decided that if and when I got off that bed I’d never waste any time again."

She certainly seems to have stuck to that decision. She’s crammed more activity into her score of years—minus the two blank years in bed—than the vast majority of people.

"But it isn’t only those two years that I have to make up," she assured me. "As a child I was always thinking, always away from school for some reason or other. Up to the age of ten I missed an average about two-thirds of each term."

"But what was the trouble?" I asked.

"Oh, all the usual childish ailments, and scarlet fever, and three operations for mastoid, and a broken arm, and two broken knees, and—"

"But why did you have to break yourself so persistently?"

She laughed.

"I had a very bad habit, of which I’ve fortunately cured myself, of falling down. I guess I didn’t look where I was going, or something."

There may be something to be said for cramping all your misfortune into the first few years of your life. Pat now looks the picture of health—a lovely, lithe, graceful person, who might well pose for a statue of American Youth.

One slight disability she has inherited from those early, invalid days. The mastoid operations have left her a bit deaf, so that when people are on her bad side and she doesn’t see them speak she very often misses their remark.

"It worries me, because people who don’t know about

Here’s Pat—but she won’t be sitting still for long.
Above and right: The story is set in the New York waterfront slums, and shows how such an environment turns youths who are potential good citizens into vicious gangsters.

Left: Leo Gorcey as "Spit," one of the young hoodlums. Right: Joel McCrea is one of the few honest inhabitants of the neighbourhood, but Humphrey Bogart is "Baby Face" Martin, a killer and gangster leader who becomes the hero and model of the local youths.

This screen adaptation of the successful Broadway play for which he paid the almost-record price of £33,000 will be one of Samuel Goldwyn's most ambitious productions of 1937. Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea and Humphrey Bogart are the stars. William Wyler is directing.
Left: The screen's newest singing and dancing find, Judith Barrett, steps off the set for running repairs to her make-up.

Right: Myrna Loy selects this attractive formal gown from her personal wardrobe. It is created in white waffle pique featuring modernistic floral print.

SHOTS with our CANDID CAMERA

Centre: No, Freddie Bartholomew has not got swelled head—he discovered the trick mirror in the M-G-M studio, where it is being used for a circus picture.

The candid cameraman catches Jack Oakie and Cary Grant in an unguarded moment in the Radio studio restaurant.
This ambitious musical has little in the way of a story but it is full of tuneful numbers and bright gags. Its climax in a roof-top night club has been planned on a huge scale and is a notable spectacular achievement. It was directed by Ralph Murphy and the cast includes George Murphy, Doris Nolan, Hugh Herbert, Gregory Ratoff, The Three Sailors, and a host of well-known players.

Dorine (Ella Logan), a cabaret singer, persuades a music maestro (Henry Armetta) to forget the classics and play swing time.

Ted Lane (George Murphy), a dance band leader, does a tap dance number with a clever little dancer, Peggy Ryan, aged ten.
(Above) Ted Lane with Gilda Norman (Gertrude Nissen), a torch singer, and Diana Borden (Doris Nolan), a wealthy girl who falls in love with him and tries to put over a classical cabaret. (Left) Another portrait study of Doris Nolan.

(Above) A glimpse of the spectacular cabaret setting and (below) The Three Sailors, who indulge in some excellent fooling.
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ALTHOUGH he knew that his girl would be heartbroken if he were to marry him, a gaol-bird with a record for car theft, grand larceny and driving a get-away van in a bank hold-up, Eddie Taylor felt no great enthusiasm on leaving the State prison. Aged twenty-four, passably good looking, above, as the warden said, the average criminal in intelligence, Eddie was aware that as a gangster, you only live once. In other words, once a gangster always a gangster, or that making a fresh start and keeping straight are conditions possible only inside novels.

Father Dolan, waylaying Eddie on the way from the warden's office, with a "You weren't leaving without saying 'good-bye' to me were you?" was quick to comment on the young man's mood, hopalong, perhaps, to find the cause.

"You don't seem very happy for a man the gates are about to open for.

"What do you want me to do, Father? Cheer?"

"There's many a man in there who would.

"I cheered the first time I got out. They're not all like you outside there. If they were, this place would only be inhabited by ghosts." Eddie passed on, waiting for the turnkey to unlock the familiar doors. Suddenly his face lightened. On the far side of the steel lattice at the end of the vacant waiting room, stood Jo—his Jo. Hungry he kissed her between the bars, continuing to kiss her, even after he had found the door and came out the other side, a free man.

"Oh! darling. Oh! Eddie. Let me get my breath," she had to say. She was a little thing, not much higher than his shoulder, with a wistful, piquant face and serious, dark eyes.

"I can't keep my hands off you," he breathed. "I—I was so afraid you might not be.

"Didn't you believe my letters?"

That was the worst of belonging to the gangster profession—you trusted no one; and in Eddie, the aptitude for suspicion had always been there to foster.

"Anyway, I believe you now," he said fondly. "Let's get out of here."

Mr. Whitney, Public Defender and Joe's employer, was waiting in his office after the wedding, by which Eddie and Jo were made man and wife. Here good fellow, Whitney, native of that to, in the Ajax Truck Company.

First, however, there must be the honeymoon. Three years Jo had spent living, and now that to, in a remote little inn, having an old-world garden and a lily-pool.

Here they talked of themselves and the past, and watched the frogs, croaking like crooners, as Eddie said. "I know what you think of, I'm sure, a thing of that sort."

"Like Romeo and Juliet" Jo said softly. They had gone up to bed when a knock on the door brought the landlord and his wife. Of the two the landlord was the most nervous. His wife, angular and straight-haired, forced herself to come to the point.

"My husband's seen your photo, Mr. Taylor, in a police court magazine; convicts and their wives ain't welcome in this tavern," she blurted out, "so we're asking you in a nice way to leave at once."

"Okay," Eddie said, and slammed the door.

"Darling, you promised you wouldn't let these things bother you," Jo entered. "What do we care what people think, so long as we're together?"

But it did matter, Eddie knew; knew, moreover, that this rebuff was only the beginning. He set his teeth, however, entering into the spirit of taking on, on the part-payment system, a small and rather derelict-dated house on the bus route, some distance from the Ajax garage.

"It's the sweetest place I've ever seen," Jo said ecstatically.

"It's a dump, and you know it, but at least we shan't be called out of it in the small hours," was all Eddie's pessimism would allow. It was unlucky that, in consequence of showing the proposed home to Jo, that he should drive the truck, of which he was in charge for the Ajax Company, into a petrol station, when he should have been back at the garage.

"Hey, Taylor, you're wanted to call your office," the attendant told him. Eddie dialled and received the crisp information over the wire, from Art Williams, the boss.

"Taylor, you're an hour and thirty-five minutes late. I don't want to listen to any of your lies about running out of petrol or blowing a tyre—you're fired.

"How to keep the truth from Jo, who was staying with her sister Bonnie until the home could be furnished? Eddie refused to contemplate the question, until, two days later, Jo rang up from the new house.

"Bonnie's been helping me move in!" she enthused. "The real estate man said it was all right so long as you completed the down payment by the end of the week. You can, can't you?"

"Sure!" he answered, hoping his voice didn't sound unusual, and a housewarming. Sure... sure we'll have one," he braced himself after that 'phone call, and, following a sharp struggle with pride, went back to his late employer's office. He took the line that he was sorry for not being on time and begged for another chance. The answer came from a hard-headed business man who obviously regretted having been inveigled by the Public Defender into giving a gaol-bird a job.

"Taylor, nothing doing! I'm not a running reform school. I can't waste any more time. Get out!

So he had been right. It was going to be difficult, or rather impossible, to keep on the level.

Nevertheless, even Eddie did not foresee the appalling stroke of fate which brought him hatless, dishonoured and out of his mind, to tap on the living-room window of the new home, hoping that Jo would be there. She was. He saw her. He was trembling, she hung up the sash and helped him over the sill.

"Eddie, what are you doing with that gun?" she cried. "What's happened?"

"Only the bottom's dropped out of everything. Read that news headline. 'Bank bombed. Six dead. Hat clue to million dollar kidnap?' At the top of that hat. You can see the initials on the band a mile away. E.T."

"Oh, Eddie!"

"Yes, but it's not what you're thinking. The point is I wasn't mixed up in that haunting raid. One of the gang stole that hat of mine when I was pulling something at Tony's restaurant. Now they're playing the blame game on me. Jo, you do believe me."

"I do—do I. I thought there couldn't be a thing so like that of finding that she doubted him. Now that her trust was his, alas, the situation showed other cruel aspects.

"I took a chance of being caught 'just to hear you say that,' he told her. "You're the only person who will run for it. Give me the keys of your car."

"You can run. There must be someone else—some way—somebody else able to prove your innocence if you're caught."

"Love nest, you want me to do? Give myself up?"

"Yes."

"You crazy! Remember I've been the garden's guest three times. Another conviction would mean a life-sentence."

"No."

"No jury would believe it."

"They would if you don't run away, you'll get a life-sentence."

(Continued on page 26)
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July 14, 1937

25
chance to make them. Eddie, you must believe me. If you love me, you'll stay and face it."

Her arms were around him. She whispered something to him, something so fine that he could only respect her judgment. "Very well, have it your way," he yielded, "but remember, you and I are to be free, associated with my life and if you're wrong—"

"I'm not. I know it."

Her confidence held, though two officers arriving at the window rapped out the command to 'stick 'em up.'

"I'm not giving myself up," she told them.

Law-abiding herself, Jo had no experience from the wrong-gang side of the prison taint. When Eddie Taylor, tried and found guilty of bank burglary and sentenced to the chair, his principal reaction was a flaming resentment against Jo. Before the time arrived for his last meal, the nearness of death—death which he could hardly believe would come to him—made ashes of his anger. The officers who remembered Rogers whom he knew, to tell Jo he was sorry for his rancour. The last meal served to die was a banana, served in a tin—by Bugsey, a former cell-mate who had been promoted to waiting on the prisoners.

The sight of food sickened Eddie. He had no appetite for the precious meal which he would have banished Bugsey if Bugsey had continued to talk in rapid tosorial terms. Bugsey was led by Rogers to watch the other side of the bars with his gun. "Boy, it's going to be foggier to-night. You'll need a new cook—the guy from Tony's restaurant who poisoned three of the prisoners. He'll be a break for us if they give him a life sentence," he babbled.

With nerves on fire, Eddie assumed indifference to everything but a mug of coffee. Prompted by Bugsey, he had seen enough of a piece of poetry to be able to read the words, "Gun in mattress in isolation ward. Next minute, Bugsey was saying to Rogers, "You'll have to get the tray down and get out," had left the cell. Inspiration surged up inside of him. At first he thought it was a minute, facing the watchful Rogers, he was forcing with his two hands, leaping, and slipping his finger on the trigger, behind his back, and tearing the side into jagged halves. Another minute and Rogers was shouting to a warder, "Tommy, call the hospital. Taylor's ripped himself up." Weak in body, after a blood transfusion for which Rogers supplied the necessary, Eddie came to, with spirit still fighting in trim. When he was told that his wife had been lugged out at his attendants, creating such a disturbance that the desired haven was reached. 

Lying voice in the isolation cell, watched through a grille by a warder, he worked to find an opening in the tinfoil, on which Rogers was seen off-side. Among the stuffings, his hand fell—blessed relief—something hard. Eddie, like two warders, entered the cell for final inspection of the man who had been brought in, but found, in the empty易于 second sentence

hit," called Father Dolan. If Eddie had been himself, he must have noticed the slight change of tone of voice. Open the gate, warden," the father continued firmly. A word of command from the principal of his school, and the father, Eddie, going to freedom, saw the father sway. He dared not look back. The bugle played over his head, had killed it, who was lying on the prison stones, in his hand the tele-phones, incredibly, the facts of Eddie's pardon.

By some miracle, details of which Eddie could never remember, he reached a telephone booth and urged Jo to meet him at a derelict Specifications. But along the way, he had met fences who would have the flesh wound in the arm, he waited duly, with raging head till she came. She arrived. She pressed the money. They gossiped a hundred miles.

Whitney's fast coup for the journey. Her look and touch, the knowledge that she had taken him to that was more of the spirit than the body, but failed to remove it.

Jo . . . I killed Father Dolan," was all he could say. "I'm a murderer. I can't take this rap."

The instant that greeted her appeal, Whitney moved nearer the window. Eddie, obliged to move out of earshot, went back to the car to open the window. In a minute or two, Jo came running up, white-faced in the darkness, but overjoyed at finding him still alive. Whatever you have to do, keep him well and happy till I send for him."

"I told them I couldn't leave you now," she said. "Silently he drew her to him. Six miles from the hospital, that he arranged a passage to get some cigarettes from a machine, he felt a shiver."

"Come closer, Jo," he begged, holding her to him. "I never knew two people could be so close," she whispered. Her voice changed. "Eddie, look out! Too close. Too close. You're cutting in behind them from a side turning. A trooper on a motor cycle ahead of us. You're too close. Be careful you have it!"

Eddie answered by accelerating. Machine-gun bullets ripped along the back window of the coupé.

Daring! Are you hurt?" Jo 

"Didn't scratch me," he lied. "Hit you?"

"No."

"Don't be afraid. We'll make it."

When Jo's baby was born, by her stay in, the distance back, miles from hospital or town, Eddie reached a conviction. This we crept along, through the treachery through his suffering, must have a chance to be a decent citizen. He talked to Jo, argued, until finally it was agreed to write to Bonnie, who wrote back of her willingness to meet Jo and the baby at the house not far not from the State border.

Public Defender Whitney had proved a staunch friend. Jo, having worked in his office, knew that it must have been at the risk of losing his job. But he had arranged a passage for herself and the baby to Havana. Eddie, hoping to get across the border, would join them later. With sweating brow, he grinned Jo."

Jo's tenderness to the mite gave Eddie a queer pang. He, too, touched the tiny, puckered face with his finger before taking the wheel.

They made the journey without hindrance. By six o'clock, Eddie saw Jo disappear through the doorway of the house, where she had promised to have a supply of clothes and money. Eddie had no wish to meet his sister-in-law who had strenuously fought against Jo's engagement and marriage. Yet he couldn't resist leaving the car and peering unseen through the uncertain window of the room, whence voices issued.

They were all there; Bonnie, fair-haired, a gentle look on her sweet face, ly; it's time to go," he said gruffly, masking his dread of losing her, even for a few weeks. He helped her into the car and they sped out toward the mile.

Jo's expression, tiny, pucked face with his finger before taking the wheel.

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REVIEWs

by Lionel Olilier

I

REALLY thought we had finished with war-time stories dealing with the eternal triangle composed of a married man, the wife and his observed. But here it is again in The Woman Between, conventional in design and generally artificial in atmosphere.

Paul stands, as the married man in question, Maury, an unpopular member of a French squadron in which the personnel is composed of 100 per cent. Americans. In point of fact, Muni is practically the only actor who fits into the atmosphere at all convincingly.

Unfortunately, his part is not a remarkable one. He is attached to Maury, which brings to it as much sincerity as possible it does not rouse one to any real emotional heights.

There comes to the squadron a young man, Jean, who is in love with a girl whom he knows only as Denise and who transpires that he forms a close friendship with Maury, the pilot, and acts as his observer.

This friendship seems to kill the "jinx" which Maury is popularly supposed to have; he had two observers before while on aerial reconnaissance.

Jean is played by a fairly recent newcomer, George Hayward, and while not suggesting any sort of Gallic temperament for a moment he gives an ebullient performance, marred somewhat by a tendency to over-emphasise his emotions.

When Jean goes on leave he is given a letter to take to Maury's wife, Helene, and you will not be surprised to learn that Denise and Helene were one. They are not the same lady.

In this thankless part—it is hardly one which can command sympathy—Miriam Hopkins is not at her best. It is involved in a lugubrious which would have been more effective if it had contained more contrast of light and shade.

Anyway, she confesses to Jean that while she loves him and she also loves him—only in a different way. It seemed rather tame to me, and it evidently did to Jean, for he left her in a temper and went back to Maury a changed man.

They continued their successful "Fun straying" partnership, however, and eventually won medals which were presented with full ceremonial at the aerodrome. They do these things so well better in France, even in war time !

The climax comes when Helene visits her husband when the squadron is in training. Jean's act in this thing they did better—according to this picture—in France during the war.

It is during this period that Maury learns of his wife's attachment to his friend and goes to see her to confess.

However, urgent orders for an attack postpone any confession and during it Jean is killed and Maury severely wounded.

He returns to Paris and there he leaves him with his wife who remains in ignorance of his knowledge of her affair.

A film which does not seem to get us very far even if it takes a long time to get where it does.

The best performance, apart from Muni's, is that given by Colin Clive as the squadron leader. He is well in character and strikes that right note of war-time spirit.

As usual, the aerial camera work is very good, but one has become so sensitive to the plan-and "dog fights" in the air that they do not impress one as much as they might do.

The Parisian settings are good even if the people who inhab it them are anything but Parisian and the French who do no less appear to me as the mess where life appears more hectic than realistic.

They are usually fairly easily moved by sincere sentiment but I failed to see a single tear for Jean, Maury or his infatuated spouse.

MAKE WAY FOR TO-MORROW

While it errs at times in over-stressing the sentiment there is real sincerity and human feeling in this picture, which deals with the problems affecting their children.

Leo McCarey's direction is finely sensitive and he suggests a solution to the problem, but simply introduces you to an elderly couple with married sons and daughters who find themselves without a home.

None of the children is capable of providing wholly for the old pair, so a son with a wife and an adolescent daughter takes the mother and a daughter-in-law over to their home and husband takes the father.

Thus the couple are separated and find it almost intolerably unbearable.

Meanwhile, the father has been ill and it is decided to send him to California to another of his children who is able to house him.

The pair meet in New York for a few hours before they are parted, perhaps for ever.

With the touches of humour and pathos the director shows how they spend their fleeting moments. They eat a late dinner, bed in their honeymoon, and the manager makes them guests of the est. As in many other cases they tax their wit and recall old times, finally going to the railway station, where they bid each other a tearful farewell.

It is very moving in all its aspects. No blame is attached to either party, but a pathetic tragedy of life is presented in all of its unavoidable cruelty.

Whether more, a stage and screen comedian, is brilliant as the old father; it is a finely restrained and natural study.

Beulah Bondi, too, is remarkably good as the old lady who cannot fit into the jigsaw of modern life and war-time spirit with her husband.

The children are all extremely well characterised. Gay Bainter is the dauntless son who looks after his mother and her attitude to him is extremely human. She expresses freedom and kindness but underneath there is the feeling of inimicality which their different viewpoints arouse.

James Mitchell is good as her husband.

Cora, who looks after the father, is a remarkable creation by Elizabeth Allan and her husband by Ray Mayer.

The daughter who has the most momentous part is a disagreeable wife who refuses to be saddened with relations, is admirably drawn by Minna Gombell, and her husband by Porter Hall.

Maurice Moschovitch gives a sound character study of an old storekeeper who has sacrificed all to help the old couple. Barbara Read is as attractive as the grand-daughter who is nearly involved in a divorce case, where the presence of her grandmother prevents her from entertaining her men friends as she wishes.

A charming little picture, which will give many cause to ponder on its problems.

TOP OF THE TOWN

A musical mélange which runs true to type and provides quite good entertainment of its kind. The plot, negligible, but the gags are often bright, and there is a spectacular night-club sequence which runs on a vast scale and is remarkably effective.

Doris Nolan, who plays the part of Diana, an heiress who wants to revolutionise cabaret by putting on classical shows, is not particularly striking. She is attractive, but does not get as much character into the role as one could have wished.

The hero of the piece is George Murphy, who has plenty of vitality and can also tap dance extremely well.

He is cast as Ted Lane, a dance-band leader, and has actually got the contract for a new roof show to be opened by the Bordens, four of them, the heiress's uncles.

Diana meets Ted and hopes to appear in cabaret, but the latter, learning that her uncle looks on her behaviour with displeasure, makes this as difficult for her as possible, hoping she will quit.

However, Diana has a will of her own and Ted has a liking for bald heads, and is falling in love with Ted. For his sake—her uncle will not hear of engagement unless the theatre who book her show business—she agrees to give up her chosen career, but, learning how he had tried to scare her out, she goes into his own coin by taking over the management of the new cabaret and insisting on putting on it himself.

It is a terrific flop, but Ted comes to the rescue by introducing his original hot numbers.

Doris Nolan gives a variation for her lack of success in Ted's arm and in the ultimate success of the show.

Hugh Herbert has not a lot to do but he is the usual hesitant self as Ted's right-hand man, but Gregory Ratoff scores as his self-confident booking agent.

Ella Logan puts over several "hot" numbers effectively as Dorine, one of Ted's company, and Gertrude Nielsen's torch singing will appeal to those who appreciate that rather more innocent form of ugliness.

The Borden uncles are played by well-known character actors, Samuel S. Hinds, Claude Gillingwater, Rich Carle and Hart, but they are relegated strictly to the background.

A splendid tap dance is given by Peggy Ryan, aged ten, who also teams with Murphy in the finale.

This is not exactly as amusing as a solemn maestro of classical music engaged by Diana and the Bordens to tumble about in a delightfully buffoonish manner.

The whole production is very well set and the pseudo-classical cabaret is handled perfectly and cleverly. Incidentally, Mischa Auer makes a short but worthy appearance in that he is a Negro soliloquy, accompanied by a nigger chorus.

The finale is loutish and is a fine example of screenrapping and crowd handling.

On the Screens Now

****THE GREEN PASTURES


REX Ingram

Director

Oscar Polk

George Hayward

Frank Wilson

Muriel Rose

Edward Arnall

Abner Biberman

And a large cast of Negro Players.


I dealt very fully with this picture in a previous issue, and since it is of such extraordinary interest to readers who desire more detail than I have space for here, to it.

It is the first American motion picture moving exposition of the child-mind as exemplified by negroes in their conception of religion, and its obvious sincerity and simplicity renders it one of the rare artistic triumphs of the screen.

In a description of this child-like fantasy has innate grandeur and a deep inner religious significance. This picture is based on the idea that a negro preacher is holding a Sunday school and telling the children how they can better live. These readers who desire more detail than I have space for here, to it.

Thus, "De Lawd" is a composite of the best bits made up of all the good qualities in the listeners' neighbours, and He resembles the man for whom each individual of the class has the more.

And so it is with all the Biblical characters from Adam down to the last victim with whom we are in, a man carrying a heavy cross up a hill to atone for the sins of mankind.

The picture starts with "De Lawd" as a God of wrath and ends with the heavy cross.

The whole thing is pictured with a wealth of negro humour but, strangely enough, this adds rather than detracts from its spiritual significance.

The musical settings which include negro spirituals are beautiful and are woven into the fabric of the story with artistry and effect. Rex Ingram plays three roles
magnificently. He is "De Lawd," a dignified old gentleman with a white beard and a frock coat, Adam, "De Lawd's" creation, and Herdril, a character invented by the author to convey the idea of a man seeking for mercy for the world's misdeeds.

Every member of the cast is good, but especially notable are the characterisations given by Oscar Pollk as Gabriel, George Reed as the preacher, Franklin Wilson as Moses and Eddie Anderson as Noah.

Between them, Marc Connelly and William Saroyan have made a picture which will remain a landmark in screen history.

**WOMEN OF GLAMOUR**


*Virginia Bruce*... Ophra Huns

*Mellyn Douglas*... Richard Stark

*Reginald Owen*... Fritz Eagen

*Perry Keaton*... Fred LaRue

*Leonard Marais*... Carol Coulter

*Thurston Hall*... Mr. Stark

*Harry Peck*... Mr. Stark

*John Graham Spacey*... Winkler

*Maurice Cass*... Caldwell

*Mex Morita*... Kito

Directed by Gilbert wrane from a story by Milton Herbert Grofen.

Somewhat noveletteish story of a gold-digger who helps an artist when she is down on his luck and eventually falls in love with him.

Virginia Bruce is good as the gold-digger whose mental outlook changes when she comes into the artist's environment.

She manages to support this change with conviction and sincerity. Melvyn Douglas' role as the artist is an artificial one, but he is clever enough to make it effective and polished.

As his fiancée, a socialite, Leonor Marais is well handled.

The comedy element is mainly supplied by Reginald Denny and Perry Keaton, both of whom are in good form.

The whole thing is very well produced and this helps to disguise the fact that there is very little depth to the plot.

Direction, too, is resourceful and makes the best of conventional situations.

**ESPIONAGE**


*Edward Lowe*... Kenneth

*Hildegarde*... Maunder

*Paul Lukas*... Kronsby

*Esther Dale*... Grable

*Sheets Gallagher*... Brown

*Frank Morgan*... Von Cron

*William Gilbert*... Turk

*Robert Greig*... Diaval

*Leonid Kiseley*... Burgos

*Mitchell Lewis*... Sondheim

*Charles Ruggles*... Doyle

*Harvey Parker*... Cordell

*Nita Fire*... Fauvette

*Jean Toora*... South American

*George E. Stone*... Mr. Steele

*Gaston Glass*... La Forge

*Eugene Batre*... Chief of Police

Directed by Kurt Neumann. Adapted from the novel by John Willard.

Although its title leads you to expect another spy picture, this film forgets the serious side of its subject and concentrates on comedy.

It deals with the romance of a lady reporter and a novelist, both of whom are trying to get a story on a munition king travelling on the trans-continental mail.

They fail in love but do not forget their duty to their rival papers.

The novelist gets mixed up in a shooting affray on the train, but is rescued by the girl and later they are still pursuing their quarry; this time in the Swiss Alps.

Finally they find him to earth but find that he has already broadcast his story to the press.

Edmund Lowe is excellent as the novelist who manages to combine romance and business, and Madge Evans has both charm and intelligence as the lady reporter.

Paul Lukas scores a personal success as the mysterious munition mogul.

The train sequences are excellently put over, and the human comedy element is always well sustained.

**COUNTERFEIT LADY**


*Ralph Bellamy*... Johnny

*John Perry*... Plythia

*Douglas Dumbrille*... Marino

*George McKay*... Pinky

*Gene Morgan*... Clancy

*Henry W. Magallon*... Remco

*John Tyrell*... Mike

*Max Hoffman, Jr.*... Nate

*Edward Le Saint*... Girard

*John Hamilton*... Swedish

Directed by D. Ross Lederman from a story by Harold Shumate.

While rather weak in story values this picture has the benefit of a capable cast headed by Ralph Bellamy, who is both virile and amusing as a private detective of questionable repute who is ordered by a jeweller to get a diamond back from a woman shop lifter.

The latter role is also capably filled by John Perry, who turns out to be a victim of the jeweller's villainy and also supplies, of course, the romantic element.

Douglas Dumbrille as the jeweller who is really a "fence" and who sends out his own thugs to retrieve the diamond in case the detective should double-cross him, plays with an easy naturalness which makes his villainy all the more effective.

Technically the picture is very good, and both the presentation and dialogue are slick.

Twists are introduced which help to rob the basic plot of its arlessness.

**MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS**


*Charles Ruggles*... Nellis Shanks

*Alice Brady*... Mella Shanks

*Lyle Talbot*... Mr. Tyne

*Benji Baker*... Sparrow

*Jack La Rue*... Creger

*Lois Blake*... Scoutmaster

*George McLean*... Mr. Boston

*Frankie Darro*... A Scout

*William Demarest*... Drebby

*Ralph Balshaw*... Jimmy Jones

*Paul Harvey*... Mr. Brown

Directed by Norman Z. McLeod from an original story by John Francis Larkin.

This homely comedy provides Charles Ruggles with the sort of role in which he excels. He plays the part of the editor of a nature column in a newspaper who accepts his work for a Boy Scout troop of which he is leader.

To get himself back in his editor's good graces he helps up his column with scandal supplied by his wife. Unfortunately, this leads him into conflict with gangsters who kidnap him and his wife.

They are rescued by the Boy Scouts.

Ruggles' hesitant humour keeps one continually amused, and he is ably backed up by Alice Brady as his insidious wife.

Lyle Talbot gives point to the role of the harassed editor, and you could not want a more effective gangster than Jack La Rue.

Let it be said, too, that the Boy Scouts do their stuff and help to add to the fun of the big climax.

**OFF TO THE RACES**

*Fox.* "U" certificate. Comedy-drama. Runs 57 minutes.

*Shelley Winters*... Gee George Baker

*Joel Perry*... John Jones

*Shirley Drake*... Bonnie Jones

*Richard Haymont*... Will Bellamy

*Russell Gleason*... Herbert Thompson

*Kenneth Howell*... Jack Jones

(Continued on page 30.)
**PALE gold hair—but a skin that is loveliest when it has a brunette's creamy tone.**

Many blondes are like that. They would have the beauty they now just miss if they would use the shade which Lady Daphne and Lady Sibell have chosen.

Thousands of dark-haired girls, too, are using the wrong powder shade. It is not surprising—and, whether blonde or brunette, it's not their fault! For, until recently, all powder shades were made without a scientific knowledge of skin tones.

But now Pond's have analysed the skin of 200 lovely girls to discover what hidden tints give each type its special beauty. And these tints are blended in Pond's shades. That is why these shades bring a beauty that other powder cannot give.

**Try all 5 shades—FREE**

Choose your right shade from Pond’s face powder shades. They are at chemists and stores everywhere: 1/9, 1/- or 6d. a box. Or send in the coupon below and try all five shades of Pond's Powder free.

Natural gives a delicate flesh tint. Rachel 1 gives a light ivory tint. Rachel 2 gives a velvety, creamy tone. Peach warms a pale, lifeless skin. Dark Brunette (Suntan) brightens, giving glowing radiance to dull skin. Pond's Powder clings smoothly and has an "expensive" perfume.

**AMAZING FACTS 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 skin contains brilliant green! With this knowledge Pond's have blended invisibly in their new powder shades the exact tints of lovely skins.**

**FREE—Pond's Powder:** Write your name and address below, pin a 1d. stamp to this coupon and post in stamped envelope to Dept. P381, Pond's, Pershore, 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.

**THE PICTUREGOER's quick reference index**

*GREEN PASTURES*  
**WOMEN OF GLAMOUR**  
**ESPIONAGE**  
**COUNTERFEIT LADY**  
**MIND YOUR MAN**  
**BUSINESS**  
**OFF TO THE RACES**  
**THEY WANTED TO MARRY**  
**HAPPY-GO-LUCKY**

**COUNTRY GENTLEMEN**

*BRITISH LION*  
**U** certificate.  
*COMEDY*.  
**BRITISH LION**  
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**AMAZING**  
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**OF THE TOWN**  
**ARIZONA MAHONEY**  
**THE SEA SPOILERS**  
**SPUNKTERS IN THE AIR**  
**CARRY ON LONDON**

*What the asterisks mean—  
**An outstanding feature.**  
**Very good.**  
**Good.**  
**Useful for entertainment.**  
**Also suitable for children.**

**REVIEWS—by**

supporting studies are given by E. E. Clive and Henry Kolker. The story is slight, but there is plenty of action and amusing fooling.

**HAPPY-GO-LUCKY**

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*MUSICAL*.  
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**COLE**  
**MILTON KODAS**  
**MARVIN KODAS**  
**MARTHA KODAS**  
**SOFIA KODAS**

Directed by Aubrey Scotto.

The main story is hard to follow in this queer mixture of romance, rough-stuff and musical interludes. The presentation, however, is good and the highlights consist of fights, a spectacular flying thrill and tuneful numbers.

The star, Phil Regan, is versatile if not very personable; he both sings and fights with zest as a crooner in a Shanghai variety hall who is suspected of being a missing aviator convicted of selling plans to an enemy agent. Evelyn Venable is attractive as the heroine engaged to the aviator who mistakes Phil for her fiancé.

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**Also suitable for children.**
Lionel Collier — Cont.
this he has the assistance—mainly comic—of Arizona Mahoney, a travelling showman whose big star performer is Jenny, an intelligent elephant.

Joe Cook is fairly good in the title role, and puts over an amusing gag or two.

W.1. COVER CHINATOWN
NORMAN FOSTER:Eddie Barton
ELLEN SHIELDS:Gloria Watkins
THEODORE VON ELFT:Clark Duryea
POLLY AMSTER:Myra Duryea
ARTHUR LAKE:Insurance Agent
ROBERT LOVE:Fellow Detective
EDGAR GARRISON:Truck Driver
GEORGE HACHTORF:Head Waiter
VANCE BARTON:Post Office Boy
EDWARD EMERSON:Victor Duryea

A naive conception of romance, comedy, and melodrama presented in a serial-like manner. The story, set in San Francisco’s Chinatown, deals with two “fences,” Clark and Victor. The former murders his wife because she knows too much, and is run to earth by the dead woman’s sister and a charabanc driver, Eddie Barton.

Norman Foster is bright as the over-resourceful Eddie, and Theodore von Eltz is sound as Clark. Vincent Barnett dispenses light relief quite amusingly, but Elaine Shepley is weak as the heroine.

While the film has plenty of punch, there is not much plausibility, and the appeal is directed mainly to the unsophisticated.

THESE SPOILERS

JOHN WAYNE:Bob Randell
WILLIAM BURKE:Lieutenant May
FUEY KNIGHT:Hogan
HARRISON HICKS:Dr. Jonathan Mopson
GEORGE IRVING:Commander May
HARRY WORTH:Nick Austin
HARRIS GREEN:Reggie
GEORGE HUMBER:Hop Scotch
EAST LADIES:Judge
CHESTER GAN:Detective.
HARRISON GREEN:Fat (Directed by Harry Harlin and Stuart E. McGinniss)

Ingenious story of America’s coast-guard patrol in which John Wayne is second in command of a patrol boat, who helps a man who has been promoted over him to rescue his girl and a crooked lot from light relief eventually to bring the criminals to book.

As his superior officer, who has no love for the sea, William Bakewell is quite effective and Nan Grey makes an adequate heroine. The villain is played by Russell Hicks, and Fuzzy Knight supplies modicum of humorous relief.

The development is extremely straightforward and obvious, but an attack on the smugglers’ hide-out is put over with zest.

CSPLINTERS IN THE AIR

SYDNEY HOWARD:Sydney Melville
STUART ROBERTSON:Private Robertson
RICHARD HUMBER:Private Humber
RALPH REYNOLDS:Private Reynolds
D. A. CLARK:War Office Inspector
ELLEN POLLOCK:C.O’s Wife
RUBY STUART:Mary
GERALDINE WARD:Miss Maud
FRANKLYN BELLAMY:C.O.
RICHARD NASSAR:Private Richards
GEORGE ELLIS:Female Interpreter
LAW LACK:Manager of Consul Party. Directed by Alfred Goulding.

Sydney Howard helped by the introduction of “Tyrone” by Splinters, the famous war-time concert party, is unable to make anything of a singularly thin story which deals with his adventures in the R.A.F.

He is mistaken for his twin brother George, a sergeant, and though he finds the going hard, he keeps up the deception until he has proved the airworthiness of a helicopter he has invented to the colonel’s wife.

In spite of a dual role, Sydney Howard is left very much in the air and he scores mainly on his bland mannerisms. Ellen Pollock is quite good as the colonel’s French wife.

George Ellson gives a clever female impersonation during the concert-party sequence.

The picture’s highlights are a scene where the hero is forced into an all-in wrestling bout and some aerial thrills in the climax.

CARRY ON LONDON
Ace Films. "U" certificate. 97 minutes.


Directed by R. A. Hopwood.

A screen presentation of some of the turns from the Revue deville show at the Windmill Theatre. It is the seventh of the series. There is little punch in any of the turns, which include Tom Warren and Stan West, who portray two old goths yarning in a public house; Leslie Stirling, who talks on the “art” of plumbing; John Stevens, Meggie Eaton, and Ken More, who build the B.B.C.; and Silvester, who gives a display of balancing tricks.

The last mentioned is the clearest turn of them all.

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

I have received many requests to publish the films awarded ratings of from 7 to 10 and four starts in the past two months. Readers state that in some districts they do not see these pictures until long after the actual release date and that such a list, with reference dates later on which they should be shown in Picturesque, would be helpful. It is set to aim to make these columns as fully informative and useful to our readers as possible, so I am publishing from the list suggested in alphabetical order and the month in which they were released.

Arms of a Stranger (2) May 15
Bante of My Knees (2) May 22
Big Broadcast of 1929 (2) May 22
Bold Confidence (3) May 15
Cain and Mabel (3) May 15
California Maid (3) May 15
Champagne Walls (3) May 8
Charlies in Love at the Opera (3) May 15
Crack-Up (3) July 3
Cone of Silver Rain (3) May 29
Dangerous Number (3) May 29
Flyingameron (3) June 5
Guy Deeply (3) May 15
General Spanky (3) May 9
Go Get ’Em, Pal (3) June 3
Hopping Cassidy Returns (2) June 5
In a Manhole Garden (2) July 9
Just for Luck (2) May 8
KYLES (2) May 8
Lady from Nowhere (2) June 20
Lady Reporter (2) June 12
Lost from a Stranger (2) June 5
Man of the People (2) May 29
Mighty Tundra (2) May 29
Mill on the Floss (2) June 5
More Than a Secretary (2) May 30
Mother of the Mountie (2) May 8
One for All (2) May 15
Oxblit (2) June 3
Plainman, The (3) June 26
Plunk of the Irish (3) June 26
Private Lives (3) (Reissue) June 22
Pole Far (3) June 12
Rambunctious (2) May 8
Sensation (2) June 5
Tainted Money (2) June 5
That Girl From Paris (2) June 12
Three Born on a Horse (2) May 22
Three Smart Girls (4) May 22
Thunder in the City (3) June 3
Under Cover of Night (3) May 22
Virtual Casanova (3) June 5
White Leghorn (3) June 5
Woman at Sea (2) May 8

... looking more lovely than ever in “Bulldog Drummond at Bay,” her beautiful hair the envy of all who have seen fine film.

Neither sea-water, rain, nor wind can harm a Superma Machineless—the World and European Championship system of permanent waving.

Far lovelier, more natural, and more lasting waves and curls are obtained by Superma than by any machine process.

Superma—because there is no machine at all—ensures the greatest safety and coolest comfort; and it preserves the texture of your hair.

INSIST upon Superma—there is no perm. "just as good—do not be put off.

Ask your Hairdresser for Superma Machineless; or ask us for the address of a Superma specialist in your district; or come to us for your perm.

Write for free brochure.

Here’s Mackaul again . . .
After the swim

—put your hair in perfect trim again . . . quickly! easily! inexpensively!
Here’s how: while your hair is still damp apply AMAMI WAVE SET.

in trim... with

AMAMI
WAVE SET 6" & 1/3

Choose which is the more suitable for your hair! There is AMAMI Wave Set in the green pack, well known to hundreds of thousands of girls and AMAMI Spiritual Waves Set in the yellow pack, especially for fine hair and for girls who prefer a thinner wave set. Both kinds are 6d. and 1/3 per bottle.

WHAT DO YOU THINK? Letters from our readers

HARE AND TORTOISE

Speed Up Those British Films!

"TAME, gentlemen, please!" ought to be emblazoned on every English film set, for if ever there was anything that stamped a picture "English made" it is the deplorable lack of attention given by our producers to that most important item, "filmic time."

By repute the Englishman is slow-thinking, but this cultivated deliberation does not imply that he is as dull-witted as some English pictures would have us think, and thousands of feet of explanatory scenes and dialogue could well be cut and more action substituted.

The superb slickness of movement in American pictures is commendable. We are aware of the liveliness of their speed. They play the hare to our tortoise, and give the fable the lie by winning every time.—Won. J. Driscoll, 15 Old Manor Drive, (Whitton Dene), Isleworth, Middlesex.

(Still, I think we are improving a little in this respect.—"Thinker.")

The Perfect Fan

• An autobiography seems to have been written by every type of person except a film fan.
I’d like to remedy that. Here’s hoping my "potted" version will interest others.

Starting in the piano-tinkling days of literal flickers when cinemas were wooden-seated and crudely made-up players emoted with much eye-rolling and bosom-heaving, I have seen about 1,000 films.

I can claim to be one of the late John Gilbert’s first admirers, falling for his then unheralded wooing in Desert Love.

My fingers were so small that I couldn’t cut out straight when I began sticking pictures of stars in scrapbooks. Now my collection is enormous and includes stencilled and genuinely autographed photos, some of the latter dedicated to me.

My first money (apart from pocket-money) I won in a film competition, subsequently winning three other prizes.

My greatest thrill, so far, has been seeing Doug. Fairbanks, senior and junior, in the flesh, and by studying, thinking and writing a scenario gaining a knowledge of production technique.

Through having nearly thirty letters published in various screen magazines, I have received eighteen letters from strangers at home and abroad, finding a distant relation and several regular pen-friends.

Long live the movies!—Betty Hazelton, Frogmal, 35 The Chase, Coulsdon, Surrey. (And long live the fan! —"Thinker.")

Why Villainy Pays

• Film-heroes get our blessings, but screen-villains undoubtedly get the best roles.
Villainy is more interesting to watch than virtue. The double-dyed villain doesn’t have to stick around, holding the heroine’s hand and whispering sweet nothings in her ear.

No, sir. He gets right on with his diabolical deeds, knowing darned well that we just can’t take our eyes off him. He is the fundamental factor in the screen-play, the pivot around which the whole play revolves. He is a “mouthy” role, giving abundant scope for electrifying an audience.

Maybe this is one reason why the too goody-goody hero is dying out.

The modern screen-hero can’t afford to be too much of a gentleman. He occasionally biffs the heroine, throws snappy and uncomplimentary wisecracks at her, and . . . Well, he just remains bad enough to stop the absorbingly interesting villain from stealing all his thunder.

It’s one sound reason why most of our popular heroes are ex-villains of the screen.—E. A. Humphreys, 2/18 Brougham Street, Latesli, Birmingham, 19, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

Holy Deadlock

• If any British patron of the cinema does not understand what Americans mean by the phrase “incompatibility of temperament,” so often urged as a reason for a divorce in that country, they should see Dodsworth. In this picture there is the realistic outworking of a clash of character, aim, and achievement worth going many miles to witness. The acting is superb, and, even in a “refained” West-End picture house, evoked great applause from a large and interested audience.

Dodsworth will appeal to tens of thousands of married couples in this country who realise that they are “unequally yoked” but are unable, legally, to shake off their shackles.

It is, perhaps, too much to hope for that it will convince the “powers that be” that “incompatibility of temperament,” which really means living in a state of torment under the guise of “vedded bliss,” is a reasonable reason for the dissolution of a “mock marriage.”—William Newall, 5 Blakhall Road, Carshalton, Surrey, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

(But do unhappily married couples need to be convinced of the fact? —"Thinker.")

Now Mind Your Q’s!

• You asked for this yourself!

Quash Quack Quickies! Quondam Queues Quitting Quotidian Questioned Quitting Queues. Quitters, Quietly, Quitting. Quicks, Quashed, Queues Quite Questive. Quality Quashed Quantity. "Quid Rides?"—(Lat.) W. Stanley, 22 Farendale Road, Sheffield, 6.

(Quite quaint, qualifies quarter quid.—"Thinker.")

—and Your M’s

• Reading Miss Marjorie Williamson’s letter in PICTUREGOER I thought it very clever but I don’t think it’s quite finished. Seeing there’s only one about the Alhambra I don’t think it’s possible to use any of those, but here’s my effort in M’s:

Movie Madame Meets Man Many Meeting’s Mark Marriage Madame, Man Married Month Madame Makes Many Millions Money Makes Mischief Movie Madame Minus Man.

—(Miss) Pauline Jacques, 1 Gladstone Street, Kettering, Northants.

(But no more, please! —"Thinker.")

The Coronation—Abroad

• A few weeks ago, while in Buenos Aires, I went to see the Coronation Film.
The cinema was packed, not only with English people, but Argentines as well, and by the time the Coronation film was due to be shown, there were people standing in the available space, and the excitement was intense.
The film lasted exactly seven minutes, one saw to marching of the Guards, very little of Their Royal Majesties, a glimpse of the Duke of Kent, and that was all.

Not even our National Anthem played. The crowd was бitterly disappointed at such a poor showing; instead of a film one might almost have been coming away from a funeral.

An event of that importance in the States (Continued on page 34)
She weighed FIFTEEN STONES!

THIS LETTER FROM MRS. A. S. IS CONFIRMED BY A MEDICAL REPORT, TESTIFYING THAT SHE LOST CONSIDERABLE WEIGHT BY USING REDUX.

"As I was very stout, my doctor ordered me to take a reducing course. I decided on REDUX as this product had been recommended to me as not only harmless but very beneficial to health. I have been drinking this herbal tea at a beverage and though I am subject to obesity, I keep slim and fit without any ill effects. I have never felt better in my life."

THE SAME WOMAN AFTER TAKING REDUX

YOU TOO can regain and retain a slend, youthful figure by drinking Redux Herbal Tea —a cup twice or three times a day. It is the safe way because it is Nature's way—made from a blend of Alphoe Herbs and guaranteed absolutely harmless. No dieting...no violent exercise...no drugs or medicines. REDUX is pleasant to take and by its gentle action it purifies the blood, prevents constipation and obesity, cleanses and tones the whole system. Don't envy others this summer...you too can have a slim, attractive figure by using REDUX.

From all Chemists, or send 1/3 to Dept. 13
Promotion Ends. 9/32 Tube.
4 Weeks Supply. 12. x 4

REDUX REDUCING HERBAL TEA

(Ask your draper for Cash's Ribbons.
They are British Made and are equal
to the best continental productions.
Made in all the standard lingerie shades
and widths.

MANUFACTURED IN ENGLAND BY
J. & J. CASH LTD., COVENTRY

Ask FLANAGAN and ALLEN

what they think of "Summer Pie"—the greatest of all holiday annuals—just out! When you see it, you too
will wonder how such marvellous value is possible for sixpence! Its 100
photogravure pages are lavishly illus-
trated, packed with absorbing com-
plete stories and irresistible joke
drawings, of a quality that is rare-
seen between the covers of one magazine, contributed by
nearly fifty famous authors and artists. "Summer Pie"
is in great demand. Go or
send for it at once. On sale
everywhere—price 6d.

The whole of the profits from "Summer Pie" will
go to charity, so that your 1/-
will not only bring you
hours of happiness, but will
help to brighten the lives of
others, too.

The Beauty Formula of a Royal Princess

now made known to the world

"I FIND that this new cream, in a simple one-minute
application, serves the purpose of all my usual beauty aids.
(1) It renews and rejuvenates the skin; (2) acts as a cleansing
and (3) as a protective
lotion; (4) takes the place of
an astringent and (5) a small
amount makes a perfect powder base. So this new cream gives
the 5 fundamentals of skin care.
It is so wonderful that I am
proud to let it bear my name."

PRINCESS MARGUERITE

PRINCESS MARGUERITE ALL-PURPOSE Cream

Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream is now available everywhere, 6d. or 1/- a jar, 6d. or 1/- a tube. You use this new cream just as you use your present creams.

Free Post Coupon for Four Days' Supply

Dept. PM 141, Theron Laboratories Limited, Pereville, Middlesex. Please send me, by return of post, without any expense to me, a 4-days' supply of Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream.

Name:

Address:

FREE.
Bobby Howes

- Was born in Chelsea on August 4, 1885. He set out to become a stage acrobat when he was in his teens, but a particularly nasty sample of the falls incidental to that profession convinced him that there were better ways of earning a living and he joined a music-hall quintette as a singer. He had just worked out a solo act for himself when the War came along and he became Private Howes "for the duration."

After the War he found it difficult to get started again, and on time contemplated turning to some other means of livelihood. He finally got a small part and for a long time afterwards he was more or less lost in the Provinces. Then a role in The Little Revue, in support of Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge, gave him a fresh start in the West End and soon after came Mr. Cinders, which put him right at the top of the musical comedy tree, a position he has held ever since.

Bobby made his real screen debut in Third Time Lucky, although he had previously appeared in Guns of Loos. His latest is Please Teacher.

The comedian is 5 ft. 3 in. tall and has fair hair and brown eyes.

Arthur Hoyt

- Don't say that you don't know Arthur Hoyt. Even if you are an irregular picture-goer you must have seen him dozens of times. In twenty-two years on the screen he has probably played more roles than any other actor in Hollywood. He is the insignificant-looking, bespectacled little man casting directors send for when they want a timid, apologetic clerk. He was a hen-pecked husband or a diffident, indecisive official—'any blasted weak little shrimp' as he himself puts it.

In private life Hoyt is a very different person from his usual screen characterisation. Before he went on the stage in 1901 he followed the he-man occupation of mining. There's another thing, the screen's most hen-pecked husband is a

What Do You Think? Contd.

bachelor; he has never married. He is 5 ft. 6 in. tall and has brown hair and hazel eyes.

Recent screen appearances include M'Liss, Poor Little Rich Girl and Walking on Air.

Harold Huber

- Another fine actor whose features and work may be better known than his name. He makes a specialty of flashy underworld characters and has played gangsters in more films than one can remember.

Though a "tough guy" on the screen, Huber must be one of the best educated men in Hollywood. He graduated from New York University with three degrees and the prospects of a brilliant career as a lawyer. He turned to the stage instead, however, and secured a small role in the Broadway version of Farewell to Arms. He subsequently appeared in a number of New York successes before going to Hollywood to make his first screen bow in Central Park. Ever since he has been one of the film city's busiest character actors.

You will see him next in The Good Earth.

Walter Hudd

- Comes of an old Devon sea-faring family, but was born in London—on February 20, 1900. He embarked on a stage career after the War as a result of answering an advertisement in a theatrical journal.

Later he had a sound acting training in Fred Terry's Company. His first London appearance was in Basil Dean's Ancient Lights in 1924; he was with Dean for two years. The turning point of his career was when he was cast as Private Meek (a character based on Colonel Lawrence) in Bernard Shaw's Too True to Be Good.

Hudd was subsequently brought into film prominence as a result of being chosen as Korda's screen "Lawrence of Arabia," though the picture has yet to be made. You will see him in Rembrandt and Elephant Boy.

pronounced when vital subjects of extreme social importance are being shown.

My case in point is the film showing the demonstration by spinsters for pensions at 55 No one with a right and humanitarian sense of values could doubt their earnestness.

Yet the G.B. News makes fun of them, creates laughter where there should be sympathy.

I think people forget very easily in these (comparatively) peaceful times the majority of those women lost their lovers and all hope of married life with the men who so bravely died for their country (your country!) in the holo-

cast that was France, 1914-18.

Others preferred a life of celibacy to that of marriage.

But whatever the cause, it is certain that four million spinsters can NOT be wrong.

Even if they are, such ridicule is still in the worst possible taste and detrimental to the art of the cinema.

That being the case, cannot the G.B. News be asked to refrain from making fun when such vital issues are at stake?—Denis Taylor-Judd.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 is. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week.

Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "inker," The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Stree . W.C.2.
THE MARRYING KIND OF MEN LIKE 'NATURAL' GIRLS

When will your dream come true?

Remember this—men with serious intentions are attracted by 'natural' looking girls.

With any of the six beauty-boosted shades of Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder there is no need for constant re-powering—no 'topico-pudding'! Look at the end of the day. Olive Oil—the natural beautifier—replaces the natural oils from your skin—keeps your skin smooth and fine—gives you the 'natural' loveliness that touches men's hearts.

MONEY BACK OFFER—You're the JUDGE!
Go out NOW! and buy the 6d. box of Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder. Try it out thoroughly. Then if you are not completely satisfied that all of the claims for it are true and the box is Crystal Products Ltd., 32, City Road, London, E.C.2, and we will refund your money.

OUTDOOR GIRL

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OLIVE OIL IS NATURE'S GIFT TO BEAUTY
All your beauty sides should have the Olive Oil that naturally protects and revives the suppleness of your skin. So don't for your complete make-up and colour harmony use the other Outdoor Girl beauty products including:

LIPSTICK ... 6d. and 2/6
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FOR GIRLS AFTER A MAN'S HEART

"If only my hair would look like a star's..."

"I do hope my new perm will suit me." Are these the thoughts which run through your head before you get a new wave? If so, you will be delighted with a new guide to soft lustrous waves and curls. So, before you decide which type of wave or curls will best increase your charm.

Here's a book of hair styles designed to help YOU IT'S FREE

Whether you like Norma Shearer's sleek shingness, Ginger Rogers' sometimes rebellious tresses, or Joan Crawford's back-from-the-brows wave, you'll find the best guide to soft lustrous waves and curls will best increase your charm.

POST THE COUPON BELOW AT ONCE

and take a big step toward ensuring a perfect perm.

POST COUPON

KERKA PERM HAIR WAVING LTD., 333 Oxford Street, W.1.
Please send me a free copy of Hair Styles and name of nearest registered Kerka Hairdresser.
Name
Address
P.S.

New Soapless Shampoo makes Dull "Seaside Hair" Sparkle with Highlights

"Seaside Hair"—summer hair—is your holiday kill-joy. You fret because you cannot get sufficient lather from soap shampoos when you try to wash the salt, sand and perspiration from your hair. What's worse, you'll find the soap combines with the minerals in the water to form a gummy, unrinseable "lime-scum" that clings to every hair. But hot sun and salty winds hold no terrors for the girl who uses Drene. The wonderful new liquid soapless shampoo. All through the Summer weather, her hair stays soft and lustrous, sparkling with highlights.

DRENE REMOVES "LIME-SCUM"

Drene, the brand-new liquid shampoo is not soap, therefore cannot form that beauty-clounding "lime-scum." Instead, Drene leaves your hair absolutely clean, free of all lime-film, dust, perspiration, dandruff and salt particles. Drene reveals for the first time the natural beauty of your hair after just one shampoo.

GIVES 5 TIMES MORE LATHER THAN SOAP—NO MIXING—CLEAR WATER RINSING

There's no messy mixing to be done with Drene. Simply wet your hair thoroughly, pour a little Drene into the palm of the hand, rub briskly... and up comes a rich, lather, foaming lather. Whether the water is hard or soft, fresh or salt, hot or cold, Drene gives 5 times more lather than soap. One quick lathering, clear water rinsing and there you are! Drene leaves your hair absolutely clean, bright and lovely, shimmering and soft in spite of wind and weather. And no bothersome vinegar or other special after-rinse are necessary.

DRENE FOR EVERY SHADE OF HAIR

Drene brings this miracle of cleanliness with complete safety to every type and shade of hair, even dyed and bleached hair. You'll be delighted, too, to see how much easier your hair is to set, how much longer "perms" last.

BUY DRENE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND DEPT. STORES, INCLUDING BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES AND TAYLORS, WOOLWORTHS

The 6d. week-end size gives at least two generous shampoos, but you'll find it even more economical to buy the 1½ Economy Size giving 10-12 shampoos. For best of all the 2½ Family Size gives two dozen shampoos or more!

DRENE SAMPLE OFFER

To Whom, Headley & Co. Ltd., Dept. D.N.17, Queen's Lane, St. Pancras, London, N.W.1. Please send me full-size trial bottle of Drene containing 5 full shampoos. I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing.

NAME

ADDRESS

JULY

SUN 4 11 18 25
MON 5 12 19 26
TUES 6 13 20 27
WED 7 14 21 28
THUR 18 15 22 29
FRI 19 26 33 30
SAT 10 17 24 31

DON'T BE Calendar-conscious

Nurse E.B. says: "Every day I meet women who are calendar-conscious. They dread the approach of a perfectly natural function, they make themselves martyrs to periodic pain. But, on my advice, they join the ranks of those up-to-date women who now realise that Baxen takes care of that kind of pain." Baxen is a specialist's prescription—safe and reliable. It contains aspirin, no dangerous "drugs." (Cannot affect heart or stomach, nor interfere with the natural function). Many thousands of women, even those who always had a "very hard time," now enjoy the peace and comfort of Baxen—all chemists sell Baxen (Brand) Tablets in slim, flat tins, 1/3d.; also Powders 1/3d. pkt.; single Powders 3d. each.

FREE A free trial supply of Baxen will be sent to you gladly for 13 days to-day to Nurse E.B., 0/0 E. Griffiths Hughes, Ltd., 207, Adelphi, Salford, Manchester.


LET GEORGE DO IT!

REGULAR READER (Harwell)—It would be impossible for the stars to cope with all their fan mail themselves, so they employ secretaries. Most of the stars will, however, sign photographs or give their autographs if especially requested to do so. I hope you get a correct reply from George Raft for your little girl.


DURBINTON (London).—The title of the next Deanna Durbin film is now One Hundred Men and a Girl.


JUDY.—(1) Birthdays: Johnny Weissmuller, June 2, 1904. Caesar Romero, Feb. 15, 1907. Rooney Brent, Jan. 26, 1923. (2) William Powell and Luise Rainer have the leading roles in The Emperor's Candlesticks. (3) Yes, Clark Gable uses his own name for screen purposes. Parrell should be showing over here very shortly.

JOHN (Weissmuller) has starred in the following Tarzan films: Tarzan and the Lost Ark, Tarzan and His Mate and Tarzan Escapes. (5) Write to Cesar Romero, c/o Universal Films, and to Rooney Brent, c/o Associated Talking Pictures.

LLOYD AND JANE FAX.—(1) Lloyd Nolan, b. Los Angeles, California, Aug. 11, 1901, is 5 ft. 10 ins. tall, weighs 184 lbs., has brown hair and eyes, married Mildred Edson on May 22, 1933. They have no children. (2) Lloyd Nolan is starring for Super Sleuth in a picture with Gertrude Michael. He is married to Venita Stovall, they have no children. (3) Jackie Cooper is to make Junior G-Men for Radio. (4) Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has failed to renew his contract with Jackie Cooper's contract and he went to Sid Grauman's pictures. (5) Lloyd Nolan obtainable from the Postcard Sales, 85 Long Aves., London, W.C.2, for I. each. (6) You must write to Paramount to get a photograph of Jack Okeef and Lloyd Nolan together in Texas Rangers.

L. V. B. (Staff).—Leslie Howard at present making It’s Love I’m After, with Hette Davis for Warner Bros. Studios.

J. D. (S.E.I.).—Write to Simon, c/o Twentieth Century-Fox Studios.


T. H. W. B. (Essex).—Michael Bartlett sings "The Music Goes Round," in the film of the same title. (2) Miss Helen Milford of "Stronger" a portion of the "Mountain King".

E. A. (Liverpool).—(1) Humphrey Bogart took the part of Hap Stewart in China Clipper. He was born Jan. 22, 1899, New York City, is 5 ft. 10 ins. tall, weighs 170 lbs., has dark hair and brown eyes, married (sep.), Write to him c/o Warner Bros. Studios. He did not appear in That's All for Me.

MEN NEVER FORGIVE a girl that's careless about underarm perspiration. Sensible women realise this, and make the use of Odo-ro-no as regular and natural a part of their toilet routine as cleaning their teeth.

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

THERE ARE 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.

* Try both kinds of Odo-ro-no. Send 3d. in stamps for trial bottles of both Instant (clear) and Regular (red) Odo-ro-no. Use Coupon.

Name
Address

Northam Warren Ltd., Dept. D.380
215 Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1

FAN CLUB NOTICES

The Ralph Bellamy Fan Club sent Mr. Bellamy a lovely initialized leather wallet for his birthday on June 17. Write to the British agent, Miss Keene Montana, 30 William Street, Birmingham 15, for full particulars of this interesting club run on a strictly personal service.

On Saturday, June 12, Brian Law- sack's Club held another of its periodic "tea gatherings. Tea was again held in a private room at Monos Lounge, Shaftesbury Avenue, and was attended by over seventy members. In addition to Brian himself, who was accompanied by his mother and Harry Paget, Miss Ray, a young British actress, and Charles Fletcher, the brilliant young star from Hollywood who had also come to London, were among the guests present. After tea, the party went to the Homerton Empire—this time to see Harry Richman. On July 17, a party of club members met together again at the Fletcher (who has kindly arranged the bookings for them) at the Waldheim. Roger Treliville and Clifford Hollinson in Raffles was his Majesty's Theatre. Will those who are interested in the club please write to Miss Barbara Williams, 5 Fen Pond Road, Islington, n. Sevenoaks, Kent, for full particulars.

All readers interested in the Nelson Eddy Fan Club should write to the Empire Film Club, 27 Belgrave Road, Blackpool, for full particulars.

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letter, so fans clubs can ensure a reply.

No. 320 (New Series) Vol. 7, July 10, 1937

Edits: Mortlaiett House, Mortlaiett Court, Bow St., W.C.2.
Advis. Edits: 57 long Aves., London, W.1 Bar 2468

ON SALE EVERY THURSDAY, 2d.
Tests prove that 76% of the people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause, decaying food deposits in the hidden, hard-to-reach crevices between the teeth.

At the same time, Colgate's safe polishing agent gently cleans and brightens the enamel—and makes the teeth sparkle!
LEAVE IT TO ANNE

PERSONAL daintiness becomes a matter of great importance during the summer months. Perspiration is natural. It must go on to a certain extent, but it should always be unobtrusive. The moment it becomes apparent to oneself or to others, something must be done about it.

People who are overweight tend to perspire more than the average, and there are certain diseases which are characterised by this trouble. Obviously, both of these causes are beyond the scope of this article which deals with normal folk. Of course, a great many healthy people perspire more than others after exercise.

Where the flow is just normal, and after exercise, free, the problem is most easily dealt with by one of the many preparations on the market for this purpose. There are liquids, pastes and powders from which to choose. All the reputable ones are harmless.

Naturally, no preparation does away with the need for daily—indeed twice daily—washing of the parts affected with soap and water. Wash with warm water, but use plenty of cool water for rinsing, and to the latter may be added a little toilet vinegar.

Formalin soap, which is sold by all chemists, is useful in controlling perspiration and is particularly good for clammy hands and feet. A final dusting of talcum powder should be used as a finish.

For summer use it is best to buy a deodorant powder. It is soft and soothing, and deodorises, but does not check perspiration. It is also useful for dusting reducing corsets and keeps them odourless.

This question of deodorising but not checking, brings us naturally to the question: "Is it safe to check perspiration?"

Where normally healthy people are concerned, no harmful effects are likely to ensue. The check is merely administered to the parts most affected. The necessary invisible preparation that goes on over the rest of the body is sufficient to carry off the impurities that escape this way.

These checks have been in use now for many years and to my knowledge there is no single known case where harm has resulted.

The drinking of plenty of water is one way of dealing with perspiration that tends to be particularly unpleasant. Many people who suffer in this way also suffer from incomplete elimination. If that is attended to, the other trouble tends to decrease.

Abnormal perspiration of the face generally needs medical attention. Plenty of rest is required, and an ordered diet. Here, again, complete elimination is most essential. There are certain drugs which help, but these can only be given under medical supervision.

EXTERNAL treatment consists of washing with plenty of cold water to tone up the skin and as much fresh air to face as possible. For the time being all greasy creams both of the day and night type should be discarded. A liquid foundation should be used and the best possible powder. A spot of witch hazel in the rinsing water also is beneficial.

Just for convenience here is a list of the various items that may be bought for checking or deodorising perspiration.

Liquid preparations in two strengths, one for daily use, the other for weekly use.

"Lipstick" deodorant and control, for carrying in handbag.

Deodorant powder. This prevents odour, burning, clamminess, but it does not check.

Deodorant cream. This is a vanishing cream which acts in the same way as the powder.

Deodorant compact. This both checks and deodorises and may be carried around in the handbag for immediate use.

Deodorant ice. This is a cooling cream which checks and deodorises.

A sweet smelling cream that is both a deodorant and a control. Unlike other preparations it may be used after a depilatory, and as the cream is greaseless and stainless, there is no need to wait for it to dry.

There is yet another preparation, this time to protect dress. It is a non-staining liquid which is dabbed about dresses at the vulnerable places. A 6d. bottle will treat about 10 dresses. It preserves the material and arrests the salts and acids contained in perspiration from penetrating the fabric. Deodorisation of dress may be entirely prevented by this means.

In summer time many people suffer from skin rash. This affects children and young people in particular. Sometimes the rash appears to be solid, but often they are watery and appear like blisters. When this rash appears the skin must be kept very cool, and all irritation such as may be caused by woolly clothing must be removed.

A mild antiseptic or liniment lotion should be dabbed on the skin and allowed to dry. There should be kept very simple and plenty of bland drinks given. You cannot improve on the old fashioned barley water for this.

I. H. (Oxford)—Yes, it is disappointing to be one of those unfortunate people who do not tan easily in these days of suntan fashion. Why not try Henry C. Miiller's liquid make-up? The Blossom shade is just what you need to give your skin that beautiful brown you so admire in other people. The Rachel shade should suit you for the winter months when you do not wish to appear brown. You can buy these preparations at all good chemists.

B. G. (Epping)—As you do not find shaving satisfactory, and wish to be the new white Veet. This is easy to use and most effective. You can obtain a sample tube sufficient to test this preparation. Veet is on sale everywhere at 6d., 1s. 3d., and 2s. 6d.

Why not halt your worries by passing them on to me. Send your query, accompanied by stamped addressed envelope to ANNE, THE PICTUREGOER, Marlott House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.1.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to NEL MAEVE, 29 Longjohn Road, Southville, Bristol, for—

Satan Met a Lady

Chopsticks

They Gave Him a Gun

A Slug for Chequita

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to—

"Try Again," 40 Granville Road, North Hillingdon, Middx., for—

Caravan

Ah, Wilderness

Two's Company

Love on Wheels

Miss J. SHUTTLEWORTH, 21 Cliff Place, South Ockendon, Romford, Essex, for—

Unattended Heart

Rich Man's Folly

Break of House

Hush Money

"PIM FA."

Hull, for—

The First Year

Heaven on Earth

The First Baby

Hell in the Heavens

Miss N. SOKAUS (age 16), 100 Cairo Street, Hendon, London N.21, for—

Good morning, Boys

Keep Your Seats, Please

Teacher College Honours

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, Marlott House, Bow Street, London, W.C.1.

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

GUY BEACON.

Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

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.

"... Course I did"
A Wonderful Offer

Turn to page 3, read carefully the advertisement for Crème Tokalon. Special arrangements have been made by which any woman reader of the "Picturegoer" may obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains, also, a special box of Tokalon "Mousse de Cream" Powder and four samples of other shades. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address, Tokalon, Ltd., (Dept. S41A), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

Your bill, Sir?

What did you have?
SPECIAL LUNCH? ROLLANBUTTER?
Wont be long now
Not my table. Yes sir? Chicken?
That's off I'm afraid.
YES, THE BEEF'S NICE! Right not too much fat.
Says she can't wait for her mayonnaise?

SORRY SIR! can't serve you
NO SIR!
that's on the table d'hote only

Sorry Miss Jones but she-

Yes, Miss Jones

Gosh! What wouldn't I give for an ARDATH!

ARDATH
CORK TIPPED
CIGARETTES

10 for 6
MILD and satisfying 20 for 1

SU-CAN
THE PERFECT
looped soluble
NOW & ALWAYS

You scarcely know it's there, when you're wearing a SU-CAN.—Sewn loops prevent knots and puckering. The rolled pad gives greater comfort and less bulk. The protective back gives complete confidence. For your especial safety use SU-CAN Soluble Towels always: though better they cost you no more.

PRICES 16d. 1½d. 1½d. per doz.
ALSO IN 6d. PACKETS.
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FREE SAMPLE COUPON

To MISS HAYNES, 168 OLD ST., LONDON, E.C.I. Please send me free samples of SU-CAN Soluble Towels.

NAME
(In Block Letters)
ADDRESS

(1d. stamp sufficient if envelope unsealed.)

NAIL BITING

NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK!

JUST OUT!
You've been waiting for this Wonderful Film Thrill

The Greatest Film Event of the Year—"The Picturegoer Summer Annual"... the glittering and glamorous screen Annual that hundreds of thousands of film-lovers have been waiting for—sixpence—already selling fast everywhere—and no wonder! LOOK—one hundred sparkling pages—over TWENTY full-page Art Plate portraits of your very own favourite players—scores and scores of the most wonderful photographs—absorbing stories, intimate film secrets, gossip hot from the "sets"—new and exciting clothes—and many fascinating articles by your actual stars themselves! "I Was a Sap Until I Married!" confesses Joel McCrea. ... Read how a woman changed the whole future and character of this favourite star! "What I Shall Tell My Son," by Joan Blondell. ... Learn in Joan's own wise words just WHY she expects women to make or break him! Then, William Powell wants to know "Are You the Perfect Wife?" Do YOU measure up to Bill's exacting standards? Try his intriguing "Wife Test" and—see for yourself! "I'll Never Dance with Astaire!" cries Eleanor Powell... a startling statement—but Eleanor gives startling reasons!

Jump to it! And now we've given you just the tiniest glimpse of the hosts of fascinating features in "The Picturegoer Summer Annual"—it's up to you. HURRY! If you miss it you'll miss half the fun when you see all the new pictures. Go to the nearest Bookstall or Newsagent now—and say, "Picturegoer Summer Annual," please!"
Ginger Rogers' Love Insurance
Claudette Colbert
No. 347 Miss Y—, aged 17. A

good example, this, that

beauty is a matter of

knowing how. Despite

even youth's advantages, bad make-up and lack of

beauty care made her unattractive. "Woman's

Fair" experts found a style of hairdressing to suit

her, and taught her how to treat her eyes to

as to overcome the fact that Nature had made

them the tiniest trifle too small for her face, and

explained, amongst other things, why make-up with

lip balm also had been a mistake. The finished

effect conveyed charm and poise and made the most

of each good point, whilst soft-pedalling others that

were not-so-good.

You can be assured that what the remarkable free beauty guidance

of "Woman's Fair" has done for others, it can do for YOU!

Everyone has good points. Everyone has bad points. The good

points have to be emphasised; the others subdued. Everything about

you has a bearing on your beauty. Your hair, your skin, your

eyelashes—all play a part. One tiny point can make a world of difference.

"Woman's Fair"—the magazine of Beauty—helps tens of thousands of

women every month. Never before has a woman's paper won so lively a

reputation for practical help in this fascinating business of finding one's charm.

Never before has any paper done so much to turn mere half-hearted "lipstick-
daubers" into glamorous, indisputable "lovelies." You'll be thrilled at the

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WOMAN'S FAIR

THE JOURNAL OF BEAUTY

6d.
After over ten years as a queen of the screen Garbo retains her popularity remarkably well. In the recent Questionnaire she occupied third place in the list of favourite actresses and, almost as big a compliment to a striking personality, second place in the “most disliked” section. After what many consider her greatest triumph in “Camille,” Greta is now completing “Marie Walewska.” After that she may be seen as the screen “Joan of Arc.”
'10 MINUTES TO WAIT until they get the wrong number'—
says ROY ROYSTON

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'Minors' are inexpensive, but not 'cheap.' They are a quality brand—made of the same tobacco and packed with the same care as much dearer cigarettes. And they last the full 10 minutes.

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DEAR CLARK GABLE,

We are afraid that Parnell is not likely to do much to increase your prestige in this country. Indeed, we are surprised that you should have accepted the role.

Now, as our readers and other recipients of these open letters know, we are not in the habit of encouraging film actors to believe that in addition to their other gifts they have been endowed with heaven-sent omniscience in regard to what is best for them in the matter of story material. We have never had any sympathy for the childish vanity which prompts at least 75 per cent. of stellar revolts against authority on the subject of scripts.

One of the qualities we have always most admired about you is that indifference to personal aggrandisement that has always been most marked in your cheerful "O.K.—when-do-I-start?" attitude to whatever job of film work is handed to you.

While lesser actors storm and rave in the front office about their offended artistic susceptibilities, you are satisfied to get down to learning your part and making the most of it.

You must be the only front-rank star in Hollywood whose record dossier in the Picturgoer library does not contain at least one story of a "walk out" from a role.

That, of course, is all to your credit and in keeping with your reputation as the most unspoiled and down-to-earth of all the major idols of the movies. Nobody, however, would have raised a murmur had you raised a rumpus about so obviously bad a piece of casting as "Parnell."

After seeing the picture at a private showing, we wonder how even your apparently limitlessly complacent artistic conscience survived the strain it must have undergone when you took the part.

We, here, had several reasons to be suspicious about the screen "Parnell" from the start. There was that question of the beard for instance. Charles Stewart Parnell, one of the best known figures in recent British political history, wore a beard.

The M.G.M. studio chiefs took one look at the likenesses of the great patriot. "What," they said, "our Box-office Boy Number One in a beaver? Over our dead bodies."

The decision that the famous Gable dimples mustn't be hidden by whiskers even for a character role—and an historical character role at that—strikes the keynote of the whole unfortunate affair. Authenticity and integrity are at once sacrificed to the need for preserving the sex appeal of a matinée idol.

It should not be necessary for us to have to tell you that it is a bad thing for a conscientious artiste to allow the film actor to be subjugated to the film star in any role.

It is an even worse thing for films for a drama, particularly a drama with a well-known historical basis, to be subjugated to its principals.

And that is what has undoubtedly happened in the case of Parnell, which becomes as a consequence a routine romance between Clark Gable and Myrna Loy (who is, we may say, as badly miscast as you are), instead of one of the most dramatic and moving love stories of modern times.

By that we do not mean to say that either the picture or your performance is necessarily bad. Both will be reviewed in due course by the Picturgoer critic.

What we are concerned with here is the fact that whatever else it is, it is not Parnell. It might just as well have been called The Politician and the Lady, Possessed, or what have you.

Historical, dramatic and artistic integrity should not be sacrificed to make a Hollywood holiday.

And actors of the standing of Clark Gable should not allow themselves to be sacrificed to the more stupid conventions of the film city if they want to remain actors of Clark Gable's standing.
ONE suspects a dark official conspiracy to protect Mr. Cecil B. de Mille's title in the Will Hays ban in America on Marlene Dietrich's bathtub scene in Knight Without Armour.

The Hays office which invented the crime of "cleavage" in the case of Merle Oberon in The Scarlet Pimpernel, and raised objections to Anna Neagle's Neil Guyenne, seems to be much more sensitive about the modesty of British-picture heroines than it does about its own.

The spectacle of Marlene well hidden in soap suds and water probably does not contribute to art, but is at least respectable. One can see more of the female form divine in any Hollywood musical.

The star herself, with painful memories of the "Mar-legs" days, has, a matter of fact, personal objections to exposing the Dietrich limbs too much to the gaze of the camera.

Fortunately, however, she does not go so far as the modest Katharine Hepburn, Irene Dunne and Constance Bennett who insist on clauses in their contracts that their legs must not be photographed. Irene also stipulates that she must not be called upon to parade before the camera in her lingerie.

• Marlene is very much in the news at the moment. For the first time since she went to Hollywood from Germany some five years ago she has broken silence regarding her marriage to Rudolph Sieber and the status of her relationship with her husband.

The star's statement comes in the form of an extraordinary official bulletin from the Paramount publicity department, described as a report of a conversation with Ernst Lubitsch.

Miss Dietrich, according to the story, mentioned how a woman had approached her in the street in England and had asked her what qualities Sieber could possibly have to keep her married to him for twelve years. 

"I told her," Marlene added, "to consider the possibility that love might have something to do with it."

• Marlenie, according to the report, went on to explain that the reason she and her husband were separated was very simple. "He has a very good position with Paramount in Paris, doing French versions of their pictures. Independently, he has recently found a French actress with a voice so much like mine that I couldn't improve on her performance."

I consider Mr. Sieber the perfect husband and the perfect father. After saying that, it is unnecessary to add that these persistent rumours are very, very wild.

Mr. Sieber is young, blond and good looking. Marlene met him when she was eighteen and went to do a film test at a Berlin studio. He had charge of the test. They were married shortly afterwards and their daughter Maria was born two years later.

Errol Flynn Under Fire

Errol Flynn, whose manly beauty is an asset worth countless thousands of dollars to his employers nearly put five years on the age of studio chief Jack Warner in five minutes the other day when he reported back to duty after his European holiday with a hideous scar under his right eye.

Errol, if you remember, was reported to have been hit by a stray bullet during his visit to Spain. Mr. Warner's remarks on the callous idiocy of matinee idols who get their faces in the way of bullets is understood to have reached classical standards in their fluency and power.

After listening in rapt admiration for some time Errol removed the offending "scar," which he had had put on by a studio department—just good clean Hollywood fun.

• In the meanwhile Mr. Flynn is suffering from a public reaction to the somewhat over-colourful publicity stories of his adventurous life and daring exploits.

The facts of the actor's early adventures, first revealed, by his department, as described in a column have been gilded in Hollywood until they have been made to include every deed of daring-do in the book of heroes.

The faith of the film scribes was first shaken when unkind critics reported (whether truthfully or not) from the Another Dawn location that the intrepid star's horsemanship was not quite all that was expected from a man who had ridden the great cattle ranges of Australia in his time.

Following the bombastic martial announcements of his plans for the Spanish expedition and the reports of his "brush with death," the amended, and true, accounts of his visit sounded rather tame.

And now the Warner publicity department is faced with some embarrassment in answering persistent queries from the cynical as to why the actor is back in the glamorous but comparatively safe atmosphere of the studio. Instead of heading that long-announced expedition into the South American jungle in search of a lost explorer.

The chief, we warned Flynn when he was in England recently.

Rival to Disney?

• There will be an element of "needle" in the competition offered to Walt Disney in the new screen cartoon "Skippy" series, for which a new company, Mayfair Productions, has now been formed.

Four of Disney's former associates head the organisation and the films will be released through United Artists, which has for some years handled the Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphony product. The Disney cartoons will in future be distributed by Radio.

"Skippy" is the hero of a well-known comic strip in America—a typical nine-year-old American boy. Jackie Cooper, you may recall, first won fame playing the character some years ago.

Garbo—By Her Landlord

• A note from Neil Hamilton, back in Hollywood after two years in England, pays an unusual tribute to Garbo—as a tenant! Greta leased Neil's Brentwood home during the time he was here. Not only did she improve the garden by the planting of beautiful trees and flowers and build a high and decorative wall round the estate, but the mere fact of her presence increased the value of the place and surrounding property by about ninety per cent. And her rent was always paid well on time, too.

In the meanwhile, more mystery than usual surrounds Garbo's new film, Marie Walewska.

On top of a revival of rumours that her health is again not good, studio correspondents are complaining that despite the fact that the picture has been in production for many weeks advance "still" are being held up by the company.

William Powell's Future

• I hear that William Powell paid something like £5,000 for the crypt in Forest Lawn Memorial Park in which the body of Jean Harlow now rests, near the tombs of Marie Dresesel, Irving Thalberg and Will Rogers.

Powell is slowly recovering from the tragedy, but it is possible that less will be seen of him in films in future. He has for a long time been to appear in fewer pictures. The death of Jean Harlow may, his intimate friends think, cause him drastically to curtail his engagements when his present contracts expire.

"All Colour By 1939"

• Walter Wanger is the latest producer to pin his faith in colour. He made one of the first successful colour talkies, The Trial of the Lone-
No Love Life for Glenn

Talking of stellar taboos (we were in the first paragraph) I like this week’s story of the revolt of Glenn Morris, the new screen "Tarzan," against the film capital’s publicity methods.

Glenn politely, but firmly, puts his foot down when the press agents prepared to put him up. "I know that’s right," he says, "but I don’t want my picture in the newspapers until I’ve done something." "No more," Mr. Morris declared emphatically. "But it will get your name in the papers," they urged. "I know. But that’s just it. My wife’s arriving in town next week."

Lyne Wins a Lead

"Who was the beautiful girl in Maytime?"

Hundreds of letters addressed to the studios and asking this question have won Lynne Carver, Kentucky debutante, the most important role in her career. She has been assigned the role of Magdalena, Joan Crawford’s rival in love in The Bride Wore Red, the popular actress’ next starring picture. Miss Carver, daughter of a Kentucky engineer, essayed screen fame as a singer, following stage appearances in New York.

She got the role of the young girl in the prologue and epilogue in Maytime with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, a non-singing role which resulted in a flood of letters.

Short Shots

Shirley Temple recently attended her first film premiere, the Cathay Circle showing in Hollywood of Wee Willie Winkie. If all the holders of the title of "best-dressed woman on the screen" title were put in one picture the cast would be colossal; later is Annabella, elected by Parthian dressmakers—Eleanor Powell complaining about getting Bill Powell’s tailor’s bills and Dick Powell’s letters—Gypsy Rose Lee the strip-sease girl is now a "speciality dancer"—Louis Hayward reported to be taking out American citizenship papers—Robert Taylor says he wants to be a producer when he gives up acting—Luise Rainer has bought five new cars in two years—Fernand Gravet is already in the second place among fan mail favourites on the Warner list.

Malcolm Phillips.

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

TAYLOR COULDN’T TAKE IT

Robert Taylor, one of the screen’s leading Romes, had an exciting time when he visited the San Francisco Girls’ High School. He was persuaded to appear upon the platform in the school auditorium and surprise the girls. But the "surprise" was on Bob.

Twelve hundred shrieking girls dashed towards the star, waving note books and begging for his autograph. Bob beat a hasty retreat, pursued by a galaxy of beauty, jumped into a passing taxi-cab and made an undignified escape.

Elaine’s Picture

Elaine Barrie is having her troubles over having played a leading role in the film entitled, How to Undress in Front of Your Husband. The Barrymores have raised a strong protest and now a gentleman claims the right to the title, and has entered an action to prevent the showing of the picture.

Elaine says she is not worried in regard to the latter, taking the line that she did not produce the film, but merely acted in it.

Eager Fans

When Joan Crawford telephoned a friend in a Hollywood office yesterday to wish her bon voyage, she did not realise that her action would tie up the entire switchboard.

It seems the telephone operator had told the girls in the office that she had often talked to the star over the ‘phone, and promised to let them listen in when Joan called again.

So when Joan got on the line, all connections were "plugged in" and fifteen eager fans listened to her magic voice.

Fortunately the girls did not lose their jobs.

Energetic Athletes

Dick Powell and his wife, Joan Blondell, rise at 5.30 each morning for a game of badminton before breakfast.

The ingenious Mr. Powell has an electric timing device that shuts off the lights on the badminton court every night at 9. This gadget removes the temptation to play so late that he and Joan will not arise early enough for a pre-breakfast game.

As Dick was driving out of the Warner Bros. studio the other day, by the way, a ragged, wistful-faced youth stepped on the running board of the car, and asked Dick to autograph a folded piece of paper, which Dick did. The boy thanked him and said that some time the actor would appreciate how much it meant to him.

Dick found out the reason when a grocer located near the studio called on him and presented a bill for 32.67 dollars, endorsed by the Powell signature! Twenty-seven dollars of the amount was for an account long overdue, while the remainder was for groceries secured after the star scrawled his autograph.

Powell paid the bill, and secured the address of the family, but discovered that they had disappeared.

Stars don’t often fall for that gag these days.

Party Girls

Outstanding in the parade of Hollywood’s party-givers are Ginger Rogers, Carole Lombard, Marion Davies, Basil Rathbone, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, Jack Oakie and Joe Penner.

Novelty has been the key-note of the affairs given by these stars. Ginger Rogers gave a roller skating party; Carole Lombard a hill-billy affair; Marion Davies a circus; Basil Rathbone a bride and groom party; Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone an Easter egg hunt; Jack Oakie, a Gone With the Wind entertainment; Ray Francis a nautical reception, and Joe Penner, a "social security" party.

Lady Bountiful

Miss West again demonstrated that she has a kind heart when she came to the rescue of a woman who conducts a small restaurant in the San Fernando Valley.

The lady in question was unable to pay up a (Continued on page 8)
Continued from page 7)

mortgage, and faced the loss of her business when Mae, who eats there occasionally, heard the news, paid the mortgage and handed the deed to the grateful woman.

A Clever Idea

* Through the night an ambulance sped three hundred miles northward from Los Angeles, carrying an unconscious film star to work.

He was unconscious because he was asleep.

The star, Allan Jones, had worked until 6:15 p.m. to complete one picture, while he was needed at 8 a.m. for another film in the High Sierras north of Lone Pine. For his next day's toil he required a full night of sleep. He would be unable to get it driving his own car, for it would be an all-night trip.

So Jones was loaded into the ambulance, tucked into bed, and he slept comfortably until he was awakened at the location.

Germaine Objects

* Germaine Ausey, glamorous French film star, whom 20th Century-Fox is introducing to American filmgoers, thinks Hollywood movie fans go a little too far in their adulation.

Shortly after taking a house on the Palisades, she discovered one day that four people, two men and two women, were spying on her through binoculars from a hill that overlooked her home.

Even at that she would not have cared so much if it hadn't happened that she was taking a sun bath in her patio. She ran screaming into the house.

Intellectual Elissa

* We usually picture beautiful film stars, when free from studio duties, dancing at some exclusive hotel, swimming at Malibu or indulging in similar care-free relaxations.

Elissa Landi, however, is a member of the Southern California Women's Press Club, which includes many prominent women writers.

The actress is different from other scribes, for she declares that she can write on the set, in her dressing room, anywhere and at any time.

Hollywood Says That

Clark Gable is still known as "Bill" to his old friends of 15 years ago.

Ralph Bellamy operates the exclusive Racquet Club in Palm Springs as a profitable side-line.

HOLLYWOOD HOME-LOVERS

Hollywood is becoming a colony of home-lovers. The stars with few exceptions take an active interest in the planning of their homes. Many secrets of these delightful residences are revealed by Max Breen in the "Picturegoer Summer Annual," on sale everywhere, price 60c.

This brilliant 100-page annual teems with features all filmgoers want to read. Joan Blondell writes on "What I'll Tell My Son," "Bill" and "Thin Man" Powell ask "Are you the Perfect Wife?" and Eleanor Powell declares "I'll never dance with Astaire."

There are pages and pages of wonderful arrays of photo fashions, intimate secrets from behind the scenes, latest news from the studios and the complete story of "Knight Without Armour" illustrated with pictures from the film. "Picturegoer Summer Annual" is too good to miss—it's selling fast. Go to your newsagent and get your copy at once.

Franchot Tone chews a piece of gum before he does a difficult scene.

Robert Young hasn't missed his Sunday morning golf game for the past two years. He plays, rain or shine.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

HERE COMES COLOUR!

YES, I know, you don't want it.

I can sympathise with you, for when I first saw (and heard, and may I?) those early, crackling, screeching, buzzing horrors which were billed as "All Talking, All Singing, All Musical," I resented them wholeheartedly.

But here we are with some of the best entertainment the world has ever known, the direct outcome of those early monstrosities; and I'm quite frank to admit that in another two or three years the black-and-white film will be just as much a rarity and a thing of the past as the silent picture and the hansom-cab are now.

And producers appear to be thinking the same way as I do, for the line-up for the next few months shows that even in our conservative-minded studios a good number of colour films are going into production.

I know the result of the Bernstein Questionnaire indicated that you wouldn't have colour at any price. Well, if that's true, somebody's going to lose a whole packet of dough.

A Coloured Dozen

* At present I have a list of no fewer than a dozen colour pictures to go into production in British studios in the near future.

I told you that Herbert Wilcox was so tickled by the look of his picture "Victoria the Great" (which he did in colour) that he has decided to do the whole of Nippy, his story about a Lyons waitress who will look surprisingly like the young Queen Victoria and Anna Neagle, in the same medium.

At Drahom we have three colour films going into action; first Red Shoes, which will star Merle Oberon as a member of the Russian Ballet and in which we shall be able to see for ourselves that the shoes are real without having to take Mr. Korda's word for it.

Next The Drum, which Zoltan Korda is directing, and which will feature the Indian boy of Elephant Boy, Sabu. "Zolli" doesn't seem to have found his English boy for this film yet (don't write to me about it!), but his Technicolor unit is reported to be making good progress on the North-West frontier of India.

War On The Border

* After his current film, in black and white, South Riding, is completed, Victor Saville is planning to get down to his new colour musical, Bicycle Built for Two, with (as far as I know at the moment), Joan Blondie, Barnes, Rex Harrison, and Sydney Howard.

Doug Fairbanks should be back from the States, where he started the company's (Criterion's) long-delayed picture of Scottish Border warfare, which is now to be done in colour, and which they have almost decided to call High Treason.

Maurice Elvey made a film with this title some years ago, but apparently that will be officially forgotten.

High Treason, you will remember, was scheduled for last Autumn, but Criterion let it a little too late to film the very extensive location sequences on the actual Border, and the rains and mist set in.

Premier-Stanford are planning two films in Technicolor—one the famous stage-play Lady Precious Stream, which ran for years and years in London, and which seems particularly adapted to colour treatment—and the other is Dick Turpin Rides Again, in which we may expect to see the English countryside in its natural hues, as well as the gallant and picturesque dress of the period.

Gielgud's Next

* Then there is Atlantic's colour film Fascination, set in mediæval Italy, which I mentioned recently; that should provide a perfect subject.

And Irving Asher, Dean of Teddington, promises at least two films in Technicolor in his new season's programme, though he hasn't yet hinted at what they will be.

And finally (are you keeping count?) Jack Buchanan Productions Ltd., are making two films this year to be directed by Rene Clair, of which the second will be in colour, and following this the same company promise to film John Gielgud in his great stage success Richard of Bordeaux.

Look out for that one; it's liable to be extremely interesting. The stage-play was one of the most colourful and dramatic I've ever seen in the West End.

Well, there you are! There's a round dozen of them, and although one or two may be abandoned—there's no place like the film industry for slips 'twixt cups and lps—we keep hearing rumours every week or so of fresh projects which will well turn into concrete fact before we can say "polychromatic."

Reminiscent

* Speaking of Buchanan, he's finished his first film under his own new management, Smash and Grab, and has started on his second, The Sky's the Limit.
Smash and Grab has a story that reminds me of The Thin Man, but I dare say Jack will have taken care to make it sufficiently different. I don’t think I’ve given you the cast, which is quite an imposing one. In addition to Jack himself, and Elsie Randolph who plays his wife, we have Arthur Margetson, Antony Holles, David Burns, Edmund Willard, Zoe Wynne, Lawrence Grossmith, Sara Seagar, Peter Gawthorne, Edward Lexy, Nigel Fitzgerald, Lawrence Hanray, Edmund Ryan, Ronald Simpson, and little Johnny Singer, the small boy who was “discovered” down at Teddington a year or two ago. I’ve heard precious little about The Sky’s the Limit (Jack Buchanan apparently doesn’t believe in production publicity, and it’s more than my life is worth to near his set) but I am credibly informed that it is a musical film featuring a beautiful Russian singer, apparently new to films, called Mara Loseff.

Comedy-Drama

Talking of small boys (Johnny Singer, to wit) reminds me that there were plenty of them on the set of Alfred Hitchcock’s picture A Shilling for Candles, in which Nova Pilbeam and Derrick de Marney are playing the leads.

When I arrived at Pinewood a party was in progress, with blind-man’s-buff as the game of the moment. Dozens of little boys in Eton suits and little girls in elegant party frocks were disporting themselves with great zest and abandon; and into this love scene, fugitives from the Law, came Nova and Derrick, seeking refuge in the house of Nova’s aunt, played by Mary Clare, and uncle, played by Basil Radford. This is a typical Hitchcock situation, bringing stark drama into the most everyday circumstances. There is a lovely mixture of comedy and drama when, Mary Clare being blindfolded, the young fugitives grab the opportunity to make their getaway.

Incidentally, it must be a terrible headache to the casting-department to cast a scene like this in such a way as to convince the Powers That Be that no child in the picture is under fourteen, or whatever the age-limit is at the moment.

A Smart Youngster

On the next set, where Sinclair Hill is directing Command Performance for his own company, Grosvenor Sound Films, I found a player who definitely isn’t fourteen, within ten years or so; but I suppose if I breathe the fact out loud I’ll get into all kinds of bother.

Keep it dark; she’s Ray Collett, and one of the most intelligent-looking children I have seen for some time. She is the little gipsy girl with whom Arthur Tracy, as the singer who is escaping from the turmoil of his professional life, strikes up an odd friendship. And her elder sister is being played by Lilli Palmer, so now I hope you begin to see the distant sound of wedding-bells or whatever the equivalent is at a gipsy wedding.

I have of Arthur Tracy’s songs being played back, and he certainly has a superb voice to which full justice is done by the recording.

By the way, Tracy told me that on the previous day he was recording the song “Trees,” and had just finished singing the lines:

Poems are made by fools like me
But God, I know, can make a tree.
When a prop-man came up to him and said “Mr. Tracy, I think you ought to know I’ve just seen seven carpenters making a tree on the next set!”,

Authenticity

Following my remark last week that I hoped Sinclair Hill’s gipsies would look like gipsies, and not a musical comedy chorus, I was pleased to find when I visited the set that (a) several of the gipsies, including Mark Daly, looked satisfactorily and convincingly grubby, and (b) Lilli herself had gone to a great deal of trouble to ensure her costume being authentically Romany.

By a stroke of luck she came on the exact thing she wanted. She told me she was visiting the Royal Academy to see a portrait of herself which is hanging there, when she saw a painting by Dame Laura Knight with three gipsy girls in the foreground.

Dame Laura’s work is always famed for its fidelity to nature, so Lilli went back several times to the Academy to memorise the style of costume, the hairdressing, and the make-up. Add to this the fact that Lilli herself has declared she feels a bit of a gipsy, and we may expect a pretty realistic characterisation.

Sinclair Hill, directing this picture which marks his first twenty-five years in the film business, certainly seems to be making excellent progress with it. Arthur Tracy tells me he is happier about this than he has been about any other film he has made.

Dignity and Impudence

The film business is a place of sharp contrasts, but no greater contrast can be found in the British studios, at any rate, than between the way George Arliss, now playing the title-role in Dr. Syn at Gainsborough, is treated inside and outside the studios.

Inside he is regarded with something approaching awe; certainly reverence. It’s “Yes, Mr. Arliss,” “No, Mr. Arliss” (“No, I’m sure, that’s wrong; it’s never “No, Mr. Arliss”) in hushed tones, and I have actually seen a minion following him about the floor with a chair, ready to push it under the great man should he suddenly decide to sit down!

But when he leaves the studios...well, you must realise that the Gainsborough studios stand in a mean street in Islington, and there is usually a group of from ten to twenty street- arabes outside, with no reverence in their hearts.

As soon as the famous actor emerges he is greeted by a chorus of “Got a cigarette-card, George?” “Ain’t you goin’ to treat us, George?” “Aw, c’mon, George, cough up!”

I must say “George” takes it in very good part.

But I can imagine the agony of mind of an electrician who is reported to have administered a hearty smack on the stern to Alan Whittaker, Mr. Arliss’s stand-in, when the latter was stooping to tie a shoe lace, with a cheery “Wotcher, old cock!” only to find that it was the great man himself.

Thrills and Spills

They had a thrilling time down at Rye. I’m told, when they were doing the location sequences of Dr. Syn.

There was one scene in which “night riders,” masked and attired in flowing cloaks, rode horseback across the marshes under cover of night.

Twelve girl students from a local riding school (one of them the grandchild of a real Kentish smuggler) were engaged to play the parts of “night riders.” It must have been quite thrilling enough without the extra bit of excitement provided by one of the girls who took a toss into a dyke, without any provision for it in the script.

There is enough excitement in the play on which this film is based to provide thrills for three or four pictures; I only hope they manage to get that amount of excitement on to the screen.

And, knowing Gainsborough, I believe they will.
Melvyn Douglas came from the stage to Hollywood and was given his debut with a wealth of publicity, but in spite of this it has taken him nearly six years to win the recognition he deserved. Below, Lionel Collier gives you an insight into the actor and his career.

In spite of an auspicious starring role opposite Gloria Swanson in *To-night or Never*, Melvyn Douglas is only just earning the full recognition to which his ability entitles him. He gives a brilliant performance in *I Met Him In Paris*, and this will be followed by a leading role in the new Marlene Dietrich production, *Angels*.

The outstanding fact about Melvyn Douglas is that he is not a "typed" leading man. He has a strong individuality and it is his histrionic talent rather than any pretension to good looks which singles him out from the crowd.

If he has not had the "breaks" he has deserved on the screen he did have pretty good luck in his stage career, although he had to face the opposition of his parents in his choice of a career.

His father was a well-known Russian pianist, Edouard Hesselberg, and his mother an American; he was born at Macon, Georgia.

At the age of seventeen he ran away and joined the army, served for a year, came back to find parental opposition to the stage was still strong. However, he got his own way and at the age of nineteen had helped William Owen, a well-known provincial actor, organize a touring company and was playing Shakespearean repertory.

He had his fair share of the ups and downs of the life of a travelling road show but it gave him valuable experience, and when he decided that it was time that New York saw him he had the good luck to be placed under a three year contract by William A. Brady.

His first play was *A Free Soul* opposite Fay Bainter, who is also making herself a name on the screen, and he followed this up with numerous stage successes.

One of them was *To-night or Never* starring Helen Gabagan, and this is where he found romance.

It was a case of love at first sight, and it was not long before he fell head over ears in love with his leading lady and married her. They have a three-year-old son of whom they are inordinately proud.

It was not until 1931 that Hollywood sat up and took notice of this prominent Broadway actor, and then he was brought to the film capital to play his original stage role in *To-Night or Never*.

It was produced by Sam Goldwyn as a come-back for Gloria Swanson, but since it turned out to be a very indifferent film it did not do the much publicised "new romantic find" much good.

In the first place the romantic label did not fit Melvyn Douglas at all. He is all actor and no matinee idol. If he becomes, as I think he will, a star in his own right, it will be just because his innate sense of characterisation has triumphed over the conventional attributes of "great lovers" on the screen.

Actually he needs a role in which subtlety plays a part and where it is permissible to introduce a slice of humour even though it be of a cynical nature as in *I Met Her in Paris*.

That picture, together with *She Married Her Boss* and *The Gorgeous Hussy*, have been his best to date just because they gave scope to those very attributes.

But to return to the beginning of his screen career, which started with a fanfare of trumpets but whose note diminished appreciably as he was put into parts which did not suit him.

He appeared, for instance, with Lupe Velez in *Broken Wing*, followed by the coveted role opposite Greta Garbo in *As You Desire Me* which turned out to be not how we desired either Garbo or the newcomer.

The *Wiser Sex* with Claudette Colbert, heralded his next appearance, and then, amongst others, *Prestige* with Ann Harding, *The Old Dark House*, *Dangerous Corner* and the picture which put him into the right perspective, *She Married Her Boss*, again with Claudette Colbert.

The trumpet fanfare which had decreased in volume began to be more distinct. Again it became audible with *Mary Burns, Fugitive*, in which he played opposite Sylvia Sidney, and in *The Gorgeous Hussy*, in which he was the outstanding feature of a rather wearisome picture.

The trumpet fanfare which had decreased in volume began to be more distinct. Again it became audible with *Mary Burns, Fugitive*, in which he played opposite Sylvia Sidney, and in *The Gorgeous Hussy*, in which he was the outstanding feature of a rather wearisome picture. They have ceased putting the loud pedal on the publicity which ushered him onto the screen world and that I think is all to the good. To over "boost" a new find is not a good policy and this was definitely so in the case of Melvyn Douglas.

The public has discovered he is a fine actor and its support is worth all the publicity eulogies he can get.

It was rumoured at one time that Melvyn Douglas was not very easy to get on with owing to a natural reserve which is apparent in most of his characterisations. But that has been said of many artists who later have conclusively proved that the fault lay not in this but in the lack of understanding in executives.

During his early film work he was disappointed with himself, and returned to the stage on various occasions to give scope to the type of acting of which he knew himself capable. Now that he is coming into greater prominence again and is definitely being given parts that suit him it is probable his journeys to New York will be less frequent, which is all to the good of the screen.

"Serious and yet with a lurking sense of humour of a cynical order."
I took one of the bloodiest revolutions of all time to give us Auer the actor—didn't a party in a private house in Hollywood to present us with Auer the comedian.

Born in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad), he was a happy, carefree boy on his family's country estate in Russia. His school holidays were spent in touring Europe, or else in boating and foxhunting by day, and in the evening listening to the playing of his grandfather, Leopold Auer, the famous violinist—which helped to foster his love of music, still one of his strongest characteristics.

This lasted until he was thirteen, when out of a blue sky came the red of the Russian Revolution, and with his family he fled from a country suddenly drenched in blood, and arrived in New York, where he completed his education.

Having passed out of high-school he had to find a way of making a living, and so he turned to the stage. Yes, it was as haphazard as that; and it turned out as well as many seemingly-haphazard careers do.

His long, cadaverous, preternaturally solemn countenance singled him out for attention by producers, who kept him busy—first with the Actors' Theatre, then with the Theatre Guild, and later with such stars as Walter Hampton and Elv Le Gallienne; small roles, but interesting ones, and plenty of them to keep him going.

After some years' apprenticeship he decided to go to Hollywood; and there it was the same story. Auer is too unusual and outstanding to be overlooked, and wherever he takes that sombre Slavonic face, something always happens.

Appropriately, Something Always Happens was being produced at the time, and the director, Frank Tuttle, meeting him at a private party, gave him a try-out in that, and from then on his lean, melancholy features were to be seen in film after film, always in a sombre and frequently in a sinister part—although it is on record that one assistant director rejected him for a Russian part on the ground that he "didn't look Russian!"

Auer has played a maharajah in Clove of India, his innumerable Russian musicians and Polish refugees and Arab conspirators, down to the agitator in Winterset, have made him a familiar figure to the regular picturegoer; and those of us who realised the artistry which he brought to the playing of every role, lending conviction to even such a stock and stagey character as the High Priest in Tarzan the Fearless, have despaired of his ever attaining any prominence or achieving roles which would keep him on the screen for more than a few seconds at a time.

I first noticed him particularly in Gabriel Over the White House, about four years ago, in which he played one of a group of newspaper reporters interviewing Walter Huston as the President—the only one who took politics seriously.

One of his roles, chaffingly, "Come on, Atlas, take the world off your shoulders," and that line seemed to describe Mischa Auer so aptly that it stuck in my mind, and until lately I always envisaged him as a man for whom life was just a little too heavy to bear.

But it now appears that he has been leading a double life.

That hauntingly gloomy expression has apparently been masking a delightful sense of fun. The tall, Slavonic mind skips agily from the sublime to the ridiculous, and he is known to his intimate friends as the life and soul of any party at which his capacity for "cutting up didoes" (American for capers) is unsurpassed by the most determined of Hollywood's "ribers"—those licensed buffoons who drift from party to party, paying for their entertainment by the practical jokes they inflict on their fellow-guests.

In fact, the gloomy Auer would appear to have qualified for the title of Old Man Ribber himself.

It is not in the nature of things that a man as well known as Auer should be able to hide his light under a bushel for very long; sooner or later his private talent was bound to catch up with his public career, and that is exactly what has happened.

The first hint I ever had that he might be funny on the screen was in the Lily Pons picture I Dream Too Much, in which he appeared as a professional pianist who latched singers until he heard Lily sing; and he was very funny again as the Mexican Indian in The Gay Cavalleros.

These scattered straws in his hair showed which way the wind blew; but shortly after that, Gregory La Cava, the director, saw him performing his parlour tricks, including his imitation of a gorilla, at a private party, and persuaded him to repeat them in My Man Godfrey.

It was generally conceded that Mischa stole that picture; and he followed that up, in Top of the Town, with a burlesque performance of Hamlet that was so brilliant as to give rise to the suggestion that he should play the Gloomy Dane seriously.

When Auer was just trying to get a foothold on the Broadway stage, he invented, with intense seriousness, four different sets of beard and moustache with which he was so pleased that he had himself photographed in them.

He showed the photos to Al Werker, director of We Have Our Moments, who thought them so funny that he insisted on his wearing similar disguises as police-chief in the film.

The worst danger now is that Auer will come to be regarded only as a comedian, and that he will have to wear a false beard or other disguise when he wants to be serious.

But his day has come. Everywhere picturegoers are asking "Who is this Auer?"

It was bound to happen.

His tall, slight frame and melancholy features.
GINGER ROGERS' LOVE INSURANCE

I

N years of watching Hollywood's wheels go round, from the inside, I've naturally heard dozens of nominations for the title of "the smartest girl in the movies."

I've heard the title wished on plenty of stars—Loy, Garbo, Lombard, Gaynor, others. Up to now, I've been content to let others do the nominating, while I did the picking-to-piece. I said "it wasn't Loy; it was her press-agents!" I protested "it's not Garbo; it's a habit!" Gaynor?—"thank her producers," I objected.

Each time, I was howled down with: "All right, then. Who is the smartest dame in Hollywood, if you know so much?"

Fine! I'll answer that. I'll stand up on my hind legs right now, and point to Ginger Rogers (that red-haired, green-eyed, lovely-figured lass with the range that bar none, bar none, is the smartest girl in pictures). What's more, I'll even tell you why.

It's because of what you can call the All-For-Ginger Rogers, Hundred-Per-Cent Self-Insurance Closed Corporation! It's the keenest-brained, most armour-clad system for taking care of one's own little self that I've ever seen. Smart-headed Rogers has taken a crafty look at Hollywood's people, at herself, and at her past record (including the blotches), and she's worked out a plan whereby she has insured herself against just about anything dangerous than can happen to a movie-star.

Perhaps Lombard's laying herself wide open to grief with her one-man all-for-Gable setup, but little Ginger has her hands doubly protected against being broken again. Perhaps Alice Faye is letting herself be typed into future obscurity as a screen play girl, but Ginger has a defense system against that sort of thing for Ginger.

She's got her own insurance plan worked out against poverty; against the boredom of shallowness and emptiness when stardom eventually fades; against the uncertainty of the future, against, even, the unpredictable but never-impossible catastrophe that may in one fell swoop destroy stardom at its height.

And if you want a closer look at the inside workings of Ginger Rogers' All-For-Ginger Self-Insurance Company, come on and see.

First of all, her heart: Ginger's pretty careful about that. She's had her heart shattered once; she doesn't want any more of it. I don't think it's quite healed, even yet, from the beating it took when her "ideal romance" with Lew Ayres went wrong.

Ginger idealised Lew; Ginger believed, with all her heart and soul, and with no trace of that cynical sophistication that underlies so many Hollywood marriages, that her marriage to Lew would be one of those forever things. But it crashed. No use rehearsing the details, but I know that never in all her life had Ginger suffered as she did when the smash came. I know that she never intends to suffer like that again. Ginger has insured herself against that possibility.

In the first place, you see, Ginger isn't divorced from Lew. What's more, there isn't even a divorce action in the wind. It's a legal separation. From what I know, that's O.K. with Lew, too. He feels pretty much as Ginger does. And, besides, they are still legally separated and free to enjoy the company of other Hollywood folk, Ginger and Lew can go their way.

Ginger can step out with any Hollywood lad on the list; the gossipers can point and say there's romance in the two-some. But—don't forget that Ginger is still tied, legally and morally. Even if she should, by some combination of circumstances, lose control and want to plunge headlong into matrimony again, she couldn't. She's insured against it. It'd take weeks, months, perhaps a year, to get a divorce—and in that time, Ginger could know whether she was heading for disaster again. And she could save herself.

It reminds me of the time Ginger, riding, suddenly felt the horse take the bit in its teeth, run away. Ginger loves riding; she'd trusted that horse; had trusted her safety to it. Now she found the trust suddenly misplaced. The horse headed for a cliff—blind in its runaway frenzy, it was going to jump off the cliff.

Ginger could either stay on its back, take a chance in the crash—or throw herself off. She had time, even though a split second, to weigh the chances, decide.

Ginger flung herself off, suffered scratches and bruises. The horse went on, plunged to death. That's a true story. I tell it here because it's a parallel—if ever sudden romance comes to Ginger, she's going to have time to decide whether to ride it and chance another fall, or whether to step out while the stepping's good. Anyways, that's not yet-divorced insurance. Ginger's still not taking chances. She's pretty careful with that damaged heart. She's not giving what's left of it, all to one man, by a darned sight. Ginger, even though besieged by at least three men who want her all to themselves, is telling them all to take just their share.

There's Alf Vanderbilt, who has more millions than even Ginger can ever hope to earn; there's Jimmy Stewart, whom she likes very much; there's Gary Grant, who'd give anything to have the other two guys in Timbuctoo or somewhere.

Personally, I believe Jimmy Stewart is as near to having a mortgage on Ginger's affections as anyone can hope to get now. But Ginger knows it. And so Jimmy gets no more than a third of her available dating-time. That's self-insurance, isn't it?

Perhaps, some day, Ginger will take that altar-walk again. I hope so. She's a girl who'd make a grand wife; who has a right to the loveliness of married happiness. It's probable that she'll find it.

But—take this as definite and final—after one crash, Ginger's going to be all-fired, hundred percent sure before she says "yes" to any other man. And she's insuring that, as I've told you. All right, that's her heart-insurance.

Now about her career: Ginger knows that she's in danger—the danger of being typed as the other half of the Astaire dance team. Or, even, of being typed as just a dancing-and-musical girl.

Well, if anything happened to Fred Astaire's career—if, for example, he decided to retire, as he may and probably will, very soon—where would Ginger be if she was just half of his team?

Why, she'd have to start from scratch again. She'd done that—not once, but several times. She's had her career crumple after a good start, before. Ginger's not going to have it happen again.

So Ginger stood up and yelled. She yelled definitely and firmly—and sensibly enough so that even movie producers could understand the words, as well as the music.

The result?—why, the result is that before she goes into any more pictures as "that girl who dances with Fred Astaire," Ginger will make two other pictures. And she won't tap a step in them.

The first will be Vicious Lady, in which Jimmy Stewart was to have played opposite her. But illness interfered, laid Jimmy up in July 17, 1937

by DAN CAMP
The girl spends unbelievable hours, reading heavy things. Ginger likes them; wants them; it’s no affectation. She sometimes annoys people that way. A certain friend confided to me about Ginger made her feel foolish one day. The girl was talking to Ginger about books; Ginger mentioned that she’d just read a certain 1,000-page tome that wasn’t at all popular, but was brainy reading. In a peevish mood, and suspecting that movie-star Ginger was trying to put on a front, the girl (who chanced to have just finished reading that very book) decided to trip Ginger up. So she began to ask Ginger about certain very abstruse passages in it.

“And darned if Ginger hadn’t actually read the book!” the girl snorted to me later. “She made me feel like a fool . . . !”

When Ginger grows out of stardom, she’ll have things to live with—things that nothing but death can ever take from her, because they’ll be part of her, part of her mind, of her soul. That’s pretty good self-insurance, isn’t it?

Too, her hobbies. That’s an old story, but behind it is the untold story of Ginger’s realization that in hobbies and in learning what they teach, she is adding self-insurance, too.

Right now, she is very keen on sketching. Late at night, you’ll see her dressing-room lights burning. You burst in on her, and there she is at her drawing-board, sketching away.

And not badly—in fact so well that a big national magazine has asked permission to reproduce Ginger’s portrait of her mother as a work of art, not just as a Hollywood curiosity!

So far, Ginger hasn’t agreed. “It’s not good enough,” she says of her work. “Perhaps, ten or twenty years from now, I’ll be better.”

Materially, as well as mentally, Ginger is insuring her future happiness. There’s that home she’s finishing, now.

It’s going to be her home—not a Hollywood architect’s and Hollywood interior-decorator’s idea of what a movie-star’s home should be!

It’s on a mountain top, between Hollywood and the great San Fernando Valley. Ginger, from its windows, can look on the magic town that gave her fame and fortune; she can look to the rich valley on the other side; she can look far off to the sea and its mystery—and then, without the distractions and dimmings of sun-arcades and neon signs and marquee-lights, she can look up at “all the way to God,” she once told an intimate friend. Reverently, honestly, without a Hollywood smirk . . .

Anyway, that’s going to be Ginger’s home. It’s part of her No-Fear-Herself-Insurance Plan. No matter what happens to her as movie-star Rogers, she can always go there as just plain Virginia Rogers, and live a full life—and never once go near a movie studio again if need be.

Let accident, catastrophe of any kind, come. Ginger will have her future—enough money to live on, her own home, her mind, her heart (unless, by then, she shall have given it into the keeping of some man who, by the very safeguards she has thrown around it, will be the man to guard richly that heart). Then, if and when the time comes, Ginger Rogers’s No-Herself-Insurance Self-Insurance Policy will be paying out, in full!

Didn’t I tell you she’s the smartest girl in Hollywood?
ROBERT TAYLOR

Metro’s movie matinee idol will, according to report, soon be with us. He is scheduled to come to Britain to make “A Yank at Oxford” within the next few weeks. His latest is “His Affair,” in which he co-stars with his friend Barbara Stanwyck.
**Sophie Bless Her**

by Elizabeth LONERGAN

Sophie Tucker once did a good turn to her great friend Marie Dressler. Now Sophie is being groomed for stardom in Dressler roles. Here is a real-life drama that is different.

"... Sophie's friends are a matter of theatrical history. Absolutely no other artiste in opera, theatre or studio has so many friends and such a variety of them. They rank from the highest to the lowest and she is equally kind to the down-and-out-onetime-star as to her important friend. Sometimes this kind heart of hers gets Sophie into all sorts of troubles. Its fame is so widespread that it has brought upon her a number of leeches who are persistent in their efforts to secure assistance (usually of the pecuniary sort)."

"... Sophie had been obliged to call a halt to many demands of this type. The day I visited her, she was signing some hundreds of letters to friends and fellow-players asking them to contribute to the cause of the orphan children in Palestine. A first pound came from a man who had long been out of work and whom she had—... happened to know—helped out frequently. Sophie did not ask him to contribute. He gave it unsolicited. I fancy that she had also been instrumental in securing an engagement for him; Sophie does things like that.

"... Although I had often seen her on the stage, Sophie Tucker and I met for the first time in London when she was rehearsing Follow a Star. I had an opportunity to judge of her popularity then and since.

"... For instance, when the train drew into Manchester for the tryout, an old music hall comedian came down in the rain to meet and bid his friend welcome to Manchester. He wanted nothing but to shake Sophie's hand and tell her how good it was to see her again.

"... Some of my London friends have written asking me how Sophie Tucker is standing Hollywood. It is not necessary to tell those who know her intimately that she is unchanged and will always continue to be uns spoiled no matter how great a favourite she may become. She is too genuine to change.

"... Sophie Dressler had a stretch of bad luck. Her play failed on Broadway, she did not click in variety, and the films would have none of her. Finally her agent secured a spot for her as Master of Ceremonies on the Hotel Walton Roof, Philadelphia. Marie had no idea what was expected of her, yet she was in dire need of an engagement of some sort. She picked up a paper and read that Sophie was heading the bill at Keith's. She sent her an 'S.O.S.' Everyone who knows Sophie could anticipate her reply.

"... As fast as she could get to the Walton, she visited Marie and arranged to show her the way an M.C. should act. The opening night Sophie rushed in costume and make-up from her theatre and took charge of the roof show with Marie looking on. Every night that week she stood by helping and making suggestions.

"... The engagement went over fairly well, but all Sophie's instructions could not make a nightclub artiste out of Marie. She had not the style, the temperament, nor the ability to wear clothes well and as for singing and dancing, so essential—it was almost nil and so she faded out of the picture within a few short weeks.

"... Just a little later came success and fortune in the movies.

"... When Marie Dressler died, every character woman in the studio and theatre, as well as many would-be character women, hoped fervently to succeed her in the films.

"... Tests and tests were made and a number of women tried out but somehow they could never approach in a small degree Miss Dressler's technique on the screen. Something was missing and the M.G.M. executives tried in vain to find out what it was.

"... Last year Sophie Tucker played an engagement at the Trocadero in Hollywood and was asked to make a test at the studio. Several days were spent there but nothing came of it so she went back to New York, a bit disappointed.

"... In a few weeks Louis B. Mayer wired her to come on for a role in Broadway Melody of 1937. This was in the nature of a real tryout for the Marie Dressler roles and Sophie's success lead to the signing of a nice long contract. More than that, her first starring picture, work on which begins in a few weeks, is the story of a real incident in the life of Marie Dressler, written for the screen by Frances Marion.

"... This is the gist of Molly, Bless Her. It tells of a period in Marie Dressler's career (probably about the same time as the Master of Ceremonies episode) when she was particularly up against it and in need of work.

"... She lived in a theatrical boarding-house on Broadway with a happy-go-lucky group of other players, equally unsuccessful. If one secured an engagement, he or she shared the proceeds of the picture envelope with the others and they all tried in every way to please each other up.

"... Summer was approaching with no shows in prospect and their spirits were particularly low. A friend of Marie's on Long Island offered her a home, but it would be impossible to make the rounds of offices looking for work when car fare was so heavy.

"... At last she told this friend that she had made up her mind to get whatever she could do, and asked her to stand as reference. So she went to the employment agencies and was one day offered a position as housekeeper. Marie was ready to accept it.

"... The man who was hiring her told of his vast estate and many servants which she was to supervise and then asked suddenly "And how do you happen to be looking for work of this kind?" Marie explained about the peculiarities of the theatre and the man laughed. It seems he had been a chorus boy in one of her shows who had made good in pictures.

"... He was on the top of the wave and offered Marie money to carry her on. "But I'd rather have the job," she said. She took the place for the summer and eventually replaced his servants with her pals from the theatrical boarding-house and they had a grand time all the summer. Good little story and one which should fit Sophie like the proverbial glove.

"... Sophie, bless her, deserves all the good luck in the world and her many friends in London and the States think it is coming to her.
The Countess of Carlisle says:

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I DON'T "WANT TO BE ALONE,"

_BUT_

by Paul Muni

In a recent Open Letter "Picturegoer" took Paul Muni to task for his "I-want-to-get-away-from-it-all" attitude to films. Below the star states his side of the case and takes you into his confidence regarding his plans.

Unlike a famous Swedish star, I don't "want to be alone," but I do want to go away, and transportation and snarling European nations willing, I'm going as far away from Hollywood as I can get.

I'm tired physically and mentally, and being tired, I want to rest.

Not being the sort of person who can rest by lolling on a shiny beach or soaking myself luxuriously in the medicated waters of some celebrated spa, perhaps my idea of a holiday won't match with that of most people.

Resting, to me, is tucking away a radical change of scene; traveling to the far places of the earth, seeing different people, talking different languages, filling my eyes with new sights and my head with new ideas.

As a matter of fact, my contemplated rest will not classify under the heading of a vacation at all. It may become a permanent absence from pictures and from the stage—I don't know.

All I'm certain of, is that for the time being, Mrs. Muni and I are going to shelve all responsibilities, see new people, make new friends, forget everything we've been doing for more years than we can remember off-hand.

I'm going to take my long-neglected fiddle with me and, in the peace and quiet of some Old World retreat, perhaps resume the study of music which constantly increasing demands upon my time before the cameras has interrupted.

This isn't going to be a vacation of any definite duration—it may last two months, it may last two years. Perhaps it will never end.

When I complete my current production, _The Life of Emile Zola_, I'll be just one step away from the goal Mrs. Muni and I have had in our minds for some time. I'll have contractual obligations, but just one more picture, which probably will start in September, and when that is finished, my future will be entirely my own.

Anyone who ever has had a vacation knows the acute pangs that come when you begin to count the days until you have to be back on the job. It usually spoils the last half of your holiday, just thinking about it.

Being what might be called a spasmodic worker—making only a certain number of pictures a year—my vacations have been a lot longer than most working people get, but regardless of how long a time I've had off I've always returned disgruntled and dissatisfied because some definite obligation forced me to be in New York or Hollywood on a certain day.

That's why, at long last—to crib a phrase—I'm refusing to listen to any talk about new contracts. I want to be free to go away and stay until I'm sick of it, or if I like it better, to stay away permanently. I'm not going away because I'm sore at Hollywood, at working conditions or for another reason than that I'm tired of working and of being tied down.

Hollywood has treated me well— I'll be an ingrate to say otherwise. It has given me everything that any reasonable person can possibly want. Perhaps it's given me too much. I don't know. Maybe if I hadn't succeeded so quickly and had to fight longer for recognition and security, the old zest for achievement would keep driving me on.

I don't mean to convey the impression that I've had an easy time of it, for I haven't. When I first came to Hollywood in 1929, I made _The Valiant_, which I like very much, although it wasn't a box office success.

Then I made a little thing called _Seven Faces_, which undoubtedly was the worst thing I ever did. In fact, when I got a good look at it in the projection room, I tucked my tail between my legs, tore up my contract and bade goodbye to films. I thought I'd never make another.

But after nearly three years _Scarface_ waved in my face and I thought I'd take one more whirl at the movies to see if I really was so bad or if the stories I had done had something to do with my inconspicuous success. _Scarface_ was a powerful story, one that had great possibilities, something I could really get my teeth into. Its success was extremely gratifying and quite surprising to me. It convinced me that I must have strong stories, and when Warner Bros. showed me _I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang_, I was easily lured into agreeing to do it. With my agreement went a promise to do a certain number of other pictures, provided I approved the story material. This is the agreement that is just coming to an end, and one that has left me very tired.

To people who hear only of the glamour of the studios it may sound silly to say that we actors work hard. Maybe some don't—some people are naturally facile and they accomplish miracles without apparent effort. I envy them, because I've always had to plug.

Long ago David Warfield told me that the only way an actor can really get into a part is to practise a kind of self-hypnosis. I am inclined to agree with him. Before I start a picture and after I finish it, I am naturally anxious that it be a success with the public; that the audiences like it and like me in it. But while the picture is in the making, while I am playing the part, I have no time and no energy to think or worry about such things. I am too busy thinking and worrying about the character I am playing.

The result is that I use up an enormous supply of nervous energy while a picture is in production. I come out of it tired and cross and vowing I will never undertake such hard work again.

In the last year and a half I've made four pictures, counting _Zola_. Every one of them has been hard work—requiring terrific concentration and grinding application.

First there was _The Story of Louis Pasteur_ which took nearly every ounce of energy I possessed to portray, in the manner I thought it deserved. With but a very brief breathning spell, I went into _The Good Earth_, which, in addition to being a difficult role, had the added strain of being a world-wide best seller.

You can't deal lightly with a masterpiece that millions of people have read and acclaimed, and while that very fact acted as a spur to greater efforts, it also built up a responsibility complex that gave us many sleepless nights.

With scarcely a pause, I next did _The Woman Between_, and from that I went right into _The Life of Emile Zola_, one of the most difficult roles I've ever tackled. _Zola_ was a great humanitarian as well as one of France's most renowned novelists, and a character so complex that my preparatory studies had to be very complete to make him understandable.

Perhaps it is the succession of hard roles that has dimmed a bit the zest I formerly had. The famous artist, Paul Cezanne said: "Success and soft living are not good for an artist; he becomes fat, stodgy and complacent." At any rate, I'm going away and probably after a short time, my topics will turn a bit sour and I'll be miserable and come back.

You know they say no actor ever voluntarily quits, but when and if I do come back, it will be with the satisfaction of having for once in my life, been absolutely free of responsibility and demands on my time.
Quick to use; lasts all day. Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you’re safe for the whole day!

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**Perspiration**

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Morny Bath luxuries are world famous. Toilet Soaps, box of 3 tablets, from 3/-; Bath Soaps from 1/- (approx. ½ lb.)

MORNY, REGENT ST., LONDON — the home of British Perfumery
FIRST met Margaret Lockwood at Teddington two or three years ago when she was playing in a film in which she was a servant-girl and Edmond Knight was a lift-boy.

"You'll have to be careful with Margaret," I was warned by the publicity department. "She's terribly shy."

So I was careful with her. I don't know what they'd told Margaret about me, but whatever it was it had the effect of making her careful with me, too.

The nett result was that we didn't click at all; and ever since then, although enjoying her thoroughly on the screen, I have always had the idea in the back of my mind that she was "difficult." I never met her again until this week—partly because I hadn't been to studios where she was working, partly because she doesn't go to parties, where I generally meet people.

She doesn't like parties; perhaps that's given an impression that she's shy.

Anyway, she isn't. She's the most natural, forthright girl I've met for a long time. Perhaps because there were no kind friends fussing round and warning us about each other.

We sat drinking coffee on the balcony of my Club, overlooking the River Thames, where the chirp of the girls on the front walk up to me in the sunshine, and she told me the story of her life without fuss, frills, or any trace of shyness. Which "just goes for to show."

Margaret Lockwood has just been awarded a three-year contract by Gainsborough Pictures. Here is a summing-up of her personality and achievements by Max Breen

Margaret Lockwood was born in Karachi, India, her father, a Scot, being Chief Operating Superintendent, and her mother a Kennett. She didn't seem to point very directly to a film or stage career; and she had no forebears even remotely connected with the stage. 

Certainly she has an elder brother, Lyn Lockwood, who is with the Southend Reps., but he took to acting some time after Margaret did.

But mark this! Lockwood tete, as a little boy, wanted very badly to be an actor; his family was not particularly keen on this development, and he decided to become a doctor. He did not succeed in this; he became a doctor of something—be it medicine, or law, or a speciality, I don't know. But he is notodontist.

Margaret Lockwood, however, was a different matter. She had been footlights-conscious ever since she can remember—with one slight deviation to another path, which I'll describe later.

And she's always danced. People who have been seeing her on the screen for the last couple of years have entirely lost sight of the fact that dancing is her speciality, and that in addition she has a very charming voice (I'm told by experts that it is soprano), but I wouldn't know about that).

Naturally, British films being what they are, she had an opportunity to show in pictures which give her no opportunity for either singing or dancing.

"But you said you wanted to be anything but an actress or a dancer?" I asked her.

"Oh, yes! As a very small child I had an acute attack of religious mania, which lasted for nearly a year. I badly wanted to be a missionary. But it wore off," she added demurely.

Apart from that I've had a single-track ambition all my life. I was nine I took dancing lessons at Italia Conti's, but unfortunately I suffered from train sickness, and used to arrive at the end of my fourth term I was chosen by a Leonite Sagan for the lead in the public performance of Hannele, which she was producing at the Haymarket Theatre. Leonite Sagan was the director of the famous film Madame in Uniform, and I believe she knows promising talent when she sees it.

Luckily for Margaret there was someone else in the audience who could "spot" talent; the part is a highly emotional one, and Herbert de Leon, the well-known agent, realised that she "had something" besides an extremely pretty face and taking ways.

"He's been marvellous," she told me, "the way he's lugged me round to see all sorts of people and tried to interest them in me. He took me to see Alexander Korda, who was most courteous and looked right over my head and obviously wondered why I'd been brought to him. And yet Herbert persevered. What success I've had I owe to his faith in me and his efforts to get me launched.

He obtained a leading part for me in a "House of Beauty." I played "Q" Theatre, and persuaded Sydney Carroll, the manager, to come and see me; and that led me into Family Affairs, which ran for ten months and afforded her a very useful chance to be seen.

The result of this was her contract with British Lion; under that contract she played at Beaconsfield in The Casting of a Star, by B. Perry, in which, in a smallish part as a murderer's daughter, she had a chance to express emotion, and the attention of the critics to her beauty and charm. Later she played with Desmond in The Beloved Vagabond, and opposite Hughes in a mass of Romance, for which she returned to Beaconsfield.

Although The Beloved Vagabond was somewhat disappointing film, there was no doubt about her success in it. It was her appearance in this which caused a critic writing in the American theatres to wonder why he'd brought her. "She has a pleasing personality and a voice that is less British than the average. Her wistfulness reminds one of Janet Gaynor."

Lucily no effort is being made to create a London-based career for second Janet Gaynor. It's going to be quite sufficient to be a Margaret Lockwood.

As the Variety critic hinted, she doesn't talk with a London accent; I first noticed this quality of natural speech in Lorna Doone, in which she compared very favourably with some of the major players who are "elocuting" relentlessly all over the screen.

Certainly I should say she is of the stuff of which stars are made, and made easily; and the Gainsborough people seem to be of the same opinion, for as a result of her work as the "heart-interest" in the new Arliss picture Dr. Syn, they have awarded her a very handsome three-year contract.

I hope they will furnish her with what she has hitherto so far lacked—a good part in a good film. So far she has had some good roles and been in some good films, but stars are built by the two conditions.

Margaret has two favourite pursuits—one indoors and one outdoors.

Outdoors she likes to swim—and I must say she looks extremely fit on it. Her indoor occupation, you will be interested to learn, is one that she shares with you and me. She goes to the pictures, admires it, sees at least one film every day when she's not working.

A charming, likeable child, who at nineteen is on the threshold of a career which is likely to bring happiness to hundreds of thousands of people—no wonder life seems good to Margaret Lockwood.

How I wrote "Penny's from Heaven"

ARTHUR JOHNSTON, known to millions as the man who wrote "Penny's from Heaven," is in town. For the last few weeks he has been down at the Pinewood Studios working on a new British film, Mr. Johnston's "Penny's from Heaven" came to be written.

"The idea was that the players who were stuck for a song to tie up with the title which they had given the film. I was called in to find a title for the picture," he says.

"Penny's from Heaven." Turned out well, and then I was asked to write the songs.

"Penny's from Heaven," Mr. Johnstonsing, is one of the entries in the Daily Herald's "Great £5,000 must-be-won Holiday Competition." The winning entry is to be chosen from a list of 28 musical items the 12 that would make the best "Million Pound Holiday," and the other 16. An entry form for this Great Competition appears daily in the Daily Herald. Get a copy now and enter at once!
Gilbert Roland and Anthony Quin are comrades, but rivals in love. Dorothy Lamour is the girl.

**The LAST TRAIN from MADRID**

**Below:** Karen Morley is a conspirator seeking escape from Madrid. She is with Gilbert Roland and Lee Bowman.

Here is the first of the screen dramas told against the background of the Spanish civil war. It features Dorothy Lamour and Lew Ayres.

**Yet another romance in the film is that between Helen Mack and Robert Cummings (right).**

Dorothy, Roland and Quin in a bombing raid.
Above: Wendy Barrie charmingly suggests an idea for summer holiday wear from her own wardrobe. Her attractive white linen tailored costume is trimmed with red linen and has red buttons.

Above: Gathering of the celebrities. Harry Lauder visits Marlene Dietrich and Ernst Lubitsch on the "Angel" set. On the left is Greta Lauder, niece of the famous Scots comedian.

SHOTS
with our
CANDID
CAMERA

Pat O'Brien is one of Hollywood's best known family men when he is not being tough on the screen. Here he is at home with his son, Pat, Jr. and daughter. Yes, her name's Mavoomen.

Left: It's beach time in Hollywood, too. Terry Walker, John Howard and Lloyd Nolan snatch a few hours in the sun between studio calls.
One of the best boxing pictures made to date. Directed by Michael Curtiz and featuring Edward G. Robinson, Bette Davis, and Wayne Morris, it not only contains fine fight thrills but also carries a well-developed love interest and convincing characterisation. The boxing ring racket in America provides a thoroughly interesting background. A full criticism of the picture appears on page 32.
Donati discovers Fluff in what he considers to be a compromising position with a bell boy whom he later makes champion of the world. (Left) Kid Galahad falls in love with Donati's sister, Marie (Jane Bryan) against his manager's wishes.

Turkey Morgan (Humphrey Bogart) crashes in on a party given by Donati after the former had bribed the latter's nominee to sell a fight.

(Above) Donati discovers Fluff in what he considers to be a compromising position with a bell boy whom he later makes champion of the world.

(Left) The usual tragic ending for Edward G. Robinson. Having steered Kid Galahad to victory he is shot by Morgan who considers that he has double-crossed him. Humphrey Bogart as Morgan also meets his accustomed iced doom.
Harriet Hoctor, America's prima ballerina, was one of the highlights of the latest Astaire-Rogers musical, Shall We Dance? The pictures above express the poetry of motion she introduced into one of her solo dances. The fascinating costume was practically created by the danseuse herself. She sewed on the three hundred and fifty vulture feathers and did all the beadwork which went to its making.
Thank You

LITTLE GREEN GODDESS!
The complete success of your next permanent wave means such a lot to you! It can enhance your charm, increase your popularity, even improve the appearance of your new dress. So look for the little Green Goddess in your Hairdresser's window—proving that he (or she) is a Registered Eugène Waver, qualified to suggest an adorable new hair-style for you, and to give you natural, graceful waves and curls which readily lend themselves to a perfect setting in any of the new hair styles. This is only possible thanks to the wonderful Eugène Sachets, so be sure that they are used on your hair next time, then you will have the pleasure and self-assurance that only a Eugène Wave can give. Ordinary waves can so easily look ordinary. Eugène waves and curls are as ladylike as they are enchanting. And they last for months and months and months.

EUGÈNE
Permanent WAVE
A recent portrait of Irving Cummings, United Artists’ ace director.

A

T the turn of the century a twelve-year-old New York boy by the name of Irving Cummings unwrapped his most-anticipated Christmas present, a magic lantern, and beginning the directions, threw them in the waste basket and went ahead with its operation in violation of all the “Don’t’s” compiled for his benefit. The contraption smoked a bit, but Irving remedied that by opening a vent that the instructions cautioned him to keep closed.

After their fears about setting the house on fire had subsided, the youth’s family and friends admitted he had figured out a way to put on a pretty good show. He thought so, too, although he didn’t think much of the slides that came with the machine.

He announced he’d make his own slides. Somebody warned him: “You can’t do that! The magic lantern people know what kind of slides they want used.”

Irving replied with the 1900 version of “So what!” and proceeded with his iconoclastic practices. When he eventually broke into the glorified magic lantern business he continued to pay as little attention as possible to rules that interfered with his own ideas.

Refusal to follow the directions when they didn’t make sense has had a lot to do with Irving Cummings’ long tenure in the ranks of ace motion picture directors.

Irving Cummings has been in pictures, in front and back of the cameras, for nearly thirty years. Once a dashing star of silent pictures, he experienced difficulty in getting out of acting.

To the producers’ flats, “You can’t do that,” when he wanted to throw away his make-up kit and take up the megaphone, he finally had to become a producer himself in order to get his hands on the directorial reins.

Years later, with a new medium and a new set of rules to contend with, Cummings defined convention by directing an outdoor talking picture, whereas Hollywood said the way to control sound was to keep it within the confines of tightly locked, tomb-like buildings called stages.

Recently, tackling another new medium, colour, for the first time, he again refused to abide by the rules.

The things they said he couldn’t do, Cummings did in directing Walter Wanger’s Vagues of 1938, and now Hollywood is hearing predictions, backed by leading producers’ announcements, that there won’t be any more important pictures photographed in black-and-white after the next year or so.

Instead of bowing to colour as a sacred cow and letting the experts tell him how to use it, Cummings practically ignored it. He concentrated on story values and personalities and treated the hues, like sound, as merely an adjunct of the action.

At the age of forty-eight, Cummings in appearance belies the popular conception of a pioneer in even as comparatively young a business as the movies.

Save for grey, thinning hair, he’s still the imposing, handsome, six-plus-footer who shared honours with the greatest stars of the day on Broadway and on the screen.

Financed in New York with a check that he arrived at that high plane in the Hollywood caste system where he can write his own ticket and direct one or two important pictures yearly, Cummings also has at his disposal a respectable hobby. He owns and operates one of the largest citrus groves in southern California. His ranch markets thousands of crates of lemons each year. The smart-crackers have had a lot of fun with his side-line, but Cummings’ box office record since In Old Arizona is unimpeachable.

Born in Manhattan on October 9, 1888, Cummings left high school at the age of fifteen, determined to break into the theatrical profession. As a stepping-stone, he landed a bank messenger job in the white light district and besieged stage managers and booking agents at every opportunity. He was sixteen when he became a full-fledged member of the Proctor Stock Company. His debut was in Diplomacy, playing a 70-year-old character.

He had plenty of confidence in himself even in this fledgling period and insisted on helping the stage director, but the boss persuaded him to stick to acting until he had acquired more experience. He began to attract attention as a Broadway juvenile and soon was appearing in support of Lillian Russell and other famous stars.

William A. Brady made Cummings a star. During the early 1900’s he tasted fame as a matinee idol in Man of the Hour, Object Matrimony, Way Down East and similar hits of the era. Cummings, regarded with disdain by the majority of “legitimate” actors, intrigued Cummings. He saw in the crude medium something to investigate before joining the rest of the Broadway scoffers. When an offer at "important money" was made, he accepted his first screen assignment.

The picture, a single-reeler, was produced by the old Pat Powers company in a barn at Mount Vernon, N.J., in 1909. Cummings introduced his own idea of acting naturally instead of indulging in the arm-flailing and facial contortions thought necessary in movie technique.

"You can’t do that!” roared the director.

"Well, then, get another leading man,” was the ultimatum. Cummings won his point, and with the picture’s success the "threaded" started talking about him. In the meantime he had accepted a fourteen weeks’ engagement with the Davidson Stock company in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Preparing to return to New York, he received a telegram from the Pathe company in Hollywood, offering him a year’s contract at the then fabulous salary of $24 weekly.

Cummings first broke into direction while he was starring in a serial, Diamond from the Sky, the longest-ever produced, for the Flying-A company. After four of the thirty episodes had been filmed, he took over the megaphone from William Desmond Taylor, who several years later, was to be the victim in Hollywood’s greatest real-life murder mystery.

With the completion of the marathon thriller, Cummings returned east to fulfill a contract with Famous Players, now Paramount. He co-starred with Pauline Frederick, Hazel Dawn, Margaret Mayo and other favorites. It was during the filming of The World’s Great Snare with Miss Frederick that he met his future wife, Ruth Sinclair.

World Films, another of the pioneer studios, lured Cummings from Famous Players and starred him in many pictures, including The Whip. His screen daughter in several stories was the Shirley Temple look-alike, little Evans, now a prominent Hollywood personality.

Cummings was at the height of his acting fame, but his ambition was to direct and do things the studio could not do. When his producers told him he’d have to stick to acting, he left and formed a partnership with Sol Lesser to write, direct and produce pictures released by First National. One of the films was the first picture starring the pioneer canine personality, Rin-Tin-Tin.

Cummings’ last picture as actor-director was The Man From Hell’s River, in which Wallace Beery and Eva Novak appeared with him. Determined to devote his future exclusively to directing, he built a story for a practically unknown character actor by the name of Lon Chaney and sold Lesser and First National on the idea of directing.

Flesh and Blood scored a hit at the box office and Cummings’ services were in demand at every studio. He made The Arrows of Love, The Johnstown Flood, Pies, The Brune and Dressed to Kill put him in the front ranks of directorial aces in the days before sound.

He also scored as a picker of talent, discovering Janet Gaynor and other future stars and furthering the careers of Colleen Moore, Milton Silva, Edmund Lowe, Mary Astor and Warner Baxter.

In Old Arizona catapulted both Cummings and Baxter to world fame and since then they’ve been known as the "Dinah Shore of Hollywood" scheme of things. Among Cummings’ outstanding pictures were The Cisco Kid, Curly Top, Poor Little Rich Girl, The White Fox, and The Tenth Man, and Tarantula. He has directed practically every famous star, including Shirley Temple, who became the world leader at the box office under his guidance.

As a Hollywood character he shares the lime-light and rarely is seen at first nights, banquets and parties. He doesn’t go in for directorial formulations. Stooges and yes-men are abhorrent to him.

He never puts an "act" on the set and won’t stand for temperament, which he defines as merely expressing himself. He is as humble as any nobody. He seldom shows up at his modest office. He prefers to transact business informally—in other people’s offices, in his office, on the lawns and sidewalks at the studio.

His contract with Walter Wanger associates him with a producer who knows him well enough to make his style by telling him: "You can’t do that!"
Here she is, got up to kill. That lovely colouring, we assume, is not entirely the product of Nature — but who to-day would have it otherwise?
The Modern Girl is a work of art. She knows how to make the most of her looks. But she is also careful not to offend. Observe those cherry-ripe lips. Then observe the end of the cigarette they have been caressing. Her escort's eyes are upon it. Are they affronted by an ugly smear of lipstick upon that choice De Reszke? No.
And it's just because she smokes the new De Reszke Minors with the RED TIPS — the brilliant notion that prevents lipstick from showing on a cigarette, and helps men to preserve their beautiful illusions.

The Modern Girl smokes

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30 for 1/- 15 for 6d
The Story of the Film

**I MET HIM in PARIS**

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of Paramount

Bob-sleighing being the next item on the programme, the three tailed up to the summit of the bob-run.

Bob, and was grateful to take refuge in agreeing when he asked her to dance.

"No matter what happens, I'll always remember," Gene said when the music ceased and his arms loosened their expert hold.

"I'll admit it was grand," she acknowledged, a trifle shakily, and was almost glad to see George steering his way to their table.

"I should have been here sooner," he remarked politely, but rather as if concealing a bombshell of anger that might explode any minute, "if I hadn't mistaken the number of Miss Denham's room. Genie's error. I fancy. I'm sure he told me room number six hundred and fourteen. As a matter of fact it is tenanted by a charmingly quaint French couple, however, shall we dance, Kay?"

"I didn't know you danced," Gene exclaimed.

"Certainly; I have cups at home," George riposted with dignity. Half a minute on the floor, none the less, convinced Kay that cups in the presentation prize sense must be a myth. Before she was quite crippled, George admitted to the false claim and suggested sitting out...

"Gene didn't seem pleased to see me. I hope I'm not intruding," he said.

"No, of course not. In fact, there's something I want to ask you. I feel I can trust you, for some reason. You're a friend of Gene. I did so wonder if, with all his talk, he's sincere."

"Everything he's told you he loves you?"

"I didn't say that, but since you seem to have guessed, I'll go farther and say he's asked me to go to Switzerland with him. I told him no."

"That's right. I wouldn't let him go with you, anyway."

"Aren't you taking a lot for granted? I suppose you think it impossible for two people to go away together and have a perfectly innocent good time."

"Frankly, I know in this instance it's impossible."

"You're too wise for your own good. I've a notion to go to Switzerland, just to prove how little you and I can get up to together."

She took advantage of Gene's appearance to agree to his proposal. Gene's face lighted up.

What's wrong about going to Switzerland?" she pursued, having been taken in by George's "It's a good, clean country, full of good, clean fun."

"I'm beginning to think so myself," George added. "You'll need a chauffer, of course. Ask Miss Denham."

Kay's laugh sharpened, George could enjoy Gene's crestfallen face. "Of course I'll be delighted if you'll go along, George," she said.

On the train journey she was glad to have a compartment to herself and felt George shared one opposite. She was reading when Gene knocked.

"What's on your mind?" she inquired, with an absent look as he seated himself close to her.

"I've been talking to George."

(Continued on page 30)
Give A Face Powder Party at your home

No matter what colour face powder you use, it may be the wrong colour for you. A certain blonde may look far better by using a brunette powder, and a brunette by using a blonde powder. The only certain way to know is by trying one colour on one side of your face and another colour on the other side. Let us send you free a special box of powder and six packages of different colours and try them alone or with a few of your friends and see what a difference it makes.

NEW NON-GREASY DEODORANT

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She can't help the Date

"Until I heard about Baxen, I suffered acute pains each month. Then, within 10 minutes, one dose of Baxen completely stopped the sharp stomach pains and general discomfort. I was able to carry on with my work as if nothing were the matter. I shall recommend Baxen to all my friends, as I feel it to see why our sex should suffer so."—Miss S. T., Cambridge.

Baxen is a specialist's prescription—safe and reliable. It contains no aspirin, no dangerous "drugs." It cannot harm the heart, upset the stomach, or interfere with the natural function. Every day thousands of women buy Baxen from their chemists. Even those who always had a "very hard time" now enjoy the peace and comfort of Baxen; so why go on suffering the needless pain which Baxen can spare you? All chemists sell Baxen (Brand) Tablets in slim, flat tins, 1/3d.; also Powders 1/6d. pkt.; Single Powders 2d. each.

FREE A free trial supply of Baxen will be sent you gladly. Write for it to-day to Nurse E.B., c/o E. Griffiths Hughes, Ltd., 227, Adelphi, Salford, Manchester.

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A famous Paris firm of perfumers have concentrated their lovely scents into solid form in dainty little compacts. It really is delightful to be able to carry your favourite perfume safely in your handbag and add a touch of fragrance behind the ears or on your hair when you make up. Aziadé (which you pronounce Az-é-day) make their charming compacts in many haunting perfumes, "Ecstasy," Lilac, Mimosa, Sweet Pea, Violet, Carnation, Lily of the Valley, Jasmin, Lavender, Chypre, Gardenia, Spring Flowers, and although only the most exclusive essences are used, you can buy a compact for one shilling from any chemist. Smart women are crazy about this novel idea, and prophecy that soon every handbag will contain an Aziadé Perfume Compact. You just try one for yourself, your chemist has it, or if you like, you can send your shilling direct to Dept. G, Aziadé, 172 Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1. It will be a shilling well spent.

Poudre Tokalon mousse of cream powder is made in new and strikingly beautiful colours to suit every complexion. It is air-floated, invisible and waterproof. Daily newspapers said that two American girls in the Olympic swimming contest, who used waterproof "make up" had immaculate complexions even after immersion. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses and we will send you free a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six packages of different colours. Also Creme Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. State colour of powder you usually use. Address: Tokalon Ltd., Dept. C329M, Chase Rd., London, N.W.10. Poudre Tokalon is sold everywhere at 6d. and 1/- per box.

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AMAMI SHAMPOOS 3d., 6d.
The 6d. size is sufficient for two shampoos.
he confessed. "He will stick his nose into our business. Can't a man and a woman just have fun for fun?" I just added that he never wanted to be just for fun? To hear him, you wouldn't think so. What I wanted to suggest was that he should ignore him for the future.

"We could," Kay agreed. She had felt the feeling that Gene wanted to have with her, too, and the abrupt success in doing, despite her efforts to keep the conversation on a footing just as unimportant was far from disagreeable, yet she was glad when George appeared, although the sparkle of the light on Gene's mouth were slightly embarrassing. Remembering her conversation with George at the last K.F.K. dinner, she said, "Well, good for you, and goodnight.

Kay was able to keep up the effort of conversation. The sub-sequent sleigh ride to their destination, the St. George Hotel. But the glass of champagne added to the mellow, the Chey party going coming in and out of the stairs and ski- ing outfits, the brilliant, air like champagne worked their spell. In the corridor leading to their third-floor rooms, she took the two men to task.

"Listen, I don't think it's a smart idea to spoil our chance of having a good time. Some of us have a pretty low opinion of the others and the others may resent it, but we'll have to go along with your idea, and—well, let's have it. What do you say?

I think you've anything but the highest regard for you, Kay," Gene said. "There's a silly misunderstanding.

"And I don't see why the three of us shouldn't enjoy ourselves," George chimed in.

With good spirits entirely in tune with the occasion, Kay bought herself into a well-cut-waterproof suit preparatory for ski-joring. That one and all eventually landed in the hotel hot bath, which was unimportant when no damage to life or limb was proved.

Bob-sleighing being the next item on the programme, the three toiled up to the summit of the bob-run. After an exciting morning walking home with George by the pine trees and the snow-bound stream, Kay tackled him about his suggestion.

"You misunderstand me," he said gravely. "That look you complained of when I see you with Gene is plain, old-fashioned jealousy. I love you. Are you surprised?"

After an exciting mountain walk, Kay decided Gene was too much for her, and that she was in love with him. Gene and Kay were engaged and happy. But the end of the month, Kay was engaged to George, who was in love with Kay, whom he had first met in Switzerland.

Kay, Gene, and George were engaged and happy. But the end of the month, Kay was engaged to George, whom she had first met in Switzerland.

Kay, Gene, and George were engaged and happy. But the end of the month, Kay was engaged to George, whom she had first met in Switzerland.

PICTUREGOER Weekly

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6d!
—and it contains
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★ NAIL VARNISH REMOVER
★ CUTICLE REMOVER
★ EMMERY BOARD
★ ORANGE STICK

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but not with shiny nose

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Never have a shiny nose—use Snowfire POWDER-CREAM

CONTAINERS 3d JARS or TUBES 6d

Their prices do not apply in I.F.S.
A full-blooded boxing story as you will find Kid Galsad to be the best. It is certainly the best picture of the ring since The Patent Leather Kid and has not the slightest harm to realism in its produced fights but also sound human characterisation.

It takes you behind the scenes of both real and imaginary boxing, into the inner workings of a shady racket, but does not forget to introduce a touch of very pleasing romance. The Kid is played by Wayne Morris, a comparative newcomer who on his showing here looks like doing very well for an early future. He has very much the same sort of effect as Gary Cooper; an obvious future star.

But the mainstay of the production are Edward G. Robinson as Donati, a boxing manager, and Bette Davis as his girl friend who frequently saves him from making a fool of himself, but leaves him regardless. She is in love with his new "champion" find, a bell hop who does not reciprocate her affection but is interested in love with his manager's sister, Marie, which causes trouble in the camp because the promoter had demanded that his girl's keeper keep his own sister away from the boxing fraternity.

However, by this time Kid Galahad is nearly due to a championship fight. Forgetting his hatred of the rival prison, who had double-crossed him, Donati orders on "ruining" the Kid because he had made love to his sister.

But her, left alone, murders his mistress, robs the safe and prepares to set the house on fire. At that moment Olivia returns drawn by the same fatal fascination.

Danny tries to scalp Olivia but at the critical moment the police arrive together with a man who had always loved Olivia.

The play is acted with a touch of fidelity to life and humour merely heightens the horror of the situations.

Robert Montgomery is brilliantly insane, depicting the low cunning of a type which covers an inferiority complex with boastful lying and an unconvincing ruse which breaks down only occasionally.

Rosalind Russell is very good as Olivia, but somewhat cleverly brings herself to believe that she could possibly be fascinated by the type represented by Danny however deep her complexes and repressions.

Dame May Whitty gives a very clever character study of the glib old lady and two cocky maids are amusingly and convincingly played by Merle Totteman and Kathleen Harte.

All the action takes place in the lonely house and the wood surrounding it is peopled with the at times is inclined to be affectedly clever.

WE FROM KRONSTADT

A Russian film dealing with the White Army besieging Petrograd by the two arrival聆 the sailors from the Red stronghold at Kronstadt. It is all rather confused and the adventures of the hero, a sailor who appears to elevate himself to the rank of admiral or general in an exceedingly short space of time are presented in a serial-like manner with not a little unconvincing humour.

Battle sequences involve the slaying of remarkable numbers of White soldiers without a great deal of slaughter in the Red ranks. There is, however, one incident when a leading party of Red marines are captured and driven over a cliff into the sea with stones rolled over their necks. Formed in the manner of Monte Cristo, our sailor hero manages to escape and takes the news to Kronstadt whence an expedition is sent to save the defenders of Petrograd.

V. Zhizhkov is good as a Commissar in the Kronstadt Expeditionary Naval Division and G. Bushnev is vital and dynamic as his hero.

A woman who hides in a shell hole and pops off advancing White troops with a natural sangfroids is quite well played by a Russian lady. Incidentally she is the excuse for what light relief there is. The film is mainly concerned with showing a soldier and a woman soldiers him off. This rouls the soldier's unyielding hatred, but eventually they become friends and the sailor is informed that the woman is an infantry commander's wife.

Camera work is generally very good, as is the composition, but there are one or two patchy sequences. But the picture more entertaining if the position of the rival armies had been classified. The film is being accorded a special run at the Academy, Oxford Street, London.

**MAID OF SALEM**


Clayton Moore as Baruch S. Baker, Barbara Stanwyck as Mrs. Carrigan, Fred MacMurray as George Forbmy, Frederick Burtwell as Jeremiah Murgatroyd, Potman as Tithing. Rex Harrison as Edith Ellis, Elliott Gooder as Bob Elise, Ada Fisk as Bess, Dorothy Gravelle as Ann, Doreen Wilson as Rachel, David Nalder as Mr. Dormer, Edith Head as A.B. Fish, Eira Cheeses as E.B. Fish, Halliwell Hobbes as Judge, Jerome M. Moross as Judge, Moderna as Arabella, Tituba as Dorothea Hansel, Lucy Beaumont as Rebecca Nurse, Eileen Hardcastle as Babs Zaiden, Harold Goodwin as Captain of Ship, Barbara Dean as Mrs. Murgatroyd, Lionel Belmore as Tavern Keeper, Directed by Frank Lloyd. Produced March 11, 1937.

In spite of the fact that she acts as much as a playboy, Bette Colbert is not well cast as a Puritan maid who gets accused of witchcraft and is nearly burnt by the New England of the seventeenth century.

As a matter of fact, the juvenile roles played by Bonita Granville, as a vivacious little girl, and Virginia Weidler as her sister and Bennie Baker as a part of the best in the picture.

Fred MacMurray as the hero, an outlaw who saves the Puritan maid played by milliseconds. With a musical comedy vein but good character studies are given by Harvey Stephens as Mrs. Carrigan and Gale Soudanega as his wife.

Frank Lloyd's direction is very leisurely but he does at least make the atmosphere a convincing one and leads up clearly to the vast hysteria which results in innocent people being hanged.

Crowd handling is excellent and the court scenes have real dramatic impact.

**RAIDING CAVES**


Anne Dvorak as Bernard Augusta, Ruth Martin as Bessie Dvorak, Steven Wendel as Edward Dvorak, Howard Gray as Mr. Bain, Tom Braden as Mary Bain, Frank M. Thomas as Frederick Rains, Bradford Young as Chauncey and Margaret Strange as Nellie Bain. Directed by Frank Reicher. Produced by Dorothea Johnston, October 5, 1934.

Unpretentious but exhilarating. Review the cover with plenty of humour, a strong romantic interest and racing thrills.

Ann Dvorak scores as the daughter (Continued on page 34)
NEW "SMOKY" SHADES
ARE SMARTEST FOR YOUR NAILS!

Women of fashion everywhere were quick
to adopt the vogue for Cutex "smoky"
shades that started on the Continent.
You’re sure to like them, too, because
their soft, vibrant glow is flattering to
your fingertips. Ask to see Cutex “Old
Rose,” “Light Rust,” “Rust,” “Robin Red.”
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★ Erasmic Vanishing Cream’s new opioid jar, with its individual
shape, is really lovely to look at. And it is filled with the same
fragrant cream as ever to bring glamour to your skin.
★ Theexhilarating touch of Erasmic Vanishing Cream keeps your skin soft,
smooth and clear. A perfect foundation for your complexion powder.
★ And it has a delicate freshness that blends with your favourite perfume.
★ So get yourself a new jar to-day, and for your handbag remember the
dainty 3d case.

SPECIAL OFFER OF ERASMIC BEAUTY BOX. A generous sample case
of Erasmic’s famous Beauty Preparations ... Vanishing Cream, Complexion
Powder, Powder Cream and Peppermint Soap ... will be sent you in return for 6d
in stamps. Write to Dept. T.X.S., The Erasmic Co. Ltd., Warrington, Cheshire. Your en-
velope should be sealed bearing a 1½d stamp. Say whether you prefer Rachel or Natural.
(Not applicable to I.F.S.)

You can taste
the Fruit in
Rowntree’s
Gums & Pastilles

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GIRLS WITH DEWY LIPS ARE
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NEW
tattoo

It’s made the beauty head-lines—the new
Tattoo! Dewiness never never in any lipstick
yet ... down-devin ... desirable and de-
sirable ... that steals looks everywhere ... packed
with heart thuds! Stays on from p.m. to a.m. No running repairs
between dances ... or anything! Packeting and drying made a
thing of the unhappy past! It’s a Tattoo secret — Tattoo with its
flavoured, glamorous shades! South-Sea-Island Tattoo with its un-
deniable indelibility ... Tattoo now gives new Tattoo! Dewy lips!

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I enclose 6d. for each shade desired. (Mark colours wanted.)
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Olivia de Havilland's

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---

**BLACK LEGION**


Humphrey Bogart............ Frank Taylor
Dorothy Arzner.............. Ed Jackson
Eric Blore.................... Ruth Taylor
Ann Sheridan................ Betty Grogan
Robert Barrat.............. Brown
Mae Clarke.................... Cliff Moore
Addison Richards............ Prosecuting Attorney
Eddie Borden................. Mike Foy
Clifford Scott.............. Joe Don Baker
Paul Harvey................. Billings
Samuel Hinds................. Judge
Tommy Little................. Tommy Smith
Charles Halton.............. Osgood
Frank Saver................. Charlie
Harry Hayden................. Jones
Alphonse Persh.....Allie Gwynn
Dewey Mitchell.............. Buddy Taylor
Dorothy Van Patten.......... Mrs. Grogan
Henry Brandon.............. Jim Dombrowski
Pat C. Flint............... Nick Strannas
Paul Stanton............... Barthom
Egon Brecher............... Old Man Dombrowski

A picture which, based on actual facts, shows up the activities of unscrupulous American agitators who make money by exploiting the patriotism of their unsuspecting victims.

In this case a mechanic who is ousted from a job by a foreigner joins the Black Legion which trades in firearms ostensibly to protect the workers from foreign invaders.

His morals degenerate and he is separated from his wife and family. Finally he shoots his best friend.

However, at the trial he resists the Legion's endeavour to make him give false evidence and breaks up the organisation at the expense of his life.

Humphrey Bogart turns in an excellent performance as the mechanic, sincere and characterful. Erin O'Brien-Moore is clever as the wife, and Ann Sheridan, Dick Foran, John Sawyer and Eddie Acuff all give distinguished performances.

The PICTUREGOER's quick reference index

**CONFLICT**

**FEATHER YOUR NEST**

**MAID OF SALEM**

**RACING LADY**

**BLACK LEGION**

**LEFT HANDED LAW**

**UNDERNEATH THE ARCHES**

**PEARLS BRING TEARS**

**THE VULTURE**

**MAMA STEPS OUT**

**TEN LAPS TO GO**

**CAN THIS BE DIXIE?**

Lucky Jade

What the asterisks mean—

**** An outstanding feature.

*** Very good.

** Good.

Average entertainment.

Also suitable for children.

---

**REVIEWS—by**

There is a good human note throughout and the atmosphere is always convincing.

**LEFT HANDED LAW**


Buck Jones................. Alfonso Bedo
Noel Francis.............. Betty Golden
Mattie Fair................. One Shot Brady
George Regas............. Sam Logos
Robert Trainer............ Tom Willis
Lee Phillips................ Sheriff Great

Directed by Lyle Clader. Buck Jones rides and fights again in his usual good form in this fast moving virile Western which contains all the ingredients of its type.

Hold up scenes and gun-play are well staged and the exteriors are picturesque.

Noel Francis makes a competent heroine and the rest play up well in support.

**UNDERNEATH THE ARCHES**


Bud Flanagan.............. Bud
Chris Allen................. Chris
Ewing Willard............. Chief Stewart
Stella Moyna.............. Anna
Lyn Harding.............. Pedro
Eddie Stamp-Taylor......... Dolores
Edward Aspell.............. Carlos
Aubrey Mather.............. Professor
Directed by Radd. Dance from a story by

Alison Hook.

Plenty of rough knockabout and equally broad humour are the backbone of this farce. The gags are not very original but Planagan and Allen put them over with their usual spirited aplomb and will certainly score with their admirers.

They play the roles of a couple of buskers who attempt suicide, fail and go to South America.

On the voyage they get mixed up with revolutionaries trying to discover the formula of a gas reputed to promote individual good will.

**PEARLS BRING TEARS**


John Stuart................. Harry
Dorothy Boyd.............. Madge
Eddie Egan................. Pamela
Mark Stone.................. Tom
George Goode.............. Vive
Dorothy Malaskie........... Mrs. Vane
H. F. Maltby................. Mr. Dufield
Elizabeth Jaret............ Mrs. Dufield
Hal Walters................ Herbert
S. Cradley................... Booker
Isabel Scaife.............. Mary
Directed by Trooper. Dance from a story by

Clifford Grey.

Artless and simple story quite well put over by a capable cast. The humour is unsophisticated but the dialogue is quite good and the production is satisfactorily staged.

The plot deals with the complications arising from a damage to a pearl necklace worn by the wife of a business man when dancing with an old flame. The necklace had been given the husband to cover a business transaction.

John Stuart and Dorothy Boyd are sound in the leads.

**THE VULTURE**


Claude Gilling.............. Cedric Gull
Leslie Brooks.............. Sylvia
Hal Walters................. Snap
Sidney Holmes.............. Jem
Frances Bernicke............. Jenkinson
George Merritt............. Splice
Arthur Hardy................... Li Po
George Carney.............. Charles Vane
Archibald Patry............. McBride
Directed by Ralph Ince. Based on the story by

Stafford Dickens.


**MAMA STEPS OUT**

**American.** "A" certificate. Domestic. Runs 61 minutes.

**Guy Kibbee** .......... Leon Logue

**Alex Kelly** .......... Ada Coggin

**Betty Furness** .......... Lella Coggin

**Stanley Maples** .......... Herb Thompson

**Gene Lockhart** .......... Sir Basil Bronte

**Edward Norris** .......... Fiddie Fossett

**Dorothy Gaver** .......... Goo

**Ivan Larson** .......... Hap

**Heather Thatcher** .......... Carie

**Frank Fuggia** .......... Fossett

**Adams Stambouly** .......... Jean

Directed by George B. Seaton. From a screen play by Anita Loos.

The inanities of the plot and the absurdities of the characters prove too dear a toll for the acting of a capable cast and the picture only provides moderate entertainment.

Alice Brady makes the most of the role of a social climber who drags her husband and daughter round the world seeking culture.

She is sponged on by pseudo-intellectuals and her daughter throws herself at the head of an irresponsible crooner. The former is played by Betty Furness and the latter by Stanley Morner who also croons.

Guy Kibbee is as good as the father and gives the only natural performance in the piece.

The satire misses fire and there is a spate of not very clever dialogue.

**FICTILE DISTRIBUTORS.** American. "U" certificate. Runs 60 minutes.

**Red Lease** .......... Larry Evans

**R. E. Williams** .......... Norah E. Williams

**Duncan Renaldo** .......... De Sylva

**Tora Mogris** .......... Steve

**Charles Delaney** .......... Steve

**Marty Pratt** .......... Steve

**Yasima Caputo** .......... Barney

**Edward Norris** .......... Adams

Directed by Eimer Cliffon.

**Crime story of crookery on the motorway.** Track dealing with the familiar theme of the ace driver who loses his nerve but regains it and outwits the crooks.

Acting is on a low average level, none of the artists being particularly outstanding.

Main appeal lies in the track racing.

**CAN THIS BE DIXIE?**

**Fox.** American. "B" certificate. Comedy. Runs 60 minutes.

**Jane Withers** .......... Peg Gugli)

**Bas Smith** .......... Steve

**Helen Upton** .......... Virginia Peake

**William Brian** .......... Gordon

**Sara Haden** .......... Miss Beauregard Peake

**Colonel Robert E. Lee Peake** .......... Gordon

**Donald Craig** .......... Steve

**James Burke** .......... Sheriff N. B. F. Rider

**Les Forster** .......... Steve

**Hattie McDaniels** .......... Lizzie

**Troy Brouwer** .......... Jeff Davis Branch

**Ancestors**

**Robert Warlow** .......... General Beauregard Peake

**Ferdinand Mayhew** .......... Major Boothen von Peake

**Billy Birtcher** .......... John F. Smith Peake

**William Worthington** .......... George Washington Peake

**Otho Harlan** .......... Thomas Jefferson Peake


**Jolee Wales** does her best as the small niece of a travelling medicine man in this curious extravaga which introduces romance, the radio, horse racing and plantation songs. She is, however, swamped by her indifferent material.

Cecile Gillingwater amuses for a time as an old colonel who forms an affection for the little girl when the medicine man camps on his estate.

Slim Summerville is in character as the uncle, but he too is starved of material.

The varied ingredients which go to make up the picture are too carelessly strung together to hold the interest at all well.

**LUCKY JADE**


**Betty Ann Davies** .......... Betty Bunn

**John Warwick** .......... John Marden

**Deek Goff** .......... Bob Grant

**Clair Arnold** .......... Mrs. Sparrow

**Syd Crossley** .......... Richard Ricketts

**Gordon Court** .......... Ken Rickert

**Richard Littlejohn** .......... Dingley Dunn

**Leonard Shepard** .......... Mr. Marden

**Tony Wyler** .......... Whitley

**Bower and Ravel** .......... Dancers

Directed by Walter Summers. From a story by Jane Brown.

Complex but weak plot dealing with the adventures of a par- toid lard who wants to be an actress and uses her employer's house in which to party when he is away.

Crooks come in to steal his valuable collection of jade but are outwitted by the maid and the employer's nephew, one of whom falls for her.

Betty Ann Davies is fair but the only really worth while action comes from Claire Arnold as the crook and Syd Crossley as the butler.

Very indifferent entertainment.

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**RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS**

**I HAVE received many requests to publish the film releases in the actual release date and that such a list, with references to the pictures which they appear in in *Picturegoer*, would be helpful. It is our aim to make these columns as fully informative and useful to our readers as possible, so am including every week the list suggested in alphabetical order and the number of the issue in which it appeared.

**Arms Men Beasts (3)** .......... May 15

**Bangs on My Knee (5)** .......... May 17

**Big Broadcast of 1937 (2)** .......... May 22

**Boots of旺盛 (2)** .......... July 3

**Cain and Mabel (2)** .......... May 20

**Californian Maid (2)** .......... July 5

**Charlie Chan on the Opera (2)** .......... June 18

**Crush Up (2)** .......... July 25

**Come Up Smiling (2)** .......... June 19

**Counterfeit (2)** .......... July 25

**Dangerous Number (2)** .......... May 25

**Emeralds (2)** .......... July 10

**Fingers at Zero (2)** .......... June 25

**Gay Desperado (2)** .......... May 15

**Great O'Malley (2)** .......... July 10

**Green Pastures (2)** .......... June 19

**Hogwards: Cassidy Brothers (2)** .......... June 30

**Im a Masons (2)** .......... July 3

**Lady from Shanghai (2)** .......... June 25

**Lady Reporter (2)** .......... June 18

**Lady of the Stranger (2)** .......... July 25

**Man of the People (2)** .......... June 19

**Mighty Tenders (2)** .......... May 22

**Milk on the Floss (2)** .......... June 5

**Mind Your Own Business (2)** .......... July 10

**More Than a Secretary (2)** .......... May 25

**Out of the Race (2)** .......... July 10

**One for All (2)** .......... May 15

**Oscar (2)** .......... July 3

**Plain Jane (2)** .......... June 25

**Prince of the Street (2)** .......... June 29

**Private Lives (3) (Re-release)** .......... June 25

**Polo Joe (2)** .......... June 12

**Tangled Memory (2)** .......... April 22

**That Girl From Paris (2)** .......... June 12

**Three Men in a Horse (2)** .......... June 11

**Three Smart Girls (2)** .......... May 25

**Thunder in the City (2)** .......... June 11

**Under Cover of Night (2)** .......... May 25

**Widow's Decoy (2)** .......... June 10

**Women of Glamour (2)** .......... July 10

---

He USED
to steer clear of her—

But she uses Odo-ro-no now!

**How many charming, pretty, witty girls are keeping 'Mr. Right' away by being careless! If only they would realise—as every civilized woman does now—that checking underarm perspiration should be just as essential a part of one's regular toilet routine as cleaning one's teeth. Women with self-respect use Odo-ro-no regularly.

Guards freshness—saves clothes.

Perspiration is sure to ruin 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.

Make sure you are free from the taint of perspiration! Don't expect friends to tell you . . . don't count on detecting it yourself.

Use Odo-ro-no regularly.

**ODO-RO-NO**

Prevents underarm perspiration and saves dresses.

**There are a 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. Once you use it you keep free from perspiration for a week.

Try both kinds of Odo-ro-no. Send 2d. in stamps for trial bottles of both Instant (clear) and Regular (red) Odo-ro-no. Use Coupon.

**Use Coupon**

Northam Warren Ltd. (Dept. D.1020),

215 Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1.

Name

Address

1/5 also larger and smaller sizes

Both bottles carry, attached to the stoppers, a convenient sponge 'applicator'.

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35
"Rather Dick! I'm always game for a long day's hike!"

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 have 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 cellu-tissue, 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 can 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.

I REALLY cannot understand the attitude adopted by some Hollywood stars towards British studios and British films.

They come over here for, presumably, at least as much money as they would receive for one day at Hollywood, are treated as reigning queens on the lot, get all the adulation and attention from press and public that even their publicity agents could possibly want, and then go home and complain about everything connected with things "flickic" at this side of the "herring pond."

Ann Harding says she was kept hanging about for months doing nothing, but surely even that was just as well as she did start work it was in the notable Love From a Stranger which gives her the best break she has had for years. Would Miss Harding really have preferred to be pushed into just any production and taken a chance on its being a success?

Let us have Hollywood people here by all means but let them be a little considerate of our feelings on their return to their home ground.—M. G. Allman, 139 McDonald Road, Edinburgh.

(Still, there is the possibility that they have been misrepresented by certain interviewers, who are inclined to elaborate a chance remark. —"Thinker.")

Kept by Crime

• When the reel of film has been unwound, producers should get together and erect a statue to crime.

In every film I have seen for years crime has had some feature in it. Whether seeing the machinations of a gangster, Western desperadoes at work, or watching the reporter blow the city wide open meet with cinematic crime.

It would be a good test for moralists who prate that crime should get some featured in films how many crime-free films could be made, and on what subject?

Then, if the moralist insists that films should be abolished, ask him also to abolish almost all the great books including most of Shakespeare's plays.

Truly, a crime free cinematic world would be as strange as a book staved world.—A. Carol, 48 Southey Crescent, Sheffield, who is awarded the first prize of £1. 1.

With Love to Bing

Dear Bing, we love to hear you croon

About the roses and the moon,
Your singing still is very charming
And your manner most disarming.
But—your waistline, Sir, is going;
I implore you, take up rowing,
Take up boxing, skating, swimming,
Take up anything that's slimming!
For those inches we're deploiring,
"Try a diet?" we're imploiring.
You advised, "Keep young and healthy;"
Don't you get like all the wealthy;
Please don't let your waistline suffer,
If you're tempted, just get tougher,
And resist those sickly dishes.
Won't you please respect our wishes?
If your resolution's slipping
Don your shorts and go out skipping;
Don't sleep on while day is dawning,
Do your daily morning run;
Soon your waist will be returning,
Hope in all our hearts is burning.
Croon with all your vim and vigour—

But please don't neglect your figure!

(Miss) Maitie James, 27 Chilton Avenue, Stiltonbourne, Kent, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Realism

• Your reader's "scrap" book reminds me of a film "scrap" I shall never forget.

It was in the old days of the late Fred Thompson and many of the Westerns where fighting and run-away trains were much in evidence. A friend had taken six of us children to see it as a special treat.

The little boy next to me got most fearfully excited, and, when Fred Thompson suddenly began to get the better of his enemies, hitting right and left, let drive with his fist and landed me one plonk on the nose!

It was swollen for days afterwards but it certainly made it the most realistic fight I had seen on the films!—(Miss) Joyce T. Corlett, "Bowshaw," Selborne Drive, Douglas, Isle of Man.

(If this is a foretaste of "the fusties"? —"Thinker.")

Impetuosity

• Does not British filmdom err rather on the side of impetuosity in its desire to create new big-names in films?

The mere whisper of praise cast out upon some supporting player is sufficient to elevate that performer to the dizzy heights of stardom. Had Lewis Stone or C. Aubrey Smith been acting in British films it is safe to assert that they would have been stars long ago. Yet how much more valuable it becomes towards those players in supporting roles, and how fatuous and unnecessary to alter that which is almost perfect.

Britain possesses too few supporting players of such calibre. Such men as Gordon Harker and Max Miller, for instance, are of the rare type who can turn a mediocre film into a great one.

Hollywood, in its wisdom, realises that there are certain supporting players who are too valuable as supporting players to convert them into stars.

Britain should realise this, too, and not rush to create stars of players who show their true greatness in supporting others.—L. A. Turvey, 112 Tennyson Road, Portsmouth, Southamptom.

(But what better star material could you find than these sterling players? —"Thinker.")

"Post-synch."

• I am sixteen years of age and have never heard the real voice of Garbo.

In Picturegoer I often read about the husky voice of Garbo which moves me. Every M.G.M. picture that comes to our island is synchronised in French. I often hear in synchronised pictures the actress or the actor say "Yes" instead of "Oui."

I am so anxious to hear that husky voice of Garbo. Then Gable's, Shearer's and all the M.G.M.'s stars' real voices—not the voices of unknown Frenchmen and women. Film fans in England and U.S.A. are lucky ones for they have never seen a synchronised picture, and some of them perhaps, don't know that there is such a thing as "co-synchronisation."

Can't they stop this, Mr. Thinker?—K. Yazmadjian, c/o P.O. Box 6, Nicosa, Cyprus.

(I'm afraid I don't see any remedy.—"Thinker.")

The Right Way

• I should very much like to say a word or two about a Film Club.

I have just recently joined the "Bebe Daniels and John Lyon Club" which they both attended the first meeting.

May I recall a letter printed in January 30, (Continued on page 38)
...Ask your Hairdresser to give you a HILTONE Hair Bleach

You can always trust it!

Whether you wish to become an ash blonde or have the natural light of your hair restored, HILTONE will give you the exact shade you want. And your hair will lose none of its elasticity, for HILTONE gently dissolves away the colour without in any way affecting the natural structure of the hair.

HILTONED HAIR PERMS PERFECTLY!
Your Hairdresser will be pleased, too, when you ask for a HILTONE BLEACH because it doesn't make your hair dry, brittle, or "split". HILTONE leaves your hair soft, silky, and pliable which is exactly how your Hairdresser likes it to be when he gives you a perm.

GIVES HAIR A NATURAL TONE!
Another thing about a HILTONE BLEACH that will please you immensely is that it does not give your hair that glaring "peroxidized" appearance. Not even a microscopic examination can reveal that HILTONE has been used. Your hair bends you a perfect natural tone. So remember always to ask your hairdresser to use HILTONE BLEACH.

SUN LOTION
SUN TONIC
POWDER BASE
in one

Many a girl has made herself more lovely—acquired a glorious golden tan, with "Skol." "Skol" is non-oily, lets through the ultra-violet rays and wards off harmful burning rays, and is a beneficial tonic to your skin. It is also a splendid powder base.

SEND FOR SAMPLE BOTTLE NOW
Send 3d. in stamps to SKOL Sun Lotion (Dept. P) 1, Rochester Row, London, S.W.1, for a sample bottle.

Brown discoloured Teeth

in 2 minutes

Send two minutes, after you have cleaned your teeth tonight, in making them spotlessly white as no toothbrush can! The Zepto pencil simply wipes away tobacco film, stains and tartar like magic; don't let dingy discoloured teeth spoil an attractive smile any longer. The Zepto pencil is obtainable at all chemists for only 9d. Be sure you get the genuine Zepto which is entirely harmless to the enamel; cheap abrasives are dangerous. A Zepto pencil completes the work of your toothbrush.

SPECIAL OFFER
To prove to you how easily it whitens teeth we will send you a sample Zepto pencil in coloured case for 6d. only. Fill in the coupon below.

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To Thomas Christie & Company, Ltd. 4-12 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4
Please send me one trial size Zepto pencil for which I enclose 6d. in stamps.

NAME ..........................................................
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Remember this—men with serious intentions are attracted by natural looking girls.

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All your beauty-aids should have the Olive Oil that naturally protects and revives the suppleness of your skin. So for your complete make-up and colour harmony use the other Outdoor Girl beauty products—

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The Soothing Healing Antiseptic
ARE YOU STILL USING YOUR WINTER SHADE OF POWDER?

Why Coty has added 2 new shades to the "Air Spun" range

Probably you have already noticed it. The shade of powder that seemed ideal for you in January isn't quite right now. Summer warmth has added subtle new tones to your colouring. For certain special types most affected by this change, Coty has created two exclusive new shades of "Air Spun" powder.

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FOR BLONDIES. Does your powder seem a little "cold" now that summer days are here? "Miblond" will bring out that bloom of warmth that makes your type so especially attractive at this time of the year.

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Large size box 2/3 Half size box 1/3

ROCHELLE HUDSON

- Hailed as the successor to Janet Gaynor on the Fox lot, where Janet qued her for so long, Rochelle ("Rocie" to her intimates) has been in films since she was fifteen; she is twenty-three now. She was born in Claremore, Oklahoma (Will Rogers of beloved memory came from there, too), but her parents moved to Los Angeles while she was still at school.

- Although she started early in the studies it was years before she got a break. That came, in fact, in 1933 when Boots Mallory dropped out of the cast of Doctor Bull through illness and Rochelle got the feminine lead.

- Recent films include: Tainted Money, Woman Wise and Hearts in Reunion.

Rochelle Hudson is 5 ft 3 in. tall and has brown hair and eyes. Her birthday is on March 6.

WARREN HULL

- Is regarded as one of the up and coming young men in Hollywood. He was born in Glassport, New York, 21 years ago, attended school there and later the Eastman School in Rochester.

- It was while he was at that seat of learning that he got his first theatrical engagement—he was one of the Schubert production of The Love Song. He appeared with success in a number of other stage productions and then went into radio entertainment, in which he established a reputation that led to a screen test and a Hollywood contract.

- Hull made his film bow in Personal Maid's Secret and has since been seen in Bengal Tiger, Rhythm on the River, All One Night, Modern Madness, Fugitive in the Sky and Her Husband's Secretary.

CLAUDE HULBERT

- Is younger than his famous brother Jack, having been born in London on December 25, 1900,—"on Christmas Day and next door to a workhouse," he complains. Like Jack he graduated at Cambridge and was a supporter of the Footlights Society, rising to the exalted rank of Vice-President. And like another famous comedian, Bobby Howes, his earliest theatrical ambitions lay in the direction of acrobatics. His professional career actually began, however, in that great nursery for comedy talent, the concert party. Here he had the good fortune to attract the attention of George Grossmith and Enid Trevor, who is now Mrs. Claude Hubert. A leading part on tour in The Beauty Prize followed and soon after Claude came on the scene as a series of musical shows at the Winter Garden.

- Starting in small parts in films a few years ago, he quickly established his screen popularity and recently he has been one of the busiest comedians in the British studios. He has been selected this year in Take a Chance, The Visitor, It's A Nice Crickit, Ship's Company and his latest is You Live and Learn, with Glenda Farrell.

- Claude Noel, to give him his full name, is 5 ft. 10 in. tall and has fair hair and blue eyes.

JACK HULBERT

- Was born on April 24, 1896, at Ely, Cambridgeshire, the son of a doctor, and was educated at Westminster and Cambridge. It was while he was at the University that he developed his flair for theatricals and was first noticed by Robert Courtenay, the famous stage producer. Jack made his professional debut in a Courtneidge show at the Shaftesbury in 1913. He was making a name in musical comedies when he spent the next few years in France. He was back on the stage again in 1919 and in the next few years established himself as one of London's leading light comedians.

- Jack's talkie debut in Elstree Calling was not auspicious, but in The Ghost Train and Sunshine Sue he achieved as great a prestige on the screen as he had previously earned on the stage. In his latest, Take My Tip, he is teamed again with his brother and his first appearance in the show was as the Ghost in a Reunion.

- Jack is 6 ft. tall and has brown hair and blue eyes.

WHAT DO YOU THINK? Contd.

1937, about the way stars treat their club (that is, not to attend when asked)? Well, I feel very sorry for members of such a club if their star doesn't appreciate them.

- Our two stars not only attended just to show themselves, but sat amongst us listening to suggestions that would make our club a success (who could wish for a better evening's enjoyment?).

- That is the genuine kind; no publicity wanted; looking after the comfort of the members only. (Miss) Sally Koster, 378 Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, London, E.2.

- (The secret is that Bertie and Ben are both "humans," likeable people.—"Thinker.")

SPOILING THE JOKE

- Why does the film censor want to stop kids from seeing funny films? In case you don't know what I mean by this, I will explain. The papers say that there will now be a new "category of films—H, or "horrible," and that films of this sort will not be shown to kids whether they take adults with them or not.

- I can't see the sense of this, because horror pictures never make me lose any sleep. In fact, they make me laugh. Especially those things Boris Karloff acts in—about dead corpses turning into live corpses (I'll bet Karloff has the record for "coming back to life" on the screen; Gracie Fields must have seen him when she sang "He's dead but he won't lie down").

- Besides, we can buy much more horrific stuff in boys' papers at twopenance a time—and we can take those to bed to read, so why stop us seeing tamer stuff on the films?

- It's too bad I can't take any more adults to see horrific films. I get such a laugh out of seeing them shudder at the silly things.—George Fullard (Age 13) 53 Desmond Crescent, Manor Estate, Sheffield, 2

BANK ON IT!

- British Film Captains, you must be Calm through the storm, and brave. England expects the Industry—Saved without aid from Sav-ings Banks.

- Carged with Epics, found ring deep. Your gold-logged bark can't live. Choose lighter subjects, rich—but cheap I you'll coax her to the Riv-er Banks.

- And use THe star, whose light's most strong. "I know the man I" you sez. "Praised by the press; loved of the throng; Best in the business.—Leslie Banks I"—Mary Lynton, 8 St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, London, N.W.1.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

- What do you think about the stars and films?

- Let us have your opinion briefly.

| £1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s.—for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," "Marti lett Court House, Martlet Court House, Bow Street, W.C.2.
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Grow It Like This

Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak and falling out in clumps until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics, but nothing worked. Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued and the hair is now thick and lustrous and has a thick mane of waves and more healthy looking.

M. J. MURPHY

Read this letter. See how you, too, can stop your hair falling and grow it again, thicker and stronger than ever.

"My hair was falling rapidly and becoming terribly thin," wrote Miss D. B. of "I had tried different lotions, 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. Also my hair, which was greasy growing, now took its natural colour."

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Lucht-Tangee Ltd., 68 Regent Street, W.| Please send Miracle Make-Up Set of 4 Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 6d. (crossed P.O. or stamp). Mark shade: F. Flesh R. Rachel D. Light Rachel (naturall)

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BLOCK LETTERS

P.S.N.

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Mark shade: F. Flesh R. Rachel D. Light Rachel (natural)

NAME

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P.S.N.
LET GEORGE DO IT!

A. C. (Rotterdam).—(1) Leslie Howard is at present making N.T. Love I'm After with Betta Davis for Warner Bros. (2) Robert Donat was to appear in South Riding with Edna Best, but has had to relinquish his part owing to illness, and Ralph Richardson is playing the role. (3) Michael Whalen took the part of George Foster in Professional Soldiers.


LESLIE HOWARD FAN (Emma).—We published a centre spread of The Scarlet Pimpernel in the Christmas Number, 1934 issue of this magazine, which is now out of print. We did not publish either a supplement or the story of this film.

M. H. (Tokyo).—The photographs of all the stars you mention can be obtained from the Postcard Box, 53 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 5d each, 2s 6d a dozen.

CURIOUS M. (Gibraltar).—Jeanette MacDonald born June 18, 1907.

B. C. (Acton).—Sophie Tucker, b. Connecticut, real name Daphne Abaza, her parents were Russian.


PICTUREGOER (Hastings).—Details of Tarzan films to date: Tarzan and the Ape with Elmo Lincoln; Tarzan and the Golden Lion, James Pierce; Tarzan the Mighty and the Tiger, Frank Morgan and Natalie Kingston; Tarzan the Age Man, Tarzan and His Mate and Tarzan Empire with Johnnie Weismuller and Maureen O'Sullivan; Tarzan the Fearless with Buster Crabbe and Jacqueline Wells; New Adventures of Tarzan, Herman Brix and Lila Holt. (3) No article of a Simonine Simon Fan Club. (4) Silver Blonde, Aug. 21, 1931. (5) No article of Arthur Wontner, Lynn Harding, Ian Fleming, Eve Grey, Judy Gunn, Martin Walker.

G. A. C. (Paddington).—Wrote to Warner Baxter c/o Twentieth Century-Fox Studios. S. L. (Whetstone).—Release dates as follows: Anthony Adverse, Jan. 11, 1937; Mystery on the Bounty, Sept. 21, 1936; Camille, Sept. 6, 1937; A Tale of Two Cities, Oct. 5, 1936; The Great Ziegfeld, March 1, 1937. You must write to the film companies about the reissue of any of the above films.

The others are all Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

T. B. (Bristol).—Yes, James and Jimmy Ellison are the same person. He was b. Valer, Montana, 1919, is 6 ft tall and has dark hair and blue eyes and is married to Gertrude Durkin. Films include: The Winning Ticket, Riches, Hopalong Cassidy, The Eagles Brood, Eventful Journey, Back River Rider Again, The Marines Have Landed, Call of the Prairie, Three on a Trail, Heart of the West, The Platinum, Trail Dust, Borderland, and has been signed to play the title role in a film based on the life of the great American scout, Buffalo Bill. (2)

Bing Crosby's latest film is Double Trouble with Mary Carlisle.

M. W. (Chesterfield).—(1) Thelma Todd's last film was After the Dance. She died Dec. 1935. (2) Daniel Haywood, I Dwelt in Marble Halls, in the Bohemian Girl.

REGULAR READER (Surrey).—Jackie Cooper is an only child. He was born Sept. 15, 1923.

NINO MARTINI FAN (Muswell Hill).—Nino Martini, b. Verona, Italy, is 5 ft. 10 in. tall and weighs 148 lbs., has brown hair and grey-green eyes. He made his singing debut at the age of ten as a choir boy in St. Peter's Church, and began his vocal training at eighteen, at La Scala, Milan, and three years later made his operatic debut in Milan, as the Duke in Rigoletto. While Jesse L. Lasky was touring Europe he attended an opera in Milan and decided to offer a contract. Later Nino joined the Philadelphia Opera Co. and is today leading tenor at the Metropolitan. His films include: Paramount on Paramount, To Rome With Love, A Gay December, and is scheduled for Song of India and A Royal Romance.

BURBLES (Newport).—Clifford Evans, b. Feb. 17, 1912, Certiff, is 5 ft. 11 in. tall, and weighs 10 st.; has black hair and blue eyes. Films include: Calling the Tune, Getters Alone, The Thin Man and Star of the Circus, write to him c/o Associated British Pictures.

P. (Australia).—(1) Frank Leigh took part in the Tommy Dawson and John Louden that of Old Pool in Thumbuged. (2) Carole Lombard and William Powell were divorced in 1914. (3) Evelyn Lay's serve: "When I Grow Too Old to Dream," in The Adventures of Don Juan.

J. T. (Essen).—The late Ross Alexander was born July 27, 1908, and he died on Jan. 2, 1937.

J. B. (Essen).—Music is Captain January as follows: "Early Bird," and "At the Golden Ball." Both written by Keith Kint. Please, we have no details of any records of these songs.

INTERESTED (Surrey).—Betty Bronson and Josephine Dunn please write to A. J. in the Singing Pool. (1) Irene Duane was born July 1, 1904.

A. J. F. (Croydon).—(1) Birthdays, Janet Gaynor, Oct. 6, 1907; Bing Crosby, May 2, 1904. (1) Birthdays, real name Harry Lillie Crosby. His films and leading ladies, since 1934, Too Much Harmony, Judith Allen; Going Hollywood, My Secret Love, Waikiki Storm, Carole Lombard; She Loves Me Not, Miranda Hopkins; Here Am I, My Heart, Kitty Carlisle; Mississippi and Tam for Tonight, Joan Bennett; Rhymes on Rafters, Frances Farmer; Pamela From Heaven, Madge Evans, Vahshi Wadding, Shirley Ross, and Double Trouble, Mary Carlisle. (3) Janet Gaynor latest film: A Star Is Born, and Lucille Ball. Don't Tell the Wife.

M. H. (Staffs).—Photographs of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers please be obtained from the Postcard Box, address above, 5d a dozen. He can write to both these stars c/o Radio Studios for their autographs.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

Filmmers of any age and either sex are invited to join the INTERNATIONAL FILM FANS FAN CLUB. Overseas members are particularly wanted. Edna Best, (Canada and the United States), When writing, would-be members are asked to state a few personal particulars, age, interests, favourite screen actors, etc., for publication in the monthly Club Notices. Also for magazine purposes (although this is optional) a personal photograph may also be included. Full particulars of the club and its activities may be obtained from the President, William Redfern, 15 Dundee Road, Midway, near Burton-on-Trent, Staffs.

A fan club for Turner Layton has been formed and full particulars can be obtained from A. Wetherell, 14 New Street, Shelsford, Lincs. Mr. Layton has consented to become President of the Club and all readers who are interested are welcome.

The NEIL HAMILTON FAN CLUB welcomes new members. This interesting club is run with the help and personal backing of Neil Hamilton. An autographed photograph of Neil is sent to all new members, and the club publish their own papers—'Hamil-Tones' regularly. Write to one of the following, according to the district in which you live, for full particulars: President, Jim Ramsay, 41 Holburne Terrace, Clackmannanshire, Scotland; secretary for Great Britain, Ruth G. Head, Uddington, Glasgow, Scotland; secretary for Ireland, Mr. Mack, 73 Bock Road, Bootsterns, Gp. Dublin, Ireland, and secretary for Midlands, Mr. Hacker, 163 Horsey Field, Wolverhampton, Staffs.

It is advisable to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.

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Razors are old-fashioned. They only make the hair grow faster and thicker. Nasty smelling pastes and powders are quite out of date. With New 'Veet' (entirely new and improved formula) hair removal is quick and pleasant, safe and easy. Successful results guaranteed or your money refunded. By exclusive arrangement every woman reader of this paper can now obtain a special package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 3d. in stamps to cover postage, packing and other expenses.

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NAME

ADDRESS
LEAVE IT TO ANNE

WHAT about a mixed bag this week of the kind of queries that arise when holiday time comes round again?

Is it good for the hair to let the sun play upon it? Within reason, yes. Sunlight and fresh air will help hair that has been covered by a hat all the dull winter. But strictly in moderation. If you give your hair a very sunny view you will find that it bleaches it to a tint that is difficult to distinguish from grey if you are naturally fair. If you are a brunette, it turns it gingery and dry.

Salt water is an enemy of hair, and if you have accidentally let the water into your bathing cap, it is absolutely essential that you rinse the hair free from salt with fresh water.

The best plan is to wear a water-excluder inside your cap. The soft chamois band that goes around the forehead is quite effective.

Do you find that the bright reflected light of the sea gives you a headache? Most women are sensible enough to take care of their eyes in these days, and few scorn to wear sun glasses.

But, if you still get that seaside headache round about tea time and want to freshen up for the evening, try this treatment:

Buy a bottle of good eye lotion, and an eyebath. Better still buy two eyebaths in different colours and keep one for each eye. It is more hygienic. Put a little of the lotion into the bath and use in the ordinary way, that is, leaning forward to fit the bath tightly against the eye, and then throwing the head backwards with the eye open till you can see the liquid.

While the eye is submerged and open, rotate it. Look first to the right, then down, then left, and finally upwards. Repeat in the opposite order. Repeat ten times. Repeat on the other eye. This exercise not only helps to strengthen the eye muscles but it prevents wrinkles around the eyes as well.

While you are doing this set two small towels to soak, one in warm water and the other in cold water. Wring out the hot towel. Lie down on the bed and fold it across the eyes. Rest for five minutes and then change over to the cold towel.

Thir is all you have to do, but your headache goes and your eyes look bright and beautiful.

An anti-wrinkle cream or an oil is a good standby on holiday. For with it you may at once counteract those little wrinkles that come from screwing up the eyes.

If you have unwisely caught too much sun without the protection of a special cream or lotion, calamine lotion is the stuff to apply. Dab it on liberally and just ignore the white surface of powder which it leaves. It will take the sting out of the sunburn.

If your skin is actually blistered, take care to keep away from soap and water and ask the chemist for a tansy acid dressing. He should be able to supply this ready to use from a tube, but if he is out of stock, the next best thing is a zinc and eucalyptus ointment.

Spread it on lint and lightly bandage on the burned skin before going to bed.

If you gave your feet a little attention earlier, and kept your toenails trim, you will not need to have changed them on the beach.

Every day in the bath, bend and wriggle the toes about, twisting first this way and then that. This will make them supple. Then be sure to dry them thoroughly with the towel, particularly between the toes, which should also be dusted with talcum powder.

In warmer weather they respond to a hardening treatment with a toilet oil de Cologne or methylated spirits.

Once a week give a special footbath. Sit with your feet in the bath for 10 to 30 minutes. Add special foot salts, or a couple of handfuls of bath Epson Salts. Or you may add a few drops of iodine. See also refreshing and also strengthening to weak ankles.

After drying the feet, follow with pedicure. Rub all the callous with purine—just ordinary pureine stone. After a few treatments you will find that hard corns may be rubbed out as well. Cut or clip the nails straight across, and smooth them off with a file.

Then rub with methylated, working from the toes to the ankles. If your skin is very dry, give one week of methylated and follow by a week of olive oil massage.

Finally do your exercises: Stand close to a straight backed chair with hands on the top rail. Rise and fall on heels and toes. Then rise from the banks of the feet as high as you can on the toes. While you do this flex and arch the feet as strongly as possible.

Then sit on a straight backed chair with the legs stretched straight out in front of you. Stretch them as far as you can. Push the heels out and the toes down. Then raise and rotate the feet, first to the left and then to the right.

Finally dust with talcum powder if you massaged with oil, or with a little cream if you massaged them with methylated.

D. F. (Folkstone).—There is a new liquid soapless shampoo on the market this summer which will solve all the usual holiday hair problems of which you complain. It is called Drene and is packed in neat that bottles that slide easily into your week-end bag.

L. E. (Sussex).—Yes, I can thoroughly recommend Leuna Sun Tan Cream for relieving sunburn. It will also help you to tan evenly and quickly, and will prevent discomfort of any kind—and most important, it is non-greasy.

If there is a problem I can help you to solve, please do not hesitate to write to me. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply. Address your letter to A.E. c/o THE PICTUREREG. Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

This week’s prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss M. Cullen, 31 Gatre, Gate House, Kenilworth, Warks, for—

Ticket to Paradise Bought One for All My Wife’s Family

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to—

M. House, 41 Rawcliffe Street, South Shore, Blackpool, for—

Meet the Duchess The Great Impersonation Escape Me Never Hi Nellie

M. Tavale, Westmin, Buntingford, Herts, for—

Miss H. Knights, 69 Cavendish Drive, Leytonstone, E.11, for—

These Three Women My Dangerous Miss J. Bradley, 62 Lincoln Road, Walpole, Staffs, for—

As the Earth Turns The World Moves On Boys Will Be Boys

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: Picturereg, Martlett House, Bow Street, W.C.

The usual entrance fee and there are other rules, except that I must insist on your titles ‘being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.
LOVELY ladies ... charming men ... glamorous gowns ... gaiety ... brilliant conversation ... and whispered confidences. All the stars and "scarlets" of the glittering film world ... waiting to give you the thrill of a lifetime ... in "The Picturegoer Summer Annual," now on sale, price 6d.

Here is the whole fascinating pageant of screenland, 100 pages of the latest and greatest personalities of the modern films, telling you the secrets of their public and private lives in heart-to-heart talks and sparkling photogravure pictures, including 20 full page Art Plate portraits. Here's Joel McCrea telling you "I was a sap until I married" (What do you think?) ... and William Powell asking "Are you the perfect wife?" (he actually sets you his own special list of test questions). Here's some expert advice in "What do men fall for?"—(the Ginger Rogers' charm, the Miriam Hopkins "approach" and the Myrna Loy subtlety). Here's "What I'll tell my Son" by Joan Blondell (strictly confidential, of course) ... Eleanor Powell saying "I'll never dance with Astaire!" (we wonder!) ... Elissa Landi declaring "You must have brains" ... "Secrets of a Hollywood Doctor" and countless other attractions.

Don't miss "The Picturegoer Summer Annual" or you'll never forgive yourself. The demand is enormous. Hurry for your copy now—from all bookstalls and newsagents—price 6d.

DON'T miss these wonderful new "Picturegoer" postcards, just released, for your collection. Just look at these examples. Could anything be more eloquent of its charm than this delightful "Colourgraph" of Robert Taylor and Grete Garbo, or more typical of the fascination of the screen than the glamorous, exotic Margo?

Put these on order at once—and at the same time complete your collection from the latest list below. Remember "Picturegoer" gives you nearly 2,000 cards from which to choose—the best in the world.

5/- ALBUM FREE

By joining the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club you can obtain liberal Discounts on future orders and in addition you will receive a 5/- Album FREE. This magnificent book, which holds 300 cards, is beautifully bound to resemble real snake-skin and lettered in gold. If you wish you can obtain a super De Luxe Album in Blue Rexine. Decide now to be a member of this happy postcard club. To join send an order for not less than one dozen postcards at the regular price of 2/6 per dozen.

Choose your cards from the list given below or include the name of well-known stars. Real photos, 3d, each, 2d. dozens. On sale to members and non-members alike. The latest list of nearly 1,000 cards sent free on request.


Colourgraph: Faire Knowles, Norma Shearer, Errol Flynn, Mary Ellis, Olivia de Havilland.

In the most unexpected places

The illustration below shows a retailer's cottage premises in the little village of Cockfield, Suffolk. Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes can be purchased here, as in many similar picturesque and remote spots all over the country.

Here, there, everywhere, in the most unexpected places it is possible to buy Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes—the favourite of millions. The vast demand which makes this possible guarantees their unfailing freshness and proves their great popularity.

PLAYER'S MILD NAVY CUT CIGARETTES are not so well known as the popular Medium Navy Cut Cigarettes, but if your taste is for a mild and very smooth smoke, ask for Player's "MILD." An old established brand, the prices are the same as for "Medium" 10-6d, 20-11d.
INTRODUCING

Stainless Stephanie

Here she is, got up to kill. That lovely colouring, we assume, is not entirely the product of Nature—but who to-day would have it otherwise?
The Modern Girl is a work of art. She knows how to make the most of her looks. But she is also careful not to offend. Observe those cherry-ripe lips. Then observe the end of the cigarette they have been caressing. Her escort’s eyes are upon it. Are they affronted by an ugly smear of lipstick upon that choice De Reszke? No.
And it’s just because she smokes the new De Reszke Minors with the RED TIPS—the brilliant notion that prevents lipstick from showing on a cigarette, and helps men to preserve their beautiful illusions.

The Modern Girl smokes

De Reszke MINORS

30 FOR 1/- 15 FOR 6d

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILIPS LTD.

De Reszke Minors
30 for 1/- 15 for 6d
Red Tips for Red Lips
**GET RID OF THAT GIRL!**

I KNEW MY SALES RECORD WAS BAD BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHY.

WELL NOW, SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH, AND perhaps... 

BAD BREATH COMES FROM THE TEETH?

MULTI BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD BETWEEN BADLY CLEARED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOUR-BREEDING PARTICLES.

YOUR SALES RECORD THIS MONTH IS VERY GOOD MISS TAYLOR (THINKS) AND YOU'RE VERY PRETTY!

THANKS MR. BROWN! (THINKS) COLGATE IS MARVELOUS!

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

NOW... NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

**MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH?**

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause—the decaying food deposits, lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and all around the tongue. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel gently yet thoroughly. The regular use of Colgate's makes the teeth sparkle—gives a new brilliance to your smile!

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**FREE**

**SPECIMEN SACHET and BETTY BRAND’S BOOKLET**

"On Choosing a Hair Style"

ACCEPT Eugène's special offer and learn how easy it is to give to your hair natural, graceful waves and curls, which readily lend themselves to a perfect setting in any of the new hair styles. This is only possible by using Eugène Sachets. Send for sachet and booklet to-day.

**Fashion favours '4711'**

Every toilet need is provided by the makers of the famous "4711". Genuine Eau de Cologne—fashion's favourite from bath to boudoir.

**Non-Greasy ODO-RO-NO ICE**

Checks perspiration

Odo-ro-no Ice is a cream deodorant created on an entirely new principle—it vanishes instantly. It cannot leave a greasy or sticky film to come off on your clothes. Its delightful texture is light and fluffy—it pats on easily and is absorbed completely—you don't have to work it in. And Odo-ro-no Ice never develops a musty odour of its own; its clean, fresh smell of pure alcohol evaporates immediately.

Odo-ro-no Ice is the perfect cream deodorant—used according to directions, it protects clothes and guarantees a dry, odourless underarm for 1-3 days. Try it to-day, 1/6d. a jar at all good chemists and stores.
New Beauty Secret
from a Royal Princess — to you!

"I have found this new preparation so wonderfully effective that it makes unnecessary all the usual beauty aids. It is indeed such a boon to women that I am proud to permit it to be made known and to bear my name."

FIRST I will tell you how a new, wonderfully quick and effective beauty method came to be created for me.

"I have many engagements and court duties, as you know. Among other things, I must make official visits to hospitals, research laboratories and such places. And in that way, some time ago, I heard of a great scientific discovery about the skin.

"As a very busy woman I was immensely interested in this news.

A Great Scientific Discovery
"You see, I simply can't spend hours each day using creams and lotions or having facial treatments. So when I heard that the scientists had found one certain element to be the actual source of skin beauty, I asked about it.

"They showed me their proof. Almost incredible changes had taken place when this element was applied daily for just a few weeks. Skin that had been coarse, scaly, full of blemishes, became smooth, clear and youthful.

"Naturally, I had a cream prepared for me containing this element.

Almost incredible results!
"And I found it did more than all my usual beauty aids. It gave my skin the 5 fundamentals of care advised by my specialists. It served the purpose of skin food, cold cream, lotion, astringent and powder base.

This special cream — in one simple application taking just one minute — did all that a beauty expert could do in an hour's professional facial treatment.

"It was a secret too good to keep! What a boon to busy women everywhere! So I gladly permitted it to be made known as Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream."

One-Minute Application Combines the 5 Essentials to Beauty

it acts as a nourishing cream. Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream is a great advance over any skin-food or nourishing cream ever created. It restores worn, tired skin. Through the element put into it by the scientists — the source of skin beauty — this cream restores the youthful texture of skin that has become rough, scaly and marred with blemishes. Lines and wrinkles soften away.

it acts as a cleansing cream. This cream is so light and penetrating that it cleanses to the depths of the pores. Blackheads and blemishes disappear.

it serves the purpose of an astringent in refining the pores.

it acts as a protective cream. This cream keeps your skin lovely in the worst weather.

it acts as a powder base. This cream leaves your skin so soft that your powder goes on smoothly and clings for hours.

You use Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream as follows: smooth it on, pat it in for one minute, wipe it off; do this night and morning, and to remove make-up. Before powdering, apply a very little of the cream and wipe lightly.

Though Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream is so effective, it costs only 1/3 and 6d. a jar, 1/- and 6d. a tube, at chemists everywhere. But try it free — send in the coupon below.

FREE POST COUPON FOR 4 DAYS' SUPPLY
Dept. P.M. 1/4, Theron Laboratories, Limited, Perivale, Middlesex. Please send me, by return of post, without any expense to me, a 4 days' supply of Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream.

NAME:
ADDRESS:

PRINCESS MARGUERITE
ALL-PURPOSE Cream

July 24, 1937
DEAR MARLENE DIETRICH,

It cannot be all fun being one of the world's three most glamorous women.

Quite apart from the fact that the title takes a lot of living up to, much eminence notoriously arouses the resentment of the feminine neighbours who are not so glamorous.

The result in your own case has been a persistent and virulent campaign of Hollywood back-fence criticism of a kind to which few stars have been subjected.

It has pursued you almost since the day of your arrival in the American film capital. Then when, bewildered and unused to having your private life made into a Roman holiday for anyone with five cents to buy a newspaper, you retired into your shell, they said you had gone "high hat."

Since your return to America after your visit to England the campaign has been intensified—a campaign not of honest comment, but of petty cattiness.

It is with pleasure, therefore, that we note that you have come out into the open to denounce as untrue those rumours of a divorce, to tell the film colony gossips that your marriage is none of their damned business, anyway, and to defend your right to be a woman and mother as well as a film star.

"I consider Mr. Sieber the perfect husband and the perfect father," you declared. "After saying that, it is unnecessary to add that these rumours of a divorce are very, very wild." Those who know you intimately could add your own claims to being considered the perfect mother.

Your devotion to your daughter Maria has particularly been the target for the barbs of the Hollywood chatterers, though they can be sentimental enough about the adopted darlings of the American stars.

We remember how you were attacked when, during the production of The Scarlet Empress, you marched to the front office to do battle against the studio school-teacher on behalf of Maria, who was playing in the picture and had to attend the classroom on the Paramount lot, and we wondered why.

A studio schoolmarm is, perhaps, rather a humble person for the heavy artillery of a Dietrich, but outraged motherhood is at least an honest emotion, and honest emotions are as rare in Hollywood as honest publicity men.

Both your fellow artists and your fans should be grateful to you for having, by your consistent attitude on this question, struck a blow against the foolish convention that still persists in Hollywood under which marriages are kept secret and stars adopt children—sometimes their own children—so that the public may not lose its illusions of glamour about its film favourites.

You have shown us, and Hollywood, that you can be human off the studio floor, as well as glamorous on the screen, which is really all we have the right to demand of you.

In doing so you have removed some of the bunkum and ballyhoo of the Hollywood star system.

In the meanwhile, we are looking forward to seeing you in the Lubitsch-directed Angel.

We have something of a personal interest in the picture as years ago we were the first to advise you to put yourself in the hands of Herr Ernst for at least one film.

The master's touch was in evidence in Desire, which he produced and which, we think you will admit yourself, rescued you from the somewhat shaky position in which the too-long-continued Von Sternberg series had left you. Dietrich, actually directed by Lubitsch, promises much.

Equally pleasing is the news that you are to return to a comedy role in French Without Tears.

We have faith in your flair for comedy and we are really rather tired of seeing you in the type of part to which Hollywood has condemned you since The Blue Angel.

[Signature]

The Editor
"UNKNOWN" IN HARLOW ROLE

- Romance of £11-a-week Dancer.
- Dietrich and Lombard at war.
- The future of Simone Simon.
- British films discover Britain.

The latest news of Saratoga, Jean Harlow's unfinished film, is the report that Mary Dees has taken over and completed the role. Until she signed the M.-G.-M. contract Mary was a dancer on the Warner lot at £11 a week.

It is stated that favourable reaction to polls conducted by various newspapers has prompted the studio to finish the picture. According to present plans Lionel Barrymore will interpolate an explanation at the point where the film ends with Miss Harlow and the remaining scenes will be played with Miss Dees.

Filmland's Feuds
- Another promising film feud has let the gossip writers down. At one time marked signs of coolness between Clark Gable and his up-and-coming rival for the title of Number One Man at Metro, Robert Taylor, caused the scribblers to sharpen their pencils in joyous anticipation.

Now their relationship has developed into a friendship of Damon and Pythias quality. They have become partners in a business venture, but the real bond, apparently, is the Screen Actors' Guild, stars' trade union, of which both are ardent supporters.

- Well, perhaps we'll have better luck with the Marlene Dietrich-Carole Lombard affair. Marlene and Carole haven't got to the hair-pulling stage—yet—but it is stated that there is no love lost between the rival queens of the Paramount lot.

The Dietrich was not too pleased when Lombard got that new two million dollar contract last year, but the fight was really on when it was reported that Carole was to have the lead in French Without Tears.

That role was the apple of Marlene's eye. She "discovered" the play while she was in London and had persuaded her studio to buy the screen rights. She had come to regard the part as her personal property. She promptly stormed the front office and now that the smoke and dust of battle have cleared she stands victorious.

The picture, incidentally, will mark the German's return to a comedy part. It is well known that she is personally tired of those devastating but humourless and rather impossible glamour ladies Hollywood has almost always given her.

- Talking of feuds, I wonder if you will notice anything wrong with the love scenes in Night Must Fall. Perhaps it was the strain of making the change-over to heavy drama, but Robert Montgomery did not in the course of the production become an enthusiastic member of the Rosalind Russell Fan Club.

Rosalind, for her part, when questioned about the rift, said, "You'd better ask the star of the picture." It was not, as a witness remarked, what she said so much as the way she said it.

Then apart from the fact that he is married, there is little probability of there being any "Garbo Loves Boyer" posters to help along the sale of Marie Walewska. Nearly all the studio attention on the set has been devoted to Charles Boyer because he is playing Napoleon. For practically every scene they have had together Greta has had to cool her heels while special Napoleonic experts went into conference with the actor to decide exactly what the great man would have done under the circumstances.

And Ann Sothern, screen partner of Gene Raymond, was not among those present at his wedding.

Nice Work if You Can Get It
- Carole Lombard, by the way, is in serious danger of becoming the screen's highest paid star.

And so they were married. Jeanette Macdonald and Gene Raymond look as happy as a bride and groom should after their Hollywood wedding.

The other day she put her signature to a three-year contract with Selznick International at a reported guarantee of £35,000 a picture.

This is in addition to her three-picture-a-year contract with Paramount, at £30,000 a picture. Carole will do one picture a year for Selznick, which brings her annual income up to £125,000.

- Not since Mary Pickford and the day when Connie Bennett talked a meeting of hard-boiled Warner executives into handing her £6,000 a week, however, has the film world encountered such an astute business woman as the diminutive Sonja Henie.

Sonja heard about the gold in them there Hollywood hills and didn't waste any time talking about art. Producers smiled indulgently and went on about their business when, a year
ago, she quoted $18,000 as her price for a picture. The ice queen, determined to show them what a little girl with skates and sex appeal could do, hired a rink and in a few evenings collected $7,000, of which she gave $1,500 to charity.

Thus confronted with proof of her drawing power, Darryl Zanuck signed her up at the figure she asked. Her first film One in a Million has turned out a money-spinner and Sonja demanded a rise—and got it. She will receive $25,000 for Lovely to Look At, which was formerly known as Thin Ice.

She is regarded by the studio as an excellent showman and is conscious of the value of publicity. She does whatever her press agents ask and they have found that she is easy to publicize. Studios that ignored her when she first came to Hollywood have approached Fox offering double her salary for one picture.

Simone Goes Glamorous

- While Simone Simon is holidaying in her native France, Impresario Darryl Zanuck is nursing a headache about her future. The probability is that an attempt will be made to take her away from schoolgirl roles and make her a glamour girl once more.

That was the original intention when the actress was imported to Hollywood and thousands of dollars' worth of publicity was devoted to advertising her as "the best-dressed woman in the world." A boatload of clothes was supposed to have accompanied her from Paris.

Simone co-operated by turning up at her official Hollywood reception in a pair of old slacks.

The star's first picture on her return, it is announced this week, will be Suez, the theme of which will be the love life of Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, genius of the famous Canal.

Boom in Movie Music

- This is going to be a musical year in the movie houses. In comparison with 59 last year, a minimum of 50 are scheduled for the coming twelve months.

These will range from specially written operettas like Maytime to jazz revues, of which there are more on the list than at any time since the never-to-be-forgotten "all talking, all singing" days. Even the Dionne Quins will sing in their third picture Mother Knows Best. The talent scouts are busy searching for song birds, while those already in the studio who have voices are being pushed rapidly to the front.

I should not be surprised if the next big male star is not Allan Jones, who may become the greatest rival of Nelson Eddy, whom he succeeds as Jeanette MacDonald's partner in The Firefly. Jones, like Eddy, has been built up to stellar rank, slowly but thoroughly.

As a result of his success in the MacDonald picture he is to star in The Red Mill with Della Lind, the Viennese singer.

Donat on Screen Acting

- We raise our best bowler this week to Robert Donat, who, though he has as much pride in the theatre as any actor we know, is courageous enough not to take the snobbish view in the eternal controversy of stage versus screen acting.

While acknowledging that the technique of the screen itself is limited, he points out that whereas one can get away with flippancy, sloppiness and insincerity in the theatre, infinite care must be exercised in front of the camera. One of the reasons why we have so few actors who are successful both on stage and screen, he adds, is that too many actors have allowed themselves to be regarded as a rather boring, well paid joke. "Their performances in front of the camera, if also rather boring are not quite so much of a joke."

Donat's observations are made in a chapter on film acting which he contributes to Footnotes to the Film (Lovat Dickson, 18s.), other contributors include Alfred Hitchcock (on direction), Alexander Haig (on British films to-day and to-morrow), Basil Wright, who writes on "Handling the Camera," and Basil Dean, who is well-equipped to cover the subject of "Stage and Screen." It is edited by Charles Davy.

Footnotes to the Film, if it does not supply a conclusive answer to the somewhat pretentious questions-pitch bubble to rise regarding the screen as an art and a social force, approaches them from many angles and contains much that should interest the intelligent filmgoer.

- The novels of Budington Kelland are to be published in this country. The first to appear is "Mr. Duck's Town" (Arthur Barker, 7s. 6d.), and there is little doubt that the author will become as popular here as in America.

One of his recent stories, "Stand In," which ran so successfully as a serial in "Weekly Illustrated," is being made into a film by Walter Wanger, with Leslie Howard and Joan Blondell in the leads.

Malcolm Phillips

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

FREDDIE'S ACCENT CAUSES CRISIS

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW, the clever boy of a decade ago, is now a full-fledged screen actor to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, by showing signs that he was losing his English accent.

The officials contacted "Aunt Cissie," Freddie's mentor, and told her that he must safeguard the boy's broad "A's" and cure faulty aspirations.

It seems that Freddie's "stand-in" is an American youth, who speaks good "United States," and his diction caused havoc with Freddie's English accent.

It sounds like a typical Hollywood story, but a British friend assures me that when Freddie says his prayers at night, after invoking blessings on Aunt Cissie, his parents and other relatives and friends, he beseeches that he be permitted to retain his English accent!

Clara's Come Back

- Clara Bow, the "It Girl" of the films, who married Rex Bell, cowboy actor, and retired to the seclusion of their ranch at Searchlight, Nevada, admits that she would like to return to the films.

This popular little actress, who still has millions of film fans, is now at Lexington, Kentucky, where she is undergoing treatment at a health resort. Her idea is to star in a picture, supported by her husband and their small son Tony.

Clara is still a great drawing card, and the only element that might block her return to the screen is that she is a few pounds overweight. Normally she weighs 108, while at present she tips the scales at 128 pounds.

Shirley's Sweetheart

- The small boys who worship Shirley Temple will be deolated to learn that the child star has "a big moment!"

James Dunn, still young, but many years older than Shirley, is one of her best friends. He recently purchased an airplane, and, when

(Continued on page 8)
he nears Shirley’s home, makes a habit of zooming three times.
So every time Shirley hears a ‘plane she dashes frantically into the garden, yelling, “Maybe it’s Jimmy!”

How Stars Kiss
- The lips of Greta Garbo, Lily Pons, Gertrude Niessen and Lyda Roberti must be especially made up for their kissing scenes for the screen, according to Max Factor, veteran make-up artist, who terms them “heavyweight kissers”!
- Billie Burke, Loretta Young, Mae West and Alice Faye, on the other hand, are “lightweight kissers,” whose rouge and powder are hardly disturbed by their romantic moments before the cameras.

A Nest Egg
- Robert Taylor is going to use part of his Hawaiian vacation house-hunting. The actor has decided to purchase a pineapple ranch for his vacation home. Not only will the ranch be used as a vacation spot, but also as a mercantile venture.

He is interested in anything from fifty to one hundred acres.

Simple Souls
- Joan Blondell and her husband, Dick Powell, are planning a quiet trip through the Middle West in their car and trailer.
- The stars like the simple life, hunting, fishing and swimming, and hope, with the assistance of the trailer and old clothes, to avoid the limelight which befits upon film stars.

My prediction is that the eagle-eyed fans will ‘spot’ them before they have driven ten miles from Hollywood.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

(Please turn to page 7)

The Higher the Fewer
- If you want a small part—a cameo, to use theatre jargon—done well in a film, it actually pays better to engage an expensive West End player to do it, because fewer rehearsals and fewer retakes are necessary, and it saves overhead costs; the player is there perhaps for half a day, and that’s that.
- In the theatre, once you’ve engaged a player he’s there for the duration—which, however, doesn’t seem to be so long nowadays.
- This week I watched Ralph Richardson, who plays the lead in South Riding vice Robert Donat on the sick list, taking part in a council-chamber scene, when the local council was debating a proposed housing scheme.
- The drama inherent in this scene was terrific—the clash of personalities, of wills, and of interests between Richardson representing the governing class, Edmund Gwenn and Milton Rosmer as plain, down-to-earth, no-nonsense-about-me Yorkshiresmen, and John Clements as a social reformer.
- Perfect acting, perfect timing, and a perfectly realistic atmosphere—these are the things that make a scene like this gripping. And they were all there.

Fine Actors
- Ralph Richardson has an unaffected though cultured voice and an ease of manner that make him just about as “natural” a choice for the role of “Robert Carney” as you’d be likely to find.
- Edmund Gwenn, back from Hollywood, has a somewhat similar part to the one he played in Galsworthy’s The Skin Game, with such triumphant success.
- Milton Rosmer, I am happy to say, has taken a little time off from directing to let us see him on the screen; he is a character actor whom we can ill afford to lose.

Perhaps you saw John Clements in Rembrandt, in which he played one of the pupils with distinction. After that he appeared in Knight Without Armour as the young Bolshevik soldier who helps Donat and Dietrich to escape and then has an attack of conscience and shoots himself.

They think a lot of him down at Denham.

Next week, by the way, Saville was working on rather an unusual set, although a usual enough sight, particularly about Denham at the moment—a stretch of arterial road under construction.

In this scene the building contractor (Edmund Gwenn) refuses to move his lorry to let the horses and hounds pass because the M.F.H. (Ralph Richardson) is a fellow councillor with whom he is at loggerheads.

So the hounds trample about on the wet cement, just to show him.

One to See
- I said there was a very fine cast for this picture; give it a look-over and see if you don’t agree with me: Ralph Richardson, Edmund Gwenn, Milton Rosmer, Edna Best, John Clements, Edward Lexy, Marie Lohr, Ann Todd, Herbert Lomas, Davina Craig, Laura Smithson, Gus MacNaughton, and Jean Cadell.

What about that, eh?
- This is already down on my scribbling pad as one of the films on no account to be missed.
- And A Shilling for Candles is another.
- In the latter, “Hitch” has been directing some scenes after his own heart.

There is a great deal of “Hitch,” taking him up, down and across, and quite a lot of it has never really grown up—at least, not noticeably.

This was more apparent a few years ago, when studio discipline was not so hard-and-fast as it is now, and a favourite gag of his was to throw a cup or other piece of smashable furniture on to the next set right in the middle of a take.

“Hitch” Was Happy
- He doesn’t do that any more, but he has never got over his fondness for breaking crockery.

This week he had a basinful; the scene represented a cafe frequented by lorry-drivers, where two tramps and three lorry-drivers managed to smash forty-three cups, two arms, and seven chairs in a battle lasting only ninety seconds.

But this ninety seconds was repeated for several takes, and “Hitch” had the happiest afternoon he has had for months, taking an occasional potshot into the melee—and his aim with a saucer or a milk jug is very hot indeed.

In the midst of all this, with her back to the
wall, Nova Pilbeam had to dodge and duck for her life to avoid the whirling chair-legs and flying crockery.

She was visibly relieved when it was all over.

Jerry Verno, playing one of the lorry-drivers, confided to me that the scene was the most strenuous of a very early bull-nosed Morris car; they must have dug it out from some junk-pile, for I certainly haven’t seen anything like it on the road for a very long time.

However, it goes, and how! One of the studio’s chief amusements for the first day it was there was to drive it furiously round the set, which represented a stretch of railway line, complete with full-sized goods trucks.

Derrick de Marney and Nova have escaped in this somewhat passe car, and when it runs out of petrol they push it for miles and miles and miles.

I thought myself that Nova looked happier pushing it than riding in it.

Oh, Mr. Porter!

Talking about trains, Will Hay is doing just that.

He has gone on location at Cliddesden for this exercise—a disused station between Basingstoke and Alton—which has become Buggleskelly for the purposes of the current Gainsborough film, Oh, Mr. Porter!

The story, which I am about to recount briefly for your entertainment, is an original by a young up-and-coming team of screen writers who were responsible for the recent Paramount story, Death Adds Up—John Cousins (whom affords the facetious an opportunity to say we are not even cousins) and Stephen Clarkson; and the script is by Marriott Edgar and Val Guest, whom did the story and script of Okay for Sound.

Will Hay plays William Porter, a humble railway official who is famous for his blundering, but who cannot be discharged because his sister, Mrs. Trimbleton (Agnes Lauchlan) is married to the managing director.

However, to get rid of him he is put in command of a derelict station in Northern Ireland, which the locals declare to be haunted. He arranges an excursion; and an express, which has been signalled through by mistake, should have crashed into the excursion train in a tunnel, but to Mr. Porter’s surprise there is no crash.

Ghost

He sets out in an ancient engine named “Gladstone” to look for the excursion train, and finds it being laden with cases of arms by gun-runners; and so...

Did I hear someone murmur Ghost Train? It certainly does smack of it; but after all, Gainsborough are owners of the screen rights of that famous play (you never shall they make a version with Jack Hulbert and Cicely Court- nudge), and so why shouldn’t they give us a farcical rehash of the central theme if they feel like it?

I certainly don’t think we shall have any complaints when we see Will Hay, Moore Marriott, and Graham Moffatt (who is at the moment recovering from a sprained ankle), with a chance to repeat the success they made with Windbag the Sailor.

Marcel Varnel, directing, had very bad luck when he tried to film a scene which was described in the script as “dark night and much rain.”

There was no rain, so he hired the local fire brigade to attend and manufacture some with hoses.

Just as everything was ready for shooting, the telephone bell rang.

“Is that Will Hay to speak to me?” said

NEXT WEEK

JUST to mention a Christian name is sufficient to conjure up a mental picture of your favourite star: Louise, Grace, Miriam, Carole, Gary, Kay, Spencer, Edward Everett, Clark and Ganger. . . .

These and hosts of other film celebrities are presented not merely in name, but in full-page portraits in the enlarged 100-page “Picturegoer” Summer Annual, now on sale.

Already enthusiastic film fans have snapped up thousands and thousands of copies of this glorious number. Only a few remain—you should hurry at once to get a copy before this glittering parade of the stars is sold out. Price 6d. everywhere.

Varnel. “I’m expecting a call from him.”

“No,” said the operator. “It’s a fire for the fire brigade; and it’s six miles away.”

So Marcel didn’t get his rain that night.

Eucylus

There have been quite a few eucylus wandering about the Elstree sets in the last few days; even I, who thought my old heart was pretty nearly atrophied, experienced a fluttering in the chest when I came round a corner suddenly on to a bevy or covey of what are described as London’s loveliest mannequins.

Upon my word, I’m prepared to believe it.

This was a scene set in a large department store in Old Boy, which Albert de Courville is directing for Associated British.

Old Boy deals with the adventures of a meek little chemist who is head over ears in love with a mannequin, but too shy to make any headway with her, until a mysterious Russian gives him the formula for a tonic which puts new zest and confidence into anyone who tries it.

The idea is not startlingly novel, but almost everything, as I may have remarked some two hundred times before, depends on the treatment.

Albert Burdon, the little North Country comedian who has appeared with success in previous Elstree productions, plays the chemist, and Mary Lawson, I’m pleased to say, plays the mannequin for whom he falls—and who can blame him?

In addition, there are Robert Cochrane, Mair O’Neill, Jay Laurier, and Jerry Verno, who has sneaked over from Pinewood in the intervals of being bombarded by caps and saucers.

And, believe it or not, Mary Lawson has gone blonde.

Little Bit of Gruff

You remember (I know some of you will, because you wrote to me offering your services, instead of writing to John Argyle) that I wrote recently in these columns about the hunt for a tough first mate for the good ship Elsinore in the Argyle British film, Mutiny on the Elsinore.

The role has been filled by that tough, gruff veteran, Lyn Harding, who has proved in a dozen recent British films that he can run rings round most of the youngsters.

With him are Paul Lukas, as an author who is travelling on the “bell ship”; Kathleen Kelly, Clifford Evans (who was in OurSELVES Alone and The Tenth Man), Michael Martin Harvey, Ben Soutten (who, besides being a sterling actor, has the useful accomplishment of removing one leg when called upon to do so), William Devlin, Pat Noonan, Hamilton Keene, Conway Jackson, and a fox-terrier.

And a four-masted windjammer which looks like pinching the picture.
1925

JULY 15.—Mauren Stiller, Swedish film director, arrives in Hollywood, accompanied by comparatively unknown Scandinavian actress, who, in halting English, expresses to reporters her pride in the title of "Norma Shearer of Sweden." It is reported that Stiller has stipulated employment of his protege as part of terms of his engagement, and that Greta's salary will be $80 a week. Plumpness and freckles of newcomer starle natives. Manners and thirst of natives starle frugal newcomer, who is said to complain to her secretary that all the presents guests brought to her reception consisted of liquor, and that they drank it all themselves.

In the meanwhile, it is no secret that studio officials are worried over importation's apparent lack of all star elements according to standards of day. They put bold face on situation, however, and pose her with studio lion for publicity stills. Ricardo Cortez is, next to Valentino, feminine raves of the moment and able to carry a picture on his own shoulders. Studio announces that Garbo will be assigned to role in support of Cortez in *The Torrent*, and poses her with visiting pupilist for publicity stills.

1926

FEBRUARY.—Swedish newcomer starles both studio and natives by being a sensational success in *The Torrent*. Hollywood discovers that it has a great new screen personality.

APRIL.—Alva Gustafson, sister of Greta Garbo, dies in Sweden. Greta works with greatest interest in her second Hollywood picture, *The Temptress*. Tells reporters that if ever she is a big star, "like Lilian Gish," she will have as much style and mystery.

MAY.—First story of Garbo as mystery woman appears in film magazine.

SEPTEMBER.—Gossip writers rumour engagement of Garbo and John Gilbert.

OCTOBER.—*The Temptress* confirms triumph of *The Torrent*.

NOVEMBER.—Garbo refuses to work on new picture unless salary is raised.

1927


FEBRUARY.—Now definitely established as star, actress reported to be on strike for more money. Is quoted as telling studio negotiators, "I tank I go home."

MAY.—Announced that by masterly tactics of going home, staying there and saying nothing Swedish actress has secured new five-year contract at $1,500 a week.

1928

JANUARY.—Garbo tells reporter, "I want to be alone," adding that she likes to walk by the sea in the rain. It is the last Garbo interview, the beginning of the Great Silence.

AUGUST.—Garbo and Gilbert reported to have eloped. Report denied. Said that girl changed her mind at last minute after dramaticdash to Yankee.

DECEMBER.—Broken-hearted over death of Stiller, Greta returns to Sweden for holiday. Rumour of a romance between screen star and Prince of Swedish Royal household.

1929

MARCH.—Arrives back in Hollywood and declines to give statement on story of romance with Wilhelm Soernerren, Swedish financier, but it is noticed that she immediately telephones John Gilbert.

MAY.—Refuses to comment on elopement of John Gilbert and Ina Claire, except to "wish John every happiness."

JUNE.—Goes into hiding in secluded house in Santa Monica.

NOVEMBER.—Last Garbo silent picture, *The Kiss* released; detractors in film colony predict that coming of sound will end Swedish star's screen reign.

1930

JANUARY 30.—Posters and cinema marques proclaim in large letters and lights, "GARBO TALKS!" *Anna Christie* is a triumph for star, who is revealed as possessor of deep, interesting voice, admirably suited to her screen character. Garbo has not only survived the talkie revolution while thrones, including that of John Gilbert, topple all around her, but emerges with an even stronger hold on her screen queenship than before.

AUGUST.—Second Garbo talkie, *Romance*, arrives. Leading man Gavin Gordon, reputed to be a Garbo "discovery," carries on Garbo tradition by announcing that he is in love with the actress—his picture has strong prove of star fair to establish Garbo-Gordon as love-team comparable to silent Garbo-Gilbert partnership.

DECEMBER.—Garbo, sun-bathing in the altogether in her garden, caught unawares by candid cameraman. Panic averted when picture turns out to be a dream.

1931

MARCH.—Marlene Dietrich hailed by Hollywood magazines as menace to Garbo. Garbo reported to have quarrelled with Director Clarence Brown, who made many of her successes, over Inspiration.
1934
FEBRUARY.—Success in Queen Christina hailed as a great "come back." Hollywood premiere is followed by reports of romance between Garbo and Mamoulian, intensified when newspapers disclose that actress and director have both left Hollywood.

MAY.—The Painted Veil goes into production. Actress seen playing tennis with George Brent. Columnists say actress will marry George Brent.

DECEMBER.—Heavily-veiled Garbo sails from Halifax for holiday in Sweden. Meanwhile fact that Garbo smiles and talks in higher-pitched voice in The Painted Veil revives scare in Britain that M.-G.-M. is employing a Garbo "double."

1935
FEBRUARY.—Becomes centre of "where-is-she?" mystery in Berlin.

MARCH.—On return to Hollywood, creates a furor by visiting Trocadero, popular film colony night spot.

JUNE.—Wins PICTUREGOER's Gold Medal for her performance in Queen Christina, leaves for holiday in Sweden and is chased down train corridor in Chicago by reporters. Travels on ship under name of "Karin Lund."

JULY.—Reports that Garbo will not return to Hollywood are refuted by statement that she has signed new contract at $80,000 a picture.

AUGUST.—Actress injured in fall from yacht of mast while sailing in waters of Stockholm Archipelago.

NOVEMBER.—Gay and affable Garbo surprises people of Sweden by coming out of her shell and attending theatres.

1936
JANUARY.—It is learned that Greta Garbo is seriously ill. Ill health attributed to over-work and too drastic slimming in early years of her career. Star stated to have become deeply interested in religion. Newspapers breaks news to her of John Gilbert's death. She thanks informant, but declines to give message to press. Much speculation as to whether she will return to Hollywood, while convalescing actress meets Noel Coward in Stockholm and two celebrities are seen together frequently. She teaches dramatist Swedish and he sends her orchids.

APRIL.—Garbo leaves for America, disguised in poor clothes and travelling under the name of "Miss Holmqvist."

MAY.—Actress springs surprise on New York by posing for photographers and talking to pressmen. Asked "Is there a romance in your life?" replies "Isn't life full of romance?"

Buys new car in Hollywood—she had had old one for ten years.

AUGUST.—Makes her first appearance at studio after a year's absence attired in slacks and immediately the mystery act, cheerily greeting director, technical crew and Robert Taylor, who is to be her leading man in Camille. Suit begun against star claiming $2,100 alleged to have been lent to her in 1924 by D. Schratter, former film producer. She denies having borrowed the money.

SEPTEMBER.—Production on Camille is halted owing to illness of star, caused, it is said, by strain of dropping customary reserve. Puts up $14,000 house in Sweden.

OCTOBER.—Film colony discusses phenomenon of Garbo cycling round studio grounds with Robert Taylor. Romance rumours inevitable in the case of every unmarried hero. Garbo pictures follow. Film colony, however, is worried later over alarming reports of her health; it is revealed that she is suffering from pernicious anaemia and has been in a Hollywood nursing home under an assumed name.

DECEMBER.—Star's clothes catch fire during love scene for Camille—incident hailed by wits as tribute to warmth of love scenes. Camille premiere is held at Palm Springs. Garbo's "Marguerite" enthusiastically acknowledged by critics as her greatest performance and one fitting to rank with the classic performances of the role on the stage. At New York cinema electric lights blaze the slogan "Garbo Loves Taylor in Camille."

1937
JANUARY.—Garbo announces that she is tired of heavy drama and will do a comedy after Marie Walewska. Income tax authorities reveal that star earned $93,000 in 1935.

FEBRUARY.—Stockholm papers carry story that Garbo will marry Swedish artist she met on last holiday.

MARCH.—Camille breaks all records at London Empire. Marie Walewska goes into production.

APRIL.—Mrs. Victor Seastrom, wife of director and friend of star, declares that Garbo's aloofness is due to fact that she has been a martyr to insomnia for over twelve years.

MAY.—Actress disappoints curious by not appearing in court in £2,100 claim by Schratter. Attorney for latter threatens to apply for warrant for her arrest. Garbo falls into line with other stars and joins Film Actors' Guild.

JUNE.—Suit brought by Schratter dismissed by Los Angeles court.

JULY.—Rumours again busy with stories that Garbo's health is causing anxiety. Studio correspondents complain that policy of secrecy is being adopted by studio in connection with Walewska, though film has been on floor for four months.

by Malcolm PHILLIPS

You'll be surprised at all the things that have happened to Greta when you read this headline-history of the famous star. Here's a new kind of film magazine story that will give you a clearer, fuller picture of the star than all the "Garbo Mystery Solved" features.
PAUL LUKAS is a born traveller.
All right, I know what you’re going to say; so would you if you had the money or the opportunity.
But that isn’t what I meant; I was speaking literally.
He was born travelling.
On the 26th of May, 1897, as a train was clanking and puffing into Budapest Station, Paul was busy being born on board.
His parents’ name was not Lukas; that is one which Paul has adopted; and if you want to know his real patronymic appellation, ask him.
Go on, I dare you to!
I wouldn’t, personally. There is a look in his brown eyes which discourages impertinences. Paul’s identity is his own affair; of the many journalists who have interviewed him, none has received any satisfaction in reply to their probing, beyond a curtly bow of regret.
This reticence has given rise to a fine crop of rumours; he is of noble birth, they say. His parents moved in Court circles, and hence the courtly manners…
Well, the manners are there all right; and they are, in a sense, an heirloom—for Paul is heir to happier, more spacious days before the War, when the old adage "manner maketh man" still meant something.
Paul Lukas is universally acknowledged to be a fine actor. But even if he were not so important in this respect, he would still be significant as one of the few last scattered outposts of Courtesy.
I don’t mean to say that men to-day are discourteous; they tip their hats to a lady in a slipshod manner; they rise to give her their seat, looking in embarrassment every way but at her; they mumble a compliment as if they were having it extracted like a tooth.
They have, in fact (and I am speaking generally, remember) politeness without charm. They remember their manners, but have forgotten the manner.
And that is First Point to Paul Lukas. He brings to the ordinary courtesies of life a charm so studied as to seem entirely spontaneous.
For example, in the turmoil of lighting-tests, script-reading, contracts, portraiture, and fittings attendant on a new role, he completely forgot a luncheon-appointment he had made with me; his protestations of desolation and remorse, his solemn-faced declaration of grief and abasement were so moving that, had I had a woman’s heart in my breast, I should probably have cast it at his feet.
As it was, I remarked, like Mr. Toots, that it was of no consequence.
We English and those Americans have developed a severely practical air, an atmosphere of down-to-earth, no-nonsense-about-us commonsense. A woman’s hand is extended to us to shake heartily, to crush mercilessly if she is not careful—never to kiss.
The odd thing is that we realise she likes it kissed; we know she likes bows, and gestures of admiration and appreciation and depreciation. We just don’t picture ourselves in the role of courtier, that’s all—which, again, is odd, considering that our ridiculous plus-fours are the own great-grandchildren of the Elizabethan gallant’s breeches.
To us, to-day, gallantry is a little suspect, smacking faintly of the gigolo. Second Point to Paul Lukas. His manners march with manliness, his personality is uncompromisingly male.
Hundreds of thousands of pounds and millions of dollars are spent every year in advertising this or that motor-oil, whereas the world’s indisputably finest lubricant, Politeness, has rather fallen into disuse.
For this reason we owe a debt of gratitude to Paul Lukas and his kind for rescuing this invaluable commodity from becoming a mere equipment of the dago dancing-partner.
Early visits to the play in Budapest, where he was educated, inspired Paul with a love of the stage; so that as soon as he left college he joined the Actors’ Academy, the national dramatic training-ground of Hungary, where he showed great promise from the first.
His professional debut was made in the title-role of Lószom, and other important parts followed, in plays by Shakespeare, Chekhov, Shaw, Galsworthy, and Wilde.
Now I have to write a sentence which seems to insinuate itself into every article I write about an actor of thirty-eight or over.
"Then came the War."
That supreme farce-tragedy cut like a sharp knife across the careers of a million young men. In some cases, however, the cut was healed, and so it was with Lukas.
He joined the air-service in 1916, became a fighting pilot, was wounded and incapacitated, and resumed his acting career where he had left off.
About this time, before the War ended, he made his film-debut—in a production of the
MANNERS

As the wounded German husband of Ann Harding in "The Fountain."

Corvin Film Company of Hungary, Nameless Castle.

But he was not long to retain a Hungarian actor; Fate had marked him down as first a European, and then an international player; and Lukas, born travelling, went on his travels again.

The famous Professor Reinhardt (best known to filmgoers as the man responsible for the Hollywood version of A Midsummer Night’s Dream) "spotted" him and lured him to Berlin, where he enjoyed a distinguished double career on the stage and the screen; and this lasted until 1926 when, back in Budapest on a professional visit, he was again "spotted" at the Comedy Theatre by a famous Hollywood producer who was also taking a busman’s holiday—Adolph Zukor, who promptly did a little luring in his turn.

And Paul Lukas went to Hollywood.

His first film there was with Pola Negri in Loves of an Actress, followed by several other successful silent pictures.

And now comes intruding another sentence which I find myself continually writing in these life histories—and one hardly less grim and fatal than the other.

"Then came the Talkies."

Just about the time that Alfred Hitchcock, at Elstree, decided not to be coerced by this new devil, the microphone, into scrapping his current film, Blackmail, but to make a talkie of it by engaging Joan Barrie to "double" the voice of Roumanian Anny Ondra, Rowland V. Lee in Hollywood was deciding that The Wolf of Wall

Street was too good a job to abandon, and Paul Lukas’s speeches were painstakingly doubled by an English actor, Lawford Davidson.

As in the case of Blackmail, this experiment was carried out with success. Paul Lukas still cherishes a letter he received from a filmgoer of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, reviling him for being such a dirty, low-down so-and-so as to have stolen George Bancroft’s wife!

You may remember the blind panic that seized the foreign members of the film colony of Los Angeles when microphone madness turned "movie" into "talkie" almost overnight—and at the same moment turned "star" into "flap."

Struggling feebly to retain their foothold on ground that had suddenly become slippery beneath their feet, they reluctantly gave up and returned to Europe, defeated.

Certainly some came back a year or two later, but for the moment the rout was utter and complete.

Many thought Paul Lukas had joined the exodus; but no—he merely disappeared from sight for seven months, to reappear at the end of that time speaking perfect English, with only a slight foreign accent which is one of his greatest assets.

He who had been a star in his own right wisely accepted lesser roles, building himself up from the ground again as a talkie actor—beginning with Illusion, directed by Lothar Mendes, who is now directing at Denham.

"Slightly Scarlet, Young Eagles, Devil’s Holiday, Anybody’s Woman, Grumpy—gradually he re-established himself as a first-class player, of sensitivity, charm, and skill.

In a succession of something like fifty films he has built up an enviable reputation.

For a while he was in danger of being "typed" as a villain. Such typing is not at all his conception of the meaning of the word "actor," and so he took to sympathetic parts—such characterisations as Professor Bhaer in Little Women, the German officer of Ann Harding in The Fountain, and Athos in The Three Musketeers.

Now in Annabella’s latest film Follow the Sun, which is being made by New World at Denham, he is indulging once again in a little mild villainy.

This is his third British film; his first, which has been carefully wrapped in secrecy, is called Brief Ecstasy. This was made by a producer who doesn’t believe in publicity; and who are we to intrude on his privacy?

Paul’s second, recently completed, is Mutiny on the Elsinore, which John Argyle produced under the auspices of Associated British at Welwyn. This one will give us a chance to see six-foot-one-and-a-half-inches of well-balanced brown going into action.

Paul Lukas “packs a mean wallop,” and on one occasion during the making of this picture he found it necessary to use it. The script called for a knock-out blow, and as realism could not be achieved otherwise, he delivered it. But it is only fair to say that if the blow had been coming the other way he would not have shirked it.

I began this article by saying that Paul Lukas was a traveller; here’s an illustration of that.

He has a house at Palm Springs, which is about a hundred and twenty miles from Hollywood; and while he was playing in Espionage for M.G.M. with Edmund Lowe and Madge Evans he hit upon the solution to his problem of getting to and from the studio without putting up with the inconvenience of staying in an hotel.

He purchased a light airplane, which he pilots himself, leaving his desert home at 7 a.m. and arriving on the set, made-up and appropriately costumed and ready for the cameras to begin turning, at a quarter past eight.

In the evening his wife meets him at the airport at Palm Springs, and though he seldom leaves his studio at Culver City before 11 p.m., they never sit down to dinner later than 7:30.

Let those who complain of the long bus-ride to and from their work try travelling 240 miles a day!

Yes, Paul Lukas has travelled a long way since he made his first journey across the American Continent from New York to Hollywood, obliged to eat beef-steak all the way because that was the only dish whose English name he knew!

13
HOLLYWOOD'S ARISTOCRATS

by Wilson D'Arne

You may not know their names—but you are constantly seeing them on the screen. They are the dress extras and their story, revealed below, is one of the real behind-the-scenes dramas of picture-making.

and so is getting too much work. It's not fair. Spread it around."

"But some of them don't spend as much money on extras as I do," this girl declared. "I put fully $100 a year into clothes, and some of them put as little as possible. They look frowzy, rather than up-to-the-minute, and don't deserve as much work."

An interesting sidelight on this girl is the fact that she was brought to Hollywood under studio contract nearly three years ago. Although she had been moderately successful in New York, she was given only bit roles and little directorial attention. In short, she was "lost in the shuffle" in a few months. She obtained release from her contract, went into dress work, and now makes as much as when she was under contract.

"What's more," she said, "by being on sets so steadily as a dress extra, people get to know me, I know I can do small parts. As a result I'm getting more bit roles than I did under contract, and I'm continually getting more important ones. It looks, " she ended with a grin, "as if I will be a star quicker by this route than by the contract one."

"We're up to the minute in dress," a distinguished looking grey-haired man of the elderly gentleman type told me. "That can't be said of a society group as a whole. If one shirt stud suddenly isn't correct any more, and two studs are the thing, the dress extra is the first to know it. Your society man may be two or three months changing over on such a detail. It's that way with all the accessories."

A dress man keeps his hair neatly trimmed all the time. He keeps his clothes in perfect condition. Those two facts also are not consistently true of the business or professional man who makes occasional formal appearances."

These interesting statements came from the people I saw on the country club set of Stella Dallas, the emotional screen classic which Samuel Goldwyn is remaking with Barbara Stanwyck in the title role. You can see the same group dancing in the café scene of History Is Made at Night, the scene where Janet Gaynor receives the Academy award in A Star Is Born, and the same people make up the race-track crowd in A Day at the Races.

King Vidor, directing Stella Dallas, gave me another look.

"The professional dress extra has a distinguished appearance, poise and carriage. More important to me they know how to act when they are told. Once, while making a picture in New York, I learned that the only place in the world to get good extra people is Hollywood. The New York crowd all continually tried to get their faces in the camera. They looked at the camera instead of at the point to which they were directed. In Hollywood they do what they are told. They know their job, and if they don't do it, they won't have the jobs."

These dress extras who are so constantly seen in pictures are virtually unknown to the movie audiences. Yet many of their names once were up in lights. For example, at the head table alone, seated with Miss Stanwyck and John Boles, her co-star, were six players whose stage and screen experience totals nearly two hundred years together.

Broderick O'Farrell, at the foot of the table, is a veteran, having alternated between stage and screen ever since 1910. Isabelle LMal was a Broadway favourite for twenty years. Her last show was The Better 'Ole in 1930, since when she has been doing small parts and dress work on the screen. Dean of them all is William Holmes, still remembered for his great stage performances in Way Down East and Shore Acres thirty years ago.

Among others on the set were Harris Gordon, now a popular screen actor, once told me; "If I were born a day younger, I'd have been a dancer; Harry Myers, who played the original Connecticut Yankee on the screen; Jay Belasco, a Keystone and Hal Roach comedy star of twenty years ago; Kathleen Key, star of silent pictures; Rosemary Theby, well-remembered star; Juanita Croslan, ex-wife of Director Alan Crosland and former screen star; Emmett King, formerly a top-ranking star; Ed Mortimer and Edwin August, both noted directors of silent pictures; and a score of lesser known veterans.

There are various reasons why these "forgotten men" work as dress extras. Chieflly it is because they need the income. Also they are in demand because they know the business, they have the correct appearance, know how to act, and readily respond to direction."

"The old actors," one of them told me, "are still hoping for a character role which will bring back to them some of their lost glory."

"Some of us have saved a bit from the past," another veteran declared, "and this work covers our living costs, keeps the savings intact for a rainy day."

Another one, however, who admitted he had nothing left out of the $300 a week he once earned, exploded bitterly that he was a dress extra "because I have to eat. If I had anything left I'd be loafing. I wish I never had to see the inside of a studio again."
A front-rank star for more years than we care to remember, Colman still marches well in the vanguard of the Big Parade. Evidence of his phenomenal stellar staying power was forthcoming in a recent cinema circuit poll, which placed him among the half-dozen most popular actors on the screen. After "Lost Horizon" Ronald will be seen in the new version of "The Prisoner of Zenda."
She uses MUM now because she knows it's the Safest and Easiest DEODORANT.

She's modern, she's busy, she's clever! and so she uses MUM. She knows that MUM absolutely kills perspiration odour, without stopping that important function which is Nature's way of regulating body temperature and eliminating poisonous waste. She realizes the supreme advantages MUM has over all other deodorants.

Instant protection—lasts all day. The instant MUM touches the skin it acts to neutralize unpleasant odours. Use it when you dress and you're safe for the whole day or evening.

No Bother—No waiting for MUM to dry. MUM is a creamy paste—it is absorbed as quickly as vanishing cream. Just a quick fingertipful under each arm—thoroughly rubbed in—that's all there is to do. You can put on your dress at once.

You can use MUM at any time. One of the main reasons for MUM's popularity is that you can use it at any time when dressing or afterwards. In the middle of a busy 'shopping'—a morning of golf or tennis, an afternoon of bridge—an evening of dancing—just half a minute is all you need to use MUM.

Does not Harm Fabrics. There is nothing in MUM to injure the fabric of your frocks and blouses. It is perfectly harmless to the most delicate material.

Soothing to Skin. MUM has a cooling, beneficial effect on the most sensitive skin. It’s so soothing, you can use it right after shaving.

Women who use MUM regularly each know that MUM is the safe and efficient deodorant for this particular form of unpleasantness.

1/6 and 3/- a jar at all Stores and Chemists.
by George Brent

Like Garbo, with whom his name was linked for so long, the author of this article has always been a recluse. They called him the hermit of Hollywood. Here he tells you he wants to be alone.

They say, rather resently, that I'm a secretive fellow. Perhaps I am. If so, perhaps it is, and isn't, because I'm an Irishman. As an Irishman I naturally talkative, gregarious. But because I was an Irishman I once walked over the old cow country and got mixed up in a revolution as spy and dispatch carrier. That could make a man close-mouthed, couldn't it?

It's just a theory, however. And you can have it, I don't hold with it.

The real reason I have become, as someone rather fancifully labelled it, a Hollywood hermit, is simply that I have a desire to live my life like a free, normal citizen. Because I happen to be an actor and a screen actor at that, by way of making my living, I don't see why I am called upon to sacrifice these rights.

When I first came to Hollywood I didn't have to go dodging around corners, but held down in an attempt to escape recognition. Didn't have to regard everyone who struck up a conversation with me as an object of suspicion, a possible spy or a pest. Nor did I ever have the slightest idea that the time would come...

The obvious retort is based on the general notion that actors like to attract attention; are happiest when they get a lot of it. Personally I think they will just about average up in that respect, as a class, with business men, legal lights, and so on, and by so means rank with those modest fellows, the politicians.

But let that go. Assume that actors as a class even crave a certain amount of attention from book public, and that this actor as an individual is not an exception. Imagine for the sake of argument we like to be shadowed by shutterbugs, stalked by the candid camera boys with their flash guns, and button-holed by autograph collectors and ladies who wish to talk to actors. (There are others in the game, but why catalogue them?)

All these things may be delightful and keep us from getting lonely, in moderate quantities. It's the bulk, the sheer weight of such attentions, however, that gets your Hollywood actor down.

Frankly, I miss the old freedom to go and come as I please, strike up conversations with anyone I meet, and even be able to say quite openly, when the question arises, "My line? Why, I'm an actor—or, at least, that's what they call me."

When I used to tell anyone that they'd look at me slightly and ask me name. I'd tell them, "Never heard of you," they'd say, if they were honest rather than diplomatic. And then we could go getting along as will.

You see, I was then still a free citizen. The mention of my name wouldn't have the instant effect of shutting up the other like a clam, or making him turn on his Rakshasa and try to sell me something—or at best viewing me with a kind of tolerant suspicion and alertness.

The whole thing means a kind of breaking off of the ordinary human relationships I enjoy, and the substitution for them of an artifical sort of thing, with barriers and awkwardness.

While I'm on that subject let me air another grievance. Basically I'm a democratic sort of fellow by instinct, taste and training. Every time I see anyone taking himself too seriously, I try to supply some sort of antidote such as the point of a pin, applied with vigour to an appropriate portion of his anatomy, or some less obvious method of deflating him. Or her!

And yet all the time I realise that the fault lies, somehow and somewhere, with other people, or perhaps just the system of aggrandising popular personalities. There seems to be a deliberate scheme in Hollywood to nurture temperament and temper, to irritate and fertilise stellar ego, that it may sprout.

How? By a hundred different means. Catering, mostly. Here, Mr. or Miss Star—take my chair! Let me get you a drink of water. You were wonderful, So-and-so, in your latest picture. Oh, that dressing-room's not good enough for you. Say, why don't you get a car that's good enough for your position in the world?

More subtle but devastating is the mere attitude some people insist on using when they approach you, or stand hesitating around daring themselves to approach you. You hear whispered consultations about your mood.

I long preamble precedes the simplest request. Clearing of throats, hemming and having, standing on one foot and another waiting for encouragement before they ask you if you'll kindly do something or other which is merely in line with your duty; a thing they wouldn't waste words on if they were asking it of someone else.

"Thank fortune for some of the hard-boiled "grips," prop men and so on who say to me, "Brent, you lazy lug, get out of our way. We gotta set up a wild wall where your carcass is now, so move it, will you?"

We call each other names, horse around on the set, and in general act like human beings who work together and don't take life or ourselves too seriously. That's a healthy influence. It makes for better spirit and better work. And it's a great builder-upper for the moral fibre of an actor.

He takes before the cameras the feeling that he belongs to the world of men, an equal and a good guy, not something preposterous who sits on a pedestal and is treated like an inmate of an insane asylum—or a spoiled child.

I won't pretend to delve too deeply into the psychology of feminine stars. Doubtless the ladies react to the influence of fear and flattery differently, and new complications of sex enter into the problem which a man would have a hard time figuring out. Your male celebrities, however, after they've learned what it is all about, have lucid moments when they're ashamed not only of the fuss made about them but for those who make it.

Yet—I suppose it depends on how much you know about movies and movie-making. There are many thoughts which an actor might take around with him like doses of medicine, to administer to himself occasionally. Thoughts which should make him pause before the old ego inflates balloon-like and drags his feet off the ground.

For example, he knows that out in the undiscovered hinterlands of human talent are hundreds of young men who could, given his advantages, do his job better than he does it. He knows how much his shadow on the screen depends, for its effectiveness, on the work of the make-up man, the cameraman, and many others.

He realises—if he happens to be of the matinee-idol type—that the camera with its strange partiality makes some men handsome who aren't, and fails to register the off-screen appeal of others. Knowing that, he wonders if he belongs to the group that owes all its popularity to the peculiarities of photography. That is a good healthy doubt, an excellent ego-ballast.

But opposing all the things he can do for the good of his soul is the system which attaches so much importance to his moods, which caters to and spoils him around movie lots and in the movie colony. And the network of those outside who would invade his private life, who make the smallest things he does seem so disproportionately important.

I guess, after all, my own attempts to keep my private life my own, and to flock only with those who think like me, in Hollywood, is just a defense against annoyance. It's probably the working of an instinct of self-preservation.

Off the screen I not only wish to have the private life freedom of John Jones and Bill Smith, but I seek it eagerly, thirstily, to preserve my sanity!
Shari (June Knight) captivates the philanthropic Count Anatole (Michael Bartlett) at a village dance near Budapest, to which she has gone in peasant disguise.

Anatole confides to his friends (Cameron Hall and Richard Dolman) that he has fallen in love and is through with his old reckless life.

Surprise! Anatole expecting the mysterious Lilac Domino to call for a fan he found at the masked ball is confronted instead by the headmistress of the neighbouring girls' school (Athene Seyler).

June Knight and Michael Bartlett say it with songs. They last appeared together as a radio team in America.

June Knight and Michael Bartlett are co-starred in the screen adaptation of the famous stage musical comedy which drew London to the old Empire in 1918. Also in the cast are Jane Carr, Richard Dolman and Athene Seyler.

The LILAC DOMINO
July 24, 1937

**SHOTS**

with our
CANDID
CAMERA

Judith Barrett suggests this charming slacks suit as just the thing for that river or ocean holiday.

Norma Shearer is once again taking part in Hollywood's social life, though still wearing mourning. Here she is seen arriving at the preview of "Parnell."

Bing turns animal trainer at the zoo, while Philip and Gary Crosby register filial admiration. Well, it's not so dangerous as crouning.

Typical Hollywood beauty. McClelland Barclay, the famous American artist chose lovely, blonde Sandra Storm to pose for him.
Above: The Countess Miranova (Luise Rainer), a Russian spy, is assigned to trap Baron Wolensky (William Powell), a Polish nationalist leader, who is taking a letter to the Czar.

Luise Rainer and William Powell, co-stars of "Escapade" and "The Great Ziegfeld," are together again in this story of romance and intrigue, set in pre-war Vienna and Russia, which is based on the novel by Baroness Orczy. The picture gives Rainer a different type of role from any she has done on the screen previously.

Left: The Grand Duke Peter (Robert Young) is held captive by the Polish conspirators, but seeks to get a message through to the Czar.
Mitzi (Bernadene Hayes), the Countess' maid, steals the candlesticks after being dismissed and Wolinsky tries to trace them through her.

Countess Miranova "gets the goods" on Wolinsky, but likes him so much that she destroys the evidence.
ACTION for Slander

Oliver Brook has a part that suits him in this strong drama dealing with an officer who is accused of cheating at cards and lives under a cloud until he is able to clear himself. It is a Victor Saville production directed by Tim Whelan, who was responsible for Farewell Again.

Above, Ann Daviot (Ann Todd) quarrels with and leaves her husband just before the accusation of cheating is brought. Left: Tandy throws a party in the servants’ quarters of Daviot’s house.
Joan Blondell looks more beautiful than ever

in the Warner Bros. film Gold Diggers of 1937. Every woman who admires her gloriously wavy hair can achieve the same effect by having a Superma perm.

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The Story of the Film

Freely adapted from the film by Majory Williams with permission of 20th Century-Fox Films

When the stranger with the air of a budding journalist, announced his intention of visiting Newark airport to interview the millionairess Miss Antoinette Gateson, Steve Leyton of the New York Daily Express, scented something in the wind.

They were at Mike Allegretti's Italian dive at the time. Steve was playing draughts with beer mugs on the squared floor—with his rival reporter, Johnson of the Ssw, when the announcement about Antoinette, popularly known as Tony Gateson, caused considerable activity on the part of the presentmen.

"Did I say something wrong?" the stranger inquired innocently of Steve, rather pleased to be odd man out, in the general rush for available red-faced reporters.

"You certainly said a front page full. Perhaps you don't realise that Tony Gateson is and the precious Count she's going to marry are front-page news. So long; I've got to get a cab for Newark.

"No, you don't. I shall. Your City Editor, Mr. Canavan's giving me the chance to make a scoop. He told me to get your police card and interview Tony Gateson. The Count's not with her by the way."

Martin J. Canavan said that. Sent you to spy on me did he?"

Steve's thoughts of Canavan, that live wire who fired him on an average once a week, were far from pleasant. Then it occurred to him that the City Editor had adopted this means of putting him on his mettle.

"Tell Mr. Canavan his trick hasn't worked—every paper in town has the story except the Express," he said to the stranger.

None the less the reporter in Steve as Canavan expected it would, reared its head. By the time Steve arrived at Newark airport, the gates were besieged by gentlemen from the press, Johnson being a prominent member.

"Sorry, but orders is orders. Can't let you through," barked an officer.

"Silence. Special detail, concerning escort for Miss Gateson from the authorities. Let me pass please." Steve announced firmly, hoping the officer would wilt. He wilted to the extent of opening the gate and closing it on Steve who, swaggering through under the noses of his gaping rivals, was allowed to proceed to the waiting 'plane. Miss Gateson had not disembarked. Steve found her with a girl friend in the saloon.

"I hate to tell you, but there's a mob of reporters waiting outside," he greeted. He recognised Tony Gateson from her photographs—"I have a police escort to see you to your car," he continued, aware of a uniformed trio to whom he had given orders to wait outside.

"If I may suggest, we send your friend to the car, the reporters will think it is you, and you can get away by yourself."

Having seen Miss Gateson's alias on her way; under police protection, Steve returned to the saloon.

"Nice plan if it works," Tony said.

"We've put it over these smart-alec reporters before," he assured her airily. "They always bother our passengers when they're celebrities like yourself."

"I don't care what the reporters say of me after a few days and I've got well away from Count Andre de Guyon," she smiled. "The next man who puts a ring on my finger will have to have a good American title—plumber, bricklayer, motor-man—anything but reporter."

Who knew what further illuminating talk might have fallen from Miss Gateson's lips if her friend, entering like a whirlwind, hadn't returned to exclaim.

"Tony . . . do you realise who this man is? I've just discovered he's a reporter on the New York Express he's not connected with the airport at all. Judging by the smirk on his face he's tricked you into telling him plenty."

"Getting a bit chilly here, isn't it?" Steve remarked, deciding that prompt action alone would save him.

"Thanks for the chat, Miss Gateson."

"Which you'll now distort into lies no doubt. I wonder how you'd like being made a public freak. How about killing the story?"

"Sorry. I have to give our readers what they want."

Well then, Mr. Leyton, since you're so ingenious in getting in and out of places, perhaps you can suggest how I can get in and out of here without being annoyed by all the other reporters?"

"Sure," he answered, "wait now—I know. Have the 'plane taxied to the edge of the field—jump over the fence. Have your car come round and pick you up there."

"Now why didn't I think of that? You wouldn't by chance care for a lift to town?"

"Thanks. You know," he acknowledged. "You're being a pretty good sport about this."

He left without troubling to see just how Tony was going to follow his advice, exited by the gate where his colleagues still hung about hopefully, and followed the road bordering the airport field, until he saw a neat sedan approach from a side road. At the same moment, he saw Tony getting over the fence.

"Yoo-hoo; it worked," she exclaimed. "That was a wonderful idea of yours."

She directed the chauffeur to drive to an unexpected graciousness, on arrival, she ushered Steve into a luxury apartment, where an elderly gentleman with side-whiskers was exercising himself on a dummy horse.

Tony introduced "My uncle, Mr. Jeffrey" and Steve after shaking hands, took the first opportunity to telephone the Express that Miss Gateson, reporter to Count de Guyon had in newspaper phrase, gone phut.

He was taking Mr. Jeffrey to task, in Tony's absence from the room, for acquiring a certain railroad by slightly illicit means. When the evening papers arrived. A headline on the folded sheet of the New York Chronicle froze Steve to where he stood. "W—would you mind giving that to me, sir?" he stammered.

"No, it's not a murder that's worrying me. It's a future one."

He stared at the headlines. In plain terms the Chronicle announced to the much more interested, unanticipated, unbelievable falsehood.

"Tony Gateson to marry Steve Leyton, reporter."

"You pulled that one on me, he accused as the lady calmly re-entered the room and smiled maddeningly.

"All the time I thought you were getting over that fence, you must have been talking to the bunch of rogues at the airport gate. Wait till I call my office."

"Then I take it you are not going to marry my niece," Mr. Jeffrey observed.

"Not while I'm sane. Won't you tell me where I can 'phone?"

Convincing Canavan of an untruth which apparently was blazoned on every news sheet except the Express was like attempting to beat off a mad dog with a stick of macaroni.

Tony, it appeared had even been on the wire to him to talk about "dear Steviekings."

"I wouldn't believe you weren't engaged to Miss Gateson, if it were your dying confession you croak," was all the satisfaction Steve got from Canavan. "Do tell him the truth," implored Tony, as the City Editor rang off.

"Darling, don't be masterful. After all we're only engaged."

(Continued on page 26)
DENTISTS throughout the world recommend KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM because of its proved antiseptic and cleansing action. This remarkable tooth paste foams into every tiny crevice, killing the germs which are the cause of stain, tartar and decay. It cleans and whiten teeth without harmful bleaching action or unnecessary abrasion. KOLYNOS, being highly concentrated, is most economical in use. Only half-an-inch—preferably on a dry brush—morning and night will ensure white teeth and a healthy mouth.

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GRIPS THE
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Lady Jayne
SPRING CLIP CURLER
ON SALE EVERYWHERE
AT HAIRDRESSERS AND POPULAR STORES
“Will you retract that story?”

“Certainly not. I'm building it up. I'm going to keep you on the front page. I'm going to show you what it feels like to be public freak. You ought to be pleased and flattered to be marrying a million-dollar gal without the consent of your parents.”

Arriving at the rendezvous with Canavan in a car lent by one of the many salesmen eager to accommodate the lady of the hour, prevent her from getting away by force of transport, Steve hoped to become a free man. Instead of which, Tony, arriving and looking in the car, clapped Steve to his bosom and called him Stevieskin, while reporters read a story in every paper but the Express bobbed up from nowhere with flashlights and cameras.

Dashing down his last cent in payment of the check, Steve left the club in the wake of Tony who had already engaged the gears of his high-powered car.

“Step on it,” Steve ordered the darkie driver of the borrowed sports car, “we've got to slip behind. Going at a comfortable hundred, the darkie demonstrated the power of the couple's brakes. Steve was overwhelmed by the complex HUDS of numerous reds. Even more reckless, Tony in his roadster roared around the first curve which came across her at a side view.

At a petrol station a hundred yards ahead both car and cycle came to a halt. Five minutes later, Steve, having borrowed small change from the darkie, dashed to a telephone and called his two fiddles.

“Listen; the Gateson girl's been arrested and taken to Meadowville Courthouse. Be here before Judge for speeding.”

Sentenced to thirty days in gaol, announced the judge, who acted as all the court officials rolled into one. “Get in there. The doors of the cells have cracked inwards at his touch, Steve watched him safely lock Tony in a third cell. He turned to see—hustler, he whispered behind His Honour's back, handing the prisoner a nail file.

“Thanks—buddy could you do me a favour? Take this nail file and break the case in the cell. Could you grab it and slip it to me?”

He was in his cell and was outside searching the car cushions for the requested article when screams of "Stop thief!" from within culminated in the Judge's grip of Steve's shoulder.

“Where are you going there?” he demanded.

“Looking for Miss Gateson's vanity case. She sent me for it.”

“Don't you know what you're doing? It's my public.”


She held up the gilt powder box.

“Steve Leyton, you're under arrest. Get in there,” his Honour commanded, and shut him, protesting in a corner cell adjacent to Tony's. This was nothing, however, to the indignity which Steve underwent, when in the course of the next hour, a battalion of his rivals, including Johnson, came demanding of Miss Canavan an exclusive interview.

“All I can say is, he announced cheerfully, looking round the cell's magnum instrument. "is that this is the nicest gaol I've ever been in. I have everything I want, including the man I love."

All eyes were turned on Steve, grinding his teeth. Tony's sliver voice continued. "When Stevieskin heard that I was sentenced to thirty days, he couldn't bear the thought of separation, so he just threw himself in gaol so as to be near me."

“Wouldn't you print that,” Steve managed to gasp. But from the evening papers brought in by members of Tony's friends who, swarmed to see her behind the bars, it was too easy to gather that to news reporters anything is possible. In the mean time Mr. J. Es. had released his niece, she remained in her cell overnight, supplied, with His Honour's permission, with excellent food, a cigarette and half-inn sent in from the Cobbyer hotel.

On her release next morning, her offer of paying Steve's fine, gave him no choice, but to give up the hospitality of the gaol authorities.

Fortune as a free agent, however, was waiting to favour him. Arriving at his apartment, he found one Brady waiting to engage him to make twelve personal appearances at local music halls at a hundred dollars a time.

“All you need do, is sing,” Mr. Brady declared. "Pull a couple of gags and tell the audiences how you knocked over the hundred-million-dollar dame.

“Get out of here,” Steve said shortly. He was engaged, after Mr. Brady's departure in the humble, but important task of attaching a button to his trousers when Tony, having knocked on the door as though she might be anybody, took him cold in the background. If you wouldn't answer my phone calls so I thought I'd come over, she excused herself, adding, “Here, let me do that for you.”

I can't believe it,” he gasped, as she appeared on the stage in a dress he had adopted with a needle. “Can you cook too?"

"Beautifully. But that doesn't mean we can take our engagement seriously. I've just arranged a delightful dinner party for the publishers, explaining that I'm jilting you."

Oh, you would, would you? More headlines. Well, I'm game. The more publicity you give me the better I like it. I've got an offer for a thousand dollar a week vaudeville contract, for telling the public how I won you.

“Wouldn't you do anything as cheap as that, surely.

“Wouldn't I? Wait and see. Tell the papers you're jilting me. Make me as a big public freak as you can by here. Pie it up."

“This,” he said, and crushed her mouth to his. The result was strangely disgusting, the more so because he realised that Tony emerged from the embrace, also somewhat disorganised.

“I'm—I'm afraid this engagement of ours can't go on,” she told him. "Yes—yes, I see it can’t.

"Best thing to do is to call the whole thing off. Will you meet me at the Express, to-morrow morning—toni o'clock. I want Canavan to get the story first. He won’t believe me, but if you're there.

"I'll be there, she promised. Having been prostrated on the office floor, the following morning by Canavan who was thus collecting payment for a bet that Tony would fail to turn up at the appointed hour, Mr. Es. braced him elf to take a telephone call.

"A scoop for you, Mr. Leyton,” came the Teetotally unwholesome tones. "I'm being married to Count de Guyon... you're really; we only had a little tussle. We're being married right away."

Swellingly inwardly, Steve managed to say: "Congratulations. I hope you're no mind repeating this to Mr. Canavan, will you?"

"Certainly not."

The next day, however, fortune's wheel spun even more wildly. Arriving at the Express office, Steve was ushered into the editor's room, for no other purpose than to find himself seated in the editor's chair. He appeared that someone unknown had bought a half-share in the Express and sent the original editor, Steve, to get rid of him. The arrangement by which he could now fire Canavan at his pleasure was the complete estate of receiving, as a totally unexpected visitor, Count de Guyon.

"I'm going to marry to Tony, it appeared their engagement was finally broken. He had come to sell her love letters to the paper for ten thousand dollars.

"O.K. It's a deal,” Steve maintained, his eye upon the precious envelopes upon in Tony's handwriting. Her appearance while he was 'phoning the cashier to make out a cheque to the Count, might have given a clue to Steve, for he said at once. "Come right in, Miss Gateson. Count de Guyon and I are making a very good business deal. Do you remember these?

"And give them to me,” Tony pleaded.

"Certainly not, ma chérie. It would be unethical. I have already sold these to the Express for ten thousand dollars.

"I'll give you twenty-five.”

You take one cent of Miss Gateson's pay and make it up, and I'll have you arrested for blackmail. The letters belong to the Express, not you."

"All right,” Tony threw back. "Go and print them in your filthy sheet, Mr. Leyton. At least both of you have found a way to get even with me."

She left on the verge of tears. Her return, written the next day, was escorted by her uncle and the proprietor of the Express, threw some light on the matter.

"I understand you have bought letters of a personal nature, Mr. Leyton, the proprietor, he must assure you we will finish them."

Steve, getting on the high-horse declaring he should be the sole judge of the paper. The next print, was stopped by Cyrus Jeffrey. "Listen young man, he said, I didn't want to trouble you, but you and the man who bought a part interest in the Express. You owe it to me that you're in that chair."

"If I was up in the business, the lady with the big bankroll, Mr. Jeffrey."

"Uncle—Steve—I knew nothing about it."

"You'll find Miss Gateson's letters in the office vault and I'm through rights with the paper. I'm suggesting the knowledge that he had burned Tony's letters and left a note in the vault to that effect, Steve repaired to Miss Canavan's house and was engaged Johnson to a game of draughts in the old manner. He was making a move with the piece, and he moved it to an appropriate square on the floor, when he saw Tony at his elbow.

"Steve,” she began. He got to his feet regardless of the reporters who were trying to mob her. "This place is getting too small. Don't you remember the day when you kissed her? Is it her fault she's rich. Do you want to be a millionaire. Uncle likes you, Steve. You're the only man who dared tell him off about something."

He had dialled and heard Canavan's voice.

"Hullo, Canavan,” he called. "Listen to this: "When are you going to kiss her again?” Tony implored.

"On the telephone transmitter in one hand, with the other, Steve snatched her to him. "How's that sound” he said. "You've been at the end of the road all your life."

Tyron Pouer plays the role of Steve Leyton and Loretta Young that of the millionaires Antoinette Gateson in the film "Love is News."
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AN HUNTER adds to his reputation by an exceed-

ingly good performance in Call It a Day, a human domes-
tic comedy which takes you into the life of a well-
to-do family on the first day of spring, a day on which, with the sap rising and the haws stirring, anything may happen.

He plays the role of a middle-

aged husband, comfortably settled down with a wife who under-

stands as well as loves him, two daughters and a son, and he brings to it a sincerity and naturalness which makes it an outstanding piece of characterisation.

This fine spring day certainly causes a considerable upheaval in the Hilton family. First of all, the father is nearly vamped by an actress, exceedingly well played by Beatrice Gwynn, and then the mother is unduly flattered by the attentions of the brother of her greatest friend, who mistakes her for a woman his sister has decided he is to marry. Frieda Inescort is brilliant as the matronly but wholly charming Mrs. Hilton; she certainly deserves stardom.

Nor are the children in any better case. The son, who has been trying to persuade his father to let him tour on the Continent in a car, falls in love with the girl next door and forgets all about his intentions to run away in spite of his parents' ruling.

These two parts are delightfully acted by Peter Willes and Anita Louise. The younger daughter, who has just discovered the beauty of affairs and has become tryingly introspec-
tive, finds her day has a happy conclusion when she is given a painting by Rossetti. Bonita Gran-

ville draws this character remarkably well.

The elder daughter throws herself at the head of an artist whose reputation for affairs is rather lurid and comes home with a bruised heart when he neglects her.

Here again the acting is first rate. Olivia de Havilland scores a personal triumph as the lovesick maiden, while Wallace Wood King is well in character as the artist, as is Peggy Wood as his long-suffering, but completely placid wife.

Robert Young is at his best as the bachelor from India who lays siege to Mrs. Hilton's heart, and Alice Brady is most amusing and true to type as his sister.

Other little studies are given by Una O'Connor as a charwoman, Beryl Mercer as a cook, Elsa Buchanan as a maid, and Mary Field as Hilton's secretary.

The events of the day are neatly dovetailed by the director, Archie Mayo, and behind all the restrained comedy there is definite human feeling and understanding.

It is rarely one sees such a consistently well acted and cleverly contrived picture.

GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN

While not altogether convincing, there is a good romantic interest, plenty of acting, and much in this picturesque backgrounds in this story of rambler interests in British mountain life. It is photo-

graphed throughout in Technicolour and the colour effects are extremely pleasing.

George Brent succeeds in making the most of a rather conventional role. He is the irresponsible younger brother of a big lumber magnate who falls in love with his brother's rival, who happens to be a very deter-

mined and pig-headed woman.

Eventually he helps her out - his brother, who had planned to stop her from getting her lumber to the coast, so that he could buy her land and secure the Government contract she held.

Beverly Roberts is very good as the seemingly masculine woman who eventually proved she is wholly feminine after all. It is a difficult and not very sympathetic role, and she is to be congratulated on her interpretation of it.

Robert Barratt is well in character as the hard-headed lumber magnate and other good performances are given by Barton Madison, Alan Hale and Joseph King.

William Keighley, the director, has succeeded in making the atmosph-

ere convincing, even when the plot strains the credulity at times.

The action includes fights and some spectacular scenes in the forest and the lumber camps.

The picture's main thrill is the dynaming of a log jam.

On the Screens Now

**TWO WISE MAIDS**

Brisco, in a one-act, "American" "A" certificate, School-life comedy-drama, Runs 70 minutes.

ALISON SKIPWORTH...... Agatha Staton SHELTON MCNAMARA...... Betty Field MARGARET JONES...... June Byron GUS MUNROE...... Bruce Seton LEE LEWIS...... Bethel Harriman MAXIE ROGERS-BROWN...... Champ HUNTER ALISON HAMILTON...... Ruby McCardle CLARENCE WILSON...... Twitcheil ALFRED ASHTON...... John Hamilton JOHN HAMILTON...... Westmore EUGENE CONOVER...... Mrs. Beaton Directed by Phil Rosen, from an original story by Edrie Bohem.

Alison Skipworth and Polly Moran have quite well played a kind of old fashioned teacher who hopes for promotion and her faithful colleague, respectively.

The former draws a convincing and likeable character and the latter makes an amusing foil.

The picture supplies an exotic romantic element as a young man who is promoted head of the school in preference to the elderly lady.

The pair are always at loggerheads but eventually the school "marm" proves that her unorthodox methods are not so bad after all.

A clever study of a turbulent child is given by Marcia Mae Jones and little girlie is well in the character of a boy who steals examination papers and brings a charge of assault against his teacher.

Some exaggeration is used to bring the various points home but generally the atmosphere is human and convincing.

**THE MAGNIFICENT AMATEUR**

General F.D. American. "U" certificate. Robust melodrama, Runs 77 minutes.

VICTOR McLAGLEN...... Charles Delco BUNNIE BARNES....... Della Langley JAMES CAGNEY...... George Meeker BILL BARRAD....... Harry MacMurray JOHN DEAN...... Blossom Finney HARRY AMERT...... Buggzy BUGGLEY ALLEN MICHEL....... Peter Finney EMILY MONROE...... Helen Mayfield LARRY JAMES...... Gabby Hayes ANN PRESTON...... Mrs. Howard ZEN VATOR..... "Braniff" SELMAR JACOBSON...... Dr. Coleman ADRIAN ASLEY....... Papagallo RAY MCNEIL...... Esther Dale JOE DALLER...... Maxwell J. Baehr KEN MOORE...... John Beal CHARLES WILSON...... Murphy DR. HAMMOND...... "Big", by Owen Francis. Reviewed April 3, 1937.

Good stuff for those who like their entertainment served in the rough. Victor McLaglen while not capable of showing how well he can act puts up a virile performance as a ganger in a steel factory.

He is a rival who "frames" him in a wrestling bout and then gets him accused of stealing a young widow's money.

He is able to beat him up into confessing, having evaded the police. He retrieves the money and clears his widow.

It is all very familiar in design but has a thrill or two and of course, its full share of fights.

The big thrill occurs when the hero rescues the widow's small son from a slab box which is about to be filled with molten metal.

James Dixon is appealing as the widow and Billy Barrad is good as her small son.

Binnie Barnes is weak as a vamp in league with the hero's rival.

William Hall is quite well in character as the villain of the piece.

**GOLD Diggers of 1937**


DICK POWELL....... Roger Peek JANE BOUTELL...... Perry VICTOR MOORE...... J. J. Robert GLENN PARRELL..... Genevieve La Londe LEE DIXON....... Bogy Oglethorpe OLSON PERKINS...... Morty Weather Calvert Brown...... Sally Irene WARD....... Dublin WINDSOR DAVIS...... Andy Callahan Oliu HOWARD...... Daily Sue DAY....... Daisy Carrol LEE HALEY....... Dr. Bell PAT DUGGINS... Elmer Karrol DONALD COOK...... Bruce Seton MARK STANLEY..... Joane Wiegmann CLARENCE WILSON...... Twitcheil JOHN HAMILTON...... Westmore EUGENE CONOVER...... Mrs. Beaton Directed by Phil Rosen, from an original story by Edrie Bohem.

While not up to last year's "Gold Digger" musical there are some good tunes, and exceedingly well devised spectacular dance scenes.

The humour and the plot tend to be less contrived than last year's. The central figure is a wealthy impresario who gets insured for a large sum of money by his business associates. There then ensues a battle between the insurance companies and the magnates under the insurance'; the former tries to keep him fit and the latter to bump him off.

The central triumphs however, and all ends well.

Dick Powell croons tunefully and is quite acceptable as a romantic lead. Joanne Blondell makes the most of the small part of the heroine.

Van Heflin, who has another characterisation as the hypochondriacal impresario and good support comes from Alan Farrell, Osmond Perkins and Charles Hallihan.

Lee Dixon supplies a clever dance act.

"DO n't TELL THE WIFE"


Guy Kibbee can always be relied upon to turn in an amusing and human character, and he does so here in the role of the editor of a financial paper who is picked on by Dupé by unscrupulous share pushers.

However, he is not quite the "dupe" the crooks would fancy and outsmarts them at their own game.

Lyne Overton is very amusing as a gullible editor of a woman's paper, and the ex-crook whose heart is torn between love for his wife and a desire to make money easily.

Thurston Hall is suitably bluff and disarming as his associate.

As a man looking for his fortune as the ex-crook's wife, also manages to (Continued on page 30)
She can’t help the Date

But she can avoid the Pain

If you dread certain days each month and you want quick, harmless relief, take advice from Miss S. T. of Cambridge who gratefully writes: “Until I heard about Baxen, I suffered acute pains each month. Then, one dose of Baxen completely stopped the sharp stomach pains and general discomfort in 10 minutes. I was able to carry on with my work as if nothing were the matter. I shall recommend Baxen to all my friends, as I fail to see why our sex should suffer so.”

Baxen is a specialist’s prescription—safe and reliable. It contains no aspirin, no dangerous “drugs.” It cannot harm the heart, upset the stomach, or interfere with the natural function.

Every day thousands of women buy Baxen from their chemists. Even those who always had a “very hard time” now enjoy the peace and comfort of Baxen; so why go on suffering the needless pain which Baxen can spare you? All chemists sell Baxen (Brand) Tablets in thin, flat time; also Powders per pkt.; Single Powders 2d. each.

FREE — A free trial supply of Baxen will be sent you gladly. Write for it to-day to Nurse E. P. C/o E. Griffiths Hughes, Ltd., 247, Adelphi, Salford, Manchester.

The EASIEST way of all to REDUCE

Tens of thousands of grateful women know that ‘Marmola’ Brand Anti-fat Tablets genuinely enable you to reduce, safely and gently. You can continue to eat what you like, at the same time avoiding strenuous exercise and the very positive danger of weakening caused by drastic purgatives and diets.

Four times a day they take a little ‘Marmola’ tablet, containing in exactly the right quantity a world-famous corrective for obesity which prevents your food from turning into useless fat. This corrective is prescribed by physicians everywhere and acknowledged to be the most effective fat reducer known.

Since 1907 more than 25 million packages of ‘Marmola’ have been purchased. Could any better recommendation be had? Today—buy a package of ‘Marmola’ and start at once. When you have slimmed to your liking and are once more the proud possessor of a beautiful slender figure, stop taking ‘Marmola.’ You can then look confidently forward to a happy summer.

Marmola brand Anti-fat Tablets are sold by all chemists at 3/- per box or sixpence post paid on receipt of price by the Marmola Distributing Agency (Dept. 85), Clinkerwell Road, London, E.C.1. Send this coupon or write for the latest book, a two-day sample free and our guarantee.

MARMOLA DISTRIBUTING AGENCY
Please forward two-day sample and Marmola Booker, also guarantee form—FREE.

Name
Address

"What he will think about your skin tomorrow depends on what you put on it today."

SAYS “MRS. X”*

“I sometimes wonder how many girls are anxious and miserable because they find their skin getting more and more dry and blotchy. Very often it happens in spite of cosmetics—and sometimes I am afraid because of them. You needn’t have any more worries of that sort. The new Pompeian powder has been perfected specially to protect you from them. It’s beautifully fine and gentle and there’s nothing in it to harm even the most delicate skin. It will make you lovelier today—and the loveliness will last.”

In 3 packs at the old prices: 2/-, 1/- & 6d. Ask also for Pompeian Bloom, Day Cream, Night Cream and Lipstick, from 6d.

★ FREE Send for my free ‘Attractioncope.’ It will find your personal ‘attraction index’ and show you how to “rate” and increase your charm and personality. Write Mrs. X, c/o The Pompeian Co., Ltd., (Dept. E3) 160 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Pompeian POWDER
THE POMPEIAN CO. LTD., 160 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

"Men Still Prefer NATURAL LIGHT BLONDES to Brown Blondes!"

says J. H. Mendez, famous film director

BROWNISH and MOUSY
coloured hair becomes 2-4 Shades Lighter
—Naturally in One Shampoo, Without Injurious Dyeing and Bleaching

Naturally light blondes are far more attractive and alluring than brown or moousy blondes. Now simply by washing your hair with Sta-blond, the wonderful new shampoo treatment, your hair becomes naturally 2-4 shades lighter, acquiring that fascinating golden colour—the secret of the true blonde’s sex appeal—without dyes, henna, camomile, or injurious bleaches.

The new secret formula of Sta-blond has all the advantages of soap and soapless shampoos without the disadvantages of either. It brings back to brownish, darkened, blond hair, the golden beauty of childhood. It prevents light blond hair from darkening, and makes perms last longer. Simply splendid for children. Over 4 million users throughout the World.

Try it today and if it is not the most wonderful thing you have ever used, ask for your money back.
Known abroad as Nurlblond and Blondex. Be sure and buy it today. Obtainable everywhere.

Thanks to
AMAMI NAIL STONE

FLAWLESS

AMAMI Nail Polishing Stone

BROWNSHD and MOUSY
coloured hair becomes 2-4 Shades Lighter
—Naturally in One Shampoo, Without Injurious Dyeing and Bleaching

Naturally light blondes are far more attractive and alluring than brown or moousy blondes. Now simply by washing your hair with Sta-blond, the wonderful new shampoo treatment, your hair becomes naturally 2-4 shades lighter, acquiring that fascinating golden colour—the secret of the true blonde’s sex appeal—without dyes, henna, camomile, or injurious bleaches.

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FLAWLESS

AMAMI Nail Polishing Stone

BROWNSHD and MOUSY
coloured hair becomes 2-4 Shades Lighter
—Naturally in One Shampoo, Without Injurious Dyeing and Bleaching

Naturally light blondes are far more attracti...
Jaded?

...just one minute—and a lovelier, more vital YOU...

ATKINSONS
EAU DE COLOGNE refreshes at a touch

Feeling tired, jaded, spirits low? In just one minute a touch of Atkinsons Eau de Cologne on your forehead and behind the ears will soothe and refresh you, revive your fading energy, bring back your interest in life. Such a simple treatment to relieve your distress! Such an effective restorative!

Don’t risk being without next time you have a headache. It’s wiser to keep a bottle of Atkinsons Eau de Cologne at hand.

Compare the QUALITY
... Compare the PRICE

1/6, 2/6, 4/6 and larger sizes.

The PICTUREGOER’S quick reference index

**TWO WISE MAIDS**
**THE MAGNIFICENT BRUTE**
**GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937**
**DON’T TELL THE WIFE**
**ONCE A DOCTOR**
**VENGEANCE**
**THE HEADLINE CRASHER**
THE JUNGLE PRINCESS
BREEZING HOME
Darby and Joan Concerning Mr. Martin

What the asterisks mean—

**** An outstanding feature. ** Very good. 
* Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

of the Mobile Police who, to avenge his small nephew, who has been temporarily blinded by crooks, joins up as a gangster and eventually runs the criminals to earth.

Wendi Barrie makes quite an attractive heroine and Wally Albright is attractive as the small nephew.

Marc Lawrence hands out the rough stuff as the villain of the piece.

The ingenious story is quite well put over which makes up for the rather meagre presentation qualities.

**THE HEADLINE CRASHER**
FRANKIE DARRO ... Jimmy Tallant RICHARD TUCKER ... Decorator Talton MURIEL EVANS ... Edith Arlen KYNE ... Lamont Dozier EDWARD EAGLE ... Atwood STEWART ... Scarlett ELEANOR STEWART ... Helen JAY ROGER ... Al CHARLES KING ... Brooke DICK CURTIS ... Joe EDIE KAYE ... Bill WAYNE BROWN ... The Herald photographer Directed by Leo Goodwin, from a story by Peter B. Kyne.

Frankie Darro acts well and is convincing in the role of Jimmy, the irresponsible young son of a senator seeking higher office.

His political opponents use the pranks he plays to injure his father’s reputation and this eventually finds himself involved with gangsters. Their chief is a man his father had once sent to prison and he uses Jimmy to trap his enemy.

However, Jimmy, with the help of a reporter in love with his father’s secretary is able to save the situation.

The love interest is quite adequately looked after by Muriel Evans and Kane Richmond. It is all very ingenious material and relies for its appeal almost entirely on the juvenile star’s performance.

**THE JUNGLE PRINCESS**
DOROTHY LAMOUR ... Judy Ray MILLARD ... Christopher Powell ANITA WATSON ... Nag LYNNE OVERMAN ... Frank MOLLY LAMOUR ... Ava NELSON ... Melvin HOW BUCKLER ... Col. Neville Lane SALTY MARTIN ... Utah (as a child)
Directed by William Thalberg, based on a story by Max Marisse, Premiere, Jan. 10, 1937.

Very naive and incredible romance dealing with a child brought up by beasts in the jungle who meets and falls in love with an American big game hunter.

The natives try to kill her as a witch because she has a “familiar spirit” in a wild panther.

They are outwitted, however, when the “princess” calls all the monkeys in the jungle to her assistance.

This last scene is exceedingly well done and the animal interest is quite strong.

The main asset of the picture is the naturalness and unsophisticated charm of a newcomer Dorothy Lamour who makes the main character as credible as it is possible for it to be.

Presentation is good and the scenic efforts are picturesque.
Lionel Collier — Cont.

WILLIAM BODEY— "Speed"  
MICHAEL LAMONT— Eddie  
ELIZABETH COX— Julie  
Directed by Milton Carruth.

*  
National Screen Service Limited  
and Film Weekly  
AN APOLOGY  

In our leading article of June 19, "TRAILING IN PICTURES," whilst expressing our views upon trailers generally, we made certain statements relating to the production of "Thai Girl from Paris" and "You Can't Take Money" to which National Screen Service, Ltd., the producers of the official trailers of these pictures, have taken exception.

We have now seen the N.S.S. trailers for these two films, and we are quite ready to admit that our adverse criticism does not apply to these trailers.

One of "Film Weekly's" reviewers saw a short advertising film for "You Can't Take Money," at a private show, but we are informed that this film has never been shown to the public and that the only scene trailer which has been exhibited in the cinemas is the N.S.S. trailer, which is a totally different picture.

It has been suggested to us that the leading article might be taken to refer to the N.S.S., particularly as they are the only trailer company who have the right to use scene material in their product. We therefore take this opportunity of tendering to N.S.S. our sincere apologies for any wrong impression which may have been created.

EDITOR,  
"Film Weekly."

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

I HAVE received many requests to publish the films awarded two, three, four stars during the past two months. Readers states that in some districts they do not see these pictures until long after the actual release date and that such a list, with reference to the dates on which they were released in PICTORISKOW, would be helpful. It is our custom to publish such information and useful to our readers as possible, but I am publishing every week a list suggested in alphabetical order and the numbers of stars awarded.

1. *Bustle on My Knee* (2)  
2. Big Broadcast of 1937 (2)  
3. Black Legion (2)  
4. Real Cavendish (2)  
5. *Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo* (2)  
6. *Crack-Up* (2)  
7. *Come up Smiling* (2)  
8. *Conflict* (2)  
9. *Counterfeit Lady* (2)  
10. *Dangerous Number* (2)  
11. *Diplomat* (2)  
12. *Feather Your Nest* (2)  
13. Flying Hoofbeats (2)  
14. *Gentle Shall* (2)  
15. *Hollywood Cavalcade Returns* (2)  
16. *In a Mausoleum Garden* (2)  
17. *Lady from Venus* (2)  
18. *Lady Reporter* (2)  
19. *Lost from a Stranger* (2)  
20. *Meal of the People* (2)  
21. *Mighty Tangle* (2)  
22. *Miss in the Moon* (2)  
23. *More Than a Secretary* (2)  
24. *Off to the Races* (2)  
25. *Outcast* (2)  
26. *Plunge the Titanic* (2)  
27. *Pluck of the Irish* (2)  
28. *Premature Burial* (2)  
29. *Polo Joe* (2)  
30. *Racing Lady* (2)  
31. *Redemption* (2)  
32. *Thai Girl From Paris* (2)  
33. *Three Men on a Horse* (2)  
34. *Three Smart Girls* (2)  
35. *Thunder in the City* (2)  
36. *Under Cover of Night* (2)  
37. *Voice of Scandal* (2)  
38. *Women of Glamour* (2)

Is your shade wrong too?

LIKE Lady Tennyson, thousands of women think they have found the right shade of powder for them. Yet it is really wrong!

If your skin often looks faded, dull and old, then you may be among those thousands. For the wrong shade of face powder can make your skin look like that.

Hidden Tints in Skin!

This is the reason why Pond's Face Powder shades are right where other powders fail:

Until recently all powder shades were made without a scientific knowledge of skin tones. But now Pond's have analysed the skin of 200 girls to discover what skin tones give each type of complexion.

And these secret tints are blended invisibly in Pond's Powder shades. That is why they give your skin a loveliness that other shades cannot.

There is only one way to find your right shade—try all five. They are obtainable everywhere at $1.95 or 6d. a box. Or send in the coupon below and all five shades of Pond's Powder will be sent to you free.

Natural gives transparency to fair skin. Rachel 1 gives pearliness to fair skin. Rachel 2 clears and gives an ivory finish to creamy skin.

Peach washes, gives a lovely blonde colouring.

Dark Brunette (sun-tan) gives glowing radiance to creamy skin.

Pond's Powder is fine-textured and has an "expensive" perfume.

AMAZING FACTS were revealed when 200 girls were complexion-analysed under a colourscope. It showed that the beautiful blonde skin contains 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.

FREE: Pond's Powder. Write your name and address below, pin a 1d. stamp to this coupon and post in a sealed envelope to Dept. F. 981 Pond's, Privet, Greenford, Middlesex, and we will send you FREE Samp. J.Es. of all five shades of Pond's Face Powder — Natural, Peach, Dark Brunette (Suntan), Rachel 1 and Rachel 2.

NAME  
ADDRESS

PICTUREGOER  
Weekly  
July 24, 1937  
31
this summer

Let the sun smile on your holiday! No more tomorrows of painful sunburn if your skin is protected with SKOL SUN LOTION. SKOL excludes the rays that cause burning, blistering, peeling, but allows the health-giving ultraviolet sunrays to do their beneficial work. SKOL produces a smooth and healthy tan. Don't fry your skin with oil or use messy creams. SKOL is non-oily, invisible and also an excellent powder base. Here is a scientific light-filter preparation, calculated to keep your skin soft, healthy, cool throughout the summer months.

TAN WITH SKOL

SKOL SUN LOTION is sold by all leading chemists and stores 1/3d, 2/6, 3/6 and 6/6. Send to the address below for a sample bottle. Post free - 3d.

WHAT DO YOU THINK? Letters from our Readers

WOMEN STARS ARE GREATER!

is it the Result of a Conspiracy?

WHAT keeps the female star greater than the male? Why have three stars like Garbo, Dietrich and Crawford a stellar pull which has that of six male stars beaten hollow?

Is it because the young men of Manchester and Memphis clamour for them as their grandfathers clamoured for their favourite music-hall belles? This should be the explanation of the she-star's popularity. The spectacle of man idealising woman is as old as the hills, but does this happen here? No. It is the woman who demands women stars, and she who writes them adoring letters.

Do I, on seeing Gable, rush off to write him a beautiful letter asking for his photograph? No. Yet this is what thousands of women are doing after seeing Dietrich, etc. Why? Having tried all sorts of explanations, I have come at last to this solution: it is a woman's conspiracy!—Douglas G. Maitland, 29a Meldon Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 6.

(But the male stars don't do so badly in the matter of fan mail—"Thinker.")

Nudes and Prudes

• I feel very sorry for the young lady who was so embarrassed by the half-naked negro women in Stanley of the Skies.

To my mind they were, in spite of not wearing brassieres (and what more do most of the chorus girls wear?), and much more dignified and decent than many of the film "cuties" that grace the screen.

If white women would possess the same naturalness and unselfconsciousness, and if it would be natural to our civilisation to go naked, then, why shouldn't they?

But as it is not the case, we ought at least to be grateful that the film gives us the possibility to see that part of humanity that has kept some of its natural innocence.

There are many things in the average films far more indecent, disgusting and demoralising than a naked black body. (Miss) Hertha Gottheil, 60 Cambridge Terrace, W.2, who is awarded the first prize of £1.

Crime Doesn't Pay!

• Lines written by a crackersman after seeing a number of ' whodunits ' at his local cinema:

"It's never too late to mend, And the very numbers tend To rob the crook of a chance, Gone is the thrill and romance When a lively life of crime Must so quickly end in time. Philo Vance and Charlie Chan, Two who always get their man; Perry Mason and his gang Cause the prison gates to clang; Bulldog Drummond breaks all jaws And some unimportant laws; Nick Charles, pouring out a drink, Sends the guilty one to clink; Father Brown in paradox Will reform the wiliest fox; The list of 'eets would take a book. Oh, what fool would be a crook!"

—Alan Thomas, 16 Heol Madoc, Whitechurch, Cardiff, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Stars and " Colour "

• The advent of coloured films brings me to the question of, "What is colour going to do to our stars?"

For those of the stars who film better in it than they did in black and white, let's have colour. But for those of our "favourites" who do not film well in colour, what then?

We lost some of our favourites of the silent pictures when the talkies came in, and none of us wishes the same thing to happen again with the advent of colour.

So please Hollywood, "on with colour," if our "favourites" who don't film well in it are kept as they are doing, "down with colour." If it means depriving us of our favourite stars and their talent, simply because they do not film well in colour.—(Miss) Daisy J. Barry, 54 Dunard Street, Glasgow, N. W.

(If you have to see the latest make-ups will find the right "colour make-up" for every player—"Thinker.")

"Inspired " Praise

• With the advent of Romeo and Juliet, a new and sinister form of trailer has swum into my ken.

It introduced Clark Gable saying "Romeo and Juliet was Miss Shearer's best picture."

Next, Nelson Eddy, who, compared Miss Shearer's voice to a symphony of some sort.

Then, May Robson, who, during her fifty-three years on the stage, had never seen a lovelier "Juliet" than Miss Shearer's.

Luise Rainer, rolling her eyes heavenward, paid her little tribute.

Barrymore Bros, at the dinner-table, Lionel as spokesman, gave their seal of approval.

Jim Tully—looking like something that had battled with a hayrick and come off worst—said his say; Anita Loos was also quoted.

Now, is it a coincidence that all these people were employees and stars of Metro Goldwyn? I sincerely hope this practice won't spread; imagine listening to Donald Duck's quacked praise of some new film—David Morgan, 47 Cumnor Road, Blaina, Mon.

(This kind of thing probably impresses a large number of picturgoers—"Thinker.")

Village Films

• I'm all against British village life being filmed. Whilst the opportunities given for showing us beautiful scenery are tremendous, the fact still remains that "Bai gum" and haystacks cannot compare with Hollywood's slick wise-cracks and gangsters' hide-outs.

British films want speeding up. The perambulations of the village doctor and the ringing bells of the village church will apply the brake instead of touching the accelerator.

The promise that we shall be given more opportunities for seeing rural Britain in British films may send a small minority into ecstasies, but I think that the majority of us will still dive into the cinema which offers us that laughter-raising, spine-tickling, big-town fare.—E. A. Humphreys, 2/18 Brougham Street, Luton, Dunstable, Bedfordshire 19.

(If possible to make an exciting film in the most rural surroundings, as Alfred Hitchcock has—"Thinker.")

Why Not Applaud?

• "Theatres and music-halls receive applause," writes Mr. N. E. Lord in a recent letter, "why not cinema?"

For many years Lady Nightshade and I have been conducting a campaign, urging members of the great British public to applaud their favourite cinemas.

Next Saturday night, for instance, there will be a grand mass demonstration at 7.30 p.m. outside the Enormous, Little Jellaby, Deck-chairs all, as usual, to be provided, although members of the public are advised not to park them between the tram-lines.

On the word "Go" (from Lady Nightshade) (Continued on page 34)
IT'S THE 'NATURAL' GIRLS WHO ATTRACT MEN WITH SERIOUS INTENTIONS

Get the wish of your heart

Cheap, made-up faces make men run a mile when they're looking for someone to make a home with. The marrying kind of men like 'natural' looking girls. Only Outdoor Girl face powder can give you the natural aid of olive oil — no need for constant making up — repowering. It clings and clings and gives your skin a natural youthful freshness — prevents the drying up of natural skin oils.

MONEY BACK OFFER — You're the JUDGE!
Don't be fooled by the $1.50 or the Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Powder. Try it out thoroughly. Then if you are not completely satisfied, ALL your purchase from Outdoor Girl products — including:
LIPSTICK ..................... 6d. 1/- and 2d.
ROUGE ........................ 6d. and 1d.
PURPOSE CREAM ............. 6d. and 2d.

FOR GIRLS AFTER A MAN'S HEART

Outdoor Oil

Olive Oil FACE POWDER

Olive Oil is Nature's Gift to Beauty. All your healthful needs are met with Olive Oil that naturally preserves and revives the complexion of your skin. So for your complete makeup and color harmony use the Olive Outdoor Girl beauty products — including:
LIPSTICK ..................... 6d. 1/- and 2d.
ROUGE ........................ 6d. and 1d.
PURPOSE CREAM ............. 6d. and 2d.

A smooth, youthful complexion makes a woman irresistible

Polly Raley and Walter Cuy in Universal's "Love Letters of a Star."

READ HOW ICILMA SAVED MAGGARET'S RAMOCE

GILLS TAKEN SHE HAS A (NEARIC ICILMA AGAI', WHY IS COMPLEXION, ME SO KEEN MAGGARET, THAT ALWAYS APPEALS TO MEN

ICILMA VAINISHING CREAM
JARS 1's 9d. TUBES 60

IS IT ICILMA? YES MAGARET — CREAM THAT ALGERIAN SPRING CONTAINS SOME WATER IT LIGHT, MARVELLOUS BEAUTIFYING ABSOLUTELY UNOILY

BILL THROWS EVERY NIGHT NEXT TO YOU FOR BOOKED.

AND HER LOVELY SKIN WON HIM BACK

ICILMA SAMPLE BOX
Three trial tubes of ICILMA Cream and trial packet of Dry Shampoo. Write to ICILMA (Dept. T. 45), 39 King's Road, London, N.W. 1, and send 3d. in stamps. (Your envelope should be sealed and bear a 1d. stamp.)

WHY I USE NEW VEET

New 'Veet' ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.
New 'Veet' leaves the skin soft, smooth and white without trace of ugly stubble.
New 'Veet' is a dainty white cream — sweetly scented and pleasant to use.
New 'Veet' avoids course regrowth unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. 6d. and 1/3d.

QUICK HELP FOR THIN BATHERS!
Make This Famous 10 Day Test...

...that has Shown Thousands how to Build up New Red-Blooded Strength — New Energy and ADD EXTRAS — or no Cost!

Don't be discouraged if you are weak, skinny, tired-skinned. skin unattractive to pass an oracle of flesh or strength. On no matter what you may feel and say the proof is not with the amount of food you eat. Your daily diet may contain enough potential nourishment of many kinds, but unless it contains the essential vitamins, minerals and food the body has to assimilation in order to extract full nourishment from the food you eat. The result is you are eating enough good food to satisfy your appetite and still not able to gain weight or strength. You not only remain skinny but you often suffer from depression, acne, lack of energy, nervousness, irritability or palpitation.

In 'Veet' the amazing mineral concentrates from the Pacific Ocean, you get all the 12 Minerals, an essential to the normal chemical processes of the body. Without this, the proper functioning of the gland, liver and brain, you are "VEET" and in no other food or medicine, will you find ALL these substances in their natural state — wireless drugs.

THOUSANDS WHO HAVE MADE THIS 10 DAYS TEST FIND "VEET"...
1. Improves Appetite.
2. Adds extra pounds of good solid flesh.
3. Improves digestion.
4. Banishes ordinary de-
5. Banishes ordinary de-
6. Banishes ordinary de-
7. Banishes ordinary de-

THOUSANDS WHO HAVE MADE THIS 10 DAYS TEST FIND "VEET"...
1. Improves Appetite.
2. Adds extra pounds of good solid flesh.
3. Improves digestion.
4. Banishes ordinary de-
5. Banishes ordinary de-
6. Banishes ordinary de-
7. Banishes ordinary de-

MAKE THIS SIMPLE WIZZ TEST... Even if you are skinny, weak, run-down, you can't sleep and you feel your foods fail to build up your weight, strength and energy, try 'Veet' Tablets for 10 days. If you don't feel better, sleep better, you have nothing to lose and all extra pounds of good solid flesh in the first 10 days, the next 30 days, the next 60 days, you can't lose, unless you wish to.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER...
Write today for fascinating illustrated dinner menu book on How to Add Weight Qualitv, Build Strength, Energy, Hormone Stimulation and Rich Red Blood. Medical Contents of Food and their effects on human body. New facts about MINERAL, VITAMIN, W. B. and Y. Ween, Standard weights and measurements. The aim of 'Veet' is to secure a balanced diet for body and mind. ICILMA Laboratories, 10 Bryant Street, London, W. 1.

VIKELP HEALTH and Body Building Tables

TOLL BITING

NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK!

Free booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily and permanently cure yourself of this objectionable, health endangering habit. No noise, no auto-suggestion. New discovery. Send 1d. stamp for postage.


FOR GREY HAIR

SHADEINE
In safe, rare and simple to use; no liquid; no stainings; permanent and washable; 60 different shades; sold in an attractive case, fibre colaret. See Medical Certificates enclosed.

AT ALL CHEMISTS

NEW BOTTLE 8d.

FREE BOOKLET

Free booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily and permanently cure yourself of this objectionable, health endangering habit. No noise, no auto-suggestion. New discovery. Send 1d. stamp for postage.

Deep Waves...

You'll be thrilled, too, with the sleek shining waves which can be produced with the aid of Amami Wave Set. You'll be amazed at how easily you can do them yourself. Dampen the hair first, then apply Amami Wave Set—a little patience and time and you're all set for busy days and gaua evenings.

WHO'S WHO

Benita Hume
- Has made rather a speciality of playing "catty" society women since she went to Hollywood, but made her screen name as a heroine in British pictures—and a very lovely one at that. Benita was born in London on October 14, 1906, but was educated at the Clifton High School, Bristol, from which she went to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.
- She made her stage début in a walking-on part in London Life at Drury Lane in 1925. Successes in the silent Easy Virtue and The Condemned Nymph established her as a screen favourite and between the arrival of talkies and 1933 when she went to America she was one of the stalwarts of British films.
- Her latest pictures are: Sury, Moonlight Murder, Two Can Play, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney.
- Benita is 5 ft. 5 in. tall and has dark hair and brown eyes.

Ian Hunter
- Was born in Capetown on June 13, 1900, but has so far found no reason to regard the birth-date as unlucky. He was educated in South Africa and at Aldenham School, Bushey, Herts.
- In 1917 he joined the Army and served in France. On his discharge he decided to follow the example of his brothers and took up a theatrical career, in which he was given his first opportunity by Basil Dean.
- He appeared in a number of London successes before making his first film in 1928 (it was The Ring). Picturegoer hailed him as a screen "find," but he was largely neglected by the studios until Hollywood snapped him up two years ago. Now he is one of the most popular leading men in the film capital. So far this year Hunter has appeared in Stolen Holiday and Call It a Day. The actor is 6 ft. 1½ in. tall, and has brown hair and grey eyes.

Marsha Hunt
- Broke into pictures via the photographer's model route and confesses that she had a Hollywood career in mind ever since she can remember.
- Marsha was born in Chicago on October 17, 1907, was educated in New York, but got a job posing for photographers before she had finished school.
- Visiting an uncle in Hollywood in 1935, she was offered a screen test and a contract followed. The actress made her first screen bow in The Stricken Judge and has since appeared in Desert Gold, Hollywood Boulevard, The Arizona Raiders, The Accusing Fingers, Easy to Take, College Holiday and Murder Goes to College established herself as a discovery. Recent pictures: The Mill on the Floss, Good Morning, Boys and Farewell Again.

Martita Hunt
- Came to films as one of the best-known character actresses on the West End stage, and in the last four years has become one of the best-known character actresses on the British screen. Martita Hunt (no relation to the firm next door) was born in the Argentine on January 30, 1900. After attending school in Eastbourne, she studied for the stage under Genevieve Ward and Lady Benson, making her first professional appearance with the Liverpool Repertory Company in 1921.
- The actress made her screen début in Service for Ladies (1928) but immediately established herself as a discovery. Recent pictures: The Mill on the Floss, Good Morning, Boys and Farewell Again.

Picking Winners
- The greatest film of all time—what? Is it impossible to find a film that stands out as the best ever created? Personally, I quote Crimes Without Passion because of superb technique, unusual histrionics from a well-chosen cast, and a tempo that swept one to the smashing climax.
- Smiling Through was the sweetest romance, King of Jazz the finest musical, All Quiet stands alone as a war film and Modern Times was the best comedy.
- I see probably 250 films a year, yet all these are playing second fiddle to the ones I quote—Inman Race, 46 Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED
- What do you think about the stars and films?
- Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words.

"Thinker."

"The Picturegoer Weekly."

Set At Home

Set Home

Firm Curls . . .

These bewitching little curls are simple, too—with Amami Wave Set and lots of hairpins—and what a difference they make to your looks. An instruction leaflet is included with every bottle.

AMAMI

WAVE SET 6d. & 1/3

TWO VARIETIES

THE ORIGINAL GREEN

LOTION

THE NEW SPIRITOUS LOTION

the stand-by of hundreds of thousands of girls.

for naturally curly or fine hair.

July 24, 1937
Proud of her teeth... but she’s beginning to wear them away

Nobody’s told her parents that some pastes and powders clean because they’re abrasive. In fact there are dentifrices so abrasive that dentists can tell at a glance what you’ve been using. If you use them regularly they’re bound to wear away that thin film of enamel which is Nature’s only protection against decay.

It’s quite simple to tell whether your present tooth paste is safe. Compare it with one which dentists recognise as the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day (or send the coupon below for a sample tube free). Put them both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present one seems to have the least sign of grittiness, don’t take chances any longer.

It is just because it is so safe that dentists recommend Odol.

Odol can be obtained at Tooth Paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouthwash and Odol Denture Powder.

Free sample tube. Post this coupon in unsealed envelope (1.d. stamp) to Crowneux, Ltd. (Dept. P.13), Norwich, for a free tube of Odol. This applies to G.B. and 3. Ireland.

Name

Address


First Step to Beauty

Beauty from the top of your head to the tip of your toes! Just crumble a ‘Reudel’ Cube into your bath and your skin will be as soft and fragrant as a delicately scented rose petal. For a ‘Reudel’ Cube in your bath supercharges it with beautifying and invigorating oxygen. Cleanses every tiny pore in your skin and leaves it radiantly lovely. Try a ‘Reudel’ Cube in your bath to-night, and make it a real beauty bath. There are three perfumes to choose from—Original, Lavender and the new Pine.
She repelled him a month ago.

But she uses Odo-ro-no now!

NO GIRL can hope to be wholly attractive to a man if she's careless about underarm perspiration. It defies that. Why sensible, civilized women are nowadays making the use of Odo-ro-no as much of a regular part of their routine as cleaning their teeth.

Guards freshness—saves clothes

Perspiration is sure to ruin 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.

Make sure you are free from the tint of perspiration! Don't expect friends to tell you... don't count on detecting it yourself. Use Odo-ro-no regularly.

Odo-ro-no, being a physician's formula, is recognised as a safe, dependable preparation that both checks and deodorises perspiration.

ODO-RO-NO

Prevents underarm perspiration

and saves clothes

THERE ARE 2 KINDS OF ODO-RO-NO

1. INSTANT (or 'clear')—Odo-ro-no gives protection for two or three days.

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

Try both kinds of Odo-ro-no. Send 3d. by stamps for trial bottles of both Instant (clear) and Regular (red) Odo-ro-no. Use Coupon.

NO. 32d (New Series) Vol. 7 July 24, 1937.

LET GEORGE DO IT!

J. S. (Boston).—Copies of the Picturegoer containing The Great Ziegfeld special can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catherine Street, London, W.C.1 for 3d. each, post free.

T. N. T. (Birmingham).—(1) Music in the French Night of Love for Twentieth Century Fox, sung in cafe scene; Lecia Sestri, sings in Grazia. No musical ideas. Excerpt from "Traviata," sung in the balcony scene, and "One Night of Love." Grazia Moore's latest number is "When You're in Love with Cary Grant and she is to make The Sound of Your Voice with Mervyn Daughlas.

BRONCHI (Brooklyn).—Dracula's Daughter was released by Universal Films, America. (1) Evelyn Dall, b, New York, she has blonde hair and blue eyes. In Oct., 1936, she came over with the Felix Perry Cabaret to various houses, remaining in Boston while there she met Ambrose. She returned to New York and made her Guild Theatre in Paraiso and made one of two shots for Warner Bros. and then received a wire from Ambrose offering her a contract with his band. Films: Soft Lights and Sweet Music and Calling All Strollers.


Broadway Melody (old).—"Broadway Melody." "You Were Meant For Me," "Wedding of the Painted Doll," "Broadway Melody," "On A Slow Boat To China," "You Are My Lucky Star," "Sing Before Breakfast," "I Got A Feeling You're Fooling." "M. H. M. (S.W.B.)—Addresses as follows: Jack Holt, Nosy Barry, Cesar Romero, Durdie Paget, Warner Oland, Twentieth Century-Fox; George O'Brien, Jack Oakie, Allyn Talmadge, Lloyd Nolan, Ken Taylor; Richard Cromwell, Paramount; Chester Morris, Richard Dix, Columbia; Ronald Colman, Jack La Rue and David Niven, United Artists; Iaamie Rathbone, Anthony Wessell, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Errol Flynn, Warner Brothers; a letter to America costs 1d., but an English stamp costs 2½d. for a reply. Always enclose a postal order from your local post office for the required amount for the return postage and enclose it with your letter.

New Readers—The Wasteland was made by Columbia Films, directed by David Selznick, screen play by American Short, and the chief players were Tim McCoy, Marion Shilling, John Druce and Hooper Atchley.


PHILIP REED FAN (Oxford).—(1) Centre spread of Three Smart Girls, published.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

Will readers please note that the new address for THE BORIS KARLOFF CLUB is now 109-111 Altamir Road, South Kensington, S.W.9. All interested should write to Kathleen F. Nagle, 47 Avenue, Secretary, that address for full particulars, etc.

Will any readers interested in CRAIG REYNOLDS or autograph collecting write to Lord Auchinleck's Hall, Marine Parade, Brighton, for full details of a club run for this star with his permission and full details of the Authentic Autograph Association which aims to help members to obtain signatures of the stars.

A Farewell Party was given for Mr. Leslie Howard following his return from America. by the FIGURATED BRITISH FILM AND STAGE CLUB at their premises on Friday, June 25. Gibb McLaughlin, the vice-president of the Club, Rowland Longe and Leslie Howard were among the guests present. This Sherry Party was the first of many sherry Party Dinners to be given by this Club, and the next will be held on July 23. Tickets 2/6. At each party a famous star will be present, and the name of the actor or actress will not be given until the night of the Party. Full particulars of the Events and Dances given by this Club can be obtained from the Secretary, Miss Kathleen Costello, 16th Vassallo Street, London, N.1, or from 32 Avenue Amherst, S.W.12.

It is advisable to enclose signed addressed envelopes with your letters to Fan Clubs to ensure a reply.

No. 32d (New Series) Vol. 7 July 24, 1937.

ERST. OFFICES. Martlet Court, Bow St., London, W.C.2.


On Sale every Thursday, 2d.
New Soapless Shampoo makes Dull “Seaside Hair” Sparkle with Highlights

DRENE REMOVES “LIME-SCUM”
Drene, the brand-new liquid shampoo is not soap, therefore cannot form that beauty-clouding “lime-scum.” Instead, Drene leaves your hair absolutely clean, free from all lime-dust, dust, perspiration, dandruff and salt particles. Drene reveals for the first time the natural beauty of your hair after just one shampoo.

GIVES 5 TIMES MORE LATHER THAN SOAP
— NO MIXING — CLEAR WATER RINSING
There’s no messy mixing to be done with Drene. Simply wet your hair thoroughly, pour a little Drene into the palm of the hand, rub briskly... and up comes a rich, billowy, foaming lather. Whether the water is hard or soft, fresh or salt, hot or cold, Drene gives 5 times more lather than soap. One quick lathering, clear water rinsing and there you are! Drene leaves your hair absolutely clean, bright and lovely, shimmering and soft in spite of wind and weather. And no bothersome vinegar or other special after-rinse are necessary.

DRENE FOR EVERY SHADE OF HAIR
Drene brings this miracle of cleanliness with complete safety to every type and shade of hair, even dyed and bleached hair. You’ll be delighted, too, to see how much easier your hair is to set, to keep, to comb, to manage. The bigger the “perm” is, the better Drene makes your hair. It’s guaranteed.

BUY DRENE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND DEPT. STORES, INCLUDING BOOTHS, TIMOTHY WHITES AND TAYLORS, WOOLWORTHS
The 6d. Week-end Size gives at least two generous shampoos, but you’ll find it even more economical to buy the 1 5s. Economy Size giving 10-12 shampoos. But best of all—the 2/6. Family Size gives you two dozen shampoos or more!

DRENE SAMPLE OFFER—

To Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Dept. D.N.17, Queen’s Lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Please send me full-size trial bottle of Drene containing 1 full-size Drene.
NAME
ADDRESS

CUTEX
Nail Beautifier

William Powell asks—

What are the perfect wife’s qualifications? What makes her the sort of girl that makes husbands want to get home from business as quickly as they can? Girls! William Powell—the man who knows—gives you a list of the qualifications in “THE PICTURESQUE SUMMER ANNUAL”—now on sale everywhere. It’s a test of no fewer than 50 vital questions. You’ll be fascinated, intrigued, but you’ve got to answer “yes” or “no” to Bill Powell’s questions and give yourself the correct number of marks for each one (no cheating!). If your score between 465 and 500 marks you’re THE PERFECT WIFE.

And now for just a few more of the host of fine features in the 100 big pages of “PICTUREGOER SUMMER ANNUAL”—over TWENTY full-page Art Plate portraits of your very own players—scores and scores of the most wonderful photographs—absorbing stories, intimate film secrets, gossip hot from the “set”—new and exciting clothes—and many fascinating articles by the stars themselves! “I Was a Sap Until I Married!” confesses Joel McCrea... Read how a woman changed the whole future and character of this favourite star! “What I Shall Tell My Son,” by Joan Blondell... Learn in Joan’s own wise words just why she expects women to make or break him! Then, “I’ll Never Dance with Astaire!” cries Eleanor Powell... a startling statement—but Eleanor gives startling reasons!

NEW YORK—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1937

PICTUREGOER SUMMER ANNUAL

100 BIG PAGES FOR SIXPENCE • ON SALE EVERYWHERE
Spring in your step this whole year round with the confidence Carillon gives

We none of us leave home these days, even to go shopping, without our powder and lipstick. They're as essential as shoes and stockings. Why, then, do we deny ourselves the stimulating effect of a touch of perfume? The right perfume gives you a poised confidence that carries you with a swing right through the day. And Carillon is the right perfume for every occasion.

Carillon wakes up your gayest, most enchanting self, brings out all your wit and sparkle. And Carillon stays fresh and stimulating—doesn't go stale. It is just as delicately, adorably fragrant hours after you first applied it. And you need so little that a bottle of Carillon will last you for weeks and weeks. Such an inexpensive pleasure. 1/6d, 3/6d, 5/6d, and other sizes.

ATKINSONS

Carillon

THE PERFUME THAT STAYS FRESH

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

ARE you a good traveller? Do you arrive at your journey's end well turned out, with an appearance that commands the attention of the first porter you hail; or do you step off the train with wispy hair, a smut on your nose, and a general feeling of inferiority? Does it just happen that the smart traveller is born that way, or does she take steps to ensure it? If you take notice of that fairly capacious travelling hand-bag which she is carrying, you will find that she is well prepared for her journey.

Suppose we look over her equipment. This journey we are considering has meant a night on the train as well as some extra hours of daylight travelling. In the bottom of the bag are the folding slippers that not only give comfort, but ensure that her shoes next morning are shining bright, instead of being covered with dust.

Next she packed a large but very light bandanna handkerchief. For the night, she arranged this quite becomingly around her head like a Southern Mammy. She looked very attractive that way, it was far more comfortable than a hat, it kept the dust from her hair, and it preserved her set when she got a bit restless towards dawn.

This girl is justly proud of her hands. She didn't mean them to get train grimed and neither did she mean to split her finger nails on the locks of her suit cases in the hurry through the customs' shed. So she packed a large pair of soft wash leathers gloves. They pull on and off in a trice, if needs be, and they are so soft that she can do all that is needed of her in handling keys and locks without removing them.

Of course, the water in the train lavatories declined to a mere trickle by the time morning came—as it always does on long distance trains. But that didn't worry our traveller. She was prepared to make up for these deficiencies. She had a small tube of shaving soap. This is excellent for travel, for it takes up so little room in the handbag, is never wet and messy, and lathers easily in the smallest quantity of water.

With this goes a small packet of paper towels. They are extra absorbent and they can be thrown away after use. They also act as paper tissues for removing cleansing cream.

Never omit a small tube of cleansing cream on a long journey. It is an absolute necessity to remove the deep dust and grime that settles on the skin during travelling.

For day use on the train our friend has invested in a packet of small cleansing wafers. They may be bought in handbag size for 6d. They are rather wonderful these cleansers. So small, not much larger than a two shilling piece, fragrantly perfumed with eau de Cologne, they free the hands and face from top dirt and travel stain, and leave them smoothed and clean.

Then of course, were included in that travel bag, a few aspirin tablets and some frozen eau de Cologne in case a train headache develops.

Last but not least just before the train started, she bought a small bottle of soda water from the wheeled buffet at the door. She stored it away on the rack until next morning. And then she used it for a queer purpose: it is nothing so refreshing as to clean one's teeth. The water in the lavatory is generally impossible. Soda water serves the purpose excellently. Don't doubt that it mixes well with dentifrice—just try it.

But, what a lot of stuff to take with you, says the reader who is planning a Continental holiday.

I know it sounds a lot on paper. But every item that she has mentioned takes up very little space. Gather them all together, and any one of you who thinks you will be surprised at the little room they occupy and the great amount of comfort which they represent.

Besides these small comforts, the right choice of clothes adds considerably to one's appearance. The things to avoid are frills, legmen collars and white bow on one's dress, white felt hats, and white gloves, and suede shoes.

Furbelows lose their freshness, white things become spoilt, and suits get incredibly dusty. Even a handkerchief can be of bering-looking silk so that it neither crumples nor soils.

The travelling hat should be small and soft, so that you may lean back in comfort, and if it is not of a light colour it will not show the mark from the back of the seat when you rested your head. Don't wear a bit of nonsense either. These hats are delightful in their proper place, but on a journey they expose your hat to all the dust that flies.

Tie shoes of Oxford pattern in calf or kid are sensible footwear, and stockings should be of darkish fust, again to avoid the showing of dust. Have a fairly heavy weight too; gosamer stockings are a great luxury when it is least convenient.

If you are that most unhappy traveller, the girl who suffers from train sickness—and I sympathise with you there, for I do—be sure to take a few Glucose Barley sugar pieces with you. They are marvellous for quieting that queasy tummy, and you may buy them wrapped neatly in ophthalmo, so that they do not become a sticky mess in the bottom of your hand-bag.

By which time you are ready to alight, unreared and fresh because of your wisely chosen clothes, and those few creative souvenirs which I have enumerated which permit you to face the journey with confidence.

E.K. (Ealing).—I should advise you to take a bottle of a little Solution in your holiday first aid kit. It is so good for such a number of summer ailments, including bites and stings; pimples; tired feet; sunburn and summer sore throats. I always have T.C.P. with me for my holidays.

Holiday time brings its queries with it. If you are uncertain about your make-up, how to protect your skin, or something similar, let me help you. Send a stamped addressed envelope with your letter if you wish for a postal reply. Address it to ANNE, PICTURES Rider, Martell House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's price of half a guinea is awarded to Miss J. Morgan, 73 Holben Road, Barry, for

Miss J. Morgan, 73 Holben Road, Barry, Poets, for:

Fire Over England
Keep Your Scars Restored
My Old Man's Fireman
Miss Dorothy Powney, 22 Melting Road, Portobello Lane, Lancs, for:

Rose Bow
Wedding Present
Crack Up
High Tension

Miss K. Brown, 54 Westbourne Avenue, Walker, Newcastle upon Tyne, for

Miss K. Brown, 54 Westbourne Avenue, Walker, Newcastle upon Tyne, for:

Dancing Lady
The Country Bumpkin
Get Off My Foot
Elephant Boy

Miss R. Eley, Field Gate House, Kemilworth, Warwick, for:

Miss R. Eley, Field Gate House, Kemilworth, Warwick, for:

Help Wanted, Female
I Promise to Pay:
A Woman of Importance
Twenty Dollars a Week

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 entry either on a postcard or on a postcard, Martell House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

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

GUY BEACON.
Five little maids growing lovelier every day...

...with PALMOLIVE

THE 'QUINS' FIRST AND STILL THEIR ONLY SOAP

Meet five lovely little ladies, each one a charmer. Just look at those Schoolgirl Complexions—and think how they are cared for!

Pure Olive Oil was the first bath they ever knew. Nothing else in the world could be found that was so gentle and soothing in its cleansing for those tender baby skins. And as the "Quins" grew older their skins grew lovelier under the beautifying powers of olive oil. They still bathe with olive oil now, but in the way the world uses it—in Palmoline!

OLD love or NEW love?

What does your Film Album tell you?

Who's your latest film favourite? Who's your favourite woman star...man star...child star? Who's held your enthusiasm the longest? Which is your "winning team" of "Partners"?

Complete your Album from the list on right and then "check up" on your affections. Do you prefer the experienced touch of Warren William for example? Or do you fall for Jane Wyatt—one of the latest tips for stardom after "Lost Horizon."

Don't forget that by joining The PICTUREGOER Postcard Club you can keep your collection right up to date with these new cards and obtain the pick of nearly 2,000 others at reduced rates.

OLD LOVE OR NEW LOVE?

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Don't forget that by joining The PICTUREGOER Postcard Club you can keep your collection right up to date with these new cards and obtain the pick of nearly 2,000 others at reduced rates.
Of course use powder and make-up—

but guard against ugly Cosmetic Skin

LARGE PORES, blemishes, rough skin, muddy complexion—these are warning signs of Cosmetic Skin.

Many women, without knowing it, actually leave traces of stale cosmetics deep in the pores night after night. Soon pores get clogged, skin can’t breathe properly. Tiny blemishes, large pores, rough skin, dull, muddy complexion start to worry you. These are warning signs of Cosmetic Skin!

Powder harmless if removed this way

Film stars, to whom loveliness is all-important, have discovered the one sure way to guard against Cosmetic Skin—Lux Toilet Soap. This famous beauty soap is specially made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its penetrating lather floats dust, stale powder and sticky powder base out of the pores as nothing else does. It lets the skin breathe. That’s why 846 out of 857 film stars use Lux Toilet Soap.

Every night at bed-time and during the day before you make up afresh, remove cosmetics with Lux Toilet Soap. This beauty care of the film stars guards against Cosmetic Skin—keeps your complexion clear, smooth and soft.

JOAN BLONDELL says—

I use cosmetics but I never risk Cosmetic Skin—Lux Toilet Soap takes care of that

LUX TOILET SOAP GUARDS AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN

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TO-DAY'S POWDER BRINGS TO-MORROW'S BEAUTY
KATHARINE
HEPBURN and
FRANCHOT TONE

The Hepburn is still seeking
fame, perhaps not too wisely,
in costume plays. You will
have a chance soon of judging
her choice of subjects when
you see her in Sir James
Barrie’s “Quality Street,” now
showing at the New Gallery,
in which she has Franchot
Tone as her leading man.
INTRODUCING

Stainless Stephanie

Here she is, got up to kill. That lovely colouring, we assume, is not entirely the product of Nature—but who to-day would have it otherwise?
The Modern Girl is a work of art. She knows how to make the most of her looks. But she is also careful not to offend. Observe those cherry-ripe lips. Then observe the end of the cigarette they have been caressing. Her escort’s eyes are upon it. Are they affronted by an ugly smear of lipstick upon that choice De Reszke? No. And it’s just because she smokes the new De Reszke Minors with the RED TIPS—the brilliant notion that prevents lipstick from showing on a cigarette, and helps men to preserve their beautiful illusions.

The Modern Girl smokes

De Reszke MINORS

30 FOR 1/- 15 FOR 6d

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD.
DEAR CHARLES LAUGHTON,

Generally speaking, Mr. Punch’s advice to those About
to Marry holds good for Those About to be Actor-
producers.

With the single exception of your friend Charles
Chaplin, who is above the rules in this, as in many other matters,
the record of those artists who have thought that they could do it
better than the movie moguls has provided film history with one of
its most melancholy chapters.

The majority have long since vanished from the film scene, though
one can occasionally catch a glimpse of some of those who “once
owned their own companies” parading pathetically in the ranks of
the extras.

We are sorry to drag these skeletons into the feast in celebration
of your emergence as master of your own screen destiny. We do so,
not because we believe that you will suffer the same fate, but merely
as a necessary reminder, amid the perhaps too-fulsome prandial
appraise, that the course of the actor-producer is a hard one.

And we are glad to hustle them out of sight again as quickly as
possible in order to devote our full attention to the much-pleasanter
business of congratulating you on the arrangement by which you will
make your own films in future, in association with Mr. Erich
Pommer and Mr. John Maxwell.

Indeed, the nature of the arrangement in itself suggests that you
are likely to avoid the pitfalls that have brought about the failure
of earlier experimenters, and we really have every reason to regard
the development as one of the most important and hopeful in the
recent, troubled story of British films.

Not the least of them is that it will secure your own services for
our own screen. You are one of the few English stars with an
international following. World audiences will pay their money to see
Charles Laughton in English films. If they see Charles Laughton in
good English films a really effective blow will have been struck
at the prejudice against English films in the foreign markets.

Incidentally, we can think of no actor who deserves better of the
English film public. Many stars after being neglected here, as you were, before the Californian studios discovered you, might
have felt justified in thumming their noses at the home industry
and accepting the flesh pots of Hollywood.

As it is, it must be a moot point whether you or Alexander Korda
has contributed most to the British film revival. Mr. Korda himself,
at any rate, recently told us: “Charlie Laughton has done more for
the English screen than any other single person in the industry.”

There are two other excellent reasons why the venture promises
well. They are Mr. Pommer and Mr. Maxwell.

No producer, not even Korda, has brought to our films a more
distinguished record than Pommer. In happier times in his own
country he created and led the German film when German films
led the world. That he is no mere “has-been” now is evidenced by
Fire Over England and Farewell Again, which contain some of the
most brilliant production of recent years.

Mr. Maxwell is one of the last of a vanishing race—a British film
king who still possesses the confidence of the City. A business man
of proved shrewdness he will, if necessary, one imagines, be able to
resist your possible artistic temptations!

The programme you have outlined so far is also encouraging. We
think you are wise in getting away temporarily from the heavy
“Papa-Barrett-Captain-Bligh” type of characterisation.

Both your first two productions, Somerset Maugham’s Vessel of
Wrath, in which you will be a beachcomber, and St. Martin’s Lane,
in which you will play a theatre-queue busker will, we understand,
be comedies, which is good news to every one who saw that joyous
talkie, Ruggles of Red Gap.

Moreover, with the fact that you are to do a smuggler in the
third, Jamaica Inn, it seems that there will be the necessary diversity
of role that keeps interesting actors interesting.

All the signs, in fact, are propitious. With your thespian genius,
Pommer’s skill and experience, and Maxwell’s commercial acumen
and financial influence the amalgamation has to our fairly experienced
and still-optimistic eye the appearance of a team of all the talents
that is capable of seizing the opportunity of providing the British
film industry with the bold but sane leadership it needs.

Congratulations and good luck!

The Editor
All the Gossip

If all the plans now being made eventuate Piccadilly will soon be looking like Hollywood Boulevard on a starry night.

Half Hollywood’s better known citizens are busy at the moment packing the spare tooth brush or looking up the Transatlantic sailing lists in preparation for a visit to Britain.

But it’s all right this time—most of them will be here on holiday or to work for American firms, not to put “your little old British films on the map” at £50,000 a picture.

The decision of M.G.M. to set up shop in Britain will, it is promised, result in the presence in London in the near future of both Clark Gable and Robert Taylor (due here in September), which will probably necessitate the Metropolitan Police calling for reinforcements at last.

Indeed, in a few months’ time it will be difficult to go out and leave a brick in the West End without hitting a major movie matinée idol. In addition to Taylor and Gable, Bing Crosby is arriving in the autumn. So is Fred Astaire.

It is also practically certain that Shirley Temple herself, Hollywood’s Star Number One, will make the trip and already the indefatigable Sunday paper alarmists are nobly combating a non-existent publicity plot to “tie her up” with the Princesses.

Louise Rainier is scheduled to make a picture in England for her company and it is more than likely that Greta Garbo, who, it is well known, has long wanted to work in this country, will take advantage of the Metro activities to come here. Other probable talkie tourists include Eleanor Powell, who is contemplating calling in to see us on a world trip and Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone.

Not So Wonderful

It has been left to Edmund Lowe to add something to the “I-think-your-London-policeman-are-wonderful” story.

Relating his experiences on his return to New York after making The Squawker here he told how after the ceremonial was over on Coronation Day he wanted to get from his hotel to Regent Street and, following the golden rule asked a policeman—the first one he saw.

“I’m sorry, sir,” the custodian of the law informed him, “but I’m a stranger here myself.”

Mr Lowe’s only other serious complaint against Britain is that it can’t make hamburgers. He will probably go up and see me sometime in the next West picture, which has now become Sapphire Salt.

Crawford Sings

I am looking forward to hearing Joan Crawford sing in The Bride Wore Red. She has had a special number “Who Wants Love?” written for her for the picture. It is five years since Joan last sang from the screen, but she has been studying seriously for some time. Recently she has been quite a hit as a vocalist at Hollywood parties.

It is rather interesting, incidentally, to observe the enthusiasm with which M.G.M. is binging the big drum for its 14-year-old rival to Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland. At a newsreel theatre the other day I saw a modest short featuring Deanna and Judy, with Judy being given all the meat on a silver salver. It was made long before Three Smart Girls and the studio kept Miss Garland on contract and let the Durbin girl go!

• The “100 men” in 100 Men and a Girl, the new Deanna Durbin picture, will be members of Stokowski’s and another orchestra. Universal, which had a surprise money-spinner in the modestly-made Three Smart Girls, is going all out on the second Durbin film.

One of the big scenes will be photographed on the historic “Phantom” set, where Lon Chaney once scored one of his greatest successes.

Erected for The Phantom of the Opera, the stage has remained standing for twelve years. It comprises the complete interior of an opera house, with stage, proscenium arch, back-stage, dressing-rooms, corridors, orchestra pit, seats and three tiers of boxes.

Time Marches On

One of Chaney’s big successes, by the way, is at last to be remade. It is He Who Gets Slapped, and it is a grim reminder of the high death-rate of Hollywood, that of all the personalities who were concerned in the original production, a matter of twelve years ago, only Norma Shearer survives.

Participating in the first production, in addition to the incomparable Lon were Irving Thalberg, Paul Bern, John Gilbert, Eddie Connolly and Marc McDermott.

Temperamental Prima Donnas

If it has done nothing else, the musical boom has provided a lot of amusement for the film world itself, for not even Hollywood has seen professional rivalry carried to the point to which it has been developed by the opera singers.

Radio, for instance, made considerable to-do about a voice stand-in for Lily Pons, which caused Grace Moore to rush to the Columbia press offices and complain that she had had a voice stand-in a year ago and nothing crept into the papers about that.

Then Miss Pons sang a “hot” number in one of her films and Miss Moore countered with a “hotter” one.

Glady’s Cooper, who can wear a bathing suit without danger of adverse criticism, posed for some publicity stills, whereupon all the other singers who had declined to strike such unconventional poses because they were not dignified, stood on the edges of every swimming pool in the district and drove the retouch artists frantic. The average opera singer is not built for bathing girl pictures.

One lot two very famous screen singers refused to sing a duet and each made a sound track which was blended into a duet in the “dubbing” rooms.

As They Are Spoke

How do you pronounce the surname of Claudette Colbert? Most of us carefully give it the French twist of “Cole-bear.” Claudette herself, however, talking on the telephone, announces herself as plain “Colbert.”

Similarly, George Barbier hates to be called Bar-bee-aye. Marlene Dietrich however insists on the Mar-lay-nah, but apparently not to Ernst Lubitsch, who calls her “Marleen” and leaves it at that.

Katharine Hepburn likes to be addressed as “Miss Hep-burn.” And for the benefit of those who will probably be interested in Francisca Gaal after The Buccaneer, her last name rhymes with “all.”

Short Shots

Walt Disney is planning a second full-length cartoon to follow Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs on which 500 people are working at present—Evelyn Daw, a 22-year-old South Dakota girl who had never previously been inside a film studio, has been chosen as James Cagney’s leading lady in Something to Sing About—now it is rumoured that Margaret Tallichet, Carole Lombard’s “discovery,” is being groomed for the Scarlett O’Hara role in Gone With the Wind.

—John Cromwell, the director has withdrawn from The Adventures of Marco Polo following a disagreement with Samuel Goldwyn on the treatment for the comedy characterisations;
Wholesale invasion in autumn.

“Lowe down” on London Police.

Deanna Durbin’s new picture.

Screen song birds at war.

Archie Mayo gets the assignment—Victor McLaglen mentioned as likely co-star for Gracie Fields’ Twentieth Century-Fox picture—Britain is to have a new newsreel; it will be called National News and the man behind it is Norman Louden, of Sound City—Joan Crawford has taken up sun bathing in the altogether—screen perspiration, it is disclosed, is just two parts witch hazel, one part mineral oil and one part glycerine; the real thing doesn’t photograph.

Let’s Dance

The majority of this month’s H.M.V. dance records are from Shall We Dance and Maytime, neither of which provide anything really outstanding although the numbers are tuneful enough and provide lifting measures for the dance floor.

Two of the best from Shall We Dance, are “Let’s Call the Whole Thing Off,” and “They Can’t Take that Away from Me,” played by Roy Fox and His Orchestra on B.D. 5228.

From the same film is “Beginner’s Luck” also by Roy Fox on B.D. 5224. Reserve side gives “Will You Remember?” from Maytime.

On D.A. 1559 Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy give a very good rendering of the same song and also another number from Maytime, “Farewell to Dreams.”

New Robeson Hit

Paul Whiteman and his orchestra make the most of “They All Laughed,” from Shall We Dance on B.D. 5221. Tommy Dorsey is not so successful with his interpretation of the theme song, “Shall We Dance,” which is on the reverse side.

One of the most intriguing of the releases is Paul Robeson’s spirited rendering of two songs from his new film King Solomon’s Mines on B.8586; “Climbing Up” and “Ho! Ho!” Both are very melodic, but remind one more of negro spirituals than Zulu songs.

Two other stars give a typical example of their humorous song team work on B.8577; Jack Hubert and Cecely Courtneidge singing “I Was Nothing but Sentimental” and “Birdie Out of a Cage” from Take My Tip, the best comedy they have made to date.

Further dance numbers include “Where Are You?” from Top of the Town, played by Roy Fox on B.D. 5222; “Will It Rain?” from The Hit Parade, played by Richard Himber and his Ritz-Carlton Orchestra and “How Could You?” from San Quentin played by Tommy Dorsey and His Orchestra on B.D. 5223.

Malcolm Phillips.

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

NOW THE NIGHT OUT CLUB

“THE Night Out Club” is Hollywood’s latest social organisation. It is composed of young married screen actors who insist that they be given one night out a week with no questions asked.

In return for this evening of freedom, the husbands are pledged to permit their wives to do as they please on the night their mates are enjoying liberty.

Charter members include Joe Penner, Jack Oakie, Donald Wood, Richard Arlen and William Brisbane.

Are they Knock-Kneed?

Dr. William Madsen, at a convention of the California Osteopathic Convention, held recently at Pasadena, declared that the reason for the dancing success of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire is that they are both knock-kneed! The physician added that skillful dancers are usually that way.

Who’s Who?

Similarity of names of Pat Paterson, British film actress, and Pat Patterson, transportation manager at the United Artists studio where the player is under contract, is causing no end of confusion.

Miss Paterson is frequently called from the set to bear excited voices pour forth for the troubles of truck drivers whose machines have broken down on location!

It is just as embarrassing to Patterson. He receives memos reminding him of gown fittings and coiffure changes! He hopes that the other employes will not start calling him “Miss Patterson.”

Warring Towns

The attempt of Culver City to win more prominence by changing its name to Hollywood is well known to Picturegoer readers. This move has started a somewhat similar battle in the San Fernando Valley where many of the stars reside.

Encino is proud of the number of film celebrities who live within its limits, but its neighbour, Tarzana, has become jealous. The result is that “Tarzana” signs have been discovered in Encino.

The citizens of Encino, I am told, calmly wrote beneath the name “Tarzana” the bright remark, “Alias Lupe Velez!”

A New Danger

The prize horse of Helen Vinson is frightened of only one thing—trailers.

Well behaved in every other respect, the animal is afraid of these new “rolling homes,” of which there are hundreds in Los Angeles. Upon each meeting with one, the horse shies and gallops madly away.

Helen has changed her route of travel several times in order to avoid the trailers, but they persist in turning up in the most secluded mountain trail or forest.

Honeymoon House

Gene Raymond, lucky bridegroom, thanks to his film earnings, was able to pay $3,000 dollars for a mansion in Bel-Air, where, I hope, he and Jeanette MacDonald, now Mrs. Raymond, will live happily ever after.

The house is a magnificent affair. The dressing-room is completely lined with mirrors!

Colleen’s Family

Colleen Moore, who retired from the screen several years ago, has returned to Hollywood for a visit, accompanied by her step-children, Buzzy Hargrave, 13 years old, and Judy Hargrave, 6, children of Homer Hargrave, Chicago broker, whom Miss Moore married recently in the East.

The actress apparently does not intend to return to the screen.

Another Romance

Hollywood did not expect the youthful Anne Shirley to marry for several years, as the (Continued on page 8)
Franchot Tone had to do without haircuts for six weeks while working in a recent film.

Garbo, when weather permits, takes a sunbath on the beach in front of her Santa Monica home.

Hal Le Suer, brother of Joan Crawford, refused to change his name to "John Crawford," when given an important screen role.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

LATEST ARRIVALS!

WELL, boys and girls, for a dying industry this poor old battered and walloped British film business certainly has a few interesting things happening in it.

For example, four people have just wandered, or are just about to wander, into it whose presence here a couple of years ago would have constituted a Major Occasion.

Perhaps since Marlene Dietrich honoured our shores with her august presence we have grown a little blasé.

But you watch the mighty surge forward when it becomes generally known that Robert Taylor is coming.

All right, girls, all right—keep back, gimme air, I’ll tell all.

Bob is said to be going to play the title-role in the first of the four films scheduled by M-G-M. British Studios. This is alleged to be A Yank at Oxford.

Sorry to sound a trifle cautious about it all, but we’ve been led up the garden so many times by M-G-M. about their British plans that I’m not going to wave my flag until hostilities are commenced and cameras are turning.

In Person

At present we don’t even know what studios are going to be the scene of these Olympian gambles; all we know is that Louis B. Mayer, Supreme War Lord of M-G-M, is coming to England during August to launch the campaign, and that the other three subjects mooted are Finishing School, And So Victoria, and Good-by Mr. Chips.

It was said at one time that Charles Laughton would play this last character.

Well, whether Robert Taylor comes or not—and since he’s apparently the answer to twenty million maidens’ prayers I hope he will come—we already have another interesting visitor, Ruth Chatterton.

I know there has been something of a movement afoot to belittle Ruth’s ability: but don’t you be misled by it. Certainly for some time she was missing from the screen, but that was simply because she had plenty of money and didn’t want to work.

And when she did come back—in Dodsworth—it was just as if she had never been away. She re-established herself in that one film—and in an unsympathetic role, remember—as one of the few great actresses of the screen.

Rehashed Rat

She has been here for some time, playing in a stage play. Now she has been cast opposite Anthony Wilder in his next picture The Rat.

Maybe you remember the silent film which Ivor Novello wrote in and which he played the lead with such resounding success?

Well, this has been considerably rehashed, and Herbert Wilcox is making the talkie at Denham. Incidentally, this is going to prove a test for Anton Walbrook’s versatility to the hilt, for his last role for Wilcox was the Prince Consort in Victoria the Great.

Before both his two most outstanding successes were in the Continental film Maskerade, and Michael Strogoff, which was made in Hollywood.

As I remember The Rat, it’s about a Paris apache who is a gentleman in his spare time—that is, when he’s not actually ratting.

It was announced that Elizabeth Allan was to have been in this film, but that seems a little uncertain now. But Chatterton and Walbrook are definitely in.

Jack Raymond is all set to direct them.

Re-enter “Von”

The third outstanding personality to arrive in our studios is Erich von Stroheim, who

Gullible Fans

The extent to which fans will go to meet their film idols was shown when 150 members of a Jane Withers Fan Club arrived in Hollywood hoping to visit the child star at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio, where she is under contract.

Unfortunately the studio was unable to admit the visitors, although they were entertained by Jane at her home. The fans were not entirely satisfied with the result of their pilgrimage.

These trips are often promoted by out-of-town newspapers, working in conjunction with railroads and Los Angeles hotels, all of whom profit by such excursions. The opportunity to get inside the studio gates is held out as an inducement, so studios, by extensive publicity, hope to convince the fans that it is rarely possible to permit them to go upon the sets.

Lost Privacy

Mary Brian recently began to wonder about the great crowds of people that she has found lately standing in front of her once secluded house and staring for hours on end. Frank McHugh, who lives next door, said he wondered, too.

This was soon explained when Mary, in conversation with the neighbourhood grocer, was told that a new sightseeing bus route had been planned through the street near her home and wooden signs had been placed on a corner lot, stating "This Way to Mary Brian’s house." "This Way to Frank McHugh’s Home."

Hollywood Says That

Madeleine Carroll does her own sewing.

Charles Boyer saves two thousand dollars a year by not employing a secretary.

Una Merkel, although her husband once designed airplanes, has never been up in one.

(Continued from page 7)

Pretty actress has often said that she had her heart set upon providing a fortune for her mother. This task has been completed, and Anne announces that she will marry John Howard Payne, film juvenile, early in October.

Lovely Dorothy Lamour is back in the jungle again, this time for "Hurricane," the story of which is by the authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty."

July 31, 1937
has been brought from Hollywood via Paris, to play the Chief of the German Intelligence Service in Mademoiselle Doctor in Max Schach.

Good casting? I'll say: "Von" has been film news since 1916, when he played in Intolerance. Equally famous as an actor and a director, he has been rather out of the limelight for a few years; but you can't keep a bad man down!

Dita Parlo plays the title-role, a woman spy of the Great War, and John Loder will be the English secret-service officer with whom she falls in love.

Claire Louisa just winding up her work in Over She Goes for Associated British at Elstree, and then over she goes to Morton Hall, Isleworth, to take part of a dancer (appropriate bit of casting, that). Anyway, it's the last of something for her. Anyway, half the men in England will envy him, playing opposite Annabella.

Speaking of Denham, the crowd-men had a field-day, or a field-week if there is such a thing, there this week.

No fewer than seven hundred and fifty extras were employed, mostly men. Five hundred of them, attired in every degree of raggedness and as dirty and bedraggled as film extras ever were, were set representing the interior of the Convention during the French Revolution, for The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel.

Don't bother to open your history-books. I'll tell you.

He "Faw Down"

The Convention was the parliament of those black days, and the scene is the downfall of Robespierre on the 27th July, 1794, when even the brutalised servants of the Revolution had grown tired of the reign of terror instituted by the "Sea-green Incorruptible," and overthrew him.

Henry Oscar is playing Robespierre; Barry K. Barnes, who has never previously flickered on any screen, is the Pimpernel, while Francis Lister plays Chauvelin, Sophie Stewart is the Pimpernel's wife, Lady Blakeney. Margaretta Scott is a French actress, and Anthony Bushell is Sir Andrew Foulkes (a part which he played, if I remember rightly, in the Pimpernel film starring Leslie Howard).

Hans Schwarz is directing.

I noticed an American flag hanging over the Speaker's chair, and for one horrid moment I thought the Research Department had nodded. But it was explained to me that this actually hung there as a tribute to Lafayette and the close co-operation that existed between America and France at the time.

Authentic

By the way, the speeches made at that stormy meeting of Convention 143 years ago were officially recorded and preserved. Now they have been skilfully condensed, and have been dished up again for your edification in the film.

History lesson over.

The balance of the crowd-people were distributed between Basil Dean's First and the Last on a street scene out on the lot, crowded with cars, lorries, buses, newspaper vans, Vivien Leigh, and Laurence Olivier; and Victor Saville's South Party, for which ball-room scene in war-time was in progress.

Ralph Richardson looked pretty impressive, I thought, in officer's uniform and a moustache. I hardly recognised Ann Todd in a fair wig, with a fringe: it makes her look hard, but perhaps that isn't a disadvantage in the circumstances, as she has to portray a woman, most distinguished effort to date is undoubtedly Turn of the Tide) have signed up Richard Goolden to bring Mr. Penny himself to the screen.

Penny on the Air

The "amazing adventures" as reported by Maurice Moneiewitch on the air are to be presented to picturegoers in a serious of feature-length films, of which the first will be called Mr. Penny Takes the Air.

This should please not only Mr. Penny's admirers, but also the large number of readers who write to us saying, "Why doesn't the screen depict the ordinary man and woman, devoid of glamour or vice, and the romantic and stirring things that so often happen to them?"

That is precisely what this new production will set out to do, for Henry and Annie Penny (I'm quoting from hearsay, but on excellent authority) are a modest suburban couple who are suddenly picked out by the B.B.C. to represent "Mr. and Mrs. British Citizen," and to relate their story of their life, their pleasures and troubles and problems.

They become famous overnight, but after a while they find that fame is not everything, and they were better as they were, in comfortable obscurity.

Did I hear a voice at the back of the hall say "Sex you!"

Anyway, it's an interesting experiment, and I for one am obliged to British National for making it.

This is the type of film that appears to warrant the name "British National."

A Kiss for Jack

Jack Hubert has started work on his new film, for which he has strayed from the Gaumont-cum-Gainsborough fold and pulled up at Denham.

I mentioned this picture a little while ago, under the style and appellation of The Playboy. Now it's called Kiss Me Goodnight, but the important thing is that Thornton Freeland is still directing it.

Described as a romantic comedy with music and dancing, this one has, in addition to Jack Hubert, Patricia Ellis (specially imported from Hollywood for the purpose), Arthur Riscoe, Sydney Fairbrother, and Googie Withers.

And Jack Donahue is looking after the dances; you can't say fairer than that.

GOING AWAY?

Whether you're off to the seaside or the countryside, or planning to spend a lazy fortnight in your garden at home, don't fail to have a copy of PICTUREGOER SUMMER ANNUAL with you.

A hundred pages in beautiful photogravure, packed with articles about your favourite stars, gossip, portraits, reviews — and all for sixpence!

No wonder it is selling even faster than in previous years. Don't risk disappointment—get your copy NOW!

Muriel Carne (wife of the squire, played by Ralph Richardson), who suffers a complete nervous breakdown which results in insanity and death.

A new addition to the cast is Lewis Casson, playing her father, Lord Sedgmore.

It Isn't Cricket

Reverting for a moment to the Pimpernel, I was sorry to miss the eighteenth-century cricket-match, in which the players wore the old-time beaver hats and used curved bats, and in which no ball might be bowled above the elbow. I hope they don't cut that out of the completed film. I want to see it.

Do you know "Mr. Penny?"

Sorry, I don't. But then I'm not a radio fan. Strange as it may seem, I prefer the movies.

However, I'm quite prepared to believe I'm in a minority of one. The number of people who talk to me about this "Mr. Penny," and the number who write to this office about him, is legion. So there must be something in it.

Anyway, there has suddenly been some very brisk bidding for the services of Mr. Penny on the screen—or rather for Richard Goolden, who created the part.

First I heard he was in Television Trouble, which Alexander Films are making, and now comes the news that British National (whose

Ginger Rogers relaxes in the luxurious new dressing-room her grateful studio has built for its favourite white-haired girl. The colour-scheme is carried out in the star's favourite colour—blue—and the amenities include an electric grill on which Ginger's lunch is often cooked.
4.45 A.M.—Woke up with a start to hear my front door bell ringing violently. Looked out of the window and saw a large and discreet black car parked outside the gate.

Wondered for a foggy instant if it was the police or Greta Garbo incognito. Then my brain cleared and I remembered.

This was Friday, and I was to go down river on the Royal Eagle to Southend, with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier for Basil Dean's film The First and the Last. Call for 6.30 a.m. at Tower Pier.

5.15 a.m.—Rushing through the deserted suburbs in the studio car, headed for the river. Half asleep still; found it depressing that the driver seemed as fresh and bright as a daisy.

We agreed, though, that the things film companies "get up to nowadays" were fair wonderful. Shot through empty Camden Town and sleeping Holborn, and drew up at the gates of Trinity Wharf at 5.50 precisely. It was a grey, cold July morning, smelling faintly of fish.

6 a.m.—Above a.m.—Scattered groups of extras began to collect outside the wharf gates. Taxis drew up, disgorging odd members of the technical crew.

Hatless young men in pullovers and sandals. (It was Robert Donat who started the sandal fashion in the studios.)

The continuity girl, also hatless, with a bulky script under her arm. The unit production manager bobbed out from somewhere on the wharf.

First and second assistant directors emerged from a London Films sound van.

The captain of the Royal Eagle, a square bearded man in multi, hurried up carrying an attache case and a bunch of heliotrope. He jumped into a boat, was rowed off, standing nonchalantly, down river. Ten minutes later the Royal Eagle nosed up to the wharf, captain in uniform on the bridge. The gangplank was lowered. We embarked.

7 a.m.—About two hundred and fifty of us were on board, inspecting our quarters. A motley crowd of extras packed the lounge deck. Cockney types in checks and flannel trousers. Large ladies with paper bags of oranges. Children with spades and buckets.

A real Bank Holiday crowd, out to enjoy themselves on a day's trip to Southend. Just a few predictable disaster, for this was Friday, and pleasure steamers notoriously never sail on Friday. Not without black cats and lucky charms, that is.

7.15 a.m.—Basil Dean, the director, arrived, looking anxiously at the grey sky. The stars, Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, arrived, and were hastily made up in a private dining-room.

Next door, in another private dining-room, a steward was preparing to give the press breakfast.

He began by removing all the extra silver and cutlery from the table. "We have to look out on these boats—the year's always being knocked off by passengers," he said.

7.45 a.m.—We sat down to bacon and eggs. Outside on the wharf they were loading up with beer and properties. Spades, toys, bananas, a...
piano, rugs, gramophones, paper caps, dolls. A lean brown puppy barked angrily at a stuffed donkey. At 8:20 prompt we sailed.

8:30 a.m.—All set for the first shot—Tower Bridge opening. By that time, fortified with breakfast, I had managed to get some idea of the story.

The two young lovers, it seemed, were on a day’s outing to Southend, to escape from the dramatic events that were soon to close in on them. Way back at the Old Bailey, an innocent man was being tried for a murder they had committed. Everywhere along the trip they were to be reminded of the crime—by the talk of their fellow passengers—by newspaper bills at Greenwich Pier and Southend.

They were to look up and see a policeman standing above them on Tower Bridge. The unit was worried about that policeman. All kinds of minute arrangements had been made, with the Port of London Authority and the City Police, the Office of Works and the Governor of the Tower of London.

Eight different authorities had been approached for permits for the day’s shooting. The production manager had put on what he calls his “permission suit” and best trilby to some purpose. But in film-making nothing is considered safe until it’s in the can.

8:32 a.m.—We shot Tower Bridge and looked up, hopefully, cameras turning. The permission suit hadn’t failed us. Not one policeman, but what looked like the whole city division, was on the bridge. The stars registered apprehension. We were through.

8:45 a.m.—We tied up at Greenwich Pier for a comedy sequence. A jolly party of Cockneys, led by Muriel George and Muriel Brown, and Wally Lupino and Jimmy Godden in check caps and pearls, came busting up the gangplank.

The crowds on deck were singing and dancing to the accordion. The crew of the Royal Eagle, out of camera range, were interested spectators. A flattered seaman was picked to face the cameras at the foot of the gangplank.

A young sound engineer, hastily covered with a seaman’s jersey, stood at the near side of the gangway holding the microphone. He was photographed, cunningly, rear view.

10:20 a.m.—Still shooting comedy sequences. By this time the order was reversed. The comedians were disembarking at the end of a day’s beano.

The ladies wore the check caps and the gentlemen the boas. The accordion was louder and the make-up noticeably redder. The stars leaned over the rail and studied a poster reading, “Glove Lane Murder Trial. Jury Retire.” The comedians looked up and wished them happy days.

11:30 a.m.—We sailed for Southend. The weather was grey, and Basil Dean shot scenes in the engine room, with the stars watching the giant engines in motion. A group of men from the cantankerous, distracted from their vats of salmon and tubs of potatoes, watched the proceedings in silence.

At the end a deputation went up to the actors. “Could you tell us,” asked the spokesman, “who are the stars of this picture?” “Well—er—this lady, Miss Leigh,” said Olivier nervously. “And—er—this gentleman, Mr. Olivier,” added Miss Leigh.

2 p.m.—We tied up to the end of Southend Pier, and in spite of a fine drizzle, found the pierhead lined with curious faces. For an hour Basil Dean and cameraman Jan Stallitch shot scenes of the stars embarking and disembarking in front of an interested audience of holiday makers. At 3:20, in a downpour, we sailed for home.

8:40 p.m.—We started on the last lap of the journey. Basil Dean’s voice came through the loud-speaker on deck: “Now remember, people—save your voices and be ready. When the black disc goes up on the mast it means the bridge is going to open. There will be a few chords on the piano. Then begin. Sing ‘Pearly Gates’ as if you meant it, and at the end, keep quiet for a few minutes and then slowly turn round and look at the sunset. Just try it once now. That’s right—that’s lovely. Now remember, we can only do it once. I’m counting on you.”

8:45 p.m.—We rounded the last bend of the river. Everyone was tired, everyone was excited, everyone was keyed up and nervous. What if a steamer boiled at the critical moment? What if the cameras broke down? What if the bridge opened too late or the storm broke too early?

8:50 p.m.—Tower Bridge in sight. The black signal disc ran up on the mast. All eyes on the bridge. The traffic was stopping. A crack began to show between the giant cantilevers. It was breaking! A few chords on the piano, and the crowd sang as if their lives depended on it. Larry and Vivien watched from the upper deck. The pearly gates opened enormously dark above, and we shot through into a perfectly lurid sunset.

Fifteen hours after embarking we landed at Trinity Wharf in the blaze of studio arc lamps. Whee! Call it a day!

WHY I'M NOT MARRIED

By LORFETTA YOUNG

Loretta Young is one of the most beautiful—perhaps, indeed, the most beautiful of all—girls in Hollywood. Many men have been charmed by her loveliness of face and fascinating personality, yet she is not married. Why?

The answer to that question has intrigued the film-going public for several years. In PICTURESQUE next week the star herself supplies it and one of the frankest interviews we have ever published.

"I'm a normal girl," she says, "I've fallen in love. If it were just a question of that..."

But Decode Yourself what she has to say in next week's issue. We can assure you that it will be worth waiting for.
A

PART from a fleeting glimpse of June Knight on a railway platform this interview was my first meeting with the amazing girl who emerged from paralysis into dancing stardom, who had the temerity to say the polite equivalent of "Nerts!" to beckoning Hollywood after she made a great hit in a New York show, Jubilee, and got all the film city executives scrambling for contract forms.

Yes, June just tossed those golden locks of hers, stepped on the foot, took a Lags and set sail for England armed with a motoring map of the island, a school history of England, a whole lot of pretty clothes, and, oh yes, a contract to star with Michael Bartlett in The Lilac Domino as well as a contract to star in the stage revue Going Places.

Hollywood had rather disappointed her. True, at the age of seventeen she had doubled for Garbo in the sensational Zeljebell dance in Yari, but the Metro contract on which she had placed a lot of faith brought nothing more than that and a fairly satisfactory appearance with Bob Taylor in The Broadway Melody of 1936.

Besides, unlike most Hollywood stars, she was born in the town and had probably got to see through it at the age of three or thereabouts.

Going Places brought June the greatest individual success the West End has had for many a year, though the mediocrity of the rest of the show forced a British run. But the acclamations of the Press spurred her on, so that after she completed The Lilac Domino she went immediately into rehearsals of her next stage show, And On We Go. The same phenomenon recurred; Miss Knight, to use a new accepted academic phrase, had both the Press and the public standing on their ears, and again poverty of material was loudly bewailed with a disastrously short run as the result.

"So what are your plans now?" I asked, after the first formalities had been exchanged and after I had mentally kicked myself that—after all these months—this was the first time I had met June Knight.

"Well," she said, with the air of someone saying that they were going to a café round the corner for a cup of tea, "I'm giving up all this" (she waved an arm at the room we were in) "and I'm going back to school.

Film stars are entitled to their little joke just like you or I, I thought, and laughed pithily.

The fine arcs of eyebrows became a straight line and a frown. "But I mean it," she said.

"I'm going off to Paris in a fortnight's time," she explained, "and I'm going to learn singing. I mean serious singing—opera. My manager is there now fixing things up for me. I shall be there for a few months. I shall live with a French family who will show me only by my real name—Margaret Rose Valliquette. I am allowing myself five pounds a week to live on, and hope to keep strictly to this budget; the singing lessons of course will be paid for separately, as they will cost quite a lot. But I want to live the life of a French student rather than a reasonably generous allowance or a decent scholarship.

"And the social life? I asked, glancing at the basket of orchids in a corner of the room, and at the row of invitation cards over the fireplace.

"Forget it," Miss Knight advised me, "I'm going there to work and I mean it.

"Do you want to sing opera in films?"

I should like to. I don't want to give up my dancing or singing light numbers, but I should like to intersperse a little serious singing now and then. The easiest way to explain what I want to do is the way that I want to do with my singing what Fred Astaire has done with his dancing in his new film, Shall We Dance?

June Knight goes international—Scottish as regards to trews and all American for the sport cap and coat.

He sticks to his line there, but he introduces some serious dancing on top of it. I thought it was a swell idea.

"Don't you think that you may be wrong to neglect your public all this while?"

"I have a solution for that too. I am going to emerge out of obscurity once a week and become June Knight again for an hour or so. Disguised as June Knight, I am going to broadcast songs over the air—in French. And that's another thing that I hope this trip will do for me—perfect my French. I've always wanted to do that, as I am half French myself."

And now suppose," I posed the question, "that one week you find you exceed your budget: won't it be a temptation to go to the bank and draw a cheque?"

"No sir!" smiled June Knight, "you don't know my strength of character. I'll just go short on the lunches and that's all. And you can't imagine what a kick I'm going to get out of living that way."

(Did I say elsewhere that these stars do themselves proud?)

Another thing I want to do," June dropped the bombshell with superb calm. "while I'm in Paris is to study painting if I can fit in the time. I've always played around with paints and chalks just for the fun of the thing, and now I'd like to take it seriously.

No, frankly, and my face is red at the thought of June reading this confession, this statement got me just a little bit suspicious. Here was this cool, collected, lovely and startlingly young girl sitting before me. That she could sing extremely well I know—for I had heard her. That she could dance divinely is an accepted doctrine, to which I subscribe as heartily as anyone else.

That she has a sincere interest in literature was witnessed by a hasty glance at her bookshelves with Zweig's psychological-historical studies, Thomas Mann's "Stories of Three Decades" and the like. Was there so little talent to spare? Did not three out of every four film stars claim art pretensions? I took a plunge. I admit it now, it was an unfair plunge.

"What about your drawings?" I asked.

I was licked from the start. Absolutely.

"Why surely," she said, her eyes lighting with pleasure, "though you'd probably think they're awful with a sincere thirst for knowing my life."

She led me into a cheery little dining-room and there sure enough were dozens of drawings round the walls with her signature. My shame was terrible; I hope she didn't notice it.

I am no art critic, but like the gentleman with the wailous moustaches, I know what I like. And I liked the two down say that June Knight is a female Raphael; but I do say that these drawings certainly warrant her taking up the hobby seriously.

Considerably humbled, I went back to the sitting-room, where June brought out the original motoring map she had carried across the Atlantic with her. On it she marked all the places in England, Scotland and Wales that she had visited. She was very proud of this, and it is not every visiting celebrity who gets so complete a picture of Britain as that which June will carry away with her.

She has been as far south as Lymouth in the west and Rye in the east. She has been north as far as Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Blackpool, Sheffield—industrial centres, funny little English villages, all these she toured industriously and with a sincere thirst for knowing the country that had received her so gladly.

Back we went to talking shop.

"And when the Paris trip is over, what then?"

"I'm coming back to London. London's kind of dead at the moment. I've got orders from Hollywood—I had a cable only yesterday—but I don't want to leave London a loser. You see, I've got two shows drawn which have had really bad luck, in spite of the fact that so far as I am concerned I made a success in both. Before I go back home I want to have the satisfaction of seeing the revival of our London in a show that was a success all round. I don't want to go back without having that satisfaction. Besides I like London. I've had such fun there.

I must tell you a story about Coronation night. I went to see Maytime with a friend of mine, and when we came out we could not possibly break through the crowds so we decided to stay right there and join in the fun. Well, we started off by buying a bag of confetti each and solemnly standing in Picadilly Circus and emptying the confetti over each other's heads.

"Finally, we fought our way to a restaurant. There we were recognised—seeing the confetti all over us, stepped forward gallantly and whispered in my ear: 'May I be the first here to congratulate you, Miss Knight? Don't you think that was pretty cute?' I was quite surprised that the next day's papers didn't carry an account of my marriage.

"So I am going to have at least one more try in the West End. I see if luck's going to change. They say time lucky, don't they? And I shall probably make another film while I am there. I can't get pleased with The Lilac Domino—and I hope the public will like it as much as I do."
In the world of the Theatre which is his home, Ralph Richardson started at the bottom.

This is more literally true in his case than in those of 99 per cent. of his fellow actors, for he began his working life under the stage, mixing paints and working "effects" and "noises.

And far more literally than most of his fellows, he must have wished for a chance to "get in on the ground floor."

It happened this way: His father was an art master at Cheltenham College, and not too boundlessly blessed with this world's goods; and on leaving school at 17, young Ralph (by the way, he pronounces it Ralph, not Rafe) was obliged to look about for a job for which no expensive training was necessary.

His quest led him to a tiny repertory theatre in Brighton.

"But can you act?" they asked him.

"Well, I don't know about that," he hesitated. "But I tell you what—I can draw and paint a bit!"

So they took him on, and promised to let him act provided he would also paint the scenery.

When I was talking to him at Denham the other day he told me with satisfaction that it was some time since someone had insisted on his painting the scenery before they would let him act!

As a matter of fact when he was at school he had no particular ambition to become an actor; he was far more interested in painting, and even now his artistic ability finds vent in making the best of how he proposes to look in a character part.

But make no mistake about it, he is wholeheartedly a man of the theatre.

His first public appearance was as Lorenzo in The Merchant of Venice; in those days he was thrilled by Shakespeare, and he still is.

For two years he was a shining light of the Old Vic, where he played a large number of Shakespearean roles; now, when he has few opportunities of playing in Shakespeare (for a West End actor must keep in front of West End audiences) he relies upon an occasional engagement in a Shakespearean broadcast to keep him in practice.

Here certainly is a sign of the times. A generation ago, if an actor had had his training in Shakespeare it was practically a foregone conclusion that he wouldn't be able to play anything more modern.

Nowadays Shakespeare is played as if he made sense to the audiences (surprisingly often in doing), and behold the Shakespearean actor—the quiet, easy, naturalistic, but frequently forceful Ralph Richardson.

His style reminds me vividly of Sir Gerald du Maurier's, except that he indulges less in the dangerous habit of "throwing away" words than the great actor did. His direction is as near perfection as we are likely to hear on our stage, and laudably free from mannerisms.

Personally, though I like him in character roles, I prefer him on the screen in those that don't call for costume or a disguise make-up.

His finest screen performance to date—"The Bow" in Things to Come—was most certainly a character role, inasmuch as he presented a character entirely different from his own; whereas in the B.I. he has had the same kind of part both on the screen, the mad professor in Bulldog Jack, and the retired colonel in The Man Who Could Work Miracles, more much less convincing.

He is best in non-character roles, having a great aptitude for presenting rather unsympathetic characters in such a way as to command the sympathy of the audience.

In South Riding, which Victor Saville is directing at Denham, he has just such a role—that of a somewhat unbending Yorkshire squire who comes into conflict with his less exalted fellow-members of the local council.

In less expert hands such a character might well become overbearing and unpleasant; Saville and Richardson between them are making it a human, likeable character with a marked disability, from which most of us suffer, to see any point of view but his own.

"How did you get into films?" I asked him, for to tell the truth I have always been a little puzzled at his being in pictures at all. Not that I don't regard him as a good screen actor—indeed, I would much rather see a performance of his than of most of our matinée idols—but because he is not an obvious type for films.

His worst enemy would not call him an Adonis; probably that's a reason why so many people, sufficed with Taylors and Montgomeries, like him so much—though I think the chief reason for his screen popularity is his delightfully casual manner with its underlying sense of purpose.

However, I doubt whether many picturegoers analyse their preferences to that extent!

"I started filming more or less by accident," he told me, "What happened was that my friend Cedric Hardwicke was playing in a Boris Karloff film called The Ghoul, and he said, 'Come on, Ralph, and try this film game; you'll be interested.' And I thought was:"

Actually, if you only realised, Richardson played the title-role in that picture; he doesn't realise it either, because one naturally associates "ghoul" with Boris, and he was an ice-cream vendor; but a ghoul, properly speaking, is a robber and/or devourer of the dead, and the only person who robbed the dead in this story is Ralph Richardson himself, disguised as a very normal and insensitive young parson.

To play the title-role in one's first picture, even by accident—that is something!

Just about the same time he played in another film, Friday the Thirteenth, at Islington.

This he was Jessie Matthews's fiancée, and it focused a good deal of attention on him, so that perhaps no one was wildly surprised when he was allotted the title-role in The Return of Bulldog Drummond for B.I.P. at Elstree.

This film was just one of those gallant farraiges, full of impossible situations and smashing straight lefts to the jaw; but it demonstrated Ralph Richardson's versatility—which was still more apparent when he undertook the role of the smug son, William, in Jassy Head.

There followed King of Paris at Elstree, again with his friend Cedric Hardwicke, but this failed to cut very high ice; and it was followed by another "Bulldog" picture—Bulldog Jack, a wild knockabout farce in which Jack Hubert played the title-role and Richardson was a burlesque mad professor in an unspoken vital role.

Then came Things to Come, which firmly established his reputation as a film actor, and The Man Who Could Work Miracles, which tried vainly to work the miracle of destroying it again.

I am glad to report that Mr. Richardson is no happier about that characterisation than I am. In fact, he's not really very happy about any film job he's done.

If pressed for an opinion, he diffidently admits that he was less dissatisfied with "The Boss" in Things to Come than with the other portraits in his screen gallery.

The truth is, he is still somewhat of an alien in the unfamiliar world of films; one of the most modest of men, he will not admit to any mastery of the mystery.

He gave me the impression of being perplexed but not defeated, his attitude a kind of pathetic stout-heartedness towards this strange new world bounded by movies, cameras, lights, chalkmarks, tape-measurers, and weird jargon.

Yet, being an accomplished actor and with extremely sensitive to direction, he is regarded by people in the know as one of the greatest assets of British films to-day.

Which is just one more proof that rationality as it is understood in the theatre has no place in the film world—and is apparently not needed.

Mickey's Flying High

Mickey Mouse takes the air in the latest Walt Disney adventure appearing in "Mickey Mouse Weekly," on sale Friday, July 30th, and his amazing escapades are such good fun that they should on no account be missed by any Disney fan. There are many other superb examples from the pen of the cartoon genius—adventures that will keep the whole family entertained and amused for hours on end. In addition, "Mickey Mouse Weekly" contains pages of wonderful stories, jokes, picture-thrillers, and a merry week-end is in store for all who get a copy at once.

[By MAX GREEN]
Here are Larry Crabbe, John Howard, Terry Walker and Lloyd Nolan enjoying Trailer Time in Talkie-land.

Trailer-caravans are the film colony's latest craze. Now when the stars can get away from the studios for a day or so they hitch their wagons to a car and make whoopee on wheels.

Ida Lupino's new silver caravan has all the luxuries of home, including a kitchen, beds and a card table.

Right: June Travis also has a kitchen in her rolling home-from-home, and she knows how to use it.

W. C. Fields about to set off on a trip. His trailer serves both as a means of conveyance and a dressing-room.
Sally Gray, Don't wonder what's become of Sally when the studio whistle blows. You'll probably find her, as our cameraman did, at a swimming pool near Elstree.

Georgia Coleman, Mary Carlisle, Farid Samalka and Stubby Kreuger at a Hollywood bath.

AND IN THE WATER

Trailers, however, have not entirely superceded the beaches as an attraction when it's playtime in Pictureland and Hollywood hasn't a monopoly of bathing belles these days, either.

Ah! Ah! Here are these three incurable playboys Lloyd Nolan, John Howard and Larry Crabbe again. Well, we won't tell M. Zukor. The girls are Dorothy Lamour and Terry Walker.

Right: It was on the Isle of Capri that we met them—that is John Loder and his French film-star wife, Micheline Cheirel.

Above, right: Frances Gifford believes in a leisurely holiday. She was snapped at her beach home in California.
Can I help?" inquires Charles Boyer as Garbo and her director Clarence Brown puzzle over an intricate scene.

"One, Two, Three, One..." Marie Walewska teaches Napoleon how to dance.

Greta and Henry Stephenson prepare to go on in the ballroom sequence which is a replica of the grand ball given for Napoleon in Warsaw.
On the Set with GARBO

Still pursuing the path of tragedy Greta Garbo appears as Mme. Weisenski, the mistress of Napoleon, in her new film which is again directed by Clarence Brown. It has a new leading man, Charles Boyer, who is eminently worthy of the honor. The pictures herewith were taken during the film's production.

Karl Freund, the distinguished cinematographer, estimates the height of the Garbo in order to allow for the necessary precautions.

Greta was amused at the way Napoleon—in the person of Boyer, of course—was ordered about by the director. The technical director, George Richelieu, is standing by on the right.
If Peter J. Peters, otherwise Petrov, who with his ballet troupe was the talk of Paris, imagined that by secretly practising tap-dancing he would surprise his manager, then Petrov was wrong. Scandalised, furious, implacable—these were words more fitly to be applied to Jeffrey Baird on coming, one delicate spring morning, into Petrov's private practise-room in the Hotel Semiramis, Paris.

"Stop that!" he shouted, turning off the cabinet gramophone, to which Petrov, heading the troupe, was performing a perfect double shuffle. "What on earth are you doing?"

"I'm just having fun. Remember, I'm not Petrov any more—just plain Peter Peters."

"Oh, that awful name of yours! How do you make that exasperating noise, anyway?" he regarded the sacriheinous taps on the soles of the young man's ballet shoes with extreme distaste.

"But, Jeff, I haven't been neglecting anything," Petrov pleaded. Though one of the best dancers of his time, he was modest and unusually attractive, combining, as he did, the grace of his physique with masculinity and a sense of humour. He executed in the room centre, a finished entre-chat-trois, which he had the daring to parody in jazz style.

"I forbid that!" Jeffrey exclaimed. "That's not art. Fifteen years grind and you want to dwindle into a shimmmy dancer. Nonsense! Do you realise that we ought to be sating on the Queen Anne; that there's such a place as New York and such a thing as the Metropolitan's offer for you to make your début?"

"I'm sorry, Jeff, but I've got to stay in Paris. I may as well tell you...

I'm in love with Linda Keane, this girl in The Dancing Times. Take a look at her. Isn't she beautiful? I've never met her, but I swear she has red-gold hair and a perfect form, and I mean to dance with her some day. She dances in revue.

"Hence those ghastly contraptions on your shoes. You must be mad," Petrov groaned. "She's a designing minx. She's been getting at you to stop in Paris. Confess."

"I told you I've never met her, but I'd kinda like to marry her... And I think I shall," Petrov said calmly.

As a preliminary to this astonishing announcement—for, so far, it could truly be said of Petrov that art was his mistress—he presumed to visit Linda Keane at her hotel. The Japanese boy at the door of her luxury suite took in his card. Petrov, waiting in the corridor, through the open doorway saw his divinity talking to her manager, Arthur Miller, a dark man with a small moustache, wearing a dinner jacket. He was right. Her long bob was red-gold and her gown of silver lamé, with cerise sash, was moulded to a dancer's figure.

Her remarks, overheard while Tai presented the card, were far from seductive, however.

"Petrov—Russian ballet dancer. Tell him to go back to Moscow. I've enough trouble without a simpering toe-dancer swooning in my arms. No doubt he's seen a picture of me and can't live without me. Get rid of him, Tai," she commanded.

"Dropping the bouquet he had hoped to present, Petrov acted precipitately. Before Tai could show him the door, he was in the room, having leapt on to the carpet, posed, and exclaimed with haughty virulence: "Hotchachanya! I am Petrov."

"So glad you came, Mr. Petrov," she welcomed as he paused to kiss her hand.

"Not mister," he reproved. "Just Petrov. Of course, I understand you want to dance with me. I cannot blame you, but I weel not permit it. Maybe you could tweet for me just once, like so..."

Overcome by astonishment, she reacted and completed a series of graceful pirouettes by crashing on to the keys of the grand piano.

"Get up! I hate these discords!" he ordered.

"That's what kinda settles it," she panted.

"Wis me, nothing is settled. I must go to Moscow. Hotchachanya."

Exiting on a leap, he remained in the corridor long enough to have his reward. "Arthur, I'm glad, glad I'm sailing on the Queen Anne to-morrow," he heard her exclaim. Feeling that the Metropolitan was going to be lucky, after all, Petrov, in high spirits, went back to the Semiramis. Arrived in Jeffrey's office, he found, to his horror, Jeffrey talking to Denise, former leading ballerina of the Petrov ballet.

A row of beauty true Denise, of whom Petrov had thought to be rid when she married Lord Tarrington—now, evidently, Denise, with all the support of priceless paradise plumes and elaborate two-piece, was pleading with Jeffrey to be taken on as ballet leader.

"Of course, I can't give her anything important to do at first," Jeffrey announced when the door had closed.

"Look here, Jeff. You want me to stay with the company, don't you?"

"What a question!"

"Then get rid of Denise. Remember all the trouble she caused last year through falling in love (heaven knows why!) with me?"

"But you just told her. I heard you myself."

"I was only being polite. Listen. I'm sailing on the Queen Anne and heading right for the Metropolitan to-morrow. If you get rid of her."

"Dear, dear!" Jeffrey wailed. "This is so sudden. I don't know how to handle it."

"All right, then. I stay in Paris. I'll—I'll connive something," Jeffrey promised. The result of his efforts in that direction became apparent. While pushing his way through the crowded quay towards the Queen Anne, she noticed Denise, who had insisted on seeing him off, Petrov was staggered to hear her say:

"I'm going to New York with you, Peter?

"My wife..."

"I told you it was a secret for professional reasons."

"So Jeffrey did! Oh, yes, of course she's with me."

"Charming lady."

"Sorry, you can't. She's busy with the children."

Petrov's cheeks blanched. The great tommies on the brow, Petrov had admitted to having been four years married, and the father of "Auld Lang Syne" had been played. Thankful at having got rid of Denise, Petrov was more thankful at being able to take a rise out of Linda Keane, who was coming with her terrier and her manager up the gangway.

(continued on page 21)
Varsity

There is no better filter-tipped cigarette obtainable. The quality of the tobacco is beyond dispute—

Varsity are made by LAMBERT & BUTLER

TEN FOR SIXPENCE — TWENTY FOR A SHILLING

Have your Hair

HILTONE Bleached

Hairdressers recommend it

Perfect results with absolute safety is what Hairdressers demand of a bleaching medium. That is why they use and recommend HILTONE. They have tested it thoroughly and found it satisfactory in every way. They have proved that HILTONE gives the exact shade of lightening you want, and gives it naturally.

LEAVES HAIR SOFT & SILKY

They have proved that HILTONE is non-drastic; that it gently dissolves away colour without impairing the structure, elasticity, or lustre of the hair. They have proved that HILTONE leaves the hair soft and silky with a natural healthy sheen. So always ask for HILTONE BLEACH. Your Hairdresser will be enthusiastic and you’ll be delighted with the results.

Also

HILTONE DYES
in a range of 20 beautiful Shades

GLYMIEL

TUBES...3d 6d.la

Badly SUNBURNT?

-Then Get this QUICK RELIEF!

If the sun has caught you badly—here’s how to get wonderful relief. Soak a piece of cotton-wool in T.C.P. Solution (the soothing, healing Antiseptic), and dab it thoroughly all over the red, fiery skin. Sufferers say that it stops the burning and irritation almost instantly. Keep on applying T.C.P. every few hours, and you'll prevent any blistering and banish all soreness and redness in next to no time. Just read this letter:

"T.C.P. is wonderful for really bad Sunburning. If one uses it, there is no blistering at all, very little reddening, and even the reddness soon disappears. Everyone to whom I have recommended it uses it now. Yours very truly," Mrs. G. E. Hyde Park, W.2.

So try T.C.P. this very day. It’s the best thing, yet for Sunburn, and it’s splendid, too, for Heat Rash, Tired Feet and Bites and Stings. Full directions with every bottle—1/-3d. and 3/- from all Chemists.

FOR SUNBURN HEAT RASH CUTS & GRAZES BITES & STINGS ETC

SOOTHING — HEALING — ANTISEPTIC
"Hotchachanya, Miss Keane! How nice of you to come and see me for a change," he greeted her affably. "What’s the matter with you? Have you got a cold?" Jeffrey inquired unromantically.

"Perhaps Mr. Baird doesn’t understand Russian," Linda said sweetly, "or it is just a game little American boys play?"

She went off, presumably to her stateroom. Jeffrey’s remarks in her joint cabin, shortly before dinner, were stimulating.

"You missed me. You tricked me. You knew she was taking this boat," he grumbled, malevolently eyeing Linda’s portrait on the shelf. "And where have you been all day?"

"Not with her. She hasn’t left her room since she came on board, dear."

"Probably a night prowler. Well, she won’t prowl after you to-night. What are you going to do?"

"I’m going to stick to you like a leech until you travel to St. Petersburg, like a dog."

"That’s like the Russian accent: “Oh! My Ivan’ Jeffrey Baird ... Miss Keane.”"

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BACKACHE

Lucky woman finds New Safe Remedy brings Instant Relief

Read her grateful letter:

"I have always suffered with these backaches at certain times, and I had never found anything to help. I saw Baron advertised, and bought a 1/3 box, though I did not expect much relief. Imagine my surprise when your Bacan relieved me from my all suffering. Bacan in its worth its weight in gold.

Mrs. N. T., Gateshead-on-Tyne.

Bacan can stop your pain quickly too, because it is a Specialist's Prescription—safe and reliable. It acts just like lightning, although it contains no aspirin, a harmful "drugs." It cannot harm the heart, upset the stomach, or interfere with any natural function.

Every day thousands of women buy Bacan from their chemists. Even those who always had a "very hard time" now enjoy the peace and comfort of Bacan; so why go on suffering the needless pain which Bacan can spare you? All chemists sell Bacan (Brand) Tablets in slim, fat size 1/-; also Powders 1/3 pkt.; Single Powders 2d. each.

FREE

A free trial supply of Bacan will be sent you gladly. Write for it to-day to Nurse E. B., c/o E. Griffiths Hughes Ltd., 268 Aделphi, Salford, Manchester.

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 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 builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sick, weak, and the world looks dark.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel fine and up.

Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3d.

RE-AWAKEN & FEED those HAIR ROOTS!

Your Hair Roots need not be either Dead or Dying. They may be merely too shrunken or too weak to grow hair through a hardening scalp. Simply soften and Care the Scalp from the stale hair-poisoning and choking dandruff or grease with KOTALKO Scalp Soap. Then Feed and Wash with KOTALKO True Hair Grower.

WILL QUICKLY SET HAIR GROWING

through the Scalp, even where it is bald or the hair is very thin. The new hair will keep on growing Thicker, Longer, and Stronger.

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER

You have everything to gain—nothing to lose—by writing for trial package of KOTALKO and Kotalka Scalp Soap. If Bald, Going Bald, Scalp or General Weakness of the Hair Organism, then post or copy Coupon below.

KOTALKO SCALP SOAP

Every Bottle 1d.

Address

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO

CLEANSE and Soften Hair

Fellacies with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP

To JOHN HART BRITAIN, LTD., 9 Percy Street (104 GV), London, U.K.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose 2d. in stamps.

Name

TO BE MADE UP

by the Post Office.

FREE

SUMMER ASTHMA IS JUST AS DANGEROUS

ASTHMA and BRONCHITIS can be just as distressing in dry or hot weather. Don’t let either spoil your enjoyment of the summer. Turn to POTTER’S ASTHMA CURE at once for INSTANT RELIEF. Potter’s has saved thousands of sufferers happy. Just inhale the gently-soothing vapours and you feel the strangling grip loosen, the breathing become free—sweet relief at once. One grateful sufferer says: “For years I have suffered from Bronchitis and Asthma and have tried several so-called remedies, but nothing has given me such relief as Potter’s. A little of it is like a new lease of life.”

R. W. H., Higham Hill, Walthamstow. Wonderfully effective for CATARRH, CROUP, WOOPING COUGH, HAY FEVER, COLDS, COUGHES, etc. From all Chemists. In full sized tins at 1/6 or direct from the makers, post free 1/6. Send for free booklet explaining POTTER’S ASTHMA CURE entitled “Are You Asthmatic?”


SUMMER BEAUTY

The Soleil Doré (Sungold) shade of Velouty powder cream is specially prepared for the summer months to add to the attractiveness of bronzed complexions by keeping away shine whilst matching exactly the colour of natural suntan.

Pale winter beauty can be transformed into delightful sun-kissed loveliness with a little Velouty, Soleil Doré shade, and complexionings caught by the sun can be prevented from ever having a “patchy” appearance.

A tube of Velouty de Dixon, Soleil Doré shade, in your handbag will provide perfect and alluring summer beauty for you.

Velouty is obtainable from hairdressers, chemists and stores. In tubes at 4/-, 6d., 1½, 2½, 3½; in glass pots at 2½; in de luxe pots (unbreakable) at 4/6 and unbreakable handbag pots at 1/3.

FREE

For free trial sizes of Velouty de Dixon, (Soleil Doré and Ochre shades) and Dioxidor (deodorant), send this coupon with 3d. in stamps (to cover cost of postage and packing) to Dept. C.J, Dixon Ltd., St. Leonards Works, Morlak, S.W.14.

WOULD YOU LIKE A TUBE OF THIS FAMOUS DENTIFRICE FREE?

There’s only one way to keep your teeth good. That is to use a GOOD Dentifrice. A dentifrice may wear away the enamel. This never happens when you use Odol. Test it for yourself! Send for a Trial Tube now.

POST COUPON AT ONCE!


Free sample tube. Post this coupon in unsealed envelope (4d. stamp) to Cranbury, Ltd., (Dept. P.13), Norwich, for a free Tube of Odol. This applies to Gr. Britain and S. Ireland.

I name ____________________________ 1

Address __________________________ 

25

PICTUREGOER.

Wednesday July 31, 1937

"Strondonia"

IMPROVES PERSONAL CHARM

A softly radiant complexion in nature’s priciest gift to beauty. “Strondonia” cream contains with plant, natural

For the rest of the year you can keep, your complexion “matt” and lovely with the right shade of Velouty de Dixon. There are five: White, Ivory, Natural, Ochre and Soleil Doré (Sungold).
THE ONE AND ONLY "GRACIE"

Did you MACLEAN your teeth today?

"Ee, bah goom, I did"
says Gracie Fields

MACLEANS
PEROXIDE
TOOTH PASTE

Obtainable everywhere 6d, 1/- and 1/9

"Summer Pie" costs only 6d. All profits go to Charity.

(Continued from page 24)

HUGH MACLEAN......Shan
FAMOUS MAY......Ann Chisnall
GIL PARK......Tim O'Brien
SHAFT......Commandant
MCINTYRE......Pat Williams
BRIDGET......Lord Kenmore
THE SHERRY FISHER GIRLS
Directed by Maurice Elvey. First reviewed April 11, 1924.

Ingenious romance of a melodramatic order accompanied by songs which include such famous ballads as "Father O'Flynn." The story concerns an improvident young landowner, a pretty Irish peasant, a crooked baronet, and a horse race which restores the first-named fortune.

It is picturesquely set. Stanley Holloway as a sporting priest, sings very well, and Leslie Perrins make and efficient villain. Gina Malo hardly suggests an Irish peasant girl but John Garrick makes a personable hero; he also has a pleasant voice.

*THE GIRL ON THE FRONT PAGE

Directed by Harry Beaumont from an original story by A. Edward Sutherland.

Familiar newspaper story dealing with a fight between a woman newspaper proprietor and her hard-boiled editor; the fight ends in romance.

Settings are not very convincing, nor are the dramatic moments, but the light comedy sequences are entertaining enough.

Edmund Lowe is well cast as the editor, and Gloria Stuart sounds as the girl who tries to get her own way with him.

Reginald Owen is good as a butler who turns out to be a blackmailer, but could have been given more opportunities with advantage.

*BULLDOG DRUMMOND ESCAPES


The PICTURGOER'S quick reference index

c***STOWAWAY
c**PENROD AND SAM
**GREEN LIGHT
*LILY OF KILLARNEY
*THE GIRL ON THE FRONT PAGE
*cBULLDOG DRUMMOND ESCAPES
*cTRAIL DUST
*cSANDFLOW
*WAKE UP FAMOUS
*PLEASE TEACHER
*THE MAN IN POSSESSION
*LONDON MELODY
WHEN THE DEVIL WAS WELL

What the asterisks mean—
***clearly outstanding feature.
**very good.
**good.
average entertainment.
cAlso suitable for children.

REVIEWS — by

WALTER KINGSTON......Prof. Stanton
PATRICK KELLY........Stiles
CHARLES McNEAL......P.C. Higgins
Directed by James Hogan from a story by "Sapper" and Gerald Fairhead.

Treated in a manner which makes the thrills sometimes as funny as the light relief, this is not a good example of the "Bulldog Drummond" adventure stories. To be effective, such a plot as this must be taken seriously, but in this case it is played without any sincerity at all.

Ray Milland is badly cast as the hero, as is Reginald Denny as his "silly ass" friend, Algy.

As the villain, a forger who kidnaps the heroine and is finally shot down by Drummond, Porter Hall is very good; as is the late Sir Guy Standing as a police inspector.

Heather Angel makes an attractive heroine.

*cTRAIL DUST

Practically devoid of story values, the main assets of this picture are the popular cast and the spectacular sequences. Its appeal is directed mainly to juveniles.

The plot, which becomes hopelessly involved, shows how the hero drives a herd of cattle to rail head in spite of the efforts of unscrupulous live-stock profiteers.

*cSANDFLOW

Directed by Letsie Stilander.

Buck Jones gives a characteristic performance in this story of a man who clears his brother of a murder charge. There is plenty of fighting and hard riding plus a mystery element which, however, adds little to the suspense.

Camera work is good, and the backgrounds picturesque.

*WAKE UP FAMOUS

Simple, unsophisticated fooling with familiar gags of the stage variety, adequately put over by Nelson Keys and Genne Gerrard, are the mainstay of this very slight farce.

It deals with an hotel clerk who is exploited by a gang of jewel thieves, but eventually turns the tables on them.

The humour is clean and homely, there is a tuneful theme song and a bright dancing ensemble as a finale.
July 31, 1937

Lionel Collier — Cont.

**PLEASE TEACHER**


Bobby Howes .......... Tommy Deacon
Rene Ray .......... Anne Trevel
Wylie Watson .......... Chatterbox
Hertha Belmore .......... Miss Pink
Vera French .......... Miss Trouille
Lyv Harding .......... Wing Foo
Directed by Stafford Dickens. Adapted from the Hippodrome show.

What may be amusing on the stage does not always register as such on the screen, and the knockabout humour and gags certainly do not show to advantage in this picturisation of the Hippodrome show. The plot deals with the efforts of a young man to find a letter hidden in a bust of Napoleon, from which, his deceased aunt's will informs him, he will learn something to his advantage.

The house in which the bust reposes happens to be a girl's school, and the headmistress, apparently liking Napoleon, had installed several plaster casts which leads to innumerable complications.

Bobby Howes is fair as the hero, and Vera Pearce puts over some literally heavy humour as a gym instructor.

Rene Ray is adequate as the heroine; and the rest of the cast works hard to put the somewhat laboured and obvious comedy over.

**THE MAN IN POSSESSION**


Jean Harlow .......... Crystal Wetherby
Horst Tappe .......... Raymond Dabeuf
Reginald Owen .......... Claude Dabeuf
Una O'Connor .......... Clara
Helenretta Crosman .......... Mrs. Dabeuf
E. B. Clive .......... Mrs. Dabeuf
Corin Witherspoon .......... Mrs. Burns
Marla Shelton .......... Catherine Burns
Forrester Cook .......... Bailiff
Lionel Brann .......... Lord Carstairs
Barney Phillips .......... Arthur Trueman
Directed by W. S. Van Dyke from H. M. Harwood's play, presumed May 9, 1937.

A re-make of H. M. Harwood's farce which first appeared in 1931, with Robert Montgomery in the lead, does not weigh up to its predecessor either in acting or effect.

The plot deals with a young man who, through various circumstances, acts as a bailiff in the house of a pretty American widow.

He acquires her butter at a party and discovers that she is engaged to her pompous brother, who thinks he is marrying money.

How he marries the widow and turns the tables on her snobbish family provides the climax to the plot.

It would appear that the recent "purity push" in America has something to do with the taming down of daring situations. At any rate, there is not left most of its sparkle and piquancy.

Robert Taylor is sound as the hero, but never for a moment suggests the spirit of the original. Reginald Owen—in his original part as the widow's fiancé—is inclined to overact, but E. B. Clive is good as the father, and Lionel Brann—also from the original cast—is amusing as a bailiff.

The late Jean Harlow made the most of rather limited opportunities in a part which did not suit her.

**LONDON MELODY**


Anna Stagl .......... Jacqueline
Tullio Carminati .......... Marius Andravoli
Roberta Donnelly .......... Roberta Donnelly
Horace Hodges .......... Father Donnelly
Gribbleda Harvey .......... Mikey Hood
Friends of Marcus

**RELEASES**

**FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number of stars awarded in brackets</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Black Legion (1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bold Conquest (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charlie Chan at the Opera (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>China U.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come Up Smiling (1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Confident (1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Counterfeit Lady (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dangerous Number (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Don't Tell the Man (1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Espionage (1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feather Your Nest (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flying Hunter (1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gold Diggers of 1927 (1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Great O'Malley, The (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Green Pastures (1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hopalong Cassidy Returns (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In a Merry-Go-Round (1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lady from Nowhere (1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lady Ratter (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lost from a Stranger (1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Man on a Motor Scythe, The (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maid of Salem (1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Man of the People (1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mighty Tarsus (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mill on the Floss, The (1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mind Your Own Business (1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>More Than a Sardinary (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Off to the Races (1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Officials (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plunderer (1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pluck of the Irish (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Private Lives (1) (Reissue)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Polo Joe (1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raging Lady (1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tampered Money (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trafalgar Tower (1) (Reissue)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three Men on a Horse (1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two Wise Men (1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Women of Vengeance (1)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**SUPEMA**

MACHINELESS PERMANENT WAVING

Superma Limited, Radnor House, 97 Green Street, London, W.l

No electricity... No machines!

You have seen Anita in Green Light, with Errol Flynn, and you admired her gloriously wavy hair! Neither sea-water, rain, nor wind can harm a Superma Machineless—the World and European Championship system of permanent waving.

Far lovelier, more natural, and more lasting waves and curls are obtained by Superma than by any machine process.

Superma—because there is no machine at all—ensures the greatest safety and the coolest comfort; and it preserves the texture of your hair.

INSIST upon Superma. There is no perm "just as good"—do not be put off.

Ask your hairdresser for Superma Machineless; or ask us for the address of a Superma specialist in your district; or come to us for your perm.

Write for Free Brochure.

![Warner Bros. Star](image)
TO THINK THAT
$2.00 WOULD BUY
SPARKLING
BEAUTY FOR MY
FAIR HAIR....

VAST
SOPHISTICATED

Indeed, "Such shades, this used Rinze. The single-track railway runs only north and south, and a train does well to average from 12 to 15 m.p.h.

Our one real tie with the outer world came by means of our weekly "biroscope" shows for that is the name by which our "cinema" is universally called in South Africa and the Rhodesias. What mattered the hard chairs, when we could look at such things as trams, horses, houses with more than one storey, more than ten white folk at a time, new gowns, chery fires, telephones, omnibuses, all things which many of us had not seen for perhaps ten years!

Sometimes one wondered at what might have been the native reaction to sophisticated pictures, especially depicting white women scantily clothed or behaving foolishly... However, the native mentality being, on the average, equal only to that of the naughty 12-year-old child, probably no harm was done. And if one had an unsophisticated slapstick, the spectacle of the native onlookers was far funnier than the film. To see two white men smack each other about sends natives rolling upon the floor in veritable paroxysms of mirth, to recover, and a moment later be shrieking and rolling in renewed spasms of laughter!

Without our weekly bioscope entertainment, life would indeed have been a duller and blander affair! We, at least, were duly thankful.—(Mrs.) RUBY LLOYD, The Brown House, Higher Denham, Buck., who is awarded the first prize of £1. 5s.

ARABIAN NIGHTS

Perhaps your readers would like to hear about the one and only cinema in Arabia, especially those who criticise the programmes and seating accommodation of their local cinemas.

This cinema is the only entertainment we have other than sports.

The films, themselves, are English or American talkies, and I have never yet seen one that was not at least eighteen months old, the majority of them being between two and three years. For instance our last show was Maurice Chevalier in "A Bedtime Story," the remainder of the programme being made up with, a cartoon Pop-Eye the Sailor, and a Pathé newsreel.

The news reels are not quite so old, five months being a fair average, which means that we are still waiting to see pictures of the "Cup Final."

PICTUREGOING OVERSEAS

WHAT DO YOU THINK? Letters from our Readers

Readers Tell Their Experiences Abroad

I have lived in B'Wana M'Kubwa, in Northern Rhodesia, a vast territory, some 400,000 square miles of it, consisting (as one wag truly wrote) of "miles and miles of damal!" Indeed, there isn't much else but bush. The single-track railway runs only north and south, and a train does well to average from 12 to 15 m.p.h.

The cinema itself is an open-air affair—the screen and operating box being semi-rigid in case a sand storm arises, when it is moved to a more sheltered spot. We have only one projector, which means a break between reels whilst the next is being threaded—a gramophone record being played during such intervals relieves the monotony of them a little.

With regards to seats—we have no special ones, those who possess a deck chair are lucky, and the others find various types of seats, or else sit on the ground, which is nothing more or less than sand.

The price is universal, everyone pays the sum of eight annas, the English equivalent being ninepence.—Sydney Frost, 8(B) Squadron, R.A.F. Karachi, Asia, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

ARABIAN NIGHTS

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The news reels are not quite so old, five months being a fair average, which means that we are still waiting to see pictures of the "Cup Final."

No Complaints

- I am not going to grumble about anything. I just want an opportunity to say how much I appreciate the comfort of English cinemas. I have spent four years in quite a large military station in India where the only cinema was a large wooden hut, cramped with wooden forms. One was not even able to sit at all comfortably during the performance. Pigeons had their nests in the rafters of this "Picture Palace" and often lizards walked across the screen whilst the picture was being shown.

For the price of one rupee (1s. 4d.) one saw a picture which was very much "cut" and an old news-reel.

Can you wonder that I think it is wonderful to sit on a cushioned seat in a large cinema and see two big pictures and a newsreel, as well as variety acts for less than 1s.?

No I can't find anything to grumble about.—D. A. Tulet, 17 Copper Avenue, East Ham, E.6. (That's a pleasant change, anyway! —"Thinker.")

Pictures from Heaven

- I have read letters from readers telling us of the strange cinemas in foreign countries, but I think the cinemas in the rural districts of Russia are the strangest. Operators, projectors, and films are carried by aeroplane to districts which are far off the beaten track.

As the aeroplane passes over the selected spot, the operators and the apparatus are dropped by parachute, and film shows are then given.

The films are generally silent ones and music is supplied by an accordion. Some of the collective farms where these shows are given are forty miles away from the nearest railway, and the people working upon them would probably never see a cinema show unless it was delivered to them in this unusual manner.—Elsie Birnie, 21 Hawthorne Road, Birkenhead.

(But how do they get them back into the sky? —"Thinker.")

CAIRO CINEMAS

- At first glance, there is little to distinguish a modern cinema in Cairo from any of its contemporaries here in England.

Most of the announcements and posters outside the building are, of course, printed in French, but, apart from this, the exterior is very much the same. Once inside, however, the differences become more marked. In the first place, every cinema there is equipped with a licensed bar and lounge which is absolutely the last word in luxury.

Music is relayed into the lounge, and a warning is sounded about five minutes before the programme starts, so that there is no excuse for missing any of the show through being too busy with a long, cool drink.

With regard to the auditorium, we find that,

(Continued on page 30.)
IT'S THE 'NATURAL' GIRLS WHO ATTRACT MEN WITH SERIOUS INTENTIONS

Get the wish of your heart

Cheap, made-up faces make men run a mile unless they're looking for someone to make a home with. The marrying kind of men like 'natural' looking girls. Only Outdoor Girl face powder can give you the natural air of olive oil; no need for constant make-up — repowering. It clings and clings and gives your skin a natural youthful freshness — prevents the drying up of natural skin oils.

MONEY BACK OFFER — You're the JUDGE!
Go out NOW and buy the 6d. box of Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder. Try it out thoroughly. Then if you are not completely satisfied that ALL SIX PENCE CLAIM FOR IT IS TRUE send the box to Crystal Products Ltd., 13, City Road, London, E.C.1 and WE WILL SEND YOU BACK YOUR MONEY.

OUTDOOR GIRL

Olive Oil Face Powder

OLIVE OIL IS NATURE'S GIFT TO BEAUTY
All your beauty-aides should have the Olive Oil that naturally protects and revives the suppleness of your skin. So for your complete make-up and colour harmony use the other Outdoor Girl beauty products — including:

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For Girls After a Man's Heart

TO HELP A WOMAN FORGET

As a matter of course, like any protection fit to be sold to women, Mene’s arc sleek, unseen and secure.

But a Mene is also much more than that — Mene is so soft, so feather-light and so comfortable that even under the most trying conditions you can scarcely feel its presence. It helps you forget your troubles and keep an easy mind.

Prices 1s., 1 1/2, 3, 4, 7 per doz. Also 4d. packets FREE TRIAL. Send the coupon below and samples will be gladly sent to you.

MENE

Recommended by Nurses

To Miss Haynes, 168 Old St., London, E.C.1
Please send me free samples of Mene Tours!

NAME

To block capitals

ADDRESS

(S.) Id stamp sufficient if envelope unsealed

So we decided to go all gipsy and take a caravanserai holiday. Last night we parked within a store's throw of the sea and I've had some extra—nice baths today.

The heat's been tropical! So that lovely 'Tosca' perfumed Eau de Cologne has come in extra useful. It's so heavenly cooling. I use it in water as a sun-lotion and as a massage. 4711 deserves a medal for combining such a famous, romantic perfume with Eau de Cologne!

Beryl, who's with us, tells me the 'Rhinegold' perfumed Eau de Cologne is lovely, too — upstage, she calls it. She's using the new 'Troika' one herself — very much the woodland nymph! They're all practically painless in price.

'Tosca,' 'Rhinegold,' and 'Troika' perfumed Eau de Colognes are sold in many different sizes—from the handbag bottles to bottles for the cabin trunk. Prices range from 1/3 to 25/-

SISTERS OF THE FAMOUS

4711

GENUINE EAU DE COLOGNE

By Appointment

Which will you choose? SAMPLE COFFRET 1/6 POST FREE

Which perfumed Eau de Cologne is yours? Here are small trial bottles of all three in a dainty coffret—'Tosca,' 'Rhinegold' and 'Troika'. It can be had post free—simply send coupon with a postal order for 1/6 to "4711" (Dept.B.G.6), Slough, Buckinghamshire.

Name

Address

(Glenn 864)

(This offer applies in Gt. Britain and Northern Ireland only.)
Josephine Hutchinson
- Is the daughter of an actress and was trained for a stage career from early childhood. Josephine's first screen appearance, as a matter of fact, was in a Mary Pickford picture, The Little Princess, way back in 1918. She was born in Seattle on October 12, 1909, and was educated in that city, winning a scholarship to the Cornish School of Music and Drama. She made her Broadway début at seventeen in A Man's Man, in which was a young actor named Pat O'Brien. Years later they were co-starred in the film version of Oil For the Lamps of China.

Miss Hutchinson was for several years with Eve Le Gallienne's Repertory Company, a fine training ground before attracting the attention of Hollywood in Alice In Wonderland. Her first film was Happiness Ahead and she has since appeared among other pictures in such as Melody Lingers On, The Story of Louis Pasteur, I Married a Doctor and Mountain Justice.

Josephine is a "red head," with brown eyes, and is 5 ft. 4½ in. tall.

Walter Huston
- We do not see Huston, surely one of the world's finest film actors, on the screen so often now as we would like to; after a somewhat unfortunate experience where he has not a very high opinion of Hollywood.

He was born in Toronto on April 8, 1884 and educated as an engineer. On leaving college in Toronto, however, he heard the call of the stage, put away his degree and text books and took a job with a local stock company. Success was a long time in coming. Once he returned for a while to engineering as manager of an electric light and power company in St. Louis. For years he travelled the American vaudeville circuits with a dramatic sketch. His first Broadway success in the "legitimate" was in Desire Under The Elm's.

Walter made his talkie début in 1929 in Gentlemen of the Press so successfully that he was immediately given the title role in Abraham Lincoln. There followed a succession of fine performances in such pictures as The Criminal Code, The Wet Parade, Rain, Gabriel Over the White House and The Prize Fighter and the Lady. Last year he came over here to play the title role in Blades of Africa. His last appearance was in Dodsworth, in which he gave one of his finest performances. The actor is 6 feet tall and has brown hair and hazel eyes.

Harold Huth
- Deserted acting to become a film agent but made welcome appearance on the screen in the last Hubert-Courtnidge comedy Take My Tip.

Harold Huth was born in Huddersfield on June 20, 1894, was educated at Dover College and has had an unusual career for a film actor. For 18 years before he ever thought of donning grease paint he was a motor salesman—and a good one, too. He was 36 before he made his début as an actor in The Truth Game, at the Globe. His first film part, a small one, was in the silent One of the Best. With the arrival of talkies he quickly established himself as one of Britain's most popular "heavies" in such pictures as Down River, The Outsider and The First Mrs. Fraser. Three years or so ago he gave up acting to take up an administrative post in the Toepfitt company. Recently he has been working as a film agent.

Huth is 5 ft. 9½ in. tall and has dark hair and eyes.

Warren Hymer
- Like nearly all screen "tough guys" and unfortunate the fact that his screen career has largely been devoted to playing amiable morons, Warren Hymer is a university graduate—he was at Yale. It is not so widely known, however, that it was in London that this American actor made his stage bow. It was in his father’s play Crime.

In 1926, after a season in New York, he went to Hollywood to play in Speakeasy and he has been there ever since, specialising in genial thugs. The actor is 6 ft. tall and has dark hair and eyes. So far this year he has been in Love Letters of a Star, Tainted Money, The Leavenuorth Case, She’s Dangerous, Join the Marines, You Only Live Once, We Have Our Moments and Crime’s Highway.

What Do You Think? Contd.

without exception, this is laid out in the form of a complete semi-circle, and fitted with boxes of the same type as are in use in all theatres and music halls.

The seats themselves are of the ordinary "tip-up" variety, but, curiously enough, none of them are plush-covered. This is, I believe, on account of the vermin which abound in such a hot climate, and which would find, in the plush, an ideal breeding place.

The screen takes our attention next. In addition to the ordinary one, there are also two smaller screens, one on each side, on which the story and dialogue is explained in Greek and Arabic while the picture is being shown.

The talking is in English, and underneath the actual film is superimposed the French dialogue and explanation. New films are generally being shown there at the same time as they appear in London, and always much sooner than in any of our biggest provincial towns—-Ronald G. Archer, 1 Riverside Rd., Hudderslunds, Liverpool, 23.

Gracie's Understudy
- Being in Jamaica, West Indies, last season, one evening I strolled into a down-town picture palace. Grace Moore's famous film, One Night of Love was being shown.

There was a good deal of hesitation with the sound apparatus and finally it came to a stop. The motion picture went on for some seconds in

doubtless. The action of the picture had reached the enchanting point when Grace starts singing One Night of Love, an audience of blacks and whites became restive, if not hilarious. Suddenly from the back of the screen came a distinctly nasal, rough American voice moulding the glorious tune, and trying to keep time to the picture.

A complete verse was sung in this way, then the sound apparatus righted itself again, and the song was finished by Grace Moore.

This incident convinced me that managers of picture houses abroad have to be prepared for any emergency.—G. Vincent Pepper, 50 Elspeth Road, N. 1.

I (can remember a time when all talking was done by people behind the screen...."Thinker.")

OUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

The pages and 10d. will be paid for the two most interesting and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.
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MERLE OBÉRON
and have Glamorous Hair.

Glamorous natural waves can be yours
without heat or irons!

Vosemar is a scientific and harmless preparation that gives the hair natural waves and curls easily and quickly. You'll be delighted with the wonderful results.

Thousands of testimonials have been received from satisfied users. London, if you want to have really lovely natural waves, buy Vosemar, 1/3 per tube (to give babies and toddlers natural curls use Cutty Top, 1/3 per tube, lasts a month.)

Obtainable at Aves, Timothy Whites and Taylor Ltd., and all good chemists, or in case of difficulty direct post free from THE VOSEMAR COMPANY (Dept. T.13)
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50 PAGE BOOK on How to Add Weight Quickly

The beautiful girls of to-day have lovely rounded lines and gloriuous health. Do you long to be like that? Even if you are skinny, rundown—the 12 minerals which you will find ONLY in Visealp without drugs will soon set the road to health. Send now for the fascinating 50 PAGE FREE BOOK which tells you many unique facts and includes weight and measurement charts and daily menus for weight building without fat. Write for book to Health Products Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. P.7/4, 10 Harrick Street, Cavelinde Square, London, W.1.

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YOU MUST TRY THIS ALL PURPOSE CREAM

"I have found this new preparation so wonderfully effective that it makes unnecessary all the usual Beauty Aid," writes H.R.H. Princess Marguerite (Princess René de Bourbon de Parme). Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream takes the place of Skin-Food, Cold Cream, Lotion, Astringent, and Powder Blue. Its effects are almost miraculous. Prove it for yourself by sending coupon for FREE TRIAL.

FREE POST COUPON FOR 4 DAYS' SUPPLY
Dept. P.M. 196, Theron Laboratories Limited, Perivale, Middx. Please send me, by return of post, without any expense to me, a 4 days' supply of Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream.

NAME
ADDRESS

Her doctor has told her that MUM is the SAFE DEODORANT

SAFE—because MUM deals only with dispelling objectionable perspiration odour—it does not interfere with the natural process of perspiration, which is Nature's way of throwing off the poisons of the body. MUM is the modern deodorant—just a touch of this perfumed cream rubbed into the armpits ensures personal daintiness throughout the most hectic day. No washing—no rinsing.

You can use MUM at any time after you're dressed or during the day, because MUM is harmless to fabric.

You can use MUM after shaving it has cool, soothing properties that are beneficial to sensitive skins.

Women who use MUM regularly each month know that MUM is the safe and efficient deodorant for this particular form of unpleasantness.

At all good Stores and Chemists, price 1/6 and 3/- a jar.

MUM takes the odour out of perspiration

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NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK!

Free booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, secretly and permanently cure yourself of this objectionable, health endangering habit. No claim, no auto-suggestion. New discovery. Send 1d. stamp for postcard.

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Send us a fair site cutting from the greyest part of your hair and we will try this with the constant shade of Russian Henna to show you the actual effect. No charge or obligation.

FREE TEST
To THE EVAN WILLIAMS CO. LTD.
Dept. P.W., PERIVALE, Greenford, Middx.
I enclose a cutting of my grey hair for you to advise me which shade of henna to use.

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State shade required
| If other preparations have been used, write above full details.

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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.
Non-greasy—pleasant to use.

NURONA SUN TAN CREAM

Of Chemists and druggists, or the nearest stockist. Also NURONA Sun Tan Cream (without colour). If your Chemist cannot supply, please send 1/- to JAMES WOOLLEY & SONS & CO., LTD., Manchester 1.
A month ago—
he couldn’t bear to be near her

But she uses
Odo-ro-no now!

Odo-ro-no
Prevents underarm perspiration and saves dresses

There are 2 kinds of odo-ro-no

1. Instant (or ‘clear’) Odo-ro-no gives protection for two to three days.
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LET GEORGE DO IT!

THE BRITISH BRIAN DONELLY CLUB requires new members. The club is under strict supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Donelly and all members receive a personally signed photograph of Brian, club magazine, pen pals lists and many other club privileges. All letters should be written to R.G. Bullock, 89 Fairbridge Road, Highbury, N.19.

THE JOHN BOLIS MUSIC CLUB is desirous of new members. Admirers of this talented artist, known as ‘the original singer’ are asked to communicate with the Secretary, Mrs. W. J. Sumner, 5 Camborne Road, South Kensington, S.W.7.

A fan club for BILLY COTTON and his Band has been formed and all readers interested should write to the Secretary, Mr. H. H. Hayes, c/o 28 Cansio Street, London, W.12. The club intends to hold parties, dance with George, and publish a magazine called “The Cotton Reed,” containing all news and articles on Billy Cotton and his Band.

Persons wishing to join an entirely new organisation which further the interests of Producers, Stars and Public, are asked to communicate with the Secretary, the COSMOPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE CLUB, 29 Cemilong Road, London N.W.3.

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.


Ed. Offices: Martell House, Martell Court, Bow St., W.C.2.

ON SALE EVERY THURSDAY, 2d.
have you got your copy yet?

It's selling out fast—and no wonder! Never before has there been such a dazzling film parade for 6d! “The Picturegoer Summer Annual” drops you right behind the scenes of all the 1937 pictures... sets you down in the middle of crowds and crowds of your favourite stars. Chat with Joel McCrea about marriage... with Joan Blondell (very confidentially) about what to tell children... and answer Bill Powell's very pert questions about—yourself as his ideal wife! Dozens of other features... the latest studio secrets, fashions, gossip and photographs... the very best guide to all the new releases... in 100 sparkling pages.

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Its evaporation is less than half as much as ordinary polish

Bottles of the new Cutex nail polish and 8 other brands were uncorried and their contents exposed to the air for 14 days. The new Cutex evaporated less than half as much as the other 8 brands. It was smooth flowing, as easy to apply as ever. Cutex has an impressive list of advantages—finer lacquer... longer wear... easier application... new soft colours known as "smoky" shades. Made in Great Britain.

CUTEX

Mail Coupon with 6d. for trial kit containing Liquid Polish in the tint I have undeciled.

INDICATE SHADE:
Rust—Light Rust—Old Rose—Robin Red—Mauve
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Name
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★ A very modern jar too—with its opal glass and charming shape. Inevitably it adds tone to your dressing-table.
★ But it's the cream that is the prize. Under the beautifying touch of Erasmic Vanishing Cream your skin becomes soft and clear.
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★ Get yourself a new jar today, and keep the useful 3d size for your handbag.

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SPECIAL OFFER OF ERASMIC BEAUTY BOX. A generous sample case of Erasmic’s famous Beauty Preparations... Vanishing Cream, Complexion Powder, Powder Cream, and Peerless Soap... will be sent you in return for 6d in stamps. Write to Dept. T-37, The Erasmic Co. Ltd., Warrington, Lanes. Your envelope should be sealed bearing a 1½d stamp. Say whether you prefer Rachel or Natural. Not applicable in I.F.S.
She was 33 yet he preferred her to the younger girl.

**She is 33 yet he preferred her to the younger girl.**

**She is 33 yet he preferred her to the younger girl.**

---

**Knights Castle**

**Specially made for the face.**

**Knights Castle**

**Specially made for the face.**

---

**Talkie Title Tales**

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Mrs. Gladys C. Hardingham, 79 Robert Street, Brixton, S.W.6, for:

**Village Tale The Invisible Man Walking on Air**

Teil it to the Marquis Prides of half a crown each are awarded to:

- E. Speak, Corton, Skipton, Yorks, for:
  - City Streets Yellow Dust Rain Not So Dusty
- Miss R. Cowley, Field Gate House, Keighley, West Yorks, for:
  - Miss S. Met a Lady What Happened at W. She
- Miss Valerie Winsborough, 48 Larch Rd., Birkenhead, Cheshire, for:
  - The Married Men Three Smari Girls What Happened at W. She
- Miss P. Wang, "Borde Hill," Westham, Kent, for:
  - Hideaway Girl The Lonely Road The Great Ziegfeld The Road to Glory

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to encourage you to think of title tales in order to make a short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, and I will inform the Marquis of the prizewinners. Remember, there is no entrance fee and there are no other rules except that I must insist that your "titles" are submitted in a postcard format and only one attempt on each card.

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LIQUID NAIL POLISH

"In eight shades including Natural, Rust and Old Rose"

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Free

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FOR YOU

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H ave you secured this wonderful "Partners" postcard for your collection yet—Herbert Marshall and Simone Simon, famous co-stars of Girls' Dormitory. And here's a fascinating new study in seipha of glamorous Vivien Leigh who captures all hearts in Fire Over England.

No wonder film lovers everywhere are rushing to join "Picturegoer" Postcard Club—when postcards like these are available to members at special reduced rates. If you have not already joined—do so today and share the special concessions granted to members.

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S eel the difference this gorgeous new dewy Tattoo makes! A generous trial size will be sent for 6d. to cover posting and postage. Free exciting shades...send for more than one, then dress your lips to match mood and moment.

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GIVES DEWY LIPS!

Big moment...when you first make up with the new Tattoo! It's loaded with a new never-before lusciousness...dawn-dewiness that doesn't wear off as the day wears on! Socialites are wearing it...their favourite Tattoo South-Sea-Island shade plus a sweet seventeen softness, youthfulness, invitingness! Makes lips a cupid's bow! Puckering and drying are out—the new Tattoo is in! All those going-to-town Tattoo shades have their new Tattoo secret. Yes, madam...still definitely indelible!

At this Tattoo Colour Selector on the better cosmetic counters everywhere you can actually test on your own skin all the Tattoo Shades with the new dewiness!

"HAWAIIAN!" is the newest, readiest red! Vivid and impulsively daring; yet so soft, sincere and warmly feminine. Positively won't turn parch. More-rapture-making with the new dewy Tattoo secret!

"CORAL!" has an existing orangish pink tint. Rosier lights. Resembling on blondes and titian blondes. Yes—dewy too!

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"NATURAL!" is a medium shade—isa true, rich blood colour. An asset to any shade of brunette—gives the new dewy beauty!

"PASTEL!" is of the type that changes colour when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warmth which blended with the new dew-dew look is truly amazing!

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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 2½ a 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.

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"Picturegoer." Irish Free State customers will be required to pay any charges that may be incurred.

Pic., 31/7/37

35
I'D LOVE TO... but how can I, with legs like mine

Her Friend Said—
Take Elasto!

Leg aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are abolished, 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; the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

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 the blood albumin to form organic 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 test 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. Prepared in small, delicate tablets by a special process, Elasto dissolves instantly on the tongue, and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood. Elasto is the pleasanter, 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 how 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 too may be restored to health and vitality at your own expense. What a wonderful difference Elasto Makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed
ELASTO (Dept. 191)

For all Readers of the "Picturegoer"

FREE—
A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

Elasto, the Pleasant, Handy Remedy
Prepared in small, delicate tablets, by a special process, Elasto dissolves instantly on the tongue, and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

If Your Legs Are Spoilt—Sports, Let Elasto Put Them Right

For Free Trial Sample of Elasto!
Why I'm not Married
by LORETTA YOUNG
"There's nothing to touch Craven 'A' for quality & freshness!"

Holiday-Makers Remember.....

Whether you buy Craven “A” at the seaside, in some remote country spot, or abroad, they are always in perfect condition - as fresh as they left the factory - because they’re sealed fresh in moisture-proof 'cellophane.'

Made specially to prevent sore throats.

In the ‘easy-access’ inner-foil pack and sealed fresh in moisture-proof 'cellophane'

10 for 6d 20 for 1/- 25 for 1/3

Tins: 50 for 2 6 100 for 5/-

CRAVEN PLAIN (WITHOUT CORK-TIP) - SAME FINE QUALITY AS CRAVEN 'A'

IN GREEN PACKETS - 10 for 6d 20 for 1/-

CARRERAS LTD. - 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY
MERLE OBERON

Who is now, we are glad to report, back at work in "The Divorce of Lady X," at Denham. It is her first film since her accident during the production of "I, Claudius." Laurence Olivier will be the leading man and the picture will also be notable for showing the star in colour for the first time.
FAILURE
FOLLOWED
RALPH
UNTIL HIS DENTIST GAVE HIM A TIP...

FOR MONTHS HE WENT ROUND WITH FAILURE AT HIS HEELS.

NO, I'M SORRY WE CAN DO NOTHING
THIRD TURN-DOWN THIS WEEK

UNTIL ONE DAY HIS DENTIST TOLD HIM —

BAD BREATH GONE — A PERMANENT JOB NOW
THANKS TO COLGATE!'S!

I'M SURE I CAN MAKE A SUCCESS OF IT!

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

Now — NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!

TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE
OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH!

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A free trial sample of Baxen will be sent you gladly. Write for it to-day to: Nurse E. B., c/o E. Griffiths Hughes, Ltd., 289 Adelphi, Salterford, Manchester.
DEAR GRACE MOORE,

When the time comes for writing the history of the talkies, your name will undoubtedly figure largely in the chronicle—particularly for an artiste who prefers to regard herself as an opera singer who has unbent sufficiently to play in pictures rather than as a film star.

No one will grudge you the eminence which the Hollywood historians will have to grant you. Indeed, we have every reason to be grateful. In One Night of Love you created a new vogue in movie entertainment and made the screen safe for the better type of music.

What will they have to say about you? Probably they will recall that as a child you taught a Sunday-school class and wanted to be a missionary in China.

That after hearing Mary Garden you decided to become a singer, instead and made your debut in Washington in 1918.

That after a successful career in musical comedy you achieved the ambition of all American singers by becoming a star of the Metropolitan Opera Company in 1928.

That two years later you went to Hollywood and appeared in Jenny Lind and New Moon without making any very noticeable impression on the film world.

That in 1934, against the advice of all the experts, Harry Cohn, of Columbia, gave you another chance in movies in One Night of Love.

That the picture was a sensational success that created a new film fashion.

And that you introduced into the film studios the artistic temperament traditionally associated with prima donnas?

That charge on closer investigation, of course, may be quite groundless, but it has occurred so frequently—in fact, in connection with almost every Grace Moore production—that we think it might be wise for you to take notice of it.

There was that story of your early days in the studios when the director had the temerity to suggest how a scene should be done to the great newcomer from grand opera, who curtly refused to do it that way.

"You are behaving like a prima donna," he told you. "But I am a prima donna," you replied.

Then there was that occasion when you stormed the front office calling to high heaven to witness that you had never been so hurried in your life as by being asked to do a sequence for The King Steps Out, in which you had to sing while milking a cow, that you would walk out and never return to Hollywood.

Following reports of disagreements with your producer in the Love Me Forever set (half the time, it was stated, you were not on speaking terms), a bombshell exploded in the Columbia publicity department because it had omitted to publicise the fact, as Lily Pons' press agents had done, that you employed a voice stand-in in the studio.

Your visit to London to sing at Covent Garden, however triumphant, was also not without incident. Film journalists complained of being treated in an off-hand manner. Photographers had to be ejected from the Albert Hall before you would proceed with your concert. The audience was refused permission to smoke when you consented to attend the London trade show of The King Steps Out.

Now we hear that there has been another rebellion at Columbia, this time because the great Grace Moore (of the Metropolitan Opera, yes, indeed) has been asked to sing the "St. Louis Blues" in her new picture, I'll Take Romance.

Speaking personally, we don't like the "St. Louis Blues" that much ourselves. We like artistic temperament and stellar condescension toward the cinema still less.

In the case of your London visit we can readily appreciate that the fault may have lain with other people. In the case of the studio stories we would like to believe that rumour has exaggerated. If so, we think you should come into the open and say so. A reputation for being difficult does no star any good and you are too valuable a one to be thus endangered.

The Editor
All the Gossip

BIGGER and BETTER CHORUS

But they won't be so nude
Will Shakespeare is "through"
Chaplin disappointed; may retire
Plans for Norma Shearer

the autumn on a modern drama starring Paulette Goddard.

Shakespeare is "Out"
- If you want to scare a movie mogul just pop your head inside the door of his office and shout "Shakespeare."
The Bard, instead of proving B.O. has turned out to be Bogey Number One of the studios. The whole proposal is now distasteful to Hollywood. Mention of his name is forbidden on the Warner lot. One of the sequences in the company's It's Love I'm After is a burlesque performance of Romeo by Leslie Howard.

So fearful is the studio that the public may get the impression that the picture has something to do with the play that orders have been issued to the publicity department to banish all reference to it in copy and discussion.

Still pictures of Howard as Romeo have been withdrawn, and as far as Warners is concerned Will is all washed up.

Strip Girl Makes Good
- I hear that Gypsy Rose Lee, Hollywood's strip-tease queen, has done so well in You Can't Have Everything that she has been given the feminine lead in the new Eddie Cantor picture Ali Baba Goes to Town.

The case of Gypsy is a typical piece of Hollywoodiana. Engaged on the strength of her name and reputation as an arty undresser she has not only been ordered not to undress, but is now being billed as Louise Hovick, which the studio declares is her real name.

The nearest she gets to stripping in You Can't Have Everything, I understand, is one scene in which she wears a bathing suit. And she has to wear a wrap on top of it, too.

Bob Taylor's Boy Friend
- Look out for Don Milo when General Hospital comes to town. You may not have heard of him but Don is the boy friend of the new World's Boy Friend.

He is Robert Taylor's old college chum—they were fellow-students at Pomona. They have been inseparable since Bob moved to Hollywood and fame.

Don has acted as his more famous friend's stand-in in the studio and shared his house with him. For months Taylor has been trying to get him a part in his name, but producers wouldn't see him at all—until now.

By a strange coincidence the role in which the newcomer will make his bow is that of a doctor. It was as an M.D. in Society Doctor that Taylor himself first skyrocketed to the top.

Bette was Embarrassed
- Al-those-love-scenes department. Bette Davis had a spot of difficulty on the That Certain Woman set about kissing Henry Fonda.

Bette told Director Eddie Goulding that she wouldn't do the real kiss in rehearsals but would put it in the "take." When the take came she blushed so furiously through her make-up that it had to be shot again.

Next time she laughed and Fonda, rather peeved, wanted to know why.

Bette explained that when she was at school
GIRLS

... she made a bet and as a result had to kiss a muscular football player eight times because he had scored eight times.

Then, there is the story of Melvyn Douglas's love clinches with Marlene Dietrich in Angel. It seems that when they embraced his shirt got so wrinkled that a half-hour delay was necessitated while it was ironed for the next take. That ought to make Mae West jealous.

Scheduled For Shearer

Both Marie Antoinette and Pride and Prejudice are listed in the new M.-G.-M. schedule as in the course of preparation for Norma Shearer.

It will be interesting to see if the reception accorded Parnell will cause Clark Gable to change his mind about the Jane Austen story, for which he is tentatively cast. Joan Crawford, by the way, did very well for herself when she handed over the Kitty O'Shea role to her rival, Myrna Loy.

It is noticeable that Charles Laughton is still announced as Norma's co-star in Marie Antoinette though it is known here that he is unlikely to be able to undertake the part.

Personally, I should like to see Reginald Owen in the role.

Original!

After the "Simone Simon (pronounced "see-moan see-moan")" effort Hollywood is now publicising its latest French importation as "Dannielle Darieux" (pronounced "Dare You").

The announcement adds eloquently "she has Paris in her lips and eyes."

Child Stars—By One of Them

Latest authoritative comment on child stars comes from Wesley Barry who used to be one himself and is now playing adult character roles.

Wesley hates to discourage hopeful mothers, but he advises them against training their children for work in pictures.

"I was selected by Director Mickey Neilan quite through accident and through circumstance," he says, "for my mother and father ran a restaurant near the old Triangle, Kalem and Vitagraph studios, and Mickey and many other silent stars and directors ate at the restaurant. When they wanted a youngster to work, they sent for me because I was handy.

"I got my first small role in 1913, and it was 1920 before I'd reached stardom. I lasted until 1926. Merely because Mickey Neilan one day decided that the screen needed a 'natural' kid to appeal to Mr. and Mrs. America—a freckle-faced, not-good-looking brat.

"Mothers to-day ask me to recommend a course which their youngsters might take to get into pictures. Some kind of training. I refuse to make any recommendation at all. I think children should be trained, and their natural talents developed, but I do not think they should be groomed for motion pictures.

"To-day I'm doing character roles and as my name again appears on the screen I'm getting more and more letters from petitioning mothers who remember me as a star. It's hard to turn them down, because I have to. I know that if I hadn't been playing around the cafés run by my parents, and if Mickey Neilan hadn't had a wild idea I'd never have been a child star. Such work is the result of one chance in a million—to-day, just the same as it was yesterday."

Short Shots

• The Marx Brothers are now asking for £40,000 a picture—Clark Gable is talking of doing a world flight—Alice Brady likes a studio audience when she acts—Wallace Beery is to do a Western, Bad Men of Bramston, with James Stewart as the romantic lead—Eleanor Powell is looking for dancers for Rosalie—Ginger Rogers is to do a colour film after Stage Door—Ray Milland, Heather Angel and Reginald Denny went on strike for a four o'clock tea interval in Hollywood and got it—The Adventures of Tom Sawyer is now to be made in Technicolor—the new home of Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers will be at Santa Monica Beach, only three doors away from that of the Douglas Fairbanks—Norma Talmadge is returning to the movies, but as story editor to David Selznick, not as an actress.

Malcolm Phillips.

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

THE WILCOXON'S DIVORCE

HENRY WILCOXON, the British actor, is now a screen star in Hollywood, but his family life is far from happy.

For Harry's bride, whom he married on June 28, 1936, declared that they separated on May 24, and secured a divorce on the grounds that he was rude to her guests and nagged her.

A property settlement was arranged out of court. Mrs. Wilcoxon is known on the screen as Sheila Garrett.

Welcome Honeymooners

Hawaii gave an enthusiastic reception to Charles (Buddy) Rogers and his bride (the former Mary Pickford) and also to Gene Ray mond and Jeanette MacDonald, who were recently wed.

This beautiful spot in the South Seas is a favourite honeymooning "location" for screen stars.

It has just leaked out that before Mary became Mrs. Rogers, she visited the Paramount studio, where her future husband was wed to another lady, in a film, of course. Mary was game, was photographed in the picture and received an extra's cheque.

Another "Chiseler"

• Bette Davis, emerging from a store, found she could not start her car. A dapper young man stepped up, and offered to fix it for $5. Although suspicious, Bette agreed, but the youth scampered off when a policeman approached.

The star's opinion was confirmed when the "bobby" found three spark-plug wires disconnected and nothing else wrong.

A Famous Collection

• Lupe Velez has probably the largest and most heterogenous collection of autographed pictures in the film colony.

Mostly unsolicited and sent by admirers, the gallery contains prize fighters (chiefly unsuccessful), politicians, princes, patent medicine salesmen, ball players, two queens, a duchess, a college dean, and the entire police force of an Illinois city.

Stars in the Air

• Wallace Beery, according to report, is the best draughts player to travel on the planes of the United Air Lines Service, and has defeated all comers during his frequent aviation trips throughout the country.

Other reactions from an unofficial compendium amongst the stewards are that Robert Taylor is the most courteous and pleasant of the passengers, Tyrone Power is usually hungry, Lupe Velez is the gayest, and Donald Meek is the best conversationalist.

Chaplin's Ex-wife

• Lita Grey Chaplin Aguirre, former wife of Charles Chaplin, has won a divorce from Henry Aguirre, jun., on the grounds of mental cruelty.

Strange as it may seem, the award was rendered by Superior Court Judge Burnell, who previously had attacked Hollywood divorces, declaring, at the original hearing, that Lita had not introduced sufficient evidence to justify her plea.

A Celebrity's Troubles

• Cecil B. De Mille for many years has produced films which have won millions. He has brought stars and directors to prominence, and now he appears as a victim of extortionists.

(Continued on page 8)
All the Gossip—continued

The noted director reported to the police that he received mysterious 'phone calls. The first said, "Sister dead. Need money." Then followed the fond friend, "Do they breed any more skunks in Hollywood?" and "Are there any more worms in Hollywood?"

The police are trying to lay hands on the person responsible.

In Memoriam
- Forest Lawn Memorial Park in Glendale is the spot where fans can see the stars if they have the time, and the patience to wait.
- Norma Shearer makes many journeys to the crypt of her late husband, Irving Thalberg.
- Jean Harlow's resting place is not forgotten by her mother and William Powell.
- Jack Gilbert rests in the same cemetery, and his widow, Virginia Bruce, visits the spot, and so does Marlene Dietrich.

Playing Safe
- Miniature movie cameras at strategic points are a feature of the burghlar alarm system protecting the new home of Paul Muni.
- When the alarm is set off, a brilliant white light floods the scene and movies are automatically made of the prowler.
- Not a bad idea to make an inexpensive test for the movies!

Scout Fellow
- Errol Flynn recently demonstrated that his little English car has at least one advantage over the larger American automobiles.
- The star was about to drive away from a swanky restaurant when he discovered that he was out of petrol. He effortlessly pushed it into a petrol station across the street!

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

FILMING ON TIPTOE

One of the most touching sights I have ever seen in a film-studio consisted of Gene Gerrard and the whole It's in the Blood unit making films on tiptoe.

It was worth sitting up until 3 a.m. to see.

Let me hasten to correct any wrong impression that last sentence may have conveyed. I didn't sit up until that ungodly hour to see a film being shot. Perish the thought! I'm too fond of my bed.

But I happened to be returning from a somewhat protracted party in the vicinity, and, sensing activity in the air and noticing a strong aroma of fish, I stopped to watch the fun.

The unit was working "on location" at Broom Hall, which is next door to the Teddington studios, and is used as a hostel by the Lensor Sports Club.

At first the occupants were pleasantly intrigued by the new experience of having film-production brought to their doorsteps, so to speak, but after a while it palled on them (I know some of you won't believe that, but it's true, cross my heart) and they decided to go to bed.

That Tore It!
- This rather put a crimp into proceedings, because with the terrific hubbub and racket that shooting on location seems to necessitate, not one of the sporting clubbies could get a wink.

"We'd better knock off." said Doc Salomon, production-manager, casting an apprehensive eye at the faces which kept appearing at windows and glaring.

"Not yet," pleaded Gene Gerrard, directing, and anxious to get as much footage into the can as possible before daybreak. "I'll give the directions by sign.

From then onward everyone behaved like a deaf-mute whose shoes were hurting him. Even the clapper-boy, whose only real fun in life is to whack his clappers together as loudly as possible, made a faint click with them which only the microphone could hear.

"That's great!" whispered Doc Salomon.

"Keep that up, and we can go on shooting all night." So, suitting the action to the word,

they started a car up out in the road, and ran it very quietly into the drive, just ticking over, and Gene signalled with his handkerchief for Claude Hulbert to drive it up to the door.

When the car stopped, Gene waved again for Claude to get out. And then Claude did a thing which the best of us have done in our time. He caught his elbow inadvertently on the horn-button, and a loud and prolonged blast rent the night.

"Pack up, boys," said Doc Salomon. And they did, and slunk away.

Very Highlights
- By the way, all the time I've been telling you this you've probably been wondering why the smell of fish?
- It's part of the game, and is one reason why film-actors lose their appetites suddenly and unaccountably.

As Edwin Povey, escaping from his pursuers dressed in the heavy boots and jeans of a French peasant, Claude had to have a crate of fish emptied on him in a railway siding.

This, of course, put an end to all idea of secrecy, because every cat on the quayside began to trail him.

Curiously enough, the most difficult part of this scene was not in getting the cats to do their stuff correctly (cats are brilliant film-actors when there's a bit of fish about), but in identifying the fifteen cats so that they could be returned to their rightful owners when the time came.

It took the entire staff of the property department a full morning to prepare a complete description and inventory of each cat, with markings, colourings, eyes, whisker-lengths, and over-all dimensions of each animal.

Then Claude was stowed away in a packing-case with some very old fish, some more ripe specimens were bestowed round the case, and the cats were introduced to the scene.

For the Love of Fish
- Unused to the strong lights on the set they checked and blinked for a while, but then their strong sense of fish led them unerringly to Claude, if you see what I mean.
- Claude slunk out of the case, with fish neatly disposed in the turn-ups of his trousers, and fourteen cats solemnly followed him.

Only fourteen, however. The fifteenth, a Manx, stalked round independently, exploring the studios, and utterly indifferent to the lure.

And when the last round-up was made in the evening, the Manx was the only one that defied re-capture.

It's so much more difficult to catch a Manx.

Reigning Cats and Dogs
- Cats and dogs have been the reigning sovereigns of the studios this week—of two of the studios, anyway.
- The dogs were at Pinewood, where Alfred Hitchcock was directing a doss-house scene in A Shilling for Candles.

He wanted a dog to bark at certain points in the scene, and after several dogs had been tried and found grossly incompetent, an animal named Peggy, whose proper professional occupation is playing Toby in a Punch and Judy show, was asked to fill the breach.

However, despite frenzied appeals by her
master, Peggy would do nothing more exciting than yawn at frequent intervals; so “Hitch” was stymied until he happened to notice stage hand Jack (of all trades) Hilling, who is apt to be called upon in moments of stress, and never fails to rise to the occasion.

“Come on, Jack,” Hitch invited, “see if you can make this little blighter bark.”

Standing near the microphone, Jack barked a few times, but Peggy failed to respond until practically the end of the “take.”

However, when the “rushes” were seen, it was found that Jack’s bark had recorded better than Peggy’s, so they kept his in.

When a man bites a dog, it’s news; what is it when a man out-barks a dog?

Keep Clear of Murder!

• Let me offer you a word of advice if you’re thinking of going on the stage.

It’s very much better not to get yourself mixed up with a murder case in the course of your first few days in the theatre. It’s apt to cramp your style.

So “Jennifer Hale” has been finding in a film of that name, which Fox-British have been making down at Wembley.

You are likely to take a more intelligent interest in Jennifer when I tell you that she is Rene Ray.

The story, by a well-known American author named Rob Eden, is about a young South African, Jennifer Hale, who comes to London filled with determination to make a success on the stage.

However, disregarding my advice, she becomes involved in a murder case, and runs away, much the same as Nova Pilbeam is running away at Pinewood, a few miles away, in A Shilling for Candles.

And then she decides to go to the police about it, and if you’re not surprised at what happens next Messrs. Fox-British are going to be very disappointed.

Who Discovered Rene?

• Bernard Mainwaring is directing this, and with Rene Ray (who, by the way, did a previous spot of fugitive, if there is such a thing, in Four Dark Hours at Denham recently) are Ballard Berkeley (whom I last saw playing with good effect in the stage play Love on the Dole), John Longden, Frank Birch, Paul Blake, Molly Raynor, Ernest Selton, and Patricia Burke.

It’s said that John Longden gave Rene her very first chance on the screen, and if that is so, this is an interesting re-union, but I’m growing a little chary of attaching too much faith to these “discovery” stories, especially since I heard that Columbus didn’t really discover America.

This week they were working on back-stage sequences, but the theatre-premises were constructed in the studios; they didn’t do as the Command Performance unit have done, and take over a full-sized theatre for the purpose.

Golder Green Hippodrome was the -ne which Sinclair Hill selected, and Arthur Tracy, the “Street Singer,” who is playing the lead, sang the Toreador Song from Carmen with full chorus consisting of members of the Old Vic and British National Opera companies, before going “behind” for the back-stage sequences.

On The Roof

• Graham Moffatt, the Fat Boy of Islington, who was once a pageboy in the Gainsborough Studio until he grew too tired to deliver messages, and is now a featured player for the same company, had a shot at his third occupation the other day.

Rather reluctantly he turned stunt-man.

During production of the new Will Hay picture Oh, Mr. Porter, Graham had to climb out of an engine cab and on to the roofs of the carriages while the train was running over a rough track.

Here he had to hit a villain with his shovel; at first a rubber shovel was used, but the force of the wind bent it, so the fireman handed up a real one, and Graham had a whang at his man with that

“Luckily one of my legs was tied to the hand-rail,” Graham declared when he came down, “or I’d have overbalanced. We were doing ninety miles an hour, too.”

“Twenty,” the engine-driver corrected him politely.

“Well, it felt more like ninety,” said Graham Moffatt... .

Disguise

• Make-up is playing a large part in the activities at Denham these days.

For instance, Barry K. Barnes, the new film player (no, no, Phoebe, it’s much too soon to use the word “star”; you must restrain yourself, my dear) upon whose shoulders the mantle of the Scarlet Pimpernel has fallen, has three main disguises which transform him utterly.

He is at different times in the film a tumbrel driver with long matted hair and protruding teeth, a window-cleaner with a bulbous nose, and a deaf old lionel with bushy eyebrows and a hawk-like nose.

The other day I watched the new Lady Blakeney, Sophie Stewart, in the dock, being tried for her life as an enemy of France, and condemned to the guillotine.

This might worry anyone, and it certainly worried Lady Blakeney until she heard the tumbrel-driver whistling a familiar tune, and realised he was her husband, the famous Scarlet Pimpernel.

Fine bit of drama, this.

Comparisons Are Odious

• There are bound to be comparisons between this Pimpernel and Leslie Howard, and between Sophie Stewart and Merle Oberon.

All I will say at the moment is this; if we are to be guided by Baroness Orczy’s description of the famous pair (and who should know better than she what they looked like, since she fished them both up out of her own imagination), Barnes and Stewart look considerably more like the originals than Howard and Oberon did.

But, as far as the description goes, I still think the best choice for the Pimpernel was Matheson Lang, who played the part in the silent version.

Speaking of make-up, I was talking with Anna Neagle the other day about her role in Victoria the Great, when she paid a striking tribute to Guy Pearce (the same famous make-up man who has been responsible for the Pimpernel’s disguises).

It was at a private exhibition of stills and portraits from the Victoria film, which Herbert Wilcox held just before going off to New York to make the final arrangements for the premiere at the Radio City Music Hall in September, I was congratulating Anna on her appearance as the aged Queen.

“T’ll be uncanny,” I said.

“That’s Guy Pearce’s doing,” she replied.

“T’ll be marvellous.”

All the same, I think you’ll find there’s plenty in Anna Neagle’s performance that no make-up expert ever put there.

---

Women by Leslie Howard

How do Englishwomen compare with their American sisters? Leslie Howard, should know, for he has played opposite plenty of both.

In next week’s “Picturegoer Weekly” he takes you into his confidence on the subject, and also gives some illuminating sidelights on women in general.

An absorbing article by a favourite player. Make sure of seeing it by giving your newsagent an order in advance.

---

Alan Mowbray, Karen Morley, Grant Richards, Roscoe Karns, Eduardo Ciannelli and Mildi Monti in a scene from “On Such a Night.”
I'M NOT

LORETTA YOUNG, WITH BEAUTY, FAME AND FORTUNE, TELLS YOU WHY SHE'S WITHOUT A HUSBAND.

BY CAROLINE S. HOYT

How had she escaped the hunters? Why wasn't she married?

It wasn't an easy question to ask, but once it was out she made the rest easy. A moment's reflection, then she nodded her head. "Yes, I think I can talk about that." Having agreed, there was no going back on it. What she wanted to say, she said in straightforward fashion, without flustered reserves or coy hesitations. What she didn't want to say she kept to herself. She made it easy, too, because she's intelligent. She doesn't babble. She doesn't dish out hooey that she learned from a copy-book or thinks may sound well in a magazine. At one time and another she has searched her own mind, learned to know herself, to be honest with herself. She'll give you the honest fruit of that self-knowledge or she'll give you nothing.

"The whole thing can be summed up in a sentence," she said slowly. "I don't want to marry—I won't marry—till I meet the man I feel I can't live without.

"I'm a normal girl. I've fallen in love. If it were just a question of that, I'd have married long before now. But falling in love isn't the whole of marriage. And with me marriage has got to be for life. I can't say, 'I've made a mistake. Divorce!' My ethics, my religion, my whole outlook forbid it. When I marry, I've got to stay married. I have no choice."

With the head-dress removed, her face looked lovelier than ever in its natural frame of soft brown hair.

"I know what you're thinking, what anyone would be thinking at this point. About my first marriage. You see, I wasn't married to Grant Withers. It was a civil marriage and, therefore, to the Church no marriage at all.

She paused for a moment, putting her thoughts in order; then she went on. "I don't want you to misunderstand what I'm going to tell you now. I wouldn't for the world say a word to hurt my former husband, and the whole thing isn't too easy to explain. But if I'd have married Grant within the Church, I might not have done it. Not that I didn't love him. I did. Not that he wasn't marvellous to me. He was. I was only seventeen, and I thought marriage would be like landing a parachute. But even at seventeen, if I'd had to say to myself, 'This is for ever. Are you sure?' I might have given myself time to realize that I wasn't sure and saved us all a lot of heartache.'

She was speaking slowly, choosing her words, intent on presenting the facts in their true light, a light that reveals not heroes and villains, but the blundering humans most of us are.

Yet I'm glad we married. Or perhaps I should say I married him this way. I'm sorry we have made my mother unhappy and Grant unhappy. But I'm glad for the lessons I learned—that marriage isn't just work of its own accord, that it isn't to be made to work. All humans are selfish, and we in this business are probably more selfish than most. We're pampered and fussled over. At first we're grateful, and then we begin to accept these things as our right. Why should I stand this, and why should I stand that? we say, and take that attitude with us into marriage. Of course, it's ruinous. Of course, you've got to give and take.

"Well, Grant and I may have hurt each other—not may have, we did—but only through youth and inexperience, not through ill-will. There's bitterness from the memories, and I hope and believe he would say the same. But if I hadn't learned about marriage through that one, I might have stepped blindly into another that would have been even better. Which is why I'm glad. It may be a selfish reason, but there it is. An actress friend of mine who waited till she was almost thirty to marry, once said to me, 'I waited because I wanted to be sure of what I was getting into. If I had to do it again, I'd do the same thing. And I'd train any children of mine to do the same thing.' Did only one important thing when you marry is to be sure he's the man you want to live with for the rest of your life.' That's what I didn't realize at seventeen. Now I do. And now I'll wait till I am sure."

A little relieved at having finished with that, she reached for a cigarette, then somewhat inexplicably murmured "Salamander," and folded her hands demurely in her lap. I followed her warning eye to where a blue-uniformed guard had strolled on the scene. "No smoking," she explained. The guard smiled like a father and went his way. Miss Young stuck the cigarette back into its packet. "Be a good girl, Loretta," she admonished herself.

I asked her if she carried in her mind anypickle of any man she ever married.

The answer came promptly, as if it were a matter she'd given thought to.

"Not a picture, no; but two things he's got to have. Moral courage and breeding. I can't stand a leaner. I don't want my husband to

A girl stood at the side of a ship, gloved hands resting on the rail. A puff of air touched the cape of her cinnamon-brown costume, turning it gently back to reveal a gay Paisley lining that matched the colours appliqued on the shoulders. Her face was framed in a turban-like head-dress of the same material, the scarf under her chin fastened at either side to a double-corded band that fitted over the crown of her head.

It was a striking costume, but once your eyes turned to the girl's face you forgot what she was wearing. Looking at it, you felt stealing over you that sense of perfect contentment stirred by the sight of any perfect object. There was nothing you would have changed in that cream-skinned oval with its straight nose and full, sweet mouth and wide-scaled, dreamy grey eyes that seemed to hold all the serenity of the sea she was supposed to be gazing at. But the sea wasn't there, and the ship was moored to a set, and the puff of air was stirred by a wind-machine. Only Loretta Young was real.

"Cut!" called the director, and her quiet face broke into laughter. Don Ameche and Borrah Minnevitch, romantic and comedy leads in Love Under Fire, had placed themselves safely outside the camera's range but within Loretta's, and were cutting fantastic grimaces at each other in some game of their own.

"You idiots!" she cried. They faced about, approached at a smart trot and stood before her, features contorted. She considered them both. "Borrah gets the award," she decided. "Sorry, Don, but you shouldn't compete with your betters. He's got the funnier face, to begin with."

Gay or tranquil, she remained utterly lovely, utterly desirable. And the question I'd come to ask her took on a more personal significance. It was no longer just a job, but something I wanted explained to myself. Here was a girl who, by simply existing, must mow men down. Every turn of her head, every change of expression, spelled enchantment to the senses.

PICTUREGOER Weekly
August 7, 1937
be my baby, too. Oh, in little ways, yes, but not in the essentials. If there's any leaning to be done, I'm old-fashioned enough. Any woman should do it. I'm no clinging vine. I'm used to being independent. I'm not one to hang fondly on a man and get a thrill out of being a slave to petty authority. "Darling, you smoke like too many cigarettes," and so on. But I want to know that if I do feel like leaning all over him, I can, and he'll stand firm. Any woman wants that. She may love the other kind in a pitying way. But I want to love my husband plain, without pity, without feeling I have to apologize for him, even to myself—least of all to myself.

And by breeding I don't mean a line of aristocrats behind him. There's a breeding of the heart, and affectionate good taste that any a man sometimes don't have and hod-carriers do. It includes a certain fastidiousness of mind and body. I don't like dirty fingernails and unclean language. He's got to be literate. I don't care whether he's a college graduate or not. He's got to love education for its own sake, and to take the sake of some letters after his name, but because it opens new worlds and trains you to make the best of what you've been born with. I'm not saying snob, making demands, as if I were a paragon of all the virtues myself. After all, they're not unreasonable demands, are they?" she pleaded with comic wistfulness. "Character and a certain degree of culture? And perhaps I can redeem myself by stopping there. The rest doesn't matter. I don't care what he looks like. Handsome or ugly, it's all the same to me. Of course, I'd be pleased if he weren't a Dracula. I'd be pleased if he were beautifully attentive and considerate and thoughtful of me. But if he weren't, I'd soothe my vanity by putting it down to absent-mindedness. Sometimes I think I'd like him to be in the motion picture business, and sometimes I hope to heaven he knows nothing about it.

"I'd be pleased, too, if his tastes were something like mine. For instance, I adore dancing. I studied it for eight years, and it's a passion with me. Well, when Mr. R. gave me the recital at the Bowl, I'd like him to enjoy it with me. But if he'd rather go to the Stadium for the fights, that would be all right, too. When we got home, he could tell me he knocked out whom. And I could give him an imitation of one of the Rasch girls dancing. That would probably amuse him."

"Money? Yes. Frankly, money is important. But only to this extent—that he should be able to make enough to keep his own respect. A million dollars has no attraction for me. The more money you have, the more you worry about it. I've got enough for myself. But for his own sake, I shouldn't want to marry a man who would have to take from me. If he were out of luck, I'd give with both hands. But however generously you give, taking humilates a man—makes him feel inferior—which must never be. It's fatal to any marriage." Her kindling eyes softened as she said more quietly, "I couldn't bear to see my husband anything but proud."

Then again she sought relief in lightness. "I forgot," she smiled. "There's one more must. He must not be a practical joker. I can't stand a man who thinks it's funny to embarrass people—to electify a chair, for instance, and then go haw-haw-hawing all over the place, as if he'd done something really noteworthy. I always feel like bashing him one." said the fragile-looking

Loretta, and eyed the slender hands in her lap as it to weigh their possible bashing power. "And why be my non-practical joker," she went on, "I think I'd like to retire. I don't know, mind you, whether I will or not. I may feel quite differently about it to-morrow, and I've lived long enough to discover that keeping a flexible mind saves you a lot of self-torment. But if I feel as I feel now, I'd like to retire. Not because I believe marriage and a career won't mix. That's a subject I have no theories on. Whether they'll mix or not depends on the individual. But for myself, I'm inclined toward a normal home life, children and the rest of it. I'd like to run my house, work in my garden, be there when my husband comes home at night, look after my babies myself.

"There's always the danger, of course, that I'd miss the excitement and stimulation of this business, that I'd marry my non-practical joker," she pleaded with comic wistfulness. "Character and a certain degree of culture? And perhaps I can redeem myself by stopping there. The rest doesn't matter. I don't care what he looks like. Handsome or ugly, it's all the same to me. Of course, I'd be pleased if he weren't a Dracula. I'd be pleased if he were beautifully attentive and considerate and thoughtful of me. But if he weren't, I'd soothe my vanity by putting it down to absent-mindedness. Sometimes I think I'd like him to be in the motion picture business, and sometimes I hope to heaven he knows nothing about it.

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Above: Loretta and Tyrone Power are a popular love team, but only on the screen.

Right: A famous film family. Seat-ed with her mother is Polly Ann Young. Loretta and her sister, Sally Blane, are standing.

"Because—and in relation to anything else I've said, you'd have to print this in letters a mile high—the only real happiness I've ever got out of life is contact with the people I love. Nothing else matters. Not money, not clothes, not looks, not being flattered and run after. All that's pleasant, but empty. If you had it all and lost your family and friends, it would just be a heap of nothing that would sicken you. Loving your own and being loved by them is the only happiness there is. If I know anything in this world, I know that. So it seems reasonable to suppose that a husband and children you loved more than anyone else would manage to compensate for the lost thrill of work that you love. After all, you can't love work as you love people.

"I've got a fair notion of how I'd feel about my own children, because I adore my niece and nephew so. D'you mind if I turn into a doting aunt? Try and stop me," she laughed. "James Carter Herrmann is only four months old and mostly sleeps. But Gretchen, my namesake, is all of ten months. I generally stop, on my way from the studio to call on her. She's rather a highly-strung baby, not especially calm except with her father and mother and nurse.

"Well, Sally and I look quite a bit alike, and the other day she mistook me for her mother. She cooed and gurgled, and she has a trick—when you stick your lips out at her, like this, she sticks her own right back—and she patted my face with those little hands of hers. If there's any lovelier feeling in the world, I haven't met it. I tell you I had the most wonderful time of my life. I try to get there every day now before Sally comes home, so the baby'll make the same mistake. Low trick to play on your own sister, isn't it? But she doesn't mind.

"She said to me the other day, 'Gretchen, there's nothing like it. To feel the absolute dependence of that little creature on you.' To know you're the one person in the world she trusts instinctively, turns to for everything. To feel her hands clinging to you. I can't describe what it does to you—makes you humble and strong and reverent at all once, so your heart almost burns, and you want to get down and pray that you'll never fail her. I don't want to get maudlin over it,' Sally told me, 'and I've had thrills before. But this kind of quiet thrill tops them all.'"

Her long, lovely hands, on which a blue sapphire gleamed, were lying in her lap again. Her grey eyes were serene, as when they'd been gazing out toward an imaginary sea. Serene, but illumined with such tenderness that she might have posed for a young Madonua as she said, "That's a thrill I hope life isn't going to cheat me of."
O

F course, I'm not a one to gossip, but they do say that the Lombard girl waited at the M-G-M studio till two o'clock the other morning for Clark Gable, who was having a long session in front of the cameras. That, in Hollywood, is love.

Not that love in Hollywood is any different from love in, say, Houndsditch. The only difference is that there's more of it.

Cupid is working overtime in the film colony at the moment, even after completing a nice job in the cases of Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers and Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Ray mond, who have been honeymooning in Honolulu.

That is a good thing. Romance is one of Hollywood's biggest industries. The columnists can't do without it and divorce lawyers must eat. Besides it gets the unknowns' names in the newspapers.

It is important in other respects, too. I think it was Gloria Swanson who made the epic discovery that she always acted better when she was in love. It is certain that it affects their work in one way or another.

If Fong, for instance, keeps on "blowing up" in her lines one morning you can safely bet that she had a spat with her boy friend the night before or is worrying over that blonde he offered to drive home.

So let's go sentimental this week and have a look at love-life in the goldfish bowl.

The burning question of the moment is, "Will Carole marry Clark?" The Lombard-Gable affair has been a headline romance for some time now. Their friendship began back in 1933, when they appeared together in No Man of Her Own. Carole at the time did have a man of her own (she was married to William Powell), and no whisper of romance came from the set. Apart from the fact that Hollywood thought he took it like a good sport when his co-star publicly presented him, in his hour of triumph at the Chinese Theatre premiere, with a large ham, with his picture pasted firmly on the wrapper, the association aroused no comment at all. They parted at the end of the picture just two artists, who had done a job of work together and Gable's name was in no way involved when shortly afterwards she got a divorce from Powell.

Neither, it must be clearly understood, was Carole's when Clark and Rhea Gable separated.

Their romance really began at a "gag" party thrown by Jock Whitney in 1936. Carole contributed to the gaiety of the proceedings by arriving in an ambulance and being carried into the house on a stretcher. Gable was there. They got together, and had so much fun, that they made another date. A week later he was driving round Hollywood in a battered white Ford car with a large red heart painted on it and the whole town was talking. Carole had sent it to him on Valentine's Day. Tied around the body was a huge red ribbon with a card reading: "To my Valentine, from Carole Lombard." Since then they have been inseparable. But will it end in marriage with roses round the door and, perhaps, the patter of little footsteps in the hall, or will it be just another of those things? Hollywood can only guess. Both stars have steadfastly refused to discuss the romance. Gable, moreover, though living apart from his wife, is still married. There are complicated legal formalities to be faced (mostly in connection with the property settlement, a difficult business where film-contracts are concerned) before he will be free.

Moreover Carole is a play girl; she likes the gay social life. Gable does not, though he has, at her side, thrown himself cheerfully into the party whirl in the past months.

Some of the columnists declare that he won't keep up the Lombard pace for long.

And, it is pointed out, this is not exactly the first rosy rapture of love's young dream for either of them. Clark has been married twice. Carole has loved both William Powell and Russ Columbo, to whom she was engaged at the time of his death.

On the other hand, the affair has already lasted a long time as Hollywood affairs go and there's the evidence of that two a.m. wait. . .

Almost equally mysterious are the plans of Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck. Bob is still Barbara's constant escort at the Hollywood night spots, parties and premieres.

Both, however, have denied that they are contemplating walking down the aisle to the strains of Mr. Mendelssohn's old battle song. Still, it was noticeable that during the production of His Affair, their latest film together, they went to considerable trouble to arrange to have the same days off from the studio. Moreover he is building his home next door to that of his girl friend. And like the Gable-Lombard "pass" the romance has demonstrated singular staying-power as these things are judged in Hollywood. Most film couples are married, divorced and married again to somebody else in that time.

There are, though, certain other important considerations in the case of Bob and Barbara. If he should eventually lead her to the altar it will probably be over the prostrate forms of all the shareholders of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who cling to the theory that the public likes its picture Prince Charmings single.

The same problem is disturbing the beauty sleep of Darryl Zanuck, at 20th-Century Fox over his handsome young Taylor rival, Tyrone Power. At the moment, he is heaving a sigh of relief over the fact that the affair with Sonja Henie is showing signs of cooling—perhaps the effect of the two stars working together on This Ice.

The Henie-Power romance is one of the most delightful Hollywood stories we know. It seems that when the Ice Queen arrived on the
Or the low-down on Hollywood’s love-life as it stands at the moment of going to press, beyond which we take no responsibility.

by Malcolm PHILLIPS

lot. Mr. Zanuck cast about him for means to make Hollywood Henie-conscious. She must, he decided, be seen in the right places with the right people and the least he could do was to provide her with a suitable cavalier. He happened to have a young man with nice party manners and in need of a little publicity himself under contract, and he assigned him to the job. The young actor was Tyrone Power. They duly appeared in the right places when the right columnists were there, and in the process fell in love with each other, thereby nearly causing heart failure to Mr. Zanuck, who painfully thought of what effect the marriage of the Great Lover might have on the fluctuating bosoms and more important box offices of the Middle West.

Sonja, however, has not had a monopoly of the Tyrone Power romance rumours. His name has also been linked by the gossips with that of Loretta Young, his partner in the new screen love team, and at one time it looked like a serious triangle situation. Hollywood smiled when Loretta gave a party and asked Tyrone, but not Sonja, and again when Sonja gave a party and asked Tyrone, but not Loretta. There was an embarrassing scene when the two girls met in the studio lunch room.

Loretta does not mention it, by the way, in the very frank interview she gives on page 10, but the experts are now prepared to lay the odds that if she does marry in the near future, the lucky man will be Director Eddie Sutherland.

Tyrone apparently believes in dutifully keeping his love-life in the studio family. His name has been with the initials in the gossip columns with yet another of Mr. Zanuck’s Young Ladies, Alice Faye.

There is a definite school of thought, however, which believes that if Alice does say, “Yes,” it will be to Tony Martin.

Cupid, by the way, is a mere amateur with a bow and arrow compared with the average studio publicity chief.

The enthusiastic and sentimental Press boys at Burbank, for instance, put in a tremendous lot of work in trying to bring about a real-life romance between its new discoveries, Wayne Morris and Jane Byran, who were teamed in Kid Galahad.

Jane, however, spoiled it all by breaking down and confessing that the real light of her life was Phil Kellog, the Warner cutter. Well, an aspiring young actress can do worse than be the girl friend of the studio film editor. At least Jane won’t be the face on the cutting-room floor.

Don’t believe either that story that Cecilia Parker and Eric Linden, Hollywood’s favourite screen “sweetheart team,” are “that way about each other” off the screen as well.

It has helped their pictures along at the box office, but Cecilia’s Big Moment is actually Ewing Scott, the director.

Among the other major matinee idols is, of course, George Raft, but he is not among the eligible Hollywood bachelors. Like Gable, he is separated from his wife (he has not seen her for years). If, however, the way is eventually cleared for a divorce, Hollywood takes it for granted that he will marry Virginia Peine, a friend of long standing and the only woman with whom his name has ever been mentioned in the film colony.

Raft, as a matter of fact, holds strong views on Hollywood’s emotional recklessness.

“I’ve lived in tenements,” he says, “and palaces. I’ve worked in night clubs and fight clubs. I’ve hoofed vaudeville circuits. I’ve seen more life than ninety per cent. of the people here. But I still can’t figure out their ideas on love. I can’t see how a man can love one woman and at the same time play the field.”

And now that Margo has got her man and the wedding bells are promised for September, one more of the screen’s great lovers, in Francis Lederer, will be out of circulation. That just about leaves only Ronald Colman among the front-rank movie idols, and Ronald, so far, has always been considered armour-proof against the onslaughts of the screen sirens.

There’s James Stewart, of course, but Ginger Rogers saw him first. Despite the fact that the girl is not legally free, Hollywood says this is the real thing. Then if you want that eligible young man, Louis Hayward, you’ll have to face Ida Lupino. They say that they will marry soon. Louis is the actor who scored a success in Miriam Hopkins’ The Woman Between. Miriam herself is expected to step up to the altar with Director Anatole Litvak any day now.

The Kay Francis-Delmar Davis affair is still going strong, and there have been even more of the secret marriage

Howard Hughes, the gossips insist, is still asking Katharine Hepburn to be Mrs. Hughes.

Finally, for your notebook, a brief survey of who’s going with whom in Hollywood at the moment: Elissa Landi and Nino Martini, Wendy Barrie and Peter Arno, Cary Grant and Florence Lake, Douglass Montgomery and Lorraine Eddy, Olivia de Havilland and John Arledge, June Travis and Dick Purcell, Binnie Barnes and John King.

But then, I’m not a one to gossip.
FREDRIC MARCH

Who has just scored one of the biggest successes of his screen career in "A Star is Born." Now he is to do another colour picture, "Nothing Sacred," in which he will be co-starred with Carole Lombard. Fred, according to a recent popularity poll, is among British filmgoers' ten favourite actors.
The LOST FILM HORIZON

by Dita PARLO

The glamorous Continental actress, now in England playing in "Mademoiselle Docteur," is an entertaining writer as well, as this article shows.

gotten and in poverty, because of their foolishness while they were at the height of their careers.

Producers in Sham-Ho are under strict supervision. They are taught many things which I have no doubt can only be beneficial to them.

They are taught that while imitation may be a sincere form of flattery, it does not pay the studio rent.

Thus if producer A makes a film about cowboys—films about cowboys are forbidden for the next eighteen months, unless producers B or C or D can guarantee a totally different type of cowboy film.

They are taught to have more hope in humanity. Thus, if psychologists tell them that the mental age of film audiences fluctuates from seven years old to forty years old, they are asked to assume that it is nearer forty than seven.

They are asked to believe that if producer A's film is longer than producer B's film, it does not necessarily mean that producer A's film is the better of the two.

They are asked to treat authors' work with respect—and believe it or not, they do. It is a heinous crime, punished I believe by hanging (and deservedly, you may say) for a producer to distort any work of literature in transferring it to the screen.

They are taught finally to spend money on their films with a proportionate care to that which they exercise in giving their wives a housekeeping allowance. This system works wonders!

I was both amused and uplifted by my brief inspection of the offices in which the scenario writers work. In each of these hangs an impressive list in huge letters of the phrases and clichés they are no longer allowed to employ because of respect to old age; similarly there is a list of situations which are equally taboo.

I wish I could remember all these phrases and clichés, as it is only some of the best known jump to my mind; perhaps you can recognise them:

"And that woman, my child, was—your mother."

And:

"So you won't talk?"

And:

"Ha-ha-ha?" "So happy."

And:

"But . . . I never knew you cared!"

Any scenario writer in Sham-Ho employing any of these clichés has to write out that particular one five thousand times.

An elementary punishment you may say, reminiscent of your schooldays—nevertheless an effective one. I saw a haggard-eyed screen writer labouring on the third thousand of the phrase: "Aw, Gee! Ma, do I have to go to bed now?"

One look at the man told me that he will never, never again use that phrase in one of his scripts.

It is assumed in Sham-Ho that not all women spies are glamorous and beautiful. That not all gangsters reform their ways because of the look in The Little Woman's Blue Eyes.

That not all women lost in the desert for weeks can be found with their hair beautifully set, their nails polished and with French high-heeled shoes on their feet.

That not all murders are committed by the innocent looking gentleman you thought to be a traveller in religious books.

There are many more do's and don't's that I found in Sham-Ho which I have not space here to recount to you. But I am sure that you get the idea.

Will we ever see a film Utopia in this ordinary world of ours?

Being an optimist and somewhat of an idealist I say that in time we may. Why, even now I am making the screen story of that famous spy Mademoiselle Docteur, in which I am allowed to portray a woman spy who actually dared to rely on intelligence and not her fatal beauty to do her work.

And it seems to be working out quite satisfactorily. I wear no beautiful clothes—I vamp no susceptible generals.

Perhaps, like myself, Mr. Max Schach, who is producing the film, visited the Film Utopia in his dreams.

I like to think so.
The girls get together for a spot of advanced geometry—that branch of the science concerned with squaring the good old-fashioned triangle.

BETWEEN TWO WOMEN

Franchot Tone follows the fashion and becomes a doctor in his latest picture and this time he has a starring role. The “two women” of the title are Maureen O'Sullivan, also in need of a “break,” and Virginia Bruce. The director is George Seitz.

Complications arise in Dr. Tone’s love life when the beautiful Virginia Bruce arrives on the scene for a nice little appendicitis operation.

On the screen the head nurse always falls in love with the doctor, and Maureen O'Sullivan is no exception.

Above: Franchot Tone brushes up on his script between scenes.
SHOTS WITH OUR CANDID CAMERA

Our cameraman reports back-stage on the "Stage Door" set this week. Here are Katharine Hepburn and Lucille Ball with Director Gregory La Cava.

Ginger and Lucille rehearse a scene with Mr. La Cava. Ginger is enjoying her temporary break-away from the Rogers-Astaire song and dance shows.

Right: Ginger Rogers fixes her make-up, a process which seems to be particularly interesting to Lucille Ball.

Katie in cheerful mood. The girl at the piano is Gail Patrick.
Shirley Temple goes Swiss in her latest picture, which presents her as an orphan with a cruel aunt (Mady Christians) and an irascible grandfather, who, since he is Jean Hersholt, of course, turns out to have a heart of gold. Also in the cast are Helen Westley, Sidney Blackmer, Arthur Treacher and Violet Kemple Cooper.
Heidi gradually breaks down the bitterness in the heart of her grandfather (Jean Hersholt), who has become a recluse since his son married against his wishes.
Mary Lawson, who plays the role of a mannequin, finds a fan among the Beefeaters.

Our Cameraman Shoots A TALKIE at the “TOWER”

The Tower of London is one of the stars of the new Associated British picture “Old Boy.” The others are Mary Lawson, Robert Cochrane and Albert Burdon. “Picturegoer’s” cameraman secured these exclusive pictures.
August 7, 1937

SOME of us who have been mixed up in this film business for more years than we care to remember have a feeling that it has been going on for ever.

It's only when we are confronted with a youthful-looking fellow and reminded that he is a "veteran" that we begin to realise the truth of the old gag "the film is in its infancy."

Such a one is Sinclair Hill, who has just celebrated his Silver Jubilee in the film business; certainly he doesn't look his age (he was 41 last month), but even if he did it would still be remarkable that so young a man should be among the pioneers of this huge industry that has spread itself over practically the whole earth.

Movies caught him young, as he caught them. While he was still at St. Paul's School he determined to become mixed up in some way with this fascinating business—although his family had all been high Government officials.

At the age of sixteen (that is, about ten minutes after leaving school) he obtained employment in the London office of the Tyler Film Company, agents for Italian and French films.

This, mark you, was in 1912, when there was very little importation of films from America; Hollywood had not been thought of as a production-centre, and apart from British-made films (and there was quite a flourishing little production industry here) the only films we saw were French- and Italian-made pictures, and especially the latter.

At first young Hill did odd jobs about the office in a capacity strikingly similar to that of office-boy in less glamorous spheres; but after a few weeks his boss promoted him to project the films that arrived from the Continent, in a little unventilated projection-theatre in Soho in which exhibitors or their viewers gathered.

In those days film-finance was not the astronomical affair it is now. Copies of films were sold outright at a flat price of 4d. a foot. Of this the agent obtained only ten per cent., but business was so brisk that good profits (and particularly quick profits) were made.

At first the young man received only ten shillings a week of actual salary, but he drew bonuses amounting to £25 a year, which doubled his emolument and spelled wealth to a lad of sixteen in those modest days.

But young Hill was ambitious; for one thing, he realised that practically all the descriptive matter of these films in which the company dealt was in Italian, a language with which no member of the clerical staff had seen fit to familiarise himself.

Accordingly, the young projectionist took a course in Italian conversation at a well-known institution ("Astonish and Delight Your Friends"), and when the next long synopsis of a film arrived from Italy he was able to astonish and delight his employer by providing him with a complete translation to send out to exhibitors.

Incidentally, this employer was the late Mr. Roy Collier, whose son Lionel is the present film critic of Picturegoer.

This enterprise started a train of thought in Mr. Collier's mind. If he were to send a smart young man out to Turin, the film capital of the world in those days, it occurred to him, an idea of what was wanted for the British market, wouldn't that be a good idea?

It would; and young Mr. Hill was sent abroad.

Turin! In those days one of the most picturesque cities of the world, it was also one of the wealthiest, for in addition to being a great motor-manufacturing centre it had thirty film studios, and as for the production-efforts of England and America look poor by comparison.

There was no organised casting-bureau, and the directors would sit in the open-air cafes under the trees of the Piazza and calmly drinking their sirops, while in the golden

out some very fine productions. These were very mannered, very stately, very spectacular, devoid of intentional humour, and given to breaking out in a rash of tints—green, red, and blue.

A clear two years before De Mille in Hollywood used artificial lighting, the Italians were using it in Turin. In the studio where he worked there was a huge revolving stage which turned majestically to face the sun as it streamed through the glass window and roof, and this company was the first to use blue blinds which obscured part of the daylight, and to augment it with arc-lights from a different angle, especially in the close-ups.

There was only a handful of English in Turin then; Sinclair Hill lived with a family of three old ladies, whose combined influence was quite insufficient to restrain him from kicking over the traces at Carnival time, when the whole city was mad.

As a spare-time pursuit he did a certain amount of French correspondence (his mother was French), but mainly in those golden days he lived, ate, drank, and dreamed films.

The War cut sharply across his career as it did those of countless other young men, and he spent four and a half years at this new job of soldiering—first in the Middlesex Regiment and then in the Royal Flying Corps which became the R.A.F.—emerging a major and O.B.E., but without a job.

For a while he went back to Turin, but the thirty studios had dwindled to four; his friends had all gone, the struggle between Fascist and Communists had begun, the Communists had "captured" Turin, and with his wife and his fortnight-old daughter he started all over again to get out while the getting was practicable.

For a while he played small parts in films in England, and then was engaged at the Stoll studios to write scenarios; this led to his becoming head of the scenario department, and a director in his own right.

His most notable production at Crickelewood was the famous Guns of Loos, based on a war-time experience of his own. He took a copy down to Churt to show to Mr. Lloyd George, who declared, in his usual florid style, that this film would be worth a division.

He did not guess that the innocent-looking electrician who had come down to assist Hill was Stoll's publicity-man, who saw to it that the remark received the publicity it deserved.

Shortly after talkies began, Sinclair Hill directed the highly-successful Dark Red Roses at Wembley before going to Gaumont-British for four years in the company of which he directed, such well-known pictures as The Man from Toronto and My Old Dutch.

Four years later he founded his own company, Grovesnor Sound Films, which has had the right ahead from the moment of its birth, achieving importance in a remarkably short space of time with such productions as The Cardinal, The Gay Adventurer, Take a Chance, and Midnight Masse, culminating in his present effort, Command Performance, with Arthur Tracy ("the Street Singer") and Lily Palmer.

Sinclair Hill seems all set for his next quarter-century of film-making!

“All set for his next quarter century.” Sinclair Hill caught unawares by the camera

A SILVER JUBILEE of the SILVER SCREEN

This film business is young enough to have quite youthful veterans. Here is an appreciation of one of them

by MAX BREEN

Italian sunshine the actors and would-be actors of the city paraded up and down, each dressed in the costume that he thought suited him best.

Shells, troubadours, grandees, Juliets, ballerinas, Roman senators, all jostled each other in their desire to be seen and picked by the all-powerful directors.

There was one fellow who wore ill-cut riding-breeches and a monocle, and when Sinclair Hill asked what he was supposed to be the answer was "Typo Inglese!"

Another was a slim young unknown named Rudolph Valentino.

Though the administration of these studios was rather haphazard, they managed to turn

Fishy Mickey

MICKEY MOUSE’s latest role is that of an angler, and the merry adventures of his "gang" fishing from the pier at the seaside is a real masterpiece from the pen of Walt Disney.

These antics of the world’s favourite film-stars are drawn for "Mickey Mouse Weekly," on sale Friday, August 6.

There are pages of Mickey Mouse cartoons all in full colour, thrilling picture-ventures, complete stories, and in addition the very latest escapades of Donald Duck and his niece, Donna. "Mickey Mouse Weekly" is uproarious fun for the whole family. Be sure you get a copy.

PICTURES"GOER Weekly
Freely adapted from the film "Make Way for To-morrow" by Marjory Williams - with permission of Paramount.
her parents were out and she waited the arrival of her escort. She even listened while Lucy spoke hopefully of leaving them behind. Then he got a job.

"Grandmother, why don’t you face facts?" Rhoda said. "You know grandfather can’t get a job. He’s much too old." "About the only fun in life at seventy is pretending there aren’t any facts," said Mr. Bark.

"I was right, Anita," he goaded as the girl stooped to kiss her. "I’m sorry, Granny... I didn’t mean..." she faltered.

But one moment’s mutual understanding couldn’t bring Lucy in tune with her modern grandchild. Events came to a head the one night when Rhoda stayed out beyond even her mother’s ideas of the time for coming in. Anita, with every nerve at tension, waited for the telephone to ring. When it came, Lucy took the call she had repeatedly decided from the voice at the other end what Rhoda had done, but evidently she had been waiting to catch her in a night club which had been raided. A court case might be involved.

Anita turned on Lucy for ringing off without telling her what Rhoda felt constrained to speak about the episode at the cinema. Anita, however, knew that what she was trying to show her that Rhoda wasn’t honest, and ought to be blamed. Anita only saw that Lily, having brought up five children of her own, wouldn’t allow her daughter-in-law to argue.

Anita blamed Lucy for butting in. Anita demanded to know by what right Lucy hadn’t told her of Rhoda’s action before.

Lucy said something about Anita’s being upset and no hard feelings on either side; but deep down in her heart, the seed of a decision was being sown. She, Lucy, who had nursed and lived anything of more importance than what was going to happen, was making a decision that involved the rest of her life and all of its happiness.

She must leave George and Anita. But where was she to go? Before the question could be answered she heard that Bark was ill. "Only a cold," Cora wrote. All the same, he had run a temperature and had the doctor.

All Lucy knew was that Bark was ill and away from her, and that even if his temperature were down one minute, it might conceivably go up the next.

Meanwhile Lucy knew, too, that George had heard from his physician who pleaded illness and the necessity of going abroad for a rest and change. Of course, Harvey never said anything to take in the old people. Lucy spent a week digesting this disappointment, and resolving also that Anita and George behind her back were making plans.

Coming upon Rhoda tap-dancing to the wireless one day, Lucy asked, "Any mail come in, Rhoda?"

"On there, Granny," she told her.

She took the envelopes from the bench and looked at them one by one. One, addressed to George Cooper, 101 West 42nd St., New York, she turned in her wrinkled hands and studied for some time. Rhoda had gone when George came. She could hardly do otherwise.

Now was Lucy’s time to speak while Anita was dressing. It seemed that George also had something to say, for he coughed and looked nervous when she said,

"I spoke to your father on the telephone today, George."

"Yes. He’s perfectly well, but you know Cora’s doctor says he oughtn’t to winter."

George arranged he should go to Addie’s in California for a while, so as to keep strong. I wish Addie could have you both, but she can’t."

"As long as she takes father, that’s enough. Maybe I’ll be able to see him. Say ‘Good-bye’..."

"Of course. Neither, there’s something else I’ve got to tell you."

She had rehearsed it, but was determined to speak first.

"There’s something I must tell you," she said. Deliberately ignoring George’s agitation. "Let me do it while I can," she went on: "Well, it’s only this. I don’t want to hurt your feelings, but I haven’t been so happy here. It’s lonely with everyone out all day. Would you mind terribly if I decided to go to the Idylwild Home? I’d—I’d meet women of my own age there."

She had been right. Even if she hadn’t seen that letter addressed to George with "Idylwild Home for Aged Women" printed in the top right-hand corner, his face, his whole manner showed plainly that he and Anita had been planning her departure.

CALMLY she continued, forcing George to listen.

"I ought to see that your father and I might get together again—but I see it will never turn out that way, so I want to go to the Home... I’m so glad that’s over. I hated to tell you as much as you would have hated to tell me anything like that. And there’ll be no more of that, either. I’ll like to stay here till your father’s on his way to California."

He had talked a lot about things he was fashioning. To him a Home would seem terrible. He must never know that I’m going. This is one thing that has to be handled my way. Just let him go on thinking that I’m living with you and Anita. You can always fend for yourself.

She left the rocking chair, the gentle creak of which had unconsciously formed the background for her speech, and drew near George, who looked, for all his forty-five years, much like a schoolboy aware of wrong-doing.

"It’ll be the first secret I’ve ever had from your father, dear—it’ll seem funny. She was turning away, but yielding to impulse reached up and touched George’s cheek. "Another little secret just between us," she said. "You were always my favourite child." She felt his arm round her, before, without a word, he left the room.

Not only youth has its hour, its day when the sunshine and blue sky of the outer world is matched by the sunshine within. To Lucy and Bark, came such a day when they met in New York before Bark’s departure for California. There was to be a family dinner at George’s before Bark caught his train. Nellie was coming over to cook one of her famous pot-roasts. Meanwhile Lucy and Bark had five whole hours to look at the world together. Leisurely they walked from the Park into one of the busiest streets and stopped to look for some time at a car in one of the showrooms.

Before they knew where they were a salesman—though they hardly recognised him as such, so friendly was his manner—was offering them a drive.

"My car’s here,... exactly like the one you were looking at... If you have a little time, I’d like to show you her performance," he said ingratiatingly.

"We couldn’t, thank you all the same. We’re having dinner with our children," Lucy said.

"I’ll take you there," he countered. "Or a ride up the Drive, if you prefer."

"Why shouldn’t we?" Bark said firmly.

"Come, now, that’s the spirit," replied the salesman.

With a guilty feeling, Lucy took her seat in the back beside Bark, leaving the salesman to drive in front. The car started. Lucy’s sense of guilt merged into satisfac- tion at the comfort of the upholstery, the joy of gliding in and out past trams and buses, the peace of the open air, the movement against noise and bustle.

"Pretty nice, isn’t it, Bark?" she said. "Sure you’re warm enough."

"Ugh-ugh. Remember we took a ride up the Hudson when we came to New York on our honeymoon! Remember the Vogard Hotel where we stayed? I wonder if its still standing."

The salesman turned his head.

"Yeah, the Vogard’s on Lower Fifth Avenue."

Bark spent most of his time with Abe Rubens, keeper of the local store. It was Abe who read Lucy’s letters to the old man.
**REVIEW**

**QUALITY STREET**

In spite of the fact that neither Franchot Tone nor Katharine Hepburn are well cast, there is a great deal of charm about this picturesque story of Barrie's whimsical period romance.

While never rising to great heights, it keeps one entertained with its elfish humour and human touches pointed out by the addition of fantasy.

Most prize must go to the director, George Stevens, who has handled the film's material of the story with an admirable delicacy of touch and who, although inclined to drag out his situations unduly, does infuse the Barrie spirit into his picture.

Technically, too, the film is beyond reproach, and has a pictorial charm about it which its unsophisticated romanticism.

As Phoebe, the girl who grows old before her time because the man she had hoped to marry to her goes off to the wars for ten years, Katharine Hepburn is inclined to be artificial. In her attempt to capture the whimsicality of the proceedings she becomes stiff and mechanical. Her looks and mannerisms look like what it is, a very modern product trying to live in a seven- teenth-century atmosphere.

However, despite this contrast convincingly between Phoebe and the young niece she pretends to be in order to capture the heart of her lover, this wholly credible impersonation is excellently handled by the director, and its comedy complications neatly turned and timed.

As her lover, Franchot Tone is far too obviously American. He has the nervousness of a writer, does not appear wholly at ease in the period atmosphere.

A scene of the writing is given by Fay Bainter as Phoebe's elder sister, a sweetly fading spinster, and Cora with her petticoats and fan a clever study of a faithful servant.

As the leader of the gossips who are mystified by the appearance of a niece in Phoebe's household, and who all do can to probe the mystery but are foiled by Phoebe, and finally outrivited by her lover, Estelle Winwood is very good.

When her lover goes to the wars Phoebe and Susan open a school and the episodes connected with this are very well done as are the sequences where Phoebe, posing as her niece, flits outrageously with any and every Army officer.

Considering the difficulties in turning this Barrie novel into a picture, I consider that the producers have been very successful and provided us with a film that has both charm and artistry.

**SAN QUENTIN**

There seems to be a recrudescence of prison break dramas, and they run much on the lines of the earlier examples. Such as Fifty Thousand Years in Sing Sing and The Big House.

In this instance the "break" takes place at San Quentin and Humphrey Bogart is the convict who makes a getaway, only to return because he discovers that the prison commandant, who is in love with his sister, is a "white" man who has been trying to save him from himself.

As usual, Bogart comes to a sticky end, having been shot by the wardens searching for him, but it is a good piece of acting, well balanced and convincing.

Fat O'Brien, too, is thoroughly effective as the commandant who is trying to give young prisoners a chance to redeem themselves, and puts himself in none too good odour with the prison authorities in consequence.

As the convict's sister, Ann Sheridan is attractive.

Joseph Sawyer, who seems to specialise in gangster and convict roles, although he is of better opportunities, is very good as an old lag who plans the breakway.

The supporting roles are well cast, and the prison atmosphere is realistic. There are some good thrills and chases and Lloyd Bacon has put over the melodrama with plenty of punch and virility.

**THE OLD GOO SOAK**

Wallace Beery puts over his "act" quite elaborately but wholly conventionally in this trite story of an old soak who redeems himself in his wife's eyes by saving their son from going to prison for a thing, by the way, he quite richly deserved.

It is a remarkable performance but Beery does rise to fair dramatic heights when he confronts the banker who has helped him astray and swindled him into the bargain.

This role is well played by Robert Adair, who works suffering his husband's drunkenness with resignation, is pathetically characterised by Janet Beecher.

Eric Linden is good as the son; and Una Merkel gives a very amusing little study of a maid of all work.

Further comedy is supplied by Ted Healy as a bootlegger.

James Bush and Betty Furness supply a slight romantic interest, and Judith Barrett is sound as an actress on whom the son had been lavishing the money he had stolen. There is a lot of dialogue and not much action, but generally J. Walter Ruben's direction is efficient.

On the Screens Now

**"I PROMISE TO PAY"**


Chester Morris............ Eddie Lang
Leo Carillo.............. Richard Purcell
Helen Mack............. Mary Miles
Edward Arnold............. Michael Stroppel
Thurston Hall............ Captain Hall
Pauline Lord............. Judy Waller
Jimmie Crater............ B. G. Wilson
James Flavin............. Stringhill Seaver
Edward Keane............. Reardon
Harry Woods............. Henry Brandon
Pee Wee King............. Fanciface
Erie Lawrence........... Directed by D. Ross Lederman.

Original screen play by J. C. McGall and Lionel Houser.

Conventional gangster melodrama, produced with plenty of punch and clever characterisations. It exposes the love society racket in America, and introduces plenty of excitement in doing so.

Chester Morris is distinctly good as a young clerk who is fleeced by a loan company and is instrumental in breaking it up.

Helen Mack is sympathetic as his wife, and Leo Carrillo makes a ruthless gangster, the power behind the loan company.

**MICHAEL STROPOFF**


Arnold Huxley........... Michael Stroppel
Elizabeth Allan........... Meda
Margo Gracie............ Zanzara
Ann Tierboffic........... O’Keeffe
Fay Bainter............. Cyril Bent
Paul Goldyne............ Van Bred
Marshall B浒............. Cyril Bent
Frank M. Thomas........... Passport Office
Doris Lloyd............. Apprentice
Michael Visconti........... Inkeeper
Edward Routh............ Shepherd's Wife
Oscar Apfel..............


Whilst extremely good from a spectacular and technical point of view, there is something lacking in the dramatic construction of this story, which shows how a cousin of the Czar succeeds in getting a message through hostile Tartar lines thus frustrating the uprising of the Tartar hordes.

The action takes place in Siberia in the year 1870, and the backgrounds are picturesque, but, in spite of the heroic adventures under-gone by the hero, the picture fails to thrill or convince one to any great extent.

It has some years ago as a silent feature with that fine Russian actor, Ivan Mosjukine, in the leading role. In that instance, torture and horror were handled on too heavily—in the present version it is perhaps not laid on quite heavily enough for effect.

Anton Walbrook is good, but hardly cuts the romantic figure the nature of the plot demands; he is too apt to walk through his part.

Akim Tamiroff's "chews" the scenery as the Tartar leader and is far from convincing.

Elizabeth Allan has charm as the heroine, and Margo Gracie is well served in her attempts to intercept the courier, but afterwards is instrumental in helping him, and is most nestled with a bear to save her life.

Fay Bainter gives a clever and human character study as Strogoff's mother.

Some broad comedy is supplied by Eric Blorre as an impossible English newspaper reporter.

**CALLING ALL STARS**


Amboy O'Neal.............. Oairis "Red"one, with Max Bacon
Evelyn Dall............. Sam Browne
Larry Alder............. Caruso and the Savoy Orchestra
Don Bowers............. The Yankee Doodle Dandy
Elisabeth Welch............. Max Cooor and His Orchestra
Leon Cortez and His Band...................... The Beguine Four
John Hall.............. The Dublin Bachelors
Dave Burnary.............. Directed by Herbert Smith.

As you can see above, a very strong cast has been chosen from radio, screen, and the music-hall to provide you with entertainment, and I do not think you will be disappointed.

If you can see any way cinematic, but achieves what it sets out to do—present you with a variety show composed of top-liners.

**NANCY STEELE IS MISSING**


Victor McLaglen........... Danny O'Seill
Walter Huston............. Robert Conroy
Peter Lorre.............. John Hall
Lester Matthews........... John Hall
Hedda Hopper............. Ann Dvorak
Robert Kent............. Jannie Wilson
Shirley Deane............. Henry Wilkes
Dame May Whitty........... Jane Darwell
Frank Conroy............. Dan Mahon
Grady Sutton............. William F. Scherer
Converse Hall............ Frank Chappell
George Taylor............. Gus Crawford
Neal Hickman............. Tom
Margaret Fielding........ Miss Hunt
De Witter Gibbons........ Bill "Butch" Paterson
George Chandler........... Courtie Clark
Robert Hubert............ George Stevens
Robert Murphy............ Joseph Spano

Victor McLaglen has a chance to act, and makes use of it in the curiously complicated role of a fanatical pacifist and crook combined. In spite of all obstacles, he makes the character plausible.

The story itself, which has in the pre-war and ends in the post-war era, is not so credible, but, in spite of its serious and fantastic nature, succeeds in holding the interest quite well.

It is with the kidnapping of the daughter of a steel magnate by a fanatical Irish-born American who

(Continued on page 26)
Before the Plunge...

'Mine's a Minor!'

'Quality' still means something to cigarette smokers. They choose De Reszke Minors for a 10-minute smoke because, although inexpensive, they are not 'cheap'. Actually, they are made of the same tobacco and packed with the same care as much dearer cigarettes. And they last the full 10 minutes.

PLAIN, CORK OR IVORY-TIPPED

De Reszke MINORS

In tins: 30 for 1/- * 60 for 2/- * In boxes: 15 for 6? * 30 for 1/-

FOR THAT LEISURED ¾ HOUR — DE RESZKE MAJORS, 20 FOR 1/-
—
PICTUREGOER Weekly

August

REVIEWS - continued

The PICTUREGOER'S

PROMISE TO PAY
**MICHAEL STROGOFF
CALLING ALL STARS

fears that America will be drawn
into the war.
Later his pacifist views get him
into trouble, and he gets a long term
of imprisonment.

On

**NANCY STEEL

release,

who knows

his secret,

and who

DAYS
c*SONG OF THE ROAD

MOONLIGHT SONATA
THE OUTER GATE

tries

JOHN MEADE'S
WOMAN

pass off another girl as the
magnate's daughter and claim the

reward.

IT'S NEVER

rather than on

c*

its

What the asterisks mean
**** An outstond/ng feature.
*** Very good.

Sheriff

Sheriff

love story told in retrospect. Simply
a tale of a girl who falls in love with
a rogue, but luckily finds him out

Higginbotham
Salty

of a singing cowboy who
sets out to collect taxes from a
gang of toughs. The picture has a
full quota of gun-play and fights,
and Tex Ritter, the hero, both acts
and sings engagingly.

Story

Syd Saylor is good in a comedy
role, and clever little juvenile study
comes from Glen Strange.

c*SONG OF THE ROAD
"

British.

Bransby Williams
Ernest Butcher
Muriel George
Dave Burnaby
John Turnbull
Robert English
F. B. J. Sharp
Edgar Driver
Phil Thomas
Ernest Jay
Fred Schwartz
Percy Parsons
Peggy Novak
Tod Slaughter
H. F. Maltby

U"

Runs 70

time and marries her faithful

The play

Sweden, and is
picturesque, while
the

and Barbara Greene is a
charming heroine.
As her mother, Marie Tempest is
given few opportunities, and Eric
Portman is far too obvious as the
fortune hunter.
The whole thing

Mrs. Trelawney
Mr. Keppel
Bristow

Chairman
Committee Member
Titch

George
Tinker

Solomon

Showman
Showman's Wife
Another Showman

good camera, but a very thin
plot, dealing with an old carman
who takes to the road when mechanof his job.

Bransby Williams is heavily sentimental in the leading role, but does
manage to get over some good

human

touches.
The supporting
characters are quite sound.
The treatment, however, is lacking
in continuity and dramatic develop-

ment.

•THE OUTER GATE
Pathe.

American.
melodrama.

Ralph Morgan
Kay Linaker
Ben Alexander

United Artists.
" U" certificate.
British.
Musical Romance. Runs 90 minutes.
Eric Molander

Mario de

la

Costa

Dr. Broman
Margit, his Niece

Bishop
Child
Nils, Butler

Anna, Housekeeper
With Ignace Jan Paderewski.
Directed by Lothar Mendes from a story bv Hans
Rameau. Previewed, May 29, 1937.

Paderewski's piano playing, which
is

well

26

a feature of this production,

worth listening

to,

but

it

is

is

Revenge

Lois Borden

Bob Terry
Tod
Carmody

Ray Cannon.
Straight-forward story of a wrongly
imprisoned man who starts out
to revenge himself on his employer,
who had brought the charge, but who
finally
realises
the
futility
of
revenge.
Theatrical in treatment, it never
convinces or holds one very closely.
Ralph Morgan is good as the employer, and
the hero.

Ben Alexander

*JOHN MEADE'S

fair as

WOMAN

drama. Runs 81 minutes.

Edward Arnold

John Meade
Teddy Connor
Caroline Haig
Tim Matthews

Francine Larrimore
Gail Patrick

George Bancroft
John Trent
Aileen 'hi M.i f
Sidney Blackmer
Willard Robertson
Jonathan Hale

Mike, the Chauffeur
Mrs. Melton
Rodney Bentley

The Governor

Mr. Melton
Directed by Richard Wallace from a story by
John Bright and Robert Tasker. Previewed,
April 10, 1937.

melodrama, with Edward
Arnold playing a role similar
to that which he played in the
successful Come and Get It.

Heavy

The most

Club Members

Bryan Powley
Sybil Brooke

certificate.

Runs 75 minutes.
John Borden

Directed by

Baroness Lindenberg
Ingrid

"A"

Ed Acutt
Charles Brokaw

I

MOONLIGHT SONATA

Binkie Stuart
Fisher White

very stilted

unreal.

Bill

Graham Browne
Queenie Leonard
Lawrence Hanray

is

story

is

interesting part of the
that dealing with the plight

American farmers during a
drought and the efforts of unscrupulous magnates to exploit their misfortunes and get hold of the land.
These scenes, which come at the
end, are human and forceful. The
of

quite

compelled to resign.

He

joins the Marines,

and makes

and

marries the girl with
whom he was previously involved,
she being conveniently a daughter
of a Marine colonel.
June Travis makes a most attractive heroine, and Paul Kelly is good
as the Marine; between them they
manage to make the most of a somegood,

what

incredible plot.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO

MEND

lover,

and

Picturesque English scenery and

Charles Farrell
Marie Tempest
Barbara Greene
Eric Portman

set in

certificate.

Farm Foreman

him

is

generally
concert-hall scenes are artistically
staged.
Charles Farrell makes an amiable

minutes.

Fair Proprietor
Directed by John Baxter from a story by Michael
Kent.

transport robs

thin, conventional

swain.

The Stranger

romance,

M.-G.-M.'

"A"

British.

pontine melodrama.

Tod Slaughter

certificate.

Runs 67

Trans-

minutes.

Meadows

Tom

Robinson
Susan Merton
Ian Colin
George Fielding
Lawrence Hanray
Lawyer Crawley
D. J. Williams
Farmer Merton
Rev. Mr. Eden
Roy Russell
Johnny Singer
Josephs
Directed by David MacDonald, adapted from
the novel by Charles Reade.

Slaughter puts over this
Tod
old time melodrama, in which the

the villain.
It is primarily an indictment of
the inhuman prison system of the
nineteenth century, but as it now
stands it is an unconscious burlesque.
All the supporting artistes play in
the approved melodramatic traditions.

with a role which puts him in
impossible situations, and he does
not get a lot of help from the rest of
the cast.

He is a novelist who finds he has
to spend a night alone in a house with
a lady and they are attacked by
burglars.
Direction and production are very

THE ELDER BROTHER

drama. Runs 67 minutes.

John Stuart
Basil Langton
Marjorie Taylor

"Bud"
Aileen

Samuel S. Hinds
Spencer Charters
Hobart Cavanaugh
Alma Kruger

Uncle Joel
Watling
Mr. Davies
Mrs. Davies
Pepe

Julian Rivero

Edmund Cobb

Slego

Directed by Lewis D. Collins.

a new dog screen star,
goes through the usual routine
in this very familiar story of the

Tuffy,

adventures of an orphan and his pet.
is
finally suspected of
killing sheep, but is proved really
to have been protecting them.
Barbara Read and Noah Beery,
jun., give moderate performances,

The dog

is

well trained.

WIFE
THE COMPULSORY
"

Warner.

British.

drama.

Henry Kendall
Joyce Kirby

Margaret Yarde
Robert Hale
Acnes Laughlan

Hugo Bellaires
Susan Woodward

Stella Bonheur
Hillary Pritchard

Claude Horton
Fred Withers
Cecil Bevan

Lady Hobbs
Hobbs
The Doctor

Sir Frederick

Brain

Directed by Frederick

The Coroner
Hayward from a novel by

Anthony Gibbs.

Stuart is not bad in this story
of brotherly love and sacrifice,
but the plot itself is unconvincing,

John
and

from indifferent treat-

suffers

ment and presentation. There are
some scenes at Oxford, where a

man has struggled to send his
younger brother, which are ludicrous.
Basil Langton overacts as the
young man who lets his brother
down, but is finally instrumental in
saving his

life.

DOWN ON THE "FARM

New Zealand. U" certificate.
Domestic drama. Runs 65 minutes.
'Grace 'Opkins
Perkins
Miss Mary
Miss Erpington

First National.

Deek
Erland Newbold
Daphne Murdoch
Gwenda Burt
J. S.

Sydney Lock
-

Sir

Roemer Gair
Elsie

A " certificate. Romantic
Runs 57 minutes.
Rupert Sinclair
Bobby Carr
Mrs. Thackery
Colonel Craven
Mrs. Craven

Henry

Barbara
Mr. Petrie
Mrs. Petrie

McPeak

Bert Nelson
Angus Gorrie
is a pity that

It

Bill Petrie

Algie

„

New Zealand

should
to send us this

have thought fit
which sets out to show
family and agricultural life in the
Dominion, because it is so poorly
presented and acted that its propaganda is the reverse of what was
entertainment
its
intended, and
picture,

value negligible

RELEASES
FOR THE

TWO MONTHS

PAST
Number

Black Legion
Bold Cavalier
Ckarlie

awarded in brackets

of stars

Chan

I

(2)

at the

Opera

June 19

(2)

Julv I

June 19

(2)

Julv
Julv
Julv
Julv
Julv

(2)

.i.l:

Don't Tell the Wife

Espionage

(2)

...

...

(2)

Feather Your Nest (2) ...
Flying Hostess (2)
Gold Diggers of 1I»:17 (2)
Great OMallev, The (2)
Green Light (3)
Green Pastures, The ()
Hopalong Cassidy Returns
In a Monastery Garden
Lady from Nowhere (2)
Lad v Reporter (2)

Inlv I

(2)

.

(2)

Outcast (2)

Julv 3

Julv 10
July 10
Julv 3
luly 31

(2)

...

June 19
June 26
June 12

(2)
(3)

Julv 17
Julv 31

Pluck of the Irish

(2)

...

Private Lives (3) (Re-issue)

Polo Joe (2)
Racing Ijtdy

Stowaway

June I
June 26
June 12
June 5
Julv 24
Julv 17
June 19
June 5

June 26

(31

Sam

10
17

July 31
Julv 10

M

Plainsman, The

17

10
2*

June 19
Julv 24

Love from a Stranger (3)
Magnificent Brute, The (2)
Maid of Salem (2)
Man of the People (2) ...
Mill on the Floss, The (2)
m J Your Own Business (2).
Off to the Races (2)

Penrod and

:

July 17
Julv 3

(2)

Crack-Up (2)
Come up Smiling
Counterfeit


Social

Ronald Bellaires

Conflict (2)

cTHE MIGHTY TREVE

and the dog

Mrs. Bittleston
the novel by

Henry Kendall struggles valiantly

serious moments are often as amusing as the intended comedy incidents,
with a heartiness that recalls the
days when audiences rose and hissed

Noah Beery, Jun
Barbara Read

1937

Woods from
John Glyder.

E. Griffin

Squire

Jack Livesey
Marjorie Taylor

7,

Mr. Thackery
George Bittleston
Cecil Armitage

Directed by Arthur

O Day

Directed by Ralph Staub from an original story

is

backed up by a

Directed by Jack English.

Sentimental drama.

c Also suitable for children.

in

Hodge

an Olympic Games entrant who
gets innocently involved in an
amorous adventure on the boat and

** Good.
* Average entertainment.

Price

Brown

Lt.

Lieutenant
Corporal

breezily depicted, dealing with

Marg

Workman

Steward

Ray Corrigan
John Holland
Carleton Young
John Sheehan

Unsophisticated

Hopper

Pete

Colonel Leonard

by Karl Brown.

Professor McGill

The Cook

Steve

Hoiman

Irving Pichel
Sterling Holloway

THE ELDER BROTHER
DOWN ON THE FARM

story content.

Donlan
Paula Denbrough
Colonel Denbrough
Phil

Warren Hymer

WIFE

ARIZONA DAYS

Sound City Dis.

LATE

THE COMPULSORY

A.B.F.D. American. "U" certificate. Western
drama. Runs 52 minutes.
Tex Ritter
Tex
Etheli sd Terry
Jean

Syd Saylor
William Favershah
Eleanore Stewart
Forest Taylor
Snub Pollard
Glen Strance
Horace Murphy
Earl Dwire
Bud Buster
Salty Holmes
William Desmond

TOO

Paul Kelly
June Travis
Purnell Pratt
Reginald Denny

George Merritt
Anthony Shaw
Richard Littledale
Mercia Swinburne

weak.

American.
"U" certificate.
Romantic comedy-drama. Runs 70 minutes.

cTHE MIGHTY TREVE

The picture's success relies on their
acting and on that of Victor McLaglen

is

who

British Lion.

TO MEND

penance in prison.
Peter Lorre is brilliant as the
cunning ex-convict, and Walter
Connolly wholly admirable as the
steel magnate.

very good as the
is marrying him
for his money, and George Bancroft
is sound as the lumber king's friend,
who eventually turns against him.
Gail Patrick
Society woman

JOIN THE MARINES

JOIN THE MARINES

outwitted, however, and the
pacifist-cum-crook restores the real
daughter to her father and makes
is

remainder of the plot shows the
relations between a lumber king and
a cheap little girl from a Western
farming district whom he uses to
get one back on his aristocratic
fiancee.
She turns the tables later
by helping the farmers to fight him.
Francine Larrimore is the girl in
question; she is apt to be theatrical

and "strident" vocally.

c* ARIZONA

to

He

MISS-

IS

ING

he passes the girl off
as his own daughter and, by the
long arm of coincidence, gets a job
on the steel magnate's estate.
He is tracked down by a cell mate

ical

quick reference index

I

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Tainted Money (2)
Thai Girl From Paris (2)
Three Men on a Horse (2)
Thunder in the City (2)

June 5
June 12
June 12
June II

Two Wise Maids (2)
Women of Glamour (2)

Julv 24
July 10

...
...


Now she's Schoolgirl Complexion "All over"!

The Olive Oil in Palmolive brings beauty with every bath—the beauty of a skin that is smooth and flawless. All down the ages women have treasured olive oil for its beautifying properties. Beauty experts have always praised it. And that's why no less than 20,000 of them have unanimously recommended Palmolive—both womenPalette and water washing with an olive oil soap—Palmolive—as the best possible way of keeping skin in the lovely, natural bloom of health through the years.

Re-Awaken Hair Roots

"My hair fall out," writes Mrs. Hillman, "leaving only one patch. I was under hospital care for months. But my hair would not grow again. Then I used Kotalko—and now I have a fine thick growth of hair as you can see by my photograph."

KOTALKO

True Hair Grower

If you are nearly or quite bald, write:

To JOHN HART BRITtain, LTD., 7, Percy Street [104 D.A], London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap, with directions for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME.

ADDRESS.

When Children Get "Tummyish" in Summer

With summer salads and greentuffs appearing on the table, the younger members of the family often begin to show those familiar signs of being "out of sorts." It's no use reproaching them for naughtiness or not wanting to eat. Poisefulness and listlessness are just Nature's way of saying the little "tummies" are in trouble. Sometimes it takes the form of bad breath and spots on the face. You can tell at once that a dose of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is what they really need.

You'd be surprised at the number of parents who put their children right, without any trouble, just by giving them a spoonful of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder in water before going to bed. "I never hesitate to give my boys a dose if they are all 'tummyish,'" says one Mother. "Since she had Maclean Brand Stomach Powder for two weeks she seems another child," writes another. "Ever since, a baby she has suffered with stomach trouble—I thought I would try Maclean Brand; my troubles are all over, for she has been a different child," says yet another grateful Mother.

You can do just the same for your child. MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder corrects excess acid, it banishes stomach-ache, helps the bowels to function regularly. Always look for the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. Then you will be using the original MACLEAN BRAND, 1/2d., and 5/- Powder or tablets.

Teeth beginning to go . . . yet still he keeps on wearing them away

Perhaps, unknowingly, you are doing the same. If you use a dentifrice that is at all abrasive, you're bound to wear away that thin film of enamel which is Nature's only protection against decay. And there are pastes and powders so abrasive that Dentists can tell at a glance what you've been using.

There's one way to be sure about your present tooth paste. Compare it with one which dentists recognize as the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day (or send the coupon below for a sample tube free). Put them both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present one seems to have the least sign of grittiness, don't take chances any longer.

It is because it is so safe that Dentists recommend Odol. Odol can be obtained as Tooth Paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouthwash and Odol Denture Powder.

Superfluous Hair removed in 3 minutes with New Scented Cream

Just 'cream' away that ugly unwanted hair with this new discovery. Using a razor only makes the hair grow faster and thicker—leaves coarse stubble. This delightfully perfumed cream dissolves away the hair below the skin surface: leaves skin soft, white and velvety smooth. No smell, no mess or bother. This amazing new white cream is sold everywhere under the trade-mark New Veet, 6d. and 1/3. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.
WHAT DO YOU THINK!  Letters from our readers

DOES THE PUBLIC PRY?
Stars and "Off Screen" Publicity

Lips are the potent weapon in love's delicious armoury. Nature intended that a woman's lips should be luscious, provocative, soft, inviting. Lips should spell beauty. Spell beauty, remember, not spoil beauty. Every woman can improve her lips not by painting them with clanging cosmetics, but by emphasising their hushed beauty. The secret of natural, inviting lip-loveliness lies in TANGEE, the perfect lipstick that changes on your lips to the colour that's best for you. Just smooth Tangee gently on your lips, and you see it changing to the very tint that harmonises with your colour. The rich cream base of Tangee nourishes the cells of the skin, keeps the lips smooth and lovely.

When lights are bright and you need more colour on your lips for evening wear you can use Tangee Theatrical Lipstick. And to take full advantage of the loveliness Tangee offers, remember Tangee Powder, Cream Rouge and Rouge Compact.

Turn off the Tears

- It seems that producers' attentions to-day are centred on films that will send us away from the cinema wiping the tears from our eyes. And, by the way, we cannot disguise, in Camille the Garbo in Hollywood style, In Taylor's arms passes away with a smile, whilst Garden of Allah brings sobs from us all, When Dietrich leaves Boyer at the monst'ry wall, Ramona's sad tale brought a lump to my throat And tears fell so fast that I needed a boat; You Only Live Once pulls the strings of your heart. So tragic and grim that you'll weep from the start.

Young Flynn charges into the valley of death And dies like a hero—while we hold our breath. Merle Oberon in Henry the Eighth lost her head, Now her Beloved Enemy's filled with hot lead. So come on producers, cut down the "sub stuff" Of "weepies" I think we've had more than enough.

We want entertainment at pictures—not tears, Let film stars be merry and get off their biers. -George William, 41 Pendle Road, Streatham Park, S.W.18, who was awarded the first prize of £1.

Spirit in the Wheels

- The most staggering thing about the film industry goes unnoticed.

It is a machine. It runs by the cold precision of the director's camera, wheels to tabulate its talent and genius, wheels to screen the finished film and wheels within wheels at the cutting office.

The astounding thing is that this robot actually produces great works of art. The same mechanism coldly turns out The Wintererset, a Fury, and a Mutiny on the Bounty.

The reason? Curiously enough, it is to be found in the assembly of the prophet Ezekiel—

"... for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels." -Douglas G. Maitland, 29a Meldon Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 6, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Filming Victoria

- We read that this year the Lord Chamberlain has removed the ban on films dealing with Queen Victoria. I am puzzled by this because my mother, over twenty years ago, saw a film called Sixry Years a Queen, dealing with Victoria, and made by Barker Films, one of the pioneer companies.

Was the ban placed on the subject after this film was made or were the producers fined for their action? I should like to know.

Incidentally, in this film the Queen was played by three actresses of varying ages—as the girl queen, in middle age, and in her last years, respectively. This seems to me a much better plan than that followed by Herbert Wilcox, of having one actress portray the Queen throughout the sixty years—an almost impossible task.

Helen Westley, by the way, would be perfect as the old queen—Roy Wedgewood, 21 Fletcher Street, Middlesbrough.

(If I understand the ban did not extend to the screen as early as that.—"Thinker.")

Neglected Worth

- Having just learned that fifty per cent. of the judging committee that comprises the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences are dramatic critics in their everyday life, I can now understand why M-G-M's Aah! Wilderness was not even mentioned in their awards for the greatest cinematic achievements of 1936.

This brilliant film came from Hollywood's finest studios, had genius Clarence Brown for director, and was lived (and I say "lived" not "acted") by one of the most perfect casts ever assembled for a motion picture. Practically all the reviews of this film were highly favourable, but it appears that the above mentioned Academy critics preferred a leg-show, The Great Ziegfeld, which, after all, was just another glorified musical soon to be forgotten.

I know several filmgoers who saw Aah! Wilderness again and again—one fan saw it eight times—and a well-known film writer informed me that he was driven to see it three times in all.—Lawrence E. Bradford, 5 Trego Road, Victoria Park, London, E.9.

(If I agree that this was a fine film, worthy of some signal honour.—"Thinker.")

Misleading Billing

- Can nothing be done about the dreadful "billing" process which is carried out by many of the "small-town" and country cinemas? Even in larger country towns such as Yeovil and Taunton, etc., the "billing" is just too bad.

A few weeks ago I saw advertised at a local cinema, "Eric Blore and Joan Blondell in Sons of Guns." After making a point of seeing the film, who should I find occupying the screen most of the time but Joe E. Brown, a comedian I cannot bear at any time.

Then, only a week ago, when passing through Weymouth, the following poster caught my eye: "Jean Harlow and Eugene Pallette in Liberated Lady, with William Powell and Myrna Loy." No mention of Spencer Tracy whatever!

Little mistakes like these really matter a great deal and are very annoying.

* 6-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET
Luft-Tangee Ltd., 88 Regent Street, W.I

Please send Miracle Make-Up Set of Miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Cream Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 6d. (crossed P.O.), or stamps.

Mark shade □ Flesh □ Rachel □ Light Rachel (natural)

NAME:

ADDRESS:

.................................................

BLOCK: LYTTENS

P.S.
If any such slip were made in Hollywood surely the stars concerned would rise in rebellion against those to blame; can you tell me why we country "picturegoers" should not do the same?—Patricia Snell (aged 14 years), The High Cliff Hotel, Lyme Regis, Dorset.

We Span the Globe!

- Last June the PICTUREGOER published in its correspondence column a letter of mine dealing with the unsuitability of "Stooge" films for British audiences.

Since my letter appeared I have received letters from—to name only a few—a girl from Johannesburg, an East End dock worker, a Negro boy from East Africa, and a Chinese engineer in Malaya, all of whom wished to correspond with me upon film matters.

Does this not show clearly how PICTUREGOER's song goes round the world?—(Miss) Joan Mathews, 56 Percy Road, Handbridge, Chester. (It does.—"Thinker.")

"Magic Names"

- Filmgoers who appreciate well played "hot" music, and who, like myself, happen to know something of its true history will either smile quietly, or be furiously annoyed, according to the degree of their swing enthusiasm, when they see The March of Time No. 11.

When a newsreel with so firmly established a reputation for reliability attempts to prove modern jazz as more or less identical with the style of playing featured by the "Original Dixieland Band" in 1916, I feel that it cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged.

This famous band undoubtedly sowed the seed from which modern "swing" jazz has grown, but composers, arrangers and instrumentalists who are really responsible for its development and perfection the film never even mentions.

Magic names like Goodman, Dorsey, Venuti, Rollini, Ellington, Carter, Hawkins, etc., that mean so much to those who know what real jazz implies, are essential to any accurate analysis of this class of music, and it is infuriating to find The March of Time, of all newsreels, so poorly informed on the subject.

It is the business of the newsreel to present an honest survey of facts. Swing marches on—not backwards.—Geoffrey P. Wheeler, 10 Fallow Ct, Mansions, North Finchley, N.12.

(Continued on page 30)

How to Love?

- A young man, not too well versed in the ways of the world, I am always ready to pick up various pointers from people of wider experience than myself and I find my frequent visits to the cinema of no little value, especially in the direction of etiquette and other curses of civilisation.

I am, however, in a predicament. It's this love-making business. The way I look at it there are three distinct methods of winning the heart of The Girl.

To begin with, one might practise the honeyed, flowery speeches of the Leslie Howards à la Romeo and Juliet; and yet the "sock on the jaw" technique of James Cagney might prove successful in some cases. In addition we have the wise-cracking, "Keep-them-in-suspense" girl-worship of the William Powells and Clark Gables.

Faced with these more or less admirable alternatives, I ask you, what's a fellow to do? Ernest Wrenn, 20 Centre Street, Cambridge Heath.

(Assk your girl!—"Thinker.")

A Fertile Field

- We seem to have exhausted every romantic period in history but there yet remains a vast field of unexplored drama in the early records of Britain.

Cecil B. de Mille could wring emotional interest from the stone age; given a suitable cast, King Alfred and the burning of the cakes might well become an epic.

The defeat of Harold at Hastings with the advent of William provides another picture which might rival Cleopatra in its crowd scenes.

Then there was the Roman occupation of Britain, surely here we have material for stories of spectacular value.

Lastly, if imagination is lacking let us go to Kipling; he knew the men who built England.

"Puck of Pook's Hill" has enough pictures of the past to keep film producers busy.—(Miss) G. Pyer, 63 Greenstead Road, Colchester, Essex.

(But—history as it really happened, please!—"Thinker.")

Imported Chat

- British films need better dialogue writers, and that seems an extraordinary situation, considering that we have some of the finest dialogue writers right on the doorstep.

One can imagine the producers saying, "We've found a good plot, boys, so the rest doesn't matter." Dialogue in British films is

Famous actor Sydney Howard caught in the act of striking a high note as he played over the musical items in the "Daily Herald" £2,500 Holiday Music Competition.

There's a fortune to be won for choosing twelve musical items out of a list of twenty-eight. Enter this great competition and music may have cash charms for you!
Can YOU do this?

Join the Parade of "Healthies"

Who wants to look odd-man-out? Or feel it! If your stomach is upset, your liver lazy, your head heavy, or your system the least bit irregular, remember the Golden Rule of Health, and take a course of Beechams Pills. Gently, safely and surely, Beechams Pills will keep your system regular—regular as the clock!

Purely Vegetable. Worth a Guinea a Box.

—if you keep regular with

BEECHAMS PILLS

Thousands have already written for the booklet about THE NEW CONFIDENCE for women at DIFFICULT TIMES . . .

* DR. VAN DE VELDE

The most fastidious woman may have embarrassing moments at certain times. "Feminine Hygiene—Some Remarks and Advice" by Dr. Th. H. Van de Velde, one of the world's greatest gynaecological specialists, explains the reasons for this and how it can be avoided.

The booklet also explains how revolutionary sanitary protection with the Camelia de Luxe VANDERISLD Towel. Every towel is specially treated with Dr. Van de Velde's preparation, rendering it completelyodorizing. This antiseptic medication also, which prevents chafing and has a beneficial effect on the skin. Entirely new in shape, it gives perfect protection with the greatest possible comfort.

Every woman will be wise for reading Dr. Van de Velde's booklet—send for it now.

The Camelia de Luxe VANDERISLD Towel is the only towel approved, recommended and guaranteed by Dr. Van de Velde, and the only towel medically treated to be positively odorizing and absolutely non-chafing.

Per dozen 1/6

Camelia de Luxe

VANDERISLD

Towels.

What Do You Think? Contd.

very slow except where they have filmed a witty play, and then the action is usually nil.

There is a cleverness about the dialogue in American films that is lacking in ours. For instance, the cabin scene in Dusty Ermine, with Anthony Bushell and Jane Baxter, might have been as deliciously tantalising and tense as the cabin scene in It Happened One Night, if someone had taken the trouble to write a page or two of sparkling dialogue into the script at that point. But no, the scene which might have been so amusing fell flat, and one never got the impression that the actors were anything more than actors.

Instead of importing so many American stars, how about importing a few dialogue writers instead?—Muriel Horn, 41 Rawlfsle Street, Blackpool, S.S., Lancs.

(You'll be amazed to hear, Muriel, that we have; but they seem to be struck with some dreadful malady as soon as they set foot in our studios—"Thinker.")

Scream Censorship

* Screen censorship beats me—it seems such a strange business.

The other evening at the entrance to my cinema, a small group of youngsters had congregated. "Can we go in with you, please, mister?" piped two of the bolder spirits, well under sixteen.

I would like to help them, but it would not have been straightforward. I shook my head.

Now why, I wondered, were those kids refused admission?

What horrible, atrocious talkie was I about to witness which was not good for them? Blood, lust, or some revolting crime? Some sordid sexual story, for certain?

Not a bit of it.

It was our dear old friend, Ralph Lynn, aided and abetted by that prince of silly-asses, Claude Dampier, in a screamingly funny film, All In, the high-spot of which was a wrestling match of that type.

Unfit for juvenile eyes, it was an "A" film.—Robert Lock, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Esmouth, Devon.

(It beats me too!—"Thinker.")

Running Commentary

* I wonder if you and your readers would care to hear what we are doing.

Right away, let me tell you our theatres are modern and pictures of the best. Our leading house, the Alhambra, is considered by those who know to be one of the finest in the world.

It is what you call an "atmosphere theatre," and as you sit in your comfortable plush tip-up seats and watch the stars twinkle at you, while the clouds drift by.

As I write, the organ is playing, crowds are flocking in, about 150 advertisement slides are being shown, the cooling plant is working (we had 104 in the shade to-day), and we are to see and hear Show Boat 1936, backed by Mickey Mouse, Pop Eye, News Reels, etc., all for 1s. 6d. Don't you agree that's value?

In conclusion, let me tell you that we here in Cape Town have 25 theatres within a distance of 25 miles, and doing well.—P. Walker. "Coo-ee," Firdale Avenue, Cape Town, S.A.

(Excuse me while I pack my bag!—"Thinker.")

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

* What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

1s. 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.
Roger Imhof
- While Phil Friedman, casting director at Fox, was searching all over Hollywood for someone to play the role of "Micky" in Janet Gaynor's Paddy the Best Thing, he suddenly remembered an Irish sketch he had seen in a vaudeville theatre years before with Roger Imhof in it. When he went to the same boy he heard that for the past three years Imhof had made his home in Hollywood. Friedman phoned him, he reported, made a test and was signed.

"I've been out here for three winters," Imhof said, "and that's the first break I have got from any studio."

After Paddy, however, the studios clamped down for him and he hasn't left the film colony since.

Imhof was born in Rock Island, Illinois, in 1874. His mother was Irish, which accounts for his speciality in the matter of Irish characterisations. He started his professional career as a contortionist and later went into the variety, in which he was for nearly twenty years a leading figure. Films include: Riff Raff, Three Godfathers, San Francisco, A Son Comes Home, In His Steps, North of Nome, Girl Loves Boy.

Frieda Inescort
- One might have thought that being secretary to Lady Astor was a career in itself, but Frieda, who travelled to New York in that capacity, apparently didn't. At any rate, she decided to stay in the American capital and carve out a career for herself as a journalist.

She got a job with a well-known publishing firm, and while working for this company she was offered a test for the ingénue role opposite Leslie Howard in the stage production of The Truth About Blakes. It proved successful and within a few months she dropped journalism altogether and concentrated on her career as an actress.

Frieda arrived in Hollywood on a motoring tour in 1935 and was promptly engaged for a small part in The Dark Angel. Since then she has appeared in The Garden Murder Case, The King Steps Out, Mary of Scotland, Hollywood Boulevard, Sweet Aloes, The Great O'Malley, Call It a Day and Another Dawn.

The actress's real name is Wightman and she was born in Edinburgh on June 28, 1901. She has brown hair and eyes.

Lois January
- Got into pictures via the modern route, with no heartbreak years in the extra ranks. Living in Hollywood, she studied dramatics and became associated with various "little theatre" groups, including the famous Pasadena Playhouse.

While taking part in a play put on by the exclusive Uplifters Club, in Santa Monica, she attracted the attention of Hal Roach and was given a part in one of his comedies. She appeared in a number of the Zasu Pitts-Thelma Todd shorts and then made a tour with the Warner Brothers stock company as a singer and dancer. On her return she appeared, under contract, in a number of Universal films.

Lois, who is known to her intimates as "Happy New Year," was born, not in January but in October—October 5, 1913, to be exact. Her family moved to Hollywood from Fort Worth, Texas, when she was a child and she was educated in the film city.

She is 5 ft. 4 in. tall, has blue eyes and dark brown hair. Latest films: Border Caballers, Lovin' Bill Carson and Arizona Bad Men.

Sybil Jason
- This Shirley Temple rival was born in Capetown, South Africa, on November 23, 1929, the daughter of Jack Jacobs, a commercial traveller. At the age of two she displayed a phenomenal talent as a singer and dancer. Later her parents, on the advice of Frances Day, brought her to London, where she made her début in a charity concert at the Palace Theatre. A role in the film Barmacle Bill followed. Irving Asher saw her, was impressed, and signed her for Warner in Hollywood.

She made her American début in Little Big Shot and later appeared in The Singing Kid, with Al Jolson, Big Business, I Found Stella Parish, The Captain's Kid and The Great O'Malley.
HER Holiday 'PERM...

is proof against sea water!

Neither sea-water, rain, nor wind can harm a Superma-Machines; the World and European Championship system of permanent waving and the loveliest, most natural, and more lasting waves and curls are obtainable by Superma than by any machine process. Superma therefore is no machine at all—ensures the greatest safety and the coolest comfort; and it preserves the texture of your hair. INSIST upon Superma—there is no perm just as good—do not be put off. Ask your Hairdresser for Superma Machines; or ask us for the address of a Superma specialist in your district; or come to us for your perm. Write for free brochure.

LET GEORGE DO IT!

Arthur Fan (Kent), Jean Arthur, b. Oct. 17, 1908, New York, she is 5 ft. 2 in. tall, has brown hair and blue eyes and is married to Frank Ross. Her real name is Gladys Green. Her latest film is Easy Living with Ray Milland for Paramount.

(2) History is Made at Night will be released early in 1937.

P. W. (Mymouth).—Photographs of Robert Taylor obtainable from the Postcard Saloon, 43rd St. E. Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen. You can obtain Robert's signature by writing to him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, and enclosing a postal order for the return postcard (the Post Office will tell you the required amount). A letter to America costs 1/6.

Westchester's (Denville).—Latest films are Rob Russell, Arizona Bad Man; Tim McCoy, The Wisterian; Gene Autry, Game and Outlaws and Rider, Rider, Rider, The Last Outlaw; John Wayne, California Straight Ahead and Winds of the Wasteland; Lane Chandler, The Black Coin and Winds of the Wasteland; Kermit McKnight, Around the World; Sundown; Tom Mix nothing since Miracle Rider.

G. B. (Surrey).—Merle Oberon at present making The Divorce of Lady X for London Films; Jessie Matthews, a new film for Gaumont British and Franchot Tone, Between Two Women for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Barrie Fan (Hounslow).—Wendy Barrie's first American film is It's a Small World with Spencer Tracy. The British films include: Wedding Rehearsal, This Fairy Lady, The Barren Ground, Cash, The Private Life of Henry VIII, The Runaway Train, And Here's Your Man, To the Stars, I Want Freedom of the Sea, Give Her a Ring, There's One, Sue, her latest film is Under Your Own rooftops, and she is making Dead End (to be made in technicolour), now under contract to Universal Studios.

Lombard Lover (Easby).—No, Carole Lombard is not engaged to be married, as reported. Her films listed are as follows: Nine Sacred with Fredric March, True Confession with Clive Brook and Fred for Sadam with Fernand Gravat. Miss Lombard was marrying William Powell but they are now separated.

Blest of All (Surrey).—Edna Best is at present making Scotch Riders, and her other films are as follows: Never Sacred with Fredric March, True Confession with Clive Brook and Fred for Sadam with Fernand Gravat. Miss Lombard was marrying William Powell but they are now separated.

Film Fan (Exeter).—Beatrice Lills has been appearing on Broadway for some time but has now been signed to make films at Columbia for Paramount. The first will be an English farce, Room at the Top, and her photograph from the Postcard Saloon, address above for 3d. each.

Can't Remember (Oldham).—Yes, Fernand Graevey has had his name changed to Fernand Gravat for American films. So the hero of The King and the Chorus Girl is the same person who played in Bipper Street. He is also having Food for Scandal with Carole Lombard for Warner Bros. He is a Belgian, is 31 years old and is married to Jane Renouard.

Schoolcraft's (Donlin).—Jean Harlow's real name is Harlean Carpenter, she was born Kansas City, Mar. 3, 1911, is 5 ft. 10 in. tall and had blue-green eyes. Yes, she did write a novel called "To-day is To-night." Her photograph is available from the Postcard Saloon, address above.

More SUPPLIES, PLEASE (Wolverhampton).—We have no run of any of the latest film supplies recently but we have some more scheduled for the near future.

What do men fall for?

J U S T what is that magic something which will make the guy gather round you and neglect that ravishing blonde in the corner? Well, we're here to find out that sort of thing in Hollywood—and in "THE PICTUREGOER SUMMER ANNUAL" you'll see this and do a dozen other questions answered to full. Here are the Ginger Rogers, the Miriam Hopkins and the Myrna Loy methods—William Powell giving you an "Are-you-a-perfect-wife" test—Joel McCrea saying "it was a sap until I married" and some really pretty revelations by Joan Blondell, Eleanor Powell, Elissa Landy, John Boles, 100 pages of Sun sirens...film fashions...glamour...film news...gossip...and illustrations galore, including over twenty full-page art portraits. Don't miss this free Annual—on sale everywhere—sixpence.

Mile Pagas, 23 Hamilton Road, Grove Road, London, B.1, 3d, full particulars.

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.


Editorial Offices: Martellite House, Martell Court, Bow St., W.C.2.
Telegram: Pictureroom, London 2468.

PICTUREGOER Weekly

Summer Annual

100 PAGES FOR SIXPENCE

The Victor Ormsby FRIENDSHIP CLUB welcomes new members. This club has a very active social side and holds regular tea parties at which cards are present. This year they have entertained Nora Swinburn, Marjorie Mars, Diana Marsh, Jyll Kelly, Ethel Coleridge, Erna Knight, Nanouki Wayne, Jack Melford, Roger Treville, Eamme Percy and Carl Eamond. Theatre and film parties are also arranged. Write to Miss Marion Rose Thompson, 77 Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for full particulars of this interesting club.

Any readers who are interested in JOSEPHINE HITCHCOCK should write to the British Representative, Lionel Worth, 510 Cowbridge Road East, Cardiff for full particulars of her fan club.

The DEENY DENNIS FAN CLUB which was recently formed is still open to receive new members. Readers should write to Miss
Dental Health & Fitness

go hand-in-hand

Grasp dental health with both hands—guard your mouth at least twice daily. Sparkling teeth, sweet breath and firm gums are the rewards of using Euthymol, the antiseptic tooth paste that dentists have recommended for over forty years. Try it 10-day—your chemist sells large tubes for 1s. 3d., or a 7-day free sample is yours for the asking. Write to Dept. 44/109 Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1.

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without Gall!—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 these good old Carters 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 Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.

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AT ALL CHEMISTS
The Soul of a thousand flowers sealed
in a Crystal Flask

GREAT NEWS
from the Stars

Another Big Release
of NEW Postcards

Hurry Here are twenty-five wonderful new glossy postcards of film favourites just issued by "PICTUREGOER." Salon—the most up-to-the-minute postcard club in the country.

Look at just two of them shown here—a charming "Partner" study of the one and only Ronald Colman with Jane Wyatt as they appear together in that great screen masterpiece "Lost Horizon"—and Humphrey Bogart whose gangster parts have thrilled millions of cinemagoers.

Make yourself a present of new cards from the list below—and if you haven't already joined "THE PICTUREGOER." Postcard Club do so to-day and share the special concessions granted to members.

5/- ALBUM FREE
By joining "THE PICTUREGOER." Postcard Club you can obtain liberal discounts on your future orders and in addition you will receive a 5/- Album FREE. This magnificent book, which holds 300 cards, is beautifully bound to resemble real snakeskin and lettered in gold. If you wish you can obtain a super De Luxe Album in Blue Rexine. Decide now to be a member of this happy postcard club. To join, send an order for not less than one dozen postcards at the regular price of 2½ per doz.

Choose your cards from the list given below or include the names of well-known stars. Real photos 3d each, 2½ doz. On sale to members and non-members alike. The latest list of nearly 7,000 cards sent free on request.

SEPPESS GLOSSIE, Jessie Matthews, Carole Lombard, Alison Skipworth, Deanna Durbin, Helen Mack, Marcha Hunt, Eric Blore, James Gleason, Paul Kelly, Core Sue Collis, Dorothy Lamour, Billy Milton, Joseph Callees, June Travis, Barbara Read, Frank Albertson, Isabel Jewell, Cecilia Parker, Nan Grey, Eric Rhodes, Dick Foran, Tom Tyler, Humphrey Bogart.

COLOURGRAPH—Priscilla Knowles, Norma Shawer, Evelyn Flynn, Mary Ellis, Olivia De Haviland.

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P.O. No. Amount
Crossed orders should enclose ½ extra to cover postage and packaging, or ½ extra if Album de luxe is required.

Name, Full Postal Address.

N. E. H. (London)—You need a better pair of tweezers. Evidently you are breaking the hairs at skin level and thus causing them to become thinner and to fall out. Do not pull them out yourself but get them cut by a hairdresser.

Moker (N. Finchley)—Bathe with cold water to which a few drops of eau de Cologne have been added. Dab with a mixture made of one part toilet vinegar to two parts rose water. Allow to dry on.

T. D. G. (Adwell)—As you say your hair is really rather coarse you should get it cut in a good condition for your permanent wave, otherwise you will be disappointed in the result. You can get a good shampoo for 6d. which will line up your hair. You could suggest to your u.tilising the Camiliona, which is a vitamin shampoo.

Don't let trifles worry you. Send your query accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope to ANNE, c/o THE PICTUREGOER, Marjorie House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to F. E. Spink, Conisnott, Skipton, Yorks, for 

The White Cockatoos
So You Won't Talk

This'll Make You Whistle

Prices of such titles are awarded to—

E. Dav, 14 Sessions Road, Liverpool, 4, for—

Little Miss Nobody
Going Hollywood
After To-morrow
The Gorgeous Hussy
C. Morky, 54 Hough Side Road, Pudsey, Leeds, for—

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Kiss the Brides Good Intentions
Week's

Mrs. Gladys C. Hardingham, 70 Robert Street, Brixton, S.W.1, for—

Love on the Dole

And So They Married

Mrs. Harding, 28 St. Edward Street, Leek, Staffs, for—

Speed

All In

Amateur Hospital

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" can be used in any way that a talkie title is used in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me as a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Marjorie House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

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

GUY BEACON.
—taste decides your choice

Lazing on a sunny beach, or rambling over the countryside — taste decides your holiday choice. And wherever you go Player’s offer another choice to complete your pleasure — Player’s "Medium" or "Mild" Navy Cut Cigarettes. Here again taste decides your choice. A vast multitude of smokers find "Medium" suit their tastes better than any other Cigarette. But the smokers who do prefer a very mild and smooth blend can also enjoy the unrivalled Player Tobacco by asking for Player’s "Mild" Navy Cut Cigarettes — Cork Tipped or Plain as you wish — Remember "MEDIUM" OR "MILD" — IT’S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS.

The packets are similar in design, but with Blue wording on "Medium" and Red on the "Mild." Prices are the same.
10 for 6d 20 for 11d

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES — BOTH ARE PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED
"I learned this beauty lesson at an American Varsity match"...

THE LADY TENNYSON

"It was before I came out. I was still at finishing school in America. And my room-mate's brother had asked me to be his guest at the great varsity match of the season—between Harvard and Princeton.

"I longed to go—but I was afraid my skin wouldn't compare with that of older girls who would attend. My skin was so rough—and not clear at all!

"But I'd read about Pond's Cold Cream. So I got some. And how my skin improved as I used it faithfully through the next two weeks!

"I went to the match. And I must have looked right—for I had a very good time at the dance afterwards.... Since then I've used Pond's Cold Cream daily."

You can have the beauty which makes Lady Tennyson so lovely. These facts explain why Pond's Cold Cream will make your skin like hers:

Skin faults start beneath the skin you see—in the underskin, a network of blood-vessels, glands and muscles.

How to get rid of Blackheads and Lines

When your underskin is active, your complexion is really beautiful. But even before you are 20, your underskin starts to get sluggish; the nourishing blood flows slowly; glands and muscles fail to do their work. And then skin troubles start.

To fight off those skin faults you must rouse your underskin. And you can! By using Pond's Cold Cream. Its fine oils sink deep into the pores, soften the dirt and float it out. Then, as you pat this cream into your skin, it wakes up your underskin.

Use Pond's Cold Cream every night. At once your skin will be fresher, softer and smoother. As you use this cream regularly, pores will become finer, blackheads will go, lines will be softened away. Use this cream in the morning, too, and for removing make-up.

Start today making your skin lovely with Pond's Cold Cream. You can get this cream everywhere. But try it free—send in the coupon below. You will also receive a free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream, a perfect foundation for powder.

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. 1275, Pond's, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

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To anyone with "dress sense," she's 12 times a sinner!

Very few women commit all these horrors, but any one of them is enough to blight your claim to good taste.

HE art of dress, like the art of make-up, is not simply a matter of spending money but of "knowing how." Many a woman whose dress allowance is modest—not to say minute—succeeds in looking smarter than other women whose bills for clothes would be quite beyond her means. Even if "pin-money" describes all too truly what you can spend on dress you need not look as if you spent it all on pins! It's just a matter of knowing the things that simply are not done—and those that are.

The awful example depicted on the left shows what can happen when as many as twelve dress sins are committed by the same person. Mercifully, it rarely happens, but to find two or three of them in conjunction is quite common—and even one will put you definitely out of the running as a well-dressed woman. There are twelve things wrong with the girl on the left. Do you know what they are? You'll say—"she's all wrong." Well, she is—but why? There are twelve specific reasons. Can you name them? Some are obvious, others not so obvious but equally fatal to smartness.

Now turn to Miss Right. Here again there are twelve particular points that have been observed and that account for her undoubted elegance. It's not simply that she has avoided the other girl's mistakes. At twelve points in her ensemble she has made a definite decision, based on an understanding of her face and figure type and the result is one that turns people's heads without their quite knowing why.

Twelve sins, twelve virtues—can you say what they are? The answers form part of an intriguing feature in the splendid new September number of "Woman's Fair"—out Saturday, August 14.

You should get this—and every issue of—"Woman's Fair, the Journal of Beauty"—not only because it is a really wonderful sixpenny-worth, but because it will save you pounds by making every penny you spend on dress and cosmetics do more for you. For instance, in this splendid issue there are some really priceless forecasts—straight from the salons—of what will be worn in Autumn. Julie Love-day has been out scouting and the leading dress designers have told her. This fine double-spread with pictures in colour is itself worth its weight in gold to the woman whose once-a-season "splash" on clothes is drawing near!

There's a very lovely evening dress display, too, with all the right accessories, and a novel "any-time-suit" that will solve lots of problems. Patterns are available—and taking of patterns, there's a very interesting feature showing in pictures, stage by stage, just how to make up a pattern to get the results you want.

Mentioning "make-up" calls to mind also the many brilliant beauty "specials" in this fine issue. There's one on "Lipstick-Lore" for example, that—well, when you've read it, as like as not, you'll go straight to your mirror, grab a handkerchief and start again! Hair styles too, are in the limelight. There's four of the latest straight from Paris—very smart—and, strange as it may seem—simple enough for your hairdresser to copy for you.

These enthralling pages and many others, will do such helpful things for your purse as well as for your person that it seems incredible that this giant sixpenny-worth can also include a wonderful feast of action, too! But, it does—three delightful complete stories and a serial—"Marriage of Convenience"—that will please all tastes. And last, but not least, there's something quite new in "gossip" that tells you the very latest about shops and shows and so on. It's written by someone who really does know her way about Town, and it starts in this issue.

You simply mustn't miss the September "Woman's Fair". It's sixpence everywhere—but be quick! And tell your newsagent you want "Woman's Fair" each month.
INTRODUCING
Stainless Stephanie

Here she is, got up to kill. That lovely colouring, we assume, is not entirely the product of Nature—but who to-day would have it otherwise? The Modern Girl is a work of art. She knows how to make the most of her looks. But she is also careful not to offend. Observe those cherry-ripe lips. Then observe the end of the cigarette they have been caressing. Her escort's eyes are upon it. Are they affronted by an ugly smear of lipstick upon that choice De Reszke? No. And it's just because she smokes the new De Reszke Minors with the RED TIPS—the brilliant notion that prevents lipstick from showing on a cigarette, and helps men to preserve their beautiful illusions.

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De Reszke MINORS

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BRITAIN'S FIRST TECHNICOLOR FEATURE
THE BEST NATURAL COLOUR FILM YET MADE
We're PLEASED to See YOU

• An Open Letter to ERICH Von STROHEIM

DEAR VON STROHEIM,

It is with very real pleasure that we learnt that you were to appear in a British film, Mademoiselle Docteur, and we sincerely hope that it will mark the beginning of an association with British studios.

You are playing the role of a German spy and you will doubtless put into it all the artistic villainy which earned for you the title of "The Man You Love to Hate" some twenty odd years ago.

Your career as an actor has been a succession of vital characterisations, but the more spectacular part of your work in films as a director is a tale of alternate wealth and poverty and a succession of battles with producers, who have labelled you the world's most extravagant director.

In your earlier years in Vienna you were an officer in the Austrian army and later, when you came to America, you turned your hand to any job that rolled up until you came in contact with D. W. Griffith in 1914 and started your screen career.

This training has probably given you the courage to face the accusations of wild expenditure which started, so many people believe, as a publicity stunt when you made your first picture, Blind Husbands, for Universal, in which you also played the lead.

It was said then that the estimated cost of the production was £12,500, and that you had taken a year to make it and spent £120,000.

We were glad then to hear your version of the story, that you had estimated the cost at £1,500, not knowing what you were up against in the way of overheads and seven months later delivered the film at a cost of £10,500—two thousand less than Carl Laemmle's initial estimate.

And the film made money.

Then came Foolish Wives, which was publicised as the "First Million Dollar Film." They said you had shot enough film to stretch along the West Coast of America from north to south!

The figures were, you assure us, fantastic, and we are quite ready to believe the end of the story.

But the publicity you received in this respect was doubtless largely responsible for your subsequent quarrel, which ended with your being forced into virtual retirement when you had to cease work on Queen Kelly, a picture starring Gloria Swanson which was never shown.

But the fact remains that your training with D. W. Griffith and later your work as art director for Douglas Fairbanks, sen., had made you one of the silent screen's foremost directors.

Where you undoubtedly did spend money—and spent it wisely—was in the detail work with which you enriched your productions.

We are not likely to forget such films as The Merry Widow and Greed.

The latter particularly was a notable piece of work, sordid maybe, but intensely human and indicative of the ability and the artistry of its director.

You showed us then that Zasu Pitts was a fine dramatic artiste and while that talent has not been followed up, we have to thank you for letting us see it at least once.

We are recalling all these facts about your directorial career because while we have a great regard for you as an actor, we do feel that your rightful place is primarily behind the camera.

We hope, then, that you will be given the opportunity in this country to disprove the wild stories about your inability to make a film at a reasonable cost and also to dispel the tales about your temperament which arise mainly from people associating you with the various characters you have created as an actor.

We think the public began to get an idea that in real life you must be something like the character in The Great Gabbo, one of the early talkies in which you gave a remarkable performance, but which was, in our opinion, rather before its time.

Maybe you could induce some far-sighted person to let you re-make that picture in our studios with yourself playing the leading role.

We are encouraged to believe that you will get a directorial job because we know you have made pictures recently in Paris quite cheaply and so confused the movie moguls of Hollywood.

In any case, we bid you welcome and wish you a successful come-back in this country.

The Editor

The famous director and actor critically examines some "rushed" for a film.
AUDIENCE'S RIGHT
to Boo!

All the Gossip

THERE'S war talk in Wardour Street these days. Over their sole bonne femme, the movie moguls are discussing the question of audience demonstration.

Their ire has been aroused, particularly, by the fate of Silver Blaze, at the Regal, Marble Arch, recently. That was the Sherlock Holmes film at which week-end audiences laughed in the wrong places, cheered the hero and hissed the villain.

One can sympathize to some extent with the film renters. The incident occurred in the journalistic "silly season," and was given a great deal more prominence in the daily press than it deserved.

The trade, thoroughly incensed, however, is talking belligerently of such heroic measures as engaging strong-arm chuckers-out and calling in the police at the first signs that an audience does not like a picture.

* * *

Now this raises an important issue. We do not want hooliganism in the cinema but the film fan who has paid his money to see a show has as much right as the theatre-goer to express his disapproval of "ham" acting, poor dialogue and indifferent production. That only recently has been done so is merely a tribute to his patience in the past.

The Silver Blaze affair was attributed by the trade press to an unruly section of the audience. I happened to be in the auditorium on the stormy first night. Curiously enough, the "unruly audience" was perfectly orderly during the screening of the slick and sophisticated but by no means ambitious American film on the programme. The audience was the same; it was the pictures that were different.

By this I do not mean to indict the British picture, which, I have no doubt, will do well enough in less sophisticated areas than W. 1. The demonstration against it is mere an indictment of the system of programme building by which an out and out "meller drammer" is put on the same bill as a polished musical comedy.

Over a year ago PICTUREROGER warned the film industry about the growing tendency of movie audiences to exercise their right to speak their mind when the entertainment does not please them. The remedy we suggested then still holds good. It is not chuckers-out, who will merely encourage the hooligan element.

It is that exhibitors should not show pictures that will obviously invite derision from the audience for which it is intended.

* * *

Exhibitors, on the other hand, have a right to complain about the behaviour of certain cinema "regulars." Everyone who attends suburban houses knows and dislikes the local lout who constitutes himself as one of the worst picture pests by making inane remarks and cat-calls during the love and dramatic scenes in good pictures because he thinks it's clever.

Nobody would object if ushers were empowered to ask him to leave after one warning.

And talking of audience demonstration, here are two stories noted by your faithful chronicler in the last week or two.

I was at a trade show of a western film the other day. There was considerable "barracking" from the back of the small private theatre.

Eleanor Powell, queen of tap dancers, who will be seen in "Broadway Melody of 1938."

Surprised, I looked to see who was responsible for this sacrilege. It was the renter who was selling the film!

The film kings dislike the critics seeing a comedy "cold," that is in a private theatre, with no audience reaction.

A few days ago I was invited to see a new million-dollar laugh epic in the West End release house of the producing company in order that I should form my critical opinion of the piece amid the hearty laughter of a lay audience.

Now I'm in a quandary as to what to say about it. The audience, as represented by the man in the next seat to me, went to sleep.

Gable—With Beard

Clark Gable has grown that beard at last. It was not in time for Parabeli, of course, but my American scout tells me the story. It seems that while on a hunting trip the Great Lover decided to step out for an evening and went to Pocatello, Idaho.

He was confident that the whiskers he had grown in the wilds would prove an adequate disguise, which is more than the "side burns" he affected as the uncrowned King of Ireland did, and went right ahead.

He was wrong. Almost instantly he was mobbed by adoring girls, and almost got writers' cramp signing autograph books. Some of the more enterprising got into his bedroom at the hotel and "lifted" a lot of his clothes as souvenirs.

Another Shirley Temple?

Shirley Temple's stand-in is going to be a screen player in her own right, now.

Mary Lou Isleib, the nine-year-old friend of Shirley who has been her stand-in for the last two years, has been given her first screen role in Heidi, Shirley's new picture.

The story requires Jean Hersholt, who plays the role of Shirley's grandfather, to mistake another child for his own little Heidi. Mary Lou, who has blonde curls like Shirley's, was cast for this child by Director Allan Dwan on his first reading of the script.

And Another Rainer?

M.-G.-M. seems to like Austrian actresses.

And why not? Luise Rainer has done very well by them, hasn't she?

At any rate now the studio has signed Rose Stradiner, twenty-three-year old Viennese artiste, who has just arrived at the studios. Miss Stradiner is a Max Reinhardt pupil and was signed for screen work in America as the result of her performance recently in the stage production of Schnitzler's Frankfurter Else.

First Motion Picture Publicity Story

The first publicity story printed about motion pictures came to light recently in Hollywood.

Guy Kibbee, whose collection of film curios is famous, revealed the yellowed clipping in his scrap-book.

Dated, Monday, April 22, 1895, the story appeared in the Morning Sun, "the newspaper men's newspaper," published by Charles F. Dana. It described Woodville Latham's demonstration of his Panoptikon, at 35 Frankfort Street, New York.

The headline read as follows:—

MAGIC LANTERN KINETOSCOPE

Edison says Latham's device is old and promises to Beat It.

The story follows in part:—

"The continuous film of photographic pictures with slots cut in the edges to catch the teeth of a sprocket that keeps it from slipping is reeled in front of the electric light of the sort of
The Bruce School of Female Chivalry

Blonde Virginia Bruce has come to the aid of long-suffering males with a campaign which eventually may solve the problem of chivalry.

An organizer of the "Bruce School of Female Chivalry," Miss Bruce is recruiting members among the Hollywood contingent who profess an equal footing with men.

"Women of to-day should be just as chivalrous as men," she declared. "And the best way to start is by refusing to accept meaningless little courtesies from men."

Women who discourage the following male chivalries are eligible for the Bruce movement:

1. Assistance from automobiles. "Why sit like a statue," she asks, "while a man runs around the car to open the door?"

2. Paying for tickets, food, etc. "If a girl earns money in business, she should not allow a man to foot all entertainment bills."

Miss Bruce outlined her idea during an interview on the set of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Between Two Women."

"Women have placed themselves on a par with men in business, pictures and art, and they should conduct themselves according to their new status," she said.

"Eventually men may quit offering seats to women but I shouldn't want to pioneer in this field. Besides (she confessed) I think it's nice to be offered a seat—especially if you can't find a place to sit."

Hearty Love Scenes Are Out

The movie love scene, by the way, has gone out of fashion. I mean the good old-style embraces that used to draw us into the neighborhood house in nights gone by.

Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable started it in "It Happened One Night." Now the screen heroes and heroines "swop" insults instead of kisses.

Bing Crosby, indeed, has a clause in his contract that stipulates that he does not have to kiss his leading ladies. Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire screenland's most famous love team, never kiss.

Sylvia Sidney declares that a good actress can reveal the emotions of the heart without osculation and that seems to be the general opinion to-day.

Heavy love scenes are out.

Short Shots

Henry Fonda has probably taken more candid camera shots of actors than anyone else in Hollywood, having more than 2,000 shots—Joan Crawford was warned not to take sunbaths for two weeks before making a picture because she freckles so easily—Dick Foran is the only white man known to be made an honorary chieftain in four Indian tribes, the Blackfoot, Sioux, Navajo and Iroquois—Director Leo McCarey's "The Awful Truth" has written two songs for Irene Dunne to sing in the film—Beverly Roberts who once sang in a New York night club, will sing for the first time in films in "Expensive Husband"—Allan Jones had to take a bath in egg whites for a scene in "The Firefly," for ordinary soapsuds melt in the hot lights—William Powell once was an usher in a Kansas City opera house—Edward Everett Horton owns seven dogs, two police dogs, two sheep dogs, a collie, a wire-hair and a terrier—Ginger Rogers has a soda fountain in her playroom, is one of the biggest attractions for her friends in Hollywood—Wayne Morris (Kid Galahad) has since received hundreds of requests from fans that he autograph and send the boxing gloves which he used in the picture—Dick Powell keeps a complete photographic record of his screen wardrobe to show the government when he claims exemption on screen clothes—George Raft buys three or four pairs of shoes a month, at 40 dollars per pair.

Hearty love scenes are out.

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

MYSTERY MAN MONTAGUE

JOHN MONTAGUE who was recently arrested by Los Angeles police, charged with participating in a robbery of a roadhouse at Kay, New York, on August 5, 1930, is causing anxiety among the movie idols.

The mystery element appears when we discover that Montague for several years has been a close friend of many film celebrities. He won a reputation as a marvellous golfer, ready at all times to play anyone for 100 dollars a hole. He usually won his wagers.

Among those he met on the golf course were Bing Crosby, Jack Oakie, George Bancroft, Oliver Hardy and other equally prominent film stars.

No one appears to know whether Montague is a man of means, yet he furnished 10,000 dollars bail, and his attorney is one of the most successful Los Angeles lawyers, and one who charges high fees for his services.

Many stars are worried for fear that they may be compelled to testify at the trial.

A Famous Match

One of the most remarkable tennis contests for was recently staged at the exclusive Beverly Hills tennis club.

Charlie Chaplin and Fred Perry defeated Groucho Marx and Ellsworth Vines. The two former tennis champions, now professionals, who own the club, did the actual playing, whilst Charlie and Groucho provided the comedy.

Douglas Fairbanks, sen., Constance Bennett, Ronald Colman, Paulette Goddard and Helen Vinson (Mrs. Fred Perry) were among the guests.

New Americans

Marlene Dietrich plans to purchase a large estate near Lake Arrowhead. She has taken out her first American citizenship papers, and her husband, Rudolph Sieber, will soon file similar action.

So it looks as though Marlene is severing ties with her native Germany, although I believe that she will not be unwilling to make pictures in England, as well as America.

The Woman Pays

Lupe Velez, who wagered everything in sight on James J. Braddock in the recent prize fight with Joe Louis, is still paying dearly for her erroneous choice on that occasion.

Lupe's current state of insolvency has decreed: no expensive autumn wardrobe, no more smashed motorcars, or alterations with traffic policemen, a promise to refrain from all manner of violence, and to paint the garage upon her return from Cleveland, all points being stupefying.

(Continued on page 8)
Bobby’s Gift

- Boy film stars can afford to be generous in their presents, so it is scarcely surprising to hear that Bobby Breen, whose singing won him fame, gave his sister Sally a trailer when she was married to Lew Roth, Arizona mining man.

The couple are now on their honeymoon and thoroughly enjoying the luxurious trailer.

So far as I can figure it out, the gipsies were the first to use travelling homes on wheels.

Jean Harlow’s Farewell

- I saw Saratoga, the film in which Jean Harlow was working when attacked by the illness which resulted in her death.

At first the producers decided to re-take all scenes in which Jean had appeared, with another actress in the platinum blonde’s role, but thousands of fan letters demonstrated that the late star’s admirers wished to see her in her last picture. So a "double" was used in scenes in which Jean had not yet appeared. Fans will be interested in trying to "spot" the double.

Clark Gable plays opposite Miss Harlow, and gives a fine performance, as does Lionel Barrymore and other members of an excellent supporting cast.

Jean, fine trouper that she was, scored as the Southern girl who falls in love with the good-hearted bookie, enacted by Gable.

Bachelor’s Paradise

- Errol Flynn has purchased a 50-foot yawl—maroon rig, with an 85 horsepower Kermath auxiliary engine. It is ideal for cruises. Errol told me that he considers her big enough to sail across the Pacific, down to the South Seas or wherever he desires to go.

But, here is the sad news. The star declares that no woman shall ever set foot on the boat while he owns it. And he does not except his wife, Lili Damita. Any men guests will have to leave their wives and sweethearts at home!

I have an idea that Hollywood ladies will launch a counter-offensive in an effort to cause Errol to reconsider!

Madeleine’s Hero

- Madeleine Carroll always likes to have her husband, Capt. Philip Astley, with her in Hollywood, and his presence proved very fortuitous to her not long ago.

The blonde star was swimming in the Pacific near Malibu, and was so heavily buffeted by the waves that she was almost rendered unconscious, and was sinking when her husband, who was watching her closely, dashed into the sea and brought her safely to shore.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

MERLE OBERON BEGINS AGAIN

MERLE OBERON might well be excused for forgetting which film she’s playing in, for after two false starts she has now begun work on a third film.

First, you remember, she had done quite a lot of work on I Claudius, when that ill-fated production had to be first postponed and then abandoned on account of a motor-accident which put Merle out of action.

Then she went into the Technicolour production Red Shoes, a tale of the Russian Ballet which Ludwig Berger was directing, and for this she has spent long hours a day learning to pirouette and lash out violently backwards and do all the things which ballet-dancers begin to learn at about five years old.

No sooner had she become really flexible than that was postponed, and she found herself in The Divorce of Lady X, a drama which Tim Whelan is to direct.

Whelan, you may remember, directed the successful Farewell Again for Erich Pommer.

Merle Coloured

- Picturegoers who were looking forward to seeing Merle in colour are not to be disappointed, though, for the results of her colour tests were so encouraging that Alexander Korda has decided to do the new one in Technicolour.

People who have seen the tests tell me that Merle is a proved success in colour photography—which doesn’t surprise me in the least.

Opposite Merle will be Laurence Olivier; that

Freddie Bartholomew threw a party in honour of Tommy Kelly, who will seen in the title role of "Tom Sawyer."

fine actor Ralph Richardson will step straight out of Victor Saville’s South Riding into this one, and with that will the Morton walker, who has just concluded an important role as the judge in the Clive Brook film Action for Slander.

Speaking of South Riding reminds me that Ann Todd, as the demented Mrs. Carne, did her best to justify the title of the film by riding her horse into the hall, upstairs, and into her husband’s bedroom.

Oh, yes, she did it herself, Ann’s a pretty good rider, but it takes more than ordinary skill to ride a horse up a flight of stairs. Try it some time when the family’s out.

Way Up

- Another new film to be undertaken at Denham in the near future is The Challenge, for which, for the first time in history, a full camera unit of twelve men (and, I hope, a slapper-boy) has been on the highest slopes to the summit of the Matterhorn, taking pictures.

They managed to secure some magnificent shots before a storm of snow and hail and rapidly descending clouds forced them down.

This film is to be directed by Gunter Rosmer and produced by Gunther Stapenhorst—the combination which resulted previously in the Gaumont-British films The Great Barrie and The Scarlet Pimpernel, and the John Galsworthy story The First and the Last which Basil Dean is directing.

For the former, some most spectacular scenes have been completed, including a ball held by the Princess Regent in an authentic reproduction of the Winter Palace, and the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, that grotesque and fantastic monument to royal taste.

Some dramatic scenes were played out in this setting, for the ball is graced by the presence of Sir Percy and Lady Blakeney and the French actress Theresia Currara.

Theresia, I may mention, is not there merely for a hop round and a glass of rum-punch with H.R.H. She has been sent expressly by Chaumont to entice Sir Percy (the Scarlet Pimpernel) back to France and the welcoming arms of the guillotine, which she does by kidnapping his musketeer, knowing Sir Percy will follow hot-foot.

Which, of course, he does.

Do I have to tell you again that Barry K. Barnes is the Pimpernel, Sophie Stewart Lady Blakeney, and Margaretta Scott the French actress?

No, I thought not.

Excitement

- The First and the Last, as you may remember, centres in the efforts of a famous K.C., about to be appointed a judge, to keep his scepagrace young brother Larry out of trouble.

Larry becomes involved in a murder, so, of course, the whole situation blows up, and we get an exciting film.

Leslie Banks is the K.C., Laurence Olivier his brother, Vivien Leigh is the wife of the man Larry murders, and Esme Percy is the "murderee" himself.

In addition we have a cast to make any producers mouth water: Francis Sullivan, Hay Petrie, Morris Harvey, David Horne, Robert Newton, Meinhard Maur, Victor Kietti, Elliott Mason, Lawrence Hanray, Arthur Seaton, and four costers, played by Jimmy Godden, Muriel George, Coral Brown, and Wally Lapage.

Morris Harvey, by the way, plays a Jewish pawnbroker who trades under the name of Alexander McPherson.

That joke has had quite a long (and well-deserved) rest; I haven’t seen it on the screen since Anthony Asquith’s film Lucky Number.
Far-Flung
- I hear that the location-unit which has been engaged for some months in filming scenes on the U.S.-West Frontier for the new London Film production The Drum has had a pretty exciting time.

Away to the north of the Khyber Pass they have crossed passes which are blocked with snow and ice for six weeks and more in winter.

This is not, properly speaking, British India, but is in Tribal Territory, only about a hundred miles from the Russian frontier, and is the most northerly British fortified post in India.

Even army officers are not allowed to visit this territory except on duty; but the film unit was granted special privileges, which just shows how film-conscious His Majesty's Government is becoming.

The caravan, consisting of 35 mules and 7 ponies, spent several days riding up mountain tracks three feet wide with a 500 ft. drop on one side.

This is to be the second film starring Sabu, who played the title-role in Elephant Boy.

Busy Buchanan
- Jack Buchanan has been busy—as usual.

No sooner had his new production-unit completed Smash and Grab than it sailed straight into production of The Sky's the Limit, and almost before that was fairly under way Sweet Devil.

Did I give you the full cast of The Sky's the Limit? Anyway, here it is.
Jack Buchanan, Mara Lossell, David Hutchinson, William Kendall, H. F. Mabty, C. M. Hallard, Athene Seyler, Sara Allgood, Morris Harvey (how does he does bob up?) Charles Stone, Anthony Dailies, and romid Burns. Just for good measure, Rawicz and Landauer (pronounce them as you like; bless you, they don't mind) the Viennese piano duettists, and the Four New Yorkers are along.

Sweet Devil is a starring vehicle for Bobby Howes, who has Jane Gillie opposite him. If she's as good as she's mentioned in the title, she's certainly very sweet. There are also Ellis Jeffreys (a grand artiste), William Kendall (they couldn't have a Buchanan production without him), Syd Walker, Anthony Ireland, and Glen Alyn.

Eventful Life
- What do you know about Mara Lossell? Well, I confess all I know about her is from pure hearsay, as Jack Buchanan dislikes having others to fight in the war for you don't have to take my word for her; but this is what they tell me.
She's beautiful (well, of course!), she has a glorious voice and lots of glamour, and a personality which has already been acclaimed on the Continental stage.
This is her first film.
Her life seems to have been reasonably romantic. Born in Vladivostock, she was only seven when her parents had to flee from their home before the Bolshevik advance, with only such luggage as they could carry in their pockets.
Mara and her sister were taken to Japan and put in a convent, where they spent the next few years.
Then the family went to Germany, and she spent a few more years finishing her education in a convent in Berlin.

Sang with Tauber
- She had always wanted to sing, so while in Russia and Japan she practised assiduously, both folk-songs and operas, and she gravitated naturally to the musical stage, where she was an instantaneous success, just from hearing her voice.

She has sung opposite Richard Tauber in Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, Munich, Amsterdam, The Hague, Antwerp, Zurich, and Basle, which seems plenty.
Now! If she doesn't live up to all that, don't blame me. Have it out with Jack Buchanan. He's the fellow who told me.
Here are three more new ones, as far apart as Welwyn, Wembly, and Teddington.

Lili Palmer and Arthur Tracy in a scene from "Command Performance."

The Welwyn one is the new Pathe undertaking, Saturday Night Revue, which sounds a very reasonable time to have a revue.

It's described as "a musical romance with an unusual and very dramatic story"; well, any musical with a very dramatic story is bound to be unusual. This type of production is generally found to be a succession of musical turns and dance-bands slung together with only the most tenuous suggestion of a plot as mortar.

Norman Lee, who is directing this one, assures me that this is precisely what it is not.

A Lot of Them
- Billy Milton and Sally Grey are playing the leads, aided and abetted by Betty Lynne, Edward Ashley, John Turnbull, Douglas Stuart, Georgie Harris, Julian Verdi, Alvin Conway, Stanton and McNaughton, Webster Booth, the Scots Kittles Band, Reg Bolton (I can go on like this for hours), the Four Hillbillies, Sydney Kyte's Band with Gerald Fitzgerald, Diana Miller, Billy Reid's Band and artists (let me know if you're weakening), John Reynards and his B.B.C. Orchestra, and Stroud and his Newsboys.

That, at the moment, is all.
Give you forty-two guesses who's in charge of production.
Wrong. It's Warwick Ward. You remember him opposite Lyra de Putti in Vaudeville? Emil Jannings murdered him in that, but didn't, fortunately, injure his excellent sense of timing and cinema.
It's good to see him back on the floor, even if only in a producing capacity.

No Room
- I haven't, of course, left room to tell you properly about the other two. The Wembly one hasn't even a title yet, anyway, but it's an exciting Irish story, about which I hope to tell you more next week.

The Teddington one is The Lie Detector, starring Nicholas Hannen, who has had it coming to him for a long time, and Barry Mackay, and with them are Henry Oscar, who never fails to turn in an interesting performance, Kathleen Kelly, Daphne Raglan, Ross Landon, and Edward Chapman.

A very good cast, and a good idea—a murder mystery in which great use is made of the lie detector used by the police in criminal work.
Maurice Elvey is directing it. If you've never seen Maurice direct you've missed half the fun of filmland. He puts on a first-class show—often better than the actors.
WOMEN know what they think of Leslie Howard. But do they know what he thinks of them? This being the doubtful case, it's high time they did. And surely there could not be a better time. For, naturally enough, the throbbing question comes up as you find the warmly admired English actor even more than ordinarily sensitive to feminine charms in his latest picture, *It's Love I'm After*, in which he plays an amorous actor.

Here he is, then, making frantic love first to one girl then another, not in his own words but by quoting from parts he has played.

"It's just a burlesque of the matinee idol," the disarming Mr. Howard smilingly assures you.

"In the second place, it's a bit of fun at the expense of the worshipful girl who works herself into a soulful state and gets dizzy looking up at her idol without ever suspecting he is quite capable of letting her down with a hard bump. It's really a lesson to her."

Serene in his corrective frame of mind, Mr. Howard lets himself down into a chair, comfortably fills and lights his pipe, then complacently stretches out his slender length.

"In a sense," explains this amiable iconoclast, "it's a debunking of the film idol to feminine fans."

"It is said, let us hope not in vain, that pictures aim always to be educational. Of course, the matinee idol no longer exists. Drovers of people don't wait outside stage doors for him.

"To-day it is only for the film star they endure similar hardship. What induces this cheerful strain on the patience and the feet I am unable to explain."

"It may be a particular actor's genius for exhibitionism which, unfortunately, is hopelessly lacking in me. I haven't the gift. But there are certain people who are definitely actors, born to be exhibitionists. They no doubt get great pleasure out of it."

"I've never got any particular pleasure out of films, merely an occasionally vicarious satisfaction through audiences accepting one of mine, and that's only second-hand, isn't it? I got into the profession by accident, and now I am anxious to get out."

Hardly able to believe your ears, you exclaim at this unexpected revelation.

"It was simply that, as a youngster," he explains, "I ran a dramatic society and was interested in various details of producing plays. I never saw myself as an actor then, and never thought of myself as one now.

"I've had a sort of success, within limitations. I'll probably go on acting, but I'd prefer to produce. The trouble is that people are sceptical about a person's breaking out of one department into another.

"I expect to play again on the New York stage, but not this autumn. I've got one thing arranged for, the film production of Bowles' *Prince Charlie*, in England, and I shall return to London, as I am financially interested in the venture.

"If it turns out well I will continue to produce pictures there from time to time, and, I suppose, play in them."

But I shall act in Hollywood pictures pretty much as I have been doing. For the present, at least, acting is all I have to sell."

In your artless way you ask Mr. Howard whether he considers the actor he now is playing to be typical.

"I should hate to think it!" he desperately protests. "I hardly believe he could be regarded as a truthful portrait."

"While some actors may possibly be capable of paraphrasing their lines in making love to women off the stage I shouldn't imagine it would work very well."

"In such case the woman would be too clever for him and quickly detect the actor behind the lover. But I think women fall in love with the character they see rather than with the actor."

"They think it's the actor, but it's really the character. If the same actor should later play a perfectly revolting part they'd hate him. A woman follows him from part to part with passionate devotion, then regretfully says: 'I guess I made a mistake,' when he plays an unsympathetic part. If we all had to rely on that sort of thing, most of us wouldn't be working."

When you wonder if "that sort of thing" ever has happened to Mr. Howard, he takes a contemplative pull at his pipe and relates:

"Strangely enough, I've been getting letters at regular intervals from a woman in Massachusetts for the past three years or more. They are signed only with her first name and do not give her address."

"Always she evinces a great interest in my welfare, but says nothing about her own. Hers strikes me as a pathetic case. I've no idea whether she's married or single, though I imagine her to be a spinster. Or it may be she takes a maternal interest in me."

"Whatever her reason for writing, it is apparently her only means of self-expression, the one outlet for her emotions. I take it she is that most forlorn of creatures, a lonely soul, one who has nothing in life."

"Women of that kind must fasten on someone.
WOMEN are EXCITING . . .

Who courageously compares English and American girls in this outspoken interview. With equal frankness he also discusses stellar exhibitionism, movie matinée idols and his own plans in an interview with Charles CARNTON

But it's usually a very young girl who writes letters to actors out of her incoherent sentimentality. Yet there's no doubt that the big draw of pictures is based on the emotional appeal they make to women. Curiously, it is women who create both male and female screen idols. This doesn't mean any morbid, unnatural attitude to the actress. "It's simply that women see themselves embodied in her. But we mustn't forget, aside from this essentially personal attitude, that there is a vast legitimate audience which finds the main thing, the real value, not in mere personality, but in the picture as a whole. "There are only a few actors who have mass appeal—which has nothing whatever to do with artistry. Personality is no more than an individual quality to be found in any walk of life."

As Mr. Howard, warm to his subject, throws off any slightest suggestion of cold British reserve, you are emboldened to throw discretion to the winds by asking what quality in a woman most appeals to him. "With me," he doesn't hesitate to say, "charm in a woman comes first, is most appealing. Of course, every man is affected by beauty. But as men get older they grow blind to it. It becomes a matter of weariness.

No man can go on with just a succession of beautiful faces—the optic nerve wears out! I imagine there is a certain curve in the ratio of beauty which, to the masculine eye, dwindles down to deep and abiding boredom. At first sight, to be sure, beauty is a terrific thing. "If hits a man right between the eyes, leaving him stunned with admiration. 'Gad,' he'll marvel, 'that's a lovely girl!' But next day, seeing her again, he turns away with the perplexing thought: 'Odd what an empty face that girl has, perhaps in keeping with her vacuous mind.' He easily may be wrong, but there you are!"

And there you are, or will be, my proud beauty. Should you by any chance repeat your attempt to dazzle Leslie Howard with a brilliant façade beneath a moron roof.

"America has more extremely exciting females than England," he continues. "The American girl, if you find the right kind, is a very lively person, an amusing companion with a stimulating sense of humour. She has a wonderful personality.

"Here men do not have to look so far for beauty as they do in England. There pulchritude is not on so high a scale, so they have to seek other attractive qualities in their women. "Mere beauty is very deceptive and probably explains a great many hasty marriages. But I think the women of both countries have the same serious faults.

"These," he chivalrously adds, "are mostly created by men. They demand certain things of their women to enhance, as they firmly believe, their attractiveness.

'Everyone says America is a woman's country. If so, the American man has made it so deliberately done what the Englishman would not do.'
You stoutly demand the reason.
"The American man," he answers, "wants to do all the work, so the American girl lets him do it.
What the English girl lacks in smartness she has to make up in efficiency.
"She takes a much larger share in the work. There's more team work. An Englishman," grins the immediate representative of his practical race, "suspects his wife if she's just pretty. He wants her also to be useful.

"This, of course, is not true of the leisure class. A woman belonging to it is almost a type of her own, arresting, distinguished, the tall, slim, aristocratic sort.
"It always has been considered vulgar by a certain English society woman to be too dolled up.
"She can be dowdy without losing caste. But in America no woman dares be dowdy. The American man wouldn't stand for it.
"It may be that in England name and position have something to do with it. If a woman is the daughter of a duke it doesn't matter how she looks."

American versus English beauty, Above: Carole Lombard and right, our own Evelyn Laye.
A LOT has happened to Katharine Hepburn since she stepped on to the set of A Bill of Divorcement. Here's the whole stormy story, told in the headlines she has created.

KATHARINE HEPBURN, Young Turk of the Talkies, has been front-page "news" ever since she stormed Hollywood by shock tactics way back in 1932.

Off the screen, a tall, angular, red-headed girl whose complete disregard of feminine dress fashion does not detract from a vivid and intelligent personality, this 30-year-old daughter of a Connecticut doctor has through the magic of the movie camera become one of the most famous figures in the world—and one of the most controversial.

Affecting to shun publicity, she has had more printed about her than most stars. The mystery of the real Hepburn, however, is still unsolved. Perhaps you will be able to create a composite portrait from this headline-history of the star—the facts of her screen life, told as they appeared on the front pages in the last five years:

1932
JUNE. Announce that comparatively unknown actress named Katharine Hepburn has been signed for role of "Sidney" in A Bill of Divorcement. Newcomer arrives in film city with red hair done in atrocious coiffure and with unlovely red eye, the result of cinder. Appalled studio executives rush her off to hairdresser and not till late that night is she able to ask timidly if she may see doctor to have cinder removed from eye.

Girl is stated to be 16-million-dollar heiress, but declines to answer questions of such reporters as are interested regarding birthplace, social position and early life. Gossip note, however, that she spends evenings at Pickfair, while funny hats make locals laugh.

New hand goes to work on film and amazes studio by talking like imperious John Barrymore, star of picture and king of Radio lot, but executives are impressed by "rushing."

SEPTEMBER. Screen "Sidney" hailed by Hollywood critics and success of Hepburn as first girl ever to rise to screen stardom in one picture. One story is headed "Better come back Garbo, Katharine Hepburn's here."

Spectacular discovery is not on hand to receive congratulations having left Hollywood on completion of shooting after declaring: "I never saw such incompetence in my life. I don't know if I want to do any more pictures, but if I do I'll have to see a lot more signs of sense than has been shown on this one."

Following frantic telegrams from studio offering three times the previously mentioned salary, Katharine signs five-year contract stipulating unheard of terms for newcomer, including two pictures a year minimum, and sail for Vienna. Writers remark on her astuteness as business woman and point out further Garbo parallel in her ability to say "I think I go home."

1933
JANUARY. Hepburn returns to Hollywood and sets out to startle the rustics. Eccentricities of new star become the talk of the town. Arrives at studio one day in luxury car and wearing patched dungarees. Later seen driving in battered truck and wearing expensive fur coat over dungarees.

Conflicting statements continue in newspapers regarding actress's origin. Some state she is married and has two children in New York. Columnist raises doubts regarding 16-million-dollar heiress legend.

MARCH. Actress co-poses that there is no truth in dollar princess story. Says that she has been confused with other Hepburn. Adds, expansively, that she doesn't think she looks like Garbo and denies that she is "doing a Garbo" in her private life. Accused of giving conflicting stories to the Press concerning her background.

JULY. Star starts work on Morning Glory. Rumours of studio incidents between actress and Director Lowell Sherman, who orders set locked one morning after star allegedly made habit of being late for her calls.

MARCH. Hepburn discovers missing dungarees next day, tastefully hung in a golden frame.

Minor panic in the studio when famous dungarees are stolen from dressing room. Hepburn finds her missing dungarees next day, tastefully hung in a golden frame.

MORNINGS. Morning Glory proves most triumphant Hepburn performance to date. Adolphe Menjou predicts that Katharine will be greatest star on the screen within a year. 149,854 people pay over $20,000 in one week to see film at Radio City Music Hall. Fervent publicity department compares her with Ellen Terry, Duse and Bernhardt.

Interviewed in London on the phenomenon, Sir Cedric Hardwicke says he does not like her voice, does not think she is a great actress and doubts if she will ever be very popular in this country.

NOVEMBER. Rumours are revived that Katharine Hepburn is married to Ludlow Smith, a New York attorney.

Right: Hepburn's habit of wearing dungarees and a fur coat startled the Hollywood rustics.

The star with Fay Bainter in her latest picture, "Quality Street." Centre: With Hubert Hardwicke, John Barrymore and Billie Burke in "A Bill of Divorcement."
brother, and are met with silence from star. Meanwhile even the most alert columnists are unable to link her name with those of the eligible Hollywood bachelors. One report that even charms of both Gary Cooper and Joel McCrea have failed to make an impression.

**DECEMBER.** The secret is out. Katie confesses to having been married to Ludlow Smith since 1928, adding that she considers her private life her own. It is revealed that they had met while girl was in her final year at college and were married at the Hepburn home on December 12, six months after her graduation.

**1934 JANUARY.** Katherine scores another spectacular success in the role of "Jo" in *Little Women.* Red-headed rebel is now riding on the crest of the wave.

With Hollywood honours thick upon her, star storms Broadway theatre world in stage play, *The Lake.* Piece collapses after only a few nights, amid heavy bombardment from Broadway wits. Dorothy Parker looses crushing epigram: Hepburn runs through the entire gamut of the emotions from A to B."

George Kaufman, asked why Katharine has sheeted up in the wings so that rest of us can't see her, completes Hepburn out with devastating wicrack, "She's afraid she might catch acting."

**MARCH.** Star arrives at Plymouth in French liner *Paris*, having travelled from New York without emerging from cabin, except for one appearance in black trousers.

Remains behind locked doors during stay of vessel in British port and refuses to accept telegrams from her employers inviting her to spend a few days in England. Mystery act followed by disappearance trick at Le Havre. Actress turns up in French capital two days later, however, to deny that she is contemplating divorce.

Further sensation is caused when she secretly boards *Paris* and sails for New York after only four days in France. Meanwhile, Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences selects her performance in *Morning Glory* as the best given by an actress in 1933.

**APRIL.** Star temporarily abandons hush-hush methods on arrival in New York. Reporters find her amiable and gay. She emphatically denies reports of domestic troubles.

Hepburn, nevertheless, is suffering inevitable reaction to her success and her public caprices. She is attacked on all sides by film scribes, concerning her attitude to Press and public, and her refusal to face newspaper cameras. Eccentricities are described as exhibitionism and among other things she is accused of engaging a tailor to sew those prominent patches on the famous overalls.

**1935 MAY.** Hepburn, accompanied by her friend Laura Harding, arrives in Merida, Mexico, and, under the name of Katharine Smith, files suit for divorce against Ludlow Ogden Smith, Mr. Smith tells reporters: "I don't expect that Katharine would interfere in my career, so why should I interfere in hers."

"Unrestricted" divorce follows within few days, giving parties immediate freedom.

**JULY.** Actress signs new contract to make six films in three years at $10,000 a film. It is announced that the first will be *The Little Minister.*

**OCTOBER.** Denies charges of Upton Sinclair, candidate in election for Governorship of California that pressure has been put upon her by studio to vote against him.

**1936 FEBRUARY.** Hollywood wonder who will win clash of temperament when Hepburn and Francis Lederer get together on the set for *Break of Hearts,* in which they are scheduled to co-star.

**MARCH.** A few days after film goes into production Charles Boyer replaces Lederer in part.

**MAY.** Studio buys Compton Mackenzie's *Sylvia Scarlett* for its Number One Star.

**JULY.** Film colony writers notice remarkable change of front on part of star; attribute new friendliness to influence of friendship with Boyer, though stressing there is no romance.

**NOVEMBER.** Hepburn's name linked with that of her manager, Leland Hayward, when their 'plane makes forced landing in Pittsburgh. Reports seem to indicate that Hepburn may marry again; is at St. Louis if he were still her manager, snapped back, "No, I'm only her husband." At Pittsburgh he reverses statement, saying, "I'm not her husband. I'm only her manager."

**1937 JANUARY.** Star returns to Hollywood to start work in title role of *Mary of Scotland.*

**MARCH.** Comment caused in film circles by headline sensation of star in closing *Mary of Scotland* set to Florence Eldridge, wife of her co-star, Fredric March.

**MAY.** *Mary of Scotland* completed. Film said to have cost more than a million dollars and to be the most expensive made by Radio for several years.

**JUNE.** Whispers in inner circles that owing to recent Hepburn slump at box office, studio chiefs have urged upon her to cut out the Garbo technique and turn a bright new smiling face to the Press.

**AUGUST.** *Mary of Scotland* gets a bad Press in England. Star has narrow escape when she fell into stream while making a scene for *A Woman Rebels.*

**JANUARY.** Headlines scream that Howard Hughes, millionaire film producer and aviator, will wed Katharine Hepburn in Chicago, where she is playing in *Jane Eyre* on stage. Thousands of fans besiege couple in their hotel and police have to be sent for. Star issues statement from her room, "I don't deny anything, I don't attack anything and I'll see anyone." Two days later further sensation is caused when irate star kicks girl reporter in pants and slashes out at cameramen with tennis racquet.

**FEBRUARY.** Reported in New York that Katharine Hepburn and Howard Hughes are secretly married.

**MARCH.** Film colony chuckles over news that Hepburn is to make *Stage Door,* playing part originated on Broadway by Margaret Sullavan, who in now Mrs. Leland Hayward. Fans, however, welcome star's return to modern drama after orgy of costume pictures.

**AUGUST.** Announced that Howard Hughes is contemplating returning to film production, with Katharine Hepburn as his chief star.
After being "Calamity Jane" in "The Plainsman," and a super secretary in "More Than a Secretary," Jean joins the "crazy" comedy craze in "Easy Living." She was eleventh in a recent British popularity ballot.
I

If you were to ask me what film player is most inti-
mately known to the people of America, I should be
inclined to side-step Greta Garbo, Shirley Temple, Clark
Gable and the rest of 'em, and plunge for Jack Benny.

Not that he's well known in films as stars go, I dar' say if
you asked a hundred British picturegoers the name of Jack
Benny's latest film you'd get a frozen glance and perhaps a
hostile "Who's Jack Benny?"

His seven or eight screen appearances have failed to raise him to
the heights of film fame.

But America knows him, and
ho-v!

Every Sunday evening, his brief
holidays excepted, he goes
"on the air" for half an hour,
and the American nation, or
quite a generous chunk of it, drops everything it happens to be
doing at the time and gathers round its wireless set.

For this job o' work Mr. Benny is paid the handsome
stipend of $156,000 a year. Mind you, he doesn't have that as
spending money. Uncle Sam quietly takes back 80 per cent.
of it in super-tax, so that all poor Jack gets for his trouble is
a miserable $31,200 a year.

$600-odd for half an hour on
the air. But wait a bit! It
isn't quite such a cinch as all that.

I met him in London last week, on vacation, and asked him what his film plans were.

I "have so little time for motion-pictures," he protested.

"But surely, if you only go on the air for half
an hour a week—" I suggested.

"Ah, but it's different from a vaudeville
comic's job," he pointed out. "He can work up
a single act and play it for months, perhaps years.
We've got to do an entirely new pro-
gramme every Sunday, or else—"

"It takes me all my time, with the help of the
two boys I have writing for me and my hand-
leader, to work up the material for each Sunday.
While I'm broadcasting I don't have any time at
all to do anything else."

That explains why he's been seen in so few
films of late, as he made his first one nine
years ago—in 1928.

"Do you find it very difficult to think up
fresh material?" I asked.

"It depends sometimes we go along for
weeks and months, and then we strike a bad
patch, and it becomes real hard work.

"Now and then I've had a stroke of luck, like my war with Fred Allen, which kept us
going for quite a while.

"It started as an accident. We've got a gem
that for years I've been trying to play my fiddle
on the air and nobody's let me. Well, it
happened that Fred Allen, who broadcasts for a
rival programme, took a fancy to my fiddle
on his pro-
gramme, and when the kid finished Fred said
'Very good! Jack Benny ought to be ashamed of
himself."

"The following week I got back at him, and
that started our 'fight' which kept us in material
for a long time.

"But the radio in America isn't radio any
more. It's just commercial exploitation. The
sponsors never worry about how good or how
bad a broadcast is. The only question is, 'How
many tubes, cans, sacks, or cartons of the
product were sold this week?'

"They also, he tells me, have a comic sort of
system whereby they check up the popularity of
a certain radio star.

"In various broadcasting periods in the
day they have said a hundred people in a
city and ask them whom they're listening to.

"If ten out of the hundred say "Jack Benny,"
they reckon that in a city of 85,000 inhabitants
he has 8,500 fans."

By this somewhat chancy, hit-or-miss
method it has been estimated that Jack's Sunday
night congregation (except that, of course, they
don't congregate) numbers about 2,800,000
people—which explains my remark that he is
pretty well known.

But imagine a British listener called from his
radio to the 'phone to answer foul questions!
Jack himself says he can estimate the size
of his following better by the number of people
who roll up to his "personal appearances."

Benny has none of the earmarks of a famous
comedian. For one thing, he doesn't look
particularly goofy. Most comedians in their
off-stage moments give the impression that
their rich uncle in Australia has died and left all his
money to the Cats' Home.

Mr. Benny merely looks immaculate and
imperturbable. In build, colouring, and cast of
conenance he reminds me a little of Charles
Laughton—say a modified Laughton.

His voice is surprising for a native of Wauke-
gan, Illinois, being soft and with hardly a trace
of accent; his shirt also is a little surprising,
being dark green and immorally expensive-
looking. But then on thirty thousand a year
I expect one is entitled to let one's fancy roam
in the matter of haberdashery.

By the way, let it not be thought that I am
suggesting Mr. Benny has only one shirt;
this happens to be the one I caught him in.

When I met him at 12.50 p.m. he remarked
that he had not yet breakfasted, and that this
was a pity as he couldn't have a drink; and,
believe it or not, this was the nearest approach
to a wisecrack that passed his lips. Maybe,
like the drinks, they come after breakfast.

Anyway, the routine seems to suit him; he has
had a remarkable rise from obscurity.

When he left school he helped in his father's
haberdashery shop, which may have given him
his eclectic taste in shirts; but this didn't appeal
to Jack nearly as much as playing the violin,
which he did at all hours and places, eventually
forming a small orchestra to play at school
dances.

Deciding to turn professional, he worked as
theatre doorman, and then as property man
before being allowed into the orchestra pit.

Then he and a piano-play-
ing friend joined forces and
boxed in vaudeville for
four years, until the Great
War broke that up and he
enlisted in the Navy with the idea of seeing the
world through a porthole—only to be posted to the
Navy Relief Society to raise money for the
sailors by playing his violin.

His first appearance as a bold sailor-
man was at Great Lakes, where his fiddling
was rewarded with plenty of applause but no money.

So he tucked his fiddle under his arm and
began to joke with the audience; and twenty
minutes later his hat went round again—and
was filled with money.

That incident decided Jack's career; after the
War his fiddle spent more time under his arm
than under his chin, and he made his name as a
first-class stage monologist and compère.

Actually he had played in three pictures—
Hollywood Review of 1929, Chasing Rainbows, and
The Medicine Man—before he stayed, almost
by chance, into radio.

That was three years ago; and in that short
time he has become the most popular personality
on the American air.

If you saw him as the "keyhole reporter" in
Broadway Melody of 1937, you'll realise he can be
no less impressive on the screen—in the right part.

Unfortunately, most of his roles have not been
"right"; but in his latest, Artists and Models, we
shall catch another characteristic glimpse of the
man who can make nearly three million Americans
turn a knob.

---

**Going, going . . .**

She was a good wife as good wives go, and as
unto go she went, as William Powell
might have said in his article on wives in the
"Picturegoer Summer Annual." At any rate,
he tells you nearly everything else.

"We don't claim that the " Picturegoer Summer
Annual" is quite as good as a good wife—but this
marvellous-value, 100-page number is going fast.

If you haven't got your copy, you'd better hurry.

Do it now.
The new CUTEX Polish

gives you

More Manicures per Bottle

Tests prove that, unlike ordinary polishes, Cutex resists evaporation—is usable to the last drop. It applies easier... makes your finger-tips glamorous and lovely. In your choice of 19 smart shades including the soft, "smoky" tones that everyone admires. Made in Great Britain.

CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

New Stars . . .

New Postcards

New THRILLS!

Are you up to date with your film knowledge? Here are two rising stars from "Picturegoer" Salon's wonderful new issue of 23 glossy postcards of film favorites. Can you say "No" to that irresistible "bad child" of the screen—Carte Sue Collins, or to exotic Dorothy Lamour (soon to be seen in some remarkable new films). Send immediately—and don't forget to check whether your album is up to date, from the latest list of new cards below.

**5'' ALBUM FREE**

By joining the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club you can obtain liberal Discounts on your future orders, and in addition you will receive a 5'' Album FREE. This magnificent book, which holds 100 cards, is beautifully bound and resembles real snakeskin, and is worth £1.00. If you wish you can obtain a super De Luxe Album in Blue Rexine. Decide now to be a member of this happy postcard club. To join, send an order for not less than one dozen postcards at the regular price of 2/6 per dozen.

Choose your cards from the list given below, or include the names of well-known stars. Real photos 3d. each, 2/6 dozen. On sale to members and non-members alike. Liberal discounts on picture orders for Club Members. The latest list of nearly 2,000 cards sent free on request.

**SEPIA GLOSSY**—Jennie Matthews, Coral Lambard, Alton Skipworth, Deanna Durbin, Helen Mack, Marsha Hunt, Eric Blore, James Gleason, Paul Kelly, Cura Sue Collins, Dorothy Lamour, Lily Milton, Joseph Calleia, Jesse Travis, Barbara Read, Frank Albertson, Isabel Jewell, Cecilia Parker, Norma Shearer, Elfrida Powder, Trudy Ford, Tom Tyler, Humphrey Bogart.

**COLOURGRAPH**—Paula Stewart, Norma Shearer, Errol Flynn, Mary Ellis, Oliva de Havilland.

**PARTNERS**—Evelyn and Coloured: Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur, Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman and Jane Wyatt, Robert Taylor and Greta Garbo.

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2d. TUBES

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3d. and 6d. packets or sold loose 6d. ½ lb.

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DISCOVERS

NEW AID TO LOVELINESS

"This perfectly blended combination of high-grade Foundation Cream and delicately tinted Face Powder has solved for me the problem of how to achieve a perfect complexion without the necessity of constant powdering. Because of its smooth consistency Elfrida Powder Cream works easily into the skin, giving the perfect matt finish universally desired but rarely achieved for any long period. Now that I regularly use Elfrida Powder Cream I am secure in the knowledge that I need fear no becoming stale and that my complexion will remain unaffected by extremes of temperature and the most energetic of sports."—Ena Wallis Wotton.

Elfrida

Powder Cream

Obtainable at your Chemist or wherever you buy your cosmetics. Write for booklet, "Elfrida Aids to Beauty." Elfrida Perfumery Co., Bowdon, Leeds.

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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 2d. each. Please include with my order your 5'' Postcard Album Free. I enclose 5'' extra (or 5'' extra if the album de luxe is chosen) to cover cost of postage and packing on my gift.

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BOUD three years ago we suggested that it was an opportune time to lay down the red carpet and get ready to give a big hand to a winsome and fluffy-haired little new-comer who made her debut in George White's Scandals.

The red carpet and the big hand were assuredly deserved, but somehow the name of Alice Faye did not twinkle as strongly as it should have done in the bright lights and it is only recently that the public has become properly Faye-conscious.

Her work has been consistently good, but it has not been publicised with the persistency of some other more prominent artists; her name appears frequently in the gossip columns but rarely in an article.

Supporting roles in Shirley Temple pictures have not given her great opportunities, but with Sing, Baby Sing, On the Avenue, Wake Up and Dream and In Old Chicago it looks as if she has landed the opposite the latest romantic rave, Tyrone Power.

Well, that is a big step in a few years from the chorus in her first work to the picture's where this clever little singer and dancer first started.

She was born in New York on May 5 and she went to school and studied dancing with Chester Hale, in whose famous ballet group she subsequently spent three years.

From there she joined the chorus of the Hollywood Restaurant.

She left the ballet just because she foresaw that she was going to make a fortune and by getting a position in the show business if she could do more just dance.

Faye is like that. She has ambition and the will to work for a desired end. She owes little to luck and a great deal to hard work and the way she fitted herself to the life she had chosen.

She has studied singing and by saving every penny she could from her salary she had her voice trained.

During this period she worked in the Hollywood Restaurant and later at the Palais d'Or, another night club on Broadway.

By this time she felt that she ought to appear in a legitimate and she managed to secure a position in the chorus of George White's Scandals, and it was there that chance took a hand in shaping her career to a successful mould.

Rudy Vallee and his orchestra were with the show and a friend of America's most popular crooner offered to get her an audition.

But the conscientious Miss Faye refused; she felt that she could not do herself justice. So a compromise was arranged whereby she sang on a sixpenny home-recorded disc and the friend took it to Vallee.

Vallee listened to it and promised to keep her in mind. The only fault was that she could not get herself to consider her work as good as other people thought it.

It was rather a handicap in a way, because when Hollywood beckoned she found it difficult to believe it wanted her and it is only recently that she has really felt that she is appreciated. A fact which may well be the reason why Alice Faye is fading-in to a stardom that has hitherto sheltered another.

When Fox Films decided to film George White's Scandals, it was obvious that they were going to include Rudy Vallee and equally that the torch singer should be given one song to sing in the production.

Believe me, she was duly grateful and became more so when she learned she might also include a few dance steps as well.

But the God of Chance had managed a better break for her than she could ever have imagined.

The leading role was to be taken by Lilian Harvey, and when the Anglo-German star walked out Alice Faye walked in and also walked off with a considerable share of the picture's honours.

But the publicity she got was not all to the good.

At that time Rudy Vallee and his late wife were contemplating divorce and Alice Faye, being the crooner's protegee, began to be talked of as the future Mrs. Vallee.

As is so often the case, there was plenty of smoke without fire and, braving it all, Alice appeared with Lew Ayres in She Learned About Sailors, in which she did not add much to her screen reputation.

The fact is there was still too much Broadway about Alice Faye. She was inclined to be theatrical and she had not made the most of herself in front of the camera; pretty she certainly was, but the depth of character which has become prominent lately, particularly in On the Avenue, was not apparent.

During that period, too, she has altered facially. In her early days she was always rubbing off to appear on the New York stage and the requirements there at the moment indicated plucked eyebrows, platinum blonde hair and a general effect of a caddishome "cutie."

Now she has let her eyebrows grow and her hair is darker, though naturally blonde, and the "cutie" impression has been changed to something equally lovable, but definitely more intelligent.

Alice Faye has succeeded in showing a depth of character rather than external prettiness.

In 1935 she appeared in King of Burlesque, and in a part which gave her a chance to act she began to show signs of the development which is now making her out for the highest screen honours.

She was then cast by Fox in two Shirley Temple pictures and George White's Scandals, in which she certainly appeared to advantage, but only as a background for the juvenile star.

She was presented with another handicap, too; the handicap of being compared with another actress.

Swing people began to call her a second Jean Harlow, and even now in some quarters it is suggested that she could fill the late film star's place.

It is, of course, all nonsense. Jean Harlow was a very distinct personality and as different from Alice Faye in temperament and outlook as well could be.

The main point of resemblance one imagines was that both had platinum blonde hair which can hardly be considered as a determining factor in an artiste's make-up.

No, the ex-danseuse and chorus girl is developing along a line of her own and is doing it very successfully.

When you see On the Avenue I think you will feel that I did, that the hero would have done better to take Alice Faye for his wife rather than Madeleine Carroll as he does in the story; the reason being that the former managed to build up a wholly sympathetic and understanding character which outweighed the external beauty of the latter, who was, it must be confessed, badly cast.

Real marriage does not, however, seem to enter into the scheme of things at the moment in spite of various rumours that have been current about Tony Martin, the radio and film singer.

Alice Faye, who lives quietly and simply with her mother and brother in Hollywood, does not discuss these things. She certainly goes out a lot with Tony Martin, but that is where the matter ends.

What it may develop into is nobody's business but the star's. And not even Winchell, the famous American columnist, has been able to predict anything. This is mainly because the little actress does not talk for publication and keeps discreetly silent when the columnist is in her vicinity.

Apart from her singing and her dancing, Alice Faye has no particular hobbies. She likes walking and riding, but mainly as forms of exercise.

She has an ambition to reach the stellar heights and most of her time is devoted to its achievement.
1. He's a new screen Great Lover.
2. You must know these eye-brows.
3. She likes to shock Hollywood.
4. Here's a rival to Clark Gable.
5. He once played in horse opera.
6. Hollywood wants her services.
7. A matinee idol for many years.
8. One of America's finest actresses.
9. She disproves the theory that gentlemen prefer blondes.
10. Marlene Dietrich loved him on the screen.
11. She was recently in an accident.
12. An English star who sings and dances.

So you think that you know your film favourites— their every phase and feature. If you have a photographic eye you will be able to identify the "close-ups" shown on this page. If you are in doubt, turn to page 36.
Robert Donat will be busy dealing with a new batch of Hollywood offers after the enthusiastic reception America has given “Knight Without Armour,” the film in which he co-starred with Dietrich. Donat’s film plans are rather vague at the moment of going to press, but filmgoers will wish him a speedy return to the studios.
The beginning of a great reign. The young Princess (Anna Neagle) receives the news that she is Queen of England from the Archbishop Canterbury (C. V. France) and Lord Conyngham (Hubert Harben).

The beginning of a great romance. The Queen offers a rose to the man she has chosen as her future husband, Prince Albert (Anton Walbrook).

The Queen impersonated on the screen in 'Victoria the Great', with Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook playing the Prince. The film was produced and directed by...
The film yet Wilcox.

A moment that nearly changed history—the attempted assassination of Victoria on Constitution Hill while she is out driving with Prince Albert.

Nearing the end of an epoch. The 78-years-old Queen Victoria attends her Jubilee service at St. Pauls.
SHOTS with Our CANDID CAMERA

Spend a day with our cameraman on "The Perfect Specimen" set. For a start, meet the cast: Errol Flynn, Joan Blondell, Dick Foran, May Robson, Beverly Roberts and Edward Everett Horton.

Left: Errol Flynn looks rather bored as he waits while hairdresser Ruth Pursley gives Joan Blondell's coiffure a final touch.

Right: Joan and cameraman Charles Rosher examine "light tests" of the previous day's shooting.

Above: Ah! Flynn looks happier here. The girl is, of course, Beverly Roberts. Right: Joan and Errol rehearse a scene with dialogue director Gene Lewis.
R. R.—Bristol.
I have always wanted to set my hair but, frankly, previous attempts by me had not been very successful. Then a friend of mine persuaded me to try Alura and, honestly, I have achieved what I thought was impossible. After applying the Alura to my hair I was able to place the waves in position and to make an attractive bunch of curls at the back of my head. I shall never use any other Setting Lotion but Alura.

J. B.—Liverpool.
Alura gave colour brilliance.
My hair is blonde and slightly faded, and after reading about Alura I purchased and applied Alura, Blonde, to my hair. The result was that my hair was given back its original colour brilliance, the texture was considerably improved, and I carried out quite easily a truly wonderful setting.

W. W.—Birmingham.
I have not got very much money to spare and can only afford to visit a hairdresser every few weeks; but I do like my hair to look nice, so I purchased a bottle of Alura, Natural, and I must say that by following the simple instructions my hair has become the envy of all my friends.

"Just two weeks ago my Hairdresser introduced me to Alura. This new colour wave set has given to my hair a glistening sheen and a perfection of set I would never have believed possible without actual practical proof. I can sincerely recommend Alura colour wave set to all who wish to attain exceptional hair loveliness at a minimum cost. Remember, a shilling bottle of Alura in any of its five colours gives you 15 perfect wave sets."

(Signed) June Clyde.

You too can have "a glistening sheen and a perfection of set" by buying Alura Colour Wave Set and following the concise directions on the bottle. In a few minutes your hair will have deep luxuriant waves, fascinating curls, and alluring colour beauty.

N. B.—Guaranteed harmless Alura also improves the natural curl or permanent wave.

Alura NATURAL for Platinum, Bleached or White Hair. For added Colour Brilliance ask for Alura in any of the five colours: Blonde, Brown, Light Chestnut, Auburn, Black. From CHEMISTS and HAIRDRESSERS everywhere, if any difficulty in obtaining send P.O. for 1/3 stating colour required, to address below.
CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams, with permission of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

From now on—no. That’s all we have to say right, sons.

Harvey sat up, staring at the closed door, long after his father had gone. The immediate result of his strange, chastened manner, however, proved not so alarming, after all. Mr. Cheyne decided to go on a cruise and take Harvey with him. He was not to have a tutor. From now on Harvey and his father would have plenty of opportunity to talk things over.

The first days on board the Queen Anne, bound for Liverpool, passed quite well. Mr. Cheyne, generally at hand, showed an unwanted readiness to answer his son’s questions. Thick fog having descended, Harvey wanted to know why, since ships communicated with each other by wireless, the fog horn was being continually sounding.

“We’re off the Grand Banks now,” Mr. Cheyne explained. There are a lot of small fishing boats out there; too small to have a radio. They don’t want to hit any of them.

“I bet this boat could go right through one of them,” Harvey opened. Five minutes later his father left to send a telegram. Harvey, having tried unsuccessfully to cut into a couple of junior’s game of clock golf, took himself off to have ice-cream sodas. Having put away half-dozen of these to show his acquaintances what he could do, he was obliged rather hurriedly to seek the deck. He was, in fact, hiding on the outside of a lifeboat from the two youngsters who had followed him, predicting, from his greenish complexion, dire consequences of his indulgence, when he fell down into the lap of Mother Ocean and knew nothing more.

He gradually hearing the unaccustomed sound of a conch shell being blown—in lieu, though he did not know it, of a foghorn. Gradually the other senses awakened. He was lying in a bunk and a big negro was holding over him with a cup of coffee.

“Hi! You’re awake, is you?” he remarked in a kindly burr.

“Did you pull me out of the water?”

“Noo. Manuel fished you up and brought you aboard the Queen Anne in his dory. ‘I’m the cook.’

“I’ve got to see the captain,” Harvey demanded. Without a "thank you," he hurried into his things, which had been dried after a fashion, and went on deck. The fishing schooner We’re Here, with its crew, its quantities of rope, its masts and sails, was something upon which he had never set foot. With difficulty he reached Captain Disko, who was about working with the nets. Well set-up, with bushy eyebrows, and a solemn look, the elder Mr. Cheyne, he said, without moving his pipe:

“How are you feeling today?”

“How long would it take you to get to Europe? I want to go there. I have to meet my father.”

“Pls. I’m afraid it can’t be done... No, nor New York either. We’re working off the Grand Banks. That’s where we’re going, Woonsocket, Massachusetts. We’ll take you there when we’re through fishing.”

Harvey tried to catch a fish. (Continued on page 26)
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CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS—continued

"My father’s Frank Burton Cheyne. He’s rich. He can buy his fish as you ever saw him. He practically owns the boat I fell off." This was no use either. Captain Disko, calling Dan, his son of eleven, told him to take Harvey below and give him some seaworthy clothes.

Harvey, coming up on deck on the portside, saw the crew at a long trestle, cutting and cleaning fish in pairs of brine. Meanwhile men in the dory alongside, flying up co’ and halibut, added to the glistering pile from which the cutters helped themselves.

One man, with a whimsical, strong face, topped by a mass of curly black hair, held the knife poised as he saw Harvey.

"Ah Harvey!" he demanded. "Can you ever eat fish?"

All hands were laughter. They all knew Harvey could eat fish.

But Harvey at the moment had no use for the Portuguese who had hauled him back from death.

"Hey!" he demanded of Captain Harvey. "You know what you’re doing? You’re losing all these fish and stuff we get going? I tell you I have to find more of them."

"Take it easy on the salt, Henry," Disko addressed one of the men, and added: "We shall be heading into Gloucester in about three months’ time, son. We’ll help you find your folks."

"But I want to get going right away."

"Now, look here, son, I don’t blame you none, and you wouldn’t me if you weren’t upset. It wouldn’t be fair to gambol two weeks’ good fishing against a yard about your daddy—even suppose he was half what you say. But I’m a fair-minded man, and while you’re aboard I’ll take you wages. Three dollars a month."

"Three dollars?"

"Now come on. Start helping Dan with them cod livers. Here’s a pair of gloves."

"You think I’d do that?"

Regardless of Manuel, who had come up with a "Here—here. Get down to it. They won’t hurt you, the little fish."

Harvey completely lost his temper. "I’m not going to work on this boat. I’m not and no one can make me. You’re a lot of kiddnaps, and when I get off this boat I’ll get my father to put you all in gaol," he raged.

"Now thing of which he was aware was a clout which sent him flying. "You hit me!" he gasped when he had picked himself up.

"You lie there and think about it," the captain counselled. Harvey thought about it till supper-time, when he realised he was hungry. The schooner was riding a gentle swell in the moonlight. Captain Disko appeared by the masthead.

"Now then, son, you might as well start learning a few things. You see that gurry of fish heads. When you’ve love all the heads overside you can come below and eat. Until you do, you get nothing."

"I’m not going to eat, either."

"Just as you may about that."

Left to himself, Harvey dealt with the hunger problem with fair success, until Manuel, with the curvy head, appeared at the hatch.

He heard Harvey say to one of the crew: "Ah, the supper! She is great to-night. Olyan Cookie has fish-fakes just like stars," before starting to haul a lantern to the mast.

"Say, look! You couldn’t get me some food, could you?" Harvey said, brightening, if you want to market me."

"Get away from me! I break your neck."

"Do you want to be a kidnapper?"

"Shut your face."

"You’re just as bad as the rest of them."


Not for Harvey to know that Manuel had an added reason to his considerable good nature for wanting the latest member of the crew to do a job of work. Talk at supper in the fo’c’s’le had largely consisted of Harvey, and the bad men honored by his being taken aboard as passenger. Long Jack, a spare fellow, with a green face and a somewhat wild eye, related an instance of how two men on the schooner Orinoco had been killed and hardly a load of fish caught, all because a passenger had been taken aboard. Newfoundlander Harvey said that it was Manuel.

"He’s a passenger, I tell you," Captain Disko had insisted. "It stands to reason, if I’m paying him his wages, he’s a member of the crew."

Argument none the less had continued. Finally, it had been decided that, as Manuel had been responsible for the intrusion, he should be the one to see that Harvey qualified for full membership to the crew by doing a job or work.

"How far is it to New York?"

Harvey unknown to this was saying, ignoring the pull and mop. "You get out one of those small boats and row me to New York."

Manuel seemed to contemplate the idea. "Uh! You and me in a dory," he said at last, "rowing!"

"That’s right. You, on row. I’ve been taught at school."

"Now you clean up this deck,” Manuel said coaxingly. "You want the chance to look nice, eh?"

"It’s a dirty, rotten little boat. I wouldn’t even sit in."

"Sap, his a ship, We’re Here is the finest schooner out from Gloucester.

... Well, noah, for the last time, you get to work, or no."

"I’m having nothing more to do with you."

"Whoa! Hey, where are you hiding?"

Harvey, full of hysterical strength, was making a determined effort to lower one of the dories. Manuel tried to stop him. He seized an oar, and Manuel had to dodge the blow. The oars were all going, under Manuel’s grip, the oar was no longer a weapon.

"To New York. I’m going to get away from here. Let me go."

"You put down that oar! Oh, you’re bad luck all right! Now strong with me, you can do it as long as you can."

Willy-nilly, Harvey felt the terrors rising.

"Cry baby, too?" he challenged.

"I am not," Harvey relaxing his strong grip, made a look of dignity. "Now look," Manuel was saying, "You still want rowing to New York?"

"You still hungry?"

"Yes."

"Then come here. This time Harvey made no resistance. Manuel’s hands seized his small ones, closed them round a fish head, and he was rowing it over the rail. "Now—you can go below and eat," Manuel allowed. He followed Harvey into the "We’re Here’s" galley. "You can do some work," he pronounced.

"I did not," Harvey was quick to assure him.

"Well, you clean something off deck—no? That was work."

"It’s fine. Captain Disko encouraged. "Sit here, son. How did ya get him to do it, Manuel?"

"Ah, he do everything for me! Maybe break my leg, too."

Harvey wasn’t listening. Never mind. His life had been so thing so tempting as the thick wedge of bread and butter he was handed. With respect restored after supper, he went on deck. Someone on the roof of the cabin forward, in sight of the wheel, was playing the hurdy-gurdy. Harvey saw that it was Manuel.

The weather’s nice now," Harvey voluble, though not even feeling one ought to say something, even to a fisherman.

"Yes, till you came up. I’m keeping watch. You go look for an iceberg or something."

"Is that so? Where is there in watching just sitting about and singing? Seems like a holey to me. I bet I know a lot of things you don’t. I bet you can’t speak French."

"Right now, I sorry I speak English when Manuel resumed singing with a detachment irritating to Harvey. "You can’t write songs."

"I don’t. I find them in my mouth. That’s the best kind of songs when you feel good inside and like—well, like a trade wind when they just come out. Sometimes a song so big and sweet inside he would just look at the stars and cry. I feel so good. Don’t you never feel like this? I guess you don’t.”

"No one else ever did, either."

"Say, when my father was alive, he say to me, when I was a little kid, he had a beautiful inside. He was the best fisherman in whole Madera islands."

"Well, I guess that’s not so much. I mean he didn’t do much for you."

He didn’t leave you anything."

"No. What you father do? Harvey was about to explain all the things a real father could do, when Manuel called to the captain, who was coming through the deck."

"Captain Disko! That’s Jennie Cushman coming now under our stern. She come, make you happy, I think."

I might have known it," the captain replied, "the woman who’s that’s the Jennie Cushman, and her noney long topsmarts pryn’ into our wake."

Harvey was pushed aside as Captain Disko, followed by the crew, collected at the rail.

"Hey, there, on the Cushman! Where’s you going for, a skipper you got aboard? Voices came from the schooner running long. Conversation between skipper and skipper followed, in which Harvey was not greatly interested. He gathered, however, that Cushman was furious with Walt Cushman for sailing into his wake every time he went by Gloucester.

Furthermore, Captain Disko swore he’d have a good hold and be tied down tight by the first, while Walt would be floundering round trying to catch fish. For this reason the crew had orders to steer a new course which would keep the We’re Here’s lead on the Cushman.

With the impression that everyone round about wasriveted to Manuel’s fate, despite Manuel’s urge for him to go below, went to sleep on deck. He woke up to see near Long Jack talking about him.

"So that’s your tub of poison, Manuel. You tuck him up as if he was a baby."

"What d’y mean?" Manuel answered, pulling away his coat and hauling Harvey up. "This foolish kid he bother me with. I just went to sleep. I look everywhere for my coat; he steal it, maybe."

Half-asleep, he realised something that, awake, he wouldn’t have been capable of realising twenty-four hours ago. He had been unkind to Manuel, who had saved him from drowning. He had been kind to putting his coat over him, and was hiding the fact from the crew.

Timidly Harvey came to Manuel at the rail, who was letting down a line. "Th-thank you for covering me up with your coat and everything," he said.

NEXT WEEK.

How will Manuel respond to this overture? On board the Cushman, though there is much occasion for laughter, Harvey’s voyage is carried to a dramatic and poignant close.
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REVIEWS

by Lionel Collier

KING SOLOMON'S MINES

EFOREEY BARKAS is to be congratulated on the excellent African "atmosphere" he obtains in this picturisation of Rider Haggard's novel. The best thing about the film is the way the authentic setting has been blended with the location shots in this country. The effect is wholly convincing.

There is plenty of excitement in the story itself which has been capably directed, but there are one or two snags which prevent the picture from being wholly satisfactory.

In the first place Cedric Hardwicke is much too saturnine and pompous to be an ideal Alan Quatermaine, the rough hunter of the novel. If one did not know the book one might quite easily expect him to turn out to be the villain of the piece.

Secondly, the introduction of songs of a negro spiritual order for Paul Robeson as a Zulu, Umbopa, hold up the action and certainly do not add to the conviction of the piece as a whole.

It takes rather a long time getting into its stride, but when it does the development is interesting and generally holds one's attention.

John Loder has little to do but look picturesque as Sir Henry Curtis, who with Alan Quatermaine, Commander Good, R.N., Umbopa and Kathy O'Brien discover the mines of King Solomon, are nearly massacred by a native tribe and trapped in the mines which besides diamonds contain a volcano.

Anna Lee is fair as Kathy—I cannot remember her existence in the book—but her Irish accent is a little jarring.

Roland Young is excellent as Captain Good and Arthur Sinclair scores the chiefship of his tribe, the Bopa of his white friends, whom he, in turn saves from disaster.

Mention must be made of Sydney Fairbrother's clever little study of an old witch doctress used by the surging chief to "smell out" his enemy.

Technical work and photography are extremely good, and the sequences in the mines thrilling and exceptionally well staged.

Altogether a very sound adventure picture with a special appeal to juveniles.

THE SHOW GOES ON

A streak of unaccommodated pathos runs through, later, Gracie Fields vehicle which, while not strong in story values, has more to it than the charm of her presence. Miss Fields and the cast is likely to prove widely popular with her fans.

She is the role of a mill girl who tries her luck on the stage, fails, but gets a job with a pietro troupe.

There she is "spotted" by a consumptive composer of sentimental ballads who has trained to sing his songs and falls in love with her during the process.

He pays to get her billed in supper clubs and some professional but her serious rendering of his ballads is a frost. Finally, she succeeds in winning him over which sky-rockets her to stardom.

The composer learns the truth and forgives her. He dies while on a trip for his health.

Gracie's boy friend, who had disliked the idea of her going on the stage, now attempts to catch which she were to do as Gracie's lover.

Rigby is rough as the star's father, as Amy Veness as her mother.

Arthur Sinclair turns in a sound performance as the composer's friend.

Staging is good and there are several 'human touches' which help to give a sense of conviction to a not very convincing story.

MIDNIGHT MADONNA

The main interest attaching to "Midnight Madonna," apart from the fact that it has a strong mother-love interest and is very well acted, is in the debut of two new screen artists.

Mady Correll, an Austrian, who is a successful Broadway actress, scores an initial success as a woman who looks like a lucky gambler who helps the husband for the custody of her little girl when grandpaft had left her a fortune.

She is extremely good and brings to the screen a convincing touch of the real mother and active with no arts or any striving after effect.

The other newcomer is Kitty Clancy, an unsponsored four-year-old who shows great possibilities. She has an interest in the photography and has much of the same charm and appeal. You will like her.

The hero, Warren Williams, who is not too well served these days, is remarkably good as a happy-go-lucky gambler who helps the husband for the custody of his little girl when grandmother had left her a fortune.

The story, which is by Mary McCarthy, is well written and off-hand enough to make the plot and character developments interesting.

It is interesting, however, without its humorous side.

The film's direction is effective and he keeps his plot moving at a commendable pace as well as the viewer's interest in the fate of the characters.

THE GREAT GAMBI

A kim Tamiroff gives a very clever performance as a fake tough reader in this "spot the murderer" drama which has some claim to originality, but which lacks action and is too verbose to make more than fair entertainment.

He takes a hand in solving the murder of a man engaged to a young girl. The dead man's rival and members of her family all come under suspicion, and the real murderer's identity is carefully concealed to the end.

Rod herring trails liberally be sprinkled on the development of the plot, but the denouement certainly has a good surprise value.

John Trent is good as the girl's lover, and Marian Marsh makes an attractive heroine.

The inevitable dumb detectives are amusingly portrayed by William Demarest and Edward Brophy.

As the heroine's father Reginald Denny has little to do, but Genevieve Tobin has been cast in a Billie Burke part as her wit-witted stepmother; she is not bad, but has not the assured touch and conviction of her prototype.

Lya Lys makes her debut in an English speaking film as the mind reading stage magician, but the part is so small that it gives one no chance to judge of her ability.

THE COURT WALTZES

A charming romance which introduces the rivalry between two masters of the waltz, Josef Lanner and Johann Strauss, and also shows in a delightfully fantastic manner the way in which the dance was introduced to the court of Queen Victoria. The touch is light and the music extremely tuneful. The film is a French version of the German original.

Strauss' friend, Fernando Gravey, is very good in a comedy vein as Franz, and Jeanne Crispin is vivacious and attractive as Lanner's daughter, with whom he falls in love. As Queen Victoria, Madeleine Ozeray is altogether charming, and the rival composers are well characterised by Pierre Mingand as Strauss and Fernand Charpin as Lanner. Minor roles are all excellently filled.

The treatment of the entire plot is in a fantastic and musical-comedy vein, but characterisation has not been forgotten, and the tuneful music of Lanner and Strauss, written about 1848, is extremely well introduced.

Opening in Vienna, the acting moves to Buckingham Palace, where the court ball scenes are excellently staged. The young Queen is presented in a human and wholly attractive manner with no loss of dignity.

Direction is admirable, and the director has succeeded in conveying a sense of rhythm to his pictorial action.

THE HIGH COMMAND

This picture is the story of what a new company, Fanfare, is going to put out, it deserves to be very successful. Polished in production, neat and imaginative in direction, and well acted throughout it provides really good dramatic entertainment.

The story which is an adaptation of Lewis Robinson's novel, "The General Goes Too Far" is perhaps rather too f-fletched, but at any rate the characteristics and the twists in the plot are interesting.

The tale opens in Ireland in 1921 when a "Army officer shoots a private in service—after a quarrel about the latter's wife, who had been in love with the officer," and is gunned and borne a child by him before the war. The contractor had married the woman after informing her that her husband was dead.

The murder took place when the pair were ambushed, but a certain army doctor, examining the body, discovered that the bullet was of a special calibre, and that the officer had been injured, the man who carried a pistol that would take it. He kept his counsel.

Years later the officer, now Majo—General Sir John Sanyge, V.C., was in charge of a West African garrison town. He had his daughter—naturally known as his step-daughter—with him.

The same army doctor Carson arrives and proceeds to use his knowledge, hoping to marry the daughter and get promotion.

In the town was an oil magnate, whose wife, Diana, hated him, and was in love with an officer, Heverell, Carson's cousin.

Clonan believes that it is Carson who is betraying him.

One night Carson is found shot in his quarters. The general's suspi—cions fall on Heverell, who inherits money on his cousin's death, and he has him brought before a court martial.

I do not propose to go into details of the outcome of the trial, because it has a strong surprise element. It is sufficient to say that the general,
REVIEWs by Lionel Collier—Continued

the bullet having been found in the doctor's room, comes under suspicion and finds a tragic but satisfactory solution to the trouble. The court martial sequences are very well done and balanced with the requisite touch of comedy. The West African atmosphere too is wholly convincing with the real and the synthetic neatly and realistically blended.

Lionel Atwill gives a strong, virile study of the General, and James Mason is extremely good as Herrero. Lucie Mannheim makes a pathetic figure of Diana, who has grown to hate her husband; this latter role is brilliantly played by Steve Geray.

Leslie Phillips is suave and polished as the blackmailing Catsen and Allan Jeayes is effective as the Governor of the province.

As the general's daughter, Kathleen Keene is little to do but has charm and good looks on her side. Wally Patch is also rather neglected as the general's faithful batman.

A striking performance comes from Henry Hewitt as Herrero's counsel at the court martial.

Finally, Thorold Dickinson, who is new to me, must be congratulated on the neatness and effectiveness of his direction.

On the Screens Now

**Wings of the Morning**

DIARY OF THE MORNING


D. J. Williams

ANNEBELLA

停车位

LESLIE BARKER

Earl of Constable

PAUL SNOOK

Police Sergeant

PHILIP FROST

Valentine

HARRIET DAVSON

Younger

MASON

Father of Cornfield

MODERN STORY OF 1938.

ANNEBELLA

Mary Henry

HELEN HATHAWAY

Valentine

ENNO HAVEN

Shepster

EDWARD UNDERDOWN

Dobson

ENNO HAVEN

Dobson

MARK DALLY

Jimmy

JIM LIVERMORE

Arthur

NICHOLAS NADZINE

Benito

STYVE DAWSON

Paddy

Also John McCormack.


A magnetic charm and sensitive acting combined with the picturesque sets in the Technicolor help to make this rather naive and somewhat confused story wholely pleasing entertainment. I have never seen better colour than that employed here.

The main plot deals with the romance of a race horse trainer with the granddaughter of a gipsy who had married an Irish earl but had left the country on his death to return later with an ambition to win the Derby.

Anabella is a positive joy to watch whether as the most feminine of girls or as an angel-like creature as the plot demands—as a would-be manly boy. She is one of the few screen actresses who can make a male impersonation credible.

Henry Fonda is admirable as the bluntheaded and Stewart Roche excellent as the shrewd lawyer who gives a moving study of his blind wife.

Irene Vanbrugh acts well as the heroine's grandmother, and Leslie Banks appears to advantage in the prologue as the earl.

Two famous characters are introduced: Steve Donoghue, who rides Wings of the Morning to victory, and John McCormack, who sings two or three songs. They are in the nature of an interlude, but provide the motivation for some brilliant scenic camera work.

The Derby is exceedingly well pictured, and the naivety of the tale is so disarming that it becomes captivating.

**RANGE RIVER**


VICTOR JORY .......... Dick Drake

MARGARET DARE ....... Marlon Hastings

ROBERT COOTE ...... Reginald Mantz

GEORGE BRYANT ....... Dan Hastings

RITA POWNFORD ...... Aunt Abbe

LEO CRACKWELL ....... Barl-Wire

CREE PERRY ......... Lawton

GEORGE STERLING ....... Minna

STEWART MCGL... ....... Black

PHIL SWIFT ......... Green

Directed by Clarence Badger from a story by Du Pont.

In this picture Australia has given us a really good outdoor drama equal to a good American Western, and in addition provided us with some unusual and beautifully photographed scenic backgrounds.

The story of a fight between cattle breeders runs on familiar lines but in spite of unsophisticated treatment it holds the interest quite well.

Victor Jory is good as a ranch foreman, and Margaret Dare adequate as his employer's daughter with whom he falls in love.

As the villain of the piece Cecil Ray is well in character, and Robert Coote is delightfully amusing as a young Englishman who takes a hand in the game; he steals the acting honours.

**DON'T GET ME WRONG**


MAX MILLER ....... Wellington Lincoln

OLIVE BLAKEY .. Zane Grey

FRANKIE GEORGE E. STONE ....... Chuck

CHUCK ALLYN ......... Christine

CLIFFORD HEATHELEY .... Sir George Baln

WILLIAM thrush DR. Rudolph Pepper

ALEXANDER FIELD ....... Gyri

Helen Plaskett a Wood... From a story by Reginald Purselli and Brook

This does not come up to Max Miller's previous picture, Educated Evans in entertainment value mainly. I think, because it allows little opportunity for characterisation, and relies entirely on the comedian's quick fire, near the knuckle talk and broad slapstick.

However, of its type it is quite good, and there are plenty of laughs to be had out of the irrepressible Max Miller's endeavours, with the help of a mad scientist, to put synthetic petrol on the market.

The climax arrives when the pair go up in an aeroplane to test the fuel and find that it does not work. It is only then that Max discovers that the inventor is mad and that he cannot fly a plane as he said he could before the ascent.

The star is in very good form and rattles off his patter in his usual aggressive and easy manner.

Olive Blakney, too, is effective as his assistant, with whom he is in love.

Olive Blakney amuses as the

(Continued on page 30.)

Last month he'd have edged away from her—

But she uses Odo-ro-no now!

MEN NEVER FORGET a girl that's careless about underarm perspiration. Sensible women realise this and make the use of Odo-ro-no as regular and natural a part of their toilet routine as cleaning their teeth.

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—because there is no machine at all—ensures the

fattuous financier who relies on his
gold-digging secretary for advice, and
Jean Alyn is good as the afore-
said secretary.

As the scientist, Wallace Everinnett
is fair.

**SMART BLONDE**


Mystery drama. Runs 90 minutes.

GLENDA FARRELL....June Colley
DONALD CRASH....Tuffy Bland
HERBERT SHAW....Dolley Ireland
ADRIAN HARKNESS....Pickie Melcher
JANE WYMAN....Babe
JOSEPH CRESH....Tim Trogeman
JOHN SHEPHERD....Blythe Bard
GEORGE LOFF....Packer Siz
BARTON MACLANE....Steve McRide
CRAY REYNOLDS....Tom Conway
CHARLOTTE WINTERS....Martha Frey
DAVE CARLYLE....Lewis Friel
TONY KEVIN....Cuba
MAR WHIGG....Chuck Cannon

N sleekly directed and fast moving
story which develops into friendly rivalry between a
and his wise-cracking girl friend to
be the first to solve the mystery of a
double murder.

The threads of the plot are very
well followed, and the mystery
elucidated in an ingenious manner.

Dialogue is smart, and the acting
generally good.

Glenda Farrell is in first-rate
form as the heroine, and Barton
MacLane well in character as the
rugged hero.

The supporting types are well
drawn and convincing.

**COLLEGE HOLIDAY**


Musical extravaganza. Runs 85 minutes.

JACK CONWAY....Dick Winters
GEORGE BEERS....George Hymen
GRACE ALBOUT....Calliope Dow
MARY BOLAND....Carola Gaye
MARTHA HEFFY....Daisy Schloresheim
BEN BLAY....Electrician
MABEL HUNT....Sylvia Smith
LEIF ERIKSON....Dick Winters
ELIZA WARFAY....Edith Wayne
JOHNNY DOWNS....Johnny Jones
ESTHER GIRARDOT....Provincial Dowl
DYK analogue....Fellows the Honeymoon
LOIS D'EWYN....Barry Taylor
HEM PROCTOR....The Ainer


Nonsensical musical which ties
itself into such a knot that one of
the characters has to come front
stage and inform us that it does
not matter how it ends. That's true
but not very satisfactory.

The main assets are the singing
of Gare, Allen, the eccentric
dancing of Ben Blue, and Eleanor
Whitney's tap dancing.

The picture's highlights is a
burlesque minuet danced by Burns,
Allen, and Ben Blue. In addition

The PICTUREGOER's
quick reference index

**WINGS OF THE MORNING**
c**RANGLE RIVER**
**DON'T GET ME WRONG**
**SMART BLONDE**
**COLLEGE HOLIDAY**
**KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED**
**SEA DEVILS**
**SPECIAL AGEN K.7**
**THE OLD CORRAL**
**SMOKE TREE RANGE**
**WEST-END FROLICS**
**PAGLIIACCI**
**KATHLEEN M'AVOURNEEN**

What the asterisk means—
**** An outstanding feature.
** Very good.
* Good.
* Average entertainment.
* Also suitable for children.

**SEA DEVILS**


Sea drama. Runs 96 minutes.

VICTOR McGaLaen....Malone
PRESTON FOSTER....Mike O'Shay
DONALD WOODS....Steve Webb
DORIS MAE....Liza
GORDON JONES....Puggy
GERRY WALTERS....Commander
MURRAY ALPES....Seaman
BILLY GILBERT....Cap

You get plenty of action for your
money in this story of rivalry
between the bo'sun of a coastguard cutter and an able seaman who is in love with the bo'sun's daughter.

The conflict of these characters
leads to a fight on an iceberg, a
dreadful escape from an explosion
of dynamite, and finally self-sacrifice
on the part of the bo'sun during a
shipwreck.

Victor McGaLaen does well as the
swaggering, pugnacious ship's officer and Preston Foster forms a
good contrast as the seaman.

Ida Lupino is so serene as the heroine
but the picture confines itself more to
action and fisticuffs than to
feminine interest, so she has little
to do.

The shipwreck scenes are realistic-
ally staged, and dialogue and
terze are often amusing.

**SPECIAL AGENCY K.7**


Murder mystery. Runs 86 minutes.

WALTER MCGRaL....Lenny
QUICKWHEE Smith
IRENE fullers....Owen
PATRICK HAY....Billy
WILLY CASTELLO....Gelie
DANIEL DURANDO....Toni
JOY HODGES....Scotty
RICHARD YVERNE....Adams
MALCOLM M'ACGUR....Silky
CAPT. JOHN....Scamold
GEORGE FLADWIG....Pincus
HERBY MENGUO....Smalti
DAVID M'CADMIAO....Goodwin
HARRY HARRI....Speedy
ROBERT GALLOW....Kennedy
SHEU POLLAND....Waiter

Directed by Frank Tadir and K. Johnson, from a story
by George F. Zimmer.

Walter McGrail does not show to
disadvantage as a Federal agent
engaged to find out the men behind
a gang of racketeers. The best
performance is given by Irving
Pichel as an unscrupulous lawyer.

Reviewed by—by

there are some melodious and well-
estaged ensembles.

Jack Benny is bright as a band
leader, and Mary Boland amusing as
a society lady.

To my mind one of the picture's
chief drawbacks is the singing of
Martha Raye.

**KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED**


Western. Runs 96 minutes.

ROBERT KENT....King
KOSLALOO KEITH....Baker
ALLEN SHERMAN....Becker
FRANK MCLYNN....Dunis
ANTHONY LOFP....Sned
GRATTY SUTTON....Bum Bandon
JACK Lugen....Smith
ST. MAREE....Indian Joe

Directed by Howard Bretherton, from a story
by Zane Grey.
Lionel Collier — Cont.

who is finally run down as a murderer.

Suspend is fairly well maintained, but all the situations, as well as the treatment, are very familiar and not too pleasant.


Introducing Tex Ritter, a cromming cowboy, who has not a very striking personality, this picture is wholly conventional in design and execution. It deals with a deputy marshal who poses as a bandit to track down a gang of killers.

There are picturesque Mexican settings and a fair complement of thrills which lose much because they can always be anticipated.


Duck Jones puts over his stuff with his accustomed vigour in this conventional Western dealing with rustlers and crooks on the Mexican border. There is a full quota of gunfire, gun play and riddles.

Muriel Evans is competent as the heroine.

C*WEST-END FROLICS*


The eighth presentation of Revue-deville from the Windmill Theatre is on the same level as its predecessors. Unpretentious as it is presented, it has a certain degree of cleverness and introduces some new talent including Eric Barker a comedian, Michaelson, a ventriloquist; Dick Humann, a dancer; and Michael and Arnoa, adagio dancers.

C*PAGLIACCI*


Richard Tauber, Casanetti, Steffy Duna, Nelda, Diana Nipher, Arturo Masignedo, Tosio, Edwardo Knight, Dore, Edwardoistani, John van Vugt, Romain, Coatsman, Romain, Coatsman, Romain, Coatsman, Romain, Coatsman.

Directed by J. Fred. Hopwood.

An attempt to put the opera Pagliacci into screen form has not been successful. You can admire the artistic connections of Karl Grune and the singing of Richard Tauber, but neither of these make up for the complete artificiality and, it must be confessed, tediousness of the plot.

You can no more believe in the sorrow of the clown whose wife proves unfaithful than you can in the woman's unfaithfulness. It is play-acting all through.

The colour sequences are introduced in a prologue and in the closing scenes, and it is effective from an artistic but not from a naturalistic standpoint.

Richard Tauber sings excellently the well-known arias from the opera, but it was a mistake to make him sing the baritone prologue.

Steifi Duna is fair as his wife, as in Diana Nipher as a woman who discloses her infidelity.

Esmo Knight is badly cast as the wife's lover, but Arthur Margetson is very good as Tonio.

Jerry Verno tries to get some humour out of the role of Peppo, the real clown of the show.


SALLY O'NEILL — Kathleen O'Moore

TOM BURKE — Michael Rooney

JACK DALY — Denis O'Dwyer

SARA ALLGOOD — Mary Ellen O'Dwyer

EREN SPURL — Barbara Fitzpatrick

ETHEL GRIFFITES — Hannah O'Dwyer

PAT NOONAN — Sean O'Dwyer

BABY BRESNAH — Sheila O'Moore

JOHN FORREST-Robinson — Pat O'Moore

DENIS O'NEILL — Matt O'Moore

FRANK DURNEY — Walter O'Dwyer

TALMY O'FARRELL — Sean Noonan

J. A. O'ROURKE — Tim Maloney

ST. JOHN — Fred Wood

TERRY COULIS — Stage Announcer

FRED NEWTON — Fred O'Farrell

FRANK CRAWFORD — Brian Taltyrty

Directed by Norman Lee, from an original story by John Glen.

Very naive story in which a pretty plump town colleen falls in love with a handsome young lawyer when she returns to Ireland and wins him in spite of family opposition.

The main attractions are the vocal interludes and the unsophisticated sentiment which is pleasantly introduced. There is a thrill or two, including a stampede of wild horses and the rescue of children caught by the tide.

Sally O'Neill is attractive as the heroine, Tom Burke sings Irish song beautifully, and Jack Daly is a presentable hero.

RELEASING FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

Number of stars awarded in brackets —

Black Legion (3) — July 17

Thunder in the Town (2) — June 15

Calling All Starters (2) — August 7

Chaeli Chan at the Opera (2) — July 12

Crash-Up (2) — July 3

Cry of the Fugitive (2) — June 15

Confessions of a Lady (2) — July 10

Don't Tell the Wife (2) — June 24

Elopements (2) — July 14

Foliwer Nose (2) — June 19

Gold Digger of 1926 (2) — June 8

Great Gable, The (2) — June 23

Green Pastures, The (2) — July 10

I Am a Monastery Garden (2) — July 5

In Search of Numbers (2) — July 26

Lady Reporter (2) — July 3

The Magistrate (2) — July 12

Maid of Salom (2) — July 17

Maid of the Pampas (2) — June 27

Michael Strognoff (2) — August 7

Mind Your Own Business (2) — July 27

Nancy's Secret Meeting (2) — August 13

Off to the Races (2) — July 15

Pamplona, The (3) — June 26

Patterson, The (2) — June 26

Pleasure of the Irish (2) — June 19

Polly (2) — June 17

Princess Charming (2) — June 14

Racing Lads (2) — July 22

Screwwater (2) — July 11

Seven God from Paris (2) — June 28

Three Men on a Horse (2) — June 15

The Shadow of the City (2) — June 20

Two Wise Mates (2) — July 24

Women of Glamour (2) — July 10

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at Home

William Powell

"Picturegoer" Posers

- There are some facts about the Stars
  On which I'm not quite clear;
  So these few queries may I put?
  (The account's on the "queer.")
  If RENE RAYSeed her voice in song
  And startled all the town;
  Would H. B. WARNER to be still
  Of FRANCIS TONE her down?
  With MICHAEL WHALEN all day long
  And never GAYNOR merry,
  WILL CARY GRANT a pass to let
  BING CROSBY 'plane or ferry?
  If GRACIE FIELDS and JOHNNY BOLES
  Then which can play the faster?

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IS FILM ACTING AN ART?

Actors Who Are "Like Fishmongers"

THE art of film-acting! This well-worn phrase surely calls for some amount of thought and adjustment on the part of picturegoers.

In Art—that is, Real Art—there are displayed talents which money cannot buy; there is something which is practised, not for financial gain, but for the love of interpreting the more exclusive of human feelings with a view to attaining an ideal.

But artists are now the case of the film industry. The genuine art is totally lacking. For whereas film actors may be classed as artists in their line in the same way that a fishmonger is classed as an artist in his line, they, like the fishmonger, barter their talents and hire out their "art" like so much raw material, but for a larger profit.

Not until they put their principles before their pocket will that opening phrase justify its existence.—Dennis A. Green, 27 Old Manor Drive, Whitton Dene, Isleworth.

(Then is there no such thing as a "professional artist"?—"Thinker.")

Slaying Conviction

- I have noticed to my dismay that film producers are developing an increasing tendency to cast different players in the same role.

For example, Perry Mason, detective, has been portrayed by Warren William, Ricardo Cortez, and now Donald Woods; likewise Philo Vance has been impersonated by William Powell, Paul Lukas, and Edmund Lowe; Nero Wolfe by Edward Arnold and Walter Connolly (in The League of Frightened Men), and as for poor old Bulldog Drummond, I think almost everyone has had a shot at him except Shirley Temple and Joe Brown!

All this chopping and changing tends to destroy the popular conception of the character, therefore would it not be better if the films were not available, to change the screen name of the character also?

It is significant that the most consistently popular screen character—Charlie Chan—has been portrayed by only one actor, Warner Oland. And no one can accuse Oland of being a one-part actor!—E. C. Shaw, 55 Finchley Road, Hale, Cheshire, who is awarded the first prize of £1.

(Answered! And it should be possible to have one player per role, as the film rights of a whole series is usually owned by one company.—"Thinker.")

Would lovely EVELYN LAYE a bet
If bonny MARY ASTOR?

If I invite the Stars to dine
Should I from out my store

Give EDDIE CANTOR a bury lamb
And LIONEL BARRYMORE?

Do I AT attempt to answer these
Or surely you will rue it.

"Leave it to Anne" or, better still,
Sit back and "Let George do it."
—Nancy Gunter, Clock House, High Street, Tenby, Pemb, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Change That Slide!

- As a regular picturegoer and Picturegoer reader, and as a loyal citizen, may I lodge a protest against the way in which most cinema programmes conclude,?

While "God Save the King" is played, a picture of His Majesty is shown. These horrible travesties range from a frightened-looking schoolboy in a scowling gangster, and none of them in the least suggest the handsome and pleasant-looking gentleman whom we are fortunate enough to have for our Sovereign.

Would it not be possible for an official portrait to be issued for the special purpose of being shown in cinemas, so that it would command the respect and admiration such a portrait deserves?

—(Mrs.) B. J. Slater, 221 Lloyd Street, Moss Side, Manchester, 14.

(We certainly ought to have something of the kind.—"Thinker.")

In Grandma's Day

- I've just been listening to the reminiscences of my grandmother. No cinemas in her young days. Her beaux booked two seats at a theatre, ensured her comfort by engaging a hansom cab, and carefully planned the evening's entertainment in advance.

Nowadays, of course, the young man just shoves his young lady on an omnibus, takes pot luck as to whether her favourite cinema is full up or not, and often stands with her at the tail end of a long queue.

I'm full of gratitude for the low-priced entertainment the cinema provides—but I can't help wondering if Miss 1857 has not had the laugh over Miss 1937 after all.—Lesia Turvey, Pine View, Hale Crescent, Heath End, Farnham, Surrey.

(All the same, I'll bet that hansom became a horse-bus on Thursdays!—"Thinker.")

Lo! The Poor Indian

- For me, The Plainsman lost its air of reality because subsidiary characters were played by well-known actors in unaccustomed roles.

For instance, as soon as Victor Varconi, dressed as a Red-Indian, entered the scene, the whole thing became a farce as far as I was concerned, for I associated Varconi with romantic roles.

Other redskin braves were played by men who have been film gangsters and down-and-outs. Had the producers chosen unknown men for these parts, the air of realism would have been kept intact.

I have nothing against Varconi—in fact I thought he played his scenes splendidly, but as soon as my mind wandered to some of his former successes, the "bold bad Indian" lost most of his menace—and incidentally, the film lost its power to thrill and entertain.—Miss Maryle, 41 Racliffe Street, Blackpool, Lancs. S.R.

(But how is this to be avoided while we are at the mercy of the star-system?—"Thinker.")

A Plea from N.Z.

- The greatest educator, the supreme entertainer of all time remains definitely, the films. Per medium of the films we New Zea-

(Continued on page 34)
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Ursula Jeans

- It is extraordinary how many of the leading film stars of today can trace their humble screen ancestors were born in the Empire overseas. Ursula Jeans, for instance, first saw the light of day in Simla, India, on May 5, 1906. She was educated in London, however,—at the Convent, Cavendish Square, and later at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. It was while she was appearing in a show at the Academy that Owen Nares saw her and gave her a part in his touring company of Cobra. She "arrived" in the West End the following year with Ivor Novello in The Rat Trap.

The next highlight in Ursula's career was her appearance in the first talkie ever made in this country, Planeқing Time, released in 1926. Her first big screen part was in The Fake. Subsequently she became one of the most popular of British screen actresses. Recent films include: The Man, The Mirror, Dark Journey, Storm In A Tea Cup.

Ursula is a blonde with blue eyes. She recently became Mrs. Roger Livesey in private life.

Allen Jenkins

- Once "hoofed" as a chorus boy alongside Gertrude Lawrence, who has been one of his best friends ever since. After three years in the chorus he yearned for bigger and better things, attended a dramatic school and branched out as a character actor. It was a wise move that eventually landed him on Broadway in the successes as What Price Glory? Five Star Final, Rain, and Blessed Event.

Taken to Hollywood for the screen version of the last-named play, he scored a great success. Since then his character comedy has been the mainstay of a score of movies.

New Jenkins and his stalbile Hugh Herbert are to be built up into an important new screen team. Their first co-starring vehicle will be Sink or Sweet.

In 1937 the comedian has been seen in Three Men On A Horse, Come Up Smiling, Marked Woman, Ready, Willing and Able, Dance Charlie, Dance.

VITAL STATISTICS: Born New York, April 9, 1900, the son of professionals. Real name, Al McGonegal.

De Witt Jennings

- One of the grand old men of the movies, De Witt Jennings has been acting for forty-three years, of which he has been in Hollywood for seventeen. He should be born in Cameron, Montana, on June 21, 1879. He went on the stage at an early age and had experience in stock, his first New York success being in Within The Law.

Jennings made his film bow in 1920 in McFadden's Flat and has since appeared in literally hundreds of pictures—without once turning in a bad performance. He is among that small band of "bit" players who are really the happiest people in Hollywood. He has a comfortable but unpretentious bungalow in a quiet residential district, attends lodge meetings once a week, belongs to local committee, yes, and takes "mother" to the movies, and he has probably saved more money than many of the big stars. He just missed major fame with his great performance in Beggars on Horseback, but the picture was not box-office.

So far this year he has been seen in We Who Are About To Die, Nancy Steele is Missing, Midnight Taxi, Fifty Roads to Town, His Affair, That I May Live and Slave Ship.

Isabel Jewell

- Blessed Event was just that for several of its stars. Oftentimes Isabel went out on it to fame and fortune. So, perhaps to a lesser degree, did Isabel Jewell, who was also making her screen bow in the picture, after appearing in the Broadway original.

Isabel was born in Shoshone, Wyoming, the daughter of a well-known doctor. A brilliant scholar, she turned to school-teaching, but after three years as Latin and English tutor at Hamilton College, Lexington, she found that her real life's work was acting.

She joined a stock company and ended up as leading lady. Eventually she progressed to Broadway and important roles in Up Pops The Devil and Blessed Event, which, as we have mentioned, opened Hollywood's doors to her.

Latest pictures: Go West Young Man, Career Woman, Lost Horizon, Marked Woman.

What Do You Think? Contd.

lorders, have had to bring to our doors the world's artists and the world's show-places.

But what is happening to the British film producers these days? Why do we, perhaps British-like, hide our artists under a bushel? Gracie Fields swept New Zealand off its feet; we lived every one of her pictures. N.Z. filmgoers endorsed Gracie, but the British producer appears to have dropped the curtain.

Great Britain has artists worthy of any nation; artists who would outclass any nation's best. Why, may we ask, is it that in the Dominions we are refused the right to applaud artists from the Mother Country?

New Zealand calls for artists of British stock appearing in British productions. In the Dominions we have a stronger right to patronise films produced in the land of our forefathers and, incidentally, "the best customer" of our primary products.—(Mrs.) Geo. Peters, 30 Survey Street, Geelong, Auckland, New Zealand.

Steady!

- In Heart of the West, a Western picture featuring Bill Boyd, I was sorry to see an otherwise excellent production spoiled by wild panotomizing.

Use a cine-camera myself, and one of the first lessons I learnt was, "Always panotomizing slowly."

Panotomies taken too swiftly are just a waste of good film, money, and time. They only come out all blurred, and cause pain to one's eyesight to witness.

Let us have some slower panoramic films, and we shall enjoy our pictures much better.


(A number of clever Continental films are marred by quick "panning."—"Thinker.")

Which Sex?

- I very much admire Walt Disney's Duck. In fact, I quite agree with everything about it. But there is one exception—its "name." "Donald" is a boy's name, therefore it is masculine.

But "Duck" refers to a female, so that part of "its" name is feminine. I should very much prefer Donald Drake or Daisy Duck.—(Miz). J. R. North, 47 Uxbridge Road, Wallikamston, N.17.

(Now, how many of you thought of that—"Thinker.")

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

- What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 ls. 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 not exceeding 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.
A Miracle Of Modern Science

WRINKLES REMOVED—WOMEN CAN LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

Photograph of Miss Jasmine Wilson of 56 Curzon Street, W.1, taken 30th April.

To one short week! Thousands of delighted women have made themselves look years younger. Their lines and wrinkles completely gone! To them it seems a miracle. To modern Science, just another triumph of years of research. Scientists have found that wrinkles are formed because as we grow old the skin loses certain vital elements. Feed back these precious elements to the skin and it becomes fresh and young again. This is the amazing discovery of Prof. Dr. Stejskal, of the University of Vienna. His extract of living skin cells called "Bioloc" is now contained in Crime Tokalon. 'Rose Colour. Apply it every night. It will nourish and rejuvenate your skin while you sleep. Wrinkles quickly disappear. In a week you will look 10 years younger. Use Tokalon White Skinfood during the day. It dissolves away blackheads; lightens enlarged pores. Makes darkest, roughest skin soft, white and smooth in a few days. Successful results guaranteed with Tokalon Skinfood Creams or money refunded.

Actual unretouched photograph of Miss Wilson taken 7th May after only 7 days use of amazing new beauty treatment described below.

RE-AWAKEN and FEED those HAIR ROOTS!

Your Hair Roots need not be either Dead or Dying. They are merely too stunned or too weak to grow hair through a hardening scalp. Simply soften and Free the Scalp from the stale poison and choking dandruff and other pore cloggings with Kotalko Scalp Soap. Then Feed and Nourish the Hair Organism by massaging with Kotalko True Hair Grower. You will quickly see new hair growing through the Scalp, even where it is bald or the hair is very thin. The new hair will keep on growing Thicker, Longer, and Stronger.

If Bald, Going Bald, Losing Hair through. Dandruff or general Weakness of the Hair Organism, then post or copy coupon below, for trial package of Kotalko and Kotalko Scalp Soap.

End FRECKLES

Blotches! Blemishes! Sallowness!

QUICKLY & SECURELY
反應 used to go on, fairly, or磨约 blanching on face and arm. TILTON'S DOUBLET-SHADED FRECKLE CREAM removes them during the night. Use to your own home this wonderful new secret! Apply night sleep. In the morning wash right light. simple , hair TILTON'S CREME DE-LIGHTING no - dublet-shaded Freckle Cream. Mix and wash in a . Year Freckles will be removed and you will look 15 years younger.

TILTON'S FRECKLE CREAM

Not All Fairheads are Pretty—but They All Have Glamour!

If you are fair or blonde and wish to stay fair, you must try, at least once, every fair hair shampoo (shampoo or soap substitute) that promises you beautiful hair. Then you must use Sta-blond. You will see for yourself why millions of blondes and fair-heads have for seventy years preferred Sta-blond—the world's first and original blond and fair-hair shampoo.

Sta-blond not only makes fair hair Glynn, soft and silky (all shampoos do that), but it does what no other shampoo can even claim to do. It brings back the true golden beauty of childhood to darkened fair hair, and prevents light hair from darkening—safely, without injurious bleaching or dyeing.

Furthermore, ViteF, part of the secret constituents of Sta-blond, prevents and stops brittleness and dandruff and rejuvenates the roots. Your "perm" takes better. Try Sta-blond yourself, or insist that your hairdresser uses it today. You will be amazed at the wonderful results.

FREE! TRY STA-BLOND TODAY AT OUR EXPENSE

Try a small sample of Sta-blond at our shop and bring back a full-sized Sta-blond Shampoo for fair hair.

Write for Price List giving full range of

Original 10s.

SOUTHALLS (BIRMINGHAM) LTD.

CHURCHILL HILL, BIRMINGHAM, B 8
**LET GEORGE DO IT!**

H. A. (Norwich).—The music from Love From A Stranger as follows: pianoforte solo played by Ann Harding, “Poupée Valant,” by Rubbini, published by E. & J. A. Regent Street, W.1.; and the music played on the guitar by Mr. George Kelly (soloist of “The Mountain King Suite”—recorded on HMV. C8941.

*Penny dreadfuls* for requests for supplements, art plates, etc. have been noted by the Editor, T. E. O. M. (Stratham).—Photographs of Guy and Carol in a sequence shot obtained from the Postcard Saloon, Long Acre, 2nd floor for 6d. a dozen. Write to Gary Cooper c/o Paramount, and C. S. (McIntyre).—(A. M. N. W.).


B. G.—(Robert Flemming, b. Jan. 3, 1912, at 35 II).—(a) Births: Syndy Jason, Nov. 23, 1929; Jane Smith, Dec. 1, 1930; Joan Collins, April 19, 1921; Jeanette Kingley, June 24, 1932. (b) Deaths: Fred Lawrence, about 28 years old; Fred Antoman, Mar. 10, 1909; May 3, 1914; Sonja Henie, April 8, 1913; Jan 3, 1914; Easter Young, Feb. 1, 1901; Lila Young, June 6, 1912; Louis Bollert, about 31 years old; Deanna Durbin, June 20, 1912. (c) Engagements: Joe McCrea, Nov. 3, 1905. (3) Yes. Shirley Temple is acting as a modern hairdresser. Taylor is scheduled to come to England to make a new film called *A Yank at Oxford*. (3) Shirley Temple is the latest film Head, Jana Withers, Wild and Woody.

**RIDER (East Dulwich).—Boris Karloff is under contract to Universal, and is scheduled to make Night Key for them and Charles Laughton, Ralph and Herbert Cottrell, and Beverly Roberts for Warner Bros.**

**PICTUREGOER.—(Release dates: Dream- Dec. 11, 1927; Cameraman—Sept. 20, 1927; Quality Street, Oct. 18, 1927; Sidney, The Modern Mandarin, Nov. 29, 1927; Marie Walewska, Nov. 8, 1927.**

**FILM FAN (Hants).—Frederick Bradeashook took the part of Peter von Valdemar in Dreams Come True. He was born 1910, and is married. His films include: Abbe Kiss, The Ballets of St. Climates, If I Were Rich, High- Jinks, The Amazing Adventure, a Five Points, and Smith.**


**INTERESTED (Wellingtoun).—(1) Wallis—Wedding released Oct. 13, 1927. (2) Dixie (Wales) and L. L. Hale, divorced Aug. 1, 1921, her term age are as follows: Georgia Evans, b. June 27, 1923; and Miss William Cameron and Charlie Cameron, April 2, 1913. (3) Bing Crosby, b. Tacoma, Washington, Nov. 3, 1904. He is 5 ft. 11 in. tall, weighs 165 lbs., has blue eyes and light brown hair. (3) banana.
NO UGLY HAIR ON ARMS AND LEGS to mar her summer loveliness

Bathing suits this year reveal more than ever. Feminine limbs simply must be free from disfiguring hair. An amazing discovery enables you to get rid of it in two minutes. No odour; no mess or bother. Simply spread on the skin a dainty white cream, sold only under the trade mark new 'Veet' (new and improved formula). Wash it away with water—every trace of hair is gone as if by magic. Skin is soft and velvety smooth. New 'Veet' contains a newly discovered ingredient that dissolves the keratin in the hair and its roots. The hair simply falls away. New 'Veet' 6d. and 1/3.

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Kills Dental Decay Germs in 30 Seconds

Send to Dept 44199, Euthymol, 26 Real Street, London, W.J. for a free trial sample.


RED NOBES.—Materially approved treatment shown. No nostrum. 1d. each.

UGLY EARS.—nearly costlold by 1/9d. each. Foreign 1/6s. each.

Oh! how this new Lovely Cream Blush Complexion THRILLS the HEARTS of MEN

GIRLS! DO NOT HIDE BAD COMPLEXION UNDER MESSY MAKE-UP. NOW NEW NATURAL-CREAM-BLUSH BLOOM MEN WORSHIP IS YOURS

Enlarged pores, blackheads, wrinkles, greasy, spotty dark skin, even under-eye pouches—now guaranteed to be cured in two days or no cost! However bad your skin trouble, this amazing French dermatological discovery brings cream-blush loveliness, the wonderful new complexion ideal, to any girl or woman under 49 years of age. Collinia "G" and Vitamin F contained in DETREX gets down to the real cause of all skin imperfections—you suffocated under-cells—and slates them. Send your coupon to-day, use DETREX just once, and your skin turns petal-soft, young, lovely—the admiration of men, the envy of women. If you are not thrilled and delighted with DETREX after two days, it costs you nothing. POST THIS BEAUTY BRINGER NOW

SEND WHILE PRICE REMAINS LOW—

To: DETREX LABORATORIES (Salon P2), 20 JAMES STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Please send me 7 doses "DETREX" treatments, for which I enclose 6d. postal order.

Name

Address

AMAMI NAIL POLISHING STONE £6

THIS will make your nails as lustrous as pearls...

Just a few moments with a long-lasting Amami Nailstone will give your nails a smooth high polish, free from ridges, roughness and blemishes. Ask for one at your Chemist, Hairdressers or Stores to-day.

Other Amami Minceur products:
Amami Nail Varnish (5 different shades to choose from) 6d.; Amami Nail Varnish Remover, 6d.; Amami Cuticle Remover, 6d. and 1/3.; Amami Cuticle Cream, 1/3.; Amami Nail White, 6d.; Amami Nail White Pencil, 6d.; Amami Almond Hand Cream, 6d. and 1/3.; Complete Amami Minceur Sets, 6d., 1/6, 2/6 and 5/-.
LEAVE IT TO ANNE

EGS are so much in evidence at the seaside, that I wonder more girls do not pay regular attention to them all the year round. This, of course, is the way to keep them in condition and fit to look upon when summer time brings shorts and bathing suits out again.

We surely owe it to the onlookers as well as ourselves to make them good to behold. Scorch marks are still disfiguring hundreds of legs, and they are so ugly. They look like some horrible skin disease, which, incidentally, they may become if persistently scorched winter after winter.

Do please do something about the marks. The quickest way of getting them out is by the use of calamine ointment, which may be bought ready prepared from all chemists. Each night spread it on with white lint and lightly bandage to the legs. In the morning, mop over the scorched marks some calamine lotion. Allow this to dry before putting on the stockings. Keep up this treatment till the marks fade.

Many girls write to me because they are troubled with a network of tiny veins on their legs. These veins are hair-like and blush purple in colour. Most of my correspondents describe them as small varicose veins.

Varicose veins they are not. They are known as "stellate" veins. You may easily recognise the difference because varicose veins are lengthy twisted lines and stand up like small blue ropes on the legs. Stellate veins remain under the skin.

Is there a cure for them? To be candid, they are very difficult to deal with. There is no simple treatment which is effective. The only way of getting rid of them is to have each patch treated with electrolysis or carbon dioxide snow. Both these cures are matters of patience and treatment by an expert.

The best you can do is to camouflage them with a beauty film. This will give you a very good leg make-up. It is squeezed out of a tube and goes on like a liquid stocking. It conceals all kinds of blemishes and gives a smooth finish. It is available in four shades, of which sultan is the most suitable for outdoor use with shorts.

If you really swim as well as lie about the beach, an artificial tan is the best disguise. It doesn't actually conceal them, but they are less obvious on a well-tanned skin.

Knotted trousers disguise various legs, and they, too, are very ugly. These may be improved provided the trouble has not gone on too long.

Massage with warm olive oil will help considerably. Warm the oil by standing the bottle in a basin of hot water. Spread it on the skin and, beginning at the knees, massage downwards towards the ankles. Work the oil in quickly and give each leg five minutes.

Then wipe off the superfluous oil with paper tissues, and immediately step into a fairly hot bath. If that is not possible just at the moment, give warmth to the legs by means of towels wrung out of hot water.

Renew the towels as they cool.

Knobbly knees often affect the housewife and are caused mainly by kneeling to household tasks. For this reason a soft rubber mat should always be used, for once knees have lost their shapely outline, it is not easy to restore it. If you have knobbly knees, try massaging them with colourless tincture of iodine.

This may reduce the size of the joint a little. But do please remember that prevention is better than cure. When you kneel give your knees all the protection you can, even to wearing pads on elastic around your knees.

Of course, you would not dream of displaying hairy legs on the beach under sheer silk stockings. There is no possible excuse for this when there are so many hair removers on the market. When the really long hair is removed, you can keep down the growth with a well-soaped pumice stone or a depilatory stone. There is a new and effective stone on the market now. It costs 4s. 6d. and lasts for years. It will keep the limbs smooth with the minimum amount of trouble.

If the growth is too heavy and the hair is fine, it need not be removed, for, of course, all removal tends to make the hair grow faster and coarser. Just use a bleach made from one part ammonia and three parts peroxide of hydrogen, and apply with cotton wool twice a week.

Some legs are too fat. Massage daily with a reducing cream will work wonders in this case.

—

Tired Ryan.—A herbal tissue oil will help you. It costs 2d. Send a stamped addressed envelope for address where it is obtainable.

J. A. (Papersham).—Your measurements will probably decrease if you grow a little older. Douse with cold water to which has been added a few drops of van de Cologne.

Sefti Hoppeid (Hadlevanfield).—As you are only 14 years of age, I am afraid you must abide by your mother's decision. Perhaps when you are a little older and earning your own money she will reconsider her decision. There is lots of time yet.

You have left your holiday problem a little late, but if you write at once I have a stamped addressed envelope for reply, there is yet time to get a reply before leaving for home. Be the letter to ANNE, c/o "The Pictergazer," Marsell House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.3.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Gerald Beattie, Park Road, Grindfield, Mont., for —:

In the Soup
Strictly Dynamite
Dinner at Eight
Splinters in the Air
Prize of half a crown are awarded to

Eric Ball, 23 Gower Street, Clif Vale
Stukeley, for —:

Orchids to You
Over the Garden Wall
The Garden Murder Case
No More Orchids

Miss W. Wakefield (aged 14), 79 Pemberton Road, Harrowby, London, N., for —:

Kolly of the Secret Service
Great Expectations
The First Baby
Kolly the Second

Miss J. Wilson, 11 Granemore Crescent, off Baldwin's Lane, Hall Green, Birmingham, for —:

Devotion
Three Married Men
All In
Every Night at Eight

C. Travers, King's Head Inn, Bridport, Dorset, for —:

The Last of the Pagans
The Last of the Gypsies
The Last of the Mohicans
Grand Finale

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link the letters "T.T."

If you write a postcard submit it in order to make a short, short story.

4s. 6d. is the price of a postcard, c/o Picturesgoer, Marsell House, Bow Street, London, W.C.3.

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

FLE BEACON.

Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

I never overlook it

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

August 14, 1937
10 MINUTES TO WAIT — so

Mine's a Minor!

‘Quality’ still means something to cigarette smokers. They choose De Reszke Minors for a 10-minute smoke because, although inexpensive, they are not ‘cheap’. Actually, they are made of the same tobacco and packed with the same care as much dearer cigarettes. And they last the full 10 minutes.

De Reszke MINORS

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

FOR THAT LEISURED ½ HOUR — DE RESZKE MAJORS, 20 FOR 1/-
LOOK OUT! You're getting ugly Cosmetic Skin

USE ALL THE POWDER AND MAKE-UP YOU LIKE
BUT REMEMBER, CLOGGED PORES CAUSE COSMETIC SKIN

Look in the mirror! Does your complexion seem muddy, your skin dull and lifeless!
Can you see tiny blemishes, coarse skin, large pores round your nose? Then take care! All these are warning signs of ugly Cosmetic Skin.

Powder harmless if removed this way
Use powder and make-up, yes — but never let them clog your pores while you sleep. Many girls who think they're removing cosmetics thoroughly at bedtime actually leave traces of stale powder and sticky powder bases deep in the pores night after night. The pores become clogged, skin ceases to function normally. Soon the warning signs of Cosmetic Skin appear.

Film stars, loveliest girls in the world, have found that the one sure way to guard against Cosmetic Skin is regular use of Lux Toilet Soap. This famous beauty soap is specially made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its pure white lather sinks deep into the pores, floats out every trace of dust, stale powder and make-up as nothing else does. That's why Lux Toilet Soap has been made the official beauty soap in all the great film studios.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day, and always before bed, remove stale cosmetics with LUX TOILET SOAP. This simple care protects your skin — keeps it clear, smooth, lovely, the film star way.

CAROLE LOMBARD says —

Girls, you can use all the powder and make-up you like if you guard against Cosmetic Skin as I do — with Lux Toilet Soap.

3d A TABLET A LEVER PRODUCT
This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.

LUX TOILET SOAP GUARDS AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN

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Screen's most sensational star

Clive Brook and Margaretta Scott
Which is YOUR hand?
No need to apologise for broken nails and ragged cuticle. You can keep your fingernails lovelier than ever with Cutex Nail Beautifier. It relieves Brittle Nails by restoring natural oils. Loosens and removes cuticle without cutting. Leaves a sheen on the nails that heightens the lustre of liquid polish.

Girls—Don’t take the wrong turning!
Don’t lose heart if these cherished evenings together are getting “flat.” You want him to be the romantic lover, just like those lovers on the screen. Then give yourself the irresistible allure of those glamorous stars of Hollywood. Simply use their lipstick, the Kissproof Automatic Lipstick—yours for a shilling. From all Chemists and Department Stores.

Kissproof
NEW AUTOMATIC
Indelible LIPSTICK

P R O B A B L Y every woman over 20 has noticed it. In certain lights, powdering seems to make you look years older. Tiny lines that don’t show before you powder look distressingly deep—like age lines. Here is the explanation.

Every time you smile or frown you crease your skin. Normally the tiny crease lines don’t show. But ordinary powder cakes easily when moistened by the skin. When you smile, powder in the creases is squeezed into little ridges or wrinkles. When you relax the creases smooth themselves out. But these powder wrinkles remain—making your face look lined.

With Coty Air Spun powder you don’t get powder wrinkles for two reasons. First, the Air Spun process allows special ingredients to be used which prevent the powder absorbing moisture. Then by spinning it in the sun the grains are made so smoothly round they don’t cake together like ordinary powder. Air Spun powder goes on more smoothly, clings more closely than anything you’ve ever tried. And it stays smooth. With Coty Air Spun powder your skin looks years younger.

NEW INGREDIENT NOURISHES AND PROTECTS THE SKIN
The Air Spun process also makes possible the use of a special ingredient which actually nourishes the skin. Instead of drying it up, Air Spun powder protects your skin—helps to keep it supple and soft as a young girl’s skin. Ask to see the range of Coty Air Spun shades next time you buy powder. Large box 2/3, Half size 1/3. At your favourite shop. Or the Coty Salon, 2 New Bond Street, W.1.

WHAT do Men FALL FOR?
WATCH men look round at her as she goes by... see men around her at the tennis club, and at a dance... WHY? What makes men fall for her like a ton of bricks? Girls, if you want to know the secret, if you want to know what men fall for get "THE PICTUREGOER SUMMER ANNUAL" at once. Read about the Ginger Rogers charm, the Miriam Hopkins "approach," and the Myrna Loy subtlety. Read about the kind of personality, the kind of beauty men simply can’t resist. If you haven’t got that personality and that beauty, there’s no reason why you shouldn’t have. Get "The Picturegoer Summer Annual" and see how.

In this marvellous annual is the whole fascinating pageant of screenland, 100 pages of the latest and greatest personalities of the modern films, telling you the secrets of their public and private lives in heart-to-heart talks and sparkling photogravure pictures, including 21 full page Art Plate portraits. Here’s Joel McCrea telling you "I was a sap until I married..." and William Powell asking "Are you the perfect wife?" (he actually sets you his own special list of test questions)... and countless other attractions. Don’t miss "The Picturegoer Summer Annual" or you’ll never forgive yourself. The demand is enormous. Hurry for your copy now—from all bookstalls and newsagents—price 6d.
Fred Astaire

The screen's king of dance looks rather wistful here. Perhaps he is wondering how he is going to do without Ginger Rogers in "A Damsel in Distress."
"Give Me Your Measure AND I'LL PROVE IN THE FIRST 7 DAYS YOU CAN HAVE A BODY LIKE MINE!"

By Charles Atlas

Holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

I'll give you proof in 7 days that I can make you a NEW MAN. Build in the first week you will see and feel the improvement! Then, as my weekly lessons arrive to your home I can tone to rebuild, renew and overhaul your body. 

Soon you will be the proud owner of a powerful, built like mine. People will notice the healthy, strong, clear glow of health in your face, the sparkle in your clear eyes, and your broad shoulders. You will be the fellow who will walk off with the prettiest girl and the best job while others wonder how you did it!

No Apparatus

I haven't the need for apparatus that may attain your heart and other vital organs. I don't draw you or sketch you. Dynamic-Tension is all I need. It's the natural, tested method for developing real muscle inside and out. You neither lose or gain weight; I'll add pounds where needed! Are you fat in spots? I'll lose you down to fighting trim! And I'll also give you the rugged health that breathes confidence, poise, and suppleness in your posture, and the conditions that rob you of the good times and good things of life.

48-Page Book FREE

Post coupon below for FREE copy of my new book. It reveals the secrets that changed me from a fat-nine walking into a husky who won the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." Tells all about my method and what it has done to make big-muscled men out of run-down specimens. Shows from actual photos how I develop my pupils to my own perfectly balanced proportions. My system can do the same for YOU, too. Don't keep on being only half of the man you CAN be! Put your name and address on the coupon and post it TO-DAY, as supply is limited.

CHARLES ATLAS
Dept. 92-V, 60 Chandos Street, London, W.C.2.

I want the proof that your system of Dynamic-Tension will make a NEW MAN of me. Send me your book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." FREE.

We borrowed a Beauty Secret from Algeria

Algerian beauties rely upon the wonderful properties of the local spring water to protect their skins from the fierce African sun. This water is included in the formula for making HUI-ALM CRAM—the only cream to contain it. Test its wonderful properties for yourself. Send for the Helma Sample Box, containing three trial tubes of Helma Cream, and packet of Dry Shampoo, to Helma (Dept. T.40), 79 Kings Road, London, S.W.1. Include 5d. in stamps and post in sealed envelope bearing 1d. stamp. This offer does not apply in F.F.S.

NATURE'S STOCKINGS

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. Non-greasy—pleasant to use.

NURONA SUN TAN CREAM

If your Chemist cannot supply, please send 1/2 to JAMES WOOLLEY, SONS & CO., LTD. Manchester 3.

ODO-RO-NO

NATURAL DOWN

PREVENTS UNDERARM PERSPIRATION

SAVES DRESSES

Odo-ro-no both check perspiration and prevents any odour. There are two kinds: (1) Instant (for clear) Protection for two or three days. (2) Regular (for red) which is the strongest. One application prevents perspiration for a week. Send 3d. in stamps for trial bottle of both kinds. Use coupon.

Northam Warren Ltd. (Dept. D.408),
215 Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1
An Open Letter to UNA MERKEL

TRIBUTE to a TROUPER

DEAR UNA MERKEL,

We have been meaning to write this letter for a long time, but somehow, what with our attention being occupied lately in keeping the glamour queens from going temperamental and dashes in in the nick of time to stop the matinée idols reaching for their high hats, we have never quite been able to get round to it before.

This week, however, we've made up our minds to forget the stars and write a few long overdue words to a truper.

One recent event in this country gives us an excellent excuse, if any were needed. Perhaps by now you have been acquainted with the fact that in a recent questionnaire conducted by the Bernstein cinema circuit among the British film public you were placed first on the list of small-part actresses filmgoers would like to see in star roles.

You occupied the same position when the questionnaire was issued in 1934.

The ballot in question is generally considered to be representative of British fan opinion and you are to be congratulated, not only on the fact that the result makes you the favourite character actress of British audiences, but on the consistency by which you have maintained that popularity over a period of three years, during which you have not been helped much, if at all, by lucky screen "breaks."

Indeed, in the last year or so we have felt inclined to complain that you were being starved of opportunity.

As to whether the obvious desire of English filmgoers and your own always dependable work will be rewarded with stardom for Una Merkel, we do not know.

So far as you personally are concerned, we know that you have never striven for stellar billing and the other trappings, and have actually been heard to remark on occasion that you have no desire to become a star.

This may be partly attributed to your well-known modesty—that modesty which makes you one of the most difficult persons in Hollywood to interview. "Don't let's talk about me," you usually say. "I'm such an ordinary person," though we liked the way you told us how you used to be a Sunday School teacher way back in Covington, Kentucky, and still wrote to some of your pupils, and how you got into films only because D.W. Griffith thought you looked like Lillian Gish.

We hope it will be remembered by the powers that be at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, sometime, too, incidentally, that you came into talkies as a dramatic actress in the Ann Rutledge role in Abraham Lincoln.

Getting back to the question at issue, however, we are not at all sure that you have not been wise in so far resisting the temptations to take a flutter as a fully-

fledged star. For one thing, unless backed up by the best of script material and production resources the stellar comedian's—or comedienne's—screen life is a precarious one.

Marie Dressler herself would have been quite content to remain a supporting player after Anna Christie. "Just let me walk into a scene now and then and get a laugh," she used to say, "and I don't care whose name is in the lights outside the theatre."

Poor Marie's genius could not be denied to the screen, but Dresslers are not found every day, and how much the strain of stardom hastened her death one can only guess.

More recently we have seen fine comedians like Charlie Ruggles, whose work in supporting roles has been among the finest things that the screen has given us, struggling uneasily into threatened oblivion in indifferent starring comedies.

It is not merely selfish recollection of those many films in nights gone by that would have been unutterably dull but for your presence as the heroine's girl friend, the office secretary or the hero's sister, that we feel constrained to advise you that you are better off as you are—that is as a popular supporting actress than as a star.

Stars come and go. Good character players go on for ever.

A charming informal study of Una Merkel. She is both carefree and popular now, but would she be if she were a star?

THE EDITOR

8/21/37
All the Gossip

THOSE OLD

A LITTLE time ago in this column I warned PICTUREGOER readers about Hollywood’s new racket of re-making successful movies of a few years back cheaply and putting them out under different titles without any acknowledgment of their origin.

Now it seems to be necessary to draw attention to the equally annoying practice, which is increasingly prevalent in the summer programme doldrums, of exhibiting old films without advertising the fact that they are re-issues.

This was done in London recently both in the cases of The Devil and the Deep, when the combined names of Charles Laughton, Gary Cooper, and Tallulah Bankhead probably drew hundreds of the innocent and short-memoried to the Plaza, and No Man of Her Own, made in 1933, and now going the rounds again in the hope of “cashing-in” on the Lombard-Gable romance.

- If Paramount is singled out in this instance it is merely because these films come first to mind.

The company is by no means the only offender.

Exhibitors concerned, of course, may believe that in openly advertising the title of the film they are doing all that is necessary to make it known to the public that the picture is a vintage offering, in which case they are in error.

It may or may not be true that the movie kings draw their film titles out of a hat (some of them—I mean the titles, not the movie kings—are silly enough to lend weight to the theory), but it is true that there is nothing quite so easily forgotten as a talkie title.

One may remember the Ben Hur’s, the Henry IV’s, The Mutiny on the Bounty’s and the Mr. Deeds, but the majority are lost from ken in the welter of the hundreds of meaningless titles that confront the picturegoer in the course of the year.

It is bad enough that so many films should be offered with confusingly similar titles.

If this habit of unheralded revivals goes on we shall all have to take an expensive memory training course—or the nightly risk of finding ourselves sitting through a picture we saw five years ago and didn’t think was so hot then.

Astaire’s New Partner: Official

- So the great decision has been made, and Joan Fontaine has been chosen as Fred Astaire’s leading lady in A Damsel in Distress.

The Carroll-Astley bond has Joan, who until recently was better known as Olivia de Haviland’s kid sister, though it must be a good many months ago now since PICTUREGOER advised you to keep an eye on her.

Though Miss Fontaine had been rehearsing with Fred, the verdict was not arrived at without much recourse to the aspirin bottle in the Radio studio conference room.

It is no secret that the company has been some-where apprehensive over Astaire’s future as a solo star, as experience has proved that the splitting of teams invariably benefits only one of the members, and Ginger Rogers has already demonstrated that she can carry a film by herself.

It is only a personal opinion, but I think that Rogers and Astaire is the main attraction in the partnership.

In this respect it is interesting to note that while Ginger appeared in the Bernstein questionnaire as the fourth most popular actress, Fred is well down the actors’ list.

At any rate, Radio is taking no chances with A Damsel in Distress, and has given him an unusually strong supporting cast, including Burns and Allen, and Ray Noble and his orchestra.

- In the meanwhile the battle of the century is being staged on the Stage Door set where Ginger Rogers is sharing honours with Katharine Hepburn.

Neither has yet encountered such formidable feminine competition in a cast.

The Hepburn won the first round by a large margin of points when she announced sweetly, “It’s so nice having Miss Rogers to play the ingénue in my new picture.”

Katie, however, nearly took the count when she got a glimpse of the gown allotted to Ginger, but recovered in time to make a protest to the front office.

Film colony interest in the feud is heightened by the fact that Ginger Rogers was at one time seen about a great deal with Howard Hughes, now rumoured to be Katharine Hepburn’s fiancé.

- Katharine Hepburn’s next may be a screen version of the life and exploits of the ill-fated Amelia Earhart. Arrangements have got to the point where the Radio studio has approached Mr. George Putnam about assisting in a technical capacity to insure an authentic screen biography.

Already two other studios, Warners and Twentieth Century-Fox, are planning aviation melodramas to immortalise Miss Earhart.

Madeleine Comes Home

- Madeleine Carroll appeared in a number of films before she left Hollywood for her European holiday, but none of them will ever be seen by the public. She told me the story over a cocktail in her lovely flat overlooking the Green Park the other evening.

“Philip (that’s Captain Astley, her husband) kept on dropping hints,” she related, “concerning the proximity of his birthday, and discoursing on the merits of amateur movie photography. Finally I realised what was expected of me and duly presented him with a cine camera as a birthday gift.”

Now, she smilingly complains, he has become a candid camera fiend, and has turned Carroll-Astley into a picture set. He spent half his time in Hollywood, she added, running over to his friend, neighbour and fellow cinematographer Frank Capra, comparing notes and seeking advice.

- After almost eighteen months in Hollywood, Madeleine has dropped the last traces of that “schoolmarm” background, speaks at times with a faintly discernible American accent and jokes...

Chorus girls line up to do a calisthenics number for “Thii Way, Please,” the new Buddy Rogers musical.
about the Americanisms that occasionally creep into her speech.

She hugely enjoyed her comedy sprees in On the Avenue, but complains that her best scene, in which she did a species of "knees-up, Mother Brown" dance in a park fountain while Dick Powell crooned, was left on the cutting-room floor. Powell's song, unfortunately, happened to be Irving Berlin's biggest number in the picture.

Madeleine "loved" making The General Died at Dawn with Gary Cooper—even the famous punch on the jaw. "I liked it," she says, "must be the cave-woman in me."

Madeleine, who once had a reputation for school-room primness, thinks Hollywood is more respectable than the average English small town and recounts with gusto a recent brush with the Hays office.

It seems that the studio still man posed her with a plaster cast of a famous Greek statue. She spent the whole afternoon doing a series of pictures which were promptly banned by Mr. Hays. "I was fully clothed," she explained, "but the statue was nude!"

Officials go round the Hollywood sets inspecting feminine costumes and pouncing on cases of "cleavage," while staff dare not be photographed while drinking or smoking.

Miss Carroll nearly had heart-failure when a press cameraman snapped her while she was shaking a cocktail—until she remembered the Hays organisation does not operate here.

Don De-domesticated

The latest victim of the film glamour system is Don Ameche. Since Ramona and Love Is News Ameche's feminine fan mail has been keeping Hollywood postmen working overtime.

So now, under studio instructions, Don is going through the well-known process of being "de-domesticated" and rebuilt as a glamour king.

He has now been put into the hands of the Twentieth Century-Fox make-up department for redecoration (remember Taylor was not the screen lady-killer he is to-day before they gave him that new hair line), but more important still he is to be "divorced by publicity" from his wife.

That does not mean a real divorce, of course, but in future not one line of publicity will be allowed to go out that mentions that the actor is married.

Mr. and Mrs. Ameche, friends tell me by the way, are the nearest real-life approach to the screen "Mr. and Mrs. Thin Man" that Hollywood has ever encountered.

How Saratoga Was Completed

A note from Director Jack Conway explains how the uncompleted sequences in Saratoga (see pictures on page 16) were done.

His solution was to re-write these scenes to eliminate as far as possible the character Miss Harlow played, re-editing scenes already made to conform with the new treatment. Fortunately, the ending of the film with Miss Harlow and Clark Gable had already been photographed.

Miss Harlow had appeared in all sequences up to the next to the last reel of the production. The final two reels of the picture were re-written so that most of the action occurred in the exterior reproduction of the race-track. A "double," Mary Dees, was used in the re-written scenes of this reel, but her appearances were minimised.

Only long shots were made, the "double" appearing, in most cases, with her back to the camera. In no instance is her face seen.

Supplementary "detail" shots were made, entering doors and running across lawns, to tie up with scenes already made by Miss Harlow.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

Phil Lonergan Sends It Hots from Hollywood

"CAVE - WOMAN"

CAROLE LOMBARD

A FILM STAR needs to be "tough." Carole Lombard proved the other day that she possessed this essential qualification during the filming of a scene for David O Selznick's forthcoming Technicolor comedy, Nothing Sacred.

The scene showed two all-in wrestlers, "Big Ben" Morgan and Hans "The Terrible" Steinke, falling through the ropes into the laps of Carole and her co-star Fredric March.

While the wrestlers squirmed and struggled amid broken chairs and trampled spectators, Carole was entirely lost to view. Worried, director William Wellman halted the cameras and called for the first-aid man.

But it was 315 pounds Hans "The Terrible" who required the restorative. Carole "The Fragile," rose to her feet unaided!

Further Exploits of Elaine

If determination is sufficient to turn the trick, Elaine Barrie will eventually become a film star. She appeared in a stage play which had a very short run, and was also the chief player in a film entitled How to Undress in Front of Your Husband!

At present writing Elaine apparently has staged a reconciliation with her estranged husband, John Barrymore. The couple recently appeared on a radio programme, giving an abridged version of Shakespeare's The Tempest. Elaine played "Ariel," while John was "Caliban.

The fact that these names are linked with their romantic troubles evidently did not worry John and Elaine.

Fame's Reward

Isabel Hallin, 25-year-old school-teacher, of Saugus, Massachusetts, was recently charged by the school board with serving cigarettes and cocktails to students while rehearsing the youthful actors in a school play. The tobacco and drinks were said to have been tendered in the home of Isabel's parents. She denied the charges and the board acquitted her.

The young lady, who is quite good-looking, is being sought for the movies, aided by the nation-wide publicity she has received. She is considering several offers.

I hope that this story will not tempt British school-mistresses to serve Scotch and soda to their charges.

Feting the Cops

Jimmy Gleason last year entertained the members of the Beverly Hills police force and their families at the Gleason home at the
George saw the cast that went out to Ceylon consisted of Nils Asther, Eve Shelley, Gibson Gowland, and Cyril Chadwick. Eve Shelley may be a stranger to you; she certainly is to me. She’s described optimistically by Nevill Clark as “the new British star,” but that seems to be less than the distance ahead, as this is actually her film debut. Also co-opted into this unit is a Miss Olga de Zoya, who bears the honourable title of “Miss Ceylon”; she likewise has never graced the silver screen with her dusky presence.

Except that the whole unit was nearly washed out by floods and two or three of its members had narrow escapes from drowning, all went reasonably well until Cyril Chadwick met with an accident in which his leg was seriously injured.

It’s bad enough to have put him out of the picture. Luckily (from the producer’s point of view) he had been in only a few scenes, so no vast amount of re-shooting will be necessary. But it is rotten luck to have travelled 15,000 miles without ever appearing in the film.

An English actor who happened to be in Ceylon has been engaged to play the part, which certainly looks like a lucky break for him.

**Cross Mob**

This is no hole-and-corner affair, for mob scenes are being shot on a vast estate up-country, where amid picturesque backgrounds (and unless you know that you don’t realise how picturesque it can be) a thousand infuriated natives attack the planter and his party. That infuriated “em? Ah! That’s Nevill Clark’s third secret.

It’s a far cry from Ceylon to Sandy Powell, but while I think of it I’d like to draw your kind attention to Sandy’s current leading lady, Iris March.

Definitely a good-looker, Iris, with violet-coloured eyes, a shy-like figure, and a face as pretty as a picture—as a whole album of pictures. She used to sit slumping in a typewriter in a London advertising office, until one day she was offered a small part on the stage, and fortunately for her she grabbed it.

**Lead for “Cocky”**

At the age of twenty she became a leading lady for C. B. Cochran, which isn’t a bad achievement, for “Cocky” certainly has the pick of the available beauty and talent in his own.

I saw Iris in his Coronation revue at the Adelphi, Home and Beauty, and she certainly was delightful. Now she is playing in British Lion’s Leave It to Me, as an ill-treated little wifey whom Sandy Powell finds singing the music of a barrel-organ in a London slum.

She rescues her; well, who wouldn’t? She is grateful; and . . . there you are.

It’s pie for some people.

**Cockneys**

When I first heard that Hazel Terry was to play in Pinewood in Missing from Home which is described as “a Cavalcade of Cockney-dom,” I thought for a moment that she had followed Iris March’s lead and “gone all slum.”

On closer inquiry, however, I find that she plays the part of a Society girl who, while running away from the man with whom she has promised to elope (Society girls are like that; didn’t you know?), is biffed on the napper in the street and left unconscious.

Suffering from loss of memory she is rescued by Mr. Flat-iron Stubbs, a junk merchant, and his partner Mario, a dealer in part-worn apparel—who, owing to the Slump and how it’s now a docked Wall Street) are sharing the same stall.

They take her under their combined wing, and she settles down happily to life of house-keeping with them.

Mario, part Italian and proud of it, has a younger half-brother who is English and who, of course, falls for Society Hazel with a dull, sickening thud.
There are a few more thugs when Hazel's former lover appears on the scene and proposes to carry her off by main force if necessary.

A Good Team
- He succeeds in getting her as far as Paris, where to my mind is as far as any abductor can reasonably ask to go, and there they are followed by the camera, which arrives just before the hero does, and in good time to show us his arrival.
- I always think a punctual camera is such a help in a film.
- Those of you who saw Night Ride, which was directed by John Paddy Carstairs for Paramount-British, will be glad to hear that the same two comedians, Wally Patch and Julian Vedy, are playing the leads in this one, under the same director, for the same company.
- With them and La Terry will be Peter Coke and Emilio C. Caragher.

Anonymous Thug
- Talking about Paris, where the villain drags his prey, Ruth Chatterton has just been there, though not dragged and not prey.
- She has gone Ratting; that is to say, she is a member of a unit, led by director Jack Raymond, which is to film exterior sequences in The Rat amid the authentic surroundings.
- This is a somewhat unusual example of Mahomet going to the mountain, as Mahomet usually declines to budge beyond our shores, but sits in the Savoy Grill and waits for the mountain to be brought in on celluloid.
- To appreciate how perfectly this can be done, see King Solomon's Mines, for which none of the principals went to Africa.

Break For Rene
- Anton Walbrook, playing the title-role in The Rat, was already in Paris waiting for the unit to arrive; and Beatrice Lehmann, Mary Clare, Nadine March, and Gordon McLeod all have important roles.
- I gather, now, that Elizabeth Allan is not after all, to be in the cast; the strong feature role of Odele, the girl for whose sake "The Rat" commits a murder, has been handed to Rene Ray, which is very nice for Rene—and for all of us.
- It'll be a bit of a change to have dramatic scenes in the squalor of Montmartre actually played in Montmartre at its squalliest. And yet I wonder.
- And now here are some odds-and-ends of casting from the Gaumont-British sets.
- With Jessie Matthews in her musical barge epic Fall Sail we are to see Roland Young, Barry Mackay, Jack Whiting, and Noel Madison. Jack Whiting is an engaging young American whom so far I have seen only on the musical-comedy stage, and for some time I've wondered why we didn't have him in films.
- I think you'll like him.

More Candles
- This is to be made at Pinewood, where they are still doing odd bits of casting for A Shilling for Candles, which is developing entirely according to plan.
- I now hear that Peggy Simpson is to be in this, and Countess Poulett (Oriel Ross to me) who flew from France in order to be made up in time, and also Anna Konstant, sister of the beauteous Phyllis who is Mrs. Bunny Austin.
- I saw Anna not long ago in the stage play Night Alone with Richard Bird, and I must say acting (and beauty) seems to run in the family.
- Down at the companion plant at Islington they are getting along very pleasantly and crazily with Oh, Mr. Porter, Will Hay's latest conglomeration of absurdities.
- By the way, Moore Marriott, who plays an aged railway porter in this, tells me he is followed about by film-studios.
- George (everybody calls Moore Marriott "George," partly because it's easy to remember and partly because it's his name—used to live at Edgware because it was handy to Elstree. He had this big fire occurred at Elstree and production slowed down, he decided to sell his house and build a new one in Buckinghamshire.
- He did this, and had hardly moved in when he heard that new studios were to be built at Pinewood—a stone's throw away.

STARS PLAY UP TO THEIR MOODS
Stars in Hollywood admit that moody music plays an important part in turning them up for big roles. Gramophones are installed in most of the dressing rooms to give music colour to the artistic temperament of the players.
- Gary Cooper confesses he must have hilly-billy tunes, and Joel McCrea likes prairie laments. Merle Oberon gives concerts for the whole troupe, and Ginger Rogers gets pepped up by playing over old successes in her past shows.
- Music for every mood is to be found in the list of 28 musical items in the "Daily Herald.
- Great £2,500 must-be-son Holiday Music Competition. Select from this list the 12 items which would provide the best military band holiday music programme and you may win a colossal fortune. Entry Forms appear regularly in the "Daily Herald."

Altogether a couple of dozen film companies now have their headquarters in the neighbourhood.
- And so, for his daily work, George journeys to Islington.

All-Crazy
- Down here at Islington they have just signed-up the Crazy Gang (Messrs. Nervo, Flanagan, Naughton, Gold, Knox, and Allen, and you can sort them out for yourself) on a three-years contract.

Their first film under the new arrangement is to be Alf's Button, which, we may reasonably anticipate, will be very different from the famous silent film of that name.
- I'm glad I'm not the bloke responsible for deciding who is to play "Alf.
- The Islington people are not the only ones who regard successful comedians as worth making sure of.
- Down at Teddington, Irving Asher has just signed-up Max Miller to do a further series of "Educated Evans" pictures.
- I hear (but unofficially) that the first will be called Thank Evans. Who did that?

A Fine Actor
- To return for a moment to Islington, I hear that Will Fyffe's next starring picture, Oed Bob, is to be directed by Robert Stevenson, whose latest effort is King Solomon's Mines.
- This will be his last before he and his charming wife Anna Lee take a year's holiday; but it will be a working holiday, for he intends to write a play and Anna a novel.
- Will Fyffe will not be a comic this time, but a bitter-tongued Scots shepherd. I feel it in my bones that this film will be a notable one; Fyffe is one of the finest character actors we have.

And Margaret Lockwood, fresh from Dr. Syn, is to be the inevitable girl; which suits me very well indeed.

They do it on water! The fast dance routines for "You Can't Have Everything" require plenty of water for the girls. Here are two of them, Lillian Porter and Iva Stewart, at the studio fountain.
The hectic career of Hollywood's most sensational star as it unfolded on the world's front pages.

**John BARRYMORE'S**

by Malcolm Phillips

1927
MARCH. Rumours of a romance between middle-aged matinee idol and his young leading lady heightened with release of The Sea Beast. Love scenes are compared to duration and voltage with Garbo and Gilbert at their greatest. Michael Strange, Barrymore's estranged wife, comments, in New York, "That's not allowed. He's in love with the girl."

JUNE. Reported that course of true love is not running smoothly. Papa Maurice Costello, ex-Great Lover of the screen, tells reporters, "Why, Barrymore's as old as I am." Understood to have told Barrymore in best early Vitagraph manner that Dolores must choose between them.

Mrs. Costello, however, sides with lovers and a divorce follows soon after. In statement Costello declares that when he asked actor to leave his home and not call on his daughter again "Mrs. Costello struck me in the face and told me to get out."

OCTOBER. Further speculation is caused when John buys palatial home in Beverly Hills of Director King Victor.

1928
MAY. Barrymore involved in fierce fist fight with Myron Selznick, actors' agent, on lawn of Hotel Ambassador in Los Angeles. Reasons for quarrel between two men not disclosed, though name of Jean Harlow, who was in hotel, is mentioned. Jean Harlow denies that she knows either combatant. Concluded that Barrymore got the worst of exchanges as he spends next few days moonshiner alone, allegedly Nursing a black eye. While Selznick is unmarked.

SEPTEMBER. Doubts raised by Hollywood gossip as to whether Barrymore is free to marry. Newspaper sleuths unable to trace divorce from Michael Strange.

NOVEMBER 21. John Barrymore and Dolores Costello file notice of intention to marry. John tells newspaperman that Barrymore Michael Strange divorce is none of their business and refuses to discuss plans.

NOVEMBER 23. Los Angeles papers report: A mysterious woman, heavily veiled and expensively dressed, appeared in the Los Angeles Marriage Licence Bureau yesterday and declared that the divorce of John and Michael Strange had not been made final and warned the chief clerk not to issue a licence. Maurice Costello says that John should make his position clear and announces at the same time that he has forgiven Dolores.

NOVEMBER 25. John and Dolores married at home of bride with brother Mike (Lionel) Barrymore as best man. Groom, though hounded by critics, calmly adheres to policy of silence regarding divorce mystery, which is finally cleared up by Michael Strange, who discloses that on August 14 she had obtained divorce secretly at Kingston under her legal married name of Mrs. John Blythe.

FEBRUARY. New Mr. and Mrs. Barrymore arrive in Ecuador in yacht, Mariner, on honeymoon.

APRIL. Actor starts work on his first talkie picture General Crack.

JULY. Serious rift reported between John Barrymore and his brother-in-law Lowell Sherman, married to Helene Costello. Dispute believed to be over production of General Crack. According to friends Sherman alleges that all his best scenes have finished on the cutting room floor, if not at actual instance of star, because Barrymore had declined to use his influence to save them. Revealed that Dolores no longer sees her sister.

AUGUST. Film colony gossips comment on extraordinary domesticity of the hot-blooded, restless John and remark that Dolores has named "Wild Jack" Barrymore at last. Sob sisters report that he calls her "Shrimp" and he calls her "Winkie," and that they are the ideal married couple.

John places order for £100,000 yacht.

SEPTEMBER. Announced that Dolores is expecting a blessed event.

1930
JANUARY. New yacht, christened The Infanta (for anticipated heir) at San Pedro by Dolores.

APRIL. Mrs. John Barrymore enters Good Samaritan hospital. John astonished natives by taking ward next door to be near his ailsome appearance in Moby Dick make-up frightens nurses. Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore is born on April 9.

JUNE. Father, mother and baby set out on cruise in The Infanta.

NOVEMBER. Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello seek divorce. Matrimonial difficulties attributed by gossips to Sherman-Barrymore feud. Dolores and Helene, at any rate, are reunited by event.

1932
JANUARY. John and Lionel Barrymore are to play together for the first time in Arsene Lupin.
FEVERFEBRUARY. John Barrymore’s again antici-
pating blessed event.
JUNE. Barrymore elated at birth of son. Infant to be christened John Hylte. Star, on hearing news asks nurse, “Have you ever been kissed by a movie actor?” On receiving negative reply, says, “Well, you’re going to be now.”

1933

JANUARY. Star describes Greta Garbo with whom he has been working in Grand Hotel as greatest actress on screen. Surprises M.G.M. studio officials by graciously giving way to glamour queen in regard to camera angles and for once allowing the famous profile to be photo-

graphed from the wrong side.

SEPTEMBER. Reported that John Barry-
more will appear in British pictures, probably starting with a screen version of Hamlet for Alexander Korda. Actor arrives in liner Ben-
guaria. Plan falls through and star leaves for India on big game hunting expedition.

1935

MARCH. Gossips hint at split between:
Dolores Costello and John Barrymore, following news that John intends to go on a cruise in The Infanta with ex-wife Michael Strange as one of the guests. Michael is to be accompanied by her husband Harrison Tweed. Barrymore promptly denies rumors, declaring that he and his ex-wife are the best of friends and character-
ising story of impending divorce between himself and Dolores as rubbish.

APRIL. Dolores Costello with her two children, Dolores 5, and John 4, leave Barry-
more home and move into hotel following tele-
gram from husband in New York to his agents instructing them to ask her to move.

John refuses to discuss estrangement to reporters who find him entertaining at the Stork Club, New York. Among his guests is Elaine Barrie, a 19-year-old girl who has appeared in a wireless act with him after ap-
proaching him and asking him for employment while he was in hospital. Dolores is seeing no one—not even her intimate friends.

MAY. Dolores Costello Barrymore files suit for divorce, charging her husband with mental cruelty and habitual intemperance. Actor sails

for Havana, with Elaine Barrie as guest, in The Infanta, after denying rumors of a new romance.

JUNE. Barrymore returns to New York and files reply to wife’s suit, describing her as trun-
fessed amazon who forced him to take refuge in England and then New York. Alleges that

Dolores kept him a virtual prisoner aboard The Infanta as maintained a guard of women over his liberty and threatened to have him deprived of his liberty on false charges of habitual intemperance.

AUGUST. Amid rumors that John will

marry Elaine Barrie, his reply is over-rulled by judge. Dolores further charges that she and her children have been left unprovided for.

SEPTEMBER 15. New romance between Barrymore and Elaine Barrie reported to have “cooed” and strong hopes are held out for reconciliation with Dolores.

SEPTEMBER 17. Star leaves Elaine for Coast after statement by his attorney, Aaron Sapiro, that “personal relationship between them is closed and the glamorous episode is over.”

SEPTEMBER 22. Ariel’s” chase of “Caliban” rocks the world. Elaine Barrie follows star in aeroplane to Chicago, expecting to join him in Hollywood-bound train at that city. Star gives her the slip by disembarking in sub-

urbs.

In Kansas City “Ariel’s” sobs message into micro-

phone at broadcasting station: “John dear, you know you need me more now than ever before. We love each other, that is all that matters. Oh, dear people, please help me find my Caliban.”

Caliban,” with two bodyguards, ships on to train at small siding while Miss Barrie is resting.

“Ariel” finally gives up pursuit after four-day chase, announcing wistfully “we planned to be married when he was free. Declares that she will become a schoolteacher. Mean-
while John tells reporters he is not in love with girl.

OCTOBER. Barry-
more ordered to pay Dolores $170 alimony monthly. Wife drops intoxication charges. Star mortgages his Tower Hill mansion to ensure payment.

Dolores Costello wins divorce from John Barrymore.

DECEMBER. Elaine leaves New York to join Barrymore in Holly-
wood, where he has been confined to his home with an attack of nerves. Says she is tired of hearing her romance spoiled by publicity and insists that they will marry.

1936

JANUARY. John and Elaine appear to-
gether at Hollywood concert, renewing rumors of their early marriage.

MARCH Dolores Costello resumes career. Says there will be no reconciliation.

JULY—”Ariel” and “Caliban” in public quarrel. John is quoted as saying: “I was never engaged to her. A man can’t get along with a dame like that.”

AUGUST. John Barrymore’s doctor pro-
duces medical certificate to excuse actor testifying in Mary Astor Divorce Case.

NOVEMBER 10. Elaine and John elope to Yuma by aeroplane and are married. Bride-
groom is 55, bride, 27.

1937

JANUARY. Elaine reveals that Barrymore

has “walked out” and shut himself in one of his Hollywood houses. “I wish he’d come back,” she adds. It is stated that the quarrel occurred at a Hollywood cabaret over bride’s intention to take a stage engagement. John collapses on Maytime set.

Elaine files suit for divorce, alleging that her husband called her vile names, struck her in the presence of a crowd at a restaurant and was jealous of her acting ability.

FEBRUARY. Barrymore files petition of bankruptcy.

APRIL. Fourth Mrs. Barrymore obtains divorce.

JUNE. John Barrymore announces that he is to re-marry Elaine. Revised romance shows signs of relapse when Barrymore clan protest against her use of name of Elaine Barrie Barry-
more in starring in strip film: How to Undress in Front of your Husband.

AUGUST. Elaine and John appear together as “Ariel” and “Caliban” in radio version of The Tempest.
WHERE ARE WE GOING?

Lionel Collier discusses the trend of pictures released and previewed in the current year and compares them with the productions shown in the first six months of 1936.

The half-year has gone by, and it seems an opportune time to compare the releases and the current pictures of 1937 with those of 1936; and also to see what new tendencies, if any, are manifesting themselves in screen entertainment.

Just for interest, I looked back at the number of pictures awarded three and four stars from January to the first week in August, 1936.

I found that there were forty-six three-star films and eight with four.

From January to August this year I have given three stars to twenty productions and four to sixteen.

The 1936 list seemed to me to be a pretty good proportion, but I was hardly prepared to find such a contrast in the same period of 1937, which showed less than half the number of “very good” films.

I would not perhaps be safe to argue from this that the quality of entertainment in films is getting proportionally worse, but it does seem to show that the standard is not so high.

When you come to think of it, the two-feature programme has had a lot to do with the question of quality.

The number of features required has risen very considerably, owing partly to the increase in cinema building, and the demand has obviously caused a response which taxes the studios’ resources both in the matter of story material and efficiency of production.

To obviate this the two-hour film has been evolved but even this is only a palliative and not a very successful one for very few stories are capable of standing up to that footage.

Indeed I would go further and say that every two-hour picture I have seen would have been improved by cutting.

But the public have been greedy and like Oliver Twist asked for more in the shape of longer programmes.

Admittedly this has arisen from the fact that exhibitors have, to gain patronage in the past, been over generous in the length of their programmes, but now there is very definitely a problem which, so far as I can see, will only be solved by giving less in quantity and more in quality.

The main tendency that strikes you when you look at this year’s releases and current pictures is the preponderance of light comedies, often of a brightly nonsensical nature.

This is probably a reaction from the gloomy dramas which have held the field for the past few years.

Last year psychological and introspective studies had a good showing, but now there is a movement towards lighter fare which personally I think is all to the good.

The Moon’s Our Home and The Bride Walks Out, were the forerunners of the type of thing I mean which have been followed this year by such features as Theodora Goes Wild, I Met Him in Paris, My Man Godfrey, The Gay Desprado, Love on the Run, Sing Baby Sing, and best of all Call It a Day.

As a matter of fact the last mentioned is in a class which corresponds with one of the greatest successes of last year, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town.

That film, I think, started a movement to give us entertainment in which the human element predominates, entertainment that does not necessarily mirror the life of the man in the street, but approximates to it and gets its comedy from the interplay of every day characters in situations which could conceivably arise naturally from their behaviour.

If you look back at the pictures of some years ago when strong melodrama and ‘vamps’ were the order of the day you will find that we have progressed a good way from the stilted and theatrical characterisations which were legacies from the cruder elements of the stage.

Pictures, however, like Mr. Deeds and Call It a Day still stand out amongst the usual crop of comedies even if they are welcome indications of an intelligent use of the possibilities of the screen.

It is not, however, only these romantic and domestic comedies which show an increase but the more “crazy” type of film of which the best example I know is Easy Living, a combination of sophisticated wit and slapstick fooling which is particularly amusing. This picture is criticised in the review section this week.

I had hoped that such pictures as Mutiny on the Bounty, one of the greatest of last year’s releases, would have added impetus to the output of action pictures which received quite a good stimulus last year.

As a matter of fact the current examples except for Captain Courageous have not been very remarkable. Certainly we have had The Plainsman and The Charge of the Light Brigade both of which relied largely on their acting for entertainment, but otherwise the microphone is still too often the dominant factor. Directors still fail to remember that the screen is primarily a visual mode of dramatic expression and that the mike should be—if cinematic art is to get anywhere—supplementary.

But to return for a moment to the first mentioned of these pictures, Captain Courageous. It is a logical successor to Mutiny on the Bounty although, of course, it is entirely different in content and presentation.

Its sea sequences are some of the finest I have ever seen, and although it may not have the spectacular value of the former it does bring the tang of the sea to the cinema in a most realistic manner.

In addition its characterisations are exceptionally good so that it achieves that rather rare combination, human qualities and scenic excellence.

No one, however, can deny that the camera is playing a big part in the musicals which are now enjoying as great a boom as they did when the talkies first commenced. In fact, its intelligent employment is the one reason why such entertainment is coming back into favour.

Recent good examples include On the Avenue, a thoroughly clever show, and of course the Astaire-Rogers picture Shall We Dance, although the latter does not compare too favourably with last year’s Top Hat.
One picture we should particularly welcome is Kid Galahad because it represents excellent actionful drama which does not concern itself too deeply with the complexes and reactions of its characters.

It is just a good, hard hitting boxing story, well told and put over with a punch that registers good entertainment every time it lands.

Somehow, British studios, which should consider themselves with the sporting element, still seem to neglect it, although during the first part of the year they have managed to give us a number of pictures which give us renewed hope that the home industry will progress considerably in the near future.

Let's take a look at some of them.

The Great Barrier, a very commendable open-air drama which challenges comparison with its American prototype, then O.H.M.S., a first-class comedy-melodrama, slick and actionful; Educated Evans, bright farce that does not neglect characterisation; Wings of the Morning, a naive but wholly pleasing romance with some of the best

Each year usually produces at least one outstanding contribution to screen art. "Green Pastures" is 1937's contribution.

(Right) A very good example of the light-hearted, sophisticated entertainment now becoming prevalent is "I Met Him In Paris," with Melpyn Douglas, Claudette Colbert and Robert Young.

For sheer full blooded drama with plenty of action, "Kid Galahad," with Edward G. Robinson, Bette Davies and Wayne Morris, takes a lot of beating.

 colour photography I have seen to date; Farewell Again, a cross section drama of a troopship, brilliantly acted and presented; King Solomon's Mines, good adventure story; O.K. for Sound, crazy extravaganza equal to the Marx Brothers productions; The High Command, well devised and cleverly directed military melodrama; and Knight Without Armour.

There is good variety and first-class technical value in all those I have mentioned above and the last-named had a record run for a British picture in America.

I still, however, would like to see our studios producing more straight comedies of the kind which I have indicated earlier in this article, seem to be increasingly in favour.

Our comedies are apt either to be too verbose and lacking in slickness of presentation or else crude developments of music-hall sketches. The art of "wise-cracking" effectively has not yet been achieved by our scenarists.

In most years we get a production which is notable as an expression of cinematic art and which may not record large figures at the box office, but which does add prestige to the cinema.

Last year I would say that Romeo and Juliet stood out as an artistic triumph and as a brilliant screen interpretation of Shakespeare's work. It formed a fitting memorial for the genius of the late Irving Thalberg.

This year I should place Green Pastures as the most notable film achievement. It set out to express the negro's idea of religion and it succeeded in being a thing of beauty and spiritual significance.

One tendency I am particularly glad to see this year is a falling off in the number of "horror films." Not so much because they are horrifying to an intelligent person—usually they make for laughter rather than horror—but because of the effect they might have on the child's and nervous person's minds.

The introduction of the "H" certificate, which strongly recommends that children should not be taken to witness any film so labelled, is a good move, but the first application of it does not impress me with the powers of selection and rejection exercised by the Censor.

The Thirteenth Chair is the first picture to be given that certificate, apparently because it introduces a corpse into a romance, but I did not find this really so subtly horrifying as the study of a homicidal maniac in Night Must Fall. As a matter of fact, the appearance of the corpse in The Thirteenth Chair, which has been produced twice before, caused the audience to laugh when I saw it.

Incidentally, the seat next to me at the cinema was occupied by a child of about eight who, luckily, seemed to find more interest in the audience than in the picture.
GRACIE FIELDS

Fresh from her successful trip to America and with the praise she received for her latest picture, "The Show Goes On," still sounding in her ears, Gracie shows us that she can lay aside the "mill girl" character and be the grand dame on occasion. She was placed high in a recent popularity contest.
That's the secret of the success of Sandy Powell, according to the author of this article, who should know, as he is Production Supervisor at the British Lion studios.

HERBERT SMITH says

KEEP the PARTY CLEAN!

WHAT is the secret of Sandy Powell's great success? I have often wondered why this funny little Yorkshireman, still in his early thirties, with red hair, spectacles and prominent teeth, is one of the biggest draws at the box office in England to-day.

He is a clever comedian, one of the most expert at "timing," a joke that I have met or directed. But why does every man, woman and child in the Midlands and North and an ever-increasing public in the South flock to see him?

A letter shown to me by Mr. Powell from a wealthy man who owns three hotels in Blackpool supplied me with what, in my view, is the nearest solution. "I must write and tell you," the letter read, "after seeing Mr. Powell on the stage and in your film It's a Grand Old World, how pleased I am to be able to take my wife and family to see a show or film in which the leading comedian does not mistake dirt for humour."

That is the verdict of the public, and as far as film stars are concerned, the final verdict.

I suppose the real reason is that Sandy Powell is steeped in the tradition of the English music-hall and all that it stands for.

Sandy Powell was taken on to the stage at an age when most children are starting to learn their alphabet, and helped his mother run her marionette show. When he was just seven years old, he was sufficiently a trapper to have a special act of his own with a prominent place on the bill for his name. Sandy Powell had arrived!

Dressed in a little velvet suit with a pretty lace collar—I know this is true for, when his mother visited Beaconsfield Studios during the production of Sandy's recent film, she told me how well she remembers that day and how proud she was of her son's debut. For her it was a dream come true.

From that day until the great moment at the Command Performance, Sandy Powell has never cracked a dirty gag on stage, screen, radio, or gramophone record. Brought up along-side the music-hall men who made the English music-hall the best loved and most famous in the world—there has never been the slightest need to depart from his golden rule.

Sandy feels that his audience is the family audience. People can come along and bring their children to see him on the stage without the chance of an unfortunate gag or remark being made. They respect Sandy. He respects them.

I have directed Sandy Powell in two films. During the lengthy preparation of these pictures, I have travelled around the big towns in the provinces where Sandy Powell has been playing with his road-show. Recently Sandy has been breaking records everywhere. I have honestly been amazed at the figures he has been taking at the theatres. In Birmingham, he made a personal appearance at a cinema on a Sunday night, at which I was present with a party of friends.

So many people wanted to get in that about thirty police were called to control the crowds. The manager told me about four thousand people were turned away that night. It reminded me of a premiere in New York or Hollywood rather than an ordinary Sunday night film show in Birmingham.

An interesting fact which I feel bears out my contention regarding Sandy Powell is that invariably his first house audience is larger than the second. In other words, parents take their children along to the first performance to see him.

What of the future? Sandy Powell's new film, Leave it to Me, which I have just completed, has been made with the idea of introducing Sandy in a film designed to exploit him as a star, with the plot taking first place in importance over the comedy and gags.

His first British Lion film, It's a Grand Old World, was in the nature of an experiment. If every experiment was such a success as this turned out, we would not have much to worry about. We wanted to try Sandy out, and he felt that he could be successful on the screen as well as on the music-hall. It was no secret that he was very disappointed with his previous excursion into picture-making.

It was a hard job trying to find a suitable subject for him to play in his second production. Eventually Tom Arnold, the producer, hit upon the idea of playing him as a policeman.

We all agreed that it was an excellent idea, and the script writers set to work to build up a story with Sandy as a poor little policeman who cannot keep out of trouble, no matter what he does. Most of the action takes place in Chinatown; with Sandy on the track of jewel-thieves.

He has a very pathetic time throughout the story, and I hope that the character will be sympathetic enough to make everybody really sorry for him.

He had a gruelling time during the production of Leave it to Me. In one sequence, where he is called to an all-in wrestling booth to part two wrestlers who have gone slightly berserk, Sandy was bruised from head to foot. For two days a couple of the biggest and most powerful all-in wrestlers in the profession threw him from one side of the ring to the other, but never once did he complain. He finished work on a Saturday and the following Monday was back again playing in his road-show as usual. Most people would have taken a holiday, but not Sandy; he had fixed the date, and he would not disappoint his fans.

He employs people to run his Sandy Powell clubs (all the money goes to charity, by the way); he has numerous others looking after his fan mail, which increases each week, and also employs special writers to construct his comedy material, although, of course, he does a great deal of this himself.

He has a wife and two children, and he was very proud when I asked him if his son Peter, aged twelve, could play a tiny part in Leave it to Me.

As far as I am concerned, Sandy Powell is the best comedian I have ever directed, for two reasons.

The first is that, unlike most other comedians with whom I have worked, he does not come into the studio and try to show us how it should be done. He is ready and eager to learn the technique of making films.

Secondly, he is new material as far as films are concerned, and, therefore, I can mould him in the way I feel a comic should appear and act on the screen.

He has brought his dialogue and comedy in line with modern requirements, which has been a great help. Some comedians feel that, because a joke went well ten years ago, it will still do to-day. But Sandy Powell knows that is wrong. For years he has worked hard, and now he is getting to the top, but he just means to go on working as before.

And, as I said, the most important thing is that everyone can go and see Sandy without the risk of being embarrassed.

Which, even to-day, is still a very important thing.
Jean Harlow and Clark Gable climbed the Hollywood heights together—it is fitting that he should have been her co-star in her last picture.

We are after all to see Saratoga, the film which poor Jean Harlow had almost completed at the time of her death. She has the role of the daughter of a racehorse owner who finds herself up against racketeer bookmakers.
August 21, 1937

PictuEgDE Weekly

Shirley Temple entertains Mary Berlin on the "Heidi" set. Mary brought along her distinguished father, Irving Berlin, left.

Above: James Stewart, who posed for the art class at the University of California, autographs a caricature.

Below: The screen's new "Tom Sawyer," Tommy Kelly, is busy studying the Mark Twain classic.

SHTOES with our CANDID CAMERA
Sir Frederick invites Anthony Halton (Melvyn Douglas) to run unaware that his guest is having an affair with his wife. Above persuades Maria to go to Paris with him.

Marlene Dietrich's new picture is a triangle drama with Herbert Marshall and Melvyn Douglas as the men in the case. The film was produced and directed by Ernst Lubitsch.
Barker, suspicious concerning Maria and Halton, cancels an international conference and follows them to Paris, where he demands a show-down.

The troubled Maria discusses her emotional problems with her friend, the Grand Duchess (Laura Hope Crews).
Sonja plays the role of a skating instructress which gives her an opportunity to display her rink repertoire.

Before her recent visit to England Sonja Henie, the skating champion who made a big hit in her first picture, One in a Million, completed her second Hollywood film, Lovely to Look At.

Right: The star not only skates, but, it is stated, shows remarkable skill on skis.

Above: Supporting the stars are: Raymond Walburn, Arthur Treacher and Alan Hale.

Left: The film unites Sonja and Tyrone Power. The love scenes should not have been difficult; the players are supposed to be in love in private life.
Love among the Linotypes

Frances Farmer, who showed so much promise in Come and Get It, is co-starred with Fred MacMurray in Exclusive, a newspaper-cum-gangster story in which Charlie Ruggles plays a straight character part for a change.

(Above) Ralph Houston (Fred MacMurray) is assistant city editor on a paper which is fighting a gangster-controlled publication.

Left: Tod Swain (Charlie Ruggles), a reporter on the same paper and father of Ralph's fiancée, Viva (Frances Farmer) is injured by the gangsters.
The European glamour girls are flocking to Hollywood again. Has Britain missed yet another opportunity?

It seems that Germaine is a disappointed girl. European film stars, she declares, just haven’t any kissing technique at all and she hopes the Hollywood men can do better. Page Tyrone Power, please.

She makes her American debut in Lancer Spy, but has so far failed to comment on the oscular- ary efficiency of George Sanders.

Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, of course, is getting ready to unleash Sigrid Girurk on an expectant picture populace in The Adventures of Marco Polo. Sani believes that in Sigrid, who has the advantage of also being a Scandinavian, he has at last found the elusive ‘new Garbo.’

She is at the moment being put through the usual Goldwyn “hush hush” star routine (no parties, public appearances or photographs), which is still a good story, but not nearly so good a story as it was when it was applied to the last Goldwyn protege, Anna Sten.

Almost all that is known of her is that she was discovered in the Norwegian National Theatre. M.-G.-M. has also a mystery star. Her name, according to the press boys, is Della Lind, she is Viennese, and she will be seen in the re-make of He Who Gets Slapped, but it is not widely advertised that she appeared in a number of British films, including Going Gay and The Scotland Yard Mystery, as Grete Natzler.

This department, which fell in love with the little French girl when it saw Mayerling, will be particularly interested in following the Hollywood fortunes of Dannielle Darieux, who is due in America any day now.

Dannielle in Hollywood parlance is a “looker,” I hope that they don’t try to spoil her delicate and distinctive beauty by putting her through the Hollywood mould. So far, however, the signs haven’t been too promising. That “Darieux (pronounced ‘Dare You’)” publicity announcement, for instance, is neither good pronunciation nor an accurate description of her particular appeal, while Simone Simon has never lived down the version caused by that “pronounced See-moan See-moan” campaign.

Paramount also has its Parissienne. She is Olympe Brada and she was christened Olympe because she was born between the matinee and evening show at the Olympic Theatre in Paris in 1920. She is in The Last Train From Madrid.

The same studio also has Isa Miranda, discovered in an obscure Italian film, and Francisca Gaal, who for Budapest, is 23, and is a Baroness in private life.

Francisca makes her Hollywood bow in the leading feminine role in The Buccaneers, which is being produced by Cecil de Mille, who with a typical de Mille flourish, describes her as “a youthful combination of Helen Hayes, Mary Pickford, Elizabeth Bergner and Clara Bow.”

And over at Columbia they are preparing to make an international star of Dolly Haas, another of those continentals. Hollywood has imported via England, where she appeared in Girls Will Be Boys and Broken Blossoms. Dolly will be seen shortly in Paris on Broadway.

So far the new invasion is almost wholly feminine. Continental sex appeal, however, is represented by Fernand Gravet. The King and the Chorus Girl has not been shown here yet, but in America it has established him as the greatest feminine attraction. America’s women are just counting the days until he returns in True Confession.

Gravet appeared in Swedish pictures a year or so ago without setting the Thames on fire. Well, perhaps they do these things better in Hollywood after all.

M. D. P.
Captains Courageous

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams, with permission of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Harvey, Cheyne, of an old Connecticut family, is no exception to the rule that a boy who gets all he wants from an undiscriminating and wealthy father stands a poor chance of becoming a useful citizen.

With school at the end, Harvey tries bribing the boys to elect him as member of the Buffaloes Club. Incidentally, he attempts to bribe a master to set an easy examination. 

Returning from a visit from the "head", Mr. Cheyne, decides to take Harvey on a trip to Europe with a view to winning the boy's confidence and improving his character.

Through his own fault, Harvey falls overboard from the "Queen Anne" and is picked up by Manuel, a Portuguese man, who offers him wages in return for work. He refuses menial jobs and fans Manuel for presenting his attempted escape in one of the coasters. Having fallen asleep on deck, he wakes up and Manuel has put his coat over him. Hastily, for the first time, he tenders Manuel thanks for what he has done.

Manuel, of the dark, curly hair and strong, lined face, looked down at the younger with tousled hair and sweater at his side.

"Don't thank me. That's all right," he said. "You feel better this morning?"

Harvey nodded. "I guess so. Are you fishing now?"

Manuel looked annoyed. "Sure. Can't you see I'm testing this line to find the bottom, so the bottom don't fish for us? Go away with your foolish questions."

"All right, then. If that's the way you feel about it." Feeling aggrieved, Harvey walked off, but no other member of the crew seemed disposed to notice him. If Harvey had thought about this phenomenon, he might have discovered it to be no phenomenon at all; merely the result of his own lability, his sense of difference and his own aristocratic manners. No, so far Manuel was the only one who had shown him any kindness, though Captain Disco had certainly offered him wages as a return for work.

Harvey, considering this, thought that three dollars a month, the sum named to the captain, though beggarly compared to one week's pocket-money at home, was not to be despised. He was tired of doing nothing and glad to join the crew, who were cutting bait to the lusty chorus of "Oh, what a terrible man!"

Harvey could even be heard adding his treble to the calculation. He was using a knife Manuel had handed him when he realised the crew were laughing at him.

"Let 'em laugh," Manuel said. "They know how to chop bait. You know how to chop bait."

"I don't look much in it."

"Go ahead. Chop, Tail first."

Down came the knife, nowhere near the fish and suspiciously near Harvey's fingers.

"Well, I guess I want to do something," Harvey said as Long Jack advised him to cut closer.

"Yes, but you just want to do what you want to," Manuel declared. "I'll tell you what to do. The fish want the galley and help cook. Carry slops, and sweat like Dan did, before you talk about being a fisherman. Go on now."

For the first time in his life, on being asked to do something unpleasant, Harvey obeyed. He had a new ambition—to be a fisherman like Manuel. To this end, he staggered up the companion-way with full buckets of kitchen refuse, and took orders with surprising meekness. Furthermore, instead of avoiding, he talked to Dan, who, as the captain's son, was a good intelligence officer. From Dan, Harvey discovered that Manuel used to catch fish from a trawl, but with a line from a dory, and that, since his father died, he had had no dory mate. He knew Manuel about the dory, one fine morning, alone, Harvey shouted from the rail to the figure in red sweater and red and dark-blue woolly cap.

"Wouldn't it be better if you had someone to come along with you?"

"I not alone," Manuel shouted back. "Five minutes and I have hundred fish for company. Besides, who I get to row? You very foolish this morning."

Nevertheless, by dint of sheer hard work, the impossible was achieved and Manuel was heard, one evening in the foc'sle after supper, laying his new safety razor in a bet with Long Jack that he (Manuel) and Harvey would catch more fish in a day than Long Jack and his mate together with their trawl.

Trembling with excitement the following morning, Harvey scrambled into Manuel's dory, but the result was a disaster, as Manuel had scored a brace and rAVING as a gentle swell are not the same thing. Harvey had little time to worry about Captain Disko's problem of how to outwit the schooner Jenny Cushman, whose crew, Captain had taken advantage of the previous evening's fog to arrive first at a fishing bank, plentifully supplied with halibut and cod. For all Harvey cared, the Jenny Cushman and all the schooners of the fleet might discover the best fishing. He was out, as Manuel's dory mate, alone on the wide sea, helping him fish; that was all that mattered. Even the agony of thinking he had caught a fine cod, only to draw in his line and bring up the hook dangling, failed to make him lose his temper.

"I guess I was too anxious," he sought to excuse himself.

"You stay away from that anxious business," Manuel counselled. "Let fish be anxious. Now then, try again... You got a bite? Good... Now are you gonna bring fish up to see you, or are you going down after him?"

Has your father been dead a long time?" Harvey asked, in the intervals of learning to fish. Did he want to make preparation for the unhind the things he had said of Manuel's father on that first night on board the Wee Halibut.

"Six years next month. Seems long, long time," Manuel said. "He drown off Cape Sable in a storm."

"All alone—in the dory—at night. Oh, I'm sorry!"

"Well, what's trouble about that? That's a fine way. The Saviour; be take my fish up to fisherman's heaven—up with all his old friends. He give my father brand new dory to fish in."

"You think they really fish in heaven?"

"Sure. What else do they? Weren't the Saviour's friends fishermen? Sometimes I like to go to heaven now. Then I say: 'Manuel, you got to be better fisherman first. The Saviour, he only give dory to first-class fishermen like your father.' So I in no hurry. I know my father keep place for me in his dory."

Harvey listened. For the first time, he noticed that Manuel wore a little silver cross round his neck. It seemed that he could make these things much clearer than did Dr. Finlay at Divinity lesson. Next minute he was all excitement, hauling in a halibut; big, as Manuel said, as a mainail, and falling backwards in the process.

"I told you we'd beat Long Jack and Nate, didn't I?" Harvey enthused, unhooking his catch. At that moment cries from Long Jack's dory, anchored in the offing, was followed by sight of Long Jack being hauled out of the water completely tangled up in his trawl.

"Hey, Nate!" Manuel called, his arm round Harvey. "You want new dory mate, maybe; one who doesn't get mixed up with knitting needles."

"I knew Long Jack would be mad," Harvey said complacently. "When I heard you betting last night with him, I sneaked on deck and tangled up his trawl. I put knots in it and took bait off the hooks."

"You did that?"

"Sure. So that we could win.

"Harvey had never seen such an expression as crossed Manuel's face. He spoke, not to Harvey, but to the magnificent halibut, still alive as it dropped overside into the grey water.

"You tell other fish Manuel got no dory mate; only chest. I no catch big, honest strong fish that way. Tell 'em good and loud."

In silence, he rowed Harvey back to the schooner, and for the (Continued on page 24)
remainder of the day ignored him. Before supper, Long Jack came aboard with his catch. His face was yellow with pain, and as he ordered up a measure of rum for the patient to extract the fish-hooks buried in his arm. Harvey watching and waited for the companion, heard the captain say:

"You should have come aboard this morning. You'd have seen for yourself that way, except by human hands. Either you or that kid done it. If I find he put’s his flippers in my tray, I’ll round the capstan and break him off short."

Long Jack swore and tossed off:

"I think you put more hooks in yourself so as to get more rum, Manuel chaffed. Long Jack lrenched himself free from Nantes, who was holding him steady for the captain’s knife.

"You can’t say that to me—you lyin’ thief do you?"

Harvey seized the knife-lying on the bolt-hard and went for Manuel. The captain stood aside. Harvey realised, with a sickening sensation, that the captain, as had been stated, would never take part in his men’s private quarrels. Long Jack was reeling at Manuel with the knife. It was more than Harvey could stand. He seized Long Jack’s coat.

"Don’t I” he screamed. "It wasn’t Manuel."

I’d put it in the old gin the night when you were having supper. I didn’t mean to get hooks in your arm. I thought we’d have some fun."

You sneakin’ little—" Now Long Jack was after him, but Manuel had the tall fisherman by the collar.

"What you worry about?" Manuel demanded. "He added the whole thing like a regular grown fellow. He say he sorry. Everything all right now.

"Nothing’s all right till I beat his ears off."

"You touch that kid and I’ll tear you apart—see. Don’t get me mad, Jack, you’ll wish you had never been ashore."

Before Manuel’s doubled fist and blazing eyes, Long Jack retreated.

"All right—get on with the cutting of the risk."

Meanwhile, Manuel and Harvey, having a quiet time together in the fo’c’sle, were reckoning how much money they would have to spend ashore. With all the funds that had been at his command in the old days—had n’t he—could he have bought so rich as in the prospect of the nine dollars he had earned?

"Will you do when you go ashore, Manuel?" he asked.

"Well, first I got to go to church store—know you, where you buy the things? I can buy two place gold candlestick I see there, and I take it to church and sell it for my father’s birthday—third this month—August. Then, I think, maybe I light candle for myself, too, have few bad things this trip.

But Harvey wouldn’t allow his hero to have had any such lapses, and listened intently while Manuel described the fine suit he would wear ashore, the purple coat, the cloth-topped shoes, the big pearl buttons, and the new tie with yellow tips.

When Manuel came to asking Harvey what he was going to do and whether he would speak to his father on his behalf, there was an awkward pause. Presently the confession was made.

"I haven’t gone home, Manuel. I want to stay with you and be a fisherman. I want to be as good as you."

Cooking, looking in at the galley, announced that all who wanted to see a boat being passed had better come aboard. Harvey, thinking the companion’s way to follow Manuel to his post at the wheel. Wind had risen, and Harvey’s was here were here were here were here were here.

Long Jack, looking at the bellows canvas, remarked: "Them boys’ll carry away if we keep this up."

"I’ll take the lower spars out of her before I’ll let Walt Cushman work the wind’ard of me." Captain Disko declared. The Jennie Cushman a bare length ahead, came about.

"She’s coming. You’ll have to give way to her, Disko," the mate shouted.

"Well, I ain’t giving way." "Why, it’s done," a sure, muttered another of the crew.

"Hold her to it, Manuel. Don’t lose a step."

"Landsakes, Disko, here she comes." On came the Cushman. It seemed as though her prow must ram the Jennie Cushman full in the face. Before that the fisherman came Walt’s cry from the deck: "Hard to starboard!"

and the Westward Harvey hoisted on hasn’t with not an inch to spare between rail and rail as the Cushman dropped behind.

"I had the right of way, you old beach cat," Cushman shouted.

You must have mislaid it somewhere."

"Well, we ain’t to Gloucester yet. I’ll do more than keep you in sight."

"Poor old Walt broke his jib. He’s checking his topsails now," Captain Disko reported, lowering his glasses as the Jennie Cushman sailed into the distance.

"Best do the same," Long Jack added.

"The main tops’ll go if you don’t."

"Go aloft with Jack, Manuel. Stand by to try the topsails," the captain ordered. "I’ll hold you when you reach the masthead."

Up they went, Harvey thinking that Manuel must be the finest fisherman in the whole fleet. The captain didn’t have his ship.disko.

As the hard wind that, as had been stated, one of the standing ropes supporting the mainmast was breaking, stand by where, it engaged that when the rope broke, 

Brooke, acting on a warning shout from Long Jack, who had seen the danger the slipping to safety, was still on the shrouds. Slowly, with a ghastly cracking and tearing of wood, the mainmast split.

Harvey, reaching the rail, tumbling over the mass of canvas, pulleys, ropes, and broken timbers that covered the deck, saw Manuel afloat, head and shoulders above the water, in the mass of tackle and steel cable which had been swept from the schooner. Creeping out fearfully on the upper half of the mast lying along the surface of the water. Harvey called.

"Are you all right, Manuel?"

He didn’t know that Manuel had begged Captain Disko, who had ordered Long Jack to lower a dory, not to bring him aboard. Harvey most that Manuel’s body below the waist was mangled, that already the steel cable securing the drift to the schooner was tightening with the turn of the tide.

"If we leave him there, the line will cut him through," Long Jack had said. "Manuel had shouted to Captain Disko to cut the line and let him sink. Already the captain was at work, and Harvey gazed at his friend for the last time, hopefully at first, then terrified at the look on Manuel’s face as he said:"

"Good-bye, little fish! You’ll be the best fisherman ever. I go now to fish with my father in his dory. You remember—I told you." The captain’s axe delivered its final blow. The cable severed. With a last look at Harvey, Manuel sank beneath the waves.

Harvey’s grief was inconsolable, though everyone from Long Jack upwards was kind. The captain allowed him to have Manuel’s hurdy-gurdy, and on shore entertained Mrs. Greystone whom had come to Gloucester to meet his son. But Harvey was not ready yet to meet his own father the old fisherman.

In the middle of supper he excused himself and went to the church, where he found his three small friends, one from Manuel to his father and one from himself to Manuel.

Can I say a prayer alone," he asked to the priest who had lighted the candles for him. The answers were very brief and Harvey prayed with widely opened eyes before the altar that God would allow him, if it were possible, a place with Manuel and his father in the dory. With unshed tears he left the church and, finding Manuel’s dog drawn up on the beach, climbed into it and sobbed his heart out.

After a while, Mr. Cheyne came on deck, but there was no room in the child’s consciousness for anyone but Manuel.

Two days later the homely fisherfolk of Gloucester gathered at the sea wall to attend the vicar’s memorial service. One by one, at the corners of the church, those who had lost their loved ones threw wreaths to be borne across the water by the outgoing tide. Harvey, through, at the end of the long line of drinking, Harvey threw his wreath—a small one of white flowers, bought with all the money the dollars, which those who had lost their loved ones threw wreaths to be borne across the water by the outgoing tide.
MOST "fatness" consists of watery fluids in the tissues. They are solutions of toxins which have been absorbed from the intestine. Beechams Pills gently compel regularity and so prevent the formation of these toxins.

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Worth a Guinea a Box TO WOMEN WHO WISH TO SLIM
EASY LIVING

NE of the most amusing comedies I have seen for some time, this picture combines sophistication with slapstick action and keeps going at an hilarious pace from start to finish.

The dialogue is exceptionally good and the characters exceedingly well drawn.

Jean Arthur, with just a touch of the Zaza Paris wail in her voice on occasions, gives one of her most notable performances as a woman journalist who is given a cable coat by a wealthy banker and then finds that the social world believes that she is his mistress. The consequent scene with shopkeepers and salesmen of all descriptions bombard her with their wares.

The way she gets the coat provides the hectic opener to the picture. Edward Arnold as the banker—as great in a comedy role as he is in his dramatic characterisations—is here a very funny man, and he prods the young woman about in a temper, quarrels with his son, and then proceeds to take away from his wife an expensive sable coat she had ordered.

He throws the coat out of the window and it falls on the head of a girl riding a bus. She comes to return it, but is told to keep it.

On arrival at the office, unable to explain how she got such a valuable fur coat, she is sacked. But news had got about that she was the banker's mistress, and a hotel proprietor on the verge of having his mortgage foreclosed by the bank insists on putting her in the royal suite.

Romance comes into the picture when the banker's son, trying to earn his living at a restaurant, meets her.

She has no money to get food although she is so luxuriously housed, and in order to obtain it for her the amateur waiter procures to wangle the automatic machines which deliver the food. His efforts end in a riot and the sack for him.

Numerous complications follow, but end with the prospect of wedding bells.

There is a wealth of slapstick action to the cafe scenes, and also in the hotel. Chases are frequent, but they are made to appear credible by the human touch which is apparent throughout.

Ray Milland is very good as the banker's son, but the hit of the show is Louis Alphonse, the sardonic and scheming hotel proprietor.

He always can be relied upon to give a sound supporting study, but in this case he nearly steals the picture.

Two other clever performances come from Mary Nash as the banker's wife, who creates divorcée proceedings after reading the scandal sheets, and Franklin Pangborn as a very precious costumer.

The film was directed by Mitchell Leisen, and he deserves all credit for the way he has kept a hold on the plot through all the maze of fooling with which it is bedecked.

Detail touches are frequent, and ingenious, and I have rarely seen a production with so few dull spots.

MAD GIRL

This is the last picture Danielle Darrieux made before she went to America. She is co-starred with Albert Préjean, with whom she appeared in The Slump Is Over, a joyous musical comedy. It is a fanny romantic farce, with a lot of near slapstick action, and the entertainment is apt to wear very thin in places. Acting, however, is good, and the picture's appeal relies on it.

The story deals with a secretary who falls in love with her boss and he with her, but he does not intend to declare his love until she is no longer his employee, so he sacks her. Heartbroken, the girl attempts suicide, but is rescued by a young man about town, who takes her to his house. There is a big party in progress, and she causes endless trouble by getting drunk.

Next morning he learns of her love for her employer, and arranges for her to go to him. When she meets him she is horrified at his self-satisfied air; he is so pleased to think she nearly committed suicide all for love of him. She runs away and finds she is in love with her rescuer of the previous night, and they make a match of it.

Danielle Darrieux is delightful as the secretary who behaves like a schoolgirl in her cups, she manages to make the intoxication scenes funny without being unpleasant.

Albert Préjean is very good as the man about town, and Lucien Baroux gives a good character study of the self-satisfied business man.

Andre Roanne is most amusing as a scandalised butler.

There is piquancy about the scene where the secretary is taken home and put to bed by her rescuer and his butler, and the party sequences have some sound slapstick humour.

The material, however, is so thin that the interest is not well sustained and one becomes rather bored with the antics of the irrepressible heroine.

It will be interesting to see what America does with this vivacious little actress, and it is to be hoped that she will not be moulded by the Hollywood beauty formula. Her charm relies much on her piquancy and naturalness, and any attempt at "glorification" will ruin it.

On the Screens Now

**O.K. FOR SOUND**

*Gen. F.D. Britich, "A" certificate, slapstick extravaganza, Runs 85 minutes.*

Fred DeBree — Goldberger
Endi Stamp — Taylor
His Secretary Graham Moffat — Paigeboy
Marilyn Maur — Guggenheimer
H. P. Matley — Sir John Right
Jan Goeth — All-in Wrestlers
Loves Tangents

**STUDIO DISORGANISERS**


An excellent piece of knockabout comedy with the stars of the Palladium Crazy Gang let loose in a film studio.

It is broad stuff, put over with a robustness that is infectious and, to say the least, providing better entertainment than anything the Marx Brothers have done.

Burlesque, song scenes, and crazy dances follow each other in rapid succession, and the thread of story is kept running quite effectively through them all.

**THE HIGH COMMAND**

A B.F.D. British, "A" certificate, regimental drama, Runs 90 minutes.

Lionel Atwill — Major-General Sir John Sarge; V.C., Lucie M. Wilcox — Miss Sarge; Steve Greay — Clonan; James Mason — Max; Leslie Perrin — Carson; Allan Cuthbertson — H. E. the Gove; Michael Ludwig — Reverend; Tom Gill — Dunlop; Wally Patch — Crawford; Directed by Thurlow Dickinson from the novel "The General Goes Too Far," by Lewis B. Leisen. 

Although rather far-fetched, this story of an army officer stationed in West Africa, who has to clear up a murder mystery, and in doing so becomes himself involved for a murder he had committed years before in Ireland, is exceedingly good melodrama.

Its settings are realistic, the plot is exceedingly well unfolded, and is full of human touches and sincere sentiment.

Suspense is excellently maintained and the culminating court-martial scenes are handled with full conviction.

The way in which the officer finds a way out of an impasse which involves his daughter and the future of his daughter is ingeniously developed and strongly dramatic.

Acting is very good all round, Lionel Atwill being particularly noteworthy as the general, and Lucie Mannheim natural as a married woman in love with an officer, who is accused of murder.

I dealt with this picture very fully in a preview in last week's issue, to which I would refer readers.

**ONE IN A MILLION**

*Fox, American, "U" certificate, spectacular musical extravaganza, Runs 94 minutes.*

Sonja Henie — Greta Moller
Adolphe Menjou — Fred Standberg
Don Ameche — Dan Simpson
Ritz Brothers — Themselves
Aline Parren — Baroe Stanley
Bobbie Smit — Goldie
Leah Ray — Girl in Sandbox Band.
Maurice Napoleon — Lionel


Sonja Henie makes a promising debut in this spectacular acting musical, which gives her every chance as well as to show off her skating prowess.

The plot is a simple one, dealing with the love story of the hero and heroine, and their entry into professional skating.

She is nearly robbed of her title as amateur world champion because she had appeared in a road show to oblige a friend. In spite of its slightness there are several little human touches in the story as a whole.

The main appeal lies in the skating ballets and musical interludes, although every support is given by a strong cast.

Adolphe Menjou is characterful as the travelling stage producer, as is Jean Harlow as Henie's father.

Don Ameche scores as the hero, and the fooling of the Ritz Brothers and Fred Sparkes is welcome.

Borrah Minnevitch and his Harmonica Band add still further to the picture's variety.

**CHINA PASSAGE**

*Radio, American, "B" certificate, murder mystery, Runs 64 minutes.*

Vinton Hayworth — Tom Baldwick
Constance Worth — Carolyn Jones
Gordon Jones — Joe Duggan
Leslie Fenton — A. Durand
Alex Craig — Harvey
Moe Misch — Chuck
Frank M. Thomas — Capt. Williams
Georgina B. Davis — Dr. Caine
Lotus Long — Lia See
Phillip Allyn — Tony Ta
Joyce Compton — Miss Collins

Directed by Edward Killy.

A cruder story, dealing with the sinking of a diamond ship by a female gang of agents and the murder of two of the suspects.

The action is rapid enough, but not very convincing, and one cannot take a great deal of interest in the fate of the leading players.

Constance Worth is sound as the agent, and Vinton Harworth is also quite good as a strong, silent man.
**Non-Greasy**

**ODO-RO-NO ICE**

检查perspiration

Odo-ro-no Ice is a cream deodorant created on an entirely new principle—it vanishes instantly. It cannot leave a greasy or sticky film to come off on your clothes. Its delightful texture is light and flufly—it pats on easily and is absorbed completely—you don’t have to work it in. And Odo-ro-no Ice never develops a musty odour of its own; its clean, fresh smell of pure alcohol evaporates immediately.

Odo-ro-no Ice is the perfect cream deodorant—used according to directions, it protects clothes and guarantees a dry, odourless underarm for 1-3 days. Try it to-day, 1d. a jar at all good chemists and stores.

**ODO-RO-NO**

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PURPOSE CREAM . . . 6d. and 1½

For Girls After a Man’s Heart

**First Step to Beauty**

Beauty from the top of your head to the tip of your toes! Just crumble a ‘Reudel’ Cube into your bath and your skin will be as soft and fragrant as a delicately scented rose petal. For a ‘Reudel’ Cube in your bath supercharges it with beautifying and invigorating oxygen. Cleanses every tiny pore in your skin and leaves it radiantly lovely. Try a ‘Reudel’ Cube in your bath to-night, and make it a real beauty bath. There are three perfumes to choose from—original, Lavender and the new Pine.

**REUDEL**

**Bath Cubes**

**2d.**

**A BOX OF SIX**

**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 two pints of liquid bile into your system every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just accumulates in the bowels. Gas bursts up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, 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 Carters 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 Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Strickenly refuse anything else, 1½ and 3½.

**She can’t help the Date**

But—

She can avoid the PAIN

“Until I heard about Baxen, I suffered acute pains each month. Then, within 10 minutes, one dose of Baxen completely stopped the sharp stomach pains and general discomfort. I was able to carry on with my work as if nothing were the matter. I should recommend Baxen to all my friends, as I fail to see why our sex should suffer so.”—Miss S. L., Cambridge.

Baxen is a specialist’s prescription—safe and reliable. It contains no aspirin, no dangerous “drugs.” It cannot harm the heart, upset the stomach, or interfere with the natural function.

Every day thousands of women buy Baxen from their chemists. Even those who always had a “very hard time” now enjoy the peace and comfort of Baxen; so why go on suffering the needless pain which Baxen can spare you? All chemists sell Baxen [Brand] Tablets in slim, flat tins, 1/3; also Powders 1/3 ½ p®; Single Powders 2½ each.

**FREE**

A free trial supply of Baxen will be sent you gladly. Write for it to-day to Nurse E. Hughes, Ltd., 328, Adelphi, Salford, Manchester.

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Are you making her mistake? If the paste or powder you use is at all abrasive, it’s likely to wear away that thin film of enamel which is Nature’s only protection against decay. And there are dentists so abrasive that Dentists can tell at a glance what you’ve been using.

You can quite easily prove whether your present tooth paste is safe. Compare it with one which dentists recognise as the finest and smoothest of all—Odo-ro-no. Get a tube of Odo-ro-no (or send the coupon below for a sample tube free). Put them both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present one seems to have the least sign of grittiness, don’t take chances any longer. It is because it is so safe that dentists recommend Odo-ro-no. Odo-ro-no can be obtained at Tooth Paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odo-ro-no Mouthwash and Odo-ro-no Denture Powder.

**Hold romance in your Hands this summer...**

Hands are so often gloveless in Summer; you need Glymien Jelly more than ever! Glymien Jelly sink’s right in, banishing the roughness and redness caused by wind, sun and sea water. Only Glymien Jelly, made by a secret process impossible to copy, can beautify your hands so surely and so quickly. Glymien Jelly is without a hint of stickiness or greasiness; only its fresh perfume lingers. The sleeveless, stockingless—summer vogue means that arms and legs need Glymien Jelly too—try it!**

**FREE SAMPLE TUBE**

Put this coupon in an unsealed envelope (no stamp) to Cramner Ltd., (Dept. P.3), Norwich, for a free tube of Odo-ro-no. This applies to Great Britain and N. Ireland.

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**GLYMIE JELLY**

**TUBES**

1d., 6d., and 1½.
There’s an extra enjoyment in that smoke just after a bathe—particularly when it’s a Will’s GOLD FLAKE, the cigarette of distinctive character and smoothness
to accomplish this, she fakes an affair with a Continental count. It is all very thin and lacking in real humour.

Hans Sonker is quite attractive as the count and Lesley Brooks and Harker are the heroine. As the much-married star, Edwin Styles is quite good.

**STAMPEDE**

*Columbia, Canadian "U" certificate. Western. Run Time: 56 minutes.*

**CHARLES STARRETT...** Harry Bartlett... L. P. McCarroll... 

**LE STRANGE MILLER...** Milford... 

**REGISLE HINCH...** Sheriff... 

**JAMES MCGHRAT...** Brooks... 

**ARTHUR KEBB...** 

**JACK ATKINSON...** Hodge... 

**MICHAEL HEPPELL...** Kyle... 

Directed by Ford Beebe. Story by Peter B. Kyne.

A Canadian-made Western, which is distinctly below average. It has picturesque backgrounds, but little or no action in the story.

Charles Starrett is weak as the hero, who puts a gang of unscrupulous horse traders where they belong. Finis Barton is good as a horse breeder's daughter, and J. P. McGowan is an effective villain.

**WANTED**


**ZASU PITTS...** Winnie Oakland... 

**CLAUD Dampling...** Henry... 

**NORMA VARDEN...** Mrs. Smithers... 

**FLO MARLY...** Curley... 

**KATHLEEN HARRISON...** Belinda... 

**HARRY HICKS...** Capt. Wrigley... 

**STELLA BONNER...** Baby Face... 

**BILLY BAYLO...** 

**ARTHUR GOLDS...** 

**GROUP WILLIAM...** 

**MARLY TWEEDO...** Lady Hotbury... 

**D. J.. WILKINSON...** 

**BRIAN HEBERT...** P. C. Grittle... 

Directed by George King from a play by Brock Williams.

Zasu Pitts and Claude Dampling are not well served either by the story or by their support in this broad farce, based on the adventures of a married couple who get mistaken for gangsters.

The humour is forced and, in spite of the stars' efforts, they are unable to make much of the situations which depend on the contrast between their meek timidity and the gangsters' toughness.

**RELEASERS FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number of weeks awarded in brackets:</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Black Legion (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bold Cavalier (2)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Calling All Stars (2)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Charlie Chan at the Opera (2)</td>
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<td>Clue of the (2)</td>
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<td>Come up Smiling (2)</td>
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<td>Confidant (2)</td>
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<td>Countess Lady (2)</td>
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<td>Don't Get Me Wrong (2)</td>
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<td>Don't Tell the Wife (2)</td>
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<td>Diplomat (2)</td>
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<td>Feather Your Nest (2)</td>
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<td>Flying Hostess (2)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gold Diggers (2)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Great O'Malley, The (2)</td>
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<td>Green Pastures, The (2)</td>
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<td>I'm a Masonry Garden (2)</td>
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<td>Lady from Nowhere (2)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Magnificent Brute, The (2)</td>
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<td>Man of the People (2)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Michael Stagoff (2)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mind Your Own Business (2)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss Indian (2)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Off to the Races (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Promises to Pay (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prisoners, The (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Promises to Pay (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Race with the Clock (2)</td>
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<td>Raffles (2)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ring (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Runaway (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South of the Border (2)</td>
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Princess Renée de Bourbon de Parme, by birth a Royal Princess of Denmark and daughter to 3 reigning kings. She has now made known her private beauty preparation which, in simple one-minute application, acts as a cleansing cream, astringent, skin food, protective cream and paper base.

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If you haven’t bought Skol Sun Lotion yet and are painfully burnt, get SKOL ANTISEPTIC from your chemist. It will soothe and heal your skin. 1/6 and 2/6.

WHAT DO YOU THINK? Letters from our Readers

GIGLERS and GOGGLERS

Are Picturegoers Intelligent?

A PAIR of gigling girls sat by us at the showing of Romeo and Juliet. For sheer beauty and flawless acting nothing less than a masterpiece will ever beat this film. Yet, during the whole of the talkie, our gigling companions guffawed and laughed hysterically, until my companion abruptly told them to “shut up,” which they did, with bad grace.

Show the average filmgoer a third-rate talkie and he’ll sit through it twice though faintly, about cinema after I had read your lines explaining it. After your explanation, I mistook it for a Magic Lantern. Have you ever seen this?”

Now who says the cinema is world-wide?—Wm. Woods, 199 Roher Avenue, Sunderland, who is awarded the second prize of £1 6d.

(Well, nearly world-wide! —“Thinker.”)

Cinemanners

• Your correspondent, V. Roy, Woking, in a recent issue, complained of cinema neighbours, and you say “exceptional.”

I don’t think it is exceptional, for the complaints referred to are common in most picture houses. I wonder if “Thinker” would call it exceptional if a picturegoer sat beside him and commenced to take the contents of “lobby” and do justice to it. I have experienced it, and it is no exception, for it is very usual at one picture house in the Potteries during afternoon entertainment.

There is also one cinema neighbour whom I will not sit against, and if he comes beside me, I move. He brings with him a water bottle. Perhaps there’s no harm in that, but who could not help feeling embarrassed while beside the man when he commenced to empty the bottle on the floor just before he departs?—E. Wallbank, 45 Bradder Lane, Porthill, North Staffordshire.

(Picture-going in Staffordshire seems to be an exciting occupation! —“Thinker.”)

Peanuts Barred

• have time and again noticed letters from English readers complaining about the behaviour of certain cinema patrons. They seem to annoy their neighbours by cracking peanuts, making loud, or—in fact, devouring peanuts seems to be a very common form of annoyance.

Well, I feel I must put in a good word for the Scots picturegoers. If anyone here saw an adult eating peanuts, he (or she) would think that person crazy. I am a regular cinema attender, and have never been unduly annoyed by my neighbours.

They have never consumed refreshments audibly (certainly not peanuts); courting couples never make themselves too obtrusive; and everyone is too engrossed in the film to carry on conversation.

A friend, who had holidayed in London, stated herself to be amazed by the behaviour of couples in the cinemas there.

Perhaps this sounds too good to be true. I certainly sympathise with your harassed English readers.—(Miss) M. Duncan, 73 High Street, Carnoustie, Angus, Scotland.

(But I’ve sat amongst some pretty tough audiences in Glasgow! —“Thinker.”)

Casting Care

• I think British producers might take a little more care in the casting of their pictures—particularly where characters supposedly of the “lower classes” are concerned. Films dealing with working-class people very seldom convey a true picture of that vast section of the public—both in speech and mannerism they are grossly misrepresented.

The over-emphasised, pseudo-Cockney speech, reminiscent of old-time music-hall comedians, put into the mouths of all British characters of “lower orders,” and spoken in mincing Mayfair accents by players quite unsuited to such parts, is both irritating and annoying—especially to the working class themselves, who, quite naturally, find it difficult to feel amused at such libellous caricatures of themselves.

The casting of a film can make or mar its ultimate success, and our casting directors

Paul Muni and Luise Rainer in “The Good Earth” with eyes a-goggle and vacant face, but put on such films as Romeo and Juliet, The Great Ziegfeld, and The Good Earth and the patrons will say the talkies were either too long, empty, or highbrow.—Molly Gillson, 45 Priory Road, Cambridge.

(Still, I maintain that our taste is steadily improving.—“Thinker.”)

Reel Love

• I wonder how often screen love-making gets near to the real thing? Less often than is popularly imagined.

The screen-hero bursts into a love-song, whilst his lady-love looks enraptured. Does this ever happen in real life? The “tough” screen-hero snaps, “Come on, girlie. You’re gonna marry me!” Does the real life lover ever do this? The screen heroine croons her love song in a moonlit garden, but I can imagine no real life love-stricken girl doing this.

Watch those film love-scenes. They are the highlight of most films—yet few of them show just how you or I would make love.

Interesting, exotic, enthralling—they are all these things. But they don’t portray real love-making. —E. A. Humphreys, 2/18 Brougham Street, Lozells, Birmingham, 19, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

(Nonetheless, we may pick up a few tips from them.—“Thinker.”)

A Difficult Task

• I derived great pleasure (though found it more difficult than I had expected) in describing a modern cinema to a person who has never seen a moving picture in his life! He is a negro correspondent friend of seventeen years who lives on the West Coast of Africa.

Being interested in films, I wrote asking him if there were any cinema shows near his village, and the reply was as follows: “There are no cinema shows here and I have not the least idea of cinema. I have not seen it.”

Then came my task of describing the hall, screen, projector, film, and talking apparatus, which I illustrated with numerous diagrams. After about eight weeks, his reply was rather gratifying, and read: “I could understand well, for golden weekends
Those Lovers’ Quarrels

- Isn’t it about time this lovers’ quarrelling ceased? The idea is surely played out.
- Anyway, why do screen lovers behave either childishly or idiotically? We know, of course, that loving couples do silly things, as they find out long before their silver weddings, but they do not pont and shout at each other and quarrel violently when any incident suggests the smallest amount of common sense could explain.
- Let us have a pair of screen lovers behaving like fairly reasonable beings, as so many in real life do, even though legend will have the contrary.—G. Livesey, 19 Colville Terrace, Bayswater, W.11

(And what would the poor producer use for a plot?—“Thinker.”)

Call It a Knock

- Hollywood has done it again, and evidently made a good job of it—successfully adapted Call It a Day (that play which deals with an English suburban family) into first-class screen material.
- It seems such a pity that one of our studios could not have spotted it first, and leached what they could have done with good middle-class suburbia.
- It would have been such a welcome change from the “cocktail dramas” so much in evidence in our studios.
- It’s like buying a set of bagpipes with “Made in Japan” stamped on them.—Thomas Ogilvie, 271 Killearnock Road, Neulands, Glasgow, Scotland.

(But surely while Hollywood makes better films, it’s better to have our films made in Hollywood?—“Thinker.”)

Two at the Door

- I would like to express my appreciation of a screen team of whom we unfortunately hear very little. They are Jack Haley and Patsy Kelly.
- I consider that they make one of the best and funniest teams ever seen on the screen. Their wit and humour makes an otherwise dull film into a rollicking entertainment of mirth.
- However, we see two players so very seldom that they do not have the chance to make their presence felt on the screen. I, for one, will be very pleased when the producers realise the worth of this team and give them their due in better and more frequent pictures.—E. H. Church, 92 Stanhope Grove, Beckenham, Kent.

(I agree that these two are knocking loudly at the door of Fame.—“Thinker.”)

WHO'S WHO

Al Jolson

- It might be as well at this juncture, when the "Daddy of the Talkies" is talking of retirement from the screen to remember that we owe Al Jolson a great deal. It was largely his personality and talent that swept the sound picture to such success eight years ago.
- Jolson was born Asa Yoelson in the then St. Petersburg, Russia, on May 26, the son of a cantor, and went to America in his boyhood. His father hoped that the young Jolson would follow in his footsteps as the seventh in the direct line of Yoelson cantors, but finally dispaired and allowed him to go on the variety stage. Al’s first success was scored as an entertainer in tent theatres in San Francisco during the rebuilding after the earthquake and fire of 1906. He went on to become the greatest entertainer in the modern history of the American stage.
- Then came The Jazz Singer, which started the talkie revolution. Jolson, of course, never achieved the impossible feat of repeating that devastating success and probably he has been seen less frequently on the screen, his last appearance being in The Singing Kid last year. It is a pity that he has been deprived of his time to production, but he has been talking of leaving pictures entirely and becoming a stockbroker.

Allan Jones

- May easily become as big a star as Nelson Eddy, whom he supplanted as Jeanette MacDonald's partner in The Firefly.
- The son of a Welsh coal miner, he was born in Pennsylvania in 1908 and was a choir soloist until the age of fourteen.

After school hours he earned enough money to pay for musical studies by taking a job as labourer in the mines.
- By working two shifts instead of one he managed to save sufficient to pay for a music course at Syracuse University, where he won a scholarship at New York University.
- But his one ambition was to study under European teachers. Upon his own responsibility he staged a one-man concert at his own expense and the money he earned from it enabled him to go to Paris to study.
- He toured all over Europe and America, alternatingly studying and singing concerts. Eventually he became a star in several operettas in New York, where he made a screen test in 1935 and made his picture debut singing "Everything’s Been Done Before" in Reckless and more recently scored decisively in A Night at the Opera, Rose Marie and A Day at the Races.

Buck Jones

- Few of the much-boasted matinee idols can boast a bigger following than this hard-riding he-man, who got into pictures by doubling for Bill Hart and Tom Mix and is to-day probably the most popular of the Western stars and one of the wealthiest actors in Hollywood.
- Buck was born in Vincennes, Indiana, on December 12, 1888, but spent most of his childhood on his father's ranch in Oklahoma. His first job was riding herd and rounding steers on a ranch, but the young cow hand was afflicted with the wanderlust and drifted into the U.S. Cavalry, thence into the Air Service (that was in 1912 when aviation was a more hazardous profession than it is now) and eventually into a wild west show and pictures.
- He arrived in Hollywood in 1917 and in a few years went from double to star. Latest pictures: Boss Rider of Gun Creek, Empty Saddles, Left-Handed Law, Sandblow, Smoke Tree Range.

Buck is 5 ft. 11 in. tall and has brown hair and grey eyes.
LET GEORGE DO IT!

R. J. (London).—Del Cembre took the part of the flying doctor in The Mighty Tuffena. (2) William Henry's latest film is Turcan Escapes.

Three Karloff Fans (N. 21) — (1) Boris Karloff is scheduled for Night Key for Universal. (2) Vincent Price has joined Cortez and Beverly Roberts for Warner Bros. Yes, according to the film company, Boris has sung himself in Cheyenne. (3) Your request has been passed on to the secretary, as it would be impossible for Miss Goro to come with all that correspondence and her work.

Puzzle (Cardiff)—Nick Stuart, Ralph Lewis, and Emlyn Hughes took the part of Gounod in The Fourth Alarm. (2) Nick Stuart, b. 1908, has agreed to star. Is it in The Man Who Has Gone? Prata, he is 5 ft. 9 in. tall, has dark hair and eyes, married, and is a member of Moli Edit. Latest Film King of the Gamblers, and is scheduled for The Kid From Paradise and An Apostle is Born. Write to him c/o Paramount Studios. Your request has been passed on to the Editor.


M. R. (Southfields) — Sybil Jason, b. 1936, has been given a part in South Africa, she has dark brown hair and eyes, and has two sisters and a brother. Her latest film Green Valley. Write to her c/o Bro Studios.

FAN CLUB NEWS

London members of the Arthur Street Sewing Club who are interested in starting a London Branch please communicate with Marion Liley, 18 Vale Road, N.4. A Fan Club has been formed in honour of Robert Flemyng who has consented to become the Honorary President and will send a personally signed photograph to all who enrol as members. Further particulars can be obtained from Denise Blackman, 138 Park Road, Chiswick.

Quite the jolliest Sherry Party which the Battersea Amateur Film and Stereo Club have ever given was held on Friday, July 23 at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Alveston Bridge Road. Leslie Perrins was the guest of the evening and presented several little films, a few minutes prior to his appearance in films, at the Battersea Amateur Theatre; Robert Ashley and Lance Fairfax, both noted singers, contributed greatly to the general enjoyment of the evening by their musical performances. The Sherry Party will be held on August 20, and Miss Costello, the Secretary, is anxious that this Party will be an even greater success as a few of the people who are expected to attend is to be kept secret, but you can all be sure that the evening will be a great one. Full particulars about joining the Club can be obtained from Mr. Costello, 161 Vaughtal Bridge Road, S.W.1.

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to Fan Clubs to ensure a reply.


FAN CLUB NEWS


Adv. Offices: 57 Long Acre, W.C.2. Phone: Barking 1043 (Co.)

Telegram: Pictuergoer, Southernwood, Rand, London.

ON SALE EVERY THURSDAY, 2d.
GOOD NEWS!

★ Modern in every detail, lovely in every line, Erasmic's new jar in upal glass is being enthusiastically welcomed.

★ For this practical new jar still contains the same Erasmic Vanishing Cream — its exquisite texture unaltered. Erasmic's carking touch brings a velvety smoothness to your complexion.

★ And Erasmic Cream "holds" your powder really well. The natural youthful bloom that it imparts gives glamour to your skin, and its delicate fragrance merges enchantingly with your chosen perfume.

★ Buy a new jar this very day. And keep for your future the useful 34 size.

★ SPECIAL OFFER OF ERASMIC BEAUTY BOX. A generous sample case of Erasmic's famous Beauty Perpetuations... Vanishing Cream, Complexion Powder, Powder Cream, and Peacock Soap... will be sent you in return for 6d in stamps. Write to Dept, 1, 28, The Erasmic Co., Ltd., Warrington, Lancs. Your envelope should be sealed, bearing a 1d stamp. Say whether you prefer Rachel or Natural. (Not applicable in I.P.N.)

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR (CREAMED AWAY!)

Simply spread this white sweetly-scented cream on the skin. Wash off with water. You wash away every trace of hair. Skin is left soft, smooth, and white. No coarse stubble like the razor leaves, because the hair is dissolved away below the skin surface. This amazing new discovery is sold everywhere under the trademark New 'VEET'. Prices 6d. and 1/3. Successful results guaranteed with New 'VEET,' or money refunded.

HOW STOMACH ULCERS BEGIN

That sharp twinge of indigestion you get after meals, that sudden stabbing pain in the back, that choking, bileful attack of heartburn, that embarrassing flatulence, needs instant attention. 

Your stomach symptoms may not be serious — now! But where will this stomach trouble lead you in a year or two if you do not take steps to stop it promptly? Never forget, this is the way the dread gastric and duodenal ulcers begin. And you know what they can mean.

It is so easy to stop stomach pains before their cause develops seriously. All you have to do is to take Maclean Brand Stomach Powder regularly after meals. This soothing specific, the popular remedy for stomach ailments, soon puts an end to pain by removing the cause of pain, uncorrected over-acidity. Try it to-day. But make sure you get the original Maclean Brand. Always look for the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle, 1/3, 2/- and 3/-. Powder or tablets.

FEED Your HAIR

Never before have you used anything like Kotalko. It frees the scalp from hair-stifling dandruff and all poisons and malodorous pores clogging; softens the hair and scalp and restores its healthy circulation. Kotalko Nourishes and Feeds the hair organism, reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots. Whether your hair is thin, or falling out, or full of dandruff, or if you are nearly bald — use KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP — they are wonderful.

KOTALKO

HAIR GROWTH

You have everything to gain—nothing to lose—by writing for trial package of KOTALKO and Kotalko Soap. If Bald, Going Bald, Losing Hair through Dandruff or general Weakness of the Hair Organism, then post or wire Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 9, Percy St. (H.D.C.), London, W.1 Please send me post paid, testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

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饲料您的头发

从来没有你使用过任何东西像高乐。它从头皮上清除油脂和所有毒素和令人生厌的鼻子堵塞，软化头皮和头发，恢复其健康的循环。高乐滋养和滋养的头发，刺激新的和有活力的生活和成长在睡眠的头发-根。你的头发是薄的，或者掉出来，或者有大量的头皮屑，或者你几乎秃了 — 使用KOTALKO和KOTALKO SOAP，它们是惊人的。

同样的质量，大小和外观

如果销售百万因为辨别性女性今天已经发现了，一个"艾弗里达"口红是具有杰出价值的化妆品。"艾弗里达"是，当然，平等的，是的，你出现到的口红，你为什么应该说，你得到了一个"艾弗里达"，today-day，在你的发根或者无论你购买你的化妆品，成本是每一盎司，并且你得到的最好的价值在口红。在三个不同的阴影——光，中间，和暗。半不透明的——持续一整天。

★ 免费提供...（对于一个有限的时间）。发送1d. stamps to cover postage and packing and receive a SU-CAN tube of ELFRIDA VANISHING CREAM—the perfect powder base.

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How to be lovely  

-withe a gun!

**HAIR**

The French call "cendre"—blonde with a deep ash tone.

Large eyes—truly green—thickly fringed. . . An exquisite skin—like rose petals, though she spends half her year at sports!

Lady Irene Crawford tells the secret of her flawless skin:

"I was in Scotland for the shooting some years ago. And each day, on coming in from the moors, I was aghast when I glanced in my mirror—my powder looked so blotchy.

"So I asked advice from a friend whose skin was always perfect. And she gave me Pond's Vanishing Cream to try. It made my skin perfectly soft and smooth the first time I used it—and my powder stayed perfect to the end of the day. Of course, I've used this cream ever since!"

**How to make skin petal-smooth**

Wouldn't you like that, too—an exquisite rose-petal complexion?

But constantly the air is drying your skin. Soon hardened cells break away, making your skin rough and coarse. Then your powder goes on in patches and soon looks blotchy.

But you can make your skin smooth and soft at once. You can put into it the softening substance that is naturally present in the skin of beautiful women.

This substance is in Pond's Vanishing Cream. And when you apply this cream it is absorbed, turning your skin soft and smooth instantly. Then your powder stays on with a perfect finish, while this cream also protects your skin all day against further roughening.

Yet Pond's Vanishing Cream does even more. For it contains a nourishing substance that smooths away lines.

Get Pond's Vanishing Cream today. Use it always before you powder. Use it at bedtime also, to soften and nourish your skin during sleep.

You can try Pond's Vanishing Cream free. Also Pond's Cold Cream for cleaning. Just send in the coupon below.

**POND'S**

FREE: For sample of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, write your name and address below, put a 1d. stamp to this coupon, and post in sealed envelope to Dept. C 1276 Pond's, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

**BEAUTY ADVICE FREE:** Write to Constance Hall, Pond's Beauty Expert, at the address above for free advice on your skin problems.

**THERE is many a busy housewife who gives up the pursuit of beauty, because she feels that she couldn't spare the time to make the best of herself. That in a way, comes from the reading of many detailed beauty articles. To make the various treatments quite clear, it is inevitable to describe them at great length.

In print it often seems a long and complicated process. In actual fact, when you have learned the hang of it, it takes comparatively little time. It is a simple business to make a beauty time-table and run through it daily according to plan.

When you get up in the morning, go to the open window and do five minutes' deep breathing. Fill your lungs slowly and deliberately, expanding both of them—something that you very rarely do. This deep breathing and the rise of your arms high above your head then swing down to touch your toes, or as near your toes as you can. Ten times will be sufficient.

After you return from the bathroom, give five minutes to your hair. Brush it well. At the risk of being a bore, I repeat again and again that women are too scared of the hair brush. Your set will not suffer from brushing. It will deepen the colour, Brush upwards and onwards from the roots so that the air reaches the scalp. It will give your hair sheen and life.

In these days brushing is doubly essential, for many women suffer from dry scalp, and brushing helps to distribute what little natural grease there is.

Then give your skin its morning care, make up and finally finish your hair. This order is best, for if you finish your hair first it is not possible properly to powder your forehead and neck.

A little cream on the hands, or a lot whichever you use, a distant attention to your nails and you are ready to put on your dress. All this has taken very little time, but you face the morning with the knowledge that you are looking reasonably good.

Now I know that you are going to be busy during the day, and cannot take time off for this beauty business. But you can remember always to drink your two glasses of cold water between meals. You can also take a few deep breathes every time you pause before an open window.

You can keep some oatmeal or a bottle of hand lotion near the kitchen sink and, whenever you use, a flannel to wash your face. After washing, or taking from you can also rinse it off, or put on powder.

I have come to the conclusion that the best time of day for a housewife to take a bath is when the work is done and you are really ready to dress.

Don't forget water too hot and he lints out of the bath salts. There is nothing like this for helping you to shed the results of the day. It puts you into a better humour with yourself and you are fresh to meet the family when you come down. Remember to create your face before your bath. The steam helps the cream to do its good work.

One day a week you can give your face it's favourite mask, or special beauty treatment, and let it remain on while you have the bath.

This may not be quite so good as relaxing while it dries, but it saves time.

When the bath is finished, remove the mask and completely. Never beauty treatment follows it. Clean your nails with one of the combined treatments that both cleans and tones. This again is a time-saving method.

When you have brushed the dust out of your hair, and made up, give your hands a final touch with hand lotion, and you are ready.

Do not put off going to bed till the last possible moment. Go upstays a deliberate ten minutes earlier, for however weary you may be, the bedtime treatment is the most important beauty routine of the day.

On no account omit the cleansing cream treatment. Soon or later you are going to suffer from what the advertisements call "cosmetic skin." However pure cosmetics are, and in these days, you could eat most of them without ill effects, they are not meant to be left on the skin over night. Then following with the nourishing cream and leaving it on to bed with a skin that is perfectly clean so that it may breathe freely. Another five minutes with the brush and a little scalp massage. A few more minutes for your mask and you are ready for bed. In addition to this daily routine, you should find time once a week for a special manicure and attention to your feet.

Now I will wager that you can do all this in less time than it has taken me to write the account of it. Moreover it is spread out over the day so that it never seriously cuts into the day's work.

H. M., Essex.—You cannot remove hair from your limbs permanently. Use a depilatory at intervals; in between times keep the skin smooth by the daily use of a well-soaped pumice stone. To bleach the hair use one part ammonium and three parts peroxide of hydrogen. Apply with cotton wool twice a week.

M. S., London.—Outstanding eaves may be considerably improved without surgery. It is rather an expensive cure. Electrolysis kills unwanted hair for good. It costs about 10s. 6d. a treatment, during which from 20 to 30 hairs can be destroyed; lost hair, and particular hairs can never grow again. There is no guarantee that hair will not grow elsewhere.

If you have a beauty query, I shall be delighted to help you solve it. Send your letter accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope to ANNE, THE PICTURESQUE, Marleth House, Marleth Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

**Talkie Title Tales**

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss Catherine Cullen, 79 Roeburn Street, Bromley. Sussex, for:

Come on Steve

It's Never Too Late to Mend

The Root

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to Miss Julia Jones, 56 Eastdale Road, Picton Road, Liverpool, 15, for:

Captain Blood

Helshum Morgan

Captain Morgan

The Battle

Miss Irene Devlin (aged 14), 60 Templar Road, Homerton, E.9, for:

When Knighthood is Bold

Make Way for a Lady

This Day Is Ours

Keep Your Seats Please

Mrs. A. Gofton, 16 Hallam Street, W.C.2.

Drumhead Street, Bromley, S.W.9, for:

Said O'Reilly to McNab

Men of Means

The Man Who Changed His Mind

Miss J. M. Holborn, 62 Council Avenue, Gipsyville, Hull, for:

Lady Reporter

Mind Your Own Business

Women Are Trouble

No Escape

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to give titles in order to make a short, short story. Please enter for the prize, either of the "Talkie Title Tales" competition or the ANNE competition and write a short story on your entry. Post the entry to PICTURESQUE, Marleth House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

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

GUY BEACON.
Her doctor has told her that MUM is the Safe DEODORANT

WE want to be with you — if you know what I mean.

Can you just hear prim and proper Eric Blore saying that in his superb butter roles? The pictures above are latest new additions to the famous "Picturegoer" postcards. One of the famous "Partner" series of Cary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll, then beautiful Carole Lombard, and (below) Eric Blore. Film lovers everywhere know these stars and want their pictures. There are nearly 2,000 postcards in the "Picturegoer" list from which you can choose beautiful sepia glossy and "colourgraph" portraits of your own screen favourites. This special list will be supplied free on request.

Thousands of film-fans are rushing to join the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club, because postcards such as these are available to all members at special reduced rates. If you have not already joined — do so today and share the special concessions granted to members of the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club.

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By joining the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club you can obtain liberal discounts on your future orders and in addition you will receive a 5/- album FREE. This magnificent book, which holds 200 cards is beautifully bound to resemble real snake-skin and is lettered in gold. If you wish you can obtain a super lower Album in Blue Binding. Send 5/- to the address below to become a member of this happy postcard club.

To join send in order for not less than one dozen postcards at the lower price of 2/- per dozen.

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from the list given below or include the names of well-known stars. Real photos Ltd. each 2/- per dozen. On sale to members and non-members alike. The latest list of nearly 2,000 cards sent free on request.

SEPIA QUORUM — Jane Wyatt, Mariam Marsh, Vivien Leigh, Jean Bex, Hugh Williams, Warren William, Joe & Joan, Wallace Beery. Famous screen stars of days gone by. Real photos Ltd. each 2/-

SEPIA QUORUM — Madeleine Carroll, Thelma Todd, Mary Hale, Oliver Hardy, Harlow Terry, Anna Neagle, June Knight, Simone Simon, Basil Rathbone, Shirley Ross, Maree, Eric Blore, Carole Lombard.

COLOURS APPEAR-Patic Knowles, Norma Shearer, Errol Flynn, Mary Ellis, Olivia de Havilland.

"PARTNERS" SEPIA AND CHROMATONES-Cary Cooper and Jean Arthur, Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman and Jane Wyatt, Robert Taylor and Grete Garbo.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY


Please enrol me as a member of the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club and send me Membership Card and list of particulars of discounts, etc., on further orders. I enclose order for not less than one dozen "Picturegoer" postcards, since 2/- dozen. I enclose order for my order 5/- Picturegoer Album free. I enclose a stamped addressed envelope if the album of free cards is chosen, to cover cost of post and packing on my gift.

Name
Address
P.O. No. Amount

Other readers should send 2/- extra to cover packing and postage, or 3/- extra if album of free cards is ordered. Coop. P.O. & Co., and make payable to "THE PICTUREGOER.

Post free State customers will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.

SAFE—because MUM deals only with dispelling objectionable perspiration odour — it does not interfere with the natural process of perspiration, which is Nature's way of throwing off the poisons of the body. MUM is the modern deodorant — just a touch of this perfumed cream rubbed into the armpits ensures personal daintiness throughout the most hectic day. No waiting — no rinsing.

You can use MUM at any time — after you're dressed or during the day, because MUM is harmless to fabric. You can use MUM after shaving — it has cool, soothing properties that are beneficial to sensitive skins.

At all good Stores and Chemists, price 1/6 and 3/6 a jar.

Women who use MUM regularly each month know that MUM is the safe and efficient deodorant for this particular form of unpleasanctness.

SEND FOR THE MUM SAMPLE TODAY — it's Pleasant to use, it's Easy — and above all IT'S SAFE!

THOS. CHRISTY & Co. Ltd. (Dept. P.6.) 4/12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4

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Keep the colour magic of a golden summer tan by using Soleil Dore (Sangold) shade of the famous Velouty de Dior. Try this marvellous creation at our expense before you buy.

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For Free Trial-sized Velouty de Dior (Soleil Dore and Olive shades and Diorodor (deodorant) send 3d. in stamp(s) or postcard with coupon below to Dept. C.3 Dior Ltd., St. Leonards Works, Montlake, W.14.

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FREE! TRY STA-BLOND TODAY AT OUR EXPENSE

Star Blond Laboratories Ltd., to Henrietta St., London, W.1. Please send me free one full-sized Star-Bland Shampoo for fair hair.

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YOU DON'T NEED BEAUTY to have Glamour

The glint of sunshine in your hair—the main of a special shampoo—every drop is a step towards glamour. You really must try STA-BLOND—the world's first and original blond and fair-haired shampoo. Test it for yourself by posting the coupon below at once.

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10 for 6d  20 for 11½d
SPENCER TRACY

Who has scored again with a fine performance in "They Gave Him a Gun." They'll have to give him a statuette or team him with Garbo if he keeps on acting everyone off the screen like this. Spencer will be seen soon in "Big City."
Fashions are fun, but sitting on small gilt chairs for endless hours isn't. It took my 'Tosca' perfumed Eau de Cologne to carry me through. Note the underlining of perfumed! 'Tosca' in the cologne thought - a ravishing perfume and the most adorably fresh Eau de Cologne in one bottle. One uses 'Tosca' for all the usual Eau de Cologne things - as a spray after my bath, a friction, everything and as a perfume, too! It's all done by kindness and "4711"! There are two more "4711" perfumed Eau de Colognes - 'Rhinegold', which is very hoity-toity, and 'Troika' which is all who-will-ower-the-down-with-me? Prices are really easy on the purse!

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Whether you daub your finger-tips a reckless scarlet or tint them a delicate coral, give a thought to the health of your nails and use only MANEX polish! There should be a lot of fatty tissue in your nails, and when diets don't include enough fat (which they scarcely ever do nowadays), the nails become dry and weak. Now Vitamin F is the same chemically as this fatty tissue in your nails. So we've put Vitamin F in all MANEX preparations to nourish and strengthen the inside of your nails. Vitamin F costs us nearly 40 times as much as the oils usually used, but we'll think it money well spent if you trust your nails only to MANEX...
DEAR LESLIE HOWARD.

We see that you have been going through the old I-want-to-get-away-from-it-all routine. It's funny how it still makes headlines. But it does. "This is a dreary life," you say, "tiring because it is unexciting, dull, because it is uninspiring." Most film acting, you add, is merely futile and fatiguing.

You are frank enough however to explain why, with all its shortcomings, the screen still claims you and your profession. Ambition to become a writer remains unfulfilled and the Great Modern Play unpenned.

"It will be understood," you state, "why I am looking for an escape from grease paint and for some occupation which will be sufficiently absorbing and at the same time sufficiently remunerative, so that I may continue to be kept in the style, to which, heaven be praised, I have become accustomed."

Now we think we know you well enough not to misunder-

stand you. For one thing, unlike most of the spoiled darlings of the screen who bleat about art and escape you have given us proof of your sincerity and demonstrated the courage of your convictions by producing your own stage shows. You are, we believe, to produce your own films.

Moreover, you have in films like Berkeley Square, The Petrified Forest, The Woman In His House and Romeo and Juliet—and here again your position is almost unique among the movie malcontents—contributed something of value to screen art.

You are entitled to your opinion and we respect it. We do, nevertheless, quarrel with your action as a leader of your profession in giving encouragement to all those others with lesser or no claims at all, to look the wonder gift horse of film success in the mouth.

Not in all the history of Art has Art been so richly rewarded. Genius in other arts starves in a garret; mediocrity in movies earns a million dollars.

Rembrandt and Mozart died in penury, but in the movies an ex-college boy with a year's experience and a nice profile can become the most famous actor in the world, Bing Crosby can in a few years earn more than Caruso in a lifetime and a little girl's childish dance steps and nursery songs reward her with more money than Pavlova and Galli-Curci combined made in the whole course of their careers.

Perfection and success in any other art take long, weary years of work and struggle and study, but an ice-skater with reasonably good looks and more than average self-assurance becomes a £1,000-a-week movie actress overnight and an ex-pugilist with little to recommend him but an impressive torso and an elementary ability to memorise lines, can rise to £60,000 a year and the title of a great actor, to boot.

Yet one wonders if they are grateful, these favourites of fortune whom you encourage to revolt against oppression at five thousand dollars a week.

The carefully censored publicity stories that go out from the stars on this point are always all that they should be. They love their art, they love their public and they cherish a noble ambition to do bigger and better things.

What they really think is seldom known, except, perhaps, when some dispute gets as far as the law courts—those courts that reveal so much of the truth that Hollywood does not otherwise widely advertise.

The sensational aspects of the Mary Astor case have been forgotten and it is better so. We mention it here because it afforded a striking commentary on the attitude of stars to their work.

One looked in vain amid the pages of futile trivialities and emotional self-analyses in purple ink for just one word that betrayed a sense of responsibility or even gratitude to the profession that has provided her with luxury and fame that few attain.

Instead we found only a school-girlish outburst of annoyance against her studio for cutting short her holiday by one day and such entries as "even if I were tremendously successful in movies I wouldn't be happy... I don't like the work and I hate Hollywood."

Miss Astor, as revealed by her diaries, may not be a representative star. One hopes not, but there are many others with the same apparent attitude.

How do they get that way? We don't frankly know, but a lead such as you have just given seems to us to be likely to help.

The Editor

P.S.—We forgot to mention it, but in view of your aspirations to support yourself in the style to which you are accustomed as a writer, we think you'd like to know that the Poet Laureate of England earns less than any film bit player and your monthly Hollywood cheque would cover all that Shakespeare got for every play he wrote.
Fooling The Villain

Trouble over voice doubles

New Rival for Bob Taylor?

Boom in Infant prodigies

Man who claims Shirley Temple

When his wife came to Hollywood for Valiant is the Word for Carrie, Penn accompanied her. Having inherited his father's manufacturing business, he had virtually decided to forget his acting ambitions. However, when Pen visited his wife at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, where she was appearing in They Gave Him a Gun, with Spencer Tracy and Franchot Tone, he was seen by Casting Director Fred Datig, who offered him a screen test.

Accident Leads to Screen Role

Because a Hollywood dispatch clerk made a mistake, eight-year-old Genee Hall is now on the road to screen fame.

When Walter Wanger needed a youngster to portray Joan Bennett's daughter in a new production, I Met My Love Again, he interviewed hundreds of ambitious youngsters. Not one satisfied his requirements.

He sent to another studio for a group of screen tests made for another film.

Accidentally, the dispatch clerk included a brief test of Genee that had been submitted to the studio by her dramatic teacher, Josephine Dillon Gable (the first Mrs. Clark Gable).

When Wanger saw this test run in his projection room he immediately sent for Genee and gave her the role.

The infant prodigies are to the fore again as a matter of fact. MGM has just signed up Mary Christine Dunn, two-and-a-half-year-old child, who attracted world-wide attention when a series of Binet and other mental tests showed her to have a mental capacity that astonished university professors.

Plans for her appearance in a picture will be announced in the near future.

At the same studio a big bid is being made to build up Judy Garland, the fourteen-year-old youngster who has scored a success in Broadway Melody of 1938 as a Deanna Durbin rival.

Greek Meets Greek!

- Stories of Gary Cooper's tactility are legion in Hollywood, but here's the latest, guaranteed to be the truth and nothing but the truth.

An old friend of the actor's, whom he hadn't seen for years, visited him on the set of The Adventures of Marco Polo.

"Hello," said Gary.

"Hello," replied the friend.

The two sat down, then followed fifteen minutes of dead silence.

"Where have you been?" asked Cooper, the first to break the silence.

"Moving around," replied the friend.

"So've I," said Gary.

The easel superintendent wasted 20 more minutes for something to happen, and finally gave up. The world's most silent men had met.

Joan and Tone as Operatic Team

- Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone made a surprise debut as an operatic duo before members of the New York Theatre Group.

While entertaining at their home for the Group, of which Franchot was a leading figure before
turning to the screen as a career, they were asked to sing.

"Let's sing together," Joan suggested.

For an hour, Joan and Franchot sang famous arias from La Traviata and Aida, their favourites. "It's no secret that we've been using French duets during our singing lessons for more than a year," said Joan, "but the opportunity for Franchot and me to sing before an audience had not presented itself before."

Director Dorothy Arzner heard of the impromptu concert and is considering having Joan and Franchot sing a duet in their new picture, The Bride Wore Red.

The Joan Crawford name and tradition, by the way, may be carried on by her three-year-old niece and favourite, Joan Le Sueur.

When asked her name, the child replies firmly and definitely, "Joan Crawford." She refuses to answer to any other.

Joan, jun., is spending the summer with Joan and Franchot Tone, after completing her first year at a progressive school, where she has displayed unusual talent, according to her teachers. While spending a day with Miss Crawford on the set, "The Bride Wore Red," the youngster was outfitted in a Tyrolean costume, and made her screen debut with the star in a scene for the picture.

Director Gregory Ratoff

- Gregory Ratoff, as a director, has become one of filmland's major spectacles. The whole town's gossips tell stories from the Lancer Spy set, where, according to exaggerated rumour, his spectacular methods have the cast on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Gregory loves his superlatives more than a film advert writer. He came up to Dolores del Rio after one scene, wildly gesticulating, "Wonderful, marvelous, colossal, gorgeous, simply gorgeous that scene, Miss Del Rio." Then lowering his voice to a mere scream, "But here's the way you should have done it."

Peter Lorre, also in the cast, wandered wearily into the studio barber's shop the other day.

"Well, Mr. Lorre," said the barber, brightly, "how's everything going? And how's Mr. Ratoff?"

"He seems to be feeling all right," the actor said sadly, "no sign of a breakdown yet."

The volatile director, however, confesses to having met his match in temperament—in the person of Count Philip D'Escoz. The Count, who claims he belonged to the Romanian nobility prior to the Great War, is working as a property man on the picture.

"My friends call me the Count," he explained to Ratoff the first day on the set.

Ratoff gave him a withering glance. "We don't recognize titles in this country," he declared.

The Count was non-plussed. "Then I won't work," he said pejoratively. The Count sat down. With production costs mounting, Ratoff stormed, but the Count continued sitting down. After ten minutes of the farce, during which the associate producer, Samuel G. Engel, was called in to arbitrate, Ratoff surrendered, for the first time in any movie set.

"I may call you Count," he said, "but I am doing it only because you are ruining my collars and pictures. Here is a sandbag and camera bag to the flag to call you Count. When we find the end of these pictures, I will call you again just Mister D'Escoz."

Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot from Hollywood

CLAIMED TO BE SHIRLEY'S "DADDY"

Clarke Gable can sympathise with Shirley Temple, for a Los Angeles painter claims that he is the little star's father. Gable had his troubles explaining that he was not the father of an Englishwoman's child.

Albert L. Miller, a 36-year-old painter, visited the district attorney's office, and said he wanted his daughter, Shirley Temple, the film star, who was taken from him in Oklahoma nine years ago.

He was told that the star was only eight, but he insisted that she was a year older.

The story did not impress the officers of the law, so Miller was placed in the city jail for psychopathic observation.

Lucky Extra

- Mary Dees, pretty former extra, "doubled" for the late Joan Harlow in the scenes for Saratoga which had not been taken at the time of the star's death. As a result she received a seven-year contract from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and is all set for a promising screen career. She also announces that she will soon wed Hyman Fink, well-known Hollywood photographer.

Saratoga, by the way, is packing crowds in at all American theatres where it is shown. Studio executives at first decided to "shelve" the film, but fan letters proved to them that Joan's admirers wished to see the last film in which her beloved star appeared.

Garbo's Box Lunch

- Can you imagine the famous Garbo standing in line for a box lunch while on location? Well, that is what happened the other day.

The Swedish star was taking scenes at San Pedro, the harbour of Los Angeles, and, when noon came, took her place in the throng as though she were merely another extra.

And did the extras gossip?

Mary the Sphinx!

- Buddy Rogers and his bride, Mary Pickford, are back from their honeymoon in Hawaii. They departed from California via steamer, but returned on the famous air liner, China Clipper. Evidently Buddy cannot be sure of the type of home in which he will live, for, when he announced that a ranch would be selected, Mary added softly, "Perhaps"!

A Hungry Couple

- The maintenance cost of being a firebrand and a Tarzan respectively runs into considerable money at the Velez-Weissmuller household.

Ten dozen eggs, fourteen pounds of butter, four dozen quarts of milk, 136 dollars' worth of meat, thirty-two dozen oranges and 40 dollars 90 cents' worth of vegetables are typical items from the monthly budget.

Neither Lupe nor Johnny is a vegetarian, and require strong protein and:

Sandra Storm, the English model, who makes her Hollywood film debut in "Artists and Models" in which she appears as "Miss Perfection."
Letters from every country in the world, and stamps commemorating every occasion, have arrived in the daily mail shipment to the Brian house in Tolucu Lake, to say nothing of extraneous gifts of rare stamps that have been made to Mary occasionally by a stamp-collecting movie fan.

The Right Title
Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck recently starred in a film called here This is My Affair. The title evidently covers their romance at this writing, for both Bob and Barbara have nothing to say regarding reports that they eloped to Yuma, Arizona, via airplane, where they were married.

Ocean Perils
Southern California life-savers have broadcast a warning to all bathers, even expert swimmers, to keep out of the ocean until better conditions prevail.

Bright Lad
Mary Brian's younger brother, Terry, a stamp-collecting enthusiast, has acquired for himself a complete collection of contemporary specimen stamps, merely by the process of removing them from his sister's fan mail.

The Romance of Romances
TO mark the opening of the Autumn cinema season, “Picturegoer” will next week present FREE to each of its readers a magnificent 16-page Gift Book of Greta Garbo's greatest film triumph “Camille.”

This story, the Romance of Romances, tells of a poignant love between a woman of many affections and an inexperienced youth. Set in Paris, Garbo's playing of the idealistic renunciation of her boy lover, Robert Taylor, makes this film something which is far superior to all others. It is a love story touching the depth of all hearts.

“Camille” is a theme worthy of the Garbo. In “Picturegoer’s” superb Gift Book every reader will find intimate details and wonderful pictures from the production of this outstanding milestone in film history. The stories and “behind-the-scenes” gossip will intrigue every film-lover.

Remember, this beautifully produced art photograph Gift Book will be FREE inside every copy of “The Picturegoer” out Thursday next. The demand will be so great that you are strongly advised, in your own interests, to order your copy in advance—price 2d., as usual.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios
“TEDWARDS” IS BACK

HERE'S news. Henry Edwards is back in films. Yes, I know he's been directing pictures all this time—but when I say in films I mean in 'em; acting.

As far as I know, "Tedwards" hasn’t shown his face to the audience since he took the title-role in General John Regan, and that’s years ago: which, I may say, hasn't pleased his fans too well.

Certainly he hasn’t been idle; in the meantime he’s directed no fewer than nine films, one of which, Scrooge, gained for him a gold medal at the Italian Film Festival, and was shown to the President of the United States at the White House on Christmas Day.

He’s always had a preference for sea stories himself, and he told me some time ago, when I
No Title

- Now it's come: a new British producing company, Liberty Films, are making it, and Tedward will appear as a tramp-steamer captain.

- He has not succumbed to the temptation, as many actors-turned-directors do, of directing himself in this; Ivar Campbell is going to bawl at him through the megaphone, and just to ensure that the technical details are right, and we don't see the Red Ensign upside-down or anything of that sort, Liberty have engaged Captain Hank Shaw, the famous sea novelist and once a captain in the White Star line, to look after "technical seamanship and effects."

- This should be a film worth looking out for; unfortunately, I can't tell you what film to watch for, because no title has been fixed; but as soon as the production has a label, I'll let you know.

- Meanwhile, Tedward's many fans (he has been collecting them since the early days of British films) will share my satisfaction at his decision to "show a leg there!" (Nautical expression, very appropriate.)

Start and Finish

- Down at Denham two important things have happened. Victor Saville has finished South Riding, and Tim Whelan has begun studio work on The Divorce of Lady X.

- South Riding, finished with a bang, especially as far as the extras were concerned, for a very large number were needed. Saville got them from representing the grounds of Maythorpe Hall during Coronation celebrations.

- This, naturally (since film-production is like that) combined with very large calls on three other films, so that actually one thousand four hundred and fifty men, women, and children were chosen to work on that one day.

- This is the highest total this year, and recalls the boom days of last year, when there were six productions in progress at once and the floors never had a chance to cool. (Incidentally I don't notice them growing very cold this summer!)

- Naturally Victor Saville had fine weather for his crowd scenes, which were on location in the studio grounds, down by the lake.

- Saville's luck on location/weather is proverbial; in fact, it's on record that his brother Alec, who is production-manager to another company, on hearing that Victor had postponed a location engagement to another day, did the same with his production, to ensure getting fine weather for it!

"Locals"

- You can imagine the thrill that the local people got out of this day's work, for many of them were present as "celebrators" (local troops of scouts and guides, thirty-five nurses of the Red Cross Society, fifty ex-servicemen of the British Legion) for the principals of the film were also there in force—Ralph Richardson, Edna May Oliver, Edmund Gwenn, Marie Lohr, Edward Lexy, Laura Smithson, and Felix Aylmer.

- When any member of the Public visits a studio for any reason whatsoever, his or her first question is "Which stars are here?"

- Denham is one of the few places where they are always alive and well.

- Such was the pressure on the amount of space available in the actual studio grounds (not, of course, for the film but "the hugh lot" on the road to Rickmansworth) that the cameras and equipment were literally crowded out—they had to be put on piers built over the water!

Merle Coloured

- The other Denham film I mentioned, The Divorce of Lady X, is specially important because it will introduce Merle Oberon as a colour-star.

- Opposite her will be Laurence Olivier, who recently finished his job in The First and the Last with Vivien Leigh, and Ralph Richardson stepped straight out of South Riding, in which he played the lead, into an important role in the new one.

- The Divorce of Lady X is a romantic comedy, the opening scenes of which show the ballroom of a Park Lane hotel in which a fancy dress ball is taking place.

- The night is so foggy that the guests are unable to go home, and have to spend the night as guests to the hotel in the already crowded hotel.

This, I may tell you, starts something!

India Comes West

- I hardly recognised Merle in her costume for this sequence—a crimoline of white net, trimmed with blue ribbon, and with a bow on her Titian wig. (Carrots to you.)

- And is this London Films' first production in colour? "No, not so, but far otherwise," as Mr. Kipling remarked. Rapid progress is being made on The Drum, which also, you will remember if you are a faithful reader of these columns, is being "done coloured!"

- Here is another case of the mountain being brought to Mahomet, for none of the principals are going to India or anywhere near it for this film.

- Geoffrey Boothby, production-manager, is bringing the Himalayas home on celluloid, but the rest of the unit has compromised by journeying in the opposite direction—viz., to North Wales, to do the "matching shots".

- Already Sabu (the Elephant Boy in the film of that name, but now surprisingly grown into a youth), Desmond Tester, Roger Livesey (a first-rate actor, please note), Valerie Hobson, and a couple of hundred Indians have trekked out—by comfortable passenger train from Paddington—to a spot "somewhere near Llanbedr," which is said to be almost more like India than the Himalayas are.

A Welsh Canyon

- Well, there are about fifty Llanbedrs in Wales, but if it's the one on the coast between Barmouth and Harlech, I'm going to have an amusing time seeing whether I can spot the location on the screen, for I know the surrounding country like the palm of my hand.

- The unit will camp, I am told, "at the foot of a gorge in one of the canyons typical of that part of Wales."

- That's okay by me, if they can find a canyon; there are a few gorges, certainly, and one very

fine one in particular at Aberglaslyn; but nary a sign of a canyon have I seen.

- I hope the producers will not overlook the claims of the little village of Llanfairgwyllowyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantysiliogogogoch, just across the Menai Straits, which is pronounced Llanfairwilpwyngyll.

- No, you do not.

- By the way, I sincerely trust the Indians they are introducing into the wilds of Cyprus are real ones, and not some example of the make-up man's art as we saw in Elephant Boy. They would hardly have deceived an elephant.

Back-Stage

- In addition to these Denham activities, London Films are also engaged on the Jack Hulbert picture Paradise for Two, which was originally known as His Majesty Has Only One Wife.

- This is a back-stage musical, and Thornton Freeland, who is directing it, has had four songs specially composed for it.

- The first is to be called after the f.m. "Paradise for Two," and is in the nature of a theme-song, to be sung by Jack Hulbert and Patricia Ellis.

- Then there is "Miss Me Good-night," sung by Patricia Ellis and a chorus of sixty eye-fuls who appear in one of the big stage scenes. Jack and Patricia share "When You Hear Music," as a song-and-dance number, and the entire company participates in "March in Springtime," Music of which was written in "Ganks" and Vlademiroff, of New York, is arranging the ballets.

- Jack Hulbert plays the part of a millionaire bachelor who is mistaken for a newspaper reporter and backs the show in which Patricia Ellis is given the leading role.

- That central situation has a familiar ring about it; why do the writers of musical shows always assume that old friends are best?

Spies!

- Those of you who share my passion for a good spy-film will be looking forward to seeing Madameisselle Doctor which Max Schach has directed, with any additional number of Dita Paro, John Loder, Erich von Stroheim, Gyles Isham, Claire Luce, Clifford Evans, and John Abbott.

- Stroheim, of course, has been cast as the Chief of the German espionage system, a role which is almost as natural to him as his own skin; and Gyles Isham, who played with Garbo in Anna Karenina, plays his assistant.

- Isham comes of a very old English family (the baronets to which he is heir was created in 1663), and the family name is "Hulbert of Ostento," which has been neatly translated into "I show, not I Sham!"; a good pun on the asides of Dita Paro.

- Dita Paro plays a part which is based on an authentic historical character, Dr. Anne-Marie Lesser, a quiet woman whose lover's death in 1914 deprived her into one of the most notorious and dreaded spies of the Great War.

- She tells me she is out to prove that brains, and not beauty, constituted the chief stock-in-trade of the female spy; this seems likely to upset some of our pet theories, which are mostly based on Mata Hari.

War-Mongers

- At Teddington two new productions have taken the floor—Quiet Please, and Dr. Syn. Don't get them mixed up with Dr. Syn, the story of Romney Marsh smugglers in which George Arliss recently played.

- Roy William Neill is directing Quiet Please, which is comedy of a good-humoured sort.

- Dr. Syn is an interesting affair, all about a newspaper correspondent and a financier who foster war for the profit it brings them. Sounds rather like the Llanfairgwyllwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantysiliogogogoch which Grosvener made at Pinewood recently.

- Arthur Woods, who is himself an air-pilot and flies his own plane, is directing this, in which he tells me he has "plenty of air thrills and a few crashes."

- And that's my kind of film, too.
My Friend

S A M U E L

Who throws some interesting new light on Hollywood's representative movie mogul and most colourful producer.

It is unfair to judge Goldwyn by his pot-boilers. His lavish musicals are meant as nothing more than diverting after-dinner entertainment; and some of his dramatic pictures must also fall into this category.

He cannot always find an idea which he really wants to film, and when he is working on a story in which he has no particular interest he is apt to play to the gallery—to go out purely for big profits. The resulting film is almost inevitably a financial success but the emotionalism does not ring true to a sophisticated audience.

That is, perhaps, Goldwyn's greatest limitation. His inability to give a cheap subject a veneer of good taste. Labitch can kid people that even one of his musicals is art, but Goldwyn must really feel a thing sincerely before he can make a good picture.

When Goldwyn has an idea like These Three or Cymara, which grips his imagination, the artist in him transcends the business man and he turns out a picture which not only makes handsome profits, but is also generously praised by critics all over the world.

When he is keen on a subject he is dead sure of himself. He visualises the whole picture in his mind's eye before it takes the floor—scenes, dialogue, and camera-angles are all worked out to a nicety. There is no hanging about wondering how to shoot a particular sequence. Every situation is prepared on paper down to the last word and gesture.

On one occasion when I first started working for Goldwyn I disagreed with him about the way I should play a particular scene.

"All right," said Goldwyn, "you play it
The star with her friend Sam Goldwyn and David Niven in Hollywood.

your way and we'll see what it looks like.”

When we saw the rushes in the theatre he asked me slyly whether I was satisfied with the result.

“Nah,” I said, “it looks too exaggerated and melodramatic.”

I made the sequence again—his way. It turned out perfectly, in proper perspective to the rest of the picture. I never presumed to argue with him again.

I tell you this to illustrate Goldwyn’s grasp of film technique. He doesn’t have to shoot a scene to know how it will look—he knows exactly what it will be like before he starts making it. He has reduced the whole intricate business to a state of almost mathematical perfection.

You may think that Goldwyn has carried these cut-and-dried methods a little far. But of one thing I am certain, he could make one of those continental films, so often praised by highbrows, just as easily as he can turn out a hokumish pot-boiler.

“The average continental director,” I have heard him say, “is little better than an amateur. A few of them like Rene Clair and Jacques Feyder make films that are better than the average Hollywood production, but in the work of these acknowledged masters you never find the pretentious trick photography characteristic of the majority of continental directors.

“People see a far-fetched piece of montage stuck in the middle of a picture and they at once jump to the conclusion that it must be clever.

“In actual fact, it is just crude.

“Trick effects are the attribute of the beginner. Whenever an ordinary filmgoer becomes conscious of technique you may take it for granted that the picture is pretty bad.

“In a good film the story should be so engrossing that the mere photographic machinery is unnoticeable.”

Goldwyn takes the greatest care that nothing should be allowed to interfere with the entertainment of his films.

He wades through all the rushes to see that the players look exactly the same as they did in previous sequences.

His attention to detail is almost fanatical. I have seen him send an extra off the set to have a small split in her dress stitched to satisfy his perfection phobia.

Once he arrived on the set looking very worried. “I’ve just seen the rushes,” he said, “do you feel ill, Merle?”

On the previous day I had had a slight headache, nothing at all really. But Goldwyn’s eagle eye had noticed my lassitude when he saw the rushes.

He stopped the production for a week and sent me off to the Beach. The delay must have cost him thousands.

He believes that, unless directors and stars are on their toes, their lassitude will be translated into the picture.

I look upon Goldwyn as a master-craftsman rather than a creative artist.

With scrupulous care and unerring accuracy, he builds up his pictures—relying not at all upon that mystic influence we call inspiration, but purely and simply on his own brain and experience.
MADELEINE
Has Come
A LONG WAY

Madeleine Carroll has made one or two false starts, but she is well on the way to international stardom now, declares
MAX BREEN

colouring with regular features and an air of breeding, oh! oh! a little more than a little shy, palpably lonely. I thought, "A new extra, unused to the studios—though I'm certain I've seen her somewhere before"—until I saw Edwin Greenwood, the director, go over to her and discuss the script.

"Who's the dame?" I asked John Longden with interest.

"That's Madeleine Carroll," he told me. "Playing the girl money can't buy!"

"Any good?" I asked, for John knew something about players.

"I think she'll be all right," he said hopefully.

"Did you see her in Guns of Loos?"

Then I remembered where I had seen that wistful, slightly scared girl before. It was in a very black-and-white, rather flickering war film which Sinclair Hill had made at Cricklewood, and which had made history.

Guns of Loos—yes, she had been the nurse in that. Not a very important part, nor, to my mind, a very important performance; but I thought I could detect latent talent in the newcomer, and said so in print, long and loudly.

But she proved me wrong. In film after film I saw her, and in each she seemed to grow better-looking, and in each she seemed to be quite negligible—just a beautiful portrait that never really came to life.

I didn't see her again for a year or so, when I offered her a lift from Elstree in my car; in those days she did not dream of having a car of her own; she was too much concerned with keeping her precious footing in the film studios, and with weighing the comparative attractions of stage and screen as a means of livelihood.

I noticed she was several shades fairer—that is, her hair seemed to have blonded in streaks, as though the sunshine had been applied in the home, and I regretted the change, although I admitted it made her more noticeable.

"I've got to be noticeable," she declared, and there was a ring of defiance in her tone; and on the way up to town she told me the story of her life 'up to then'—a story that is now part of history, but had not yet then attained the importance of inaugurating a great career.

"My father was an Irish schoolmaster, my mother French," she said, "and I was born in the Midlands, but lived for years in Ireland before I went to Birmingham University.

"There I got my B.A., and took fairly high honours in French; and it was assumed—rather rashly—that because I was good at speaking and writing French I would also be good at teaching it.

"I didn't want to be a teacher, or anything else except an actress. I had already tasted blood, you see—we did a student performance of a poetic Oriental play called Salma, and several London critics saw and approved my performance in the lead—so there you are!"

"But when I suggested going on the stage my father wouldn't hear of it, and I took a post as French mistress in a girls' school at Hove. . . ."

"I hadn't faced that class of select young ladies, all practically impervious to knowledge, for ten minutes before I realised I had made a hopeless mistake. It simply wasn't my job."

"But it was the bad old men on the Brighton front who finished me off."

"Part of my life's work consisted in taking the select young ladies for walks along the front 'in crocodile', and it was apparently the life's work of the bad old men to ogle and leer at the elder girls and the younger mistresses.

"Between the leers of the men and the giggles of the girls I grew hotter and more bothered, and at last I blew up completely and gave notice at half-term—and left at the end of term to conquer the London stage."

"Did you have any money?" I demanded.

"Twenty pounds. It was just enough!"

Through introductions she obtained a small part on tour (as a French maid in The Last), and later toured with Seymour Hicks in Mr. What's-His-Name.

It happened that Sinclair Hill was experiencing great difficulty in securing the right girl for Guns of Loos, when a London agent offered him the young unknown.

At the moment she had just received an offer to appear in the West End in a play with Robert Lorraine. But the film meant better money, and she needed the money.

I have often wondered what would have happened if she had chosen the play—stuck to a stage career and learned, from the very beginning, all she could about acting.

Instead, she appeared in a long series of undistinguished films, varied with a few—a very few—more important ones, in which she was
What think Darryl sparkle The days. and but was had Captain was General charm London, come Carroll, impression herself long merely was I background, and the film to the background, without sufficiently become a vital, living character on the screen.

In The Thirty-nine Steps he threatened to "muss her up," and he did that with a vengeance; and in Secret Agent, although he was less drastic, he again breathed eager life into what had been merely a beautiful picture on celluloid. But it was not until her second American venture, when she went out to Hollywood on long contract to Walter Wanger, did she really come into her own.

In The Case Against Mrs. Ames she established herself as a front-rank Hollywood player; The General Died at Dawn deepened the favourable impression she had made; and then, in Lloyd's of London, we saw a new and lovelier Madeleine Carroll, preserving her native Irish-French charm and wit and the dignity of her English background, yet achieving a sparkle that matches up with the best Hollywood traditions.

But in Darryl Zanuck's musical On the Avenue, whoopee! She threw dignity to the winds and appeared as an American heiress in love with a crooner (Dick Powell), rich enough to smack his face when she wanted to, and uncontrolled enough to want to quite often.

As a settled type of role for Madeleine Carroll I regard this last would be deplorable; as an experiment I regard it as admirable. And as an indication of the distance she has travelled since the days of Guns of Loos and What Money Can Buy, and even of the comparatively recent Sleeping Car, it is amazing.

The good work which Alfred Hitchcock began is being carried on by Hollywood producers; they are putting nothing new into Madeleine, but they are bringing to the surface the qualities that have lain there dormant all the time, known to her friends, but curiously inhibited by the studio atmosphere.

She told me the other day, when I met her in London on holiday, that for The Prisoner of Zenda they had "de-glamoured" her, and for that purpose had sent to London for her early portraits, which suggests that the experimentation is still going on.

Walter Wanger declared, in the face of considerable doubt, that he could make "an international star" of her.

After several false starts she is practically there now.

—Walter Wanger's star, lovely and sophisticated.
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1/-, 1/6, 3/- and upwards
They call him "Lucky Don" in Hollywood, but it isn't all luck, as you can see in this illuminating article

by Guy Beacon

ONE warm night last summer I sat in a London cinema watching a private showing of a new film—
Sins of Man.

Gregory Ratoff had told me about it nearly three weeks before; he had bought the screen rights of a book called "Job," and was going to direct it himself, somewhere, somehow; the details didn't bother him.

Ratoff is like that.

And now he had done it, with Jean Hersholt giving an unforgettable performance in the lead; but what interested me more was the performances of a couple of young newcomers playing the two brothers, Karl Fregman and Maria Singarelli.

I was still more impressed when at the end of the picture it was announced that both parts had been played by the new Fox "discovery," Don Ameche.

This was a remarkable performance for a young actor in his first screen appearance, and I predicted a considerable future for him; and the prediction has been justified.

In fact, young Don has begun to loom so large in the Hollywood scene that it behoves us to make some inquiry into his origin, background, nature, achievements and probable future.

Thirty or forty years ago Old Grand-daddy Ameche migrated to America from his native Italy, bringing his son Felix with him, and set up in business as a "horse-kidnapper"—Don's kindly expression to describe an occupation that was then punishable by shooting at sight.

However, they didn't catch Grand-daddy whose business thrived well enough to enable him to start son Felix as a taxi-driver—the advantage of this being that you mustn't shoot taxi-drivers.

Felix married a girl named Barbara, who also had been born in Italy, and soon he gave up taxidriving for saloon-keeping—in Kenosha, Wisconsin, in case you have any idea where that is.

There a film star was born to them.

They didn't know it, of course; they saw only a little brown bambino with warm dark eyes, whom they handicapped with the name Dominic Felix Ameche. What, after all, was one bambino more or less? They had eight.

But saloon-keeping, like horse-stealing, was a sufficiently profitable occupation to provide for even so large a family, and Dominic Felix (shortened to "Don" for economy of breath) was sent to college.

Actually he was sent to four colleges in all.

The reason he left Columbia University was called Honore Prendergast.

He was taken by a parish-priest to call on a family named Prendergast, because the padre decided Don had been studying too hard and needed relaxation.

And Don took one look at daughter-of-the-house Honore and decided that here was precisely the relaxation he needed.

But Papa Ameche held other views. He was set on son Don becoming a lawyer (perhaps to offset Grand-daddy), and figured that Honore might distract the young man's thoughts from his studies.

So he packed the boy off to Marquette University, after which his natural roving disposition took him in turn to Georgetown and the University of Wisconsin.

All completely wasted on a film actor.

He had been interested in dramatics since before he left school; and before he graduated from university he began a series of "lucky breaks" began. (He says it began with meeting Honore, but that wasn't so apparent at the time.)

An important member of a local theatrical company at Madison, Wisconsin, whose lucky day it was not, was seriously injured in a motor-accident. [It was Thanksgiving Day—what a touch of irony!]

The manager, frantic, remembered seeing Don in a college show, and rang him up; and Don made his first professional appearance—and signed a twenty-weeks' contract. So the law-books were tumbled under the bed, and Don became an actor.

Lucky? Listen! Don had a friend who broadcast regularly, and one day he went to the studio to see him; and while he was hanging about, an official who happened to know he was an actor suggested his having an audition.

Result—a contract to feature in radio plays. As a matter of fact there was an element of luck in connection with his engagement by Twentieth Century-Fox also.

He had made a screen test in New York for another company, and it was seen by an agent who immediately realised the young man's possibilities and phoned through to Darryl Zanuck in Hollywood—with the consequence that Don was on the first plane to Hollywood and began rehearsals for Sins of Man two hours after he landed.

Originally he was to have played only one of the brothers, but Zanuck evidently decided you couldn't have too much Ameche, and gave him both parts.

In his second appearance, opposite Loretta Young in the colour film Ramona, he was again "lucky," inasmuch as the film was well received and he came triumphanty through the ordeal by colour.

But luck? Well, I don't know so much.

Don himself, a modest guy as ever walked the Hollywood floors, declares that he has "never had a bad break"; but you've got to be good to take advantage of the good breaks.

He is reported to be a terrific worker, who takes great pains to improve himself; and this matches well with what we know of his private life.

Don Ameche (known to his family and staff as "Daddy") is a conscientious and serious-minded young man who has inherited the patriarchal tradition and disposition of his Italian ancestors.

His great aim has always been to have a home and children, and this he has achieved, for he and Honore (oh, yes, he came back and married his Miss Prendergast six years later. Don is nothing if not thorough) have a ranch in the San Fernando Valley and two sturdy small sons, Don Junior and Ronald, with whom he romps on Sunday afternoons—"wrestling time," as he calls it. They have also bought a small farm for Mr. and Mrs. Ameche, sen.

In his latest film, You Can't Have Everything, Don has been determinedly glamourised. Having already made terrific inroads on the world's feminine susceptibilities (as his fan mail testifies), his lady-killing potentialities are now to be heavily capitalised.

The studio has even "cracked down" on his private-life publicity; there are to be no more stories about his home, his wife, his sons. He is to comply for the Great Lover Stakes.

But, bless you, Honore has no qualms about it. "Nothing can change Don at heart," she declares confidently.

In short, Don Ameche is a wife who believes in him; perhaps that's the greatest luck of all.
The luscious Louise turns on that sex appeal and "vamps" the Ritz Brothers—all three of them.

Louise Hovick, formerly Gypsy Rose Lee, the strip-tease star, makes her screen debut, fully dressed, in You Can't Have Everything in support of Alice Faye and Don Ameche.

And our hero, Don Ameche, looks as if he might fall at any moment to the fatal Hovick charm.

Still, we'll put our money on Alice Faye (above) as the poor but honest music counter girl, who is really a brilliant song writer just waiting for a break from the music publishers.

Right: Ameche thinks Alice is a swell song writer, but he wishes the theme song was "A Bicycle Built for Two."
"Mrs. Newlywed" Jeanette MacDonald was preparing a buffet supper. "Won't you join us?" she said. Well, what would you have done?

The candid cameraman goes visiting the stars at home this week. Below: this is how he found Frances Dee and hubby Joel McCrea at their San Fernando Valley ranch.

Above: It was tea-time when we dropped in on Wallace Beery and his adopted daughter Carol Ann was acting as hostess.

And here's another star home on the range—Bing Crosby. Bing thinks he's got a classic winner there.

Left: Now meet the Edward Arnolds. Left to right, Dorothy Jane, Papa Arnold, Mrs. Arnold, Elizabeth and Edward, jun., who is following his father's footsteps on the screen.

SHOTS with Our Candid CAMERA
The arrival of a new Jessie Matthews' film has quite a film event these days. This time the leading song and dance girl appears as a ne'er-do-well sister who crosses the Atlantic and becomes involved with American gangsters. Supporting her are Mackay, Nat Pendleton and Noel Madison.
Pat, after an unsuccessful attempt to steal a film star's necklace for a publicity stunt, becomes a fugitive and finds herself on a steamer bound for America with Inspector Bob Deering (Barry Mackay) on her trail.

With the gang brought to book and all misunderstandings cleared away, Pat and Bob reach the happy ending of their adventure.

"Smiles" Hogan (Nat Pendleton) is assigned to the job of ensuring, by his own peculiar methods, the allegiance of the new gang member.

The start of all the trouble. Pat is assigned by her newspaper to bring back a "scoop" in the shape of the film star's diary.
And so is correct carriage. You can practise this book trick yourself.

Mrs. Lela Rogers, who steered her daughter to stardom, has been appointed dramatic coach at the Radio Studio.

HOW TO BECOME A STAR

by

Ginger Rogers’ Mother

Left: Mrs. Rogers supervises her pupil’s vocal exercises. Lucille Ball is one of the studio’s promising contract players.
The Ultimate Note in Fashion

The New Three-Piece ensemble featured in fine Scotch Tweed... checked... with an attractive contrasting inside jacket......

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Freely adapted from the film Kid Galahad by Marjorie Williams with permission of Warner Bros.

LOOKER-ON at prize fights—a looker-on at life. Louise, also known as "Fluff" Phillips, who, during four years had watched every fight in Florida, wondered, if in her case the parallel was true.

Yet her positive personality, expressed in lustrous grey eyes, long bob, tall, slender figure and exotic clothes, did not seem cut out for a passive role. She suggested the type of young woman who should have entranced a decks from behind the footlights. (She had quite a good voice and had been a torch singer at the age of eighteen.) Or, since she had brains plus beauty, she might have had a career.

As it was, neither having known fame nor been in love, she drifted into close intimacy with Nick Donati, shrewd product of New York's East Side, a boxing manager down South on the look-out for a new champion.

Louise had watched the champion-hunting process for four years and knew what Nick was up against. Managers like Turkey Morgan, gangster, gambler, gunman, unscrupulous and Nick's rival, were likely to cause trouble. Nick's plan for ultimate victory was always the same. A shrewd judge of fighting and fighting men, he insisted on discipline for his pugilist protégés. "You do the fighting; let me do the thinking," he'd tell them. "But do you tell me what you tell me, see." Louise had just seen the latest of them, Jim Burke, go down before the iron fists of Chuck McGraw, Morgan's champion, after having committed the unpardonable sin of disregarding Nick's advice to "stay away from him—use that left."

"Well, I suppose we start looking for another fighter? Getting a matter of routine," Louise commented. "You're right, Fluff. Every time you bring a guy up above his own level, he gets swelled head and is laid out flatter than a piece of gold leaf. Some day I'll find one who listens to orders all the way. I'll make him a champ. How much have we got left after losing to-night?"

"Eighty hundred dollars."

"Well, we might shoot that on a party and start all over again."

Nick's party—or, as Fluff termed it, "en-dunck. Nick's party—lasted seventy-two hours. Nick, who one evening had a fancy to be shaved while the others were dancing, caught her coming out of the suite bathroom with a tray of drinks. Louise's just been lugged out for drinking more than he carried," Louise explained.

"No reason why you should work."

Nick protested. "I'll phone for another."

Five minutes later, Louise, handing a drink to a pressman, encountered a clean-cut, fair young man, looking unaccustomed to his bell-hop's uniform. "Mr. Donati?" he inquired doubtfully.

"That's me," Nick informed. "What's your name?"

"Ward Guisenberry." A tinkle of laughter from the young women present, who made no bones about crowding round the good-looking young man as if he were from another world, made Louise furious.

"How about letting him do some work, Nick?" she suggested.

"All right, Gooseberry. Start mixing drinks. You'll find the stuff in the bathroom." Louise followed him in to find him staring at the improvised table, littered with bottles. "Start off with two gin rickeys, a gin sling, four Scotch," she began. "Why, what's the matter?"

"Sorry, ma'am. I don't know how to mix fancy drinks."

"Why didn't you say so?"

"The hotel manager said he'd fire me if I didn't give good service. If you could possibly show me how, I'll be able to do it, too."

She complied. The lad was no fool, if naive. The arrival of Nick, furious with her for helping the bell-hop, nearly lost Louise her temper, till she found that Nick had other cause for anger.

"I just discovered Turkey Morgan double-crossed me," he told her. "He paid Jim Burke two thousand five hundred dollars to take a K.O. from McGraw. I'm going to pay that punch-drunk gunman off."

"You'll get yourself drilled in holes, Nick." Her thoughts were still with Morgan and his associates when, not having been invited, they chose to invade the living-room. The three—Turkey Morgan, Buzz (under-manager), and McGraw, mildly unsteady—swaggered in, accompanied by three young women well used to gate-crashing.

"Thought we'd drop in and say we were sorry your fighter got busted up," Buzz said coolly.

"Glad to see you," Nick lied. He had his temper, as Louise noted with satisfaction, well in hand. It was she who lost hers at finding the particularly objectionable blonde, who spent Morgan's money for him, unashamedly hanging round Ward Guisenberry's neck.

"Looks as if your Sugar is going for Gooseberry," Nick chaffed.

"Come here, you!" Morgan ordered. Louise winced as she saw a pocket knife with a long, lean blade snap up from Morgan's inner pocket. With two neat slashes he severed one leg of Ward's uniform trousers in half, below the knee.

Louise seized Morgan's arm. "How about you big lug's leaving the kid alone?" she demanded, and felt McGraw jerking her off and backwards against a table.

"Don't do that to her!" Ward shouted. With a right-hand punch to the jaw, he sent the champion half out on his back in the carpet.

"Come on; get out of here! You've caused enough trouble," Nick ordered.

"Surely you're not going to let that kid pay for a ruined uniform?" Louise protested. She left the room with her purse, and got him to take forty dollars.

"I was scared," he admitted. "It was the first time I'd seen anyone hit a lady."

Coming in next morning, she found Nick talking Ward into agreeing to train as the future heavyweight champion.

"McCfarlane's downstairs waiting to take you to the races. Nick," Louise reminded.

"Right. Meet you here for dinner, and, mind, no more telling Gooseberry what not and what to do," Nick ordered.
When a week later, Louise took her ringside seat to watch Ward, whom she had christened "Galahad," come out of his corner, she had no idea that it was his opponent, Sam McGraw, his brother, who would take the count. Yet the unbelievable happened; and, moreover, despite the fact that Sam had failed to be chosen by Nick, according to Morgan's demands, to punish Ward for what he had done to Sam's brother.

Nick was swift to react to the frenzied excitement over Sam's defeat. The next day he was leading to Ward's dressing-room, he seized upon Louise and Silver, grey-haired trainer, hurrying the winner along in their bathrobe.

"You've got to get Ward out of here," Nick declared. "If Turkey and McGraw get him, they'll kill him for this. You've got dynamite in your fists, kid. We'll make you a champion yet. Now pile in my car; grab a taxi, and get you to the hotel. I'll be up next week."

For ever after, Louise was to remember the buzzard-looking, high-shouldered, out, Ward slept in the observation car, and woke to find his head on her shoulder. For a time they talked, exchanged inquiries about friends. When he called her Louise (using her Christian name for the first time) instead of Nick, she could see in his eyes that she knew he loved her. But did he love her? Secure at least in his friendship, Louise felt that she would rather not find out—not yet.

She supposed the small hotel in the Bronx, Nick's customary haunt in New York, to be a suitable destination, but he, Turkey Morgan, waiting for them on the kerb as they left the taxi, was shortly lying unconscious on the pavement.

"Get away from here!" Louise shouted to the taxi-driver as the three bolted for the cab in the clack. "Ward, I didn't tell you to sock him one for trying to get you to fight for him in New York. He's got everyone in his mob looking for you. Think of something, Silver. He can't stay in town."

"There's Mrs. Donati's," Silver said. "She lives in the country on a farm."

"You're crazy. You know Nick would hit the ceiling if you let a fighter get within a mile of his mother and sister."

"His sister is a convent, and I don't think Mrs. Donati would mind an ex-farmer like Ward," Silver countered. "He'd get exercise there, and good food."

Louise considered. She had reached the stage when to part with Ward was almost as painful to her as the things for her was agony. Yet Silver's suggestion seemed the wisest course. She dropped them off at the station and wired Nick to come to New York. He arrived before her telegram could have reached him, having trailed Ward from Florida. His cold fury at Louise's news spent itself in leaving at once by car for Mrs. Donati's.

That he found Ward there, happy in arguing most of the day with Marie, who, contrary to report, had already returned from the convent, and showed a liking for the young fighter, Louise did not discover from Nick's conversation. His energies, on coming back to New York, were entirely taken up by building up Ward's reputation in the press and finding a substitute for the despised cognomen of Guiseley. "What was that business we called him in Florida, Fluff?" Nick demanded, while leading newspapermen forgerather in the office reception.-

"Galahad—was it?"

"From now on we call him Kid Galahad."

Louise couldn't resist the impulse to do the thing, as she said, properly. Turning to Ward, a trifle bewildered at being the target of press publicity; she cried, "I dub thee Kid Galahad, and kiss him, before tying her scarf round his arm, declaring that she should bear her colours into battle. The accolade given, Kid Galahad punched his way without a set-back to meet the semi-finalist Denbaugh, who took the count, after a terrific fight, in the twelfth round. Only one fighter, O'Brien, stood between the Kid and a championship contest with Chuck McGraw.

Louise, unable to keep pace with press cuttings, had her private thoughts about the Kid. As the O'Brien fight loomed so near as to fill all Nick's horizon, Louise felt herself unable to share Silver's concern that the Kid had fallen off in energy and keenness.

"He hits the heavy bag like it was his first and only one," Silver said. "I doubt it's over-training. More likely, he's in love. Have you been seeing much of him lately?"

"He wouldn't fall in love with me," Louise said swiftly, hearing the Kid's step. He looked ill at ease.

"You suffer from an acute case of publicity," he told him, Silver having departed.

"No. I guess you're the only one who can help me, Louise. It's no use talking to Nick. I'm in love with his sister Marie. You know how Nick would feel about that. In fact, he's already told me to keep away from her."

"Something strong and shining in Louise's eyes suggested she could do, through an intense inner darkness:

"Does she love you?"

"He wouldn't fall in love with me, Nick."

"I'd like to see her again. If I did, it would be the first time I double-crossed Nick; and I owe everything I have to him," she prayed heaven, the Kid would notice nothing unusual in the pause, before she said: "I'd go to see her, Ward. Nick hasn't any right to take away people's happiness. And you've been on the level all the way."

"I'm glad you think so, Silver. Giving me a couple of days off. I'll go and see her to-morrow. You've been swell, Louise. Thanks.

That evening, Nick, coming into the hotel bedroom announcing a forthcoming celebration in honour of signing up the O'Brien fight, found Louise snappish-to her dress trunk.

"I'm leaving, Nick," she said.

"No, I'm not crazy. I've never lied to you, and I'm not going to begin now. Like a fool, I've fallen in love. I can't stay with you, Nick. I must get away— from everything.

It neither surprised nor angered Louise that Nick, obviously cut up at losing her, made no effort to trace her to Tony's, where she counted herself lucky to be re-engaged as floor singer. News of sporting events travels fast the world over. Though Louise's canvass chair at the ringside was empty, and before those in the upper rows of Madison Square Garden realised that O'Brien had been laid out on his face, through listening-in she was aware of the Kid's victory.

Knowing Nick's tactics, she wondered at the fight's conclusion. Surely the Kid had never been meant to win or on points at most. He would now be expected to fight McGraw within a month, whereas he needed a year's experience.

Meanwhile the evening's business must be got through. She was by the grand piano, half-way through a hot blues love song, when she saw the Kid adjusting a chair at one of the tables for a young woman. Refusing an encore, she made her way to them in the semi-darkness created by the vanished spotlight.

"Hello, Kid," she greeted, and looked at his companion, whose youthful profile and dark, wavy hair under the rose-glows of the table lamp, gave her a pang of envy.

"You're Nick's sister, aren't you?"

"Yes—Louise. Won't you join us?"

"Does Nick know you're in New York?"

"Louise asked, frankly appraising the kid's choice. They talked; Louise feeling strangely drawn to Marie, who— for all her youth, had a dash of Nick's brains. Suddenly a door leading to the private suites opened. Across the threshold, followed by Turkey Morgan, stepped Nick McGraw, without warning thrust his open hand at Ward's face and sent him, chair included, to the carpet.

"Stand up, yellow!" he muttered drunkenly. "Morgan's been trying to tell me I'm drinking too much to fight you in a professional way. But I say, take a load of it now.

Though, ultimately the Kid, on his feet in a twinkling, was restrained from responding kind, and he summarily stated his only words were, "I'll take him on any time you want, Morgan—next month."

As Morgan turned away, the Kid felt an inward fear. She had seen what the others, trying to keep the Kid away from the drunk McGraw, had failed to do: He was lashing out with lights and clicking cameras, at the moment when Marie's small hand was being tenderly pressed on the Kid's shoulder. Of the dangers to their hopes when Nick saw, as he was bound to do, that incriminating press photo, Louise had no heart to think.

On the night of the fifteen-round championship, she agreed to join Marie at the ringside, but nowhere near Nick. From his additional swagger, the glint in his eyes, Nick's fury at the Kid's love affair would not limit itself to words. Her heart sank as the Kid, to deaden applause, left his corner. Obviously Nick's orders had been "Go in swinging your right, and swing your left."

Swinging his own wide open, continued a reckless offensive until his face was battered, his chest suddenly visible for dirt, resin, and gore.

The Kid had been down twice to this point, but had maintained himself up again semi-conscious when, followed by Marie, white and shaking, Louise went over to Nick. His eyes were so red and swollen that he, battling for his life, the Kid had given him a look—the look of a fighter who knows that every ounce of strength is his manager. "You're murdering that kid because of him and Marie. I'm not going to let you and those dirty wolves to satisfy a grudge. You told him to go all out for McGraw, and Nick's court-martial will make mincemeat of him; selling out the Kid's trust and loyalty," Louise hissed. She waited for Marie to add her piece. Something in Nick, as his sister sobbed and implored, seemed to snap.

"Preliminary.: Get back to your seats," she said briefly. "He'll be all right."

The bell went. Looing over the Kid, who hardly seemed to hear in his fury, Nick delivered his blow. "Stall, stay away from him —run him off his feet," he ordered. The Kid's head swayed, and there was the dimness. He heard Nick and nodded.

As Louise prayed it would, the changed tactics told. By stalling for three rounds, the Kid's strength slowly ebbed back. Having taken a terrific battering on the ropes from McGraw, he set to, receiving a killing punch, dealing, as McGraw came charging in, a right which sent him on his heels and ultimately to his corner. Nick counted to count: "... eight, nine, ten," while the crowd went mad and in the face of Turley Morgan, whose body, pitting the sheath of Nick's automatic, fired in self-defence, lay under a blanket.

"It took us a long time, but we found him," Morgan shouted, recognizing her. "Tell him and Marie to go on loving each other."

She went over to the Kid, an hour later she sent her way alone.
SLAVE SHIP

My hopes of a thrilling maritime drama set in the days when slave running from Africa to America was still a profitable business, were somewhat dashed after the opening sequences of this picture.

It started fairly gallant, gale-resistant, slave runner Warner Baxter in command of a hoodoo ship with Wallace Beery as first mate and Mickey Rooney as cabin boy, sailing to Africa and buying slaves from a dubious half-caste (Joseph Schenkraft).

They blistered and they swore and there was a salty tang to the adventures which was enhanced by the fine settings.

After that things slowed down considerably, for on returning to port with his human cargo, Skipper Baxter proceeded to have a very milk and water, not to say artificial, romance with innocent, unsophisti- cated Clara Buhlau, who looked charming in period costume.

Later, when action was again the order of the day, the captain, proceeding to sea with his wife, determined to go straight, only to find that his mate and crew had double-crossed him and were plotting to save the slaves. Things cheered up a bit and somehow the picture never became really convic- ting, and some very deep in its characters.

There was certainly a good thrill in the captain’s escape from the slimy slave dealers and his single-handed fight with the crew when he eventually sailed to St. Helena, where slaves met their appropriate reward of hanging, but still the incidents seemed to me to be artificial.

Maybe it was all played in too conventionally a melodramatic man- ner, but anyway, while it entertai- ned me quite well, it did not rise to the level I had expected from its promise in the opening reels.

Warner Baxter was very good as the captain, and Mickey Rooney, his single-handed hero, won my respect even when he fell in love with Elizabeth Allan, but one could hardly believe in so quick a reformation.

Elizabeth Allan looked sweet and innocent and was not called upon to do anything much else.

Wallace Beery, while unable to free himself from the mannerisms acquired by a series of small town tramp-like characters, did rise occasion- ally to his opportunities and make the mate the most complete hypnotist one could wish.

The very small part of the slave dealer was excellently played by Joseph Schildkraut and I wished that he could have played a greater part in the story development.

Mickey Rooney, who is un- doubtedly one of the best juvenile actors on the screen, makes a distinct hit with his portrayal of the cabin boy, whose allegiance is divided between the skipper and the first mate.

Technically the picture is exceedingly good and the spectacular scenes well handled.

Directed by Victor Saville. Screen play by Lajos Biró. Story of the film by Marjory Williams in the issue of May 1, 1937.

A battle of wits between an attractive French woman spy and a German secret service agent is well presented, although at times it becomes a little confusing in its issues.

The action takes place mainly in Stockholm during the war and the methods of conveying information are ingeniously detailed.

The love interest is sincere and the picture works up to a thrilling climax with a fight between a German submarine and a ship.

Generally the theme is conven- tional enough, but the visual appeal is distinctly above the average.

Conrad Veidt is excellently cast as the German spy, and Vivien Leigh makes the most of the part of the Frenchwoman who poses as a German spy and sends her employers false information.

These two hold the stage most of the time, and they are well supported by the rest of the cast.

**THE CAVALIER OF THE STREETS**


Sound, well-told story, clever characterisation, bright and polished dialogue make this picture one of the more unexceptionally good entertainments of the year.

She is blackmailed by a man who accosts her in the road and asks to be known as "The Cavalier of the Streets." Later the count is found murdered.

But here I had better stop telling the story, for it relies so much on its ingenious twists and surprises for its effect that to give away them would be to spoil the pleasure of the picture.

Patrick Barr is excellent as the blackmailer, and Margaret Vyner makes a first-class showing as the indirecit lady.

As a Russian count, Carl Harad is extremely well cast, and two clever character sketches are given by Victor Saville as a landlady and Rene de Vaux as her admirer.

**WHEN’S YOUR BIRTHDAY?**


JOE E. BROWN. Dustie Willoughby. MARIE MARSH. Jerry Grant. FRED KEATING. Larry Burke. EGON KENNEDY. Madeleine LeStrange. MRS. BOAS. Dubh來自ger. MARGARET HAMILTON. Miss Ivy. Frank Jenks. Leety Doane. GRANVILLE BAYLEY. Judge O’Day. CHARLES JORD. Head Waiter. GEORGE REDGRAVE. Mr. Birko. REX STEWART. Zodiac.

Directed by Harry Beaumont.

Those of you who appreciate Joe E. Brown’s broad foolishness will find a great deal of fun in this story of a simple youth who believes in astrology and is a slave to superstition but is helped with just the sort of material that suits him.

The hectic farces end with a burlesque on a horse whose back the hero finds he is forced to face a hefty South American boxer.

Marian Marsh is quite good as the heroine, and the star’s comedy is well supported by Fred Keating, Edgar Kennedy, Mrs. Beards and Minor Watson.

**WE’RE ON THE JURY**


The story of the picture of the Jury, in which Edna May Oliver played the role of a juror on a murder trial who held out against the verdict of her fellow-jurors and was instrumental in securing an acquittal and the discovery of the truth is very well told.

This part is now taken by Helen Broderick, who makes a very good juror. In spite of its crime theme, the treat- ment is in comedy vein—going at a fast pace.

Edward Moore, as another juror, is also excellent, and others deserving of special mention are Robert McWade as the judge, Edward Gargan as the officer of the court.

Practically the entire action takes place in the court and jury room, and the spice of the entertainment lies in Helen Broderick’s efforts to persuade the rest of the jurors to change their minds.

**FOR VALOUR**


The novel of the plot is the fact that there is a genuine attempt at characterisation makes (continued on page 26)
You'll feel happier with
Modess
THE SOLUBLE SANITARY TOWEL
WITH THE
MOISTURE PROOF
BACKING

So much softer
and more comfortable

'SO VERY MUCH SAFER'

Here's what makes the difference...

Modess gauze is filmed with downy soft cotton wool, so that there is none of the harshness which causes chafing and irritation. Moisture cannot spread to the sides, and the pad itself is extra absorbent. Next time, ask for a packet of Modess. With or without loops, from all drapers and chemists.

1 - 6d. ordinary gauze
6d. premium gauze

Free

*Beginning to be a Woman* is a booklet especially written for girls entering their teens. Write for a free copy to: Miss Mary Hollis, Medical Service Dept. G 20, Meurut Johnson & Johnson (Gt. Britiatt) Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

In spite of her
daily bath...
she's an
UNDER-ARM VICTIM...

Your bath at 8 o'clock in the morning cannot protect you from underarm perspiration odour at 3 o'clock in the afternoon—and it can do is wash away traces of past perspiration. It cannot prevent perspiration odour from occurring later in the day.

MUM takes care of you all day. Smooth a quick fingertipful of MUM under each arm and you're safe for the day.

Harmless to clothing. MUM is absolutely harmless to Fabrics, you can use it after you are dressed. MUM is no trouble, no waiting and rinsing off.

Soothing to the skin and does not prevent natural perspiration...it merely prevents the objectionable odour.

Women who use MUM regularly each month know that MUM is the safe and efficient deodorant for this particular form of unpleasantness.

At all good Stores and Chemists, price 1/6 & 3/-.

Prove the advantages of MUM for yourself by sending for this FREE SAMPLE.

To THOS. CHRISTY & CO. Ltd.
(Dept. P.7.), 4/12 Old Swan Lane,

Please send me a sample of MUM.

Name
Address

NAIL BITING

New nails next week!

Free booklet sent on plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, secretly and permanently cure yourself of this objectionable, health-endangering habit. No Alice, no auto-suggestion. New discovery. Send halfpenny stamp for postage FILTEX LTD. (Dept. P.), 31 The Broadway,

LONG, CURLING EYELASHES
This quick easy way

Bring out the best of nature's gifts by using Lashtone, the wonder eye-lash tonic that gives every woman long, curling, lustrous lashes. Lashtone adds beauty and sparkle to the eyes. Simple to apply—wonderfully effective.

Lashtone

THE SCIENTIFIC
LASH TONIC
From Boots, Timothy White, Taylor, Harrods, Selfridge, W H and all high-class Chemists, Stores, Beauty Parlours, etc. Price 2/6 per tube. In case of difficulty send P.O. direct to LASHTONE PRODUCERS (Dept. 1), 72 BATRAM STREET, N.W.1., and a tube will be sent to you free.

Elfrieda
POWDER CREAM
modern and right
applied in the morning
still perfect at night

3o & 6o
"Look Out!"

"Powder clogged pores cause ugly Cosmetic Skin"  
SAY 3 RISING ENGLISH STARS

IRIS BAKER

"ANY girls without knowing it leave traces of stale make-up in their pores night after night! Then pores get clogged, skin can’t breathe. Soon warning signs of Cosmetic Skin appear — muddy complexion, blemishes, rough skin... My secret is Lux Toilet Soap. It cleanses the pores deep down better than anything else I know—keeps my complexion delightfully smooth."

IRIS DERBYSHIRE

"USE powder and make-up, of course, but do guard against Cosmetic Skin with Lux Toilet Soap. It’s the one thing I know that removes every trace of cosmetics from the depths of the pores. That’s why I always use Lux Toilet Soap—it keeps my skin marvellously clear and soft."

ELIZABETH INGLIS

"NEVER risk ugly Cosmetic Skin troubles—dingy rough skin, blemishes—thanks to Lux Toilet Soap. Its rich lather penetrates right deep down into the pores, floats out every trace of dust, stale make-up and powder — lets my skin breathe. Remove cosmetics thoroughly this way every night and you’ll have a clear, lovely complexion."

ELLE VELEZ

"A LEVER PRODUCT

LUX TOILET SOAP GUARDS AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN AS NOTHING ELSE DOES

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The PICTUREGOER's quick reference index

**THE DOMINANT SEX**

**DARK JOURNEY**

**THE CAVALIER OF THE STREETS**

**WHEN'S YOUR BIRTHDAY**

**WE'RE ON THE JURY**

**FOR VALOUR**

**ROSE OF TRALEE**

**STOLEN HOLIDAY**

**FAIR WARNING**

**BEWARE OF LADIES**

**NOBODY'S BABY**

**WILD BRIAN KENT**

**VENUS MAKES TROUBLE**

**CRIME’S HIGHWAY**

**THE LEAVENWORTH CASE**

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature.  
** Very good.

The Good.

* Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

THE PICTUREGOER Weekly  
August 28, 1937

REVIEWS—by

Good characterisations, however, are given by Sydne Fairbrother, Talbot O'Farrell, Denier Warren, and Henry Adnes.

**STOLEN HOLIDAY**  

KAY Francis, Nicole Foott  
CLAIRE RAINS, Stewart Sidney  
LAWRENCE Grant, Wayne Decoration  
ALISON SEPPERT, Suzanne France  
ALBERTINA WICKS, Annabelle Hay  
LORRAINE HALL, Betty Lawford  
WALTER KIRKWOOD, Francis Chadwick  
CHARLES HALSTON, Reid Grande  
FRANK REICHER, Rainer Frank  
FRANK CROSBY, Du Pont  
EDWIN BRENNER, Deputy Bergery  
FREDERICK Wallis, Project of Police  
KATHERINE HOWARD, Mine, Delphine  
HAMMOND WOOD, Douglas  
H. Borel  
Directed by Michael Curtis

KAY Francis is called upon to do little else but wear beautiful clothes in her role of a mannequin who becomes the tool of an adventurer who wants to marry her and then discovers she is in love with someone else.

The film depicts the struggle between her loyalty to the man who had made her rich and the man she loved.

It is all very artificial and quite a considerable footage is taken up with dress displays.

Acting honours go to Claire Rains, as the adventurer who compiles crookery with impeccable taste in the niceties of life.

Ian Hunter, as the lover, just has to walk through his part and the slight comedy interest is supplied by Alison Seppert.

**FAIR WARNING**


J. EDWARD BROMBERG, Matthew Jerscho  
BETTY FERGUSON, Kay Farnham  
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, John Bedloe  
VICTOR KILLAN, Victor Prento  
SAM BILLY BERKHEID, Fibonacci  
GAVIN MUIR, Herbert Willett  
GLORIA ROY, Dorothy Dare  
GAIL MULDOON, Dorothy Dare  
DOROTHY VERNON, Maude Crowley  
SCOTT HAROLD, Mr. Cleason  
PAUL LINDSEY, Frank  
JACK LEIFER, American Announcer  
HAMILTON KERR, Mr. Benson  
HENRY ADNES, Mr. Opens  
COHEN  
HARVEY BRIDGER, Detective  
Directed by Gerald Mitchell from a story by the director and Ian Walker.

The action in this picture takes place on a dude ranch, where the riding master is found dead. It is then a case of "spot the murderer," whose identity in this case is revealed by the discovery of a hidden gold mine.

J. Edward Bromberg, as the sheriff in charge of the case, gives a shrewd and somewhat whimsical character study, while the conventional love interest is looked after by John Howard Payne and Betty Furness.

As a boy who attempts to assist the sheriff, Billy Burrud is refreshingly unsophisticated.

The scenic qualities of the picture are very good.

**Bewear of LADIES**


DOUGLAS CLOD, George Martin  
DOROTHY ALLEN, Betty White  
FRANK MURPHY, Wallace Beery  
WILLIAM MACK, Reddie White  
DOUGIE MONTGOMERY, Gertrude  
HARRISON HOPKINS, Andy Randall  
WILLIAM NEWELL, Self  
BERNARD BURTON, Self  
TOMMY BURTON, Self  
THOMAS JACON, Albert Simmons  
JACK FOSTER, Jack Fosters  
ALICE MCDONALD, William C. S.  
TONY BAXTER, Self  
Directed by Irwyn Thomas

Familiar gangster story, introduc- ing political and newspaper angles. It is built up on conventional lines, but presented quite well.

Judith Allen, as a reporter who helps a politician in his fight for clean politics, carries off the acting role.
As a couple of crooks, Donald Kirk and Astrid Allwyn are sound, and Gene Morgan scores in a comedy role.

CRIME'S HIGHWAY
Butcher's. American, "U" certificate. Western melodrama. Runs 60 minutes.

JACK PENNO,...

Warren Hymer,...

June

And

H.

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Pekingese

Yvon

Laurence

June

July

April

Thurston

Gene

Curtis

Maurice

Miles

etc.

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Alphonse

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Tony

Patsy

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Lydia

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Priscilla

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**What do you think? Letters from our readers**

**Are Films “Speeding Us Up?”**

**Love grows more intense**

**Human** emotionalism to-day is like a piece of over-stretched elastic which will never regain its former resilience. The cinema is responsible for taking the life out of love, for instance!” declared a critic of the films a short time ago.

Is this true?

People to-day seem to become “worked up” to a greater intensity in love in a shorter period than in former years. Are the pictures’ responsibility? Or is this speeding-up in emotionalism simply an indication of the trend of the age?

Matrimonial boredom seems on the increase, in spite of the fact that young people have a greater variety of interests and amusements to-day than ever. Is this because our capacity for pleasure is “over-worked” and our emotionalism over-strained?

And is it impossible for youthful spendthrifts to be happy when the slow-down period of life arrives?—(Mr.) D. Grant, 1 Central Buildings, Westminster, London, S.W. 1.

(Personally I can’t see much change from my young days!—“Thinker.”)

**The Barred of Avon**

- With three Shakespeare plays now on celluloid, it is interesting to study them comparatively. *Midsummer Night’s Dream* set out to be a film first and Shakespeare second, with its cast of established screen actors and lavish use of spectacle and camera devices.

*Roméo et Juliette* was made as a reverence for the stage and literary Shakespeare traditions, with very discreet use of film technique in such scenes as the opening long shot of the city, and the riding episodes. Both these films I consider successful on their own grounds.

*As You Like It*, on the other hand, failed through lack of unity. Barrie, Bergner, the Old Vic, and the camera fought for precedence, and Shakespeare was lost in the melee.

The cinema, if it is to continue producing Shakespeare, must decide what it is aiming at. There is no reason why it should be afraid of adapting these plays to its own purpose.

The Old Vic is after all a far cry from the Globe Theatre, and if Shakespeare is “not for an age but for all time,” why should he not be translated into still another medium?

And all good translations are idiomatic, not literal.—G. W. Culits (B.A.), Union of Students, University College, Nottingham, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

(I believe Shakepseare would do better on the screen if more people had any notion what the “characters were talking about.”—“Thinker.”)

**A Plaque for Jack**

- Jack Buchanan takes the blues from me and puts them in my sky:—

My dearest Jack,

You have the knack Of bringing back The joys we lack.

The jokes you crack Lift clouds so black.

The meanest shack With bliss you’d stack.

Let kill-joys clack Their gloom you whack.

When laughter’s peak On work’s grim track And storms attack, When damp and mack

Weigh Shanks tried back

Your smile brings back

The joys I lack.

My sunny Jack.

—Jane Pyer, 63 Greenstead Road, Colchester, Essex, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d. (“Now I hope no one will write in similar vein about “Snoozle.””—“Thinker.”)

**Grand!**

- It’s grand to see the six-foot, handsome prince make love to the heroine in films—except when one’s one’s own is foot-nothing, freckled and known to everyone as “Ginger.”

I watch the screen wealthy-playboy eating pheasant and drinking bucketfuls of champagne—except when bread-and-cheese and cold sausages are at home.

It’s fine to think of the ease with which the hero laid-out fourteen gangsters—until one hears a loose floorboard creak in the night.

It’s great to watch Bill Powell imbibing too freely of the cheery cup—until one’s brother stagger into the house with a stray dog, inane grin and a bunch of oranges.

It’s wonderful to cogitate upon the screen stenographer marrying her boss—until one remembers one’s own’s boss’s wife, three grown-up children and her of bungalow-like ferociousness. Then reel-life is kind o’ different to real-life, somehow.—Leila A. Turvey, 112 Trenton Road, Portsmouth, Southsea.

(Perhaps it’s just as well that it does!—“Thinker.”)

**Too Much Value?**

- I sometimes wonder if picturegoers don’t sometimes get too much value for their money, when I hear my friends describe a picture as “lousy,” feeble, etc.

My wife and I for a number of years have only been able to get to the cinema once a week on Saturdays, and don’t we appreciate it! For we have had our usual Saturday night at the cinema and can truly say that the cinema has not yet let us down.

The cynic may sniff and say we are easily satisfied and unable to judge the chaff from the straw, nevertheless I can truthfully say that we appreciate what the cinema has done for the working man.

At the price of a few coppers he can be whisked away from the humdrum of life, the best and finest talents of the world are at his feet (a privilege previously granted to the rich), and while the production of this form of entertainment is in the hands of high-sounding foreign names the fact is that these people, while ostensibly in the business to make money, are performing a valuable public service in giving the masses relaxation, entertainment, and romance which otherwise is missing from their daily lives.—N. Brown, Kenbarra, Kennedy Avenue, Fisby, Huddersfield.

(Now read the next letter.—“Thinker.”)

**Responsibility**

- The screen possesses to-day an immense power—the power of presenting the sentimental in a form comprehensible to all average persons. (I do not use “sentimental” here in its colloquial, everyday sense, but give it its broader meaning.) This power is also a great responsibility.

A film to-day can, by presenting the heroic and the spontaneous self-sacrifice, cause the filmgoer to aspire to such heights, or it may, by exhibiting Clark Gable to him, create a desire to grow a moustache.

This does not mean that the filmgoer will come out a hero, or with neat black moustache (Continued on page 30)
Deeds count—not words. It's what 'ASPRO' does—its safety, its service, its results, that interest people.

Now, during the holiday season, millions of people are experiencing the wonderful soothing instant relief that 'ASPRO' tablets bring. They find that headaches, hot weather sleeplessness, and discomfort, disappear like magic, that pain goes like a dream. They find that 'ASPRO' will dissolve away rheumatic pain in a night and banish the insidious attacks of neuralgia and neuritis. The reason for its great variety of uses is that 'ASPRO' after ingestion in the system, becomes both an antiseptic or fever-reducer and an anti-periodic. So instead of thinking you might take 'ASPRO,' this time DO IT. Then you can demonstrate for yourself that:

'ASPRO' PROVES ITS WORTH BY ACTION
Quick—Safe—Certain

READ THIS CONVINCING TESTIMONY:
12 TEETH EXTRACTED 'ASPRO' BROUGHT RELIEF

J.B. of Newcastle-on-Tyne, writes: "My experience of 'ASPRO' is that it does much more than you claim it to do and that many people are suffering who need not be, if they like, I turned to 'ASPRO' for relief. After having 12 teeth extracted the after-effects were so bad that I did not know what to do with myself. Only 2 'ASPRO' tablets brought relief in as many minutes and what I did not expect—a good night's rest. Truly they are indeed MARVELLOUS."

Mrs. Wright, of Johannesburg, states: "The reason sent for 'ASPRO' Tablets was that I had been suffering from a neuralgic headache for about two weeks and had tried almost every remedy, including headache powders, lemon, vinegar, etc., when I saw your advertisement. Upon receipt of your tablets I took two with a cup of hot tea, and I must say that relief was almost immediate. Later I went out into the sun, whereupon my headache commenced. I again took two of the tablets and was freed from pain."

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

SLEEPLESSNESS & PAIN CO

Dear Sirs, Greenford Park.
I have recently recovered from an attack of rheumatic fever and since returning home I have had a good many sleepless nights due to the pain in my limbs. I tried several supposed remedies but to no avail, until one day my husband brought home a box of 'ASPRO'. The result was astonishing. I took two the first night and had a much better night's rest and by the time I had finished the box, taking six per day, I was brighter in spirits, considerably relieved of pain and noticed a reduction in the joints that were swollen.

Yours sincerely, E. A. G.

Sirs, Greenford Park.
I have recently recovered from an attack of rheumatic fever and since returning home I have had a good many sleepless nights due to the pain in my limbs. I tried several supposed remedies but to no avail, until one day my husband brought home a box of 'ASPRO'. The result was astonishing. I took two the first night and had a much better night's rest and by the time I had finished the box, taking six per day, I was brighter in spirits, considerably relieved of pain and noticed a reduction in the joints that were swollen.

Yours sincerely, E. A. G.

Don't be content with "flat," lifeless looking hair when a 2d. TÖRNIZ makes it literally shimmer with light and beauty.

All other shades too are equally improved by TÖRNIZ. There is Auburn TÖRNIZ for Auburn and Warm Shades. Golden Brown TÖRNIZ for all Brunettes. GOLDEN RINSE for all shades, and BLUE RINSE for Grey and White hair. Sold separately 2d. per packet—but it's best used after a CAMILATONE Vitamin Shampoo.

Camilatone
VITAMIN SHAMPOOS
INCLUDING
TÖRNIZ—SIXPENCE
from Hairdressers, Chemists, Woodworths.
What Do You Think? Contd.

attached, but the desire will have been implanted in his mind, and will grow.
Thus the cinema governs nearly all desires and aspirations of the lower classes, and it is high time the "movie moguls" realised their responsibility to civilisation, instead of thinking only in terms of profit.—D. A. Carpenter, 27
Cornwall Avenue, N. 3.
(But would we get as good entertainment if the film industry were run by missionaries instead of business men? I doubt it!—"Thinker").

All Change!

- Deborah boyish Robert Montgomery as a gold-blooded regicide murderer! Who would have thought it?
- Myrna Loy, once the heartless vamp type, gave cinema fans a new unexpected pleasure when she started playing charming heroine parts. And now, in Night Must Fall, Montgomery has triumphantly shown his versatility and all-round technique.
- Don't you think producers should encourage stars more often to break away from type? Ginger Rogers wants to play serious parts. Let her! And why not Garbo in a light-hearted comedy role?

By an occasional divergence from their normal parts film-stars widen and deepen their art, and give cinema-goers a pleasant surprise—(Mrs. G. Williams, "Brookfield", Methley Road, Pontypool, Glam.) (Well, they all seem to be obliging you!—"Thinker").

Too Many Reporters

- Why so many films concerning newspaper reporters? I am aware that this is a good angle from which to view a crime, but isn't it a trite over-done?

I'm getting rather tired of these fellows, with their hats on the backs of their heads, yelling front page stories into phones.
- Personally, I'd sooner see a rattling good murder worked out in an everyday shop, or a farmyard, with reporters a little less prominent.
- The idea was once a good one, but there are rather a lot of these films on the go now, aren't there?—M. D., South Mersham. (Far too many.—"Thinker").

What He Missed

- I have been taking my Picturegoer regularly now for over six years, but I have been guilty of a grave fault—I have not been reading it thoroughly, merely scanning its columns, and admiring its photographs.

Some time ago a friend of mine, then a new reader, began to discuss with great enthusiasm a certain article, and to my dismay, I found that 1, an old reader, could not hold my own with him.

So I started to read my Picturegoer thoroughly, and realising what I had been missing, hunted up all my old issues, and spent many a happy hour reading interesting facts that I had missed.

Furthermore, I now take the Picturegoer critic's advice, and am never let in for a poor show.

Good luck to a real British publication.—Wm. Roberts, "West Dingle", Dingle Lane, Leighton Buzzard. (There's nothing like getting your full pennworth—"Thinker").

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

- What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.
- 1Ls. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week.

Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to: "The Picturegoer Weekly", Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.
Lose ‘dowdy skin’ and find new loveliness

Don’t let your charm be shadowed by the blackheads, roughness and open pores that make your skin ‘dowdy.’ Snowfire Vanishing Cream will banish every blemish and keep your complexion clear and radiantly lovely. You will like the way it holds your powder evenly too — never ‘shining,’ never caking.

Snowfire

VANISHING

Cream

ARE POWDER WRINKLES MAKING YOUR FACE LOOK YOUNGER?

Read why Air Spun powder makes you look years younger.

MOST women — especially women with lively expressions — have noticed how powder ages them in certain lights. Tiny creases that don’t show at all before powdering look like little age lines. Here is the reason.

Every time you smile or frown, your skin creases. When moistened by the skin, ordinary powder squeezed in the creases cakes together. Tiny ridges or wrinkles form. These powder wrinkles remain when you relax — making your skin look as though it were lined.

It’s hard to avoid powder wrinkles with ordinary powder. But with Coty Air Spun you never get them. Special ingredients are used which prevent the powder absorbing moisture. And by spinning the powder in a tornado of air, the grains are made so smoothly round they don’t cake together like ordinary powder. With Coty Air Spun you get a smoother, more even film. The grains lie flatter, cling closer. Instead of accentuating lines, Coty Air Spun softens them. Your skin looks years younger.

NEW INGREDIENT NOURISHES AND PROTECTS YOUR SKIN

The Air Spun process also makes possible the use of a special ingredient that nourishes the skin. Instead of drying your skin up, Coty Air Spun powder helps to keep it youthfully soft and supple — free from blemishes. Ask to see the range of Coty Air Spun next time you buy powder — your ideal shade is here. Large box 2 3. Half size 1 3. From your favourite shop or the Coty Salon, 2 New Bond Street, London.

Coty AIR SPUN

the powder for delicate skins

Griffiths Jones

- Born in London on November 19, 1910, and educated at the Polytechnic Secondary School and University College, where he studied for the law.
- He appeared in a number of the College’s amateur dramatic shows, got the well-known thespian bug, threw away his law books and moved over to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, somewhat to the horror of his parents.
- While still at the Academy he made his first appearance on the stage at the Embassy Theatre in Carpet Slippers in 1930. Then he scored a fame-
in-a-night success in Ourselves Alone.
- Griffiths Jones is 6 ft. 2 in. tall and has brown hair and grey eyes.

Victor Jory

- Was born in Dawson City, Alaska, on November 23, 1892, but his family moved to Pasadena, near Hollywood, and he spent most of his boyhood there and completed his education at the University of California. He started acting while at that seat of learning and immediately went into “stock” on graduation.
- Thereafter he spent many years touring America. His first appearance on Broadway was in 1931, and in the following year he signed his first film contract for Fox.
- Recently he has done two pictures in England, Bulldog Drummond at Bay and Glamorous Night.
- Jory is 6 ft. 1½ ins. tall and has black hair and brown eyes.

Arlene Judge

- One wonders how many people remember that Arlene was once one of the screen’s dancing daughters—the college boys’ delight. She was “hoofing” in Jimmy Durante’s vaude-

ival team in New York when a talkie talent scout spotted her in 1931 and signed her for pictures. She made her debut in Are These Our Children?
- Arlene was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, on February 21, 1912, and went straight from college to the vaudeville stage.
- Recent pictures include: The Harmony Parade, One In a Million.
- The star is 5 ft. 2 ins. tall and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. She is now Mrs. Daniel Topping in private life.

Boris Karloff

- What is Karloff, Old Man Shiver, himself, going to do about those new “H” Certificates? He’s rather pleased really; thinks it will give him a chance to get out of the fearsome make-up and into some really worth-while roles.
- It’s pretty generally known that the Monster of the Movies is, off-screen, a gentle-mannered man who can wear his old school tie (Uppingham) with the best and is a pillar of the Hollywood cricket team.
- His real name is William Henry Pratt and he was born in London on November 23, 1887. From Uppingham he went on to London University and thence into a stage career which had its ups and downs before he landed in Hollywood in middle age and supplied the long-felt want of Universal Pictures for a new horror merchant.
- At one time he was driving a truck in Los Angeles for $1 a day. Frankenstein made him an overnight star and he has been kept busy ever since.
- His recent films include Charlie Chan at the Opera, Nicky Key, and War Lord.
- The actor is 6 ft. tall and has brown hair and eyes.
SHE has fair hair, grey eyes, and a fair skin.

“...my skin never had to use the transparent look that makes a blonde’s skin lovely,” Lady Duwisch told us.

“I didn’t realize my powder shade was to blame. It’s yellowish!”

“I’ve discovered the shade, though—fawn!”

If YOUR shade is wrong...

Many women are using wrong shades which make their skin look old and muddy, when the right shade would give their skin exquisite beauty.

And Pond’s have blemished these tints invisibly in their face powder shades. That is why Pond’s Powder makes your skin lovely as no other powder can.

Try all 5 shades free

Try Pond’s shades and find the one that gives your skin new beauty. You can get Pond’s Powder everywhere at 19c. 1 or 6d. But you can try all five shades at our expense by sending in the coupon below.

A natural gift, Marie.

A. R. M. (Louisville, Ky.)—Yes, Francis Loderer is engaged to marry Margo. He was born in Frankfurt. August 4, 1906, in 5 ft. 7 in. tall, weighs 145 lbs., has brown hair and blue eyes. He has been married before to Ada Mindy.

Rainer Fox (Surrey) — No. Louise Rainer and Madeleine Carroll are not wedded. Louise Rainer was born in Vienna about twenty-five years ago. Her latest film in which Hopkins played Mordent can be seen. Cautiously, with Williams Powell for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Her photograph is obtained from the Postcard Saloon, address above.


The Viscountess Dunwich

And Pond’s have blemished these tints invisibly in their face powder shades. That is why Pond’s Powder makes your skin lovely as no other powder can.

Try all 5 shades free

Try Pond’s shades and find the one that gives your skin new beauty. You can get Pond’s Powder everywhere at 19c. 1 or 6d. But you can try all five shades at our expense by sending in the coupon below.

Natural gives transparency.

Rachel 1 gives pearlescent to fair skin.

Rachel 2 clears, freshens creamy skin.

Peach warms and brightens pale skin.

Dark Brunette gives glowing radiance.

Pond’s Powder is as fine as Pond’s powder. And it’s perfume. And it’s a pleasure of expensive powders.

A BRITISH FILM AND STAGE CLUB has been formed in Chester. Will anyone who likes to read plays, see plays, and take an active part in the formation of the club write to C. G. Howard, 57 Whippord Lane, Chester, for further particulars? The club have arranged production of a play and基建ing and reading rooms, and the official opening date will be announced later, together with the name of the film stars who will be present.

In all these readers please note the change of address for the SYRIL JASON FAN CLUB. All enquiries should now be addressed to the Secretary at 61 Stanley Road, Southgate, London, N.11.

A fan club has been formed for Mr. Penny (see above letter). If all fans interested should write to Miss Hilda Hornsby, 77 Highfield Road, Bedford Park, W.4, for full particulars.

The recently started Chester Morris FAN CLUB is to be allowed to receive new members. This club is run under the personal supervision of Chester Morris. Each member will receive a membership card, club badge and a copy of the Club News to be issued quarterly. The club is set up for the amusement of the members. Write to Chester Morris, 77 Highfield Road, Bradford, Yorkshire, England, for full particulars.

It is advisable to stamp addressed envelope with your letters to Fan Clubs to ensure a reply.


Editorial Offices: Martelle House, 57 Long Acre, W.C.2.


Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.


ON SALE EVERY THURSDAY, 2d.
**CUTEX**

**Oily Cuticle Remover**

She can't help the Date

**NEW OILY CUTICLE REMOVER GIVES YOU**

3

**IMPORTANT BENEFITS**


Removes Cuticle safely without harmful cutting.

**RE-AWAKEN and FEED those HAIR ROOTS!**

Your Hair Roots need not be either Dead or Dying. They are merely too stunted or too weak to grow hair through a hardening scalp.

Simply soften and Free the scalp from the stale hair-poisoning and choking dandruff and other pores cloggings with KOTALKO Scalp Soap. Then Feed and Nourish the Hair Organism by massaging with KOTALKO True Hair Grower. YOU WILL QUICKLY SEE NEW HAIR GROWING through the Scalp, even where it is bald or the hair is very thin. The new hair will keep on growing Thicker, Longer, Stronger.

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER

If Bald, going Bald, Losing Hair or general Weakness of the Hair Organism, then post or copy Coupon below, for trial package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SCALP SOAP.

**KOTALKO**

True Hair Grower

**IF YOU NEED**

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO. Counteracts Dying and stereotypes Hair, in all Disorders of Hair. Use KOTALKO SCALP SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

**NEW**

A free trial supply of Baxen will be sent you gladly. Write for it to-day to Nurse E.B., c/o E. Griffiths Hughes, Ltd., 347, Adelphi, Salford, Manchester.

**FREE**

Is your cuticle Parched and Ragged?

The new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover removes cuticle easily and efficiently. In addition, it contains a special oil that keeps your nails and cuticle from drying out! This special oil lubricates your nails and cuticle—actually helps to make them softer, smoother and more pliable than ever!

**CUTICLE**

She can't help the Date

But—

She can avoid the PAIN

"Until I heard about Baxen, I suffered acute pains each month. Then, within 10 minutes, one dose of Baxen completely stopped the sharp stomach pains and general discomfort. I was able to carry on with my work as if nothing were the matter. I shall recommend Baxen to all my friends, as I fail to see why our sex should suffer so."—Miss S. T., Cambridge.

Baxen is a specialist's prescription—safe and reliable. It contains no aspirin, no dangerous "drugs." It cannot harm the heart, upset the stomach, or interfere with the natural function.

Every day thousands of women buy Baxen from their chemists. Even those who always had a "very hard time" now enjoy the peace and comfort of Baxen; so why go on suffering the needless pain which Baxen can spare you? All chemists sell Baxen (Brand) Tablets in slim, flat tins, 1/3; also Powders 1/3 pkt.; Single Powders 2d. each.

**FREE**

1/3 of the Powerful BAXEN "PERM" is sold in the tins. It makes strong, bright blonde hair soft and silky. Baxen prevents hair from becoming brittle and dandruff and rejuvenates the roots. Your "perm" takes better. Try Baxen yourself, or insist that your hairdresser uses it to-day. You will be amazed at the wonderful results.

**STAY FAIR WITH**

STA-BLOND THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

3d. and 6d. packets or sold loose 6d. ½ lb.

**NOT ALL FAIRHEADS ARE PRETTY—but THEY ALL HAVE GLAMOUR**

If you are fair or blonde and wish to stay fair, you must try at least once, every fair hair shampoo (soap or soap substitute) that promises you beautiful hair. Then you must use Sta-blond. You will see for yourself why millions of blondes and fairheads have for seventeen years preferred Sta-blond—the world's first and original blond and fair hair shampoo!

Sta-blond not only makes fair hair gleamy, soft and silky (all shampoo do that), but it does what no other shampoo can even claim to do. It brings back the true golden beauty of childhood to darkened fair hair, and prevents light hair from darkening—safely, without injurious bleaching or dyeing.

Furthermore, ViteF, part of the secret contents of Sta-blond, prevents and stops brittleness and dandruff and rejuvenates the roots. Your "perm" takes better. Try Sta-blond yourself, or insist that your hairdresser uses it to-day. You will be amazed at the wonderful results.

**STAY FAIR WITH**

STA-BLOND THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

3d. and 6d. packets or sold loose 6d. ½ lb.
A tip for the waitress and how it brought ROMANCE

I don't know what I COULD HAVE SEEN in HER ELSE - if you're MUCH PRETTIER.

I CAN SEE EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT AGAIN NOW.

YES MISS MARTIN THANKS TO YOU WE'RE GETTING MARRIED NEXT MONTH.

Town air causes "tired skin" and "tired skin" causes unhappiness. But don't worry—Knights' Castle is specially made for the face, and its gentle, tonic action is the very thing needed to keep the beauty glands in your skin alive. Use Knights' Castle regularly, and "tired skin" can never trouble you. It costs 4d a tablet.

Knights' Castle
SPECIALY MADE FOR THE FACE

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

Here are some of the beauty hints I have given to correspondents during the last few weeks. Maybe one of these is the very thing that has been troubling you.

A very good bath is a cheap and homely way of softening and whitening the skin. It is also very soothing. Buy a packet of the best and finest starch and add a dessertspoonful of your bath.

If your upper arms are red and rough, here is a treatment that will soften and whiten them. Buy some green soft soap from the chemist, a couple of ounces of almond oil, and use your own favourite skin food or cold cream.

First of all massage the arms with a little of the oil. Then work up a good lather of soap and warm water and rub that in. If you have one, massage it in with a rubber nail brush. Put a knob of cream in your hand, work it into a little of the green soft soap, and apply it generously to the skin. Again work in with the rubber brush. Use a light circular movement. Wash off and rinse with several cool waters. Dab on some calamine lotion. Allow it to dry and leave on overnight.

Incidentally, this is also good treatment for discoloured backs and shoulders. In that case you need a friend to help with the massage.

Are you worried with hot damp hands? Never put grease near the palms, particularly before a special occasion. Wash with warm water and formalin soap. You may buy this from all chemists. Rinse well in cold water to which you have added a teaspoonful of toilet vinegar. Then dust with calamine to help keep the hands cool. It is worth while to carry a tiny bottle of toilet vinegar in your handbag. Then whenever you wash your hands, a few drops may be added to the rinsing water.

Depilatory wax treatment for facial hair is never absolutely painless, it is bound to sting a little. But if a spot of methyl is rubbed on first, and a little zinc ointment afterwards, the first will deaden the sting and the second will cure the slight redness that remains.

One of the best ways of discouraging blackheads is to use a stiff rubber sponge for rinsing the face. This cleanses and tones up the pores without damaging the skin. When washing the face, lather it well with mild soap and the hands. Pay particular attention to the base of the nose and the chin where blackheads are apt to form.

Unless you are absolutely certain of the massage movements, it is better to put your cream in than to rub it in. You can be quite certain this will never stretch the skin. You may pat with your finger tips, a pad of cotton wool, or best of all a proper puffer.

I get many letters from girls who want to make themselves blonder at home. And, alternatively, girls who want to turn their brown hair jet black, or make a similar drastic change.

My considered advice is, don't do it. Bleaching is a professional's job as many girls have found out to their cost, when their amateur applications of peroxide and ammonia have resulted in brittle brassy hair, that looks rough and coarse.

If you want your hair bleached there are far better means than peroxide for doing it, but they all need to be explained by an expert.

It is the same with dyeing. No two hands of hair are alike. Individual treatment, or rather adaptation of a treatment is required to ensure success. It is not wise to economise on matters of this kind. In fact, it is penny wise and pound foolish.

Then we come to tidying up the eyebrows. If you have never had your brows put in order, it is perhaps worth while to let an expert do it for the first time. After that, you can keep them tidy yourself, doing a few hairs at frequent intervals rather than leaving the brows to get straggly again over a long period.

Don't economise over the foreheads. Buy a good pair and have done with it. They will last a lifetime. Remember, it is possible to get an infection when the brows are plucked unless the whole business is surgically clean.

So wash your hands in a mild antiseptic, boil the foreheads, and treat the skin with the antiseptic both before and after the plucking. Do not use cosmetics on the eyebrows until every trace of redness has disappeared.

Take out each hair separately. With thumb and forefinger of left hand, pinch up the skin towards the forehead, which are held with the right hand. Grip the hair where it enters the skin, and pull it evenly and quickly in the direction in which it grows.

In this way you will prevent the hair breaking off at the skin and leaving an ugly dark mark. If this happens, remember there are hairs over the bridge of the nose, these should be plucked upwards and backwards.

When the plucking is completed, dab the brows with calamine lotion.

If you have been doing really dirty work in house and garden and are wondering how to get your hands smooth and clean again, try this homely method. Place into one palm a teaspoonful of castor oil. Pour over it a few drops of olive oil, and then rub the mixture into both hands. Rinse off with soap and water, and see how much improved your hands are.

Afterwards, of course, carry on with a good hand lotion.

Cosmetics, well chosen and skilfully applied can turn plain girls into striking ones. If you are not quite sure of your choice, let me have a line. I shall be pleased to help you. Send your letter, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, to ANNE, c/o THE PICTORGOER, Mariestown House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to: Gordon Atkinson, 13, Shaw Stores, Riddings, Derbyshire, for:—

Losing Strike Twice His Wife's Mother Too Tough to Kill Poor Old Bill

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:

Miss M. Debbie, 4 Alpha Road, South Clingford, E.4, for—:

Three Wise Guys Three Smart Girls Stranded Three Married Men

Miss Diana Webster, 25 Sheaveshall Avenue, Hendon, N.W.9, for:—

I Am Scrummie I'm an Explosive The Man I Want for Mr. Dynamo

Miss P. Hutchison, 44 King Street, Southall, Middlesex, for:—

These Three The Good Companions Two's Company Annie Allen

Miss Margaret Jeffries (aged 15), 72 Thomas Street, New Teddworking, Mon., for:—

Silk Legs A Little Bit of Fluff What a Nurse

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

Applications to: 4d, PICTORGOER, Mariestown House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no restrictions, except that each letter may contain only a maximum of "titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.
LOVELY GIRLS
Laugh at Make-up! - Now Watch YOUR Complexion Simply Turn To This New NATURAL "Cream-Blush Bloom." "Enlarged pores, blackheads, wrinkles, greasy spotty dark skin, even under-eye pouches now guaranteed to be cured in two days, or no cost." Anonymous. "Cream-Blush Bloom" Complete these revolving youth and beauty tests and prove Colgate's Cream, published in famous DETREX. Brief the new French "secret ingredient" to all women under 40 years. Just let DETREX go deep to the real cause of all skin imperfections, you suffer today, and your skin becomes soft — smooth — healthy, the admiration of men, the envy of women! If you are not thrilled and delighted with DETREX after two days, it will cost you absolutely nothing.

POST THIS BEAUTY-BRINGER NOW
To: DETREX LABORATORIES (Salon P.O. Box 2), London, W.I.
Please send me 3 postcards: DETREX Treatments, for which I enclose 1s, 6d, postal order.
NAME: ............................................................
ADDRESS: ......................................................

CHARLES ATLAS
Dept. 92-V
40 Chandoor Street, London, W.C.2.

THAT YOU CAN BE HEALTHY AND STRONG

Charles Atlas, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," offers you proof that you can become a powerful and healthy "SECRETARY—NO APPARATUS—no "dosing." Post the coupon below for the illustrated Free Book, which reveals the secrets of how this can be done.

WHO SAID "YOU'VE GOT TO BE BEAUTIFUL"?

Which would you rather have—the beauty of youth and health, or that "certain something" which makes a film star irresistible in any role? Here are two "Picturegoer" postcards from the latest issue, which everybody will want—because Alison Skipworth and James Gleason can teach you volumes about the secrets of charm and personality. Don't miss these cards—and don't miss the special concessions granted to members of the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club.

5/- ALBUM FREE

By joining the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club you can obtain liberal Discounts on your future orders and in addition you will receive a St. Album FREE. This magnificent book, which holds 300 cards, is beautifully bound to resemble real snakeskin and lettered in gold. If you wish you can obtain a super De Luxe Album in Blue Rexine. Decide now to be a member of this happy postcard club. To join, send an order for not less than one dozen postcards at the regular price of 2/6 per dozen.

Choose your cards from the list given on the right or include the names of well-known stars. Real photos 3d. each, 2/6 dozen. On sale to members and non-members alike. The latest list of nearly 2,000 cards sent free on request.

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COLOURGRAPH—Patric Knowles, Norma Shearer, Errol Flynn, Mary Ellis, Olivia De Havilland.

"PARTNERS," Sepia and Coloured—Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur, Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman and Jane Wyatt, Robert Taylor and Greta Garbo.

POST FORM BELOW AT ONCE

Please enrol me as a member of the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club and send me Membership Certificate on submitting this coupon. I enclose your order for less than one dozen "Picturegoer" postcards, post free. Please include with my order your Free Postcard Album (I enclose 1s 6d for 5/- extra if the album is kept). Please put postage and postage on my gift.

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35
I'D LOVE TO GO
...but how can I, with legs like mine

Her Friend Said—
Take Elasto!

LEG ACHEs and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are subdued, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the Elasto method magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

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 the blood albumin to form organic 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 test 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. Prepared in small, delicate tablets by a special process, Elasto dissolves instantly on the tongue, and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood. Elasto 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 today. 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 (Dept. 191)

For all Readers of the "Picturegoer"
FREE—
A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

FILL IN THIS COUPON—NOW!

COUPON

For Free Trial Sample of Elasto

ELASTO (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 Revitaliser, cures through the blood.

NAME.

(Please Print in Capital Letters.)

ADDRESS.

The Wonder Tablet

Pictouegor, 28/8/37.

Issued by The New Era Treatment Co. Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!
Everything naturally and
—

**AMAMI**

*The smooth it's 'natural' girls

Outdoor Olive

The Crystal Olive revives Olive All

for 4-FURP08E

NAIL LIPSTICK)

CUTICLE REMOVER

EMERY BOARD

ORANGE STICK

Ideal for your Holiday Kit

Complete, dainty little Manicure Set by Amami for 6d! Everything you need for fascinating finger-tips, in a striking black, green and gold box. Ask your Chemist, Hairdresser or Stores for this grand little aid to perfect finger nails—and toe-nails, too!!

Amami make larger Manicure Sets in the following sizes—1/6, 2/6 and 5/6.

**AMAMI 'Miniature' MANICURE SET**

**HUSBANDS ARE WON BY 'NATURAL' GIRLS**

Hurry on the day you are dreaming of

The marrying kind of men admire 'natural' girls and it's 'natural' girls they make their brides. Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder is the best help to natural beauty. It clings so well—no need for constant re-powdering. And while you use it, Olive Oil—the natural beautifier replaces oils from your skin—gives it the smooth softness and natural loveliness that appeals to men. Six beauty-tested shades to choose from.

**MONEY BACK OFFER — You're the JUDGE!**

Go out NOW and buy the 6d. box of Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder. Try it out thoroughly. Then if you are not completely satisfied that ALL 6D. CLAIM FOR IT IS TRUE, end the box to Criswell Products Ltd., 32, City Road, London, W.C.1 and WE WILL SEND YOU BACK YOUR MONEY.1

**OUTDOOR GIRL**

**Olive Oil FACE POWDER**

Olive Oil is Nature's Gift to Beauty

All your beauty-ah! should have the Olive Oil that naturally protects and preserves the suppleness of your skin. So for your complete make-up and colour harmony use the other Outdoor Girl beauty products—including:

- **LIPSTICK** - 6d., 1/6 and 2/6
- **POWer** - 6d. and 1/6
- **FOR PURPOSE CREAM** - 6d. and 2/6

**FOR GIRLS AFTER A MAN'S HEART**

**KEEP REGULAR**

**WITH**

**BEECHAMS PILLS**

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

---

If a friend told you a magic formula, a few short words that would transform your doll and spotted skin into a clear and radiant complexion, wouldn't you jump at the chance to try it?

This password to beauty has helped been known to millions in every land. It says "D.D.D. Prescription" to their chemists, and they prescribe it! They have a bottle of a clear golden liquid which has almost miraculous powers of clearing the skin of spots, blackheads, rashes and all other disfiguring blemishes.

At the first signs of a spot or pimple, just dab on a few drops of D.D.D. Brand Prescription, and before your eyes you'll see the blemish will be gone. D.D.D. Prescription is the ideal remedy, not only for spots and pimples, but also for serious skin diseases. So keep D.D.D. Prescription always in your medicine cabinet to handle dermatitis, spots, acne, and many other skin ailments.


**D.D.D. BRAND PRESCRIPTION**

Cleans the Skin

---

It's the simplest thing in the world to keep fit. Take Beechams Pills as soon as you feel "off colour." They put you right in a few hours. Nothing else gives you the same benefits so safely, so pleasantly, or so cheaply. Beechams Pills get rid of indigestion, liverishness, sick headaches, and biliousness. They overcome constipation, obesity, and complexion troubles. Take Beechams Pills to-night and see how much better you feel in the morning!
HERBERT MARSHALL

"Dart" will be seen next as Marlene Dietrich's husband in "Angel". This is the second occasion he has occupied that role on the screen—he was with the famous star in "Blonde Venus" some years ago.
The deeper-cleansing action of D & R Perfect Cold Cream clears the pores of impurities and nourishes the underskin.

Perfect COLD CREAM, 1/3, 2/6, 4/3, and 7/-
Perfect VANISHING CREAM, 1/3 and 2/6
Perfect SKIN TONIC, 1/6 and 2/6

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 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 builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, 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 Carters 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 Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 2/6.

NO MORE DREAD OF STOMACH OPERATIONS

One of the most disturbing things that anyone can experience is the feeling that some abnormal condition in the stomach may mean an operation. The hours of sickening dread that follow will drag down your vitality, and reduce your natural power to resist the development of the disorder.

When you think of the mental and physical agony that may creep on you in these conditions, you will understand the great relief it means to have the digestive trouble checked and removed in quite a simple way. That is what happened to Mr. F. G. B., of Bradford, whose own words give just a glimpse at the terrifying experience he went through. He says:

"During the last four years I have had two operations for Ulcers on the stomach. I have just had a bad attack and was afraid of being in for another operation, but after trying a bottle of your powder my fears have gone. I am writing to thank you. I shall always look on Maclean Brand Stomach Powder as a godsend."

Every doctor knows the value of the famous Maclean Brand Stomach Powder for all cases of stomach disorder. Its gentle, laxative action, its cleansing, restorative and protective properties, make it most dependable in serious as well as in milder cases. But you should never neglect what you think is trivial stomach pain. That is where danger lies. Take a few doses of the original MACLEAN BRAND STOMACH POWDER at once. You can get it in powder or tablet form, but you must be sure that the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" is on the bottle. 1/3, 2/6, or 5/-.

MISS IVY DES VEURS

"It's a boon to find a soap that not only cleanses the skin but gives one a bathroom beauty treatment as well. 'Personality' is the most pleasant soap I know."

IT'S MORE THAN A SOAP—IT'S A BEAUTY TREATMENT

Personality Soap contains Egyptian Tortoise Oil, the treatment specified by leading beauty specialists for banishing wrinkles and softening the skin. Stars of the stage are surnamed to its wonder soap, but everybody can buy it. From all high-class stores and chemists, including Army & Navy Stores, Heppells, Timothy Whites and Taylors or through any branch of

The Cairo Art Company, Ltd.

P.P.R.

HAIR REMOVED FOR EVER

—from these Spots

OBSERVATIONAL hair on face, neck, arms, underarms, or legs can now be removed—roots as well—as an amazing scientific way that finally destroys the growth for good. No electricity, no bad smells or unbearable pain.

This new method, perfected by the Dermal Research Institute, is an entirely new discovery—extraordinary—yet absolutely safe and harmless. It does not merely remove hair temporarily, but gets at the real cause of hair growth, gently easing away the very roots so that they will never grow again. The whole process is quick and simple—yet the hair is cut off in a minute—leaving the skin admirably smooth and close.

FREE BOOKLET EXPLAINS

FREE Booklet describes this 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. 950), 3 Lower John Street, London, W.1.

COUPON

DERMAL RESEARCH INSTITUTE (Dept. 950),

You may send me free and without obligation, your interesting little booklet, "The New Way to Remove Superfluous Hair Permanently.

Name

Address

Town
DEAR BARBARA STANWYCK,

We hope Robert Taylor won't mind us dropping you a line while he's away from Hollywood and that you won't be kept so busy reading his letters that you won't have time for the rest of your mail.

You see, in the first case, Mr. Taylor, should he be aroused by any misapprehension regarding our motives, is in dangerously easy reaching distance of our editorial sanctum at the moment; in the second, we would like you to know that as established admirers of Barbara Stanwyck when Bob was a mere beardless youth in his native Nebraska we are delighted to see that you are getting those long over-due breaks on—and off—the screen at last.

We have been watching your career with interest—and at times with dismay—for a good many years now. In fact, ever since you went to Hollywood as Mrs. Frank Fay and scored that first big surprise success in *Iliad*. We have always felt that given the opportunity you would become one of the greatest actresses Hollywood has yet produced.

You followed up *Iliad* with a series of good performances in such moderate pictures as *The Purchase Price*, *Jewel Robbery*, *Night Nurse* and *So Big*, which might have stood a better chance had it not been revived so early in the talkie era.

The wiseacres, and you are probably acquainted with them better than we are, set up the anvil chorus "Stanwyck is through."

You moved your make-up box back to Columbia and not for the first time that unique studio revived the fortunes of a falling star.

They put you in *Forbidden*, which not only turned out to be one of the greatest pictures of the year but re-established you at the top of the stellar hierarchy with the Joan Crawfords and the Norma Sheares.

"There's no heights Barbara Stanwyck can't reach." Adolphe Menjou, your co-star in the picture told us when he visited England soon after. *Forbidden* was made in 1931 and with the possible exception of *Annie Oakley* we've been waiting to see you in a worthwhile role practically ever since.

At times we have wondered how you survived. That you have done so is a tribute to the work that you put into the mediocre material you have been given.

In the years between 1932 and 1937 we watched you slowly slipping into back-row stardom in a series of second-rate vehicles like *Gambling Lady*, *Baby Face*, *Courageous*, *Concentration*, *Ever in My Heart*, *A Woman in Red*, *Arms and the Girl*, and more recently *His Brother's Wife*, *The Bride Walks Out* and *Banjo on My Knee*. None of them were really good pictures; most of them would have been bad without your rescue act. In such pictures, moreover, you were showing signs of developing into an immobile actress.

We still had enough faith, however, to cheer the news that you had accepted the title role in Samuel Goldwyn's re-make of *Stella Dallas*.

On the surface, perhaps, it obviously looked like the big break for which you were waiting. But you and I know that it took a great deal of courage to make the decision to take the role.

In the first place, for all its success as a silent film, *Stella Dallas* is a dated story, somewhat far fetched even when it was first filmed in 1925, and provides a supremely difficult role for any actress. You had, moreover, had some experience of revivals in *So Big*.

In the second, its heroine is a far from pleasant character. Indeed Ruth Chatterton, though she revealed that she didn't mind undertaking a little refined feminine villainy in *Dodsworth* turned down the part flat on that account.

Nevertheless you went on the floor, played Stella to the limit of her coarseness, sacrificing looks and risking the chance of getting a reputation for being "common" among those who cannot dissociate actresses from their screen roles.

Advance reports hail the performance as your greatest yet. The big break has come at last and we are glad. Step forward and take a bow.

The Editor
THERE are welcome signs of a revival of the short feature, which has fallen on evil times in recent years. Picturegoers are continually writing to me complaining about the lack of quality of the one and two reelers. I have always had to tell them that there is no market for the short and that most of them are just thrown in by the distributor with a big feature.

Now, however, things are looking up. One reason is that the major studios in their effort to kill the two-picture programme are turning out longer features. The percentage of films that run over 100 minutes has grown enormously in the last twelve months.

The exhibitor, who, in addition, pays a big rental for these supers, must cut down the number of his "houses" per day or get together a normal length programme with the aid of shorts.

This is inevitably helping to give the short an economic value it has not enjoyed for years.

The growth of the news-reel theatres is also contributing a market, though the average news-reel theatre programme is still duller than a Sunday afternoon at the B.B.C.

In addition there is a marked trend toward the improvement of the product itself and most of the more important studios are making a serious bid to lift it into the profitable class.

The Radio studio, having acquired the Disney output in addition to the March of Time, probably the two best sellers in the shorts series, will have a strong hand.

M.G.M. has, with the Robert Benchley, Pete Smith and Crime Does Not Pay shorts built up a series with growing entertainment value and box-office strength.

Benchley's "How To" opinions, for instance, have become so popular that he is now to do eight instead of six a year.

Columbia, Warners and Universal are also announcing plans for outstanding short productions.

Herbert Goes Gay

This is going to be an historic year in the cinema. Not only is Selznick International going to make a colour film without a sunset in it, but Herbert Marshall is to appear in a gay comedy at which no point will be required to gape soulfully at the heroine and say "Oh, my dear," pat her paternally on the shoulder and walk nobly out of her life.

What's more he's going to get the girl, who happens to be Barbara Stanwyck.

The new film is at present titled *A Love Like That* and Marshall, who dislikes the type but he has been put into quite as much as his most fervent fans, is looking forward to the result with understandable hope.

Alberni Arrives

- It is one of the curiosities of movies how a character actor can go on turning in fine performances for years without attracting much attention and then suddenly fire the public imagination in one picture. Mischa Auer did it in *My Man Godfrey."

Now the latest is Luis Alberni. I've seen Alberni give quite as amusing portrayals in many earlier pictures, but his work in that delightful crazy comedy *Easy Living* has just suddenly rung the bell.

Most people think he is an Italian. As a matter of fact, he's Spanish and at the moment is worried about his people in Barcelona, where he was born, and where his father is a civil magistrate.

Alberni, jun., was intended for a legal career, but ran away and joined a circus as a clown. He went to America some years later and entered films in 1929 as a dialogue director on Spanish versions.

New Hollywood Cycle

The success of *A Star is Born* has started another cycle of behind-the-scenes in Hollywood pictures. Despite the fact that with the exception of the Janet Gaynor epic pictures about Hollywood have been singularly unsuccessful, no fewer than sixteen of these films are now in production or scheduled to go into production shortly.

The most ambitious is probably *Stand In*, which presents Leslie Howard in a role very like, that of "Mr. Deeds," even to the character name "Mr. Dood."

The others in the Hollywood series that have been completed or are shooting include five from Radio, Music for Madame, Super Sleuth, Lights Out, Hollywood Cowboy, and Bobby Breen's forthcoming Lucky Star.

Warners are contributing Talent Scout, Hollywood Hotel, and Hollywood Doctor.

Twentieth-Century-Fox will offer Eddie Cantor in *Ali Baba Goes to Town."

Metro is making *Live, Love and Learn."

Paramount has *Sophie Lang Out West;* Columbia has completed *It Happened in Hollywood* and Universal has started *Merry-Go-Round of 1938,* all dedicated to exploiting the imperishable glamour of Hollywood.

Grand National is shooting *Something to Sing About* and *Love Takes Flight.*

Cagney as Dancer

- *Something to Sing About* is the new James Cagney picture and is notable for introducing that rough-hewn hero into the esthetic realms of song and dance. Jimmy was a singer and dancer on the stage before Hollywood discovered the cave man in him.

One imagines, however, that the stellar rebel will make the most of his opportunity to poke fun at the industry in the film.

He has already improvised a number of satirical thrusts of his own. The other day in a scene with Gene Lockhart, who plays the part of a producer, he interpolated, "You mean that eminent Irish actor, Clark Gable?"

Gable has a reputation for being able to "take it," and he's been insulted by such experts as Carole Lombard, but Cave-man Cagney versus Cave-man Clark ought to be something worth while. May I be there to see.

I hear, by the way, that Cagney did quite nicely for himself out of his first rebel film which grossed a little over a million dollars. His share will be £20,000.

All the stars seem to be going into their song or dance or both. Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are to dance in *The Firefly,* Jeanette, it is now being recalled, started her stage career as a dancer. Poor Eddy is spending all his spare time taking lessons.

At the demand of the fans he and Eleanor Powell will become a dance team in *Rosalie.*
GETTING BETTER

When it was first announced that Eddy would not dance with Miss Powell in the William Anthon's "Hunchback of Notre Dame," Fred Allen is due at the Twentieth Century-studios shortly to appear in Sally, Irene and Mary, while that studio will launch production in the near future on Mother Knows Best, which will star the Dionne Quintuplets and Jean Hersholt—John Hall, who is appearing in Hurricane, will have the male lead opposite Virginia Verrill in The Goldwyn Follies.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS

Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot from Hollywood

FAMOUS YACHT FOR SALE

A n indication that, despite his huge earnings in the last ten years or so, John Barrymore is not in the millionaire class is shown by a court order directing that his

handsome, sea-going yacht, "Infanta," be advertised for sale to the highest bidder.

The craft cost the studio over $100,000.

The holder of a $40,000 mortgage on the vessel wished to foreclose, but the judge believed that the "Infanta" would fetch a higher price, and directed that it be sold under his supervision.

Mary is the Boss

Now we know why Mary Pickford coyly said "Perhaps," when her bridegroom, Buddy Rogers, announced they would live in the San Fernando valley. A home Buddy recently completed in the Outpost residential park, presumably for Mary and himself, is for sale. So anyone who wishes to reside where Mary might have lived, has the opportunity, if provided with sufficient money, to acquire an attractive home.

Whether the change of plan means that Mary and Buddy will reside at Pickfair, after changing the name to Pickro, or some similar cognomen, is a question that is hard to answer at the time of writing.

The Wrong Star

Melville Cooper, the British stage star, who is now in Hollywood, wishes that the sight-seeing bus line which passes by his doorway in Brentwood would straighten out the matter of Garbo's right address.

Under the belief that Cooper's home is really the address of the Swedish star, multitudes of fans disembark in the street and take pictures of anyone and everything, including Mr. Cooper.

Never glimpsing Miss Garbo, they always leave muttering, and in sullen humour.

Cooper is beginning to feel the strain, and is likely to seek a new home.

Dangerous Ocean

Rip-tides continue to imperil members of the film colony who are fool-hardy enough to battle with the sea.

Life-guards recently rescued Phil Regan, the former policeman from Brooklyn, New York, who is now a leading actor. An ex-hobby should be well able to take care of himself, but the sad sea waves were almost too much for the husky Mr. Regan.

Icy Luxury

Dick Purcell is going to build a home in the San Fernando Valley, which will introduce a brand-new feature in movie star haciendas.

The actor's home will contain, in addition to the usual items such as ping pong, bowling rooms, outside swimming pools and tennis courts, a small indoor ice-skating rink.

Dick is a former hockey star and wants the rink in order to keep in skating form winter and summer. In addition it will be a novelty entertainment for guests.

Off to Gaol

Mrs. June Bates, middle-aged mother of four children, who attempted to extort $500 from John Boles, under threat of exposing Mrs. Boles as a member of a "dope" ring, was

Mae and Mr. Wallace

Paramount has been carefully watching Mae West's fan mail to see if her court admirers such as married Frank Wallace a number of years ago had had any effect on her popularity.

They are now sighing with relief. There has been no dropping off of mail while most of the letters are entirely sympathetic.

All of which would seem to prove that the still existent film fetish for concealing film stars' marriage is unnecessary and foolish.

What's In a Name?

After four weeks in motion pictures, during which time her name has been changed twice, Marilyn Miller, or Dorothy Vernon—Marilyn Vernon—isn't quite sure just what her name is.

When discovered by Radio talent scouts her real name was Marilyn Miller. She was named "Marilyn" by her parents because of their profound admiration for the late dancing star of stage and screen.

Radio Pictures is apparently fearing possible confusion through the identity of names, changed her cognomine to "Dorothy Vernon," later decided this was too reminiscent of the novel, Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, finally decided to let her retain half her original name for picture purposes.

Which is why, when she sees herself in her cinema debut, Annapolis Salute, Marilyn Miller—no, Dorothy Vernon—we mean Marilyn Vernon—will watch anxiously for the cast credits to learn just what name she decided to give her.

Short Shots

We may not see Jean Arthur again on the screen for some time unless she can adjust her differences with Columbia—Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter, last seen together in To Mary, With Love, are to be teamed again in Career in C. Major—Edward G. Robinson, with only one picture to go on his Warner contract, has signed with M.-G.-M. for the lead in The Last Gangster. The same studio is talking of remaking The Hunchback of Notre Dame—Fred Allen is due at the Twentieth Century-studios shortly to appear in Sally, Irene and Mary, while that studio will launch production in the near future on Mother Knows Best, which will star the Dionne Quintuplets and Jean Hersholt—John Hall, who is appearing in Hurricane, will have the male lead opposite Virginia Verrill in The Goldwyn Follies.

A delightful new study of Eleanor Powell, Nelson Eddy is to dance with her in "Rosalie."
ALL the Gossip Continued

sentenced to five years in a Federal prison after she entered a plea of guilty.
It is interesting to note that the film colony which once was willing to pay money to extor-
tioners, now refer the matters to the police.

A Practical Joker
• Pat O'Brien has a special chair on the edge of his Westwood swimming pool. Under-
neath is a hole in the cement through which, at the proper moment, a plunger rises, tilting the
chair's occupant into the pool.

This comprises initiation into the O'Brien Tank Corps.

Needy Cowboys
• The decrease in the number of Western pictures has made times hard for many
former riders of the range.
So Gary Cooper, 82, decided to gallop over the
lone prairie, is arranging to buy 30 acres of
choice grazing land in the vicinity of Triunfo,
40 miles north of Hollywood. On this land he
intends to build a dormitory and mess hall to
accommodate 50 men, and he will stock it with
enough cattle and equipment to make it a going
concern.

Those selected for this experiment will be
given equal shares in the profits as long as they
participate in its activities.

It is a shame that a good-hearted chap like
Gary should have been the victim of burglars,
when there are quite a number of tight-fisted
stars in the films. He and Mrs. Cooper were
recently robbed of $18,000 worth of jewellery.

Girl Bandit
• Hugh Herbert is being chaffed unmercifully
by his friends because of an adventure he
recently had.
The comedian drove into a public market and
was greeted effusively by a charming young lady,
whose face did not appear familiar, and yet who
seemed to take it for granted that he knew her
well.
So Hugh helped her lift a huge basket filled
with groceries on to the checker's counter as he
tried to place her.
Alas he could not, but he offered to carry the
groceries to the lady's car, while the young lady
chatted for a moment with the cashier. Then
she thanked Herbert and drove away.
Almost immediately the cashier handed the
actor a sales cheque for $3.32 saying that the
young lady has said Herbert would pay for
the actord paid, but he is sure that he had
never seen the girl before and will never see her
again!

Too Much Advice
• Warner Baxter tells me that he has aban-
donated his plans to buy a yacht.
The star says he would rather forfeit the
$1,000 down payment than listen to all the free
advice in Hollywood about boats, to the effect
that he was buying the wrong kind, that he
should charter and not buy them, and so on.
He declares he is sorry he ever thought about
yachts at all.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

CHANGING THE LABELS

RATHER a quiet time on the studio floors
at the moment—at least three studios
have closed down for the annual cleaning
and overhaul, and most of the important
productions are either nearing their end or else
not quite ready for the sound stages.
The business of juggling titles round is about
the only thing that keeps going, unflaggingly, all
the year round.
I told you recently that the Jack Hulbert
picture Kiss Me Goodnight had its name changed to
Paradise for Two—not, in my opinion, a change for the better, and I fancy that opinion
will be shared by some thousands of young men

who were looking forward to asking their girl
friends, "Are you going to Kiss Me Goodnight?"
It makes an excellent conversational opening.
Now Gaumont-British have contracted the
disease (no, no, not kissing—title-changing, I
mean); the first change is not very drastic; the
new Jessie Matthews picture has had its label
altered from Full Sail to Sailing Along, which,
though a little more commonplace, does suggest
motion and also gives a useful cue for a theme-
song.

Change for the Worse
• The other change disappoints me.
I was so taken with the title of the Hitchcock
film, A Shilling for Candles, that I had a
snaking hope it would be preserved.
However, presumably it was too good to
keep. The excuse is that the critics found it too
difficult to remember, but, believe me, film
critics are not quite so dumb as that.
The actual reason, I am afraid, is that the
name was not sufficiently "box-office"; there
are certain words which are officially "good box-
office"—among them being bed, girl, woman,
angel, love, divorce, hate, terror, fear, and doom.
G.-B. had to have one of these in their new
film and chose "girl." So when you see A
Shilling for Candles it will bear the title The Girl
Was Young.
Perhaps also there is some idea of offering an
excuse for Nova Pilbeam, whose first grown-up
part this is; but I'm told there will be no actual
love-making in the picture.
The girl is too young.

Love is Out
• Still younger is the star of Little Miss Some-
body, which Butterch-Mondover have
travelled all the way down to Walton-on-
Thames to make (their spiritual home is at
Cricklewood). It will be a matter of fourteen
years or more before she figures in a love-story.
For Binkle Stuart is still officially three and a
half years old. In passing, it's always a marvel to
me how these infant prodigies manage to
keep their age; I wish I knew the secret.
This story has been written specially for the
vest-pocket star by Walter Tennyson (one of the
Tennyson twins who used to cause endless
confusion when they worked together in studios,
and J. Fowler Mear, who was in charge of scripts
at Twickenham and probably will be again if
and when that ill-fated studio re-lights its
lamps.
Tennyson is also directing the film, which has
a very impressive supporting cast, including
John Longden (who seems to have been working
continuously since his return from Australia),
Kathleen Kelly, Jane Carr, George Carney,
D. A. Clarke-Smith (who for some unaccountable
reason always seems to get very much better
roles on the stage than he does in films), Denier
Warren, Ernest Setton, Roddy Hughes, J. Fisher
White, Cynthia Stock, Margaret Emden, and
Oliver Gordon.

Will They Get Her?
• I wonder how long it will be before Hollywood
gets wise to Binkle! The way the film
capital has snatched our best and brightest kids
away from us is nobody's business.
And that reminds me—Annabella is going off
to Hollywood shortly. Of course, she isn't
exactly a British star, but most of us wish she
were, which makes her almost one; and she has
appeared in a couple of British pictures, Wings
of the Morning and Under the Red Robe, and is at
present working in another, Riviera (formerly
called Follow the Sun) with Romney Brent,
Paul Lukas, and David Siven.

Why the change of title I don't know—the old
one seemed peculiarly appropriate to Annabella,
who is a confirmed sun-worshipper. She was to
have been in another at Denham before following
the sun halfway round the world to California,
called Let's Go to Paris, but that has been post-
poned until her return.

Meet Mara Louell, Jack Buchanan's new Continental discovery. She appears with him in "The Sky's the Limit"
When she gets to Hollywood it will not be a case, as so often happens, of a comparatively undeveloped player being made to blossom out. Annabella has proved on this side of the Atlantic that for beauty, charm and acting ability she can hold her own with anyone.

Not a Simone
- The film she will appear in for Twentieth Century-Fox in Hollywood is Jean, in which she will play opposite William Powell.
- If the studio executives over there are expecting a succession of headaches such as they experienced the last time a French star arrived, they are going to be agreeably surprised, for Annabella is a very different proposition from Simone Simon, being completely grown-up and with a great reputation for popularity in the studios.
- Speaking of casts, Gracie Fields has just been in one; but in her case it was not the cast of a film, but a cast of Gracie.
- She has been added to the gallery of famous and infamous people at Madame Tussaud's waxworks; and for this purpose, since the effigy was to be dressed in a sleeveless evening dress of black lace, special casts had to be made of her arms.
- Very often celebrities who have had a passing interest for the public have been rejected from the famous galleries in Marylebone Road as soon as the interest in them began to wane. Gracie evidently doesn't expect this to happen to her, for she has offered to supply new clothes for her waxen counterpart as the fashions change.
- I think she's quite justified in her optimism; for it may come and fashions may go, but Gracie seems to grow more popular every year.

Anna Lee's Bad Luck
- And while Gracie went into wax, Anna Lee went into spots.
- She started off her year-long holiday from films by catching chickenpox, but fortunately it was not severe, and she is her comely self again.
- Speaking of David Niven (as we were a little way back), rather an interesting coincidence occurred when Follow the Sun went into production.
- Two former Highland Light Infantrymen started work at Denham on the same day. Ex-Lieut. David Niven was in the cast, ex-Corporal Robert Henderson was engaged as wardrobe-master; and neither had seen the other since their service days, when entertainment first got into Niven's blood.
- It was at Malta, where Niven, already a member of the regimental swimming, polo, cricket, football, and boxing teams, looking round for something to do, organised "The Hornets," the regimental concert party.
- Shortly after this, finding peace-time soldiering too slow for him, he resigned his commission and went a-rotving.
- He got mixed up in one of those mix-ups that happen twice weekly in the South American republics and are dignified by the name of "revolution"; he sailed the Spanish Main in search of treasure, and found plenty of Spanish Main but no treasure; he sailed before the mast in tramp steamers; he promoted bicycle and pony races in New York; he got a job as advertisement canvasser, and then as whisky salesman; and managed (or, as he himself puts it, mismanaged) plantations.

Souvenir from Sam
- In New York once he was staying at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel because he had no money to pay his bill and leave; so to keep himself in food he worked in a Chinese laundry at night, stoking boilers.
- Finding his way to Hollywood with some friends, he was offered a screen test of himself by Sam Goldwyn "as a souvenir"; and when Sam had seen him, it much to young Niven's surprise he was offered a contract.
- His latest Hollywood film is The Prisoners of Zenda; now he is playing the juvenile lead opposite Annabella. And he is only twenty-eight.
- I have thought for a long time that Niven was due to go places.

Incidentally, he and Merle Oberon have been reported engaged so many times that they have almost come to believe it themselves.

But not quite.

Exit Crop
- On the Madamroulette Docteur set I encountered a straight-backed, shortish man adorned with a curly wig and moustache, and completely failed to recognise him until he screwed the famous monocle into his eye.
- Then I realised it was von Stroheim; but who would ever have expected to see "Von" without the "Stroheim crop"?
- This is his first British film, and it is the first time he has ever had hair on his head or face on the screen.
- "I am supposed," he explained to me, "to be a German spy disguised as a Greek."
- Director Edmund Greville chose the warmest day of the year to put his villain into whiskers, and poor "Von" was going about panting like an unshorn sheep.
- Greville, I may tell you (who is an Englishman in spite of being one of the most notable French directors), is an expert on women. At least, so he says.

Spies Started It
- Remarkable fellow, Greville. Thirty years old, a novelist and journalist, he of all people should direct a spy picture, for spies really started him on his career.
- Years ago, when he was a struggling free-lance journalist in Paris, he stumbled by chance on a spy organisation, and by writing an exposure of it for one of the papers he brought off a scoop and at the same time did the French police a service—always a useful thing to do.
- At twenty-one he became chief editor of the French paper Vu. As a film director he has proved his worth with such efforts as Remous and Marchand d'Amour.
- Don't take any notice of his Gipsy Melody. That was a trifling slip.
- Satan has been struck off the register, or unfrocked, or struck off the rolls, according to whether he was a Doctor of Medicine, or Divinity, or Laws.
- In other words, Dr. Satan at Teddington has now become plain Mr. Satan. Don't ask me why. It's just another of those minor title changes which seem to have swept through our studios like a plague lately.
- It's about munition-makers who engineer a war for their own profit—a cosmic subject, and one which gives the producer, Irving Asher (not to mention director Arthur Wood) a great opportunity if it is handled sincerely and with integrity, as I have every hope it will be.
- This is one to watch for.
A LOT has happened to Claudette since she went to Hollywood seven years ago. You'll probably be surprised when you read how much in these "flashes" from her front-page past.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is, when one comes to think of it, Hollywood's leading Success Girl. She has never had to suffer and struggle as, for instance, Joan Crawford has, but her career in the film capital has been a trail of triumph.

Where other stars have shone, she has dazzled. I cannot, off-hand at any rate, think of any actress in films who in the last half-dozen years has had so many "hit" pictures to her credit.

Now she has scored again in I Met Him in Paris, a strikingly successful return to modern comedy after the costume March of Salem and Under Two Flags.

To-day she is one of the half-dozen highest paid stars on the screen. Her contract calls for $50,000 a picture and she can make four pictures a year. She said quite frankly recently that she could earn more if she wanted to and if it wasn't for the fact that the income tax authorities would take most of it.

Apart from the magnitude of her success, she is not one of Hollywood's more sensational figures. She dresses smartly, lives quietly with her doctor husband, answers any reasonable questions from interviewers, suffers a little from inferiority complex about her acting, but talks easily and intelligently about the art of films.

She had been acting on stage and screen with moderate success for half a dozen years before she arrived in Hollywood.

A lot has happened to Claudette since then. Here's Hollywood's most brilliant story told in the terms of the headlines in our files:

1930

Claudette Colbert arrives in Hollywood to play in Mumsie. Gossips recall that she had made her screen debut several years earlier in silent piece called For the Love of Mike, directed by obscure young man named Frank Capra, but had failed to create any sensation and had returned to stage complaining that all they had wanted from her was to exhibit her legs and that film acting consisted of making faces at the camera.

Since talkies, however, actress has appeared in a number of films in New York studios, including The Hole in the Wall and The Lady Lies in which she had scored considerable success.
leading to Hollywood contract containing clause that she must not expose her limbs.

Film colony is intrigued by discovery that newcomer and her husband Norman Foster, though happily married, are trying domestic experiment of keeping separate establishments. Wife defends idea in interview, claiming that the trouble with most marriages is that husband and wife are thrown too much together. Under separate domicile system they meet as lovers. Claudette and Foster had met while appearing in The Barker on London stage in 1927.

1931

Fierce "scene" by Director Ernst Lubitsch on set of The Smiling Lieutenant in which Colbert is appearing with Maurice Chevalier, whom she has already played opposite in The Big Pond, causes minor sensation. Trouble, it transpires, is due to undress demands of the script. Director appeals to front office, but is adamant and eventually wins the day. Picture, however, proves considerable success and enhances Colbert reputation.

1932

Having appeared with success in His Woman, The Wiser Sex and Misleading Lady, Claudette is cast as Empress Poppaea in Cecil B. de Mille's production of The Robe. However, de Mille's notorious preoccupation with the theory that every night should be Saturday night in the cinema sets back and awaits expectantly for fireworks. Hears instead spectacular publicity stories concerning asses' milk baths for star. Completed pictures dealing outside the portion of Colbert chassis on exhibition in typical De Mille bath tub.

1933

Reports that Claudette Colbert has left Paramount on grounds of salary cut are followed by announcement that star and studio have come to terms.

Star celebrates by scoring big individual triumph as comedy actress in Three Cornered Moon and as dramatic actress in I Cover the Waterfront.

Stated that she is to play in two more De Mille pictures, Four Frightened People and Cleopatra. Plans for former picture, however, are delayed by illness of star, which is rushed to hospital for appendicitis operation.

1934

Scene in which Claudette Colbert is on view taking a bath in a waterfall, apparently in "the altogether," in Four Frightened People causes a sensation, particularly in view of actress's early Hollywood battles on subject of nudity.

London newspaper inquires what censor was another highlight. "It Happened One Night," the screen comedy of the year, brought Colbert and Pressman, just after their wedding at Yuma on Christmas Eve, 1935

by MALCOLM PHILLIPS

doing to let sequence pass. De Mille proudly claims that this is his biggest and best bath tub set yet. Cleopatra gets her way to accompany studio announcement that recent appendicitis operation was by a miracle of surgery performed on stage.

Meanwhile, star has been borrowed for unpretentious picture, titled It Happened One Night, by Columbia studio. Picture turns out to be hit of the year and boosts feminine lead to topmost heights of stardom.

Film colony gossips report that all is not well between Claudette and Norman Foster.

1935

Claudette comes out into the open in February and announces that she and Norman Foster have been estranged for some time and that they intend that their trial separation shall become permanent.

Meanwhile it is rumoured that Foster is interested in Sally Blane, pretty elder sister of Loretta Young.

Film colony smirks when Claudette immediately leaves Hollywood party one evening on arrival of her husband and Miss Blane.

In March Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable are announced as winners of the annual acting awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for their performances in It Happened One Night. Presentation is made by humourist Irving Cobb, who kisses the winning actress.

On August 31 Charles Feldman, Claudette Colbert's lawyer announces that she has obtained a divorce in Mexico from Norman Foster.

Lawyer discloses that suit succeeded more than a week previously, but declines to give any details.

In the same month the star is reported to have declined offer to play in British films, including Glorious Night. Her manager reveals that she already earns £60,000 a year in Hollywood.

NOVEMBER — Star is centre of a bout of feuds over her arrival at San Francisco from Hollywood by air. Newspapers recount: "Passages had been booked on the 'plane in the name of Dr. and Mrs. J. Pressman. On leaving the 'plane Claudette denied that she and Dr. Pressman were married. She said they were merely friends. Dr. Pressman took exception to the news cartoons which preceded the couple and he attempted to smash one of the cameras. Blows were exchanged and the contestants skinned their knuckles. The doctor finally leapt into a car and drove off with Claudette, whose comment was, 'How perfectly silly.'"

Later the star officially announces her engagement to Dr. Pressman in a well-known throat specialist, whom she had met when he attended her professionally a year before.

In the meantime, Sally Blane has become the new Mrs. Norman Foster.

DECEMBER. Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Pressman are married at Yuma, famous Arizonan Gretta Green, and scene of many film star marriages. Bride's age is given as twenty-eight, and that of groom, thirty-four.

1936

Bride appropriately starts off year with another big comedy success, The Bride Goes Home.

Star builds super mansion in Holmby Hills, believed to have cost £30,000. Describes it as biggest extravagance of her life.

Hollywood comments that she need not worry about the expense as she has just been co-opted into the news cartoons which surrounded the couple of Simone Simon, and is to get £30,000 for her trouble. Remarked that this is record salary for a film star.

Claudette Colbert is elected Hollywood's best-dressed woman on and off the screen by committee of designers at the five principal studios. Actress is seriously injured in a stationary car in which she is sitting is struck from behind by another car. She was hurled from her seat by the impact and struck her head on the roof with considerable force, it is learned.

Claudette collapses when attempting to return to work as Maid of Salem on Christmas Eve, and considerable anxiety is felt, a skull fracture being feared. Dr. Pressman orders an X-ray to be made.

Superstitious people put forward theory that accident was caused by witchcraft in view of her connection with Salem picture.

1937

Minor slump in Colbert stock as a result of miscasting in Under Two Flags and Maid of Salem is discounted by fresh modern comedy triumph in I Met Him in Paris, while actress secures much-coveted lead in Tovarich against competition of half the more important actresses in Hollywood.

Hollywood gossips comment on happiness of Pressman-Colbert marriage, and regard as confirmation of the fact that star is contemplating adopting child.

Below: The star has come back to the top in "I Met Him in Paris," with Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young.
How much importance do you attach to the name of a director? Hollywood wishes it knew; so does Denham, and so does Elstree.

Upon the answer to that question depends to a great extent the future policy of film publicity.

A few years ago the pundits would have told you that the public cared nothing for the fellow who made the film; what mattered was the man or woman who appeared on the screen. It was they who constituted "box-office draw"—or, as it is elegantly termed in America to-day, "b.o. suction."

But their calculations have been upset by a little man named Capra, who has proved conclusively that the name of a director can exercise a very powerful suction indeed.

"Ah, yes, that's all very well," say the pundits, "but the exception proves the rule."

But does it?

Frank Capra has really accomplished nothing new in establishing this principle; he is merely putting the clock back to the golden days of film finance, when the director was also the producer and thus had a free hand to publicise himself.

And the policy paid huge dividends.

When this present century was young, we would flock to see any film directed by D.W. Griffith, because we knew him to be a master, a pioneer, an establisher of new principles (or, if you prefer it, an inventor of new tricks), and an unfailing purveyor of good entertainment.

Consequently David Wark Griffith flourished exceedingly.

Later, Cecil B. De Mille blazed his name across the skies, and we looked forward to a new De Mille picture as eagerly as we now look for a Capra one. (Incidentally, in The Plain Man he showed us recently that his hand had not lost its cunning.)

Later still, Rene Clair in Paris made his name an international sign-manual of a good film; this was more or less accidental, and arose from the fact that as his stars were French we could hardly be expected to know or remember their names.

But it's safe to say that if Clair had been any less brilliant a director, we should not have remembered his name either.

However, there are many brilliant directors in Hollywood and Britain; and this gives rise to an interesting speculation. Why are their names not better known?

Let's put it this way. Apart from those I have mentioned, how many directors' names do you know, with any relationship to their work?

Yes, I know there'll be an immediate chorus of "Disney," but I'm not counting Walt. He's in a class by himself, because he digs his stars up out of his own imagination. (Some critics have accused Lubitsch of doing the same, but, of course that's libellous.)

Ah, that gave you a lead! Lubitsch, of course; and he, ironically, is not known so well by his consummate artistry, his sense of rhythm and of character, his powers of narration, his irony, and his comic genius, as by his "Lubitsch touches"—which is simply a term to describe facile yet effective tricks of scenario, usually slightly risque.

This gives us a lead for another key-name—that of Alfred Hitchcock, for "Hitch" also has a reputation for "touches" which often tends to obscure his excellent workmanship.

His success lies to a great extent in his grasp of dramatic values; he brings his drama always into the most ordinary circumstances, and thus makes us feel it could happen to any one of us. Besides, "Hitch" has the kind of outstanding personality which has to be known; and his curmudgeon is God's gift to the caricaturist.

Above all, however, he can be relied upon to provide good screen entertainment, and that's what gets a director known. Anyway, it's that that has led to his being referred to constantly as "Britain's ace director."

What about that gallery of foreign-sounding names, whose possessors direct films in Hollywood?

Frank Borzage, George Cukor, Michael Curtiz, Rouben Mamoulian, Victor Schertzing, George B. Seitz (a "B"—pronounced "pee"—seems almost indispensable), John Stahl, King Vidor, W. S. Van Dyke, Joseph Von Sternberg.

Know any of those?

Von Sternberg, of course. He will always be indissolubly linked in your mind with Marlene Dietrich, whom he "created"—though he has quite enough personality of his own without depending on her for his publicity.

Those of us who remember Joe Stern at Twickenham in the old days realise (with perhaps a wince) that the turbanned, bearded, geng-breeched figure of-to-day has exploited his own individuality to the full.

Yet would you know a Von Sternberg picture without Marlene in it? He made Crime and Punishment and The King Steps Out.

W. S. Vidor is a name you probably remember—but chiefly because it's a curious one. I challenge you—can you name a single film out of the dozens he's directed? Yes, probably Hallelujah (one of his few financial failures) because you've heard somewhere that he was particularly interesting in negroes.

But he directed The Western Night, So Red the Rose, and The Texas Rangers.

He was born in Texas; that is one of the many reasons why he should not be confused with Charles Vidor, who was born in Budapest and directed The Arizona and A Doctor's Diary, and who recently passed through London with his wife, Karen Morley.

Rouben Mamoulian also has been over here recently on holiday, having just directed High, Wide, and Handsome in Hollywood.

When this picturesque Armenian first visited us, seventeen years ago, he couldn't speak a word of English; since then he has made an international name for himself as a stage and film director.

Quick—what has he directed?

Yes, I thought I'd have to tell you. Among others Jekyll and Hyde, Queen Christina, Becky Sharp, The Gay Desperado. Look out for his work—it's always interesting.

Here's a Russian with a curious name you know—Lewis Milestone. You very properly associate it with the greatest of all war films, All Quiet on the Western Front.

But did you know he had recently directed The Captain Hates the Sea. Anything Goes, and The General Dies at Dawn?
Frank Borzage (pronounced Bor-sa-ghee with the gee hard as in riding) has a first-rate reputation—but not, I venture to suggest, with most of you, who are unaware that he directed Farewell to Arms, No Greater Glory (one of the best pacifist films ever screened), Little Man What Now, Shipmates Forever (a better picture than the sickly title indicates), Desire, and History is Made At Night.

Here's another "zee" director—Hungarian-born Michael Curtiz; he's been at it ever since the war, but did you know (or care) that in the last three years he's directed Black Fury, The Case of the Curious Bride, Captain Blood, Front Page Woman, Little Big Shot, The Walking Dead, Stolen Holiday, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Mountain Justice, and Kid Galahad—all, please note, money-makers?

Three more "zees"—Robert Z. Leonard, Schertzinger, Seitz.

Leonard gave us The Great Ziegfeld, Peg o' My Heart, After Office Hours, Escapade, Maytime.


There's a public for it, undoubtedly; but his public doesn't know his name; nor that of little George B. Seitz, who is responsible for Times Square Lady, Society Doctor, Absolute Quiet, Last of the Mohicans, Thirteenth Chair.

And while we're in the "ezes," who knows what John M. Stahl has directed? Something considerable, I'm telling you. Seed, Only Yesterday, Imitation of Life, Magnificent Obsession—that's a fair sample of it. (He may be excused for Parnell.)

Rouben Mamoulian luncheing with Marlene Dietrich in the studio restaurant.

You wouldn't be expected to remember an ordinary name like "Brown"—even with "Clarence" tagged on to it; yet Clarence Brown's reputation stands sky-high where they make pictures. He made Anna Christie, Inspiration, A Free Soul, Gorgeous Hussy, Anna Karenina, Wife Versus Secretary. . .

And his reputation would be established beyond dispute if he had only made his little masterpiece Ah Wilderness. It's a safe rule not to miss a Clarence Brown film.

Here's a test for you. Who directed The Good Earth?

You're wrong. It was Sidney Franklin. And what else has Mr. Franklin directed?


It's not fair to count names like Monty Banks and Eric von Stroheim, because you've seen them on the screen and would naturally remember them incidentally, you've seen Hitchcock too; he appears in nearly every film he makes.

But what of W. S. van Dyke? Who's he? What's he done?

If you read your PICTURESQUEGEEK supplements you'll be familiar with his name as director of Naughty Marietta, Rose Marie, and San Francisco. He also directed Eskimo, The Thin Man, Forsak'd, All Others, The Painted Veil, The Devil Takes the Count, Love on the Run, The Man in Possession, They Gave Him a Gun. Rough, tough, and gruff, he has a particularly high reputation as a director of scenes necessitating difficult or dangerous location shots.

Fritz Lang, famous German director of The Nibelungen and Metropolis, went to Hollywood and established himself as a force there with Fury and You Only Live Once.

A De Mille picture, a Lubitsch picture, a Capra picture, a Fritz Lang picture. . . who will be the next director to make his personality universally felt?

It might be "Woody" Van Dyke, but he is too shy and diffident to face "personal publicity."
Has been holidaying on the Continent, but should be making a return to the film studios soon. Though her screen appearances are unfortunately infrequent, she got a high place in a recent popularity poll. Her last picture was "Dreaming Lips."
The Smartest MEN in HOLLYWOOD

by Olivia de Havilland

Who lists the men she prefers to talk to in this interview with a Hollywood representative.

Olivia de Havilland doesn’t want to pose as an authority on any subject—men included.

Time and again the young actress has joined issue with interviewers who have wanted her opinions on this and that—subjects which she believes she is not qualified to discuss.

“But I don’t know anything about politics,” she will explain, “so my opinion can’t be worth printing.”

Another time she will say, “But how can I know anything about the problems of married life? I don’t expect to be married for a long time. I haven’t even thought about it yet!”

Still, a good troupe in Hollywood is expected to have a pat answer for any and all questions propounded on any and all subjects. Olivia can explain her objections, and does on each occasion, but she finds herself eventually voicing an opinion even though she has sworn she hasn’t any.

This is one of the penalties of a motion picture career, she finds, and no amount of argument on her part will change the habits of the interviewers.

So when I visited Olivia and asked her to name the ten most intelligent men in Hollywood she promptly objected as usual.

“Who am I that I should be allowed to judge another person’s intelligence?” she asked. “I don’t know all the people in Hollywood or even a tenth of them, and if I did, I don’t believe I am the proper person to pass judgment on their intelligence. It would be presumptuous of me to name such a list. Really it would.”

I explained that just the same I would like her opinions for what they were worth.

“I know which people interest me most,” Olivia said, softening a little. “The ones I enjoy talking to among those I have met—which isn’t everybody by any means.

“Leslie Howard is one, and I’ll name him first because I’ve been working in the picture It’s Love I’m After with him just recently. He’s very interesting. That’s one. And Basil Rathbone is another. He’s charming and a delightful conversationalist. Oh, yes, of course, I would name the Professor. You know, Professor Reinhardt. He ought to be on any such list, I should think.

“And Franchot Tone. I talked to him for several hours once. We didn’t agree about anything. I enjoyed him very much and thought him exceptionally interesting. How many is that?”

“Two.”

“Errol Flynn would have to be on any such list. I’m very sure of that. Put him down, will you? And I’m going to say Donald Crisp. Don’t forget Donald Crisp. I love to talk to him. He knows more about Hollywood and pictures and life and everything than almost anyone I ever talked to.”

“Six.”

“Stanley Logan can be seventh. Yes, I think Stanley Logan should be seventh.”

“Who’s he?”

“He’s the director of First Lady with Kay Francis, which has just been completed. I think he’s perfectly charming.”

“All right. Logan gets seventh place.”

“Oh, I’m not listing them in any order,” said Olivia hastily. “Just as they occur to me. I can’t think of the others now. I’ll call you this afternoon from the set and give you the other three names.”

An hour later my telephone rang. “This is Olivia,” said a worried voice. “Here are the other four names.”

“We only needed three. Four will make eleven.”

“Well then, I’m going to name eleven. Mind you don’t say I’m picking them as the most intelligent men. I’m saying only that, to me, they are the most interesting men in Hollywood. There are a good many more, too. If you make a scene I’ll name twenty.”

“Who are they?”

“Henry Blanke is one. You know, he’s the supervisor who—”

“Yes, I know. He’s been supervisor on most of your pictures.”

“I like him,” said Olivia indifferently. “I think he’s one of the most intelligent men I ever met.”

“Well, now we’re getting somewhere,” said Olivia—another perhaps.

“Francis Lederer is another. I talked to him, or rather he talked to me, one night at a party. I was much impressed. Then there’s David Niven. He was in The Charge of the Light Brigade and I liked him very much.”

“The other one,” said Olivia very deliberately, “is Michael Curtiz, the director, you know. He’s funny and not as much appreciated, I think, as he should be.”

“That’s enough.”

“But don’t you dare say that I picked them as the most intelligent men in Hollywood. I’m naming the men I like to talk to best. And not romantically, either.”

“And now,” I suggested, “suppose you list the ten best screen lovers. My readers would enjoy that.”

“But I wouldn’t,” replied Olivia with great finality. “I’m not qualified to name those either. Call me again—in a couple of years.”

Olivia de Havilland, who doesn’t like to commit herself, thinks things out.
Oscar Homolka makes his Hollywood debut in this sea drama, which also features Frances Farmer and Ray Milland.

Above: The story is set in the South Seas, with Homolka, a beachcomber, and Milland, a down-and-out remittance man, taking over a trading ship.

Frances Farmer plays the role of a stowaway-daughter of the former captain of the ship.

When Homolka discovers that the cargo consists of champagne, he leads an attempt to steal the vessel and sell it.
SHOTS with our CANDID CAMERA

Elissa throws a party—and Billie Burke still likes ice-cream — Irene Hervey's human mascot.

Can this be the supposedly austere Elissa Landi? It can and what's more, she was the hostess at this collegiate party. She is seen with Nino Martini.

(Right) Irene Hervey's good luck charm is her singer husband Allan Jones. He always turns up on the first day of her new productions—in this case "The Lady Fight's Back." Irene does the same for him.
Warner Baxter plays the head of a famous fashion house and Helen Vinson one of her usual unsympathetic roles as his stage-struck wife. Joan Bennett (right) is a society girl customer of the gown shop.

"Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938" is hailed as the film that will do for colour what "The Jazz Singer" did for sound, in which case Joan Bennett and Warner Baxter, who are co-starred, will assure their places in screen history.

(Right) Mischa Auer, as a temperamental rival designer, and Alan Mowbray, a disgruntled suitor of Miss Bennett's, seem to be unhappy even amid that bevy of beauty.
The film is stated to give Virginia Verreill, the singer who voice-doubled for Jean Harlow in "Reckless," her first screen break.

WANGER'S SUES OF 1938

(Left) When Joan walks out on Alan Mowbray, Baxter gives her a job as one of his models.
(1) She is one of Hollywood's most versatile and highest-paid stars.

(2) He has won the Academy Award quite recently.

(3) A recent rebel now repentant. Also an Academy Award winner.

(4) No. 1 married him—on the screen once.


(6) He was once hailed as the new Valentino.

(7) She's a song-and-dance queen. But she's "going straight" now.

(8) And here's one of Hollywood's finest actors.

(9) Probably the screen's most famous detective, and one of its most polished performers.

(10) She has sung in grand opera.

(11) He likes adventure—on and off the screen.

(12) She used to play Hollywood vamps.

WHO knows these Noses?

—and famous foreheads? Here's another list for those faithful fans who think they know every feature and facet of their film favourites, and perhaps a harder one than the eye and mouth test recently. You can check up on the accuracy of your camera-eye on page 34.
Ray Milland's UPS and DOWNS

by Max Breen

The young Welsh actor, now making good in Hollywood, has had a checkered career on his way up.

That time Spike was particularly healthy, twenty-two years of age, and 6 ft. 1 in. tall, which puts him in the alp class.

Anyway, soldier or not, he inherited £3,500 from his father in 1929 and when I met him early in 1929 he had spent it all but £10, out of which he had taken Estelle Brody out to lunch.

And for fun she had taken him to the studio.

And so that brings us down to our luncheon-party at Elstree.

After his spectacular debut he played leads in The Flying Scotsman and Goodwin Sands, and then turned his eyes toward Hollywood and new worlds to conquer.

Here he had plenty of leisure to invent the pleasant romances about his past life.

"For six months," he told me last time I met him, "I swung my arms to keep from getting cram/"

Maybe that's easier and more profitable than swinging a pick, but it's pretty soul-destroying, and Spike was rather relieved when that contract and the rugged individualist vitality... and then when the pinch began he rather wished himself on the M.G.M. side again.

Now he is to appear with in "downs."

It's said that at that period he was so broke that he got his wife, Muriel Webber, to divorce him because she knew she would eat more regularly without him.

After countless rebuffs from casting offices he took a job in a filling station. Some say it was a drug store, but then American druggist doesn't sell petrol, which is the stuff Spike was pumping out.

Anyway, a Paramount casting man called in for petrol, and... yes, the rest's easy. Spike was immediately offered an important role in Bolero and a long contract with Paramount, which put him back on Easy Street and enabled him to remarry his wife.

I fancy it was really Robert Taylor's arrival at M.G-M. that gave him the idea of playing Ray against Bob.

Since then he's played with increasing success in a large number of films, among them being We're Not Dressing, Many Happy Returns, The Gilded Lily, Next Time We Live, Jungle Princess, Three Smart Girls, Easy Living, and Wings Over Honolulu, and has just been working opposite Frances Farmer in the Technicolor version of Robert Louis Stevenson's Ebb Tide.

There was talk of his coming to England to play opposite Jessie Matthews, but he hasn't time.

Spike is on one of his "ups."
Having been happily married for twenty years to Martin Hutton, Dorothy saw every reason why someone else should have the daily task of waking her husband.

She lost no time in explaining the fact to the new house-parlourmaid, who had just drawn back the window curtains to let in a bright flood of spring sunshine.

Lady-like was the word best applied to Dorothy. It seemed that nothing could disturb the smoothness of her long, black, slightly wavvy hair, nor the serenity of her expression.

Yet, as the mother of a boy of seventeen and girls of nineteen and twelve, she found that the Hampstead home boasted plenty of noise and disturbance. To judge by the voices of Martin, Cath, and Ann raised to the utmost limit in the passage, a free fight was going on for possession of the bathroom.

Cath was no denying the fact that the three children were getting out of hand. Martin, for instance, was as ever barding his father to allow him to take the car alone on the Continent. And Catherine—well, Cath was certainly a problem—moody, always wanting to be by herself; didn't want Ann to share her room even.

Could the fact that Cath was having her portrait painted by the clever young artist, Paul Francis, be responsible for this try ing phase? Dorothy had cast some doubts on Mr. Francis' reputation in the hearing of Roger. His reply had been the usual man-for-man argument.

"Grossly exaggerated the reports are, no doubt. You know Paul's wife. They're perfectly happy. Cath's as safe in his studio as she would be at home.

Dorothy tried to believe it. It was not her way to fuss. She left that to Ann, fussing at breakfast because "she knew she would be late for school; and could she take a taxi?"

“I’ll run you down in the car,” Dorothy soothed.

Even Roger, asking Vera, who had just come in with the toast, if there were any radishes in the house, appeared to be showing signs of a touch of spring fever.

“When a man wants a radish, he wants a radish,” was all the consolation Dorothy received for mildly suggesting they were not in season, thus giving Martin an opportunity to chime in: “Yes, and when a man wants to go motoring on the Continent, he wants to go motoring on the Continent.”

“Going to be late?” Dorothy inquired as Roger set off for the accountant's office, in which he handled income-tax claims.

“Likely to be. I've an appointment with Beatrice Gwynn. She's got in a jam with her American earnings.”

“Oh, the actress! Rather small fry for you, isn't she?”

“Yes. Good-bye. Don't forget my radishes.”

“To make certain, she called at the greengrocer's on the way back from school. Coming out, she dropped the bag. A short, rather tubby man with a fair moustache, in trying to retrieve it for her, dropped the bag he was carrying, too. This led to the usual exchange of politenesses and the not so usual startled glances of the male. Suddenly Dorothy woke up to the fact that she wasn't there, had bended middle-aged, but eminently gentlemanly, man had found her worth looking at.

She went off to the car rather pleased as otherwise. Nice to know that, at forty, one wasn't too old to be admired.

The telephone was ringing as she got in. That utterly irresponsible creature, Muriel Haines, at the other end, seemed determined to accent the frivolous mood.

"Now, you don't want to do spring-cleaning on a marvellous day like this,” she bubbled along over the wire. We'll go shopping and do a matinee. Meet you in half an hour at the corner of Bruston Street and Bond Street. Shopping and lunching with Muriel was certainly anything but dull.

Dorothy was further stimulated that their choice of theatre landed them in two stalls to see Beatrice Gwynn in Swift Contract. Rather to silence Muriel, who, though the curtain was up, was talking loudly between drinking tea and consuming sandwiches, Dorothy whispered:

Sh! Very clever, Beatrice Gwynn isn't she?

"I think she's a bit of a witch."* Roger's looking after her income-tax, you know.

"Better keep your eye on him. First thing, you know, he'll be looking after your income-tax."

The performance being, Dorothy was ready for home, but Muriel insisted that her brother Frank a rubber planter on leave from India, was expecting them in his rooms.

“What's he like?” Dorothy inquired, as they tumbled up flight after flight of apartment stairs.

"A dear old thing. Backbone of the Empire. Dresses for dinner every night, and when I telephoned you were coming.”

But I thought you were marrying him off to Dolly Walton, in spite of the fact she hasn't met him. Rather cold-blooded of you, isn't it?"

"Rubbish! It's all a matter of common sense. Frank wants a wife, and Dolly needs a husband so badly she'll be thanking heaven on her bended knees, if she can still get down on them."

The landlady informed, rather to Dorothy's relief, that Muriel was out, but consorted to open up for the ladies. Having nothing to do but watch Mrs. Walton in spite of the fact that she hasn't seen him. Rather cold-blooded of you, isn't it?"

"You do look a bit peaked,” Muriel said frankly. "You know, you worry too much.""

"I believe I do," Dorothy confessed. Yet, if you asked me, I think I should say I was a very happy woman.”

You darn well ought to be. Rog's a clicking man. He's the only man I know who's decent and not dull; and yet sometimes I wonder if he's as good as he seems to be.

"What do you mean?”

Well, you worry so about the children, it'd be good for you to have something really to worry about. As a matter of fact, it'd be even better if you'd broke over the traces yourself.

With Muriel in this mood, there was no knowing where the talk would end. And so it was that Muriel was quite relieved to hear the doorknob turn and Muriel exclaimed: "Well, you're a number to a grocer's man who had handed her back the radishes of the morning, her reactions were slightly different.

Indeed, by the time he had finished looking at her and shaking hands, you'd have been the least relieved; in fact, positively uncomfortable. However much Mr. Haines might be the backbone of the Empire, the Empire it was right for dinner, it was quite obvious that he was no woman hater.

"Don’t your brother, Frank,” Muriel said, and made matters worse by declaring she must fly, which she did, insisting in the doorway that Dorothy must stay and pour the bachelor's tea.

Frank didn't waste much time.

"When I saw you this morning with those radishes, I thought you

Freely adapted by Marjory Williams from the film with permission of Warner Brothers.
SHE SMILED as she recalled that tremendous day of her girlhood. The day they told her she was to go to a finishing school in Paris!

“Oh—I was thrilled!” said Lady Margaret Douglas-Home. “But as the new frocks arrived and I studied my reflection in the mirror, I saw that my skin wasn’t the perfect peaches and cream that I’d read English girls should have. Would those French girls think I was plain?”

“No,” I resolved. I’d show them. But how? “My governess came to my rescue. She knew what the loveliest débutantes had on their dressing tables—Pond’s Cold Cream, she told me.

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CALL IT A DAY—continued

were the most beautiful thing I’d ever seen,” he said. “Murie’s a wonderful woman. You know, when she told me she was bringing you to tea, I deliberately stayed out. I wasn’t going to be pushed around, but when I saw who you were—Oh, you don’t bothe me, do you?” “Oh, no.” “Then, please, don’t quell me. I think I must be a little mad. You see, every time I’ve pictured Dolly Walton, I pictured her old and fat, but you...” “Mr. Haines, please stop! I’m Dorothy Hilton, not Dorothy Walton. I—I’ve got a husband and grown-up children.” The confession, though it cleared the ground up to a point, could not entirely remedy manners. Before she could get out her words, Frank had come so close, was taking her hands, looking into her eyes. Now he looked so terribly abashed and unhappy that she was obliged to say: “I’m so terribly sorry, Dotty Hilton and Dolly Walton, such an easy mistake over the telephone.” “And I can’t even begin to apologise. You don’t want a name for being such an ass, do you?” She wanted to say emphatically no; that, far from objecting to his old-fashioned, violent yet restrained love-making, she had actually enjoyed it. “I like you very much. I think I like you better because that happened,” she told him. “Good-bye.” He let her go, but hadn’t achieved more than the second flight down when he was leaning over the top-floor banisters, calling: “Are you happily married?” and joining her on the lower landing. “I am,” she declared. “Oh, no! You can’t be. It isn’t possible. I’m not going to let you go down these stairs out of my life.” “But this is insane. You can’t. You’ve got to marry Dolly. She—a girl’s got to be very fat.” “I bet she’s got a face like the back of a cab. I’m coming to dinner to-night. I am—just to see the grown-up children and the happy husband. Where do you live?” “I won’t tell you.” Protesting, he followed her to the street, where she insisted on his calling her a taxi. Completely forgetting that Frank could hear, she gave the driver the address. “What time’s dinner?” he asked. “Eight o’clock. But you mustn’t come.” “I’ll be there.” What could one do with a man like that? However, Dorothy returned, with Roger and the children to back her up, she could face even the most alarming reactions of an Anglo-Indian bachelor. She reckoned, however, without her host.

Ann was the first to cry off the evening meal. It appeared she had been to see Mr. Francis while she was painting Cath’s picture. “Cath didn’t look at all happy,” Ann said. Mrs. Francis was in the studio most of the time. But Mr. Francis had given her, Ann, an original sketch by Rossetti, and could she go at once to the cinema round the corner which was showing a life of Rossetti? Dorothy gave permission.

She went to the doors to meet Catherine, dressed for the street, and looking mysterious and important. “I won’t be home for dinner, mother,” she announced.

On the bedroom landing, Dorothy encountered the rare sight of Martin in evening dress.

“I’m skipping dinner, mother,” he explained. “I’m dining with the girl in the hood and her mother.”

From sounds in the dressing-room, she guessed Roger was home. She met her at the door asking her to tie his tie.

“This is a nice surprise,” she complimented, taking the ends in deft fingers. “I like to see a man dress for dinner, and you haven’t done it for so long.” “Well, as a fact, I—Roger! You’re not going out, too? One by one the children have deserted the dinner-table.” “Have they? I’m awfully sorry.

That girl, Miss Gwynn—her affairs are in a most unholy muddle. I’ve got to get them straight.” “But you’re not going back to the office in those clothes.” “No—no. I’m going to see her at her house. She was tired after the matinée. We—we didn’t get finished.” “Surely you could have put her off. Frank Haines is coming over.” Naturally, that started an argument as to who Frank Haines was and why he was coming to dinner. Unused to subterfuge, though it was easy enough to attribute the invitation to Frank’s loneliness, Dorothy added pleadingly: “I did so want you to be in to-night.” “Sorry, but this girl’s business is urgent. Don’t look like that. Dash it all! It’s not as though I were smitten with her or something.” Nevertheless, Dorothy’s thoughts, while she waited for Frank’s arrival, toyed with Roger’s afternoon appointment with Beatrice Gwynn. Not being clairvoyant, she had not been able to picture that interview wherein the charming but somewhat vampish actress had deliberately thrown herself at the head of Roger Hilton and insisted on it.

At the precise moment that Beatrice, looking her most exotic, was telephoning the theatre to order her box for the evening performance, thus sweeping away Roger’s chances of leaving her fiancé, Frank was said to have got engaged.

“You don’t mind if I move the flowers and come and sit beside you,” Beatrice said. “I’m always a fellow who believed in happy endings and that one day I’d get to know you.”

“Does he beat you?” Roger! Good heavens, no.”

But he must. She’d been so extremely unhappy and I’ve come to your rescue. That’s the way it’s got to be. Hullo! What’s that? Your wedding ring?” She had risen, almost hoping he would take the hint and go, when somehow the gold circlet fell off for Frank to seize and pocket.

“It’s loose,” she stammered.

“I don’t want to,” she declared. “No. I’ll give you another, but this one—never.”

“So I can’t leave Roger simply because you ask me.”

Things had got to that pitch when salaaming to the lady who should have been seen in the lounge hall. “Ann, dear, come back. I want you to meet Mr. Haines,” Dorothy called.

“Not to-night—not to-night. Not after Rossetti.”

That’s my youngest,” Dorothy explained.

Two minutes later Cath slipped in by the front door. Poor Cath had been the last to be introduced to Dolly and so was in love with Paul Francis, Cath had implored the idol to meet her that evening at eight. He had not returned.

No wonder that she never even turned her head as Dorothy called to her to be introduced to Frank Haines.

Without a word, Cath took her grief to her room, and Frank moved to the front as though the sight of two intense young women were too much for him.

“Are you going?”

“Are you going anywhere? I can’t have a lost cause hit me over the head. Perhaps you had better have your ring. It fits you better than I did.”

She was telling herself that perhaps his rather precipitate departure was only a cover for the fact that Roger came in, his scarf and shirt front quite obliterated by the traditional offering of an erring husband on return to the fold.

“Well, what have you been up to?” she said lightly, secretly guessing the bouquet.

“Up to? Me? So that’s all the gratitude for practically breaking into that shop after closing time.”

“Will it? She will! Have you brought me flowers of your own accord for ten years. You can’t imagine how it thrills me. Tell me about the Beatrice Gwynn flirtation.”

“I wasn’t a flirtation. Not this evening. She’s not the kind of girl one can flirt with. Too serious. I’ve only a week. I had let her go the whole hog. Trouble with you is you take me too much for granted. But this has been going on so long, some girl might think I’m fascinating.”

“Well, you needn’t be so smug about yourself, because I’ve had an offer, too. Frank Haines. He wanted to marry me.”

What Roger said didn’t matter. She perceived with pride that she was piqued. She perceived something else which she left until the quarrel had died a little longer, and Roger in bed beside her was about to switch out the light, to touch upon. Spring sunshine and spring fever were going along the girl next door and Martin was drawn up by the garage.

“I wonder if we were married?” Martin was saying.

“I thought you were going on the Continent.”

“But I’ve changed my mind—for the present, anyway. The Continent’s been there for ages. It can wait.”

While boy and girl exchanged their first kiss, Dorothy put out her hand across the space between the two beds.

“D’yoursophie, if either of us had been serious to-night, we’d have told the other about it—Roger?”

“Suppose not,” he agreed. “Funny day it’s been. We’ll get back to normal-tomorrow. In the darkness their two hands remained clasped.
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SARATOGA

I

t is as impossible to review Jean Harlow's last picture without sentiment, if not emotion, as it is to view it so.

The small, intimate, private theatre in which I saw Saratoga was haunted, that afternoon. Under the circumstances, the most harmless lines and the slightest bits of business took on a special significance.

One would like to be able to write that Jean, Harlow's last performance was her greatest, but I'm afraid that the illness that had already doomed her is evident in her appearance and her acting, which, perhaps for the first time in her career, is forced and substitutes a laboured straining for effect for the irressible vitality that formerly made her one of the most colourful personalities on the screen.

One would like to be able to write, too, that Jean's last picture was her greatest. Had she lived, and been available for re-takes, it might well have rankled with Blonde Bombshell and Lillibet Lady as brilliant entertainments.

It has all the ingredients: a fast-moving story with novel twists, sound situations, humour and good characterisation. It should have built up to one of the most thrilling and interesting climaxes yet offered in a racing picture.

It doesn't, and the reason is that among the scenes that were uncompleted at the time of the tragedy were those making up that vital climactic sequence.

The substitution of Mary Dees has been done as ingeniously as possible, but the film inevitably loses its grip at the most important point, quite apart from the fact that one imagines the attention of most audiences would be distracted in the search for the substitution.

Miss Dees, if you want to know, is seen in half a dozen shots—a couple with her back to the camera, one in the half-darkness of a cinema scene, one with a big hat largely concealing her features, one half hidden behind a pair of field glasses, and one in glasses.

Jean appears as Carol Clayton, member of an impoverished racing family, who is left an orphan with a mortgaged stud farm as her only asset.

She is, however, engaged to millionaire Hartley Madison. She postpones the wedding in order to win enough money on the race-course to lift the mortgage, which is held by Duke Bradley, a genial but hard-boiled bookmaker.

Bradley falls in love with her, but sees nothing wrong, according to his code, in trying to persuade her to use her influence to get Madison to bet with him. He finally breaks down her resistance and starts to win money from the millionaire "sucks," Carol eventually realises that she has fallen in love with Duke, but furiously breaks off the friendship when he cynically suggests after she has confessed her discovery to him that she should continue to take advantage of her engagement and steer her fiancé's big bets his way a little longer.

His object actually is to get enough money to restore the stud farm to its former fortunes for the sake of Carol and her grandfather.

In revenge Carol engineers a switch of jockeys to the advantage of Madison in a race in which the latter, now suspicious of the relationship between his fiancée and the bookmaker, sets out to break him. The result of the race provides the film's climax, which is, incidentally, given a novel twist.

Gable, back in one of the roughewn parts that suit him best, is at the top of his form as Duke, and Lionel Barrymore revives in the role of the irascible grandfather. Excellent support is provided by Frank Morgan as a jealious husband and Una Merkel as the subject of his jealousy.

Apart from the shortcomings I have mentioned, inevitable in the circumstances of the film's completion, it is a good production.

I don't feel inclined to view it particularly for you. Your own likely reaction to the spectacle of a ghost star wincing-crack from the grave and playing sickly scenes is something that you will have to decide for yourselves.

On the Screens Now

***CAMILLE***


Speaking personally, I'm one of the few persons who believe that Greta Garbo's performance as Camille is her Garbo or leave her alone. In Camille she probably gives her best performance. Despite the fact that Marquise is basically a theatrical character, Greta is more human and compelling than I ever remember having seen her. Her command of the emotions has never been so sure and her performance infuses life into the most corny and farcical scenes of a near-classic. It is a great portrayal.

Other sound acting performances are contributed by Jesse Ralph, who is a wonderful Carlo Gambini, and Marie Huster, Robert Taylor, though outclassed by his co-star, acquits himself admirably.

Camille is comprehensively dealt with in a special supplement with this issue.

***CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE***


The release date of this film has been altered. Below is a re-print of the original criticism published February 6, 1937:

You want action, this picture has it—all in both quantity and quality.

It is not another Bragal Lancers, but one has the same depth of characterisation nor the element of intensely human humour that distinguished the earlier film out but is bigger, better and develops vigorously to its spectacular climax with a broad sweep which carries you along with its events irresistibly.

The producers make no claim to historic accuracy of picture, so they successfully disarm criticism on this point, and they have "gloriified" an English idiom and shown our soldiers in a eulogistic manner from which our native producers might have shrank in most cases.

Michael Curtiz has directed the picture admirably. His basic triangle marked by Errol Flynn, Greta Garbo and Robert Hume is most not excessively strong in characterisation, but his detail work and spectacle are handled with a wonderful skill and effect. The charge itself provides as good as thrill as we have seen on the screen for ages.

Errol Flynn wins many new admirers in his heroic role of Geoffrey. He has the advantage of good looks, as well as a pleasing personality.

Patrick Knowles acts well as his brother, and Olivia de Havilland is a graceful, intelligent heroine.

The best individual piece of acting comes from C. Henry Gordon as the troubadour Heldermann.

Other good performances are given by Henry Stephenson, Nigel Bruce, Donald Crisp, and David Niven.

***TAKE MY TIP***


Cicyl Courtenide and Jack Hulbert, for too long parted on the stage, are reunited in a comedy of the date. The humour is of the broad farcical order and at times a little crude, but the action is brisk and entertaining.

Hulbert appears in the role of Lord George Pitilking, who is swindled in Sin City and, broke, takes a job in an hotel run by a former butler.

(It continues, Cicyl Courtenide), goes with him as unofficial hostess.

While they are working at the hotel, the man who has swindled them arrives and they set out to try to get his mousy back.

They are discovered in an effort to burgle his rooms and have to leave the hotel. They come back, however, disguised as a fellow and his elderly wife, and pretend to have discovered an oil well on the golf course. After hilarious complications, they succeed in retrieving their fortune.

The stars are on the camera that most people have had a crack at, and the film is expressed by Jack clowns, sings, and dances at the top of his form, and wife Cicyl is at her best, particularly in the number where she is presented as a foreign countess. Harold Huth, also making a comeback, does a first-rate job with the role and Frank Cellier also scores as the Butler.

*MURDER GOES TO COLLEGE***


(continued on page 29)
She can't help the Date

But—
She can avoid the PAIN

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September 4, 1937

REVIEW — by

Lyne Overman largely carries this somewhat conventional crime comedy on his own capable shoulders and introduces a new type of screen sleuth. He is Hank Hyer, private detective, impudent, wily, and not above a spot of genial blackmail, who crashes the investigation of a college murder.

The principal has been shot and suspicion first falls on Belno, a notorious gangster. Hank satisfies himself that he is not the killer and calmly propes to him that the racketeer play him "ten grand" to put the real murderers on the spot. He also has various financial inducements from other suspects in the case to bring the culprit to justice. Finally, he arranges a meeting of all parties at the college, and by a clever ruse gets the murderer to show his hand.

Many of the situations and characters, such as the bumbling reporter, are familiar, but the piece is put over with crisp and, at times, witty dialogue and held together by the comedy of Overman.

Lyce Crabbe has a different kind of role as the racketeer, Belno, and manages it effectively, but Roscoe Karns has done better work than his alcoholic Sim Perkins, and Marsha Hunt and Astryl Alwyn have not a great deal to do.

**THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF**


I have been hoping for some time to see John Beal get a break, but I’m afraid that this somewhat fantastic melodrama, which combines the medical and flying worlds, is not it.

He is presented here as a young surgeon who, against the wishes of his father, insists on flying. He is involved in a crash, resulting in the death of a married woman passenger, and the subsequent scandal causes him to abandon his career in disgust.

He takes a job as an air mechanic and meets Doris King, a nurse attached to an ambulance plane, who falls in love with him and learns his secret. When he knows that she is aware of his identity, he is tempted to run away, but fate in the form of a railway accident forces him to return to harness, and ultimately leads to reconciliation with his father and profession and romance with Doris.

Beal is thoroughly convincing as the sensitive young doctor and Joan Fontaine gives her best performance to date as Doris, but it is rather difficult to believe entirely in the story. The twists are too obvious, and even at times novelistic.

**TIME OUT FOR ROMANCE**


Just another motion picture that tries to be another It Happened One Night, but isn’t. The theme is somewhat similar in character to the Gable-Colbert epic, complete with Claire Trevor as a runaway heiress and Michael Whalen as a poor but honest young man who befriends her on the road. Miss Trevor appears as Barbara, who runs away after learning that her marriage to a fortune-hunting aristocrat, Count Michael Montaine, has been engineered by her mother.

To evade the police, she joins a caravan of cars bound for Los Angeles, and is mistaken for a wanted gangster’s moll. After a few more complications, her millionnaire father identifies her, her marriage to Montaine is annulled, and the way is cleared for her romance with her travelling companion.

This is one of those films with too many characters in it, while excessive padding makes a sketchy plot appear irritatingly complex. It is a tribute to the principal players that they are able to score individually and the film’s chief merit lies in its excellent character drawing.

**MIDNIGHT COURT**


One, not too well put over and only made reasonably interesting by the competent acting of the principal

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The PICTUREGOER’s quick reference Index

***CAMILLE***

***CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE***

***TAKE MY TIP***

***MURDER GOES TO COLLEGE***

***THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF***

* TIME OUT FOR ROMANCE *

* MIDNIGHT COURT *

* SIDE STREET ANGEL *

* FOOTLIGHTS *

* THE WILDCATTER PROTECTION RACKET *

What the asterisks mean—

**** An outstanding feature. 

*** Very good.

** Good.

* Average entertainment.

Also suitable for children.
Hugh Williams reveals a flair for comedy in this unpretentious mixture of romance and rough stuff, in which he plays a wealthy young playboy who gets on a binge after being jilted, finishes up on the Lambknash and nearly gets himself involved in a jewel robbery.

In the process he falls in love with Anne, the girl in charge of a hostel for the unemployed.

The story is far-fetched and the treatment far from subtle, but the entertainment is helped out by bright dialogue and good acting, particularly from Henry Kendall, Lesley Brook and Reginald Purdural.

**FOOTLIGHTS**

Here's another of those periodic film frolics by the stars of the Windmill Theatre non-stop revue company and before, it consists of a photographed series of stage turns and sketches.

Among them are Warden and West, in another of their Biddy and Fanny duologues; Doris Barry and John Stevens, in a song and dance number; the Viennese Singers, harmonising the Blue Danube; Gus Chevalier and George Hurley, in a typical comedy sketch; Hal Bryan, Leslie Spurling, and Kenneth Birrell, as three broken-down aristocrats, in a comedy interlude and Alec Shaw, giving bird imitations.

**THE WILDCATTER**
Russell Hicks, Helen Conlon, Scott Conlon, "Lucky" Conlon, Jack Daughters, Smalley, Suzanne Kaare.

A "wildcatter" is American slang for a small prospector, though this hackneyed melodrama of life in the oil fields fails to arouse very much interest in the species.

It follows a familiar formula and tells a story of a young petrol station owner and his wife who try their luck with an oil claim, which turns out to be a dud. Julia Frayne, daughter of a crooked promoter, sees likely material in him and secures him a job with her father.

He eventually discovers that Frayne's game is cheating the Wildcatters out of their rights, and difficulty in establishing his innocence to the victimised owners, but finally does so and turns the tables on the crook.

Scott Colton is colourless as the hero, but Jean Rogers does better as his wife.

There is a certain amount of action, but none of it is very exciting or convincing.

**PROTECTION RACKET**

Although some attempt has been made at novelty here in introducing New York gangsters as the villains in a Western, there is no departure in the atmosphere and the details of the plot, which follow the outworn pattern. The gangsters organise cattle rustling, of course, and the handsome hero is the C Man who brings them to book.

The acting is for the most part heavy and the production crude.

POSSIBLY YOU Don’t PERSPHERE ON COLD DAYS!

Even so, underarm odour occurs; and wise women always use un-failing, safe MUM to make perspiration odour impossible. Test it for yourself.

**RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number of stars awarded in brackets:</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Black Legion (2)</td>
<td>...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Holdout (2)</td>
<td>...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Call of All Stars (2)</td>
<td>...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cavalier of the Street, The (2)</td>
<td>August 24</td>
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<td>Reaper (2)</td>
<td>...</td>
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<td>Conflict (2)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Counterfeit Lady (2)</td>
<td>...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dark Journey, The (2)</td>
<td>August 28</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dominant Woman, The (2)</td>
<td>...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Don't Get Me Wrong (2)</td>
<td>August 14</td>
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<tr>
<td>Don't Tell the Wife (2)</td>
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<td>Despair (2)</td>
<td>...</td>
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<td>Fighter Your Nest (2)</td>
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<td>For Valour (2)</td>
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<td>Great Gilders (2)</td>
<td>...</td>
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<td>Great O'Malley, The (2)</td>
<td>...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Green Light (2)</td>
<td>...</td>
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<td>Green Pastures, The (4)</td>
<td>...</td>
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<tr>
<td>High Command, The (2)</td>
<td>...</td>
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<td>Her Name Is Pat (2)</td>
<td>...</td>
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<td>In a Monastery Garden (2)</td>
<td>...</td>
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<td>Miami South Beach (2)</td>
<td>...</td>
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<td>Maid of Salem (2)</td>
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<td>Michael Stotesbury (2)</td>
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<td>Mind Your Own Business (2)</td>
<td>...</td>
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<td>Money Must Be Made (2)</td>
<td>...</td>
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<td>Off the Races (2)</td>
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<td>O.K. Man (3)</td>
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<td>One in a Million (2)</td>
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<td>Outlaw (2)</td>
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<td>Peacock and Sam (2)</td>
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<td>Racing Lady (2)</td>
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<td>Rampage River (2)</td>
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<td>Showaddy (2)</td>
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<td>Two Wise Maidens (2)</td>
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Send for FREE SAMPLE NOW!

Please send me a sample of MUM.

Name: ____________________________
Address: ____________________________

September 4, 1937
PICTUREGOER Weekly


**WHAT DO YOU THINK? Letters from our Readers**

**PUT KATIE ON A HORSE!**

**Solving the “Western” Problem**

**KATHARINE HEPBURN for Westerns**—such a headline certainly sounds fantastic but before dismissing it with a smile let us consider where Hepburn stands.

So far she hasn’t found her proper métier. At the moment there is a minor revival in Westerns—minor because most are cut to pattern and lack novelty and subtlety. Why not make them worth while by the introduction of Western heroines—real she-wolves in place of women who now wait home at the ranch to fall into the so-called hero’s arms as soon as he has dispatched the local bad hombre.

We used to have Pearl White, Lottie Pickford and Helen Holmes. The modern girl can stand trail dust, thundering hooves and the crash of six shooters every bit as well.

We are tired of the moaning, crooning cowboys of to-day. A good-looking “tough girl” would be easier on the eyes and give piquancy to over-familiar situations.

Therefore I nominate Katie Hepburn, lovely, likeable tomboy, as candidate for the honour of becoming Modern Western Heroine No. 1.—(Miss) G. Terry, 50 Harrington Street, London, N.W.1.

(But can she ride well enough?—“Thinker.”)

“People-Interest”

- Recently my friends and I were discussing the secret of the popularity of films, and one of our circle offered an explanation that seems to bang the nail on the head.

She said: “What is the most important thing in the world to most of us?—the thing that intrigues us most? Why? People? We like to pry and poke into other people’s lives and personalities, see whether they are getting a better or a worse deal than we are, discover whether they are making better or worse use of their advantages.”

The cinema, she went on to say, not only shows us all this on the screen, but by means of star-publicity it gives us just as good “people-interest” through the fan-magazines and the newspapers.

The star-system may have its disadvantages, but it certainly supplies us with an unfauling source of interest without which we should be poorer and which it would be impossible to replace.—Betsy Fraser, 191 Haverstock Hill, Hampstead, who is awarded the first prize of 61s.

The Best “Shorts”?

- Mary I., through the medium of Picturegoer, offer my appreciation to the Gaumont-British Picture Corporation for their wonderful nature films, Secrets of Life? I can honestly say that I enjoy them far better than any other type of short film made (barring, of course, Mickey Mouse).

Being an enthusiastic amateur cinematographer and having admired the excellent camera work, while Mary Field’s direction is nothing short of brilliant. E. V. Emmett (always amusing) literally sparkles with the brand of humour that he has made famous.

Whilst on the subject of E. V. Emmett, I wonder how many people have noticed how refreshing the cultured English accent sounds after listening to the languid drawl of an American commentator.

Those who have not seen (and heard) a Secrets of Life film, don’t know what you are missing. Even if you don’t like nature study, you can’t help liking the clever camera work—and there’s E. V. Emmett!—Donald Chapman

---

**Hero-Worship**

- Can you tell me what great attraction Robert Taylor has when even small girls of ten years of age seem to go crazy over him? I am trying to understand flappers and even older women finding him attractive, but little girls of tender years . . .

She is very handsome and lovable, I admit, personally.

The other evening my ten-year-old niece and her younger companion were actually fighting for possession of his picture in the Picturegoer. My niece won the fight and marched off with his picture. The small companion left the house very disappointed.

Later I went in search of my niece and found her in the kitchen determinedly ironing out Robert Taylor’s photograph. It had got rather crushed in the fight, and she quite seriously admitted that she slept with his photograph under her pillow.

Well it’s hard for us older folk to understand the young these days.—(Mrs.) Nan Davidson, c/o Finnlayson, 2 Crimson Place, Aberdeen, man, that is if it reaches the printers. I know it is an unusual for you to publish pictures in your column, but as a letter "Parliament," however it may be of interest to you.

—S. Kerridge, 8 Park Road, Battersea, London, S.W.11, who has awarded the second prize of 6s. 6d (But please note—I will NOT publish drawings on my page unless they are of outstanding quality.—"Thinker."

**Gwen Wants**

- I’d like—

1. To have a seat half-way between the screen and the back of the cinema.
2. Also the seat to be in the middle and not at the side.
3. To be behind someone small.
4. To go with a friend who does not talk while the big picture is on to see a really good film of which I have not been told the story.
5. To have no one wanting to go out in the middle of the film, thereby making myself or people in front of me stand.

In fact I like to get right into the story of the film without anyone to disturb.

These wishes do come true, so I must be thankful; but each happens at a different visit.—(Miss) Gwen Burgess (age 19), 15 Coldharbour Way, Croydon, Surrey.

(Some day they will all come at once, and Gwen...)}
Ruby Keeler

- Will not after all, be in A Damsel in Distress, but the fact that she has moved her make-up box over to the Radio studios suggests that we may yet have a Ruby Keeler-Fred Astaire partnership on the screen.

Ruby hails from Halifax, Nova Scotia, where she was born on August 25, 1909. The family moved to New York during her childhood and she attended the Professional Children's School.

She was on the stage at thirteen, dancing in Broadway choruses, and first caught the public eye in Texas Guinan's floor show. Soon after Ziegfeld signed her as chief tap-dancer in Whoopee.

In 1928 she married Al Jolson and for some years after they had moved to Hollywood she retired, content to play a domestic role.

Persuaded to appear in 42nd Street, she scored such a hit that the studios have not let her go since. The star is 5 ft. 4 in. tall, has brown hair and blue eyes.

Her latest pictures include Colleen and Ready, Willing and Able. Her first under her new contract will be Love Below Freezing.

Tom Keene

- There is still a vast audience for westerns and Keene is probably one of the foremost exponents of the brave and the true. He was born at Sleepy Hollow, New York, in 1904.

His parents died when he was six and he was left to the guardianship of an aunt. When he was nine he ran away and got a job on a farm, later becoming a cow-puncher in Montana, and a mail coach driver.

Ian Keith

- Born February 27, 1899 in Boston, and graduated into acting from the Sargeant School of Drama of New York City, making his first bow in The Silver Fox.

He came into movies in 1928 after making a distinguished reputation on Broadway. He still alternates between stage and studio, and as a result is not seen so often on the screen as we would like.

He has been particularly good in costume drama in films, of which his last was Mary of Scotland.

The actor is 6 ft. 2 in. tall. Has grey-blue eyes. His latest picture is As Good As Married.

Judy Kelly

- Australia's gift to British films, Judy arrived here via the Beauty Contest route. Previously she had been an usherette in a Sydney cinema.

Her first film was Money Talks and when she saw it she was sure she would never be any good on the screen.

However, she progressed steadily in such films as First Offence, A Star Fell from Heaven, Proof, The Looping Man, Arent They Nice Beasts, 'The Price of Folly, Make Up, Boys Will be Girls, and is to-day one of our most popular young leading ladies.

Judy is twenty-four, 5 ft. 4 in. tall, and has red hair and hazel eyes.

Who's Who

He had ambitions, though, and when he had saved enough money he went to the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Chicago, where he studied Dramatic Art. His first stage success was in White Cargo.

Tom entered films while appearing in a commercial picture in New York. Cecil B. de Mille saw it and gave him a part in The Goddess Girl. Until 1931 he used his real name of George Duryea.

Latest pictures include Rebellion, Treason, Battle of Greed. The actor is 6 ft. tall and has brown hair and blue eyes.


dental fitness is all important

You cannot be sure of real fitness unless your teeth are given regular attention. See your dentist twice a year and use Euthymol twice a day. Euthymol will keep your teeth and gums beautifully clean and give a delightful freshness to the mouth.

Your Chemist sells large tubes at 1/3 or you can send for a free sample.

Use the coupon below.

Euthymol Tooth Paste

COUPON To Dept. 15 Euthymol, 30 Beak Street, London, W. Please send a week's free sample tube of Euthymol.

NAME ADDRESS

31
Radiant Poise
the whole day long...
with the confidence
Carillon gives

Nothing puts such life into you, or makes you feel so vital with the world, as a touch of the right perfume before you go out. And if the perfume is Carillon you’re poised and confident, and to spare.

For Carillon is right on every occasion. Carillon does not cloy. It is a refreshing, enlivening perfume that gives you at once a feeling of buoyancy. And Carillon stays fresh and stimulating all day—doesn’t grow stale. Hours later it is just as delicately, adorably fragrant. Carillon lightens your mood, brings your most piquant, provocative self to the fore, swings you on top of the world—and keeps you there! Such an inexpensive pleasure.

16, 3½, 5 ½ and other sizes

The Perfume That Stays Fresh
Dissolve away
SUPERFLUOUS
HAIR...

...at the
ROOTS

The razor cuts off hair
at the level of the skin
—leave coarse hair
ends which grow back
thicker and faster.

This new white cream
dissolves the keratin in
the hair and its roots.
Removes hair below the
skin surface. Leaves no
stubble—no coarse re-
growth.

An amazing new discovery by a cele-
brated chemist. The hair simply falls
away! No odour; no mess or bother.
Simply spread the cream on the skin—
wash off with water—every trace of hair
is gone. Skin is left soft and velvety
smooth, as if that ugly growth had never
existed. The razor method is old-
 fashioned and dangerous. Nasty smell-
ing pastes and powders completely out
of date. The up-to-date scientific
way is to use a white cream sold under the
trade mark new 'VEET' (new and
improved formula). Get a tube to-day
and end your superfluous hair troubles
forever. New 'Veet' 6d. and 1/3.

Powder or Liquid
... whichever you use
choose AMAMI
shampoos

AMAMI LIQUID Soapless Shampoo has
taken a few short weeks to LEAP into TRE-
MENDOUS POPULARITY. A second
side by side, at your Chemists, Hairdressers,
or Stores you will find the whole range of
AMAMI Shampoos: liquid and powder. Go
straight in and ask for YOUR own special
AMAMI to have wonderful hair BEAUTY
and HEALTH within your reach!!

AMAMI No. 1 for Brunettes
AMAMI No. 5 for Blondes
AMAMI Special Henna to bring out glistening tints in
auburn hair, redheads and brownettes.
AMAMI No. 2. Soapless
(Powder) in two varieties, for fair and dark hair.
3d. only.

Friday night is
AMAMI
night!

STAR GAZERS—Here's your lucky number

JUST RELEASED!
30 slices of GOOD LUCK for those
who follow the stars... 30 won-
derful new glossy postcards of film
favourites... just issued by
"Picturegoer" Salon... most up-
to-the-minute postcard club in the
country.

Look at just two of these beautiful new
postcards shown here... irresistible
Robert Taylor, fresh from some of the
greatest Hollywood film triumphs...
and the one and only Greta Garbo. These
great stars are together for the first time
in "Camille."

Get yourself up-to-date from the
completely new list of postcards below...
and don’t forget if you want “partners”
cards you have only to send for the
full list.

SEPIA GLOSSY—Robert Taylor, Gary Cooper, William Powell, Ronald Colman, Franchot
Tone, Francis Lederer, John Loder, Roberton Hare, Donald Woods, John Wayne, Bels Lugosi,
Henry Kendall, Allan Jones, John Xing, Greta Garbo (2 new cards), Luise Rainer, Madeleine
Carroll, Constance Bennett, Merle Oberon, Norms Shearer, Sally Eilers, Virginia Bruce, Betty
Parsons, Nancy Burne.

COLOURGRAPH—Simone Simon, Merle Oberon, Joan Crawford, Robert Taylor, Wallace Beery.

5/ ALBUM FREE
By joining the "Picturegoer" Postcard
Club you can obtain liberal Discounts on your
future orders, and in addition you will receive
a 5/- Album FREE. This magnificent book,
which holds 100 cards, is beautifully housed to
resemble real snakeskin, and lettered in gold.
If you wish to obtain a super De Luxe
Album in Blue Rexine. Decide now to be a
member of this happy postcard club. To join,
send an order for not less than one dozen
postcards at the regular price of 2/- per dozen.
Choose your cards from the list given below, or
include the names of well-known stars. Real photos 3d. each,
2/-/dozen. On sale to mem-
bers and non-members alike. Liberal discounts on
orders for Club Members.

The latest list of nearly
2,000 cards sent free on
request.

POST FORM BELOW
AT ONCE


Please enrol me as a member of the "Picture-
goer" Postcard Club and send me Membership
card and full particulars of the scheme, etc., on
future orders. I enclose order for not less than
one dozen "Picturegoer" postcards, price 2/-
dozen. Please include with my order 5/-
Postcard Album free. I enclose 5/- extra (or
5/- extra if the album de luxe is chosen) to cover
cost of packing and posting on my gift.

Name:__________________________
Full Postal Address:__________________________

City: ____________________________
Postage: ____________________________

P.O. No.:__________________________
Amount:__________________________

* Members and non-members
enrol to cover packing and posting, or 2/- extra if album
de luxe is ordered.

Customer must sign on order for album
and make payable to "Picturegoer".

Irish Free State customers will be required to pay
any charges that may be levied.

Temp. Tues.
HER Holiday 'PERM'...

THEREAS mask as a beauty treatment is as old as the hills. Properly given it is extremely beneficial, for it aids the natural process of skin shedding and replacement. But you must have patience. Any mask which claims to give you a perfectly new skin overnight is far too violent a treatment to apply to the delicate tissue of your complexion. Be satisfied to make haste slowly.

Devote a few weeks to the care of your skin and you can lighten and brighten, smooth and soften it.

In giving a mask the aim in view is to set the skin actively renewing itself: This new skin is fairer and clearer.

Even washing with good soap and warm water helps to remove dead skin and to clear away impurities. For this reason I always maintain that every skin needs washing at least once a day.

Cream massage as well helps to remove dirty outer cells and discover the smoother, softer skin beneath.

Patting, astringents, tonics and fresheners, according to the type of skin, also speed up the healthy process.

If you buy a proprietary mask, follow the instructions given with it. Most of them follow a general routine. The skin must be cleansed first, and if your skin is sensitive and dry, apply a cold cream or a skin food before the mask. After the mask preparation is spread over the skin the eyes should be covered with little pads of cotton wool wrung out of cold water and soaked with eye lotion or a little witch hazel.

This protects the eyes and gives them a beauty treatment in one. Always try to lie down for twenty minutes, and to achieve complete relaxation, another beauty treatment in itself, for this present generation needs relaxation more than anything else.

When the mask has been removed, the sensitive skin will again need cream smoothed on; the less dry skin may be wiped over with a fresherener or a tonic. And that is all.

Perhaps the best known of all the mask preparations are those of the clay type. This is the kind the Egyptian beauties of the B.C. period used. These bleach a dark skin, they tighten up open coarse pores, and they dry up excessive greasiness.

An egg mask will smooth out wrinkles, the cream mask which does not harden is suitable for extremely dry skins, and yeast masks work wonders for pimples and blackheads and all kinds of skin blemishes.

Now for some home-made masks. The first yeast mask since so many young girls suffer from a tiresome skin blemish. If you need absolutely fresh yeast, which you may buy from your baker.

Get two ounces. Mix it to a paste with equal parts of milk and water. It should form a rather consistant thicke cream. That is for a normal skin. If your skin is very dry use instead almond oil for the mixing; if the skin is coarse and greasy, with open pores, use equal parts of milk and perspiration of hydrogen.

Cleanse the face with cold cream or cleansing cream. Remove the cream with a tissue. Then wring a face cloth out of warm water and hold it against the skin. Repeat this many times till the skin is pink and glowing. Spread the paste, cover the eyes as recommended, and lie down.

Rinse off with warm water, and finish with cold water. Pat dry. Then apply a skin fresherener or a tonic to the skin. It is best applied with a patter. In applying the pack, do not forget to treat the forehead.

A milk mask is another modern beauty treatment, and this is made with a good milk powder which is perfectly sterile and rich in cream. The powder is made into a paste with almond oil for a dry skin or mixed with an astringent lotion for a greasy skin. Then it is used as described for the yeast mask.

The egg mask is good for the older woman. After the skin has been washed with warm water and cleansed with cream, the beaten yolks of a new-laid egg is painted over the skin with a clean brush.

A mask of butter milk with holes cut for eyes and nostrils is adjusted and the mask left until it hardens. It is then removed with soft towels wrung out of warm water. A final sprinkling with warm water and the application of a skin tonic completes the treatment.

Honey, oatmeal and milk makes another beautifying mask. Use equal parts of the honey and oatmeal, mix with sufficient milk to make an easily worked paste. A very dry skin benefits from an oil mask. This contains the same ingredients as the former, but the skin feels dried up and tight. Wash and then prepare skin soft towels wrung out of warm water. When the skin is pink and fresh, apply a mask and leave to dry.

LEAVE IT TO ANNE


talkie title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to: Miss Ethel Mills, Ivy Cottage, Levington, Ipswich, for —

Boys will be Boys.

The Clock Strikes Eight.

Girls' Dormitory.

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to Miss E. Wilson, 5 Preston Cottage, Chingford Road, Walthamstow, E.17, for—

Housewife.

She Made Her Bed.

Fishing Flats.

Case of the Missing Man.

M. Wilson, "Herbick Crell," Baus Nathwai, "Mr. Keswick," Cumberland, for —

Tell Me Your Story.

Feel My Pulse.

Can Love Be Cured?

By Mutual Consent.

M. Cooper, '13 Ripon Road, Plumstead, S.E.15, for —

Eve's Child.

The Lost Chord.

Cocked Hat.

Goody Melody.

Take a vacation!

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order, which should be easy.

Address your entries to me on a postcard (e.g. "Prewarnes," Marriott House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

The judges are the critics of the local newspapers who, as far as possible, have no other rules, except that I must insist on your "titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.
PICTUREGOER Weekly

September 4, 1937

Bathing in that soft, gentle, deeply penetrating Olive Oil lather of Palmolive, the skin retains its youthful bloom, flawless and lovely. The age-long preference of women for olive oil as a beautifier has been strikingly endorsed by the unanimous verdict of 20,000 beauty specialists. Just soap and water washing with an olive oil soap—Palmolive—it, they say, the best, as well as the simplest of all treatments to preserve natural loveliness.

She's Schoolgirl Complexion All Over!

Beauty demands Olive Oil for the skin

FREE SAMPLE of wonder remedy for bad legs

Every sufferer from leg aches and pains, including varicose veins, rheumatism, leg wounds, piles, phlebitis, etc., should try Elasto, the wonder remedy, which is a vital cell food.

POST COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE TO-DAY

COUPON For Free Trial Sample of Elasto

ELASTO (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 Revitaliser cures through the blood.

NAME

(Please Print in Capital Letters.)

ADDRESS

Picturegoer, 28/9/37.

Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

The 6d. bottle of L'Onglex is as big as the 1/- bottle of many other nail polishes and lasts for months, L'Onglex keeps nails lovely without cracking, peeling or fading. Sold everywhere.

L'Onglex

LIQUID NAIL POLISH
"In eight shades including Natural, Rust and Old Rose"

POLISH REMOVER
CUTICLE REMOVER

BRITISH MANUFACTURE

OOH that kiss!

Make it a kiss that will thrill him... one that will make him long for another... and another. You can—tonight! You can give yourself the magnetic allure of the glamorous Hollywood film-stars—simply by using their lipstick. The wonderful Kissproof "Automatic" Lipstick is obtainable at all Chemists, Hairdressers, and Department Stores for 1/-.

See also the exotic new Kissproof Baton at 6d.
'10 MINUTES TO WAIT before the court is clear’—says ZELMA O’NEAL

—‘so Mine’s a Minor!'

‘Minors’ are inexpensive, but not ‘cheap.’ They are a quality brand—made of the same tobacco and packed with the same care as much dearer cigarettes. And they last the full ten minutes.

De Reszke MINORS

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

FOR THAT LEISURED HOUR – DE RESZKE MAJORS, 20 FOR 1/-
The GIRL who's too busy for LOVE

Eleanor Powell
"Good Gracious, I'm getting Cosmetic Skin"

Powder and make-up help you to be lovely—

but watch out for ugly Cosmetic Skin

"Oh dear! Why does my skin look so awful?" Do you ever feel like this when you look in the mirror? Does it sometimes show you a dull, tired-looking complexion? Do you notice tiny blemishes, large pores, rough skin?

If so, you are probably a victim of Cosmetic Skin—that widespread modern complexion trouble, so distressing yet easy to guard against.

Powder harmless—removed this way

Many women who think they're removing make-up thoroughly actually leave traces of stale powder and sticky powder base deep in the pores night after night. Then pores get clogged—skin can't breathe properly. Soon the warning signs of Cosmetic Skin appear.

There is one sure way to guard against Cosmetic Skin. Film stars, who dare not take a chance with loveliness, have discovered that Lux Toilet Soap removes cosmetics as nothing else does. That's why 846 out of 857 film stars insist on this famous beauty soap.

What Hollywood does

If you could visit the big Hollywood studios you'd find Lux Toilet Soap in every single dressing-room. Its pure white lather floats out every trace of dust and stale make-up from the pores—keeps the skin clear, smooth, lovely.

Always before bed, every time you make up afresh during the day as well, remove cosmetics with Lux Toilet Soap. This simple beauty care guards against Cosmetic Skin—keeps your complexion clear as a film star's.

Bette Davis says—

Of course I use make-up and powder, but thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I never risk Cosmetic Skin

LUX TOILET SOAP GUARDS AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN
They say in films and in the prize ring that "they never come back," but Janet defies the legend in "A Star is Born," which is due at the London Tivoli on Monday. When she packed up and left the Twentieth Century-Fox lot after nearly ten years of stardom, Hollywood said she was "all washed up." Now, in her first picture as a free-lance, she has scored a success that has put her right back at the top.
10 MINUTES TO WAIT - so

Mine's a Minor!

'THE TEN-MINUTE SMOKE FOR INTELLIGENT FOLK'

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FOR THAT LEISURED ½ HOUR — DE RESZKE MAJORS, 20 FOR 1/-
DEAR FREDRIC MARCH,

No one is more pleased than we to see Janet Gaynor make so successful a "come back" in A Star Is Born, but we hope that the spectacular nature of her achievement will not be allowed to minimise the worth of your own contribution to the film.

Miss Gaynor, we are sure, does not need to be "carried" by a co-star in any picture. In A Star Is Born she takes advantage of the best acting opportunity she has had for years and comes through with a performance that has delighted her wavering admirers and put her right back at the top.

Nevertheless, we think that even Janet's staunchest fans will admit that it is the brilliant portrayal of the character of Norman Maine that lifts the film from the status of just another Hollywood behind-the-scenes story to the level of rich human drama.

You have had many more superficially spectacular acting assignments—Robert Browning in The Barretts of Wimpole Street, Vronsky in Anna Karenina, Jean Valjean in Les Misérables and the title roles in The Affairs of Cellini and Anthony Adverse, for instance—but probably no characterisation presenting such real difficulties.

It is never easy for an actor to play an actor. And Norman Maine is just exactly the type of film star that you have never been, though most of us have met him.

Arrogant, swollen-headed and irresponsible in success, it would have been fatally easy to have robbed the character of sympathy. Yet, in decay, you make him one of the most heart-rendingly real and moving figures the screen has given us for a long time.

Many critics, indeed, regard the portrayal as your best performance and we are inclined to agree with them.

For an actor whose professional life in Hollywood has been so blameless you have, at any rate, got under the skin of the part with remarkable understanding.

If we have had any grievance against you at all, it has been that, apart from your screen work, during the eight and a half years you have been in Hollywood you have been singularly poor "copy"—no love life, no fights at the Hollywood night spots, no temperamental outbursts, not even one good "walk out" from a screen role.

The only thing that has worried us are the persistent recent reports that you are anxious to "get away from it all."

Please don't think that we misunderstand your motives. Unlike many stars, you are, we know, duly grateful to the fortune that has transformed you from a comparatively obscure stage player to one of the best-known and highest paid actors in the world.

We can appreciate that you are anxious to get back to theatre, in your own words, "to give it the licking that I never gave it before." You want to return to the stage while you are still the "top" in pictures—not to the back door of the theatre when the front door of films is beginning to close on you.

We can understand, too, coming to a more personal reason, that you feel that you owe it to Mrs. March, who has during the last eight years, except for occasional minor picture appearances, been content to live in the shadow of your fame, though as Florence Eldridge, she occupies a great position in the theatre.

"We are going back within a year, Florence and I," you say. "Florence to the place she has already made for herself; I to the place I hope to make for myself."

These are understandable ambitions. There may be something, moreover, in your belief that it is good for an actor to get away from Hollywood for a while and take a "refresher" course on the stage.

But we hope you don't mean that you are deserting films altogether and that your stage adventure will only be "for a while" and a fairly short while at that.

The theatre still has plenty of actors; the screen needs its Fredric Marches.

The Editor
YOUR cinema seat will cost you more before very long if a campaign now being waged in the trade is successful.

Those behind the move for higher admission prices justify it on the grounds that while remember the fact that have grown enormously, cinema charges have remained stationary for more than twenty years.

Superficially this is an understandable and even impressive argument, but it does not bear examination.

The film industry must put its house in order, and eliminate the foolish extravagances and colossal waste, of which there is almost daily evidence, and which affect almost every branch, before it can expect the public to pay the piper for increased studio bills.

It will be difficult, moreover, to justify any further call upon the public while fantastic salaries are still being paid to the stars. It has always been an axiom that when an actress like, say, Carole Lombard, is awarded a contract calling for the absurdly high remuneration of £200,000 a year for four pictures, it is because her name is worth that amount at the box-office. If the trade cannot then show her pictures profitably it is obvious that her salary is too high, not that prices are too low.

And there is surely a danger signal here.

The princely salaries of the stars have hitherto been regarded more or less as a matter of course. If prices are raised the first reaction will be against the stars and the star system, which has always been the main source of movie wealth.

Exhibitors, too, would be well advised to remember the fact that unless all past experience is misleading, the film rental will take at least half of the increase. In other words, the exhibitor will gain only a penny for every twopenny of public goodwill he will be losing.

Curiously enough, one of the best stories I have heard for a long time concerning Hollywood's irresponsible attitude towards expenditure comes to light this week.

A producer, making a Civil War super, received his cost-sheet from the front office and noticed that the sum of £200,000 was allotted for a battle scene which, as a matter of history, was quite a minor affair which lasted only three days and decided nothing.

The producer protested that he could duplicate the Ten Decisive Battles of the World for that sum of money.

The front office, however, stuck to its guns. It wanted a million dollars spent on that sequence, and not a cent less.

"But," the producer pointed out, "the original battle didn't cost the Union and Confederate forces 750,000 dollars altogether."

"Yes," he was told with withering scorn, "that battle was a flop. This one's got to be a hit."

Norma Shearer's Come Back

Preparations are now going ahead for the return of Norma Shearer to the screen in Marie Antoinette, but at the moment of writing both star and studio are worried about the casting of the role of Louis XVI.

It was originally intended for Charles Laughton but Charles is no longer available, being busy with production plans of his own, so M-G-M. has to content itself with casting doubts on whether he would have had enough sex-appeal for the part, anyway. Fancy Laughton making love to Shearer, as one executive put it.

That, of course, does not solve the problem, but the news that they are contemplating seconding one of the American matinee idols for the role is disquieting.

In any case, the great romance in Marie Antoinette's life was not her fat, stodgy and unglamorous husband, but the dashing Count Fersen.

Miss Shearer, her friends tell me, has made a brave recovery from her own illness and the tragedy of Irving Thalberg's death.

Recently she has resumed an active interest in what the screen is offering. She has attended many of the more straitly of the "sneak" previews where she would not be in danger of encountering the public, and has made one or two formal appearances at the more spectacular Hollywood film first-nights.

Nearly every picture of any importance made during the last year has been shown at her home, and she has spent much of her time reading books, plays and scripts that appear to possess potentialities for her.

Her studio is confident that she is contemplating a revival of her career with enthusiasm.

Better Programmes

- Happy days, or rather nights, are here again.
- The summer season in the cinemas is over, and the studios' better product is replacing the "junk" that has come to be the inevitable lot of the filmgoer during the hot-weather months.
- This week we have had Camille and The Charge of the Light Brigade at the head of the releases.
- Next week there are Shall We Dance?, Lloyd's of London and such ambitious, if not brilliant, offerings as A Day at the Races and Elephant Boy. There are also signs of the autumn drive in the West End programmes. Such "big" pictures as Victoria the Great, Knight Without Armour, Action for Slander, and A Star Is Born have already arrived, or are due to arrive, in the London houses within the next week or so.

Shirley Temple's Visit

- As I predicted here some time ago, Shirley Temple will be swimming through the ship rails at Southampton before very long.
- Shirley is to embark on a four-month tour so that the people outside America who have made her box-office star number one may see her "in person."
- First, however, she is to complete Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm and The Little Princess, both of which were early Pickford successes. The former, incidentally, was revived only a few years ago, with Marion Nixon in the title role after Janet Gaynor had walked out of it.
- Shirley has been holding holiday in Honolulu, where, according to report, her reception made those accorded to Mary Pickford, Jeannette MacDonald and Robert Taylor seem lukewarm.

The New Gracie Fields' Film

Gracie Fields' first Hollywood-sponsored film will, I am old, go into production on the first of next month, with Victor McLaglen as leading man.

The title, He Was Her Man, should add fuel to the Fields-Mae West feud. Mae's first big hit was, of course, She Done Him Wrong, a title adapted from the same song.

The production, we are assured, is expected to cost £200,000.

Wants to Know His Score

- A scoring system to record "batting average" achievements of supporting actors in addition to cold figures of the box-office is suggested by Eddie Norris, a young Hollywood featured player.
- "There is a definite need for a sort of tabulation of merits for players other than stars," Norris believes. "Box-office receipts are a sure barometer of a star's popularity, but what about the character actors?"
Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot from Hollywood

WHY GARBO MAY MOVE

G ARBO may move again in the near future, for the "secret entrance" to her home on Carmelina Drive, near Sunset Boulevard, has been discovered.

Muriel Street, a little dirt road, winds round the back of the Swedish star’s abode, which is guarded in the rear by a locked gate and a high wall.

Visitors, who did not desire to attract the attention of autograph hunters, could drive up the little road, and, if Garbo was willing to greet them, the gate and wall door were opened.

Of late, journalists and fans have had Muriel Street under close observation.

Poor Little Rich Star

If Freddie Bartholomew decides to study to be a lawyer, he will have a big advantage over other students, for, ever since he became

series is to be called Gold Diggers in London, with Mr. and Mrs. (Joan Blondell, to you) Dick Powell teamed again—M.-G.-M. has bought And So Victoria for production in England—Myrna Loy, Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy are to be together in Test Pilot—Phyllis Brooks hailed as a star prospect at Twentieth Century-Fox—Warner Catlett recently completed his hundredth film, Love Under Fire—Warner is now billing Paul Muni as Mr. Paul Muni (they used to do it with George Arliss—remember?).

—Malcolm Phillips.

Short Shots

Sonnie Hale and Jessie Matthews are to be host and hostess at a cruise dance on the luxury steamer New Dageman on September 22, in aid of the Seamen’s Hospital. Tickets, £1 1s. each (including refreshments), from the Appeal Secretary, Seamen’s Hospital, Greenwich, S.E.10—rumoured that after directing Marlene Dietrich in Angel Ernst Lubitsch can suggest a new title for the picture—Errol Flynn is to star in The Adventures of Robin Hood in Technicolor—there ought to be some fun when Kay Francis and Miriam Hopkins get together as co-stars of The Sitters—The next of the famous

Pat Paterson and Kenny Baker in “52nd Street.” The film colony is hailing Baker as “a new Dick Powell” (see Hot From Hollywood).
When the film opened at Warners' Hollywood and Downtown Theatres the first fifty people entering each theatre who could prove that they were named Dodo were admitted free.

The Los Angeles telephone director lists thirty-two Dodos, and as there are, of course, many more who do not possess telephones, the claimants exceed the number of available seats.

Expensive Romance
Every time Sonja Henie goes out of town, Tyrone Power's telephone bill mounts by leaps and bounds.

But until Sonja returns from Europe, the telephone bills will be even higher than in the past. The famous little skater called Tyrone from England.

An Indignant Wife
Martha Raye is very angry over reports that she plans to divorce Buddy Westmore, one of the famous Westmore brothers who have won fame as studio make-up experts.

The young actress has been making personal appearances in the Middle West, and was accompanied, for a time, by her husband, but had returned to his Hollywood office. Then rumours of marital discord filled the papers.

Whenever a Hollywood couple is separated for a day or two they have to do a great deal of explaining.

Cupid's New Headquarters
Yuma, Arizona, for the past few years has been the spot where most of Hollywood's stars were married, but now Santa Barbara appears to be a world of romance.

Anne Shirley, 18-year-old star, and John Howard Payne, 25-year-old juvenile, recently secured a marriage licence at the Santa Barbara County Court House, as did Paula Stone, actress-daughter of Fred Stone, and George Mason, Hollywood restaurant owner. Neither couple announced when the licences would be used.

Santa Barbara is only 90 miles from Hollywood, and, as there are many small towns in the county, marriages can be quietly performed, which is usually the desire of Hollywood celebrities.

Cool Comfort
Herbert Marshall has always been popular in the film colony, but, if possible, he is even better liked during the hot summer days.

The English star has had a huge air-conditioning machine installed in his dressing-room on the set of A Love Like That, maintaining a constant temperature of 70 degrees.

The tiny dressing-room has become the social gathering place of all the other members of the cast, including Barbara Stanwyck, Eric Blore, Glenda Farrell and several others.

Baby Barometers
When Joan Crawford takes out her knitting needles and yarn box it is a certainty the stork is hovering over Hollywood.

The star recently completed four knitted baby blouses, two blues and two pinks. She makes two blankets for each baby, so she can't go wrong.

One pair goes to the Gary Coopers, and the other to the Robert Youngs.

Hollywood Says That—

Charles Boyer plays several musical instruments—the piano, the violin, the oboe and the French horn.

Olivia de Havilland gives a very realistic imitation of a cat and dog fight for her friends' edification.

George Murphy plays tennis for two to three hours a day.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

WHEELS or KEELS?

What is the next British film "cycle" going to be? Are we to be taken a-wheel or a-sailing? In other words, wheels or keels?

To judge by the activity I found down at Sound City recently, you'd certainly expect a "cycle" of some sort—and there were wheels all over the place—big ones, small ones, medium-sized ones.

In fact, I've never seen such a variegated collection of old iron in my life, and I wouldn't mind betting that no studio has either.

Where director David Macdonald collected all the "penny-farthing" bicycles, "kangaroo," and "faciles" (of which the first two are the most appropriately named), I assure you which he has used in making Remember When? for George King Productions, I can't imagine. He must have ransacked every junk-shop in Christendom.

One of the director's chief problems, having collected all this magnificent array of "grids," was to find someone to ride them.

Veterans Barred

True, he had a few experts, but not nearly enough to go round, besides, the men who rode the "penny-farthings" when they were new were now wearing long white side-whiskers, and this is a film about young men.

So a goodly number of extras had to be pressed into service as jockeys, and did I see a few good spills?

And I can tell you, taking a toss from a modern bike isn't a circumstance to be bucked off one of those towering scaffoldings they used to trust themselves to when penny-farthings were the fashionable mounts.

Of course, these fearsome twosome got their name by having one huge wheel and one little one; but I heard a bruised extra confess that he was so called because the rider's life wasn't worth a penny-farthing!

No wonder, when bicycling was such an adventurous pursuit, its addicts wore a special uniform for the purpose—smart frogged jackets, knickerbockers, and stockings, and the daintiest little pock-pie hats, which were guaranteed to take the ladies' hearts by storm.

Marathon

Appropriately enough, the hair-wear of the day was a "homburg," a round moustache; you must see Remember When? if only to enjoy the dazzling sight of Claude Dampier in one of those hats and a pair of them.

He plays the club secretary; John Garrick is his gallant captain, and because he also shoulders the love interest of the film, he is spared the necessity of assuming facial moustache.

I asked Claude Dampier how he was getting
on, but he said he had hardly started yet; the real test for him was to come when he rides in a thirty-five-mile race through Middlesex and Surrey.

Opposite John Garrick we have Kathleen Gibson, and that charming and skilful actress, Helen Haye. John Edwards cast-as is likewise John Warwick, the husky young Australian, who has been playing continuously in British films for the last year or two. Then there are also the artists taking part in the music-hall sequences of the 1880 period, of whom the most prominent are Bille Merson and Mai Harker.

I feel in my bones that this is going to be a winner for George King.

All Afloat

• So much for wheels. What about keels? Well, first we have now a few more names for the lead of the winner of the Harry Edwards film for Liberty Films, which they have decided to call Captain's Orders, and in which "Taterneds" plays the skipper of a tramp steamer.

Jane Carr, I hear, is playing opposite him, which suits me very well. Jane is mighty easy on the glance, and has a rare sense of comedy.

Then there are Franklin Dyall, Mark Daly, Wally Patch, Roy Russell, Denier Warren, and Marie Lavarr, who hails from Australia and whom Liberty regard as a find.

Don't let her mix up with Marta Labarr; it's going to be difficult not to, I know, but try.

"Home is the sailor, home from sea," and doing the studio sequences down at Worton Hall.

Schooner Sinners

• Next keel, please?

This time it's a schooner, and there's some dirty work going on aboard her.

The Schooner Gang is all about the secreting of stolen jewels at a coastal inn and the bold, hard-doings of a gang of crooks operating from a schooner.

Vesta Victoria, the variety star, is playing a leading part in this as the landlady at the inn, and incidentally it's her talkie debut, though she played in a couple of silent films. I wish she would sing her famous "There Was I, Waiting at the Church."

Her daughter, Iris Terry, also is in the cast, and it's her first film.

This is by way of being a family affair, for Percy Honri has his daughter, Mary Honri, along with him.

The heart-throbs are provided by Bazil Broadbent, a young actor who was discovered in repertory in Manchester, and has done a good deal of broadcasting, and Betty Norton; fresh paragraph for Betty Norton.

Puzzle

• Betty has always been something of a puzzle to me. Having played child parts for years in Hollywood, she left films flat and went all over the world with her father, "Dick" Norton, actor-manager. India, China, Japan, Java, New Zealand, Africa—they've all had a chance to see little Betty, but she has done nothing.

Then, about five years ago (she was about nineteen) she wished herself into her first screen role—a not very important one in a crude farce made at Elstree, called Strip, Strip, Hooray! the theme which, though it cut very little ice, drew attention to her obvious qualifications.

And then she went into Jessey Jans the Army, in which she joined Enrie Lorring... and that was all I heard of Betty for years.

I suppose she went off on her travels again; anyway I'm very glad to see her re-appear in a musical show which Lupino Lane put on at the Coliseum, in which she was salariar and more graceful and more attractive than ever.

Lately, I hear, she has been playing in Young Madame Conti, in New York. I hope her arrival on the schooner means she's going to cast anchor in British studios for a while.

They're doing the interior sequences at Cricklewood.

Get Together

• The next keel, you may argue, isn't a keel at all. Or is it?

Anyway, I don't propose to be side-tracked into an argument on nautical matters. Maybe a barge hasn't a keel, but this, I gather, is a sailing barge (hence the title Sailing Along), and maybe that makes a difference. I wouldn't know.

Sonnie Hale certainly has got together a wonderful cast for this, which he is directing. And when I say "got together," I mean it literally, for he had the excellent idea of getting the cast together at the Savoy Hotel, to "get acquainted" before shooting.

"It's a little awkward," he explained, "when two people meet on the floor and have to do a passionate love scene in the first two or three moments of meeting."

So he collected wife Jessie Matthews, Roland Young, Barry Mackay, Jack Whiting, Noel Madison, Margaret Vyner, Athene Seyler and Alastair Sim, and invited a few Press people to meet them.

It sounded like a good party—and it was; because, as rarely happens on these occasions, there were plenty of celebrities to go round.

Jack Whiting, an attractive young American "hoofer," has been specially included in the cast to give Jessie someone to dance with, because, popular as Barry Mackay undoubtedly is, he isn't in the same class for dancing as Jessie, and he's the first to admit it.

But Barry gets the girl in the end, and for the third time it's Jessie. In one he's a hag, a boy, who becomes a financial genius.

Gang's All Here!

• This is quite a re-union for the Gangway gang, for in addition to Jessie and Barry, there are Noel Madison and Alastair Sim, director Sonnie Hale, and cameraman Glenn MacWilliams— who, by the way, has photographed all the Jessie Matthews films from Evergreen onward.

It's odd about Barry Mackay; he's a most successful young leading man, yet he complains that he's severely handicapped, as far as his publicity is concerned, by not having a "story."

"I'm only an actor," he says pathetically, "I've been so busy becoming an actor that I haven't done anything else."

Well, that would certainly seem to be a whole-time job—yet there is no doubt that it does help to have something in the way of qualifications. Barry has travelled through Tibet alone on yakback, or been divorced four or five times, or fought a duel in Tibet.

Barry's history contains nothing lurid. He comes of a long line of navy people, and although his father broke away from tradition and became an actor, Barry was intended for the sea.

But he had other views, and, after studying at the Royal College of Music, went into touring companies. Evergreen was his first film and, you may remember, he played opposite Jessie Matthews in that. It may be said to have started a good habit.

When you saw him as the bearded naval captain in For Ever England, that was only a glimpse of what might have happened to him if he had not plumped for the footlights.

Aussies

• Australians are bopping up in the studios these days.

Judy Kelly, lately back from her South African tour, is playing in her third film since she arrived home. It's The Last Chance, which is being made at Welwyn, and opposite her is Frank Leighton, who has been "down under," but making his British debut.

What with these two, and Margaret Vyner, and John Warwick, and Marie Lavarr, it looks like Aussie Week on the British sets.

I forgot to mention that Peggy Novak was also in the cast of Sailing Along, and likewise William Dewhurst, who was the explosives-merchant in Espionage and was also seen in Dark Journey, and Frank Pettingell. What a cast!

By the way, not apropos anything, but before I forget to mention it, Gibb McLaughlin's many friends among picturegoers will be glad to hear that he has now recovered from his recent illness, and will soon be seen on the screen again.

This is one character actor we cannot afford to lose.

Sam's Ere!

• I've been wondering when we should find Stan Holloway wandering back on to the screen again; we haven't seen him since Cotton Queen, and he's seldom away for very long.

Now I hear he's been having fun and games up in the holiday camp at Skegness, where he's been doing location-sequences for a film called Sam Small Leaves Town.

June Clyde was aiding and abetting him, and Fred Conyngham providing the romance opposite her. All Goulidng directs.

I didn't manage to get up to that bracing locality to watch them at it, but I hear there were all sorts of doings, with Sam Small getting involved in a spot of bother in the fun fair and literally having to leave town.

This, I'm told, is the first venture of a new company, British Screen Service, who will also distribute Stan's pictures when completed. They're doing the studio shots at Highbury.

Well, if it's profits they're after (and I presume it is, or they're nuts), they could hardly do better than to start with Holloway, who is one of our brightest comedians and a good trouper into the bargain, or with charming June Clyde. British Screen Service have certainly wished themselves good luck.
Eleanor believes that a girl's best friend is her mother. She lives with her, right, and her grandmother, Mrs. J. F. Powell, Jr. Right: The star confines her love-making to such screen scenes as this, with Robert Taylor.

THERE was a final crescendo of music from the orchestra—then, rang down on another matinée performance of the Broadway hit, At Home Abroad. The well-pleased audience rang it up again and again, to clap the principals, who first took their bows collectively, then individually.

As Eleanor Powell stood in the spotlight alone, bowing, there was a renewed burst of clapping. The curtain went down, then up, down, up—and stayed up. An usherette had run down the centre aisle with a huge basket of flowers, which was handed across the orchestra pit and the footlights, up to the dancing star of the show. She was overwhelmed. She wasn't used to receiving bouquets at matinée performances. And she certainly hadn't felt that her dancing this afternoon was better than at other matinées.

There was only one answer: she had an unknown admirer.

The basket of flowers was carried to her dressing-room. Excitedly, she tore open the envelope with the sender's card. It bore the engraved name: Emanuel Ygorin.

She had never seen the name before, neither heard it before. But she heard it again only a few moments later. An assistant manager knocked on her door with a message. A Señor Ygorin was at the stage door, asking to see her.

Eleanor had been in show business long enough to know all about would-be admirers waiting at stage doors. She followed her usual procedure: she sent her mother—who is her manager, her maid and her all-around "buffer"—to present the usual story.

Señor Ygorin, who was young, well-tailored and darkly handsome, was delighted to meet the mother of "so charming a star." He impressed Mrs. Powell with that point. With rare eloquence, he described his pleasure in admiring Eleanor. He asked if he might take her to tea—tea, mind you—at the Ritz.

Mrs. Powell, with all the diplomacy of long practice, explained that it was Eleanor's custom, on matinée days, not to leave the theatre between afternoon and evening performances. She used the in-between hours for more rehearsals.

The open face of Mrs. Powell told Señor Ygorin that this was not just a graceful excuse, but the truth. He was properly dumbfounded. He stammered his surprise that anyone could "work so hard."

Brooding about Eleanor's disregard of relaxation and admiring her all the more, he attended the next two performances of At Home Abroad. Each time, afterward, he went backstage, chatted with Mrs. Powell, pleased to be allowed to take Eleanor out.

Mrs. Powell, who has learned to be a shrewd judge of character, reported her impressions of Señor Ygorin to Eleanor—and Eleanor was impressed. Señor Ygorin, it seemed, was from Peru, a member of an old Peruvian family and a lawyer high in the Peruvian government. That was his background.

And he seemed to have taste, sensitivity. Anyone might have sent that first basket of flowers, yes. But not at a matinée. And never before had she known a total stranger who would think of asking her to tea, rather than to cocktails. He was sensitive enough to realize that she did not, and would not, drink. And then there had been his second bouquet—American Beauty roses in a vase of silver, from Tiffany's. It was exciting to have such an admirer. She decided to meet him.

He suggested after-theatre supper. She accepted. He promised Mrs. Powell, before she even thought of asking, to have Eleanor home "in two hours."

They went to the Versailles Restaurant. As Eleanor and her escort entered, the orchestra interrupted its selection of the moment to break into the strains of "You Are My Lucky Star." Everyone in the restaurant gave Eleanor an ovation.

Señor Ygorin was so delighted with this quaint American demonstration of that he ordered champagne for the orchestra. Then he asked Eleanor what the music was. And learned for the first time that she was in the movies.

Somehow, that delighted Eleanor. That someone had actually wanted to know her, perfectly unaware that she was a movie star.

She did not go out much in New York, but when she did, it was usually with the young, darkly handsome Peruvian lawyer.

Then, she returned to Hollywood to make Born to Dance. And cable offices in Los Angeles began to receive cablegrams from Peru, both the Life and the Hollywood Reporter. Checking, they discovered that a wealthy gentleman from Peru paid the cabal players company to have such an address, which, decoded, would stand for: "Eleanor Powell.—Bedford Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

And all this happened without the knowledge of the Peruvian correspondents. It might have remained a secret indefinitely, if an outsider hadn't been present when one of the cablegrams arrived. Then the story came out. And, immediately, romance rumours about Eleanor and "a wealthy Peruvian admirer" were rampant. For Eleanor had led, up to date, a life singularly devoid of romances.

I checked into them. And I have an amazing story to tell you—about an Adelita that reveals Eleanor in a new light, a story that reveals the amazing girl behind the dancing star.

"I'm very fond of him, as a friend. I'm not thinking of marrying," she told me, her blue eyes looking straight at me. "I'm not in love."

"I never had the time to fall in love—or even to be sorry that I haven't. And it's a bit ironic, too," she smiled cheerfully. "I'm one of the youngest stars at the studio. I'm supposed to be the peppy, bachelorette girl, that plays out a good time. Dances, parties, moonlight auto rides, sodas at the corner drug store, and all the rest of it. I'm still the kind of playing that most girls do at sixteen."

"I've never had the time... work is play to me... I'm not sorry—yet. I want to get that point across. I've had a good time, in my own way. A swell time."

I'm too excited about my work to be happy doing anything else. You wouldn't want to talk about that, would you? And it's been that way, as long as I can remember. Sometimes, I wonder how much longer it will be that way."

"When I'm working, I have to be up at a quarter to six, to limber up for the day's work, in bed at nine-thirty at night. And when I have days off, instead of going away on a trip somewhere, I'm so tired that I have to spend time to store up energy."

"Yet I get home from the studio, after doing a number all day and say to Mother, 'I think I'll do that number once more.' I do it, right then and there. And I'm thinking about it all during dinner."

"Mother says my dinner doesn't do me any good because I'm thinking of all the time it's taking. The doctor told her the other day, 'You've got to get more pounds on this girl.' and she just threw up her hands."

"Sometimes, I think, I'd like to give up all this. That sounds silly, probably, in just those words. Sounds like the star too-too-tired-of-it-all complaining about her luck. I don't mean it that way."

"I'm quite sure that I shall always dance. But some day I'd like to dance just to amuse myself, without worrying whether or not anyone else will like what I'm doing."

"I feel that she has missed something along the way to success."

"No. Because I wouldn't have what I do have, to-day, if I hadn't been willing to pass up a few things. Sports, for example."

"I've never been able to go horseback-riding because I've always had the thought, 'If the horse can't draw me, and I broke my ankle, I'd never have flexibility again. I couldn't do that ripple of tacks that I've worked years to perfect."

"I haven't been able to play tennis. I have to give my heart a rest. It's overtaxed already..."
by my dancing. I have to watch it constantly.

"If I went out for tennis, I'd give everything to it. That's me: a one-track mind. And energy plus. When I get into a thing, it's so see how far I can go in it.

"I would have been a swimmer if I hadn't been a dancer—and I would have worked to be a champion. I don't dabble, when I get an interest. I put everything I have into it. Particularly if it's competitive.

"I get letters from ambitious girls, trying to be dancers, saying, 'Gee, I hope I can be a big success.' If they ever read this, they'll probably ask, 'Gee, what's the sense of living—if you can't do anything but work?"

"And all I can answer is that work has its own peculiar compensations, entirely apart from fame or money. There is a satisfaction in accomplishment, especially creative accomplishment, that tops anything play can offer. I'm pretty sure of that."

But hasn't this concentration on work taken some rare will power? There is no false modesty about Eleanor.

"I have wonderful will power, if I do say so myself." She will tell you.

"This will power—which, by the way, has kept me from falling in love—came from working very young. That can't help but develop character and a sense of responsibility, particularly when a person has absolute freedom to choose what he will do. Which I had. I wasn't forced to work. My mother told me, when the choice between school and career came up, 'Eleanor, you can do what you want to do—but once you make your choice, I'll expect you to stick to it, to prove you meant it.' I can't let mother down, or my grandfather or grandmother. They've believed in me so. And not wanting to let somebody down who believes in you has so much to do with your coming through.

"But getting back to romance—or romances—I've had far less than the usual girl. Oh, I've had 'conquests'; everyone on the stage has those, flitting across the footlights. But not anything to touch the heart. Yes, I've had some embarrassing moments because I hate to hurt anyone's feelings. There were boys who cared, and I couldn't hurt them by saying, straight out, I didn't. For, once you meet a fine, clean boy, who is attracted to you because you don't drink or pet or know all the latest smutty stories, and he wants to continue the companionship—well, it can become serious if you continue, too.'"

I reminded her that when she first went East to play in At Home Abroad, she was briefly engaged to Abe Lyman, the orchestra leader. I asked her how that had happened.

She smiled. "I don't know. It must have been part of the excitement of getting back to New York. Or I must have been in a daze. I like Abe; always have and probably always will. But I don't know, now, what made either of us think it was a romance. We didn't have the illusion very long, if you remember.

"But, seriously, I've always had my work and my family to occupy my thoughts. When I haven't had work to think about, I've had my family—a swell family.

"Very few people could live as I do, probably, and enjoy life.

"People ask me, 'But don't you ever go out? I wonder sometimes why any boys ever take the trouble to come round. Johnny Payne, for example—a grand boy. He's coming over this afternoon to see me, though I warned him that Myrna Loy has loaned me her hairdresser to experiment with some new coiffures, and we'll be experimenting this afternoon. And Jack La Rue says, 'Eleanor, if I get to be 50, I'll wait to take you out just once. Jimmy Stewart hasn't seen me much since he stopped working with me.'

"It all comes back to that little matter of time.

"I work under terrific pressure—physical and mental. A dramatic actress, when she gets through one scene, has nothing to worry about except her make-up, her clothes, and her lines for the next scene. I have lines to rehearse, too, and make-up to repair, and clothes changes. And then, on top of those responsibilities, countless others. But I seem to thrive on them.

"I have to make sure that my shoes are completely broken in. I have to be sure that I am completely limber. I have to remember complicated routines and try to improve on them if I can. If I do an hour of ballet, I have to do an hour of tap afterwards, and vice versa, to equalise the effect on the muscles. I have to be thinking ahead not only to the next scene but the next sequence, the next picture. I have to be generating ideas, day in, day out. Nobody else can do that for me. I've developed my own style, my own technique. It's individual. And the only way I can keep it individual and spontaneous, is to create all my steps myself.

"Some day," says Miss Powell, "I'd like to dance just to amuse myself"—the star here does her stuff for her new picture "Broadway Melody of 1938."

"When I came back from this last vacation—they called it 'a vacation,' but I called it, having two impacted wisdom teeth out"—the studio said, 'Just tell us what you want, in preparing for Broadway Melody and we'll give it to you.' And do you know what my answer was? 'All I want is time. Just give me time and I won't ask anything else. Time, so that I won't be working under pressure.'

"Yet she likes the business. She loves it. She isn't sorry that, to date, it has made her miss romance.

"I won't miss it forever. But as much as I like dancing, I'll never marry and try to keep on working. Some girls could do it, but I couldn't. When I work, I work too hard, have to create too much to have time to think of anything else.

"When I do marry, I want my marriage to be as important as my work has been. And I think my will power will keep me from falling in love with a man who hasn't some driving ambition, himself, a passion for achievement."

He paused, and added: "When I have time to fall in love . . .\"
A POWER

What do you know about the handsome young man who has lately been made a star by Twentieth Century-Fox? Here is an account of his career up to now

by MAX BREEN

America has developed a Powercomplex.

By that I don't mean any of the murky, obscure mental inveniences that psychologists Jung and Freud would have you understand by that phrase.

In this case it merely means that the whole United States nation, with perhaps a few crusty exceptions, has fallen heavily for the charm of a young man of twenty-four named Tyrone Power.

You raise a very natural objection here. "How can that be," you argue, "when America is already gravelling at the feet of Robert Taylor?"

Well, it's an odd and perhaps fortunate thing that picturegoers, like the heathen, seem capable of adoring more than one divinity at a time—though to be sure I've never heard of anyone liking Garbo and Dietrich...

Anyway, the fact remains that since Robert Taylor first dawned on our consciousness no new male star has hit the headlines with such a bang as Tyrone Power has.

The film in which he first made a real splash, Lloyd's of London, is released this week, and it seems an appropriate occasion to have a look at the youngster whom 20th Century-Fox are building-up as their biggest "rising star."

There are all sorts of ways of getting to Hollywood—some you can go by plane, train, ship, bus, buggy, or hitch-hiking—but very few people have thought of getting there by being weak and ill.

Little Tyrone (third of that name, derived from the place in Ireland from which Great-grandfather Power came) thought this one up all by himself.

A frail and ailing child of two years, son of actor-folk, he could not stand the severe climate of New York in Winter, and had to be sent to sunny California, which had suited him very well a year earlier while his parents were playing in Hollywood pictures.

Just about this time the United States were making a belated entry into the War, and little Tyrone's mother, Patia Power (she had been christened Emma Reaume), who to-day is well-known on the stage and "the air", organised a little stock company, called the Power Players, to entertain the troops.

After the war she was engaged for five consecutive seasons to play the leading feminine role in the annual Mission Play, staged at the San Gabriel Mission in California.

At the age of seven son Tyrone was allowed to play the role of Pablo, a neophyte, and he did so well that in the next play he was given a much more important role.

This time he had the Los Angeles critics writing about his "masterful performance," and that, just as much as his parentage, decided where Master Power's future activities would lie.

He went to various Catholic schools, and a Catholic college—the University of Dayton, Ohio.

California air and sunshine had built up the weakly little boy into a husky youth, and even before he left school he began to earn his living—as an assistant in a chemist's shop.

As soon as he graduated, there was a family conference as to what he had better do. As far as he was concerned, there was only one thing he wanted to do, and that was to become an actor as soon as possible—and as good an actor as possible.

His father, one of the most illustrious American actors of his day, heaved a sigh of satisfaction and proceeded to put the youngster through a strict dramatic training—an ordeal through which he came with flying colours.

But his first professional engagement was very nearly his last.

The play was The Merchant of Venice, staged in Chicago. Tyrone Power sen. was playing the Doge; Tyrone jun. was an old man, his friend. Shylock was played by another eminent actor, Fritz Lieber.

Gesticulating with a huge knife in the trial scene, Lieber inadvertently let it slip from his grasp, and it whizzed across the stage, almost brushed the boy's cheek, and buried itself half deep in the scenery.

Thanks to his father's tutelage, the boy did not turn a hair, and his father managed to turn slightly from the audience as he whispered, "My God, son, are you hurt?"

Poor Lieber nearly had a fit! When the Chicago season closed, Power sen. returned to Hollywood to play a lead in Paramount's The Miracle Man, and son Tyrone was promised a small part in the same picture.

But the father was taken ill on the set, and although he worked gallantly on until midnight, he collapsed, and at four in the morning he died in his son's arms.

This was at the very end of 1931, when Tyrone jun. was only eighteen, and he found himself out of the cast.

He began to hunt for work, but in spite of the reputation he had begun to make in Chicago he met with only vague promises and loud protestsations of regard for his dead father, which didn't amount to much when it came to paying the grocer's bill.

He joined his mother and sister in the Community Theatre at Santa Barbara, and worked hard to perfect himself in his job; when not actually working he continually made the..."
Of Charm

He is said to be enjoying an off-screen romance with Sonja Henie.

(Below) While still a schoolboy he worked in a chemist's shop.

rounds of the Hollywood casting offices, which is, perhaps, the hardest work of all.

This went on for two years, and then he decided to try his luck in New York.

Breaking his journey at Chicago to visit friends, he was fortunate in securing a stage engagement, and also a minor role in a broadcast of Grand Hotel.

Don Ameche happened to be in the same cast, and the two young men have been firm friends ever since.

Tyrone spent almost a year in Chicago, in stage and radio work, and then decided it was really time he took a buck at Broadway. He found himself with El a week, on which he must live until he could obtain work, and even that modest income would not last for ever.

However, he found friends; a former wife of John Barrymore, Michael Strange, gave him a room rent free, and the famous actress, Helen Mencken, with whom he had worked in Chicago, gave him letters of introduction to influential people, which resulted in his being engaged as understudy in a Broadway production.

The young actor he understudied was Burgess Meredith, who has since scored heavily in the film, Winter斯顿.

When that engagement ended young Power went into a summer stock company in New England, and there he was "spotted" by Hollywood talent scouts.

But in his pocket the young man had a contract to appear in Romeo and Juliet on Broadway in the autumn, and remembering how little Hollywood had thought of him before, he rightly decided that his prospects there would be roser if he established himself as a somebody in the theatre first.

He proceeded to do just that; the critics approved him, and even more heartily in St Joan; 20th Century-Fox made a test of him and signed him on a seven-year contract—just like that!

His first role was in the nature of a "try-out."

Do you remember in Girls' Dormitory Simone Simon told Herbert Marshall that her fiancé was coming to the school to see her, whereas actually he was a cousin for whom she had no particular affection?

That was Tyrone Power, and the tiny part showed that he had charm, and polish, and skill. In fact, it fully justified producer Darryl Zanuck's choice of a new leading man.

In Ladies in Love he had a negligible role, but, his work in Lloyds of London more than confirmed Zanuck's opinion.

Like Don Ameche, he had a narrow escape from being cast opposite Simone in Seventh Heaven. As Chico, he would have been miscast; in Lloyds of London he was exactly right.

Love is News was his next, and there he faced a severe test. He had to be convincing yet attractive as an American newspaperman, and as there is hardly any species of young man in the world more bumptious and deliberately uncouth than the young American reporter, this was a tall order.

And Tyrone Power delivered the goods.

It's largely his air of natural modesty, of an inherent ability to realise and be amused by his own limitations, that helped him to make good in that picture. Very few actors have that quality. Franchot Tone is one. James Stewart is another, Lew Ayres is a third.

In Café Metropole Power had an even less sympathetic part, that of an American playboy posing in Europe as a Russian prince, but again he rose superior to his vehicle, and has delighted the American critics with his performance.

But his next, Lovely to Look At, provides him with a much more attractive type of part.

With the flair for exploitation for which Hollywood is famous, they've teamed him with Sonja Henie, the world's champion ice skater, with whom he is said to be enjoying an off-screen romance.

Certainly from what I've heard of the love scenes in this picture (it hasn't arrived here yet) it is obvious that little persuasion was necessary to induce either of the stars to "make it natural."

If Lovely to Look At is as big a success as is anticipated, I shouldn't be surprised to see these two built up into a regular team; it was suggested at one time that Tyrone would make a suitable permanent screen-soul-mate for Madeleine Carroll, and then after Love is News and Café Metropole it seemed quite evident that he and Loretta Young were destined to treat the paths of romance together until further notice.

In fact, they are already scheduled for one further picture together—Second Honeymoon, the story of a divorced couple who meet on a trip round the world.

Meanwhile he is working on his sixth film, In Old Chicago (rather appropriate, seeing that that is where the foundation of his career was really laid), and already he is regarded as one of the most important of the younger players.

As Robert Taylor is to M.-G.-M., as Errol Flynn is to Warner Bros., as Ray Milland is to Paramount, so is Tyrone Power to 20th Century-Fox—their best and brightest juvenile.

In case you like details, he is six feet tall and weighs just over eleven stone, and although he looks slender, he keeps extremely fit by swimming, tennis, and horse-riding; but his hobby is cinematography.

He is particularly fond of watching outdoor games, especially football, which he always wanted to play at school, but was never allowed to because he was too delicate. There is nothing delicate about him now.

Hair dark brown, eyes ditto, under eyebrows which would make Dietrich shudder, they're so natural.

In fact, everything about him is natural, including his being a "natural-born" actor.

If you're not already a Power fan, look out! You're in grave danger of becoming one any day now.
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From SCHOOLROOM to SCREEN FAME

That's the experience of 12-year-old Tommy Kelly, chosen from 25,000 boys to be the talkie "Tom Sawyer".

When a seven-pound son was born to Mrs. Michael Aloysious Kelly, the former Nora McDonnell, of a family of 13 children, at 9 a.m. on April 6, 1925, the possibility that a new theatrical dynasty had been founded was completely overlooked.

Christened "Thomas Francis," the new arrival took his allotted place in the modest Kelly home at 2958 Lyzon Avenue, the Bronx, New York, which then housed three other children.

Although Mrs. Kelly believed that her son had the customary sporting chance of becoming President, and as Tommy grew older he saw himself as an outfielder for the New York Giants baseball team, neither believed that the visit of a film scout to Tommy's school one day last spring meant that fate had turned the corner.

When the talent scout visited the school, he was doing what scores of other persons in similar capacity had been doing for the past few months in all parts of America. He was looking for a typical American boy to play the role of Tom in David O. Selznick's Technicolour production of The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, which was determined to cast with an unknown, a stubborn determination which up till then had resulted in the testing of several hundred boys and personal interviews with more than 25,000. Twice the picture had been postponed for lack of a suitable Tom.

There was something about the Irish twinkle in Tommy's eyes, something about the way he wore his tousled hair, and something about his grin, that sent a surge of hope into the talent scout's heart.

Could Tommy act? Not at all, which made it all the better, because this was a role in which he who acted the least acted the best.

Did he have experience? None whatever, if you would except the time he played an end man in a school minstrel show, when he was 9, the time he played the boatswain in the school production of Pinafore, and the time he played Santa Claus in another school production.

However, his career in school theatricals had been quiescent for more than two years; he was much too interested in baseball.

From the 750 pupils in St. Raymond's school, one of dozens of such schools which had been explored for possible Tom Sawyers, Tommy Kelly was selected for a test.

By air express a dozen of Tom's photographs comprising this test was speeded westward to Selznick's Hollywood studios.

In his darkened projection room, where the producer had viewed tests of hundreds of other boys, the little frames of celluloid bearing the image of Tommy were unreeled.

When the lights were switched on, Selznick had breathed a sigh of relief. He knew that the long, expensive search for an unknown to play the title role in Mark Twain's classic of boyhood, was over.

Into motion now went the magic machinery of Hollywood, which was to take up a small, timid schoolboy, who had faced a camera for the first time in his life, and set him down in Hollywood as a newly-born film star.

To 12-year-old Tommy Kelly who had read and believed a whole library of adventure yarns, the fairy story in which he was now to have the principal role, was almost a matter of course. But to the Kelly family, to whom existence had always been a grim struggle, the selection of Tommy as Tom Sawyer was a miracle.

For two years Michael Kelly, the father, had been on State relief as a social service investigator. He had never been a high-salaried worker, his steadiest job having been as sexton in St. Raymond's church, a sexton being traditionally the person than whom only the church mouse is poorer.

The boy's mother has been to a movie only three times since her marriage.

To Tommy, the equivalent of one shilling a week spending money had the ring of munificence.

On many a night his mother had stitched and patched to keep his clothes neat for school.

This is how Mrs. Kelly took the news: "It's very hard to believe. Tommy went to Hollywood with his father to be trained for his screen test. But I knew there were other boys they were considering, too."

"I really didn't think he would be chosen. I still can't realize it. He's just an ordinary boy even though the teachers at the school did say he was very good in Pinafore and the other plays.

Tommy and his father left New York on the 20th Century Limited. Immediately upon finding living quarters, Tommy was registered at St. Augustine's school in Culver City and his new life began.

Norman Taurog, the director of The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, began coaching him in scenes of the screenplay.

The studio engaged Nettie McCarthy, sister of the Rt. Rev. Raphael J. McCarthy, president of Marquette University, as a private nurse and supervisor of Tommy's health and diet.

Not to train him in swimming, because Tommy had already acquired a proficiency in that under the tutelage of his father, who was a week-end lifeguard at the public beaches of New York, but to school him in the dog-fashion crawl of midwest boyhood, Clyde Swendsen, famous aquatic coach, conditioner of such champions as Johnny Weissmuller and Buster Crabbe, was engaged.

Tommy has already realized some of his most burning ambitions. He has a bicycle, something his father never could afford to buy him before; he has a .22 rifle, for which he had long yearned, has the privilege of practising markmanship on the Culver City police range, and he is a fireman.

The Culver City fire department adopted Tommy as its mascot several days after he had been named as Tom Sawyer and permitted him to ride to a fire and sound the siren.

Although he's only 12 years old, Tommy has reminiscences. He recalls the time he and his gang had a tricycle race, the winner to be declared chief of police for a game of cops and robbers. He took a header and three stitches were required to close the cut beneath his chin.

He recalls all the trouble his first teacher, Miss Margaret Leahy, at St. Francis Xavier school, which he attended before St. Raymond's, had trying to make him use his right hand for writing, although Tommy is naturally left handed. Now he writes right handed but does everything else left handed.

He learned to roller skate and ice skate when he was seven years old. He has run the gamut of child ailments, measles when he was two, whooping cough soon after, and mumps when he was seven.

Tommy has the typical American material slant on a college education. "Sure I want to go to college, " he says. "It gets you some place. "And if I play baseball in college," says Tommy hopefully, "I might get discovered and get to play with the New York Giants."

In fact, baseball has such a grip on Tommy's imagination that even being a film star is just a means to an end.

"If I can be a film star for a few years," he said, "I can save enough money to go to college and play baseball."

Raising in a teeming city, the kind of boyhood lived by Tom Sawyer is utterly foreign to his histrionic prototype.

"If you ever try to build a hut to play pirate with in our neighbourhood, somebody will call the cops," bemoaned Tommy.
Joan poses as a lady at a fashionable resort where Robert Young and his fiancée Lynne Carver are staying. Franchot Tone is the local telegraph operator.

The BRIDE Wore RED

Joan Crawford, as you see here, introduces a striking new coiffure in her latest film, in which she appears in a Cinderella part as an entertainer in a cheap waterfront café (the role gives her an opportunity to sing, incidentally). She is again supported by Hubby Franchot Tone. Also in the cast is Robert Young.

Above: For once Mr. Tone gets the girl in the end in a Crawford picture.

Right: Joan puts over her society act. Left to right: Reginald Owen, Billie Burke, Robert Young, Miss Crawford and Lynne Carver. Make a note of Lynne; it's her first big role.
A trick of the trade. Cameraman Peverell Marley explains one of his new gadgets to Tyrone Power, Andy Devine and Alice Faye between scenes on the "In Old Chicago" set.

Grace Moore, returning to Hollywood after a New York holiday, is besieged at Pasadena station by admirers and autograph collectors.

For sports or travel, town or country, in the autumn, this type of costume, from the personal wardrobe of Gail Patrick, is suitable. The skirt is of navy blue wool, and the bands and jacket are of navy, white and grey plaid.
EDDIE CANTOR returns to the screen after an absence of some eighteen months—and this time under the banner of Twentieth Century-Fox. His last picture was “Strike Me Pink.” In the new film he is supported by June Lang, Roland Young and Louise Hovick (formerly known as Gypsy Rose Lee).
Left: The Caliph puts on a floor show which apparently betrays a preference for bigger, better, and darker dancers.

Cantor in a spot of bother. It's a bit rough being chained up, and with all those harem "lovelies" about, too.

The music goes round and round—and the visitor infuses a little "pep" into the court band.

Above: June Lang is one of the beauties of the ancient Eastern court ruled by Roland Young. Eddie aids and abets her in her love affair with Tony Martin.
Freely adapted by Marjory Williams from the film "San Quentin" by permission of First National.

MONEY—always money needed in this game, whether you came by it honestly or not.

Red Kennedy, who had served his first short term in a county jail for robbery, thereupon decided he was not cut out for a criminal. The unpleasant feeling that the police were on his trail for a restaurant hold-up, definitely to be his last offence, induced him to apply for a job in Seattle. For the money to go there, it was necessary to fall back on May's.

As a sister, May had proved herself a good sport. She had looks, a contralto voice, and a job as torch singer at the Lorenz Cafe. It would do, so Red thought, a comparatively easy matter to slip in by the back entrance and ask to speak to her.

So it proved. Unaware of the plain-clothes men who had just entered the building from the front, he hung about while a waiter delivered his message.

Within a moment May appeared, looking, though he hadn't time to comment on her, and full wherefores of the fact, extraordinarily live and attractive.

"I've a job, if I can make it look half-way decent," he told her. "Could you let me have some cash?"

"Oh, Red, I am glad! I'll get you some."

"Hurry, Sis."

He had taken from her all the notes she could spare when the swing doors leading to the dining-room burst open. Red was surrounded by plain-clothes men, two of whom seized his arms. A tall, well-set-up fellow in a plain-jacket and uniform's, though Red didn't know it, had been the cause of May's animation on this their first meeting, was in the picture.

"What does this mean?" May asked.

"She's okay, Chief," spoke up a uniformed officer. "I heard the whole thing out in the alley. Kennedy gave her a line about a job at the Seattle and touched her for dough."

"Tough on kids like you," the Chief said. "Come on, Kennedy."

In due course Red, the hold-up being a second offence, was sentenced to ten years at San Quentin. Turning his back on the broad river, the peaceful fields, the white roads of the San Joaquin Valley, the waiter, other arrivals at the lodge entrance to the grim building, standing four-square about a central yard. At his back, a man, with a long nose and twinkle eyes, in front of Red banded words with the guard: "Got my room ready for me, Gus?" he inquired.

"If it isn't Sailor Boy Hansen!"

the guard returned. "Sorry. They've put a guest in your room for the week-end."

"Well, Hansen, you like it up here, it seems."

The yard captain wearing blue uniform and peaked cap, had come up. "Get your receipt at my office."

Sailor Boy moved on. Red found himself scrutinised by a pair of dark eyes under a haughty, marked brow, and at once recognised the yard captain. He was the lieutenant who had been present at Red's arrest. Knowledge that he also had been recognised made Red say:

"Now that you've had a good look, Captain, how do you like me?"

"I don't. I've seen you before."

"Oh, yeah! Where?"

"Forget it. Maybe I will, too. You know, if you're smart, you could turn your sentence to advantage. You could learn a trade."

"Supposing I don't want to?"

"You'll learn one, anyway, and like it."

The retort came from Lieutenant Druggin, whom Red was prompt to dislike for his hounding of the convicts as if they were animals.

Life at San Quentin was grim enough, as Red also discovered. Even Sailor Boy, the second-timer and his cell-mate, with whom Red felt he could have struck up a friendship, turned out at first to be a disappointment.

The convicts were hanging about the yard one morning, waiting to be detailed for jobs, when Red heard his number called by the runner with the megaphone who announced the day's assignments.

"Get your stuff from your cell. You're going back to San Francisco."

Announced the runner on Red's interested appeal.

Red was arguing with the turnkey about opening the yard gate when called to order by a guard. "Fathead! They've been pulling your leg. If you've got a pardon, I've a million dollars, he rapped.

To find Sailor Boy and land him a left hook eased Red's feelings, but roused those of Druggin, who hauled him off before Captain Jameson.

Again Red was obliged to look into dark eyes subjecting him to peculiar scrutiny. A strong voice detailed his past from reform school upwards.

"Too bad you weren't in the Army," the captain added. "Might have done you a lot of good. Well, this is your first offence. Privileges suspended for a month. Four days' solitary confinement."

For a time, at least, Red was docked of receiving visitors. When he was allowed to see May in the public room with a barrier between them, the money he had asked her to bring proved the old stumbling-block.

Hardly had she slipped the coveted notes from her bag when a guard bore down upon them.

"I'll have to report this to the office, lady. It's against the rules to give the prisoners money."

"I thought you said it was all right, Red."

"A guy wants some good food and a smoke, once in a while," he grumbled.

None less, the inevitable happened. May was taken off to the captain's office, while Red was marched to a change of cell by Druggin. "Captain's orders; your privileges are suspended for another month, and you're to be with the first offenders, not with the lags," Druggin informed.

Red's cell-mates proved less hard bitten and more interested in the authorities than his former associates.

Jameson's a swell guy," one Dorgan observed, as the tail figure passed down the line of cells after inspection. "You know, he was sent over from the United States Army to be yard captain instead of Druggin. Druggin had his chance with three stripes, but he was too ambitious even for the parole board. Jameson knows how to handle men."

"Looks like another copper to me," Red said indifferently.

He wasn't sorry at his first day in the machine-room to find Sailor Boy his working partner. Something spirited and cheery about the second-timer pleased Red. He was also flattered at finding his former quarrellings regarding a basis for friendship.

Both agreed, furthermore, over a game of dominos that as a short cut to goal-break one should qualify for employment with the road-gang—all privileged convicts with records for good behaviour.

While discussing the personal aspect of this step when an incident occurred in the yard. A guard on duty in the gallery above dropped his rifle over the railing. It was snatched up by Dopey Rogers, a reliable, amiable man who was placed to his fellows to save themselves from hell-fire had just caused an outbreak of laughter and coarse joking.

"Can't you shut your mouth, you're showing off," shouted, showing that knew how to handle a gun. You scolded at me when I wanted to bring you the light of salvation. If you continue to refuse it, I'll wipe you from the face of the earth."

One guard had already fallen wounded when Jameson, unarmed, came into the yard. Elbowing his way through the crowd of one of whom would have dared to come within six feet of the menace, he was always within speaking distance of Rogers.

"Put that down!" he ordered.

"How are the boys to repent if you cut them off? Pull yourself together; you've nothing to fear from me. You know that."

Rogers moved slightly. For ten seconds the unfinishing figure in dark blue wouldn't win. But, having allowed that the captain certainly had never scoffed at his message, the maniac broke out again.

"The others beat me. They spat on me out of pure feeling for the trigger; 'and you did nothing to stop them, captain. Stand back!'"

Jameson stood his ground. "Take it out of me. I listen only if you give them a chance, but you've got to take it easy."

"I'll have to report this to the office, lady. It's against the rules to give the prisoners money."

"I thought you said it was all right, Red."

"A guy wants some good food and a smoke, once in a while," he grumbled.

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(Continued on page 22)
There's Jack Dancing with Sylvia Again. I'm Sorry for Doreen

My Dear She's Lost Her Looks Terribly—Her Complexion!

The Next Club Dance

Don't You Want to Dance with Sylvia Jack? . . . . .

I'm Not Going to Leave My Pretty Wife—Somebody Else Will Be Running Off with Her If I Do

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TEN FOR SIXPENCE TWENTY FOR A SHILLING
In spite of Druggin's exaggerated efforts, Red managed to break off by telephone to the newspapers. I struck proved a mere flash in the pan. Red, convinced the men's return to work the following morning as one more up to the captain. Later he haggard into himself that his hero, in a gesture of refusing from the parole board, had succeeded in his claim to be allowed to stay at San Abner and do his job as he thought best.

Meanwhile Red became daily more pleased than ever he could have pictured for himself. We were in the open. Knowledge that the road he was helping to make connected our highway became a fascination, only because he hoped one day to earn the right to pass the guard. Sailor Boy, who, by reason unaccounted for, had joined the road gang, voiced other ideas to Red.

"I'm surprised to know a make and be outside the walls for ever," he suggested one morning while Red paused to wipe off sweat.

"And spend the rest of my life hiding out? Not much. My term isn't as long as yours, Sailor. A couple of years of behaving myself and I'll be on the right side.

"That may be a hunkhouse where the privileged convicts sleep, instead of in the cells, went on so that Red could hear. Tired though he was, he gave me an answering smile.

"That may be a hunkhouse where the privileged convicts sleep, instead of in the cells, went on so that Red could hear. Tired though he was, he gave me an answering smile.

"Take your ugly hands off of me. I didn't mean anything; that is more than the prison knows. You think Captain Jameson's going to get you, because he's a great guy. You don't know he's calling on your sister. I'm drinking her coffee, making up to her—"

"You?" if it hadn't been for Sailor Boy, Red would have throttled the wind out of Fink. "You crazy fool! You only get in the can that way," Sailor Boy threatened, adding as the guard approached him, "thinking to know the cause of the disturbance. "It's nothing, mister. We was just chasin' Red, trying to settle in his blankets couldn't rest. "Was that crack about my sister on the level, Sailor?" he whispered across the darkness between their beds. "No. Why you think you're wise to it. Captain sees her every time she visits the prison. Hatred over every one of it, everything but desire to be revenged."

"I'll give these guys something to talk about," he muttered. "One day I'll leave San Abner and never come back. When do we break, Sailor?"

"Not talking, Red." In the night the second-timer outlined his scheme. His girl, Helen, would drive him to the point where the pub and highway joined. He would see up and, when told to move on, would discover himself and let out the air, conveniently flat. A request to the guard for help should a couple of Red and Sailor Boy being told to manipulate the jack, if they were lucky. "And then," as Sailor Boy said, "we're practically on the outside for keeps."

Yesterday the plan of action had seemed full of cracks as mice-ridden cheese. To-day, with all Red's hero-worship exploded by his appearance it appeared sound as a bell. Strangely enough, his stages were actually carried through without rehearsal or mishap. A guard on night duty had been sent to the guard-house, sucumbing to Helen's plea of puncture trouble and for help in changing a wheel.

"You two, over here and change tyres," he ordered. Willingly Red and Sailor Boy, abandoning tools, got down to the job while Red pocketed the car key. A duplicate key passed from Helen's to Sailor Boy's bunk. Next morning on the side of the car not surveyed by the guard, he was withdrawing a couple of Red and Sailor Boy being from the under-shelf of the tool box. Helen played her part. Engaging the guard in conversation, she saw that her brother was back to Druggin, whose appearance on the scene was a signal for Sailor Boy to shout: "Stick up for the Druggin on, Red. Get in the car and keep moving."

Hauling Druggin and keeping him covered, Sailor Boy fording his prisoner on to the back seat. Helen occupied the front, while Red trod on the accelerator. The heavy, hooded hooder, safe from open attack by the guards, roared on to the high road.

A couple of miles from San Quentin, at a point where the road shelved away on one side to a steep bank, the two were met with flints and opened the car door. To Red, driving, the cries of the terrified Druggin at realising his end was in sight had no reality. Not until Druggin's body had rolled down the merciless slope did Red shiver. Too late to regret.

Feeling sick, he opened throttle, forcing his thoughts to the matter in hand and experiencing a heightening of tension. Sailor Boy was looking on one back window, shouted:

"Step on it, Red! Police are picking up on us."

The needle of the engine, responding to Red's touch, drowned the noise of revolvers shots, but, catching sight of the petrol indicator, he turned to Helen:

"How much petrol did you put in?"

"The tank was full."

"Gauge shows empty. They must have hit the tank." As though in confirmation of Red's thought, the engine missed fire and began to peter out. "Here comes a car," Sailor Boy called. "Let's grab it."

A couple of shots missing the wings, and orders shouted for the occupants to pull up, brought the oncoming coach to a standstill.

"Come on! Leave your motor running and get outside; you, too, sister," Sailor Boy ordered. Leaving two terrified young women in their wake in charge of Helen, Red and Sailor Boy embarked on the coup. With a grinding of gears and skidding of corners, they forged ahead. On a flat stretch, with an unprotected horizon in sight, potholes could be seen coming up behind. A train was on its way to cross the road. Could Red make it? He did, with not a moment to spare; heat from the locomotive, which towered above him like a monster, touched his cheek as he shot past.

A long line of cars and trucks, the blood running under the glazed cycles, did not give Red the ground for which he had shot and road ran alongside, another level crossing came into view.

"Come on, Red Beat that train!" shouted the second-timer. "First, we'll make it," Sailor Boy called. Red set his teeth, letting

Again Red was obliged to look into dark, subjecting him to peculiar scrutiny.

the car do all it knew. For a time it wrestled stubbornly, but Red saw to make the necessary gain was hopeless. The train roared on, engaging the level crossing. Jamming on his brakes, Red tried to guide the couple down the steep bank at the roadside. It overturned. He felt a crushing weight on his head and knew nothing more. Coming to very slowly, he found himself from the wreckage. Strange that he could move; that apparently no bones were broken. Through mud and dust he saw Sailor Boy lying in a heap, and bent over him, straightening the inert limbs, looking at the boy's chest as if in sleep. "Sailor! Sailor!" he cried in panic, and saw that he was dead. Even then his nerves held, and soon the police would be upon him. Scrambling up the bank on to the track, he waited for the oncoming train As the first police cycle turned in to investigate the smash, Red, taking advantage of the long shadows, managed to board a cattle truck.

Late that evening he arrived, by way of the bedroom window,
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REVIEWS

by Son D'Arne

THE SINGING MARINE

PERSONALLY, I'm growing rather tired of seeing Dick Powell go through his less-extravagant routine of Local-Boy-Makes-Good Plot Number One, but it is brightly put over in this picture, with plenty of incidental humour, and excellent song and production numbers.

On this occasion Powell appears as a girl-shy private in those famous U.S. Marines, who scores a success in an amateur hour try-out and becomes a big star overnight.

Fame and affluence on his head, he neglects his poor but honest girl friend for a flirtatious film star and gets himself in wrong with his Marine "buddies."

He is ordered to China with his corps and further arousen sentiment by travelling in a lifting line, instead of the usual transport, and opening up a night club in Shanghai.

However, he finally gets over the club to Ma Marine, the beloved Matron of the Marines, gets rid of the managers, who have been his evil genius, and wins the favour of all concerned.

Despite being let down by the story, Ray Noble is always tops and he puts over his songs with easy charm and expertise. The ingenuity of the composition is at its best in Doris Weston, who herself got her first chance in a radio "Amateur Hour" not long ago. Most of the comedy, however, is due to Jerome Hale, who, as one of the managers provides an object lesson in what can be done with little or no material. One telephone scene in which he plays his own sister is a riot. The rest of the cast is also somewhat starved of material. Lee Dixon is badly served with dialogue, and his one dance number is none too well conceived.

He has no comedy opportunities at all, playing a practically straight role as a Marine. Yet, for all that, his harmonica, however, are seen and heard to advantage.

The musical overflows songs, notably "'Cause My Baby Says it's So," "The Lady Who Couldn't be Kissed," and "I Know Now," that are good enough to be plucked or to death as major hits long before the picture reaches the release houses.

There are one or two particularly imaginative Busby Berkeley production numbers, which lose nothing from being presented on a less extravagant but more logical scale in the night club and board ship sequences.

***SALLY DANCE***


Fred Astaire...Petrov Ginger Rogers...Ginger Jerome Cowan...Arthur Miller Madeleine Carroll...Lady Elizabeth John Julian Angier John Drake...Paolo Danilo Woff...Polly Loker George Sanders...Hans Richter Jerome Cowan...Lord Everett Stacy J. M. Newman...Brock Watson Uta O'Gonon...Widow Blake Forrest Harvey...Perretta Ports Sallie March...Sally M. Leeds E. E. Cleve...Magistrate L. F. A...Laurel Murray...MONTAGU LOVE Hawkins Maria...Mabel Meridith Robert Greig...Lord Drayton Herbert...Mr. Murray Murray Kinnell...Reverend Nelson Tom Waits...Rector Georges Renval...French Lieutenant Directed by Mark Sandrich. Music by George Gershwin. Preview May 31, 1937.

Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in Sally Dance, a bright, sprucesing and dancing and quarrelling, with all the usual incidental gaiety and charm.

This time Fred is Peter P. Peters, alias Petrov, a ballet dancer, who in Paris falls in love with Linda, an American tap-dancing star. By a series of delightful misunderstandings rumoured that the pair are married, and when they arrive in New York their love becomes embarrassingly.

To prevent the dance marriage a wealthy but dumb admiral, her murse, photographs the photograph on her Petrov's bed.

In order to avert scandal, Linda consents to marry him, intending to complicate the late George, Shy in love with her husband, of course, but leaves him on the arrival of one of his old flames.

Petrov puts on a show in which all the girls wear masks made in Linda's image and, touched by this evidence of devotion, she returns to him.

As in the case of its predecessors, the picture is put over on a lavish scale without losing its sense of intimacy, while Ginger and "Sally" again score in their individual and dual numbers.

Astaire has one novel dance in an emerald coat of a liner, while the rhythm of the various parts of the machinery suggests different tap routines, and another highlight is his dance on roller skates with Ginger Rogers.

The film is terpsichoreally also notatable for the appearance of Harriet Hoctor, the American prima ballerina, as an Astaire partner. Her presence in the picture is also a brilliant contribution.

The story takes a little time to get going, but develops effectively with the usual spontaneity that gay Rogers-Astaire rag and provides a bright framework for the more important song-and-dance work on hand.

Those two pillars of the previous series, Eric Blore and Edward Arnold, are not entirely the same condensing the comedy along the former as the somewhat prim floor manager of restaurants and the latter as Fred's perpetually perturbed manager.

The music was among the last composed for the picture by George Gerhart win, and if not his best, is tuneful and catchy.

***LORDS OF THE OCEAN***


Freddie Bartholomew...Jonathan Blake (as a boy)

Madeleine Carroll...Lady Elizabeth Griffiths John Julian Angier...John Sackville John Drake...Paolo Loker Woff...Polly Loker George Sanders...Hans Richter Jerome Cowan...Lord Everett Stacy J. M. Newman...Brock Watson Uta O'Gonon...Widow Blake Forrest Harvey...Perretta Ports Sallie March...Sally M. Leeds E. E. Cleve...Magistrate L. F. A...Laurel Murray...MONTAGU LOVE Hawkins Maria...Mabel Meridith Robert Greig...Lord Drayton Herbert...Mr. Murray Murray Kinnell...Reverend Nelson Tom Waits...Rector Georges Renval...French Lieutenant Directed by Mark Sandrich. Music by George Gershwin. Preview May 31, 1937.

Below is level of the Marx Brothers' crazy type of humour, this nonsensical farce is badly spun out; one might have found it more agreeable if it had been just half as long as it is.

Most of the real fun is in the end, where Harpo Marx, dressed as a house to victor at Trafalgar.

Amercians glorifies the famous British insurance business in a picture that just escapes being bad, but does succeed in introducing a new star in Tyrone Power.

The film is set in the years between 1770 and 1805 and tells the story of the rise of Lloyd's through the conversion of Jonathan Blake, a boyfriend of Horatio Nelson, who enters the insurance business as an office boy, prospering in it, and eventually is able to assure Nelson's victory at Trafalgar.

In the process he falls in love with Lady Elizabeth Sackville, who is rescued from France. She is, he discovers, married to an aristocratic officer. He then goes abroad on the affair to blackmail himself into Blake's insurance group.

His chance to come to the aid of his hero, Nelson, brings about a panic at Lloyd's over the severe shipping losses in the war with France.

Other insurance leaders demand that ships be detached from Nelson's fleet for convoy purposes. Blake, realising the danger of a deserted Nelson fleet, fights the proposal and, when he is beaten, saves the official order from going through by a factual message that Nelson has been taken in by the French. Soon afterwards he is justified by the news of the victory of Trafalgar.

The eighteenth-century London atmosphere is exceptionally good and the detail, which includes, among other things, the moving scenes of Nelson's death, is excellent. The growth of the great insurance company Lloyd's, with its extension of birthplace is shown with compelling interest.

The very conventional romance, however, is allowed to put a central theme and cause the picture to lose its grip dramatically.

The film, though a vivid pageant of men and history, lacks strong emotional force.

Tyrone Power rises magnificently to the leading role as Blake, and has since then been rewarded by his employers with stardom. It is, indeed, an unusually well-acted picture. Some filmgoers, doubtless, will be inclined to award the acting palm to George Sanders, whose stouter, less unscrupulous character Lord Sackville is an incisive piece of characterization that is absolutely in the mould of Aubrey Smith. "Old Q." and Virginia Field, as a serving wench, add a great deal of feminine charm to Madeleine Carroll, who is hand-capped by a rather colourless role.

Fredric Bartholomew and Douglas Scott are good as the young Jonathan and the young Nelson respectively (their opening sequences are, by the way, among the best in the picture).

***A DAY AT THE RACES***


Gricho Marx...Dr. Hackenbush Chico Marx...Tony Field Harpo Marx...Harpo Marx Groucho Marx...D. H. Brox Mendy...Allan Jones Margaret Dumont...Mrs. Upholson Florence Bening...Betty Doby Louise Darrington...Louise Jackson D'Arne...Sally M. Leeds Dorothy Deveau...Lucy Deveau Fath...Seth Krumm...S. B. Sternberg Robert Middleman...Sheriff Directed by Sam Wood

Below the level of the Marx Brothers' crazy type of humour, this nonsensical farce is badly spun out; one might have found it more agreeable if it had been just half as long as it is.

Most of the real fun is in the end, where Harpo Marx, dressed as a house to victor at Trafalgar.

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Admiralty and is a true-blue Navy melodrama on boys' story magazine lines, naive, but with plenty of action.

Its hero is Captain Markham of H.M.S. Audacious, which is ordered to stand by to protect British interests during trouble in a South American republic.

Markham is in love with Pamela, the daughter of the local consul, and later she and Lieutenant Armstrong, who has been instructed to escort her to her father, are captured by the rebels and held prisoner aboard their warship, the El Mirante.

Meanwhile, the President of the Republic seeks refuge in the consulate and the rebels threaten to bombard the place unless he is handed over.

Although it means risking the lives of Pamela and Markham, Markham and the consul refuse to accede to the threats.

The rebels then open fire, but owing to the strategy of Markham and the pluck of Pamela and Armstrong, the El Mirante is sunk.

It is all very artless, and at times the development is not too clear, but there is some good Navy stuff, its heart is in the right place and the film has a certain topical interest.

Robert Douglas, as Markham, looks like a first-class screen bet. H. B. Warner is a dignified British Consul, but Noah Beery is heavy-handed as the President and Hazel Terry colourless as Pamela.

*CLARENCE*


ROSE O’KARNS stars as a mysterious but practical philosopher in a sort of My Man Godfrey family, consisting of Eugene Palette, the irascible millionaire father, Eleanor Whitney, his daughter, Johnny Downs, his son, Spring Byington, the step-mother and Charlotte Wynters, a pretty tutor, all of whom are at loggerheads.

He has been brought into the house in an emergency to fix a hot water system, but when the father learns that he has been used to handling mules in the army he engages him to try his hand at handling the family.

He soon makes himself popular and after a lot of intrigue succeeds in banishing a man who is after the daughter for her money, straightening out the amatorial difficulties of the son, who has become involved with a maid and now thinks he is in love with the pretty tutor, and marrying the tutor himself, thus at one stroke solving the problem of the son’s calf love and the step-mother’s jealousy. He turns out, incidentally, to be a famous naturalist. It is well acted by the entire cast, Karns being particularly good, and the characters are well drawn and human. The dialogue is bright, but there is rather too much of it and not enough action.

*WOMAN IN DISTRESS*


MAY ROBSON........Phoebe Tuttle HERBERT HURRELL..........Huston Hayden DEAN JAGGER.............Fred Stevens DOUGLAS VANNIER.........Jermie Colver GEORGE MCKAY..............Hollis Chase GEORGE MORGAN............"Slug" Bernie PAUL FISCHER..............Joe Enery FRANK SHREIDER................Inspector Roderick CHARLES WILLSON.............Homer Claxton ARTHUR LOFT...............Stew Sadler WALTER CLARK.............Director

Directed by Lynn Shores, from a story by Edwin O’Boyle.

Dear old May Robson falls among thieves again in a gangster melodrama which has an original central theme but is developed on conventional lines.

She is a small-town spinster who has in her possession a picture rumoured to be a Rembrandt. Irene Hervey and Dean Jagger are rival reporters after the story. The position is complicated when gangsters steal the picture and substitute a fake. The theft is brought to light and the gangsters attempt to kill May, who can identify the original, and the girl reporter, who knows too much. The hero rescues them from a blazing house in the nick of time and, of course, marries his rival.

The atmosphere is good and the plot ingenious, but the film loses much of its force in the too-familiar girl reporter loves boy reporter love situation.

Miss Robson turns in her usual excellent performance and Irene Hervey and Dean Jagger make the most of the hackneyed material at their disposal.

*WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG*


VERNON BURKE............Wanda Werner KENT TAYLOR....................Andy Russell WALTER BRENNER...............Uncle Hugo GRETA MEYER..............Nathan Werner CHRISTIAN RUB...............Anson Waner WILLIAM B. WILSON.........William Conklin JEAN ROGERS..............Irene Hendry STEVIE HODGSON.............Evelyn Kane NYDA WESTMAN.............."Dotty" Leonard DAVE OLIVER.............."Gogo" Wallace JACK SMART.................Winthrop Grove LAURIE DOUGLAS.............Lydia Strong FRANKLIN PANGBORN............John Darrow Directed by Hal Moberg.

Virginia Bruce needs a better break than this commonplace and colourless comedy-drama version of "local girl makes good." She appears as Wanda Werner, a small-town high school student, who falls...
in love with Norman Crockett, the local priest, who is unwavering in her shy adoration. She goes to New York determined to be an opera star, but fails. However, through Andy Russell, a press agent, she breaks into to revue and is a hit. Andy has long since fallen for her, but she still believes she is in love with the home-town heartbreaker. A brief visit to her native haunts quickly disillusion her and she hurries back to New York—and her press agent. Virginia Bruce, former Ziegfeld "star," may be a peach, but she's no Melba and hardly overcomes the handicap of a role that calls for vocal versatility. Kent Taylor is more successful as Andy, but, generally, such fine character artistes as Walter Brennan, Greta Meyer and Christian Rub are not flattened by the story.

**UP TOWN REVUE**

Here's another of those screen ventures of the Windmill Theatre revues, consisting of a series of photographed stage turns. Most of the casts and their work are by now known to the regular filmmaker. If you have enjoyed its predecessors by all means see this. It is well up to standard of the Windmill Theatre.
THOSE WORN-OUT PHRASES

Lines We All Know Too Well

HERE are a few of the age-worn scenes and their accompanying conversations that I am absolutely tired of seeing on the films.

(1) (The "rat," cowering in a chair, surrounded by four burly policemen): "I didn't do it, I tellya. You can't make me talk. Leave me alone, won't ya?"

(2) (When the hero finds himself double-crossed by the villain whom every child over two has recognised as such from the beginning): "Why, you dirty double-croser."

(3) (When the heroine is caught in compromising circumstances with the villain by the hero): "But you don't understand, darling. You don't understand."

(4) (The hero to the heroine half-way through the film): "I tell you it's a chinch, baby."

(5) (Just before the end of the film, when everything is going wrong): "I know will work out all right": "Don't worry, kid. Everything's going to be all right. Trust uncle."

(6) (Under painful circumstances): "Take him for a ride, boys."

(7) (Believe it or not, they still have this in films, when boy meets girl for the first time): "Haven't I seen you before somewhere?" (or as a clever variation): "Where have you been all my life?"

And so on.—Muriel Howie, 41 Rosaliff Street, Blackpool, S.S., Lancs.

(But I did hear a couple of new lines last week.—"Thinker.")

Screen Tit-bits

• Here is a suggestion for shorts to be shown in place of some of the atrocities with which we are regaled when the picture is either exceptionally good or exceptionally long.

Would it not be possible to show extracts from some of the older films, e.g. the dances of Astaire and Rogers, Eleanor Powell or Jessie Matthews, and operatic excerpts from Grace Moore and Jeanette MacDonald films?

Another item which would be appreciated would be Charlie Chaplin's song from Modern Times, and there are probably short scenes which would be complete in themselves.

I am sure many picturegoers would be glad of the opportunity to see these extracts whereas they would not bother to see the film again were it re-released.—(Mrs. M. Boyington, 30 Ambleside Road, Aspley, Nottingham, who is awarded the first prize of £1.)

A Screen Lesson

• Ten little film stars—how they used to shine! Mary Pickford cut her curls, then there were nine.

Nine little film stars, Norma put on weight, lost the famous Talmadge "pep," then there were eight.

Eight little film stars—one Gish as good as heaven, Lilian played too many saints, then there were seven.

Seven little film stars. "Love and films don't mix."

Said Clara Bow on getting wed, then there were six.

Six little film stars, Bronson was too naïve, Mother wouldn't let her kiss, then there were five.

Five little film stars, the brightest Colleen Moore; "Flaming Youth" went out of date, then there were four.

Four little film stars, bright personality

Of Gloria Swanson dimmed at last, then there were three.

Three little film stars, Ben Lyon only knew Why Bebe Daniels disappeared, leaving only two.

Two little film stars, who'll never age on film: Sweet Minnie Mouse and Donald Duck, the safest bets of all.

—(Miss) A. P. Alexander, 78 Friar Road, St. Mary Cray, Kent, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Why Duck?

• In my Picturegoer this week, Miss J. R. North tells us that she is puzzled about Donald Duck's name. She says that if Donald is a "he" duck he should be called Drake.

Well, Miss North, if you had listened carefully to the recent Mickey Mouse broadcasts, Donald himself would have told you.

It seems that his father was an out and out "bad'n" a traitor, which, Donald himself seems to inherit, and one day, after falling for another duck's charms, he left poor Mama Duck flat, which was, as Donald remarks in his song, "a darn good riddance I'm telling you!"

His father's actions disgusted him that he took his mother's maiden name—so now he's Donald Duck! See?

And it's no good anyone asking me why Mickey Mouse himself hasn't got whiskers on his nose like any other mouse, because that is one of the things I have never been able to fathom. Perhaps someone can tell me.—Disney Fan.

"Wrapped in Thought"

• I have just read Miss H. Denmark's letter with great amusement.

Grahamstown is one of the main educational centres of the Union, but I'm afraid Miss Denmark would "die of shame" or "false modesty" every time she went for a "rive with one of her boy friends if she came here to ve."

It is a common sight out here, so common, in fact, that we don't even notice it, to see native men and women with only a blanket wrapped round their tummies—whereas the native children are only wrapped in thought.

For myself, I'd far rather see the natives undressed than dressed, as it is their natural state.

Imagine an attack by natives, dressed by a Bond Street tailor—complete with assegais and shields—that would make a comedy. Not so?—(Miss) Eugenia M. Letty, P.O. Box 77, Grahamstown, South Africa.

Over-rated Stars

• Are not the majority of stars very much over-rated? People say "Look at his box office receipts." I say, "Look behind them, look at the story, look at the part he is given, look at the director in charge, look at the cast supporting him."

Box office receipts are often more a tribute to them than to the star.

If a compulsory vote could be taken of the public's reaction to certain stars, not just by the film-going public, but by many critics, their star blindly like sheep, I am convinced that many stars would receive the shock of their lives.

I may say that Gary Cooper is not one of the (Continued on page 30)
**Modess**

THE SOLUBLE SANITARY TOWEL WITH THE MOISTURE PROOF BACKING

Softer because...

Modess gauze is filmed with downy soft cotton wool, so that there can be no chafing and irritation.

Safer because...

moisture cannot spread to the sides, and the pad itself is extra absorbent. Ask for Modess—with or without loops—at any draper or chemist.

1/- per dozen, 6d. for six

—are you only an

"ARMS-LENGTH BEAUTY"?

Just make-up to a man! Walking with you... sitting close at your side... a man is more conscious of your hair than of any other feature. Faintsmen can easily be "put off" by the slight shade of "lime-scum" clinging to hair, clouding its natural colour and shine, making it unpleasantly sticky and tangled.

And the tragedy is the woman never knows.

Ordinary soap shampoos combine with the minerals in water to form this "lime-scum" which even after endless rinsing stays in your hair. Drene

—the sensational new liquid soapless shampoo discovery, simply cannot form this offensive "lime-scum." Actually Drene removes all lime-scum left by previous shampoos the very first time you use it.

No misery before-mixing—just a few drops of golden Drene on your wet hair and you have a mass of foamy, cleansing lather—five times more lather than soap in any water. Over your scalp it tingles, absorbing every scrap of grime, dust, perspiration and mustiness-making "lime-scum."

No need for special after-rinse... just a quick, thorough, clear-water rinse leaves your hair perfectly clean, gleaming with high-lights... the sort of hair men want to caress.

Drene your hair to-night, or ask your hairdresser to be sure to give you a Drene shampoo.

You can buy Drene at all Chemists, Hairdressers and Department Stores, including Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Woolworths. Stocked in 3 sizes—6d. (2 shampoo)—1/- (12 shampoos)—2/- (24 shampoos).

**FREE**

"Beginnings to be a Woman," a booklet on beauty, to be given with every bottle of Drene. Write to Miss Johnson, 75A, Leith St., Edinburgh, for copies. "Natural" hair is the thing now. There's a new era in beauty, a new look at the world. No more hairdressing like "taming" a wild beast. Get a Drene shampoo, buy one for yourself, one for each member of your family, and the way to a good time is not far away...

HUSBANDS ARE WON BY "NATURAL" GIRLS

Hurry on the day you are dreaming of

THE marrying kind of men admire 'natural' girls and it's 'natural' girls they make their brides. Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder is the best help to natural beauty. It clings so well—it needs for constant repowering. And while you use it, Olive Oil—the natural beautifier replaces oils from your skin—gives it the smooth softness and natural loveliness that appeals to men. Six beauty-tested shades to choose from.

**MONEY BACK OFFER**—You're the JUDGE! Order NOW and try the 6d. box of Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder. Try it out thoroughly. Then if you are not completely satisfied that ALL YOUR CLAIM IS TRUE and the box is worth £1, return it to Outdoor Girl Ltd., 22, City Road, London, E.C.1, and we will send back your money.
Patsy Kelly
- Was born in Brooklyn (part of New York City) on January 12, 1910. She refuses to wear hats on or off the screen, never takes her falls in pictures and her hobby is golf. She has brown eyes and reddish-brown hair and is 5 ft. 4 in. tall. Patsy studied dancing from the age of ten and she taught dancing herself for three years. Her first stage appearance was with Frank Fay in vaudeville at the Palace Theatre in New York. After that she was launched as a comedienne in numerous Broadway stage hits, including Al Jolson's Wonder Bar and Earl Carroll's Sketch Book and Vanities. She entered pictures when Hal Roach saw her in a revue and signed her to co-star with the late Thelma Todd in a series of two-reel comedies. She quickly became one of the screen's favourite comedienne, not only in short subjects, but in such full-length pictures as Going Hollywood, 100 per cent. Pure and Sing Baby Sing. Her picture in feature-length comedies, such as Kelly the Second, Nobody's Baby and Pick a Star. Her latest picture is Wake Up and Live.

Paul Kelly
- Few screen actors have had more interesting or tragic careers than Paul Kelly, who started in films as a child and was once known as the Vitagraph Boy. Subsequently he made a name on the New York stage and returned to the screen as an established Broadway star with the coming of talkies. He was getting along nicely when he had the misfortune to be involved in a fight with another actor, who died following the encounter. Kelly was sentenced to three years imprisonment for manslaughter. For some time afterwards he was unofficially banished from the screen by the technical element although he had fully paid the legal penalty for his offence. It was Darryl Zanuck who had the courage to give him a fresh start in Broadway Through a Keyhole. His appearance in that film not only broke down the prejudice of other producers but re-established his popularity with the public. He has been kept busy in the studios ever since, his more recent films including: The Accusing Finger, Join the Marines, Parole Racket, and The Frame Up.

Pert Kelton
- One wonders how much the fact that she was hailed as a "second Mae West" has retarded the film fortunes of this fine artist, who at one time looked as if she was headed for the topmost heights. She burst upon the film world as a young and curvaceous portrayer of sex in Bed of Roses and The Bowery, but has never quite lived up to the promise of her somewhat sensational debut. Perhaps it was that when they "slammed off" her curves they reduced some of her vital personality, too, while she has not been favoured lately with the "breaks."

Pert has been acting nearly all her life. Her parents were vaudeville artists and she spent most of her childhood touring the world with them, appearing in their act.

She graduated from the family "turn" to considerable individual success on the New York revue and musical comedy stage before going to Hollywood. She was born in Great Falls, Montana, is 5 ft. 6 in. tall and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Latest pictures: Sitting on the Moon, Laughing at Trouble, Women of Glamour.

Henry Kendall
- Was born in London on May 28, 1898, and was educated at the City of London School. Both his parents were on the stage and he had no hesitation about adopting the theatre as a career, making his debut in revue when he was sixteen.

He served in the War as a naval air pilot, returning to the stage in 1919 in Cyrano de Bergerac at Drury Lane. In the following ten years he scored in such stage successes as French Leave (in a film version of which he subsequently starred), East of Suez, and Havoc.

His film career began in 1930, with The Flying Fool and he was immediately hailed as a find for the British screen. Since then his services have been in constant demand and he has specialised in light comedy. Among his films this year are: Two's a Company, If No Cattle, Side Street Angel, The Compulsory Wife, and Skip's Concert, released next week. Henry Kendall is 6 ft. tall and has brown hair and blue eyes.

This type of criticism, while making amusing reading, doubtless keeps many filmgoers away from worthwhile productions.

Thank goodness there is always PICTURESQUE for one to turn to for a balanced review, free from personal opinions.—E. L. Parker, 27 Oxford Street, Brighton.

Your Views Wanted
- What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 is. 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.
Look at your nose before you buy powder

LOOK at the pores of your nose. You will see they are larger than other pores. That is why your nose warms you first if you are using the wrong powder.

The trouble is that some powders contain materials which swell while absorbing the moisture of the skin. Tiny grains get in the pores. When they get wet and swell, they force open the pores and enlarge them.

To avoid this trouble you need a powder like Coty "Air Spun." "Air Spun" contains no materials that swell when moistened, no artificial adhesives to stifle pores, no orris root to irritate the skin.

Coty "Air Spun" powder is made from the purest and finest ingredients known. The special "Air Spun" process by which it is made is an exclusive Coty feature. By whirl ing the powder round in tornadoes of air, the grains are made so smoothly round that they lie flat on the face. You get a more even film than with ordinary powder. That is why "Air Spun" covers more evenly, never cakes into "powder wrinkles," and stays on better.

Next time you buy powder, ask to see the Coty "Air Spun" range, including the two new shades—Miblond and Brunat. Find the shade that's just right for you. Large size 2 3. Half size 1 3. At your favourite shop or the Coty Saloon, 2 New Bond Street, W.1.

AIR SPUN FACE POWDER

GREAT NEW IDEA

IN SCREEN STAR

COLOURED PORTRAITS

FILM LOVERS! Here's a thrilling NEW idea brought to you by Picturegoer Sales, the most up-to-date screen star Postcard Club in the land . . . white glossy DOUBLE-size postcards containing beautifully COLOURED portrait seals of no fewer than TWENTY-FOUR of your favourite stars. Each portrait is framed in a gold seal. You can cut these double-size postcards in half thereby securing two standard size postcards for your collection or you can cut out the portrait seals and mount them in albums, or stick them on letters to your friends, for the back of each of the 34 seal portraits is adhesive.

There are numerous ways you can use these Seal Portraits. Here are the names of the stars whose portraits appear in these gold seals on each Double-size Postcard:

Norma Shearer, Madge Evans, Joan Crawford, Myrna Loy, Ginger Rogers, Constance Bennett, Greta Garbo, Jeanette MacDonald, Claudette Colbert, Marlene Dietrich, Madeleine Carroll, Joan Bennett, Gary Cooper, Herbert Marshall, Ronald Colman, Robert Montgomery, Robert Taylor, Robert Donat, George Raft, Richard Powell, Fredric March, Frances Tone, Leslie Howard, Clark Gable.

The special price of these Double-size postcards to readers of the Picturegoer is 6d. each, postage free in this country. Applicants from overseas are requested to enclose the small additional amount of twopence to cover postage. You can have as many of these Double-size postcards as you like. Send your Order AT ONCE to The Picturegoer Sales, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Be sure to state in your order how many of these Double-size postcards you desire and to enclose correct remittance. Cross P.O./and Co. and deliver payable to The Picturegoer Sales.

There's sure to be a big demand for this wonderful new idea in screen star colour portraits, so apply AT ONCE.

T.C.P. Antiseptic Solution

Sold by Chemists everywhere in 1//3 and 3//4 bottles

CLEAR THE SKIN LIKE MAGIC!
My experience with the Bread & Butter Slim Diet by Miss LINDA CARLING

WHEN I heard the Bread and Butter Diet was in preparation, I begged Elizabeth Ann to let me be her first test case. "I'm afraid you'll never keep to it," she said. "You have such a taste for salty foods..."

I confess I wondered too, whether I should be fearfully famished on nothing but bread and butter—it seemed utterly unreal to be able to live on it—but I knew too well I wanted to lose some weight, and the end would probably justify any means.

The first few days I was terrified I should feel suddenly hungry or weak. But no. I felt I had more than enough to eat, and no dreaded pangs of hunger were experienced. I was afraid, at first, to look at the meals which were being served at table—but when I had the courage to look round at these things, I felt perfectly calm and had no longing for them whatever. Then I began to lose weight and I felt slim, and nothing would have made me give up.

Elizabeth Ann explained to me I was having sufficient nutriments to keep me going, and I was. During the second week I felt tempted to give in, but the sensation passed.

I felt marvellously well throughout the three weeks, and could not honestly feel proud when friends congratulated me on my "will-power to keep to the diet"—because it needed no will-power at all—the diet being simplicity itself, and easily digested.

It will always be a thrill to know I was one of the first four readers to try this new slimming diet, and to benefit by it.

(Signed) Linda Carling
"I HAVE A SISTER! WHAT I WANT IS A WIFE!"

SO YOU'LL BE A SISTER TO ME! ALL RIGHT—GIVE ME THE 'SISTERS' TRUTH... WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?

JUST ONE THING! OH, I HATE TO HURT YOU, DICK, BUT FOR MY SAKE WILL YOU ASK MY DENTIST WHAT CAUSES BAD BREATH?

THIS COLGATE'S IS GREAT STUFF! I NEVER KNEW MY MOUTH COULD FEEL SO FRESH AND CLEAN!

TWO SIZES 6d and 1/-

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 7 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause of the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and all around the tongue. Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes the teeth sparkle—gives a new brilliance to your smile!

10 DAYS LATER — ENGAGED!

AND LET'S HAVE OUR NAMES ENGRAVED INSIDE THE RING DICK!

RATHER!

1937

MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECOMPOSING FOOD BETWEEN BADLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE COMPOUNDS AND THEIR PARTICLES.

Q15 NEXT MORNING

Without injurious bleaching you can now wash darkened hair 2 to 4 shades lighter and not change its natural appearance.

Sta-blond (pronounced “Sta-BLOND”) does everything promised by every other shampoo (whether sulphate or otherwise). But, it does something more! It washes mousy, darkened, fair hair 2-4 shades lighter, brings back its golden beauty—keeps light hair from darkening. And its precious ViteF stops and prevents blemishes and dandruff. Your papa holds longer too. —Get your Sta-blond to-day.

Free! Try Sta-blond today at our expense Sta-blond Laboratories Ltd., Dept. P28, 10 Henrietta St., London, W.1. Please send me free our full-sized Sta-blond Shampoo for fair hair.

NAME

ADDRESS

New Nails Next Week!

Nail Biting Stop It!


Fashion favours ‘4711’

Every toilet need is provided by the makers of the famous “4711” Genuine Eau de Cologne. —Fashion’s favourite from both in boudoir. The forest foundation for powder is “Matt-Creme” (the “4711” Vanishing Cream).

"4711" EAU DE COLOGNE FACE POWDER

twelve shades, boxes 1/3, 6d.

DID YOU..."DON'T HAVE FADED FAIR HAIR"

MARRY ROSE of the "Daily Sketch"

Tells How to Restore Glamorous Colour to Darkened, Faded Fair Hair—"Yes, she was pretty a few years ago but you know how these blondes fade"... Poor girl, she actually overheard this remark about herself. She came to me breathlessly. "It was catty," I said. "But there was also a certain amount of truth in what she said.Your hair used to be so lovely and it is so dull and faded-looking now—it makes your complexion look dull and muddy. "That’s the worst of blonde hair," she wailed. "It goes off in colour..." "It needn’t," I said firmly. "Come with me—I’m going to buy you the most marvellous shampoo—it’ll bring back all those golden lights—make your hair soft and fair and pretty—and now with any harmful dyes or bleaches. It’s called Sta-blond."

Later I met my friend—her hair had regained all its shining blonde beauty—it seemed to make her complexion look fairer—more pink and white—her eyes looked bluer too...—Sta-blond does everything promised by every other shampoo (whether sulphate or otherwise). But, it does something more! It washes mousy, darkened, fair hair 2-4 shades lighter, brings back its golden beauty—keeps light hair from darkening. And its precious ViteF stops and prevents blemishes and dandruff. Your papa holds longer too.—Get your Sta-blond to-day.
Auburn hair –

LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY
She chooses Pond's Rachel 1

Fair hair –

THE LADY MORRIS
She, too, chooses Pond's Rachel 1

— yet they choose the same face powder shade!

NOT – Lady Stanley isn’t using the wrong shade. She has the white skin that needs a blonde’s powder shade. Yet many “redheads” need a powder that gives a brunette’s glowing radiance. For them a blonde’s shade is strong.

But they aren’t the only ones who are making a mistake. Many blondes and brunettes are using wrong shades that actually make their skin look tired, faded and old.

How to find YOUR right shade

The fact is, it has been almost impossible to find the right shade. For, until recently, shades were made without any scientific knowledge of, true skin tones.

But now Pond’s have studied the skin of 200 girls and discovered the exact tints that give each type its special beauty. And Pond’s have blended these tints in their powder shades. That is why Pond’s Powder gives your skin the perfect colouring of a beautiful complexion.

Choose your right shade from Pond’s Face Powder shades – they are obtainable everywhere at 1/9, 1/- or 6d. But try them free – send in the coupon below.

Natural brightens very fair skin.
Rachel 1 gives a clear, ivory tone.
Rachel 2 brings creamy clearness.
Peach makes skin luminous – is lovely for blondes and fair brunettes.
Dark Brunette gives a warm glow to dull skin; it is a perfect suntan tint.

Pond’s Powder is as fine as powder can be – with an exquisite perfume.

AMAZING FACTS were revealed when over 200 girls were complexion-analysed under a colourscope. It showed that beautiful blonde skin has a nose of bright blue; that lovely brunette skin contains brilliant green! With this knowledge Pond’s have blended in their powder shades the exact tints of lovely skin.

FREE: Pond’s Powder. Write your name and address below, put a 1d. stamp to this coupon and post in sealed envelope to Dept. P 386, Pond’s, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex, and we will send you FREE samples of all five shades of Pond’s Face Powder – Natural, Peach, Dark Brunette (Susian), Rachel 1 and Rachel 2.

September 11, 1937

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

The care of the skin is a subject so wide that many chapters might be written upon it. But this week shall we try to consider it in the fewer words that go to make up this article.

Skin beauty depends not only on the external ministration, such as cleanliness, massage, and nourishment, but on the quality of the blood supplied to it. Much as you can do by outward treatment, your efforts are largely wasted unless the outward attention is backed up by a good wholesome blood supply.

This inward beauty treatment depends upon the food you eat and the air you breathe. If you sleep in a stuffy bedroom and fail to take sufficient daily exercise in the open air, your skin grows pale and toneless.

Reduced to a sentence, we might say that a good complexion awaits an (d) frequent and complete elimination. If the latter is out of order, the retained waste matter causes toxins to be carried all over the body. Here you have the most potent cause of sallow complexions and skin blemishes.

The moral of which is this: eat the right kind of food, breathe the right air, and take the right exercise, and you have the foundation of a beautiful skin.

Readers who are the mothers of small children know how true this is. The modern baby spends the greater part of its day in the open air, and lives on the strictest of diet sheets. Is there anything more lovely than the skin of a small healthy child?

Beyond childhood, this exact plan for living is impossible of course, but we can take a lesson from it and modify it to adult needs. We can ensure plenty of fresh air and some sunlight. A simple diet that omits the unnecessary and the indigestible, however nutritious they may be, and we aim at a certain number of hours of sleep in a well-ventilated bedroom.

A greater number of adults eat too much and too often. Three meals a day with no snacks in between should be the standard for the average person. Let meal hours be fixed hours. Don’t hurriedly take meals, however much you may be tempted to get them over quickly. Eat slowly and in a good atmosphere. Don’t do the dull, daily quizzes for meal times. There is nothing like irritation and bad temper for thoroughly upsetting the digestive system. Don’t jump up from the table before a high-guaranteed meal. Take it easy for 20 minutes after eating.

See that your diet each day includes some green vegetables and fruit – either fresh or cooked. Some readers have complained that salads give them indi.

It is because people vary in their capacity to deal with “rough”, that is, written above the necessity of roughage in the daily diet. But I am convinced that the theory needs a lot of modification. Hard and green stuffs make you uncomfortable, cut out all the stuffs when you are hungry and then notice the difference.

Don’t eat any more than once a day, and take soups, fish, which is good for you. Drink plenty of water between meals. It is easy on fried food. Indeed, if you really want a beautiful skin, I would say omit it altogether and substitute grilling for frying. Food so prepared is more digestible and less fattening.

Avoid highly seasoned dishes and limit pastries and buns.

Don’t take your tea very strong and hot, and don’t drink a great deal of coffee.

So much for internal treatment. Externally, cleanliness is one of the first rules of beauty. Never let anyone persuade you to give up soup and water as the first means to cleanliness. I refuse to believe in the existence of any skin so delicate that it cannot be washed. I am not referring, of course, to certain skin diseases, which are not allowed to be touched by water.

Our skins not only become dirty from outside sources, but they accumulate secretions from the sebaceous and sweat glands as well as the dead scales from the outer skin. Unless all this is cleaned off, it provides a hothouse for small infections and so we have pimples and other blemishes.

Soap and water do even more than this. They stimulate the skin to perform its natural functions. They tone up the skin and keep the tiny blood vessels active, so that you have a good natural colour. They stimulate the sebaceous glands so that the skin is adequate for its need, and they stimulate the deeper muscles.

If you revert that washing makes your skin feel unsmooth, tell them that you must be using the wrong soap, or that the water is too hot, or too cold. Town water is, of course, often ruinously hard, and rain water or distilled water is best. Hard water often irritates the skin because it curdles the soap. If your washing water is too hard there are several things you can do. You can buy a small water purifier to fit to the tap. You can add borax in the proportion of one teaspoonful to a pint of water; you can use one of several proprietary water softening agents or you can add a few drops of glycerine to the water.

Choose your soap by experience, avoiding the highly coloured and the over-scented. If your skin is supersensitive, choose a unperfumed soap or a baby soap. If you use a medicated soap, be sure that it is one of the well-known and reliable brands. Unmedicated soaps often irritate instead of soothing.

ELIZABETH (Chingford). – Most girls of seventeen suffer from acne and pimples. I have prepared a complete treatment. It has helped so many of my readers whose other methods have failed. I can send it to you on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

Have you a beauty question that puzzless you? I will help you. Send your query, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, addressed to ANNE, in BEACON HOUSE, Marlitt House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Talkie­Title Tales

This week’s price of half a guinea is awarded to Miss P. Evans, 11 Brynhedin Road, Greenock, near Swaissen, S. Wales, for –

Hollywood Parade
All One Night
Cool to the Core
All In

Prizes and a crown each are awarded to Miss Audrey Gates, 54 Lyndhurst road, Peckham, S.E.15, for –

Three Men on a Horse
The Lonely Road
Three Wise Girls
Empty Saddles

Miss J. Hall, 2 Parkside, Norton, Malton, Yorks., for –

The Street Singer
Poinson from Heaven
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PICTUREGORDER Weekly

September 18, 1937
We shall soon be seeing the Lombard beauty in all the glory of colour in "Nothing Sacred," in which she co-stars with Fredric March. Carole is doing the picture away from her home lot and is reported to be receiving £30,000 for her services.
Many smokers who prefer a Cork Tipped Cigarette do not know that they can obtain their favourite brand—Player's Navy Cut—in this form.

"Medium" or "Mild" as you prefer, but do not forget you can obtain either with Cork Tips.
DEAR JOAN CRAWFORD,

We see that you have been saying a mouthful (no rudeness intended to the famous Crawford lipstick, mercifully less in evidence of late) concerning the need for artistic emancipation, we think you call it, and the feeling "deep down" that the notoriously restless and ambitious Crawford soul will not be satisfied until you have added the stage world to your conquests.

This is not the first time, of course, that we have heard of these doubtless laudable aspirations—they have, indeed, been trotted out with monotonous regularity for the last three years at least—and the current announcement would not be notable but for the fact that it brings it home to us that your present screen contract has only a few months to run.

The latter revelation, incidentally, comes as something of a shock. You have long been a spectacular part of the screen scene that it is difficult to imagine it without you merely because of the expiry of the legal value of a few written words on a scrap of paper.

You have always, moreover, probably more than any star been "one of our own." You have not only been a part of Hollywood; you have been an outstanding symbol of it—of the glamour, the magic and the fantastic success it stands for. The fans even gave you your screen name.

In itself, the fact that in the past ten years you have become almost as much a studio fixture as the lion in the trade mark of the firm that markets your talents and beauty, might be regarded as sufficient justification for the step you are contemplating or, for that matter, a desire for change of any sort. No player, however powerful at the box-office, can afford to get into a rut.

And certainly your screen admirers would not grudge you your big bid to show the theatre what a film girl can do when she tries.

We would like to place it on record here and now that few stars in our experience have shown a greater sense of duty and gratitude to the film public or a deeper sense of responsibility to the medium that has raised them from obscurity and poverty to international fame and riches.

What worries us is that if you have been quoted correctly it would seem that your stage plans so far from being an adventurous and long-looked-forward-to skirmish into the rival realm of the theatre, will make your screen career subordinate to them in future.

In any case, the increasing growth of this stage fetish among film stars (we had occasion to drop a line to Fredric March about the same thing only last week) is disturbing. When the Joan Crawfords fall for it, one begins to feel something like Napoleon must have felt when he saw the Old Guard break at Waterloo.

What, we wonder, is the reason behind this obsession? One can appreciate that there is much to be said for the theory that stage experience must help a screen artiste, but in so many cases one cannot help wondering where the aims of artistic growth end and those of personal aggrandisement begin.

It is time that the illusion that film stars gain stature from stage appearances was exploded. Most of the artistes who have made their name on the screen who go to the theatre do so in search of increased prestige. Very few, if any, of them find it.

One of the reasons is that the favourite indoor sport of theatre audiences and critics is lying in wait for theatrically ambitious but inexperienced film stars to make one false step. If you don't believe that you have to overcome the handicap of this prejudice before you start to act, ask Katharine Hepburn (tactfully, of course) about her experience in The Lake on Broadway.

Far more important, no great screen actress (as screen greatness is judged to-day) needs to kneel in humility to her sisters of the contemporary stage or be shamefaced about her calling.

While in the last two years you have been busy preparing yourself for the stage, studying voice, schooling yourself to meet flesh-and-blood audiences by impromptu turns at the Hollywood night spots and performing in your own little private theatre, others have been elevating the status of screen acting to the standard of that of the centuries-old theatre.

At one time we had hopes that you would be among them. We remember how, seeing Greta Garbo striding away down a corridor at Culver City on one famous occasion some years ago, you turned to a friend and confessed, "There goes my ambition."

We find it difficult to believe now that you really feel that you need new worlds to conquer. We have sufficient faith in you to believe that even greater heights await you in films themselves.

Your recent screen appearances have betrayed signs, if not of actual complacency, at least of immobility, however. Some of the fire has gone out of the Crawford we knew in earlier days.

You showed good judgment, it is true, in rejecting the Kitty O'Shea role in Parnell. You did not consider it provided an opportunity for a great Crawford performance, but can you tell us when last we had one?

Certainly not in the routine Crawford stuff of The Last of Mrs. Chuey, Love on the Run, The Gorgeous Hussy and I Live My Life, which just about sum up your film activities for the last couple of years.

We hope you'll think things over.

The Editor
YOU will see a new Marlene Dietrich when Angel comes to town.

For one thing, those famous eyebrows, which have arched up and out like the truncated arms of the Winged Victory, have returned to normal.

This radical change in the Dietrich's make-up, which breaks with a style she established early in her career, results from the star's own suggestion, which was concurred in by Dot Ponedel, her make-up artist, and Ernst Lubitsch, producer-director of her picture.

It was in line with Lubitsch's emphasis upon a down-to-earth realism in this Dietrich picture to differentiate it from many of her preceding films in which fantasy and exoticism dominated.

In other ways also, according to Miss Ponedel, the star's make-up has been altered for the new picture.

The front of her face has been further highlighted, and the back of the face has been put in deeper shadows.

Both Miss Ponedel and Charles Lang, the star's photographer, contend that the result of the new make-up and normal eyebrows makes her even a better subject for the camera than she was in Desire, in which up to now she is supposed to have been most strikingly photographed.

Marlene's next picture, by the way, may introduce a brand new rival to Robert Taylor. His name is George Rigaud, he is from the Argentine and if we are to believe the Paramount publicity department, which is already boosting him as a likely Dietrich leading man, he has all the sex appeal attributed to the legendary "South American Joe."

Actually, though a citizen of the Argentine, he is French and Marlene is reputed to have a weakness for French leading men—or, at any rate, leading men who can speak French. Rigaud, who has made a reputation both in Paris and the Argentine, is now in Hollywood perfecting his English.

The film which Dietrich is considering is tentatively titled Midnight, and it will probably go into production as soon as Marlene returns to Hollywood next month.

Meanwhile, I hear from the Continent, where the star has been holiday-making, that her fondness for airing her French landed Marlene in an amusing situation the other day.

With a French friend, she was travelling from Le Havre to Paris in a first-class compartment.

The conductor came along with two young American men, stuck his head in the compartment, explained that the train was crowded on account of the International Exhibition in Paris, and asked if they would mind sharing the compartment with these two passengers.

"Not at all," replied Miss Dietrich in French, and then, turning to the young men, added: "Entrez, s'il vous plaît," never once giving any intimation of her ability to speak English.

She resumed her French conversation with her friend, and meanwhile the two Americans started conversing, volubly and loudly, as travelling Americans will.

"Quite a babe, this French dame; looks a hell of a lot like Dietrich, doesn't she?" one of them said by way of opening the conversation. "Too bad she can't understand English."

From there the discussion went on to her legs, which were declared to be as nice as Dietrich's, even nicer, maybe. There was a great deal of detail, and even more intimate things were discussed.

After a quarter-hour of this, Miss Dietrich smiled, turned to her friend and said in slow concise English, "You know, there are times when it is a little difficult for me to shift from French to English; a little bit cruel, even."

"Yes, Marlene," the friend replied, also in English, "but I like to hear you talk English, because you speak it with an American accent."

The two Americans got up and stood in the corridor all the rest of the way to Paris.

And a Gayer Garbo

And it looks as if we may have a new Garbo, too. Make no mistake about it, the off-screen Greta of to-day is an entirely different personality to the Garbo who for years baffled the movie colony.

Absolutely unapproachable previously, she now takes talks about the lot between takes and speaks (without being spoken to) to other actors and bit players whom she's never even noticed before.

She even perpetrated one of Hollywood's newest recent gags the other day, when her pet cameraman, Karl Freund, returned to the Marie Antoinette set, after having taken out his American citizenship papers.

Freund found his camera decorated with the largest American flag Garbo could find in the Culver City property rooms, while a three-piece orchestra, hired by the star, burst into the strains of "The Stars and Stripes For Ever."

Later she presented the cameraman with a wax recording of the affair.

Powell's Golden Contract

I am looking forward to seeing if William Powell blushes when he sings "The World Owes Me a Livin'" in Double Wedding. The world—and M.G.M.—are giving Bill one of the finest "livin's"—that has fallen to the lot of any star for a long time.

He has just grabbed himself one of those contracts which we had thought had gone out of existence when John Gilbert flopped in talkies, leaving the same studio holding the bag to the tune of something like a million dollars.

Bill's new agreement is for seven years without options. Under its terms he will do two pictures a year at $11,000 per picture. The films must be completed within a five months' period, leaving the star free for seven months of the
Sir And a New Charmer

Garbo Has Her Little Joke

William Powell's New Contract

Fernand Gravet Speaks Out

year to take a holiday, make a picture for an outside studio, or read a good book.

Gravet Breaks Silence
- Fernand Gravet, getting ready for his second Hollywood picture, has at last broken silence on that role in The King and the Chorus Girl which has not yet been publicly shown here. He is, he confesses, suffering from a feeling of embarrassment. "In taking the part," he explains, "it never occurred to me for a moment that I might be likened to the Duke of Windsor. At the time I knew nothing about the Mrs. Warfield romance."

New Astaire Partner?
- I shouldn't be surprised if Ann Miller is built up as a future screen partner for Fred Astaire. Ann puts up a tap dance number very effectively in New Faces of 1937, made on Fred's home lot.

In the meanwhile, the Radio studio is wondering if it could not have handled the temporary split in the team of Astaire and Ginger Rogers rather better.

As we pointed out long ago, the breaking up of a partnership usually benefits only one member. Now the studio is being deluged with letters from violently pro-Astaire and anti-Ginger Rogers fans and equally violent pro-Rogers and anti-Astaire fans. Such a reaction is not likely to be helpful to either star.

Irene's "Strip-tease" Scene
- If Irene Dunne keeps this up we shall soon be looking for a new holder of the title of First Lady of the Talkies.

One was surprised to see Irene, who once had a clause inserted in her contract prohibiting the exposure of her nether limbs, kicking her legs and running round in an abbreviated ballet skirt for the first thousand feet of High, Wide and Handsome.

Now in her latest, The Awful Truth, she has an undressing scene—the first in her screen career.

The Weepies Are Coming
- Get out your handkerchiefs, it looks as if it is going to be a weepy season in the cinemas. The other night at a private show I followed the tribulations of the unfortunate Stella Dallas. Now Madame X, another famous tear-jerker, this time with Gladys George in the title role, is being revived.

Madame X has for years been the most frequently exhibited fixture of the American stage. There is not an American actress of note who has not played the suffering Jacqueline at least once in the course of her career.

On the screen it has been done twice under its own title and many times with its parentage concealed, but suspected.

Pauline Frederick did it for the old Goldwyn company in 1920 and Ruth Chatterton carried on in the first talkie edition in 1929.

It was for the treatment for this that the caustic Dorothy Parker got one of her first screen assignments, and after hearing the producers outline of what he would like, she said, "Why not let me do a series of pictures? We could have Madame X in Paris, France, Madame X Out West, Madame X at Harvard or For the Honor of the School.""

M.G.M. lost its interest in Miss Parker about that time.

Short Shots
- Virginia Verrill, new Wanger discovery, looks amazingly like Myrna Loy—Miriam Hopkins presented bridalgroom Anatol Litvak with a trailer for his birthday—Michael Curtiz is Ginger Rogers' latest escort—Carole Lombard says she makes so many personal appearances with Charles Gable and M.G.M. figures that she ought to get a fee—Jack Benny has just signed a new contract with Paramount for two pictures a year at $20,000 a time—Ina Claire may come back in Vej, My Darling Daughter—Helen Vinson, now being hailed as Hollywood's best dressed woman, has taken over Lillian Tashman's old house—The Robert Montgomery-Rosalind Russell feud is still on; reported to have held up production on Love, Live and Learn—Joan Crawford wears a 30-lb. costume, with two million red beads, in The Bride Wore Red.

"Slim"—and Slimming
- The bread and butter slimming diet has, of course, swept through the film world, where weight is always a burning question of the day and fame and fortune literally hang in the balance—of the bathroom scales.

I am, therefore, passing on to some of my friends in the studios copies of an attractively presented book which came to hand this week. It is called "Slim," and in it Elisabeth Ann, originator of the diet, tells you all you want to know about it. The book explains the science of the diet in easily understood terms, includes comprehensive reports of the experiences of those who have tried it, gives a series of well-illustrated reducing exercises and useful charts for weights and measurements in perfect proportion.

"Slim" is published by the St. Catherine Press at 6d.

Malcolm Phillips.

Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot from Hollywood

STRIP GIRL'S SEA WEDDING

Gypsy Rose Lee, who won fame in New York night clubs as a "strip tease" dancer, one of those ladies who shows as much of her anatomy as the law will permit, is now appearing in Hollywood films under the name of Louise Hovick.

Accompanied by A. Robert Mizzy, son of a wealthy New York manufacturer, Miss Hovick journeyed to Santa Ana where they secured a marriage licence. Then they drove to Long Beach, rented a water taxi, and were married by the captain when the boat was outside the three mile limit.

Evidently the lady realised that the wedding might be ruled illegal, for she plans to have another ceremony in the near future. In the meantime she returned to her home, whilst the bridegroom is staying at a Los Angeles hotel.

Fate of Pickfair
- Mary Pickford has always kept the film colony guessing, and she is still doing so.

Her splendid estate, "Pickfair," is offered for sale, and workmen are thoroughly renovating it for prospective buyers. Mary's keepsakes are being packed up, and every indication points to the star and her husband, Buddy Rogers, moving into a new home.

Mary, however, decided not to reside in the San Fernando Valley house recently completed by Buddy, and, if no one is willing to pay the exceedingly high figure at which she holds "Pickfair," it would not surprise me if she decided to move back into the old home.

Taylor's Horses
- Robert Taylor, I hear, found a way to solve the one worry of his London trip, that of having his horses cared for in the proper manner.

Most of his close friends are also horse owners and breeders, so Bob divided his stable among them until he completes A Yank at Oxford in England.

Eight horses were divided amongst Barbara Stanwyck, Zeppe Marx, Spencer Tracy and Wallace Beery, who are caring for them on their respective ranches.

Hollywood Raffles
- Ketti Gallian recently had her Laurel Canyon home burgled during her absence. The thieves stole 20,000 dollars worth of furs, jewellery and perfumes.

As Ketti expressed it, "When I returned home the house she is robbed!"

Photographic Autographs
- This is the latest wrinkle employed by an autograph seeker to authenticate the signatures they obtain from stars.

When Joan Crawford attended a recent preview, she was asked for an autograph. As the star obliged, the girl requesting the autograph (continued on page 8)
stepped to her side and a friend snapped a picture. The photographer had the latest candid camera equipment, with a flashlight attachment.

**An Angry Star**
- Action is the byword of Lupe Velez, and, as a result, an alleged tosier of a whiskey bottle into the ring of the Olympic Stadium will be a long time recovering from a tongue lashing given by the fiery Lupe.
- The man was arrested and taken to the city jail.
- In a few moments, Lupe appeared at the bastille and berated him for twenty minutes. "I would keel heem if I could," she declared.

**Irate "Gate-crashers"**
- Some would-be "gate-crashers," tourists who were refused permission to wander around in the Warner Bros. studios, decided to have revenge.
- They strolled back and forth in front of the Burbank film plant "picketing" it with a hastily improvised placard banner reading, "Warner Bros. are unfair to sightseers!"
- Several stars autographed the placard and posed for snapshots with the "pickets," much to their delight.

**In the Limelight**
- Hollywood stars are taking an active part in espousing causes which they believe are worthy.
- Many of these celebrities are aiding the cause of the Spanish Government, while others battled to prevent John Montague from being taken back to New York to face trial for robbery, holding that he has led an exemplary life for seven years, and should not be punished.
- Several young negroes were sent to prison in Alabama for an asserted attack upon two young white girls.
- Feeling that these youths are innocent, telegrams asking their release have been sent to President Roosevelt, Governor Graves of Alabama, and Justices of the Supreme Court.

The telegrams were signed by Robert Montgomery, James Cagney, Fredric March, Edward Arnold, Rupert Hughes and Dorothy Parker.

**Hollywood Says That—**
- Nelson Eddy worked as a telephone operator before he became a singer.
- Ray Bolger failed to make a living as a vacuum-cleaner salesman, so he took up dancing.
- Robert Armstrong has smoked the same pipe for fifteen years.
- Mitchell Leisen, director, is often mistaken for William Powell.

**E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios**

**FILMING BRITAIN**

This is rather a stimulating time of year in the studios; not that production has really got into full swing after the summer lull, but technicians and actor-folk have returned from their holidays, new productions are getting under way, casting is in progress, and there is a general air of determination and getting-down-to-brass-tacks that is good to see.

One of the most important of the new productions, of course, is *A Yank at Oxford*, which M-G-M, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer British Studios, Ltd. (to give them their full title) are making as their initial effort.

The firm's sonorous title is a little misleading, as M-G-M have as yet no British studios, but are hiring floor-space at Denham for this one.

M-G-M have been toying so long with the idea of making worth-while films in England that it is hard to realise they have really got going at last; especially with such a distinguished cast as Robert Taylor, Lionel Barrymore, and Maureen O'Sullivan.

**They Petered Out**
- I'm afraid my memory is too good to permit me to get completely shot-away about it; for instance, I remember the excitement when First National began to make films at Elstree . . . and also how soon the excitement died down.
- And then later, Paramount made a great splash, also at Elstree, with *These Charming People and Service for Ladies*. But again the splash died out, leaving only one permanent ripple—Alexander Korda.
- He, I admit, has been some ripple.
- Well, M-G-M are in good company. Warner's are talking about still further expanding the Forbidden Studio; Twentieth Century-Fox are making major films on this side under the banner of their new film producing arm; and I suppose it will only be a matter of time before Paramount, Universal, and Columbia follow suit.
- Radio have certainly made adequate provision to be worthily represented, if they've contracted with Herbert Wilcox to make films for them, and after *Victoria the Great* has been shown Herbert will be regarded as a producer of world-importance.

**A Best-Seller**
- Another British producer-director who is forging ahead is Victor Saville; in the face of keen bidding from Americans he has managed to secure the film rights of Dr. A. J. Cronin's new novel *The Citadel*, already a best-seller of the first magnitude.
- I'm told that Dr. Cronin himself was very anxious for it to be done in England, and certainly Saville's handling of a typically English subject in *South Riding* suggests that he is the man to do it justice.
- There's a bit of a reaction in our studios at the moment in favour of national as opposed to international subjects.
- For example, Owd Bob is a story of a North Country shepherd and his dog. *Sailing Along*, the script by Leslie Matthew, picture, will be a spirited attempt to put the Tyne in its rightful place on the film map. And this *Yank at Oxford* will (we hope) show us something of University life as it is, and as it certainly hasn't been depicted before.
- Then there is *Captain's Orders*, which is set on the great British transatlantic steamer, and *Ticket of Leave Man*, which is about the grand old English sport of garroting . . .

**A Little Crime**
- Remember When, too, has British bicycling as its basis; and *The Schooner Gang* and *Dr. Syn* have British smuggling for motives—respectively modern and ancient.

The background of the new Gracie Fields picture which Twentieth Century-Fox are to make, entitled *H.M.S. Pinafore*, is amusing; and although it begins in Australia and wanders to South Africa, it turns up safe and sound in England before you have had time to grope for your hat.

I certainly welcome this trend, if it means we are to have a little less Continental cabaret in our pictures.

Tell you what I'd like to see—a really good spy story laid in England. Surely our producers have heard that there was espionage and counter-espionage in Blighty during the War—and still is, for that matter.

I thought when Hitchcock began his *Secret Agent* this might be going to do that, but he had to get on a channel steamer, and we were soon lost in Darkest Europe.

**A Near Thing**
- His *Thirty-nine Steps* was about the nearest we have been to the kind of thing I mean; but that dealt rather with a terrorist gang than with practical businesslike espionage.
- That reminds me, his new one, *The Girl Was Young*, which he will edit as soon as he returns from his holiday trip to America, is quite definitely British, dealing with two young fugitives across the South of England.
- And that in turn reminds me—I hear London Films are to remake *Four Daughters*, which likewise deals with a chase, only in this case all round London in the wee a.m.s. hours of the morning.
- I don't know what went wrong with the original effort; which was made by New World and featured John Mills, Rene Ray, and Robert Newton, with a very sound supporting cast.
- What I saw of it on the floor looked very good stuff; but very often a film when it's put together and shown on the screen is an entirely
different proposition from the same film during production.

In fact, "there bain't no knowin's and there bain't no tellin's."

Passed On

One member of the original cast will not, alas, figure in any retakes—dear old Lady Tree, who had a very good and important part in this, and who died some weeks ago.

I remember her in her very first film, which she made at Cricklewood. It was about seven years ago, and she had turned seventy then. She was extraordinarily vivacious and modern in her views.

I particularly liked her autobiography, which ran:

This is the life
Of little me;
I am the wife
Of Beaufort Tree.

Of course, that was completely libellous, as she was very much of a personality on her own account. We shall miss her badly.

This film was to be Rene Ray's great chance as the heroine; I hope if they are going to remake it they will put her in it. It's time she had another break.

The last film in which she made a splash was The Passing of the Third Floor Back, and she had quite a smallish role in that.

At present she is with Anton Walbrook in The Rat, in which she plays Odile, the slum child who first wishes herself on to the Rat as a housekeeper against his better judgment, and then further complicates matters by falling in love with him.

It's an important part, but it's hard to say how important it will remain with a star of the eminence of Ruth Chatterton in the cast.

Made To Measure

Miss Chatterton plays Zeila, the fashionable woman who falls in love with the apache—a role second only in importance to that of the Rat himself.

Ivor Novello, who wrote the story, certainly knows how to write a good part for himself. I remember when he played the lead in the original version—silent, of course. He was terrific.

But I don't think any of us who saw the original film need have any qualms about the way the part is being handled in the talkie. Anton Walbrook proved in Masherade and The Student of Prague that he is a fine actor, capable of handling very much more onerous roles than this.

Incidentally, I think he is very well advised in taking this part on immediately after his "Prince Consort," and with Michael Strogoff also having just been seen here. There could hardly be more convincing proof of versatility. They were shooting on a most impressive set when I looked in at Denham this week.

Representing the Rat's galant among the Paris roof-tops, it has been built on a lofty perch on a level with the studio gangers, affording a bird's-eye view of the floor.

The Real Thing

Usually this kind of shot has to be done by back-projection or faking of some sort, but this time there is no compromise. The galter itself is a picturesque den to which the Rat has access over the roof-tops when it is unhealthy, by reason of police activities, for him to be seen coming in by the more ordinary route.

Look out for the performance by Mary Clare as the Mere Coline. This excellent actress has had too few chances lately on the screen of playing a character part.

So that's one current British film without a British background; and another is the new Annabella picture, which has been known as Follow the Sun, but which we are now to call Riviera.

Another two with a foreign setting are The Drum and The Challenge.

The former, as you know, is the film about the North-west Frontier in India which Zoltan Korda has been fighting to a successful conclusion among the savage mountain passes of Mowbray-shire; and The Challenge is the one about Edward Whymper, the British mountaineer, and that will be enacted almost entirely against the noble background of the Alps—or possibly some part of Buckinghamshire that looks very like the Alps. . . .

A New Favourite

Finally, The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel is mainly staged against a French Revolution background.

Hans Schwartz has been directing some exciting night sequences, and has come fairly near the end of his shooting-script. Barry K. Barnes, as the Pimpernel, may as a result of this, his first film role, find himself a screen favourite overnight. From what I've seen of his performance I shouldn't be at all surprised.

Anyway, London Films have clapped him on long contract, if that means anything.

As to The Drum, now that both units are back in the studio—one from the Khoyer Pass or thereabouts, and the other from North Wales,—it's become a contest between the two as to which has secured the better material.

Incidentally, there will be some headaches for the cutter of this film in "matching-up."

When, for example, Anni Solomon's Mines were filmed, Geoffrey Baraks, who went out on location in the African veldt, had with him a "rough cut" of the studio sequences, so that he might match them exactly—and he certainly made a very praiseworthy job of it.

But Geoffrey Boothby, who was in charge of the location-unit for The Drum on the North-West Frontier, cannot have had any such assistance as the Welsh-location and studio sequences have been shot while he was away.

It will be interesting to see how it pans out.

Exciting

Both units seem to have had a pretty exciting time.

Boothby may reasonably have been expected to, for he was wandering about in the Himalayas, though on the top of a mountain instead of feet up, and director Zoltan Korda, in Wales, doesn't seem to have lagged far behind in hair-raising incidents.

Salah a pretty narrow escape while playing a scene on a rocky pathway high above Llyn Cwmbryn. Mounted on his white Arab stallion and dressed in gold braided coat and bright red turban, he was ridden to catch up. (Help for whom? By whom? Ah!)

Round the corner he was met by a troop of Indian Lancers and pulled his horse up sharply, and but for some snappy work on the part of one of the native troopers London Films might have been looking for a new Indian boy to play the lead.

Now for a less exciting, but in its way equally effective location-trip—Sonnie Hale and his Sailing Along unit have been practically living on the broad bosom of the Thames lately.

There is, however, no truth in the rumour that Mrs. Sonnie Hale is thinking of changing her name from Jesse Matthews to Honey Sall. By the way, the ground (or rather water) which they are now covering for filmic purposes will be covered for charity next Wednesday night the 22nd inst., when as announced in last week's PICTUREGOER, Sonnie Hale and Jesse are giving a party on board the luxury steamer New Dagenham in aid of the Seamen's Hospital at Greenwich. Tickets from the Appeal Secretary at the Hospital, a guinea each.

See you on board!
ANNA NEAGLE has done it again.
It looks as if her Victoria the Great will be the greatest personal triumph ever scored by a British screen actress since talkies.

In the case of Anna Neagle and Victoria the Great, moreover, one can apply that overworked phrase "personal triumph" a great deal more literally than one usually can in connection with a star.

Her part in the success of the film does not begin and end with an acting performance, however good. One day, incidentally, the full story behind the production of the picture will be told and it will be as dramatic as anything that has been put on the screen.

In the first place, Anna took the role against the advice of all the wiseacres. She was being too ambitious, they told her.

Anna who, not so many years ago, danced her way out of the chorus into a leading role because she had confidence in her ability and equipped herself to do it, just stuck out that pretty, but determined, little chin and threw herself into the study of the part.

How much she put into it very few people know. I do happen to know that she sacrificed a well-earned holiday and shut herself away to read practically every book ever written about the Queen and the period.

And so completely did she master the subject that Producer Herbert Wilcox admitted to me the other day that she had suggested at least 40 per cent. of the story material used in the film and wrote a great deal of the dialogue.

Just as enthusiastic and thorough as her preparations was her actual work during filming. Guy Pearce, the make-up expert, whose job it was to help her bridge in appearance sixty years in the life of the Queen, was full of admiration for the star—and few stars are heroes to their make-up men—as we discussed the picture during a lull in production at Denham.

"She is so intensely interested in her work," he told me. "that she entered a hundred per cent. into the spirit of the make-up.

"Other young film stars might have hesitated about appearing in a film as eighty, but not Miss Neagle, to whom the characterisation is everything.

"Nor can I think of many actresses who would, after a long day on the set, consent to sit through the laborious process of being made up for three hours, just to test its value."

Anna, by the way, endured torture in wearing this particular make-up.

So much for her contribution to this very personal triumph as an artist. Her share in the production of the picture did not end there, however.

Miss Neagle herself does not mention that financially she practically saved the picture, and I am sure she will not thank me for telling the story here.

Victoria the Great was made during the time that the British film slump had reached its lowest depth. Half way through the production money ran short and for a few days the fate of the film hung in the balance.

It was not necessary to call on Anna for help—she came forward with it.

She realised all of her savings that she could touch and put the money, some £10,000, into the production. She also went without salary for six weeks.

The success of Anna Neagle in the film will be particularly gratifying to picturegoers. Anna is our only genuine home-made feminine film star, if we except Jessie Matthews, who had made her name on the stage long before she set foot in a film studio.

Her career has been one of the great romances of British films. Eight years ago she was a Cochran chorus girl. Before that she had been a gym instructress and a teacher of ballroom dancing.

The latter two occupations, it may be said, were more or less pin-money jobs. It was when her sea-faring father, Captain Robertson, fell ill and had to retire that she set about to earn her own living and turned to the stage to do so.

She took a few lessons and landed a job in the chorus of one of Charlot's revues. Subsequently she appeared in the same capacity in Rose Marie, The Desert Song and a number of Cochran shows. It was during this period that she made her film bow—as an extra.

Curiously enough, in view of America's interest in her now, it was a trip to America to play in the chorus again, in Jack Buchanan's Wake Up and Dream that was the turning point in her career.

Two factors were responsible. One of them, she says, was, "before I went to New York I had no thought of getting out of the chorus. I had always believed that it was impossible to get on without influence. But in America all the girls were ambitious. They went to dancing school and were intent on making headway."

The other way that Anna Neagle was being paid £15 a week, instead of the $5 that is the chorus rate here. The extra money enabled her to take those singing and dancing lessons.

By the time that bow came to the end of its run she had become an expert tap dancer and had acquired some proficiency in the art of putting over a song number.

It is interesting to speculate what might have happened to her had she stayed in America. She wanted to and, indeed, had got herself a job in Earl Carroll's famous "Vanities."

Prudence, however, won the day. Broadway looked a big place to the young English girl and London seemed a long way away. She decided to come home.

In this decision she was doubly fortunate. Mr. Carroll was on the subject of stage nudity and was at the time notoriously at variance with those of the New York police. His show was raided on the first night and closed down.

And back in London Anna had her new dancing and singing accomplishments and a new determination to get out of the chorus line to help her along the road to fame and fortune.

At first she turned to the screen and almost
by Malcolm PHILLIPS

Victoria the Great looks like being the greatest personal triumph scored by a British actress for years. This behind-the-story of the film production and the career of the girl who a few years ago was dancing in the chorus tells you why.

immediately got an assignment in Should a Doctor Tell? It was a minor role and she did not set the Thames on fire, but it was her first "part" on stage or screen, it got her out of the chorus and it led to the second feminine lead in The Chinese Bungalow. It was at this point in her career that she changed her name from the somewhat cumbersome Marjorie Robertson to Anna Neagle.

Shortly after came her first big break. Jack Buchanan was casting for his stage show Stand Up and Sing, and was looking for a leading lady.

With great temerity the former Buchanan chorus girl applied for the role—and got it, despite the fact that at the audition she was so nervous that at her first attempt to sing she couldn't get a note out. (Nervousness has been one of Anna's chief handicaps, even after she became a famous star. She has overcome it now, though.)

Her dancing was the deciding factor in her success and it was largely as a dancer that she was hailed as a "find" when the show reached the London Hippodrome after the new leading lady had made good during the twelve weeks' provincial tour.

At the time Buchanan was preparing to appear in the film Goodnight, Vienna for Herbert Wilcox. He was anxious to have Evelyn Laye as his co-star, but she was not available and the problem of casting the role of the heroine in the picture was becoming acute.

One evening Wilcox looked in at the Hippodrome to discuss the question with Jack Buchanan. He arrived early and was in time to see the last act of the show, in which Anna had a particularly good number.

It was the first time he had seen her and he was so impressed that he rushed back-stage as soon as the final curtain fell and signed her for the part without even bothering about a screen test. Thus began an association that has made British screen history.

Anna Neagle was perhaps not brilliant in the role of Vicki in Goodnight, Vienna, but the film clearly established the fact that she had an unusually effective screen personality, which appealed to both masculine and feminine film-goers—a quality more rare than you might imagine.

With singular foresight for a British producer, Wilcox deliberately and carefully set out to build her up into an international star.

He started off by putting her into The Flag Lieutenant. I have an idea that Anna was not too pleased with the assignment at the time, but it achieved its purpose. The picture had a ready-made public and Anna's appearance in it made her more widely known to the fans and increased her popularity enormously.

A virtual stellar role in which she successfully carried the picture followed in The Little Damozel, which paved the way for The Queen's Affair, in which she took over a part originally intended for Jeanette MacDonald, and the role of Sari Linden in Bitter Sweet, one of the plum feminine roles of this generation.

I was her rollicking, high-spirited, bawdy portrayal of Nell Gwynne, however, that set the seal on the fame of Anna Neagle. The film was not only the greatest individual success achieved up to that time by an English talkie actress, but her portrayal fired the imagination of America.

Hollywood offers poured in, but to all of them she turned a deaf ear. The Californian screen capital is clamouring even more insistently than ever for her services now, but she reiterated that she has no intention of moving her make-up box across the Atlantic.

Her view is that while she respects the Hollywood machine, she feels that she has greater opportunities here of making films with which she is in sympathy and understanding. And now Victoria—and the greatest triumph of her career. Anna has come a long way since she took that first step out of the chorus a few years ago, but she has changed very little.

Off the screen she is less like a film star than almost any film star I have ever met.

As Cedric Hardwicke once put it, "In private life I like Anna because she makes no effort to scintillate. She is not one of those actresses whose off-stage performances are their best; she conserves her energy for her work."

She lives quietly and simply in the country. "I don't need any more money than I make now," she said once, when discussing the ever-present question of those Hollywood contract offers. "I have quite enough; I'm happy working here and I don't think money's everything, anyway."

Her tastes in recreation are also singularly simple for a film star. She is fond of travel, but next to her film work her greatest enthusiasm is for football. You will usually find her on the ground watching Arsenal whenever she can get away from the studios during the season.

Things are as they should be when a girl can by determination and hard work rise from the ranks of the chorus in a few years to international screen eminence in English films. If Anna Neagle has done nothing else we should be grateful to her for demonstrating that it can be done. No one will grudge her her Victoria victory.

Above: A charming study of Anna in the new film. Top, right: A triumph of make-up—Miss Neagle as the old Queen. Right: Herbert Wilcox supervises the final touches to the star's make-up for the Coronation sequence.
THIS is a Full-length Portrait of a Country Gentleman on Holiday.

But, knowing Leslie Howard tolerably well, I can foresee its being one of the most active holidays of modern times.

He recently arrived back from America, and being aware that what Leslie Howard plans to do to-day will be news to-morrow, I called at his country house in Surrey in the cool of the evening, partly to say "Howdy," because I hadn't seen him for a year or so, and he is definitely one of the people one likes to meet, and partly to discover what he is going to do.

"First," he said, "I'm going to have a rest."

"What do you call a rest?" I demanded, knowing full well that his air of graceful indolence is entirely deceptive; in fact, in that respect his resemblance to Sir Percy Blakeney, the Scarlet Pimpernel, is most marked.

"Well, actually," he admitted, "I'm going to be fairly busy for a while."

"I thought so," I murmured.

"I've been working, on and off, for years, scrappily and at odd moments, at a play, which I now propose to knock into final shape.

"You saw that chap who was going out as you came in? He runs the Bristol Repertory Theatre, and that's where this play of mine is going to be tried out."

"You're going to play in it yourself?"

"No. There's no part for me."

"It always seems to me," I remarked, "that you're more interested in standing behind and pulling the strings than you are in acting."

"Oh, stage acting's all right," he hastened to assure me, "there's something constructive and generally satisfactory in that. But acting for the screen—that's another matter. It isn't acting any more, as we have always understood the term.

"Anyone can be a film actor. A horse can be a very good film actor. It depends upon the skill of the producer, the director, the camera-

man, the sound engineer, the cutter, the publicity man—and upon the imagination of the audience.

"I am not satisfied to be merely a 'prop' to be moved about and photographed doing odd disjointed things. I'm perfectly willing to have all that happen to me, because there's no denying that one is prodigiously well paid for it. But I want a hand in the moving about."

"Ah!" I pounced. "That brings me to an important leading question. Are you thinking of forming your own production unit over here?"

"Oh, I've been thinking of it for a long time. I've discussed a large-scale project with a number of people in Hollywood, but we couldn't see eye to eye about it. Meanwhile, my first efforts at independent production will probably be with Korda at Denham."

"You think that would give you sufficient scope?"

"Korda's a liberal-minded man," Leslie Howard replied, "and moreover he has a very acute understanding of the independent producer's needs and problems. Besides, he has a magnificent studio, with every facility for making good films."

"Hollywood studios have that," I pointed out, "but you'd rather make your films here?"

"I have a feeling," he said slowly, "quite apart from my natural satisfaction as an Englishman, that British production should be fostered, because it seems to me entirely wrong that practically the whole of film production should be concentrated in Hollywood in one enormous monopoly, and I think it's up to the British players here and abroad to do that fostering as far as we're capable."

"Not, mind you, that I am one of those who have any quarrel with Hollywood. I have been very well treated indeed. It's simply that I consider competition a healthy thing, and that, combined with a love of England as a place to live, and the feeling that I can obtain greater independence of action here than in Hollywood, makes me plump for Britain."

"Do you propose to direct films yourself?"

"I've wanted for a long time to try my hand at direction," he admitted.

"And you would play in your own films?"

"But not if I were directing," he assured me. "I don't think that's practicable—at any rate, not for me. But a producer is in a different position, because his work as such is practically completed—or should be—before the production goes on the floor."

"And what about stage work here?" I asked him. "Do you intend to do a show in the West End while you're here?"

"Frankly, I'm not very keen," he replied. "You see, in the West End, if one gets a success it runs for a year, and one plays the part four hundred times, which isn't much fun. And if it's a failure, it obviously isn't right for the West End."

"I'd much rather do experimental kind of work in less excited spheres—in repertory theatres, for instance, which I hear have been flourishing remarkably in the year or so that I've been away. I've brought back from America two or three plays that I may do. But nothing's decided yet."

"And do you intend to do experimental work in films as well?"

"Well, not hocus-pocus kind of tricks; but I should like to have a go at striking a balance between the Russian neo-post-vorticism on the one hand and legs on the other."

"How long do you intend to remain in England?" I asked.

"I'm entitled to a year's holiday," he told me jubilantly, "before I go back to Hollywood to work off some more of my Warner contract."

"It sounds a little like a ticket-of-leave man," I observed.

"It does rather," he admitted. "But it isn't quite as bad as that. As a matter of fact, my contract with Warner Bros. is rather an unusual one.

"I was supposed to do three films a year for them, but I'm afraid I've been so otherwise occupied that my three-year-contract is already
four and a half years old, and it's still only about halfway through.

"However, I've made a compromise with them. I've undertaken to turn up in Hollywood to play in two films consecutively—Warners have been rather handicapped by not knowing just which year I would arrive—after which I'm entitled to two films independently.

"So I may do my two films in England and then direct or produce, which would be outside the terms of my contract. Fortunately, I never signed the kind of contract which would bind me to remain in Hollywood all the year round."

"You sound almost as if you didn't like Hollywood," I remarked.

"On the contrary, I like it very much; I have a number of friends there, and, as I say, I've been very well treated. But my roots are here; my home and my family are here—my boy's going up to Cambridge shortly—and while I'm in Hollywood, or anywhere else out of England, I can't feel really at home; I always feel that my bags are waiting to be packed!"

"So you're not likely to return there for a year?"

"No, I've fulfilled my contractual obligations by playing in two pictures in quick succession—Stand Up, for which I was lent to Walter Wanger, and It's Love I'm After.

"You also played Hamlet in New York, of course?"

"Yes, we clashed with John Gielgud's Hamlet, which was unfortunate, but unavoidable. In any case it wasn't fatal—our readings of the part differ widely. I could never attempt Gielgud's classic style.

"And it caused endless controversy, which was good for business."

"And then?"

"Oh, then we toured it right across America for four months, and that was great fun. We visited the chief cities—Cleveland, Chicago, Denver, Salt Lake—finishing at San Francisco.

"As our play-dates were sometimes rather far apart, we made side journeys—to such places as Wichita, Kansas, for instance.

"These smaller towns—or rather cities; practically every American township is called a city in anticipation—provided a grand experience, because many of them had hardly ever seen a stage play before, and the whole population flocked to us."

"I suppose," I said, "it satisfied the well-known American thirst for culture?"

"For the older folks, yes. And the younger ones pleased their parents and teachers by going to see Shakespeare. And also they very seldom have a chance to see a movie star in the flesh, so everyone was satisfied."

That's a typical Leslie Howard remark; I know few people with such a keen sense of humour under such firm control.

"What about Lawrence of Arabia?" I asked. This subject has been on the tapis so long that I'm almost losing hope of its ever coming to the screen; but I think that's a pity, for it would make a first-rate film subject—and I can't think of any other British actor who could so faithfully portray the strange combination of visionary and man of action that was Colonel Lawrence.

"It will probably be my first production as producer-actor."

"And Bonny Prince Charlie?" This is another subject that has been hanging fire; Doug Fairbanks, jun., was going to have a cut at it, but he decided that the Bonny Prince didn't ever achieve anything, and appears to have lost interest in him. Leslie Howard, again, could certainly portray the visionary, sensitive, gallant figure of the Young Pretender better than anyone.

"That's another thing I want to do. It's a matter of arranging...and fitting things in. First of all, I'm going to see what this play of mine looks like on the stage..."

We strolled down the lane to my car, he in a dark blue short-sleeved shirt and grey flannel gud's, his recently, acquired Californian tan making his fair hair appear fitter than ever.

Leslie Howard has been referred to by interviewers as "that damned, elusive Jimpernel," but in my experience no one could be more accessible or friendly to the prowling pressman. A couple of village girls cycling past gave him a casual glance; here he is no glamour-wrapped film star, but a country gentleman taking a well-earned holiday.

Nevertheless, with the holiday only a few weeks old, beneath that calm exterior a restless energy is seething. So don't make any mistake and read the title of this article "Leslie Howard Lazes Plans."

It simply wouldn't be true.
June Clyde, as she appears in her latest British picture "Let's make a Night of It."

HOLLYWOOD marriages, like any other, may be made in Heaven, but they are more prone than most to come down to earth with a bang. Looking back over the years we see most of Hollywood's "ideal marriages" end in a note of tragedy.


Whom have we left to-day of the real Hollywood love matches of a few years ago? My mind jumps at once to two expatriated Hollywoodians—Thornton Freeland, the director, and his charming blonde film star wife—June Clyde.

The general film public as a rule knows little of the men who direct films—and probably cares even less. You may never have known, for example, that Thornton Freeland directed the phenomenally successful Eddie Cantor film Whoopee or another famous screen musical Flying Down to Rio.

Yet in the last few months Thornton Freeland (whom everybody in the film industry knows as "T") became world famous in the space of a few weeks, when the papers of the world showed the public for the first time some of the risks and dangers that attend the making of a successful film. "T" was engaged by Capitol Films to direct their Paul Robeson-Henry Wilcoxon-Wallace Ford film Jericho which has been produced for this company by Walter Futter who made Africa Speaks. Last winter, "T," accompanied by cameraman Johnny Boyle and an explorer, set out deep into the Sahara, farther than white man had penetrated before, in order to get pictures of the amazing salt caravan—fourteen thousand camels strong—which plays an important part in the film.

After a fortnight's trek into the wilds they were due to reach Bilma, whence a cable was to be sent to Capitol Films' headquarters telling them of their safe arrival. Bilma, it should be added, was the only place en route from which any communication to the outer world was possible.

Six weeks elapsed without any news from the unit, until at last the company was reluctantly compelled to consider the possibility of the party being lost.

Thornton Freeland crashed into front page news: the newspapers, ever looking for sensational news, wrote vivid stories of the hazardous trip, reproduced the last cables received in London from the expedition.

In an ultra-modern flat near Hyde Park, tiny June Clyde waited from hour to hour to hear from her husband.

All the gaiety so apparent in her films, had deserted her; white faced, anxious, she told me how bitterly she regretted that "T" had undertaken this trip.

"He can make all the films he wants right here," she said. "It's so exactly like him to want to go into the wilds of North Africa just for the sake of getting something different."

At last news came from Freeland's party. Unable to reach Bilma and catch the salt caravan at the same time, "T" had wandered for six weeks in completely unknown parts of the desert from which it was impossible to get into touch with the outer world.

I was with her when—transformed with joy—she clutched a cable from "T."

"Sorry to miss Christmas with my baby," it read, "longing to see you love, Gus."

"I'll never let him get out of my hands again." June smiled at me through tears of relief.

She noticed that I had raised my eyebrows when I came to the signature. "Everybody knows him as 'T';" she told me, "but believe it or not Augustus is one of his Christian names, and so I call him Gus and 'T' alternatively and he calls me Peter. Why 'Peter'? nobody knows—

not even 'T' himself!"

I remember after they were re-united and what a different June it was—bubbling over with fun, pulling everybody's legs within sight or reach, wisecracking with every other sentence. But really oblivious of everybody except "T" by her side.

Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Freeland—"Mr. and Mrs. Thin Man" marriage.

It was then that the heading of this article occurred to me—"T" and "T.N.T."

June is certainly Dynamite! Conversation between husband and wife crackles with the crispness of a practised cross-talk act. The only difference is that it's perfectly spontaneous.

"What's your new film starting?" asks "T."

"Tuesday next."

"Well, I hope it finishes before they get wise to you."

"You know, 'T,'" says June, surveying him critically, "I think you ought to wear blue sometimes. Yeah, I think a little blue here and there—may make you less conspicuous."

"T" surveys his all-blue outfit, blue suit, blue shirt, blue tie, ruefully, while he thinks up the next one.

They have now been living in London for three years, and both seem in such demand for British films that it is unlikely that Hollywood will see them back for some time to come. Their bright little flat overlooking the park seems to express admirably their bright personalities. The walls are painted white throughout, with bright blue carpets, white furniture with thin red lines, and blue upholsteries.

Over each door is an illuminated sign declaring the function of each room: "Here We Sleep!" for the bedroom, "Here We Play!" for the drawing room, "Here We Eat!" for the dining-room, "Here We Work!" for "T.'s" own little den.

"T." has some interesting theories about switching the signs around—but June is a little nervous about his plans.

"Pray keep the party clean, "T," she says primly.

Talking about parties, the Freelands don't believe in lavish formal entertainment, but most of their free evenings four or five friends drop in casually and it inevitably turns into a party. Four or five more friends are rung up and then the fun starts. And the curious thing is that nobody seems to resent being dragged out of bed at one o'clock in the morning to be invited to the Freeland's; they even seem to like it, for sure enough they turn up.

I once persuaded June (with a great deal of difficulty) to talk to me seriously about the success of their marriage.

"I guess," she said, "it's because 'T' and I both have a job of work to do which we both enjoy doing and which keeps us both out of mischief.

"The fact that we're both in the same business gives us common interests and the same set of friends, which I think is terribly important. And also because we both try to be unselfish about each other, and that is the most important thing of all."

"Is 'T' jealous?" I asked. "No," said June, "isn't it infuriating?"
Marlene Dietrich comes back to the screen in force as it were. Next week will be Dietrich week in the cinemas. "The Garden of Allah" is released and at the same time she will be making her British film bow in the West End in "Knight Without Armour" with Robert Donat. And her latest Hollywood picture "Angel" is due to arrive any day now.
Paul Robeson has an "Emperor Jones" type of role in his new picture, which presents him as a fugitive from justice who becomes a powerful tribe leader in Northern Africa. Also in the cast are Henry Wilcoxon, Wallace Ford and Princess Kouka. The colourful exteriors, of which you see one above, were shot in Egypt.

Left: Henry Wilcoxon, sent to prison on account of Robeson's escape, comes to Africa to seek revenge.

Left: Wallace Ford a fellow fugitive, successfully exploits Robeson's strength to earn a living for them before they get on their feet.

Princess Kouka makes her film début and provides the romance interest as the chieftain's daughter Paul Robeson marries.
Edna Best and John Clements are visited on the "South Riding" set at Denham by Walter Hudd and Bunny Austin and his actress wife, Phyllis Konstam.

£200 worth of motor car "junked" to provide a crash thrill for "She Asked for It." The stunt man who doubled for William Gargan is buried in the dust cloud you can see behind the car in this remarkable picture.

Edward Stephenson, Radio's clever young designer, shows Harriet Hilliard a sketch of a gown he has created for her to wear in "New Faces of 1937." Oh, the merry-go-round broke down—a shot of Dorothea Kent, who is seen talking to Nate Watt, her director in "Carnival Queen."
Paul Muni, according to advance reports, gives one of his finest historical character studies in his portrayal of the great French author and propagandist. Supporting him are Joseph Schildkraut, Gale Sondergaard, Erin O'Brien Moore, Donald Crisp and Montague Love. William Dieterle directed.

Lighter moment of a great life. Emile Zola (Paul Muni) and his wife (Gloria Holden) having shared poverty, prove shrewd shoppers.

Above: The idealistic young Zola, who is "fired" by his publisher-employer for speaking the truth about one of the firm's writers. The incident strikes the keynote of his career.

Right: Mrs. Dreyfus (Gale Sondergaard) comes to the now eminent Zola and pleads for his help in securing justice for her husband. He agrees and the result is the historic article "J'Accuse."
Life of Emile Zola

Captain Dreyfus (Joseph Schildkraut), falsely accused of treason, is stripped of his military rank and rail-roaded to Devil's Island. Zola's championship of his cause was the highlight of his career.

Right: Zola saves a woman of the streets (Erin O'Brien Moore) from the police. Her story inspires the great novel "Nana," which establishes his fame.
Midnight Madonna

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

To lose one’s last dollar by a throw of the dice is the luck to which born gamblers, who rely on gambling for a living, are subject.

Blackie Denbo proved this to the hilt. He had parted with his final dollar bill at Doc’s shoe-black stand, when one of the players, by name Davis, offered to give him ten to one for coffee money.

Up came the dice in Blackie’s favour. Out went his hand for the money, which actually fell to the pavement. In the darkness another hand than Blackie’s reached down for it.

He found himself facing a young woman, hatless, wearing a cheap wrap coat.

“Let me keep it!” she begged.

“Even if it’s your last, I need it more than you.”

“Then, lady, you’re in trouble,” he said meaningly, and decided, before letting her have it, to take a chance.

“Let her go heads,” he ordered. The coin left Davis’s fingers.

“As I live in the Bronx, it’s heads,” he announced.

“Here you are, Lady Luck,” Blackie added.

“But it isn’t enough. I need a dollar, forty-five.”

“Now don’t tell me the mortgage has fallen due.”

“It’s for medicine for my baby. I’ve been out of work for three months. I’m a singer.”

He paused to make a couple more successful throws. “Half of this is yours, seeing that you changed my luck,” he said, handing her a roll of bills. “If you could show me the kid.”

“Please let’s get the medicine first.”

He took his hat and went with her. Never in his fifteen years of living by his wits on the East Side (he had been cast on the world at fifteen) had he met a young woman so entirely unconscious of her sex.

He followed her from the chemist’s into the usual unhygienic apartment room. A child of perhaps five, a girl, lay passive in the double bed.

There was no vitality in the soft, fair hair. The tiny face was drawn, the hand outside the sheet hot and listless.

“Lift her up for me, please;” the young woman asked of the landlady who had tipped in.

“Take it, darling. There’s a good girl.”

“She gave me a scare while you were out. She had a bad spell,” the landlady put in as she received the money.

“That kidde’s ill. She belongs to a hospital,” Blackie said. In his heart he had always had a soft spot for children, hating to see them suffer. This child was exceptional. Of decent—perhaps gentle—parentage, he could swear.

“I’ll take her to the free clinic,” the mother suggested.

“Nonsense! She’s going to a hospital right now. I’ll worry about the money end. Wrap her up.”

He insisted on carrying themite himself and interviewing the hospital matron, who arranged for a private room and a special nurse. Penelope Long, otherwise Penny, Blackie found to be the child’s name, her mother being Kay. Just seeing her look at Penny as the nurse was about to take her made Blackie add: “Let it be a double room, matron, so she can stay with the kid.”

“I’ll like that,” Kay breathed.

“Sure you would.” He was obliged to take her share of the notes, in view of future payments, and, trusting fervently that they might be doubled or even quadrupled, inquired: “How old’s Tiddlywinks?”

“Penny! She’s four.”

“That’s the toughest point on the dice,” he affirmed. Nevertheless, four turned out to be his lucky number the next day at the card-table. On a certain afternoon, Blackie was able to sign a cheque at the hospital and to meet Kay and Penny coming out of their private room.

“How’s my little girl?” he said, and lifted her up, thinking he’d never seen a child so changed. Golden curls rioted about her chubby face. She withdrew a plump hand from her muff, displaying a metal case the size of a pencil.

“I’m fine,” she announced proudly. “I’m never going to be ill again. Doctor gave me a term-monter for my very own.”

“Penny forgot to thank you for the coat, Blackie,” Kay said as they sat in the taxi. “It’s beautiful—said a fur collar. What extravagance!”

“Don’t worry. You got a swell break when you met me. Blackie. He opened Penny’s bag and stuffed it with notes. “That’s half of every thing I made. It’s hers and yours. I mean it. Ever since that night at Joe’s I’ve been on the upgrade.”

“You ought to put it in the bank. I know it’s none of my business, but gambling’s so uncertain.”

“Not when you have a lucky Penny; and don’t look so scared, Kay. The driver isn’t losing your way. You don’t live downtown any more. You’re going to have an uptown address.”

He allowed Kay to look mystified while he showed her a bright, airy, well-furnished apartment overlooking the Hudson.

“Like it?” he asked.

“If only I had a job. I’d take it right off your hands.”

“But you have got a job—with Davis, the man you saw at the shoe stand. He’s a night-club owner. I took some shares in it.

And sandbagged him into hiring me.”

“Maybe you’re good.”

“I praps I am,” she said. He admired her for taking his help without fuss and protests of gratitude.

Nor did he at first worry Kay about the whys and wherefores of Penny’s existence, but, one morning, newspaper headings were spreading the story of her having been left a fortune and of Kay being appointed legal guardian.

It appeared that Kay, when a chorine, had been married to the rich playboy, Vinny Long, whom she divorced for drunkenness and mental cruelty. Blackie, by her wish, went with her to interview the lawyer in possession of the will by which Penny’s uncle, on the father’s side, bequeathed his money. Mr. Kirkland, a fair man with an over-pleasant manner, interested Blackie, who tried to sum him up, while Kay was saying:

“Don’t want a cent of that money. We don’t want anything from the Longs.”

“But the money’s been left to the child. You can’t change that,” Mr. Kirkland corrected with a short laugh.

“Then it can be put away for her till she’s of age.”

“Certainly. I’d be glad to represent her and act as trustee for the fund.” He was asking the secretary to draw up an agreement then and there, when Blackie interrupted:

“Not so fast. Of course, I know it’s only a few million dollars, but Kay ought to think. We’ll be back in a day or two, Mr. Lawyer.”

That’s real money, Kay. You can’t turn it down,” he said on the way to the lift.

“I’m scared. I’m afraid to touch it, Blackie.”

“All right; but don’t let that swindler handle it. By the time Penny’s twenty-one, she’d be giving him dough.”

A young fellow with black hair stepped out of the lift as they were getting in, greeted Kay, asked after Penny, and seemed disposed to hang about until Blackie somewhat curtly told him to go.

That was Penny’s father. Kay said, confirming Blackie’s suspicion. He was all for delivering a sock to Mr. Vinny Long’s jaw there and then, only declining on Kay’s appeal. He landed it the following evening, however. Kay, having sung the last number of her first turn at the Penguin Club, was leaving by the stage door when Messers. Kirkland and Long delivered her a summons. She must be prepared in the Superior Court to defend her claim to Penny’s legal guardianship.

(Continued on page 22)
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The punch, whereby Vinny measured himself against an intimidating Blackie good. Kay's white face and Vinny's floating one had been too much for him.

In the apartment, after seeing Penny settled before the supper tray with the coloured maid in attendance they held a council of war.

"Even if it is the money Vinny's after, he knows it belongs to Penny, then he'll try and take her," Kay argued again and again. "Let me run away; take her where they'll never find her."

"A run-out's no good. The law can't be got around that easy. Is there anything you can dig up to prove you aren't a fit guardian for a child. You can tell me, Kay."

"I've had to work in some pretty tough places, but that's all."

"Good. Then we stay here."

On the day of the trial, Blackie felt that his dislike of Kirkland and Vinny Long was founded not on suspicion, but on sheer hard fact. A recent sustained strike, and a championship witness for the prosecution, one Alonzo Hall, take the stand, he guessed what they were up against. Surely this sharp-nosed tout, who described himself as a salesman, was nothing but a professional perjurer.

Haven't taken the oath, Mr. Hall, alleged in his own phrase to having jumped into Kay Barrie at Kelly's dive, where she was acting as hostess. The second witness, Kerrigan, a heavy-faced individual of the same brand, declared that he 'driving into town for a good time, someone had given him the number of Kay's apartment.

The third witness, by name Purdy, lost no time in telling the court that Miss Barrie had been drunk at their first meeting.

Three such obvious liars worked up Blackie all the more, because Judge Clark appeared to be in favour of Kirkland and the prosecution. A man of about sixty, the judge, who toyed, while he addressed the court, with a pair of heavilyrimmed pince-nez, to Blackie's idea was entirely inhuman and unfeeling.

He allowed counsel for the defence to dismiss Kay, who had been eager to take the stand, having secured her admission that she had been obliged, in Penny's interest, to act as a club hostess. The time Blackie was called his temper was at boiling point.

He denounced Kirkland's witnesses as liars, styled Vinny Long as a yellow-ivered, Park Avenue washout, and Penny himself a hundred-dollar fine for contempt of court. When Kirkland, cross-examining suggested that a man of seventy, Blackie was ashamed to his chambers, and Penny confessed to sitting on his knee.

The judge asked for the cash, he answered, and Blackie went to his chambers, and Penny confessed to sitting on his knee.

Mister Denbo financially assisted Blackie to the cost of anything but platonic motives, Blackie said, knowing that he would be put on the stand and accused as the broken mouth of a singer, that there were no strings on anything I do for them.

"There are no strings on anything I do for them."

"As a gentleman Sir Galahad," Kirkland jeered.

"Never heard of him," Blackie declared.

Blackie was due when the judge announced the unexpected by re- quiring another witness—Penny herself. One of the boys of the attempt to parry the suggestion, his Honour asked for the child to be brought forward. Blackie did this the following morning. Blackie and Kay took Penny between them and was shown the child, his old physical, with fair curls and black beret to go and come from the Judge's private room.

Neither gathered full details of the conversation, though Penny confirmed, as toKay being the gentleman's knee. That had Blackie known that she spoke quite incomprehensible she, and Blackie was fully aware of the fact that "Mummy got undressed to go to the club," both would have been forewarned. As it was, the verdict, delivered by his Honour in court, proved a thunderbolt. Kay had been sentenced for at least six months' guard for the child, who was to be taken over to the custody of her father, Vinny Swope Long.

Too cruel to Blackie were the weeks following the dark morning when Penny, crying for "Mummy was given over with her trunk and toys to the Longs' nurse. He tried to see his child, and was denied. The appeal which they decided to file against Judge Clark's verdict would soothe Kay. She was inconsolable. Blackie, illiterate gambler, but none the less the Galahad that Kirkland had ironically described him, had fallen in love with a madonna—a madonna whom he couldn't picture without her child.

The "Penguin" one afternoon, when he had seen to Penny, who had been asking for Kay on the telephone, she said; "I was in the appeal, Penny's changing already. I must be with her. I'm going to re-marry Vinny Long."

"I'm kind of a whirling, he said, the knife in her hand. "I thought so, too; but I don't feel anything more, except Penny."

He got one of the club attendants to see her home, and went directly to the Longs' house. In the room with an overcoat over his arm, was leaving by the door. He turned against Blackie spoke to him.

"Sorry I can't talk to you," he said. At the entrance to his Honour's Long Island home, Blackie was informed the same, the butler evidently having been told what to say, but the said, but Clark says its useless for you to be coming here. As far as he is concerned, but was it? Blackie wasn't sure about that. That evening his Honour was shown a comfortable fireside for the roomy limousine and the services of his long-established chauffeur, Sacks, who was to drive him to the morning of the Bar Association. It evidently

dawned on the judge that his man was speeding unnecessarily, and he went through the speaking tube that there was ample time. Five minutes later his Honour stepped out of the limousine, with Blackie still beside a closed car on the edge of the wood, and demanded:

"What? What is the meaning of this?"

"This is where we get off, Judge."

"Are you ready? Where is your car?"

"Tied up in your garage, I hope."

Useless for his Honour to protest against the outrage. For Blackie uniform, Blackie had invested himself with a cloak of courage—courage that was three quarters already had that Sacks would have obtained the necessary help to free himself and telephone to authorities. But how to do so. The Police Department would be broadcast-casting orders every wire and radio, and the Judge Clark and the arrest of his kidnappers.

With the help of Wolf, one of his crew, Blackie ushered his Honour into the other car. Not until the learned gentleman had been locked away (threats and a dash of blackjacks notwithstanding) into an apartment house in the Bronx did the Judge show his return.

"Won't you sit down, Judge? he offered, closing a living-room door and leaning against it. I'll release you."

"I'm not trying to scare you. I want you to understand you were wrong. You took that child from her mother. You couldn't see through those witnesses who did all that. You're on the wrong, and haven't going to show you what kind of birds they really are."

A kidnapper talking perjury! You can present your case in court. It's no longer within my jurisdiction."

"Jurisdiction! That's what's the matter with you. You're an old man without red blood in your veins. You don't care about human beings. You don't know what's going on in the world, or care if you fix things. You're for the happiness of the other man. You don't know how to spot a crooked lawyer like Kirkland."

"I'm now drawn to Mr. Kirkland. His Honour said coldly."

"But my likes and dislikes have no place in any court. You don't realize who I am, Mr. Denbo."

"The greatest safeguard is just what you're denouncing.厳格的 adherence to the letter of the law. If a judge were to be guided by his personal feelings, your life might depend on the amount of sleep your judge had the night before, or upon the quality of his breakfast."

"Well, Judge, that may be. All I know is that there is no way you are going to get her on a case of fraud. That's why I'm asking for your co-operation while I'm holding on to some of the men who lie to you. I'm facing the pen for this, but I'd risk it for peanuts."

Undoubtedly Blackie met the old poor but wonderfully clear brown eyes, that seemed for once to be probing a human being not fitted for Mr. Denbo," his Honour agreed. "I've no faith in your fantastic investigation, but I'll agree on your conditions. When you're finished, you go with me to the nearest police station and save the expense of tracking you down."

"Okay, Judge."

Blackie had cast the dice and, with no further ado, was going to make the most of the throw. Like every scheme involving others' co-operation, anxiety as to how they would react was uppermost in the director's mind.

Alonzo Hall, as Kirkland's first witness, was seriously engaged in masquerade. Blackie thrilled to hear Alonzo, wretched little tout, arrang- ing. So this man with Wolf and other accomplices, to receive three hundred dollars for committing perjury in a forthcoming trial. The case of Vinny Long boasted of the three hundred he had received for committing the same fraud.

When Mr. Hall, discovering that he had been framed, escaped through means unknown, Blackie followed the shot of Wolf's stopped his future perjuries for some time to come, his Honour decided."

"Very nicely staged, Mr. Denbo."

"Only 'Exhibit A,' your Honour."

At Effie's night club, Kirkland's second witness, Kerrigan, was discovered, unknowing that the Judge and Blackie were at an adjoining table, talking to a girl. Taking her cue from Blackie's entrance, the young lawyer, who was un-luckily right about the right question. Kerrigan's answers, fortunately, also proved true.

"Kerrigan is a swell girl, quite on the level, and her kid very cute."

"Just stripping the mask from Purdy, Kirkland's third witness, was even more risky and exciting. To catch Purdy at all, it was all for him to have the chance of robbing a safe, the contents of which were the only part of Blackie's act which was unherseathed, with a wall of sirens, police cars roared away the alleyway. "Are those the kidnappers? an officer inquired.

"This one is a burglar," returned his Honour, referring to those charges against him himself. "I'll be responsible for the rest. Come with me, if you please, Mr. Denbo."

Sitting with Judge Clark in a borrowed police car, Blackie won- dered at the pretty girl. The judicial voice, with a touch of warmth in it, came at last: "You know, Denbo, as he did not fail to inform his Honour.

The closed car, containing the jury, drove away in an alleyway. On Purdy's emerging with the bag containing the spoils, the car, to Blackie, a picture, holding him down, and presenting him to the Judge as "Exhibit C." At which cornered Blackie was the testimony of those three men which influenced my decision. In the talk I had with Penny, she was proud of those profits and tricks you taught her.

"Oh, those parlour tricks, Judge? Good thing you'll never touch another card as long as I live."

"You'll come to see me some times, Penny?" his Honour said in the court-room on the morning of the arraignment. "I'm sure the decision in the Barrie-Long case was reversed and the mother given full custody. The Boy was standing in the aisle between Kay and Blackie, smiled engagingly. Yes. To-morrow, and get married. I'm sure you're not knelt beside her and whispered, whereupon the bright little face that hid a stringy of tears bobbed up again, and the childish voice resumed: "We don't play cards any more. Blackie says it's wrong to pull the aces out. I wasn't very good at it, anyway."
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When the boat catches fire Cooper has to fight the officer, who has got to the head of the boat: he rescues his sister and then takes charge of the boat which, by the ruthless method of pushing off those who are clinging to it trying to save themselves, he brings to port and, of course, saves lives.

Those are the broad outlines, but it is the clever detail work, excellent characterisation, well-written dialogue, and notably handsome representation of spectacular sea scenes which make the picture outstanding one. Apart from Gary Cooper's performance, it is the fact that in this picture he has demonstrated the brilliant dancing of the star and her clever acting. It is a pity that she has not been supplied with better material.

Joan Crawford scores a notable success as the hero, a sailor, who is involved in a publicity campaign by her newspaper's press agent who considered it was time for him to have a "love romance."

The humour is not on a particularly high plane and is supplied by a puritanical detective. One remarkable scene is where she is the heroine's wise-cracking friend and Virginia Dare is well in character as the stage star.

**THE GARDEN OF ALLAH**


Marlene Dietrich....Dorothy Arnold
Charles Boyer....Anthony Stewart
Basil Rathbone....Count Antoine
Allan Melvin....Father Rohrer
Tilly Losch....Geraldine"Kitty" Lawrence
Joseph Schellenberg....Bastien
John Carradine....Sand Divine
Allan Marshall....De Trevoigne
Harry Stock....Monticello
Hearty Branch....Battle Resolutioner from the U.S.S. "Arkansas" Directed by Robert Hill, Pictures and music by C. Vinent Pianola, Presented January 9, 1937.

There are moments of undiluted picturisation in this remarkable adaptation of Hicham's famous novel and I would advise you to see the picture for them and for the excellent treatment of the composition and technical artistry if for nothing else.

The story is a very light one dealing with a convent where there is a Trappist monk who breaks his vows, falls in love with a woman and later scents all over the monastery when he finds she has discovered his secret.

The trouble is that the inward struggle with his spiritual torments of the renegade monk is not sufficiently brought out and the general run of things remains too obvious and pedestrian.

Charles Boyer makes the utmost of the slight material as the monk and Marlene Dietrich looks lovely, is possibly more beautiful in the natural colour, which is one of the bones she has over for Bas and returns to the monastery when she finds she has discovered his secret.

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**THE PICTUREGOER's quick reference index**

- **BORN TO DANCE**
- **THE GARDEN OF ALLAH**
- **KING SOLOMON'S MINES**
- **THE WOMAN**
- **HEARTS IN REUNION**
- **MEN IN EXILE**
- **MIDNIGHT TAXI**
- **GIRL OVERBOARD**
- **REBELLION**
- **THE CRIME NOBODY SAW**
- **THE UNKNOWN RANGER**

**THE PICTUREGOER**

September 18, 1937

Paul Mani is very good as the husband, an unpopular pilot in a French squadron who forms a strong friendship with a young man who had fallen in love with his wife. In fact, he is the only actor, with the exception of the late Colin Clive, who fits at all convincingly into the French wartime atmosphere.

Colin Clive is very good as a squadron leader; one of his best performances.

Lous Hayward is fair as the young man, but he tends to over-emphasize his emotions.

Miriam Hopkins is a thankless, unsympathetic role as the wife and fails to give the character enough light and shade.

**HEARTS IN REUNION**


The DIONNE QUINS—YVONNE, CECILE, MARIE, ANNETTE, EUGENE, THEMIS.

Jean Hersholt.....Dr. John Luke

RICHARD HUMPHREY...Mary Mackenzie

HELEN VIGNER.....Gloria Swenson

SLIM DOWNSWELL....Estelle Winwood

JOHN QUALE....Asa Wyatt

DOROTHY PETERS....Nurse Katherine Kennedy

ALAN DINEHART.....Government Philip Crandall

J. EDWARD BROWSE.....Charles Reardon

SARA HENDERSON......Ellen MONTAGE LOVE....Sir Basil Crawford

DAN MORRIS.....Dr. Richard Sheridan

GEORGE ERNEST....Rusty

FRANCES HAEFNER.....Millie

KATHERINE ALEXANDER.....Mrs. Martha Crandall

JUDE TANNEN.....Sam Fisher

HALL MAN..Jake

EDWARD MCWAD...Editor

MAYE LESTHR..Will

FRANCES CUMMINGS............Cook

CLARA CORKER...Mrs. Smith

HATTIE McDaniel.....Sadie

Directed by Norman Taurog. Based on a story by Bruce Gowdy.

This is a sad let-down after the brilliance of The Country Doctor, which marked the Quins' first screen appearance.

It is just a sentimental story of a kindly old doctor in a small town who has on his hands a procession of several people he had seen into the world and helps to straighten out their difficulties.

The Quins are introduced as a sort of show piece.

They are skilfully avoided the more mawkish moments and makes the doctor a human character, while Rochelle Hudson and Robert Kent...

**REVIEW**

look after a conventional love interest capability.

Good supporting studies are contributed by Helen Vinson, Slim Summervelle, Dorothy Peterson and Alan Dinehart, but as a whole the picture fails to hold the interest at all secure.

**MEN IN EXILE**


DICK PURCELL.....J. P. Campodire

JACK TRAVY.....Sally Haines

ALAN BAKER.....Danny

MARGARET IRVING.....Mother Haines

VICTOR VAUGHAN.....Colonel Gouge

OLIN HOWLAND.....Joes

VEDA ANN BORG.....Rita

NORMAN WILLIS.....Rocky Crane

CARL DE VADOUR.....Alex

ALAC HARMON.....Lady

JOHN ALEXANDER.....Sergeant

DENNIS EMANUEL.....Aide of Gouge

Directed by John Vidor. Performed by Olivia de Havilland.

There is quite a lot of action, but not much conviction in this story, which is very obvious in development. It deals with an ex-gangster who hides out in a port in the Caribbean Sea, but determines to go straight when he meets a pretty girl. Her brother kills a man and frames the ex-gangster, but the wife of the police chief proves too sharp for him to get away with it.

Characters are well drawn. Dick Purcell is quite good as the hero and June Travis an attractive and appealing heroine.

**MIDNIGHT TAXI**


BRIAN DONLEVY.....Harry Gordon

FRANCES DRAKE.....Gladie Lee

ALAN DINEHART.....Philip Crandall

STAN RUMM.....John Rudd

GILBERT ROLAND.....Ted Dillon

JACK MURPHY.....Harold Humber

LUCY TIDDA.....Paul Stanton

J. W. MCNEARY.....Lon Chaney

HERMAN MURRAY.....De Witt Jennings

GEORGE RUSSELL HEMBERG.....Barnet Blake

REGIS TOOLEY.....Hilton

Directed by Eugene Forde. Based on a story by Borden Chase.

A conventional gangster story with the hero passing as a man in order to track down a gang of counterfeiter and falling in love with a girl associated with the gang's chief.

It all works out according to formula, but is quite well done of its type.

Brian Donlevy is convincing as the hero and Frances Drake supplies the necessary sex appeal with charm.

Alan Dinehart, Sig Rumann, Gilbert Roland and Harold Murphy make as tough a lot of gangsters as you could wish to meet.

**GIRL OVERBOARD**


GABRIELLE STUART.....Marianne Stewart

WALTER PIGDEN.....Paul Stacey

BILLY BARRUD.....Stanley

HOBIE CAVANAUGH.....Joe Grey

GAIL OLIVIA SMITH.....Harvey

SYDNEY BLACKMER.....Alex LaMeire

JACK SMART.....Charles

DAN OLIVER....."Dutch"

CHALLIS WEISSER.....Melodiane

RAYMOND RUSSELL HICKS.....Sam LaMeire

R. E. O'CONNOR.....Seigneur Nation

WILLIAM MCMANUS.....Captain Murphy

Directed by Sydney Salkow.

Extraordinary story of a mannequin who stabs her vicious employer, but is later cleared by a wealthy man with whom she falls in love.

The acting is quite good, and Stuart makes the most of the conventional heroine role and Walter Pigden is a sound heel.

Billy Barrud gives a clever juvenile study as the small son of the district attorney whose life is saved by the heroine.

Settings are varied and include Chinese and shipboard sequences.

Superma Limited, Radnor House, 97 Regent Street, London, W.1
Lionel Collier cont.

"REBELLION"
Independent Film Distributors. American "U" certificate. Period Western. Runs 65 minutes.

TOM KEENE Capt. John Carroll
RITA CANSINO Paula Castilla
DUNCAN RENNALS Ricardo Castillo
WILLIAM BOYCE Harris
GINO CONRADO Pablo
ROGER CRAYTON Henry
ROBERT MCNEILE Judge Moore
ALAN BLYTHE President Taylor
JACK INGRAM Hank
LYTLE MAURY Mark
THEODORE LORCH General Vallejo
W. M. McCORMICK Dr. Sample

Tom Keene, the cowboy hero, has a chance in this picture, which deals with the efforts of the American Government to stop the oppression of the Mexicans after the annexation of California. It shows that he can be a quite a good character actor. He convinces as the Government agent who outwits the bandits who are fleecing the Mexicans.

As the heroine, Rita Cansino is attractive and intelligent.

The picture is unpretentious, but colourful, and rather out of the usual run of Westerns.

"THE CRIME NOBODY SAW"

JUNE ALLYSON Nick Milburn
RUTH WARD Mary Malory
AUGUSTA FROST Eugene Pallette
BETTY HAYES "Babe" Lawton
RUSSELL BARKSDALE Horace Dryden
VIVIANE OSBORNE Mrs. Duval
COLLINS KELTON Dr. Brooker
HOWARD C. HICKMAN Robert Malory
ROBERT E. O'CONNOR Tim Harrison
JEFF PROUST William Underhill
MATTHEW SCULLY Tom Borden
ANTONIA FERDINANDO GOTTSLACH John Atherton
TERRY KAYE Sid Gorder

Directed by Charles Barton from a play by Eddy Queen and Lowell Brentane.

Fantastic story of three dramatists who find their inspiration for a story by the chance meeting with a drunken blackmailer.

June Allyson, Eugene Pallette and Benny Baker are good as the three writers, and Ruth Coleman is adequate as the heroine.

The touches of humour are good and the dialogue quite bright.

"THE UNKNOWN RANGER"

BOB ALLEN Bob
MARTHA TIBBETS Ann
HARRY WOODS Van
HAL TALFERRO Chuck
"BUZZY" HENRY Buzzy

Directed by Spencer Gorden Bennet from a story by Rafe Calvert.

Usual tale of a ranger investigating the activities of rustlers and falling in love with the lovely daughter of a ranch owner. Bob Allen is the virile ranger and Martha Tibbetts the blushing heroine.

There is some good action likely to please juvenile tastes, such as a fight between two horses, a stampede and the usual rough stuff and gun fights.

HOLIDAY'S END

ELLIOT SEEKINNER Mr. Solgrave
BECKETT BOLTON Philpotts
ACREY MAURY Bellamy
ROBERT FIELD Des Voeux
KENNETH FORSYTH Arthur Marsh
LESLIE BRADLEY Peter Hurst
SALLY JONES Joan
WALLY PATCH Sergeant Verbury
HENRY ROUSE Peter
ROSALYN ROULTER Joyce Deane
BESSIE SHAW Perks
DEVIS COWLES Supt. of Police

Directed by John Paddy Carstairs from a story by David Elliott.

I can at least be said that this story of espionage played against a preparatory school background has a novel approach, but otherwise it is not very convincing and the acting is generally unremarkable.

The story deals with the murder of a schoolmaster at a school where the boy king of a European country is expected as a pupil. It is finally discovered that a revolutionary had engineered the crime because the master knew too much about his activities.

AGAIST THE TIDE

ROBERT COCHRAN. Jim Leigh
CATHERINE NESBITT Margaret Leigh
LINDEN TRAVERS Mary Poole
JIMMY MACINTYRE Tom Jenkins
HERBERT CAMEON William Poole
NORMA CARLTON Bert Poole
DOROTHY VERNON Mrs. Brewer

Directed by Aila Bryer.

There is some quite good character drawing in this picture, but it is too obvious in its development and weak in its attempt at spectacle to be at all widely appealing.

Robert Cochran is weak as the hero, the son of a fisherman whose mother refuses to let him go to sea and is jealous of his love for the daughter of another fisherman.

Cathleen Nesbitt is, however, very good as his mother and Linden Travers adequate as the girl with whom he falls in love.

FAREWELL TO CINDERELLA

ANNIE PICHON Margaret
JOAN WOODMASON Josephine
ARTHUR REES Uncle William
GLEN LINDSAY Betty
IVOR BARNEY Mr. Temperley
MARGARET DAVIES Mrs. Temperley
ROBERT HOBBS
SEBASTIAN SMITH Andy Weir
ENGA GROSSMITH Emily

Directed by P. Maclaren Rogers from a story by Anthony Richardson.

Simple little story of a modern "Cinderella" in a suburban family who gets her own back when a poor young artist offers her marriage and a supposed wealthy uncle, who turns out to be broke, decides to exploit his work.

It is all very artless, but has some good human touches and the suburban family life is convincingly portrayed.

Anne Pichon wins sympathy as the family drudge and Arthur Rees is sound as the uncle.

Eva Grossmith succeeds in supplying some good comedy incidents.

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS
Number of stars awarded in brackets—

Black Legion (3) . . . . . July 17
Calling All Stars (2) . . August 11
Carmel (3) . . . . . Sept. 4
Chivalry of the Street, The (2) . . . . Aug. 26
Chaps of the Light Brigade (2) . . . . Sept. 27
Confined (2) . . . . . July 17
Dark Journey, The (2) . . . . Aug. 30
Day At the Races, The (2) . . . . Sept. 11
Distant Sea, The (2) . . . . . Aug. 31
Don't Get Me Wrong (2) . . . . Aug. 14
Don't Tell the Wife (2) . . . . July 24
Elephant Boy (3) . . . . . Sept. 11
Feather Your Nest? (2) . . . . . July 17
For Value . . . . . Aug. 24
Gold Diggers of 1937 (2) . . . . July 24
Greendale (2) . . . . . July 31
High Command, The (7) . . . . Aug. 21
I Promise to Pay (2) . . . . . Aug. 18
Lady of Laramie (3) . . . . . Sept. 11
Mata Hari, The (2) . . . . . Aug. 26
Medusa (2) . . . . . June 17
Mickey Stepper (2) . . . . . Sept. 6
Mystery Guest College (2) . . . . Sept. 4
Mexican War, The (2) . . . . . Aug. 18
O.K., For Sound (2) . . . . . Aug. 31
One on a Million (2) . . . . . Aug. 22
Perils and Sins (2) . . . . . July 25
Racing Lady (5) . . . . . . Aug. 21
Rangoon River (2) . . . . . Aug. 17
Shell We Dance? (3) . . . . . Sept. 11
Shanghai (3) . . . . . July 31
Take My Trip (3) . . . . . Sept. 4
Two Wise Acorns (2) . . . . . July 24
We're on the Jury (2) . . . . . Aug. 26
Where's Your Birthday? (2) . . . Aug. 21
Wings of the Morning (3) . . . . Aug. 14

If you use Tooth POWDER try the new Macleans Peroxide Tooth Powder—gd. per tin.

Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

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PEROXIDE
TOOTH PASTE

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WHAT DO YOU THINK? Letters from our Readers

GIVE US REAL HEROINES!

Why The "Jittery Jellyfish" Type?

I t seems that the first thing a girl should learn, if she means to be a film heroine, is how to run through the gamut of fear, from dread, through blue funk, to hysteria.

She needn't bother about the other branches of acting if she can look apprehensively over her shoulder, catch her breath in sobbing gasps over her shoulders, hamper her lover by clinging to him, or dither with protruding eyes while he wrestles with the villain. Though what there is heroic about this, I don't know.

To watch the usual heroine, all jittery, and helpless as a jellyfish, one would never guess that this age had produced an Amelia Earhart.

And are there not hundreds of everyday women who can rely on to remain calm and collected in an alarming situation? But they never creep into scenarios.—Bertha Barwis, 26 Nag's Hall Park, South Norwood, London, S.E.25, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Impatience

• It seems to me that one of the major problems over which British film makers need to “go into a huddle,” if they want their pictures to be commercially successful in America, is the question of “pace.” For British films, generally speaking, are seriously handicapped by a fatal tendency to engender impatience.

It is essential to a film that its opening sequence should capture one’s interest with sufficient strength to arouse a sense of curiosity regarding “what is going to happen next.”

“The recent picture Moonlight Sonata began with a “concert hall” sequence so interminably long and static that it was excusable to close one’s eyes and ignore the screen altogether, for the only vital interest came from the soundtrack, via Laderewski, and was purely aural.

In America, where the art of cutting a film “to the last frame,” so to speak, has been brought to perfection, audiences will not tolerate the boredom of long and meaningless sequences which, while probably acceptable to the continental mentality which likes to “dwell on things,” are definitely anti-commercial from a “live” American exhibitor’s point of view.—A. P. Wheeler, 606a High Road, North Finchley, N.12, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

Weepies Wanted

• A stout lady sitting next to me gave a huge sigh as a sexy picture featuring Marlene Dietrich ended.

“Dearie,” she said, “they never give you a jolly good cry nowadays. Smiling Theri was the last cry picture I saw, and I did have a lovely cry then.

“They make the pictures too clever to-day, and suggestive, my dear. ‘I’d give anything for a jolly good cry. I get my money’s worth then, and it does you good.’”—J. V. Pepper, 50 Elspeth Road, S.W.11.

(‘Let her see a cheaply-made British Quota comedy.’—Thinker.)

Let Her Grow Up

• It’s risky, but Hollywood has pulled off schemes no more madcap; it is an idea which would give the resultant film unprecedented publicity and gain for it an interest which no other film has ever had.

Films tracing the heroine’s growing-up into womanhood are seldom convincing. We never really believe that the woman who is so foolish in the later stages of the film is the same person who was such a wise child. My idea is to put the child actress into a story and film her at intervals as she grows up.

Three things are required: 1. A story; 2. A child star with the makings of an adult one; 3. A producer who can wait. One is easy, two is Shirley Temple, but three is going to take some finding.—May Godfrey, 33 Meldon Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 8.

(The motto of the cinema world is “large profits and quick returns”; I am afraid this would mean locking the capital up too long.—Thinker.)

Better than Nothing

• When I was at my public school (and I only three years ago) there was a cinema, which was shown twice or three times a term except summer terms, in the big schoolroom. The films we had were silent films and some of them were ancient. The camera was old and let itself be heard.

There was one film, Trend’s Last Case, which remained in my memory for a show lasting about two hours and the film was continually breaking. In the end the projectionist gave it up as a bad job, and so we went out with only part of the film shown.

In many ways it was amusing to see those silent films years after they had been made, but they were at least some entertainment.

Since I left they have had a talkie-machine installed. Lucky fellows!—John J., Bend, 5 Hair Avenue, Brandy, Warkworth, Cumberland.

(Thousands of schoolboy and schoolgirl readers will echo that sigh.—Thinker.)

Voice Attraction

• I am very interested in the letters from readers which you publish, in fact I like the pages devoted to these letters more than any other page in Picturegoer.

It seems to me that many film fans choose their favourites by their voices, particularly if they have a particular attraction with regard to film actors, while others (a small minority I think) choose them by their acting, or by how many are attracted by the voice and speech of a film actor or actress?

I find that the voice of Ray Milland greatly attracts me and consequently he has become my favourite film actor. With the exception of English stage stars who have become film actors (e.g. John Gielgud) I think Ray Milland has the most pleasant and clearly pronounced speech in films, and after hearing so many American accents it is a relief to see a film with him in a chief part.

Added to this he has good acting ability and these two assets will, I think, make him a star before long.—Milland Fan.

(‘It certainly is a very great asset.’—Thinker.)

Cruelty to Picturegoers

• In their Water Drip the Chinese are supposed to have invented something remarkable in the way of torture; but for sheer cruelty our ownpicturegoers surpass them. I refer to the maddening iteration of advertisement reels trotted out at every performance.

One comes actually to write at their—

(Continued on page 30)
Grossmith's have created Phül-Nānā Powder to make you mistress of the art of make-up. True toned in nine lovely shades. Choose—according to your colouring—from these 6 new favourites. At any Chemists or Perfumers . . . 6d.

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Grosby's have created Phül-Nānā Powder to make you mistress of the art of make-up. True toned in nine lovely shades. Choose—according to your colouring—from these 6 new favourites. At any Chemists or Perfumers . . . 6d.
What Do You Think? Contd.

varying repetition of words, pictures, tunes and voices. Twice in one week have I heard Clapham and Dwyer exchange the same repartee intro- 
ducing the merits of a certain brand of cigarettes; 
triche in one week sat through stale shots of last 
year’s sporting events, accompanied by a com- 
mentator who pronounced “modern” as “mood”—the whole being a boost for some-
body's Egg Flip.

When one considers how few can endure even 
a good film twice, it seems extraordinary that 
these things are tolerated at all. They do not 
even pretend to entertain, and any potential 
irritation they inflict must be injurious.—
Barbara Fletcher, Flat 4, 205 Dickson Road, 
Blackpool, Lancs.
(But are they any worse than the often dirty, 
cracked, and crude lantern-slides advertising local 
tradesmen?—“Thinker.”)

A Good Idea

- “Radio Xmas Party!” Many of us look 
forward to that, and enjoy meeting our 
loved ones in an informal way.

Why not a “Film Xmas Party” this year? 
What a joy it would be to join in their fun from 
home!

I have no doubt all picturegoers would have 
something to say about the invitations the 
producers should send out, but it is certain that 
there would be no difficulty in getting together a 
jolly company.—F. John, 155 Gladesmore Road, 
London, N.15.
(The difficulty is that films are expected to be 
reasonable all the year round, not merely at 
Christmas.—“Thinker.”)

For—

I would like to express my satisfaction at the 
announcement recently made by Sam Gold- 
wyne, to the effect that he intends to forsake 
black-and-white, for the realistic Technicolor.

With the coming Technicolor it is possible to 
portray on the screen some of nature’s awe- 
inspiring scenes in all their brilliant hues.

What could be more alleviating to the tired 
business man or woman after a hard day’s battle 
in this colourless world of ours, than a visit to a 
cinema, where they can feast their eyes on all 
the glorious colours which Technicolor has given 
us?—W. L. Dargan, 20 William Street, Limerick, 
I.F.S.
(Now read the next letter.—“Thinker.”)

—And Against

I read with disappointment that the end of 
1937 will probably see the death of black-and-
white films. Now, although I liked coloured 
films, I am sorry to think that the time should 
ever come when “black-and-whites” will be no 
more.

Although, undoubtedly, colour in films is a 
marvellous achievement, and adds charm and 
realism, there is also the not-so-good side. 
Many people who have weak or failing eyesight, 
enjoy the ordinary films, but the coloured ones 
dazzle their sight, resulting in headaches and 
disillusionment. So, if “coloureds” come to stay, 
at least one portion of the film-going public will 
be deprived of their amusement. But if, out of 
every ten films made, six were coloured, and 
four black-and-white, young and old would be 
satisfied.

Please don’t think I am an old fogey who dis- 
likes changes, but a keen film-fan enthusiast, 
who pays regular visits to the “flicks.”—
(Mrs.) M. H. Richards, 9 Oakfield Terrace, 
Cattedown, Plymouth.
(The general opinion seems to be that the eye-
strain is lessening.—“Thinker.”)

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

- What do you think about the stars and 
films?

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

Joyce Kennedy

Is a Londoner, having been born in George Street, Hanover Square, on a certain July 1. She was educated at the Froebel Institute and at Bedales, Hampshire.

Joyce's father is a doctor and she wanted to follow in his professional footsteps. However, after failing to matriculate, she gave up all thoughts of studying medicine and decided to go on the stage.

She entered with the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, where she won a scholarship that paved the way to her future stage success.

Her first appearance was with Henry Ainley in Julius Caesar on tour. That was in 1909 and Joyce played the role of Portia. Since then she has never looked back.

Her first film was Bracelets in 1929, and she has since appeared in The Man from Chicago, Say It With Music, Dangerous Ground, The Return of Bulldog Drummond, Seven Sinners, Twelve Good Men, Hail and Farewell and Big Fella.

Joyce Kennedy is 5 ft. 5 in. tall, has blue eyes and dark hair and weighs 9 st.

Robert Kent

Was born in Hartford, Connecticut (where the Hepburns hail from) on December 3, and was a messenger boy, farm-hand, able seaman, riding instructor and boxer before turning to the stage for a living.

He made his theatrical debut in stock in New York. He went to Hollywood 8 or 9 years ago under contract to one of the major studios where he appeared under his real name of Douglas Blakely.

However, after being there some time and only having four small parts to his credit, he decided to go back to the stage. Darryl Zanuck saw him in a local theatre and gave him a new lease of screen life. Since then he has appeared in The Country Beyond, The Crime of Doctor Forbes, Dimples, King of the Royal Mounted, Nancy Steele is Missing, Hearts in Reunion, Step Lively, Jesses and That I May Live.

Kent is 5 ft. tall and has brown hair and eyes. He is married to Astrid Alwyn.

Guy Kibbee

It is not generally known that Guy Kibbee, now safely ensconced in the position of one of the screen's most popular character actors, once almost literally starved in Hollywood. He could not get work in the studios and was down to his last eleven dollars when he decided to give up the bid for film success and set off for New York.

Somehow he reached the American metropolis, where fame and fortune awaited him in a play called The Torch Song. His was hailed as the performance of the year and studios whose doors had been resolutely shut to him now clamoured for his services.

His first film part was in Man of the World, and he has ever since been one of the hardest worked actors in the film colony.

Kibbee was born in El Paso, Texas, on March 6, 1886, the son of a rancher. At 16 he threw up an opportunity to study law in order to go on the stage and got his first theatrical job—as property man in a small company.

For nearly a quarter of a century except for that melancholy first Hollywood interlude, he tramped back and forth across America in road companies.

Kibbee is 5 ft. 10 in. tall and says it doesn't matter about the colour of his hair because he hasn't got much. Latest films: Three Men On a Horse, Mama Slept Out, Don't Bet On Blondes, Mountain Justice and Jim Hanvey, Detective.

A word to the wise...

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LET GEORGE DO IT!

K. T. (Bournemouth).—(1) Release dates as follows: Les Beyond the Range—March 29, 1937; Song of the Forge—Oct. 15, 1937; Mr. Dith is Town—Dec. 12, 1936; Song of Freedom—March 8, 1937; Tame Maffs Trouble—Aug. 30, 1937; Garden of Allah—Sept. 20, 1937; Street Singer—Nov. 15, 1937; Woman in Distress—Sept. 13, 1937; The High Command—Aug. 23, 1937. (2) The recent color film did not issue: Trail of the Louisiana Pine, Wings of the Morning, Damne Private, Garden of Allah, The Bold Conqueror and Ebb Tide. (3) We published a supplement on Mutiny on the Bounty in the Sept. 15, 1936 issue, centre spread, Nov. 30, 1935, story of the film, Jan. 4 and Jan. 11, 1936. Back numbers can be obtained from the publishers, 6 & Catherine Street London, W.C.2 for 3d. each, post free. (4) You Carol Dietch and Marlene Dietrich are not related. (5) Jack La Rue has played in the following films since Strike Me Pink: The Stage Vagabond, Dancing Pirate, Born to Fight, Bridge of Spies, Yolanda Campos Mind Your Own Business, A Tenderfoot Goes West, Her Husband Likes, Captains Courageous and That I May Live. (6) June Lang, Roland Young, Virginia Field, Louise Hewick and Tony Martin are the chief players in The Great Eddie Cantor's new film All Baba Goes to Town. (7) Marlene Dietrich is scheduled for Midnight after The Angel and it is also possible she may play in a screen version of French Without Tears.


G. P. (Scotland).—Chief players in Home on the Range were Jackie Coogan, Randolph Scott, Eilyn Brent, Addison Richards, Dean Jagger and Ann Sheridan.

D. M. (London).—Kent Taylor is married and has one son, born this year.

READERS (Strood).—Yes, Boris Karloff using his real name, Charles Chan at the above.

F. M. (W.8).—Jack Daly who played the lead in Kathleen Mavourneen was born in Dublin, but as far as the film company is unable to supply us with any biographical information.


FILM FAN (Sevenoaks).—(1) Ray Milland, b. Jan. 13, 1905, Dublin, Dublin, Ireland; he is 5 ft. 11 in. tall, and has dark hair and eyes, married to Valerie Webster. Latest film Ebb Tide with Frances Farmer. (2) Tyrone Power, b. May 5, 1914, he has raven black hair and brown eyes, is not married. His latest film is lovely to look at with Sonja Henie. (3) Both of Turkey's photographs can be obtained from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2 for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

FILM FAN (Devon).—Margaret Sullivan has not made a film since. Miss Jackson's photographs can be obtained for Yellow Nightingale with John Boles. No other operas at present being.

MEBLE CRAZY (Glasgow).—(1) Arizona Mahoney was based on the novel "Stairs of Sand," by Zane Grey, and was produced by John W. Damm was from a novel by Charles G. Booth, a green play by Clifford Odets. (2) Birthdays: Brian Aherne, May 2, 1902; Randolph Scott, Jan. 21, 1906; Jeanette MacDonald, June 20, 1907. (3) Latest pictures: Brian Aherne and Olivia de Havilland in The Adventures of Don Juan; Merle Oberon.—The Daughter of Lady X; Errol Flynn.—The Prince of Finland.

S. R. (London).—Helen Westley took the part of Mrs. Hope in Stowaway.

INTERESTED (Hull).—Carl Brisson has not made a film since 1935.

UTFET FAN.—Lawrence Tibbett's photograph is not obtainable from the Postcard Salon. Write to him c/o Twentieth Century Fox studios.


M. J. H.—(1) Na, Melvyn Douglas and Jean Arthur are not at the moment scheduled for a film together. Joy and the World is the film Melvyn Douglas and Jean Arthur is making is the film. Walls and Melvyn Douglas is making is the film. Walls and Melvyn Douglas is making. (2)Previous film: Captains Courageous, b. April 5, 1930, Macon, Georgia, he is 6 ft. tall and has brown hair and eyes, married Helen Haganah. Write to him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. (3) John Halliday, b. Sept. 14, 1881, Scotland, he is 5 ft. 6 in. tall, has brown hair and blue eyes, married Miss Gertrude Griffith. His films include: Are The Children Red Roses, Journey to the South, 56th Street, Woman's Man, Registered Nurse, Witching Hour, Return of the Terror, Housewife, Desirable, Happiness Ahead, Desire, Fatal Lady, Three Cheers for Love and Hollywood Boulevard.


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 costs 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.

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BOURJOIS

HOW TO DEAL WITH GASTRITIS

If you are familiar with the pain and distress accompanying that common stomach complaint—Gastritis—you will be glad to know how to get rid of it by quite simple treatment.

Perhaps you do not know that the inner lining of your stomach is a delicate mucous membrane. Through the glands of this membrane are poured into the stomach from ten to twenty pints of valuable gastric juice every day, indispensable for properly digesting your food. A little inflammation disturbs the functions of these glands with painful consequences.

Over-acidity starts the trouble. You get that "blown-out" feeling or a sensation of heaviness pressing on the stomach. Pains are felt between the shoulders or in the upper abdomen, and perhaps there is sickness. Although you could not expect to remedy all this completely in a day or two, you get immediate relief by taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder; the scientific alkaline treatment which has proved its value in thousands of cases of acute and chronic gastritis.

Regular and persistent use of this powder completely restores the stomach and digestive system to its normal functions; you get the pleasant sense of well-being that comes from a properly nourished body, and discomfort disappears like an ugly nightmare. See that you get only THE ORIGINAL MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder—it has the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle and carton. 1/8, 2/1, or 5/- Powder or tablets.

Glymiel lilac blossom FACE CREAM

Give your skin that cool, matt look; protect from sun and wind.
Use refreshing
**Hunting—and finding a new beauty rule!**

"JUST out of the school-room... and I had been asked to hunt with one of the well-known packs!

"I thought I simply couldn't go," Lady Dunwich continued. "It wasn't the pace or the jumps I feared. But what a sight I'd look in the bright sunlight with my rough, dull skin!

"Then I had an idea! I'd try Pond's Vanishing Cream. My school-friends had mentioned it often.

Skin became soft and smooth at once.

"And the very first time I used the cream, my skin became beautifully soft and smooth. My powder looked perfect and stayed on perfectly, too. Of course I used this cream the day of the hunt.

"I've used Pond's Vanishing Cream ever since—before powdering and to protect my skin against bad weather."

This cream can make your skin lovelier at once. Just read these facts:

- All the time, the air is removing moisture from your skin. Wind and sun hasten this action. Your skin soon becomes dry and harsh.

**Two beauty actions on your skin**

But when you use Pond's Vanishing Cream you put into your skin the softening substance naturally present in the skin of lovely women. And when your skin is soft, your powder stays on beautifully for hours.

And Pond's Vanishing Cream also smooths away wrinkles, for it also contains a nourishing substance. Get Pond's Vanishing Cream today.

... You can try Pond's Vanishing Cream free. Also Pond's Cold Cream—for cleansing. Just send in the coupon.

**Free!** For sample tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, write your name and address below, no a.d. stamp to this coupon and past in sealed envelope to Dept. 1276, Pond's, Portland, Greenford, Middlesex.

**POND'S**

---

**Leave to Anne**

The skin is now ready to receive the rouge. Try to apply your rouge on the natural colour area of your face. You can often discover this by shading in a little natural excrescence. This brings color to the face. First of all, apply a thin coat of cream rouge, roughly in a triangle, two just on the cheekbones and one a little lower. This line comes in line with the outer corner of the eye, the second a little farther in, and the third and lower, midway between the two. The shape is roughly that of a heart.

Spread it with the finger tips, blending it so that there are no hard outlines. It should merge naturally into the general tone, showing neither beginning nor ending, and resemble the white space in the middle of the face gives an impression of greater width. While to bring the rouge in close to the base of the nose minimizes the width of a prominent nose.

Never overdo the colour. Never make-up by artificial light for daytime. Choose the strongest natural light possible and use a little less than you think you actually need rather than a little more.

The application of powder and lipstick is a bigger subject than I have space for now, so I shall postpone these until next week.

**Worried (Crouch End)—are you only 18 and have been ill for 6 weeks, it would be extremely foolish to try the diet you mention. Dieting just now would increase the skin symptoms you mention. You need good nourishing food. Your weight is by no means excessive for your height.

N. G. B. (Leicesters)—Boracic lotion does not suit all eyes, indeed many people find it irritating. Try an antiseptic lotion instead. You can buy it at all chemists.

**Hopeful (Worcesters)—You need patience and a reliable treatment to get rid of blackheads and greasy skin. Send a stamped addressed envelope and I think I can help you.

Is yours a beauty problem? If it is, let me help you. An inquiry accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope will bring you a quick reply letter. Your letter should be addressed to Anne, c/o PICTUREGEOER, Marlott House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

**Talkie Title Tales**

**This week's prize of half-a-guinea is awarded to G. Horrocks, 114 Barnsley Street, Wigan, for:**

They Gave Him a Gun
The Road to Glory
The Black Happiness
Preferred
Prizes of half-a-guinea each are awarded to:

- Miss R. Cullen, Field Gate House, Kenilworth, Warwick, for—
  Try My Advice
  The Easiest Way
  Making a Living Service

- Mrs. Gladys C. Hardingham, 70 Rosset Road, Britzino, S.W.9, for—
  She Wanted a Millionaire
  Broadway Marriage
  She Got What She Wanted

- J. Davie, 124 Divinity Road, Oxford, for—
  Men of Yesterday
  The Way for a Lady
  Keep Your Seats, Please
  The Lady Refuses

- Miss Hardstone, 341 Trent Vale, Alrewas, Burton-on-Trent, for—
  The Rich Are Always With Us
  The Creep
  So Big
  In Search of Missing Persons

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

Address your entries to me on a postcard (c/o PICTUREGEOER, Marlott House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.)

There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, other than that I must insist on your "titles" being submitted on a post card, and only one attempt on any one card.

GUY BEACON."
Lucky cigarette, to be caressed by those cherry-ripe lips! Yes, we all know where that particular brilliance comes from. But who cares so long as the artist's hand is a cunning one? Now she puts her De Reszke down; and down go his eyes to the place where her lips have been. He just can't help it. He must look to see whether the Lipstick Stain is on her cigarette — the shameless smear that has taken the edge off so many promising affairs. Nothing to offend the eyes this time. Like a wise girl, she smokes the new D. R. Minors with the RED TIPS, against which even the least adhesive lipstick cannot show. Yet another reason, she says, why 'Mine's a Minor.'

The Modern Girl smokes

De Reszke MINORS

Red Tips

30 FOR 1/-


15 FOR 6d

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD
"I wholeheartedly recommend SHREDDED WHEAT"...

~says Miss Flora Robson

"I am such a firm believer in the goodness of Shredded Wheat that I have become almost wild in my enthusiastic recommendation whenever the subject of "keeping fit" crops up among my friends. They give me credit, however, for knowing what I am talking about, because they know that I have to stand up to a pretty strenuous time of it in my stage and film work. I only know that it keeps me fit and I wholeheartedly recommend it to all who value joyous health, a clear complexion and a graceful figure-line."
HOW to attract MEN
by Virginia Bruce
Before the Plunge...

'Mine's a Minor!'

‘Quality’ still means something to cigarette smokers. They choose De Reszke Minors for a 10-minute smoke because, although inexpensive, they are not ‘cheap’. Actually, they are made of the same tobacco and packed with the same care as much dearer cigarettes. And they last the full 10 minutes.

De Reszke MINORS

In tins: 30 for 1'- * 60 for 2'- * In boxes: 15 for 6' * 30 for 1'-

FOR THAT LEISURED ¼ HOUR — DE RESZKE MAJORS, 20 FOR 1'-

In the unique vest pocket packet
15 for 6a.
One moment!....

...a touch of

ATKINSONS
GOLD MEDAL
EAU DE COLOGNE
soothes, refreshes, revives

When hours spent in wearisome travel damp your spirits, leave you 'headachy' and nervous, how you welcome that soothing touch of Atkinsons Eau de Cologne on your temples and behind your ears to refresh and revive you! At once you feel lively again, stimulated, a new woman! It's more than a good idea; it's a necessity to keep Atkinsons Eau de Cologne in your handbag always.

Atkinsons is the finest Eau de Cologne you can obtain, yet it is most economical in use. The one-and-sixpenny size bottle gives you eighty-one generous, reviving applications. You should never be without this stimulating, refreshing restorative. Keep it always within reach to revive you when you feel tired and listless.

Compare the Quality. Compare the Price
1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 a bottle, and larger sizes
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madame corot's new autumn collection of perfectly tailored bond street suits, coats and lovely paris inspired frocks is truly a "recipe for radiance." each model is a perfect example of faultless workmanship—authentic design—and selected materials.

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a model that's both practical and smart combines a fitting coat in double-breasted style and a skirt in plain and check tweed.
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name

(p. 481)

Can you SPOT the Rising STARS?

H ow good are you at spotting the "wonders" of the Film world? How many of your own special "unknowns" will reach stardom within the next twelve months? What a thrill it is to look back through your postcards and albums and say: "I told you he would be famous!" What did you think of Ray Milland the first time you saw him—and Annabella? Both of these young people are rapidly making Hollywood headlines, so don't forget to order these new postcards at once... and at the same time bring your collection up-to-date from the latest list below.

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By joining the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club you can obtain liberal discounts on your future orders, and in addition you will receive a 5/- Album FREE. This magnificent book is handsomely illustrated, and, representing the star names of the day, novel, real skin, and lettered in gold, will give you on-the-spot postcards of the world's leading stars. Decidedly no member of this famous Postcard Club will join, and order for not less than one dozen postcards at the regular price of 5/- per dozen. Choose your names from the list given on this and other pages, and order the extra names of your choice. The latest list of nearly 3,000 names is sent free on application.

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name

(p. 481)
A birthday gift brings Janet happiness

"Hullo — some Knight's Castile from Molly. That's the soap for 'Tired Skin'. I'll see if it brings me success at the Wilmotts Party."

And now — about your shade

BOTH are brunettes. Yet Lady Diana Abdy has a skin that is loveliest with the transparent fragile finish which a blonde's powder shade gives, while Lady Delamere has a skin that is glorious with a shade which gives a brunette's creamy finish.

How can one tell what powder shade is right?

Obviously, a shade that lets one's skin look dull and old is wrong.

Yet the truth is, most women are using the wrong face powder shade. They have been unable to help it. Because, until recently, it was almost impossible to find the right shade.

You see, face powder shades were simply mixed to make tints that seemed like skin colouring. They were made without any scientific knowledge of the exact tints of the skin.

But Pond's refused to guess. They analysed the skin of 200 girls under the coloursepe and discovered the tints that make skin lovely. Then they blended these hidden tints in Pond's Face Powder shades. That is why Pond's shades give your skin a loveliness it has never had before.

All 5 shades free

Try Pond’s shades and find yours. They are obtainable everywhere at 1/9, 1/- or 6d. Or send in the coupon below and try all 5 shades free.

Natural gives skin the transparency that makes a blonde's skin lovely.

Rachel 1 gives a soft ivory finish.

Rachel 2 gives a lovely velvet finish.

Peach warms and brightens fair skin.

Dark Brunette gives a glowing radiance — is a becoming suntan tint.

Amazing facts! When 200 girls were complexion-analysed under a coloursepe, 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 powder shades the exact tints of lovely skin.

FREE: Pond's Powder! Write your name and address below, pin a 3d stamp to this coupon and post in sealed envelope to Dept. P387 Pond's, Perivale, 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:
After several years in which he has suffered from a resemblance to Robert Montgomery, a bigger star in the same studio, Young is now getting the breaks. His work in "I Met Him in Paris" has boosted his stock considerably. He will be seen next with Joan Crawford in "The Bride Wore Red."
A ROYAL PRINCESS'S BEAUTY SECRET

The true source of skin loveliness now revealed

"SOME time ago there was created for my own private use a wonderful beauty method. I have found this remarkable quick method so effective, and so far beyond any other, that I am glad to permit it to be made known, and to give it my name.

"Let me tell you how this extraordinary method was devised.

"I am a busy woman, just as you are. And I resented, as I am sure you do, the daily necessity of spending hours caring for my complexion. My life is crowded with engagements and court duties. I cannot be for ever applying creams and lotions.

A Great Scientific Advance

"Among other things, I must frequently make official visits to hospitals, research laboratories and such places. It was in this way that I recently heard of a great scientific discovery about the skin.

"I learned that a certain element had been discovered - to be the actual source of skin beauty.

Almost Incredible Results

"I was shown proof. I saw the almost incredible results produced by this element when applied daily to women's faces for a few weeks. Scaly, coarse skin, full of blemishes, became smooth, clear and youthful.

"I had a special cream made up for me containing this element. This cream provided, in a simple one-minute application, all five essential aids to skin beauty. I found that it took the place of my cleansing cream, skin food, astrigent, powder base and protective cream. This one cream alone made my skin lovelier than all those preparations.

"Here was a potential boon for busy women everywhere. I gladly consented to let this new cream bear my name and be made known to all women as Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream.

\[ \text{[Signature: Marguerite]} \]

This new cream - Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream - actually does more for your skin than a costly facial treatment.

This one-minute application provides all the essential aids to skin beauty. Indeed, this remarkable new cream makes all other beauty preparations unnecessary.

1. It acts as a nourishing cream. Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream is a great advance over any skin food ever created. It restores worn, tired skin. The new element, the source of skin health and beauty, in this cream actually restores the youthful texture of skin that has become rough and scaly and marred with blemishes. Lines and wrinkles soon smooth away.

2. It acts as a cleansing cream, removing dirt from the depth of your pores. Blackheads soon vanish.

3. It serves the purpose of an astrigent, making the pores smaller.

4. It protects the skin, keeping it satiny soft in every kind of weather.

5. It acts as a powder base, providing a finish that holds powder for hours.

How To Use It

You use Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream as follows: smooth it on, pat it in for one minute, wipe it off; do this night and morning, and to remove make-up. Before powdering, apply a very little of the cream; then wipe the skin lightly. At night, leave some of the cream on lines and wrinkles.

You can buy Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream at chemists and stores, in jars at 6d. and 1½, or in tubes at 6d. and 1½. But try Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream free—post the coupon below.

FREE POST COUPON FOR 4 DAYS' SUPPLY

Dept. P.M.140, Therion Laboratories Limited, Perivale, Middlesex. Please send me, by return of post, without any expense to me, a 4 days' supply of Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream.

NAME

ADDRESS

PRINCESS MARGUERITE, All-Purpose CREAM
An Open Letter to GEORGE ARLISS

DEAR GEORGE ARLISS,

We are pleased to see you back again on the screen in Dr. Syn, in which you play a role off the well-beaten Arliss track.

We are even more pleased to hear you reiterate—at the age of 68, is it not?—that, though it is the last film under your Gaumont-British contract, you have no intention of retiring from the screen just yet.

Oh, yes, you will probably remind us in that quiet, amused way of yours that at the moment it is fashionable to be a little bit hard-boiled and cynical about George Arliss.

We have never hesitated to criticise your mistakes—your tame acquiescence in the continuation of the Arliss historical portrait gallery until it became an international joke, for instance. Indeed, we warned you of the likely consequences long before the wisecrackers got busy with the “Richelieu is good as George Arliss” gags.

Nevertheless, amid all the cheap gags which, by the way, you have borne with exemplary patience we have never forgotten the fact that the filmgoer of to-day owes you a great deal.

If Al Jolson was the Daddy of the Talking Screen, you were its first Tutor, a relationship almost as important.

You came to the screen at the time that it needed you and other actors with stage experience and diction that didn’t make one long for the return of the peaceful calm of the silent film.

You brought with you one of the most distinguished reputations of the contemporary theatre and a knowledge of your job acquired in years of trouping which began humbly at the old Elephant and Castle Theatre where, you once told us, you played to a threepenny gallery and had to make yourself heard over the crackle of hot chipped potatoes.

Your career had even embraced musical comedy, in which you confess your singing voice was “terrible,” before you worked your way into the fashionable West End theatres and won an engagement with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, then at the height of her fame.

And for 21 years before you went to Hollywood for your first talkie you had been a stage star in your own right.

Incidentally, though you bow to no one in your pride of the Theatre, your equal pride of the Screen is an object lesson to those Talkie Young Turks who at the moment consider it the thing to set up the cry of “stinking fish” in the studios.

You brought to the screen something even more than rich experience and stage prestige, however, back in those hectic, noisy days of 1929—a presence and a dignity that the sound screen had lacked.

Dr. Syn did more, perhaps, than any other film to rescue the talkies from the dreadful “all-talking, all-singing, all-dancing” convention that was beginning to shape their destiny for a long time to come and would have seriously retarded their progress.

It paved the way for intelligent talkie entertainment and if it did not lead to perfection in spoken English, it taught Hollywood more about the value of good delivery than it had ever learned previously.

There are other good reasons why we still need George Arliss in films.

Even in these days of publicity “paces,” three-week marriages and stellar exhibitionism, there are some of us who still admire dignity and decency in the private lives of our screen favourites.

Again, few young players who have worked in your pictures have failed to be enriched by the experience. Some of them have gone on to reach the topmost heights; Bette Davis, for instance, after you had seen her possibilities at a time when she was considered a failure in Hollywood.

We still believe that you have much of value to give to the screen itself and for all the pleasure you have given us in nights gone by we are grateful.

In some of your pictures you have reached greatness; in none of them have you ever been less than a conscientious and skilled artist.

The Editor
O Tallulah Bankhead is to be "Scarlett O'Hara" and the film colony has lost one of its favourite indoor sports—casting the feminine lead in Gone with the Wind.

Practically every female personality in Hollywood, with the possible exception of Minnie Mouse, has been mentioned in connection with the part, with Norma Shearer, Bette Davis, Margaret Sullivan, and Paulette Goddard all the reigning favourites at one time or another in the last few months.

The inside story of the choice of the husky-voiced Miss Bankhead is that she flew to Hollywood, made a test that caught the eye of George Cukor, who is to direct the picture and who has been her very powerful friend at the Selznick court ever since.

His advocacy has finally been successful over the rival claims of other actresses and Mr. Selznick's own desire to use an unknown.

Tallulah's previous sojourn in Hollywood brightened up the local social life, but failed to produce any sensational screen success.

Nevertheless, many of us felt that the usually infallible Californian star-builders had failed to solve the problem of getting her vivid personality across.

Gone with the Wind may yet put her at the head of the glamour class with Garbo and Dietrich.

There is an epidemic of "come-backs" among the glamour girls—and boys—just now. Constance Bennett, for instance, has by all accounts scored a great personal success in the Hal Roach comedy, Topper. Connie, though not quite the spectacular, $6,000-a-week figure she was a few years ago, has continued to keep in the headlines.

The film world at the moment is chuckling over the Episode of Miss Bennett's Panties.

Not so long ago, when she was filmland's leading Glamour Girl, Miss Bennett had a reputation in the publicity departments for being hard to handle. The rustics were startled the other day when she not only accepted an assignment to play in a Hal Roach comedy, of all things, but readily agreed to pose for comedy "stills" that, to say the least of it, did nothing to enhance the well-known Bennett dignity.

The highlight came when Topper arrived in New York and the star cheerfully consented to autograph a pair of her step-ins in aid of the publicity for the picture.

A nice pair of silk panties they were. The delighted management tastefully hung them in the lobby of the Capitol Theatre, where the picture was showing.

A few days later they were stolen. The theatre authorities, after sorrowfully replacing them with an unautographed pair, received a package in the post the other morning. It contained the missing garment, a dollar bill and the signature, "An Ashamed Father."

Connie, at any rate, has been given a new contract by Hal Roach, under which her next picture will be Love Without Reason, another comedy.

Then I wonder if Ramon Novarro will succeed in upsetting the oldest and hardest film tradition. Ramon returns shortly, after an absence of two years, in The Sheik Steps Out, made for Republic, one of the more important of the smaller studios.

He has a contract for two more pictures and is full of optimism about the future. Novarro has lost none of the youthful good looks which in films like The Student Prince and Ben Hur made the hearts of the world's women beat faster, and it is difficult to believe that it is fifteen years since he appeared in The Prisoner of Zenda and Scaramouche.

It has always been a source of pride to him, by the way, that some of the leading feminine stars got their start in his pictures.

Barbara la Marr first made her name in the Anthony Hope picture. Joan Crawford was an extra on the set when he starred in The Midshipman and her work with him in Across to Singapore, he claims, gave her her chance at stardom.

``Something," he says, "should be done to prevent this molestation of motion-picture players. I realise that it is part of our business to favour requests for autographs. I've never refused to, and I have no sympathy for those who do."

Cooper estimates that the average star signs at least fifty autographs a day, only a small percentage of which are retained for sentimental reasons.

We all know that a majority of the autographs are sold for so much each, and traded back and forth," he adds. "I don't think any of us mind signing the card or book of a legitimate fan, but every one of us resents contributing to a racket, however small it may be."

Genuine fans will sympathise with Gary. I know that every time I mention autographs on this page I am inundated with letters from people who want me to advertise the stellar signatures they have for sale.

 Paramount and Samuel Goldwyn, I understand, sat across the conference table the other day and settled Gary Cooper's future—for the next year or so, at any rate.

As a result of this heart-to-heart talk it is probable that the former company's million-pound lawsuit against Goldwyn for allegedly luring Gary from the fold will be dropped.

And as an outcome the Number One masculine star will do two pictures for his old employers this year. The first will be Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, with Claudette Colbert. Later he will do a re-make of Beau Geste.

For Goldwyn, Cooper is scheduled to make Transatlantic Flight.

Grace Moore Explains

Grace Moore this week replies to Picturegoer's recent criticism regarding the "incident" over her refusal to sing the "St. Louis Blues" in her new picture, I'll Take Romance.

The star declares that her aversion to these "hot-cha" songs is not because she is a highbrow
PARADE

at heart, but because of the wear and tear on the throat caused by those heated melodies.

"For a singer trained in those hot-chata numbers it is easy," said Miss Moore, "Such a voice is pitched and throat developed for that sort of work.

"An operatic singer is trained differently and songs such as 'Minnie the Moocher' are hard on the throat. After I did 'Minnie' in my last picture it was difficult for me to speak for several days. But it was a lot of fun!"

Hair-raising

- Somewhere in the Central States of Europe nearly 1,000 peasant women are engaged in one of the strangest industries in the world—that of growing and harvesting natural hair to be made into wigs for screen actors.

Some idea of the demand for artificial hair in Hollywood picture-making may be gained from Bob stephanoff, make-up chief for Samuel Goldwyn.

The other day Stephanoff had to rent and buy some 600 wigs to be worn by 950 extras used in scenes for The Adventures of Marco Polo, the current Gary Cooper film. These wigs, and every wig used in film production, are made from natural hair.

According to Stephanoff, studio hair buyers collect their harvest once a year, and, in some cases, contract especially fine specimens for their yearly product. Most sought after are the natural blondes of the Scandinavian countries whose tresses might fetch as high as $50 to $60.

In many instances a product of their heads brings a profit greater than the yield of their farms.

When the hair reaches Hollywood it passes through many processes before emerging as a wig. Each hair, Stephanoff says, is separately tied into the wig matting, this requiring from 20,000 to 30,000 operations taking between two and three weeks before the work is completed.

Prices of the finished article vary from $20 upwards. Those worn by stars sometimes cost as much as $200.

Rainer As She Is

- For the first time in Big City we shall see Louise Rainer as she really is off the screen, a modern girl wearing attractive modern clothes—and with her own natural black, wind-blown bob. All her former previous picture appearances have been in costume.

How different the role is from anything she has previously done may be gathered from the fact that it was originally intended for Jean Harlow.

She plays the European-born wife of Spencer Tracy, doomed to deportation as a victim of a racketeer frame-up.

Fur Coat as Star

- That is a real sable coat and not an imitation that Jean Arthur wears in Easy Living.

It came from one of the most expensive furriers in New York and it was insured for $5,000.

During production it was treated with as much deference and loving care as Jean Arthur herself. It had a special studio guard assigned to it on the set and no smoking was permitted in its vicinity.

It even had a stand-in—a cheap fur worn by the star's stand-in.

Short Shots

- Clara Bow, once one of the most spectacular figures in and most frequent customers of the Hollywood night spots, is now running one—Announced that Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable will marry on December 19—George Cukor will direct Janet Gaynor in her next, Of Great Riches—Glenda Farrell is to become a freelance; the Warners are grooming Dennie Moore to take her place—Also rumoured that Gloria Blondell is being "built up" to succeed sister Joan at the same studio—M.-G.-M. is planning a new version of Arsene Lupin, with Robert Montgomery in the title role—Hollywood is anxiously waiting the outcome of the Freddie Bartholomew salary dispute.

MALCOM PHILLIPS

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

Anne Shirley's Marriage

Anne Shirley is a bride! In the last two years she frequently declared that she would not wed until she had created a $10,000 trust fund for her mother.

She recently achieved this ambition, and about the same time fell in love with young John Howard Payne, film actor, and a descendant of the man who wrote "Home, Sweet Home."

So the eighteen-year-old star, accompanied by her mother and several friends, journeyed with Payne to Santa Barbara, where she and John were married by a Justice of the Peace.

This has been a momentous year in more ways than one for Anne.

The Radio studio, finding it difficult to find suitable roles for her, was considering dropping her from the contract list when she was borrowed by Sam Goldwyn for Stella Dallas.

She scored such a success in the remake of the old tear-jerker that the studio not only signed her again but is busy looking for worthwhile starring vehicles for her.

Back from England

- The writer of "Hot from Hollywood" and his sister, Bess, also a writer for Picturegoer, recently tendered a "welcome home party" to Wallace Ford and his charming wife, Martha, who spent a year in England while Wally was appearing in British films.

Wally and Martha could not forget England at this affair, for among the old friends they met were James and Lucille Gleason, Una O'Connor, Montague Love, Norma Varden, Marge Kirby, and other former residents of London.

In many instances, Hollywood film players return from England sharply criticising the methods in vogue in London studios, but Wally is most enthusiastic over England, and so is his wife.

The party occurred on the thirty-first wedding anniversary of the Gleasons, and the host and hostess presented them with miniature figures of a bride and groom. The gift so intrigued eleven-year-old Patty Ford that Mrs. Gleason presented the figures to her.

A Real Thrill

- Dick Powell, like many other Hollywood actors, performs feats of daring in the films, but the fans yawn and exclaim, "A stunt man did it!" And they are often right.

Not long ago the star was acting in an airplane sequence at the Grand Central Airport, Glendale, when he saw a young woman dart out in pursuit of a nondescript dog, right into the path of a machine that was just landing.

Dick dashed in front of the descending 'plane, seized the girl, a "bit" player, who had picked up the dog, and dragged both to safety, although the 'plane missed them by only a few feet.

Charley Chan Disappears

- Warner Oland has won fame as "Charley Chan," the famous Chinese detective, so it is scarcely surprising that he has engineered a mysterious disappearance which would do credit to a film scenario.

The actor's wife, who has been married to him for twenty-nine years, has filed a suit for separate maintenance, asking monthly alimony of $3,500 dollars and a restraining order preventing him from contacting her. (Continued on page 10)
from disposing of 275,000 dollars' community proper-

But Charley Chan, or I should say Mr. Oland, cannot be located by the tireless process servers. He appears to be traveling, but not into thin air.

However, Mrs. Oland can afford to wait, for a new "Charley Chan" picture will soon be put into production and then the elusive Mr. Oland will have to face his angry wife.

Stars in Peril

- Film celebritie’s enjoy boxing bouts, and a number of them recently attended a fisticuff exhibition at the Olympic Auditorium, not dreaming that they were in for an exciting evening.

- A negro, later arrested, hurled an empty bottle toward the boxing ring, which smashed scatt ter glass over Al Jolson, Ruby Keeler, his wife, and Chico Marx and his spouse. Fortunately no one was injured.

A Bed on Wheels

- Every Friday Frances Langford has a work at the Warner Studio in the morning, rehearse at a radio station in the afternoon and go on the air in "Hollywood Hotel" at five. Later she goes to the studio to see the rushes of the film in which she is working.

- How does she manage it? She does her Friday, travelling behind a chauffeur in a converted sedan with a cot in the rear compart- ment, where she can sleep while making her rounds.

The Younger Generation

- Fond parents who let their young hopefuls drive cars often have much to regret.

- Margaret Irving was knocked down and suffered several broken bones in her foot when a driver, apparently about fifteen years old, drove through a red stop signal, knocked her down and dashed away.

Frantic Fans

- Tyrone Power, when he attended the preview of "This I Love" at the Alexander Theatre, Glendale, discovered that he was very popular with the citizens of that thriving city.

- The young actor was wildly mobbed, and, in order to escape his worshippers, had to dash out of a side door of the theatre, leap into his car and speed away.

- Sonja Henie is co-starred with Tyrone in this picture, a very fine film, by the way, but she did not attend the preview as she was in far-off Norway, no doubt thinking unhappily of her beloved Tyrone.

Dogslike Devotion

- The devotion of dogs to their owners is well known, but sometimes their affection is disastrous, as Lily Pons discovered.

- Lily Pons returned to her Hollywood home and was warmly greeted by her servants, who have a high regard for her. Then she strolled into the patio and her huge shepherd dog saw her.

- The dog was so overjoyed that he knocked Lily into the swimming pool!

E.G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

AT HOME and ABOARD

L

AST week I was telling you about the unprecedented number of films that were being made in British studios with a British background.

Since then I have realized that I missed out a rather important one—Bank Holiday, which, I hope, will portray that essentially British phenomenon as it deserves to be portrayed.

Do you realize the remarkable nature of this festival?

Well, whether you do or not, I’m all set to point it out to you, so here goes.

Other nations have holidays because they broke down a prison on a certain day, or because they threw off the yoke of a tyrannical nation (us), or because a saint was born or died or did a miracle.

We have a bank holiday several times a year because a thoughtful old gentleman in a top hat, Lord Avebury, thought it would be a good idea if bank employees could get their noses out of their ledgers now and then, and rushed the suggestion through Parliament on a very hot day when practically all the members were paddling in the sea.

Good Line-up

- But do we enjoy it any less? No, sir.

- And it’s high time our enjoyment was thrown on a screen ourselves to enjoy in retrospect and anticipation, and other nations to share vicariously.

- Speech over.

- Now to facts. Gainsborough are making the

Walter Pidgeon is getting the breaks after his performance in "Saratoga." Here he is with Maureen O’Sullivan and Edna May Oliver in "My Dear Miss Aldrich."

film. The story is by Rodney Ackland, whom I know so far as an able and popular playwright rather than as a screen writer, and Hans Wilhelm.

- The director is Carol Reed, and after Midshipman Easy and Talk of the Devil we can feel perfectly happy about that. Reed is one of our select company of really good younger British directors, and you don’t have to take my word for that. See his films.

- Margaret Lockwood is playing the lead. Come to think of it, at the moment she seems to be playing the whole film by herself, poor lamb, although I dare say in the fullness of time we shall have a few more names vouchsafed to us.

- So far they have been doing only crowd scenes, and these have been done at the Hastings carnival, which I suppose is just about as representative of the Bank Holiday spirit as you would find. But I hope they will have included a slice of Hampstead Heath and Blackheath as well, without which it couldn’t possibly be regarded as authentic.

A Likely One

- To offset this we have at least one more new production in progress which is set against a foreign background; but don’t mistake me—I have no quarrel whatever with this.

James Cagney goes gay in "Something To Sing About," his second rebel picture, which is an addition to the behind-the-scenes-in-Hollywood series.

September 25, 1937
Three Stalwarts

- This working partnership of Pommer and Laughton—two of the most definite and independent minds in British films at the moment—has behind it the financial resources of John Maxwell of Associated British at Elstree—another outstanding figure in British films.

So we are entitled to expect a pretty good turn-out as a result; and I feel we'll get it.

Then, just by way of adjusting the balance, here are two more titles, one of which obviously has an English background—or has it?

Judge for yourself: it's East of Ludgate Hill, which Fox-British are to make at Wembley; and now I come to think of it, that may deal with either St. Paul's Churchyard or Hong Kong, depending upon whether the producer is taking a long view or not.

They're both equally East of Ludgate Hill.

Ber-lud!

- The other one also is fairly ambiguous—Murder in the Family; but I like to think they are going to show us murder as a good old English family custom.

I don't know how you feel about it, but I take much more pleasure in a quiet suffocation in Bloomsbury than a whole massacre in Paris or Bucharest.

More maty.

This family affair also is a Fox-British affair; Al Parker will direct it at Wembley before they kick off with the Ludgate Hill one. I'm always glad to see my old pal Al on the job: he's enterprising, but as being productive of some pretty good stuff on the screen.

Talking about murder, they've been enjoying some juicy ones down at Sound City, where George King has been directing Ticket-of-Leave Murder.

This is the type of old, thick-ear, transpontine "meller" of which our principal exponent is the appropriately-named Tod Slaughter.

And, I am happy to inform you, that amiable gentleman is playing the lead in this.

He isn't the type of old-hat-than-his-himself; that role is filled by John Warwick, the young Australian who seems to be bobbing up in one film after another these days.

The garrotter (Slaughter himself) has a go at him, but as he is the hero of the story and has to be saved up for the final close-up cuddle, naturally this is one case of a good murder coming unstuck.

Silver Wedding

- Warwick's soul-mate in this is Marjorie Taylor, who is making quite a name for herself lately by her performances in these slaughter-feasts; and along with them are Robert Adair, playing Hawshaw, the master detective, Peter Gawthorne, Frank Cochran, Norman Pierce, and Jenny Lynn.

Jenny happened to be on the set the day I went down to the studio this week, and she told me that her wedding took place at Shepperton, in a little church only about a mile from the studio.

To be sure, that was a long time ago—twenty-five years and a couple of weeks.

She didn't know at the time, of course, that she was marrying a double-dealer; however, a wallower in ber-lud—one of the most hissed men of our time. But so Tod Slaughter turned out to be—purely for stage, screen, and radio purposes, of course.

Jenny Lynn is making her film debut in this picture, and they celebrated their silver wedding on the set . . . and in rather an original manner, for Jenny is playing Mrs. Wiloughby, one of the garrotter's victims, and Tod neatly dispatched her and left her lying stiff. Ahhh! lovely bit o' work.

A Pleasant Change

- In case you've never had to do any garrotting, let me explain that it's strangulation with a handy leather noose.

This is by way of being a new departure for Mr. Slaughter, who has murdered by pistol, knife, burial alive, a hempen noose, and barber's chair, but never apparently thought of this way before.

He takes a great pride in his work; a neatly done job of murder will give him a fit of the goatees from which he won't recover for ages.

"Yes," said Jenny Lynn aggrievedly, "and yet when he gets outside the studio he's so tender-hearted that he won't kill a chicken, even if it means his going without his Sunday's lunch!"

And seeing that Tod keeps a chicken-farm just outside London, it must be a bit of a handicap to be such a tender-hearted murderer.

Partners in Crime

- Although Jenny Lynn has only recently followed her husband into the film-studios, they have played together on the stage and the air over five thousand times; and that's all in the last nine years.

Before that she was playing comedy leads in West End shows; well, anyway, she didn't get bumped-off doing that!

Even their engagement had the shadow of crime across it, for Tod and his Jenny were playing in Lincoln at the time, and while they were taking a quiet stroll round the prison walls he proposed to her.

He was leaning on a set representing a coiner's den when I called. I should like to have had one of the £5 notes that were being used in this scene, as a keepsake, as I happened to know they were real ones.

The reason for this is that they had to be shown in close-up, and it is illegal to make counterfeit money sufficiently realistic to deceive the camera.

Dug In

- All this is good British crime; and once more, to keep the balance true between English and foreign atmosphere, a forthcoming film at Denham is announced—The Steel Line, which deals with the Maginot system of defences with which France is surrounding herself.

I saw a diagram of these defences some time ago which seemed to suggest that the celebrated Hindenberg Line, which caused us so many headaches and sore fingers in 1918, was a mere groove in the ground by comparison.

This will be a London Films production, with Alexander Korda and Ned Mann co-directing; and that's all I can tell you about it at the moment.

However, there's a title; that's something to be going on with.

The new Jack Buchanan production, co-starring himself, Chevalier, and featuring Adele Astaire, has a title too, now, as well as a first rate cast.

René Clair is directing it. In fact, it looks to me all set to be a major wow. It's being called Break the News.

A Little Murder

- Details on this production so far have been a little skimpy—Jack is notorious for saying as little as he possibly can about a film until he has it ready to show—but I gather that it's about two rather unsuccessful music-hall performers (Jack and "Mr. Reece") who plot together to get themselves a little useful publicity by staging a fake murder.

One of them pretends to have been murdered, in circumstances which cause the other to be arrested.

Owing to the national outcry over this affair, when the matter is straightened out and they return to the stage the public flocks to see them, and the same tune which had been regarded as mediocre is now successful beyond their wildest dreams.

This is as nice a bit of satiric fantasy as I have come across for years, and as satiric fantasy is René Clair's long suit, I don't see why he shouldn't pull another as good as The Ghost Goes West out of the bag—or into the tin can.

I'm not quite clear at the moment where Adele Astaire comes into this story—except that there's bound to be some pretty strong rivalry for her hand; but so long as she dances with Jack Buchanan and flirts with Maurice Chevalier, we shan't complain.

Deathly Crooning

- I'm glad they've hit on such a snappy title; there can hardly be any greater handicap for a film than to be given a "tentative title" like this one which Julius Hagen is making at St. Margarets.

Mind you, I've very glad to see "Jules" busy again at the old spot, but why must he call his film, even for a few minutes, by such a horrific title as Death Croons the Blues?

That's almost as bad as "Tea Downs the Droops"—one of the most depressing slogans I ever heard.

I hope David MacDonald, directing this Twickenham one, will soon evolve a better handle.

He's the live young man, by the way, who has just collected George King's old-time bicycle film Remember When?

This Death one has an interesting cast—Hugh Wakenshaw, Catta Belle, John Turnbull, and George Hayes. I feel it ought to have Tod Slaughter along for the ride. He would get a lot of fun by crooning people to death.
One of Hollywood’s most beautiful and attractive stars tells you the qualitites men look for in the girls they want to marry.

by Virginia BRUCE

All gentlemen enjoy the company of a happy woman. One can bask in the sun of a happy disposition, almost as readily as in the beams from Old Sol himself.

Women should realise the importance of keeping any moodiness in themselves. They owe it to others as well as to their own well-being.

Can you imagine anything more wearing on a man than a woman who is never feeling quite well, who is sad, soulful, bitter, or inferior? They may put up with it for a time, if women have attractiveness and charm, but not for long.

Every woman should believe she has something. Not in a conceited way. But she ought to realise her individuality, remember the nice things people have said to or about her, and be content, to an extent, with her own worth.

In short, she should cultivate assurance. Look about you at the women you know, the popular, successful ones. They are not necessarily beautiful—I’m coming to that later. But they have a vivacity, an “alive” quality, that draws others to them like a magnet.

It is this that men first notice about a woman. Nelson Eddy, for instance, told me once that he didn’t particularly care if a woman were beautiful. The only thing he stressed was that she have that sparkling vitality bred of an assurance and well-being.

No man actually enjoys the companionship of a stupid woman. Yet I don’t think he rates “intelligence” too highly, either; that is, the high-sounding variety, deep discussions that have an air of flaunting about them.

The really intelligent girl keeps her knowledge to herself as much as possible, and doesn’t frighten a man by trying to impress him with what she knows.

On the other hand, I think it quite important for a girl to be clever with “small talk.” When discussions come up about politics, business, and so on, she should be able to have something worth bringing into the conversation, rather than be obliged to sit on the side-lines without a word.

When it comes to preferences in women, I know all men enjoy the company of a girl who “appreciates” them. For instance, a woman should always laugh at a man’s jokes.

Most men pride themselves on a sense of humour. And nothing leaves them feeling more badly than to have a joke of theirs go unheeded.

Even if a woman has heard the joke before, she should still laugh. If you can laugh at a joke once, you can do it again.

Men admire women who establish their rights in the beginning, about little things. They really enjoy giving in to unimportant things out of which women get enjoyment, like red fingernails.

Few gentlemen exert their dominance too fast by depriving the women with whom they go of some small pleasure. And they admire a woman...
GENTLEMEN Prefer

Miss Bruce is a believer in the domestic virtues and, as you see here, practises what she preaches. "Men like women to be feminine," she declares.

who frankly asserts her desires along this line. It is then so much easier to compromise on bigger and more vital things.

False modesty on the part of women is highly unpopular with most of the men with whom I have talked. No one, man or woman, respects vulgarity of any kind in women. But squeamish coyness is almost as exasperating.

Honesty above all else is appreciated by men, regardless of the many feminine subterfuges to which women so often resort.

Personally, I have to be honest in my dealing with men, possibly to the point of foolishness. Because I have a very sensitive conscience to live with, and could not bear the thought of concealing or lying to a man in whom I was interested.

One lie calls for another. The thing builds and builds, until it finally topples over and crashes about one’s head. The humiliation of being found in a lie should be enough to keep one from telling them, even without a conscience.

There is, however, some basis of honesty in telling "white lies." Rather than straight lies, they are evasions.

An example of what I mean may be found in this. Women should not tell men about previous romances in their lives. Talking about them does no good; only hurts a man.

Were I a man, I would certainly appreciate a woman’s protecting me from thoughts about her past. The past would be an absolutely closed book, and her life, as far as I were concerned, would begin when I entered it.

If it is actually necessary that a woman tell about her previous life, that is another story. But just out of a mistaken sense of honesty, to describe in detail one’s former association, is not only foolishly, but unjust.

Men appreciate a woman’s sense of honour in this respect, just as a woman respects a man for not revealing and putting up for display his experiences before he met her.

When you sum up all the things that men prefer in women, they can be classed under one heading, good taste. If a woman always acts with this as her guiding aim, it is almost impossible for her not to be attractive to men.

For instance, the woman who always acts in good taste, would never dress unattractively, or in extremes. She would never nag or be unpleasant. She would make an effort to be as attractive physically as possible.

Actually beauty doesn’t mean so much to the gentleman of to-day. With good taste, a woman can make herself attractive far beyond beauty of features. She can have vitality, personal freshness, charm.
"Cinq heures, m'sieur." Two minutes earlier, so it had seemed, I had sunk into a fitful sleep, disturbed now and then by the vicious and menacing buzz of the mosquitoes, as they poised daintily around some unprotected portion of anatomy (and there's an awful lot unprotected in that heat), on which to leave their mark.

"Cinq heures, m'sieur" came the voice irritatingly repetitive "O.K., O.K." I assured it, tumbling out of a bed that I was just beginning to enjoy, and wandering drowsily about the room for the switch, for a razor, for a wash-hand basin.

So this was film making! This was the famed Cote d'Azur! A few days before people had stopped me on Wardour Street, banged me on the back and told me I was a lucky so-and-so to be going on such a trip, and funnily enough I felt the same way about it then—but five o'clock or cinq heures, as we French scholars say!

Five Thirty! And after having ploughed a tortuous and bloody path with a razor, between the mosquito bites on my chin, I had arrived on the quay. The moon still rode high over the Mediterranean, but growing fainter before the onslaught of the sun's rays, rising above the Eastern horizon.

In the café next door, a struggle was in progress—that café never seemed to sleep! Peggy, the script girl, struggling for a coffee and roll, Helen, the hairdresser, Yvonne, Letts, Morrell, Jack Pickaurn, the make-up man, Bill Osborne, Rogerson, the sound man, Teddy Beard and the native girls, who had turned Malayan for the duration of the picture, all trying hard for at least one coffee before the old sailing tub Bienvenu was fully loaded with sound and camera equipment and ready to sail them to our location at Bastide Blanche, one and a half hours sea journey distant.

"And gentlemen in England, now abed——" kept running through my head. Wasn't it one of the Henrys who said that—not the one playing the Laughton part in our film, but one of the Bill Shakespeare boys? Somehow, despite the earliness of the hour, having read the script, and seen the performance turned in by Laughton, I had a feeling that I was in on film history, for the combination of Charles Laughton and Erich Pommer is undoubtedly one of the most formidable yet devised, and Vessel of Wrath, gives Charles Laughton his first big comedy part since Ruggles.

Six O'Clock! The Bienvenu is fully loaded and ready to sail. Already the sun is up, gentlemen in England are still abed and film critics are just about thinking of going there. The old ship casts off for the outside harbour, with her motley crew of Frenchmen, Englishmen, Englishwomen, native girls and her stack of sound and camera equipment she passes the end of the breakwater of St. Tropez harbour headed for the open sea.

Six Thirty! A large Beuch drives into the square in front of the harbour, to disgorgre Charles Laughton, Erich Pommer, Elsa Lancaster, the director, and Jules Kruger, the cameraman. From the launch Le Loup comes the smell of boiling coffee, Laughton, with hair blowing in the breeze comes forward with a cheery greeting, "ello, me ducks," he says, in pseudo cockney, and no one would have thought he had been up till two or three the previous night discussing the day's shooting with Pommer and the director.

I would be hard to find a more unassuming star than Laughton, and I've handled stars from Laurel and Hardy to Marie Drossler in my time. Such cheeriness and good humour hardly seems decent at such an hour, but perhaps Laughton has learned the secret of doing without sleep from Pommer, because so far as I could discover, there are no statistics to prove that Erich Pommer ever sleeps when he is actually engaged on a picture.

His chauffeur who I pumped on the subject, admits that occasionally on journeys from here to there, he snatches ten minutes or so in the back of the car, and then awakes with terrifying energy.

Seven O'clock! Le Loup casts off, and heads out of the old harbour, following the path of the Bienvenu, now a speck far away on the horizon, down past the old fishing village, St. Tropez, out past St. Maxime, and away to sea.

Pommer is not with us; for some unexplained reason he

Bill Osborne, sprays Charles Laughton. Erich Pommer attends to Solomon. The negro is a native policeman.

has a passion for an old and battered "T" type Ford which we managed to pick up out of the three taxis in the village. In this archaic vehicle he delights to drive over the unbelievably bad roads to our location, round tortuous bends that take three lots of backing to negotiate, over cart tracks with two or three hundred feet sheer drop at the side.

I can well imagine, having done the trip in a modern high-powered car, that the journey in a dilapidated Ford without any brakes must be exhilarating, and highly dangerous, but you could not persuade me to do it, for quite a deal of money.

Seven Thirty! We are well out to sea, Le Loup is a comfortable little cruise ship of about twenty tons. Up forward, Kruger is lying on deck snatching a few minutes sleep, while the director and Elsa Lancaster are seated in deckchairs rehearsing the day's work.

The skipper's wife who also acts as first mate is bringing coffee and rolls. What time Laughton is bubbling over with good humour and high spirits. If the worry and anxiety of forming your own company and becoming, not only a star, but also a producer, has this effect then pray heavens some of our other stars will do the same.

With the cool breeze blowing across the Mediterranean, the steaming coffee, and the always entertaining company of Laughton to cheer us, this is undoubtedly the most enjoyable part of the day.

Eight O'clock! Our launch is just running round the headland that takes us into the bay where our location is situated. The setting is a lovely little bay, a mile or so beyond the bay—some braving sand on which palm trees wave gracefully, rising gradually to a hill smothered in green vegetation, while away on the sky line more palms and gravely as it in saltation.

The sky and the sea are an unbelievable colour
by Our Special Correspondent

WHO went on location in the South of France with the Erich Pommer unit which is producing Vessel of Wrath with Charles Laughton in the lead. He gives you a colourful and intimate account of the unit’s adventures.

Charles Laughton with some of the native girls who appear in his latest picture.

The tremendous splash and Laughton, without warning, has sprung overboard and is swimming with long powerful strokes towards the shore.

Irresistibly the scene reminds one of the coloured frontispiece on the school presentation copy of Treasure Island, and to add to the illusion, the old Bienvenu like some pirate vessel is already standing in shore, while down on the gang-plank, a constant stream of men, wearing bandanas round their heads, or else sombrely to protect them from the burning sun and all stripped to the waist, are carrying sound and camera outfits to be dumped on the beach like so much treasure, waiting to be buried in the sand.

Nine O’clock! For the last hour, men have been rushing hither and thither, dumping loads here, carrying reflectors, cameras, food, sound equipment, from one part of the beach to the other, erecting tents and platforms for the cameras.

There is a well ordered hustle that gradually dies away, until sharp on nine o’clock everything is ready for shooting. Throughout it all, Erich Pommer seems to be everywhere.

I have a theory about Pommer. There must be two or three of him, in fact as Jimmy Durante says, there must be a million of ’em, that may explain how he comes to be standing beside the director one minute, up behind the camera the next, helping O.K. the artists’ costumes, two or three hundred yards distant at the same time, as he is checking up on the erection of some piece of property like a palm tree, or a hut.

Pommer seems to be the only one on whom the blazing sun has absolutely no effect. He is everywhere and absolutely tireless. There must be about sixty people in the unit, altogether, including the British and the French, and then of course Pommer, which makes it one hundred and twenty.

Laughton emerges from his dressing- tent, wearing a gaily coloured sarong and wades into the water, where already native girls are disposing themselves.

Two or three rehearsals are necessary for this scene, it is a difficult shot, in which Laughton has to swim into the camera range, see Miss Jones, the missionary, played by his wife, Elsa Lanchester, standing on a cliff, register terror and dive under the sea.

The cameras start turning, the scene to onlookers appears to be perfect, the director cries, “That was grand, Charles!” but Laughton is not pleased, and begs to be given another chance, so the scene is retaken, to both the director’s and Laughton’s satisfaction.

So it goes on throughout the morning. Laughton wades in and out of the sea a dozen times, the sun gets steadily stronger and only Laughton and Pommer seem to be absolutely unaffected. They continue throughout the morning with unabated energy, while the rest of us perjure and groop.

One O’clock! Comes the welcome respite for lunch, a swim or a sleep or all three. First of all we plunge into the clear Mediterranean, but the water is practically at body heat, so that the relief is only momentary.

Up on the hill under the meagre shelter of a synthetic palm tree, lunch is being served. Somehow or other the property man manages to keep large quantities of ice intact from the broiling sun, so that we can enjoy the luxury of iced melon, iced wines and iced water, and although the French members of the crew manage to pour away large quantities of red or white wine, the iced water seems, strangely enough, to be the favourite thirst quencher amongst the English.

Those lucky ones who can find any shade under a platter palm or behind a reflector, or a piece of camera equipment lie down and doze off in the heat. The rest of us sit around waiting for the afternoon’s work to commence.

Two Fifteen! Pommer emerges from his tent, where he has been lunching with Laughton and Elsa Lanchester and things begin to move again.

We shake off our lunch-time drowsiness, camera assistants help set up their equipment, and by two thirty or so, everything is set for the afternoon’s shooting.

Throughout the afternoon the work continues, until around six o’clock the sun disappears behind a cloud, or takes on a yellowish tinge, that is unsuitable for filming.

Six O’clock! The Bienvenu which has been lying well off shore, to be out of camera range, puts in in response to signals, and up the gang-plank once more, go the stacks of equipment and our oddly assorted crew of Frenchmen, Englishmen and native girls. Le Loup is rolling gently on the swell, as the Bienvenu sails out past the headland, headed for St. Tropez. From Le Loup comes a tiny and frightfully inept little dinghy, rowed by the skipper, and though it looks too small, even for one man, we manage to get Laughton, Pommer, the camera man and the director all packed into its tiny space, and then, bobbing about in a most precarious manner, we are rowed out to Le Loup.

Again the skipper ranges the journey, bringing this time, Elsa Lanchester and one or two others.

By six thirty, we are all aboard, and ready to start—the day’s work over, and Laughton and a half later we pass the Bienvenu just outside St. Tropez, and are already ashore when she trundles in.

With their sunburnt faces and weird assortment of apparel, the members of the unit certainly look a strange collection. Said a French girl to her French boy friend as they commence unloading on the quay, “Whoever ever thought they were people?”

Laughton, Pommer, Elsa Lanchester, the director and Bill Gillett, our production manager, wave goodbye and start off by car to St. Maxime, some few miles distant, where they are staying.

When we have waved goodbye to the rest of the night is our own, but at St. Maxime there will be discussions, conferences and talks about the next day’s shooting, that will last into the early hours, and so it goes on day after day.

Filming is lots of fun, but it’s lots of work as well.

NEXT WEEK

Gary’s Million-Dollar Gamble

Gary Cooper is to-day the screen’s Number One male star. For several years now he has been the most sought-after leading man in Hollywood. The Glamour Queen, from Garbo, Dietrich and Shearer, downwards have clamoured for his services in their films.

Recently he relinquished his contract and walked out of the studio where in the last decade or so he has grown to greatness and stepped into a new screen life.

He is celebrating the move by appearing for a start in a costume picture, “The Adventures of Marco Polo,” though his success has been built up in a series of characterisations of modern Americans.

Next week “Picturegoer” tells you the inside story of Cooper’s decision and ambitions and the romance of the ex-cowboy who has become the screen’s most important masculine star.
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ACTING is in His BLOOD

by Max BRENN

The famous young Viennese actor Anton Walbrook, now playing in British films, makes some interesting disclosures.

WHEN a fellow's ancestors have been actors for three hundred years at least, something gets into the blood. It happened in the case of Anton Walbrook.

He told me all about it this week, as we sat talking in a house he has taken in a quiet corner of Chelsea.

I had no idea my family had such a long connection with the stage," he said in his excellent English with the pleasant soft accent of the cultured Austrian. "My father himself did not know. He had been left an orphan at a very early age, and had been adopted by a musician, but at seven he joined a circus and subsequently became a famous clown.

Oddly enough, although I was practically born in the circus and had been brought up in that atmosphere, I had no interest in it. I wanted always to go to the theatre—that was my only thought.

One day a few years ago an authority on theatrical history wrote asking me if I were the son of Adolph Wohlbruch the clown; and on hearing that I was he told me I belonged to a family of theatre-folk stretching back over three centuries—which did to some extent explain my hankering for the footlights rather than the sawdust.

"He unearthed some distinguished people among my forbears. One great-grandfather, it appears, had composed the libretto of operas by Marschner and Karl Maria von Weber. Ida Schuselka-Wohlbruch, a great-great-great (or so I) grandmother, had been the first Austrian woman to go to France and establish her own theatre; and so on."

He paused, leaning back in his high-backed oak chair and gazing before him as if envisaging that long, long line of entertainers of which he is such a worthy son.

A picturesque figure he looked, in an open-necked shirt and a blue corduroy-jacket, a handsome fellow, too—but there is something about him which has nothing to do with his looks.

He has an air of natural courtesy, a quick sensitivity, a ready intelligence, a warm sympathy. I found him pleasantly easy to interview.

"And you were successful in keeping out of the circus-ring!" I pursued.

"Oh, yes! As soon as I left school—at about fifteen—I went on the stage; and there I have been fortunate.

Fortunate! He has succeeded in making himself one of the most illustrious Continental actors, if that's what he calls being fortunate.

"But the circus dogged me," he went on whimsically: "my very first film, about five and a half years ago, was a circus-picture, Salto Mortale, directed by E. A. Dupont."

"And featuring Anna Sten," I remembered.

"Yes. It did me no good—no good at all!"

Indeed, he does not seem to have come into his own in the film world until he played opposite Paula Wessely in Maskerade, which took Europe by storm, and attracted the attention of Hollywood.

But even then, when M-G-M made an English-speaking version of it—called Escapade—they didn't invite Adolf Wohlbruch (as he then was) to participate, but tossed the plum role to William Powell.

Then Wohlbruch starred in The Student of Prague, and again Hollywood sat up and took notice; but the young man had no English to speak of—or to speak—and somehow he stayed in Europe.

Then came the German and French versions of Michael Strogoff, in both of which Wohlbruch played the title-role; and by this time Hollywood's resistance was reduced to nil.

Radio decided to make an English-speaking version; and they decided to have the actor who had already done so well in the other two versions.

"I'm afraid I didn't see it." I confessed. "It isn't quite my kind of picture."

"It isn't quite my kind of picture, too," he admitted with a smile; "in fact, I am tired to death of it! But I have to remember that it was that talkies resulted in my being here."

"And you knew very little English, I believe?"

"I had been learning for less than four months. The French version had taken up all my time—that also, you see, was in a foreign language, and one more difficult to me than English."

All the same, the young actor has linguistic ability also in his blood, for his father, who is 73, speaks eleven languages, including Russian.

Incidentally he is a great friend of another famous clown, Grock, who was once instrumental in saving his life, and with whom Anton Wohlbruch, sen., has, for some years spent part of the summer, at Grock's home in Italy.

"About this change of name," I suggested.

"Oh, it is sometimes difficult to remember," he laughed, "especially when I am signing cheques or autographing portraits. Generally Austrian boys are given three names, and mine are Adolf Anton Wilhelm; and as the chiefs of Radio thought the name Adolf was unromantic they suggested I use the second."

"And Wohlbruch automatically became Walbrook?" I asked.

"Well, it's certainly easier for us. Now tell me—how did you come to make films in England?"

"I was offered a contract with Gaumont-British," he explained, "which I accepted; but by the time Michael Strogoff was completed, Gaumont-British production activities had come almost to an end, so they asked me if I would be willing to waive the contract, and I agreed."

"I remember you were to have been in Non-Stop New York," I remarked. "Go on."

"I decided, however, to stay in England until it was possible to make my next Hollywood picture, because I was determined, if possible, to learn English without an American accent."

And then I had a great stroke of luck; Herbert Winko decided I looked so much like the Prince Consort that he must have me to play opposite Anna Neagle in Victoria the Great."

And when that was finished he engaged me for the title-role in The Rat—and here I still am!"

"From the courier of the Czar which he played in Michael Strogoff to the character of Prince Consort in Victoria the Great is a far cry, but not so far as from that to the modern Parisian apache in The Rat—a pretty good test of versatility."

Like most Austrians, Walbrook likes England and the English. "I don't think I was altogether happy in Hollywood—partly because, as he admits, he was heartily tired of Michael Strogoff, and partly because he was still in the floundering stage with his English. I fancy it will be a very different matter when he returns there, with his new command of our language."

"I have my teacher every day," he told me. "Already, in The Rat, I speak better than I did in Victoria. Fortunately they both call for a foreign accent. I would never attempt to play an English role."

While we were speaking his mother came in—a frail little lady whose English is as scanty as my German, which is saying a good deal.

Anton has lately taken her for her first trip to Paris, and now she is "seeing London" before returning to her beloved home in Italy.

She is charming, and obviously proud of her distinguished son, but implacably opposed to the change in his name, the necessity for which she cannot understand.

I should like to have explained to her that by the time the average Englishman had finished trying to pronounce Wohlbruch it would be very like Walbrook anyway; why did I never learn German?

To sum up, Anton Walbrook is young, handsome, well-built, dignified, modest, charming, and a highly accomplished actor. I hope we shall have him here for many more pictures. He is the kind of Continental actor who is an asset to our studios.
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Evan Williams
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Making films—and a fortune—really is fun for Shirley Temple, seen here enjoying herself with the youngsters who work with her in "Hedie." The girl on Shirley's right is Frances Klein, her studio school-teacher.

**SHOTS with our CANDID CAMERA**

Left: A future band leader? Mrs. Harry Roy, wife of the jazz king, with their baby.

The tea interval comes as a pleasant interlude for Naomi Penman and members of the cast of "The Girl Was Young," on location at 18th.

Right: Joan Crawford can't resist a merry-go-round—and the candid cameraman caught her in the act between scenes on the set of "The Bride Wore Red."
William Powell and Myrna Loy, moviedom's favourite "Mr. and Mrs.," are teamed again, but they are not married this time—not until the conventional last 500-feet, anyway. Myrna has the role of a very business-like New York business woman, and Powell is a vagabond artist who lives in a trailer. Also in the cast are John Beal and Florence Rice.

Right: Myrna is furious when she discovers that the Bohemian Bill has been coaching her younger sister (Florence Rice) in dramatics in Edgar Kennedy's beer parlour.
Left: Myrna disapproves of Powell's friendship with Florence Rice, whom he has been encouraging in her ambitions to be an actress. He consents to break off the association if she will pose for him.

Above: Although she will not admit it, the sedate and efficient Myrna finds herself attracted to the happy-go-lucky artist.

Above: Myrna is anxious for her Kid Sister to marry that nice respectable young man John Beal.

Right: This looks as if Florence Rice is going to get Bill Powell after all, but he is merely trying to encourage Beal to elope with her.
Darryl Zanuck's half-million pound bid to recreate the drama of the great Chicago fire. Heading a strong cast are Tyrone Power, Alice Faye, Don Ameche and Alice Brady.

Don Ameche is a conscientious mayor and Tyrone Power, somewhat surprisingly, is his bad boy brother, mixed up in the local rackets.

Above: "The Patch," one of the most notorious quarters of Chicago long before the days of Capone, comes to life again on the screen.

Above: Alice Faye has the role, originally intended for Jean Harlow, of a singer in Power's cabaret. Left: The fire scenes, of course, provide the spectacular highlight of the picture.
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Tears overflowed as she voiced the worst woe of all. "I could bear the rest, Susan, but I've been un ladylike.

For ten years, while the war dragged on, Phoebe allowed no man but Dr. Brown, whom she resolutely considered lost to her for ever, to occupy her thoughts. Misericordia was the only order on spinsters with limited incomes. The Misses Throssel had perforce to put up with a boarder beside their window announcing their readiness to take pupils.

Eleven school seasons passed. One morning, towards the end of term, Susan had been in to inquire of her sister whether 14 and 17 really made 31 when a roll of drums and the thud of marching feet brought pupils and mistresses to the window. The war was over. Returned troops were passing, including Dr. Brown's detachment.

"Miss Phoebe, against her conscience, looked out for a certain face and, swallowing a lump in her throat as the last man passed, called her scholars to resume their places.

Five minutes later she was chasing William Smith with a cane for putting out his tongue at Susan, when William Smith, charging through the drawing-room, was caught up by the belt, held by a masculine figure, and carried by him into the hall and out through the front door. "Do you realise who that was?" Susan said. Phoebe essayed after the disappearing Dr. Brown as though the sight of him—safe and well, and back, after all, in Quality Street—was more than she could bear. Susan, she said brokenly. "I've lost my looks!"

"Why, Miss Phoebe; it's you!" he said with a start.

"I have changed. I have not worn well, Captain Brown." "Besides, today, I have a headache."

"I'm sorry. I was in hopes you and Miss Susan would be coming to the officers' ball this evening to hand out thought cards for you to make sure."

"How kind! But Susan never dances and my dancing days are over."

She was calm, but no longer thoughtless. "Will you, Miss Phoebe, you will always be like this quiet, old-fashioned garden, full of the flowers that I love best because I've known them longest—the daisy that stands for innocence, the hyacinth for constancy, the modest violet."

"You know, Miss Phoebe, you will always be like this quiet, old-fashioned garden, full of the flowers that I love best because I've known them longest—the daisy that stands for innocence, the hyacinth for constancy, the modest violet."

Her heart raced. "Mr. Brown, what have you to tell me?" she urged.

"Perhaps you can guess. I've enlisted, Miss Phoebe." Her heart seemed to stand still. "In these stirring times, a man can't stay at home," his voice went on, and I'm glad to say, after the recruiting sergeant's visit here, five other men have joined the colours. We leave for Peterborough Barracks immediately.

"I shall pray that you may be preserved in battle, Mr. Brown," she said soberly. When at last he had gone, Susan spoke of other suitors, but Phoebe shook her head. "Never speak to me of others!" she said vehemently. "I let him kiss me. I even urged him to do it perhaps he meant nothing, but my kiss was given with all my love."

For the regretful look and he was going. Phoebe thought she heard him say to Susan at the door, "What a shame it is."

The moment the door closed, she regretted her timidity. The Phoebe who had reprimanded a recruiting sergeant and kindly ordered him from the house raised an indignant voice:

"I'm only thirty, after all, Susan! What sound so much more than twenty-nine? Ten years ago I went to bed with ringlets and woke with a cap on my head. It's not fair to treat me like a ladylike. I want to be bright and thoughtless and merry. I want to be petted and adored."

She darted out of the room. In ten minutes she was back, wearing Susan's most thirty sound so much more than twenty-nine. Ten years younger, looking even more charming than the Phoebe of twenty, from simple youth to head, the depth of colour in her eyes.

"One dance to Phoebe of the ringlets! She cried, and chased round the room."

"You almost frightened me," Susan ejaculated, and Patty, who had come in through the drawing-room, gasped: "Miss Phoebe!"

"I'm not Miss Phoebe, Patty. I'm—let me think, if

(Continued on page 16)
You could never mistake those eyes. There’s no prize offered for telling us they are Wallace Beery’s. And you couldn’t never mistake that chocolate taste. It says CADBURY’S at a glance. The only thing it doesn’t say is that the milk is full-cream milk.

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**FOR DEWY LIPS!**

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Try this new preparation. It’s not like original stick, but the lipstick never!
I'm not myself. Why, my dear aunt Patty, Captain Brown has passed a knave!"

"That's Captain Brown's knock!" Patty exclaimed and hurried into the ball. She let him in. Phoebe, continuing her dance in a whirl of hope, saw the Captain start and break off his remark about having ventured to come back with an exclamation: "I beg your pardon. I thought it was Miss Susan or Miss Phoebe!"

"Perhaps I may venture to introduce myself," he added.

"Miss Livvy, sir. I'm Miss Phoebe's niece."

"Then I'm an old friend of both your aunts. I've brought something to cure Miss Phoebe's headache. It shall be taken at once."

"Oh, that you, Patty, please take this to Aunt Phoebe."

So far so good. Captain Brown, continuing to talk, even went so far as to compliment Miss Livvy on her likeness to her aunt—the aunt of former years. I was hoping to take her to the ball, he went on, "but perhaps Miss Susan will take you, since I have the two cards."

"To think that some handsome gentleman might be partial to me! Oh, sir, how I should love to inspire frenzy in the breast of a man!" Phoebe fluttered. Susan's appearance at that critical moment sent her heart pumping. Luckily, Mr. Brown gave the lead by saying that he had ventured to introduce himself to Miss Susan's charming niece. "Aunt Susan, do not be angry with your Livvy. Your Livvy, Phoebe breathed as pointedly as she dared. This gentleman says he has cards for us to go to the ball. Of course, we dare not go; we cannot go. But, oh, how I long for your b Pastime! Aunt Phoebe wants me to go. If I say she does, you know she does."

"I shall see to it that your niece has a charming evening," Mr. Brown interposed, "and I hope very much to be her partner."

"Aunt Susan—he still dances!" Phoebe exclaimed.

They were not aloud to leave the house when the two Miss Willoughbys and Miss Henrietta Turnbull met them on that occasion. Miss Mary might astonish the company with her new bonnet and its muslin veil, which could be drawnCarl, in complete to will meet across and completely hide the features. But this was nothing to the surprise of three gossips encountered on being introduced to the Misses Throssels' hitherto unknown nieces.

Full of confidence to enact her new role, Phoebe surpassed herself at the ball and, by partnering every

* * *

and Mr. Brown declared to send Miss Livvy back to her father.

began to express her feelings:

"Valentine Brown, how could you? To weary of Phoebe—patient lady like Phoebe—and become enamoured of that horrid little flint of a Livvy!"

"I don't think I can go with you to the ball," Susan faltered.

"But Miss Livvy must go. There is no hope of a marriage. But Miss Livvy's eyes all the week, and now I mean to bring it to him, and have him made affianced to Phoebe, I'm sure."

"La, Captain Brown, how ridiculous you are! You're much too old—ha! ha!"

The outburst over, the real Phoebe astonished a reproachful Susan by her candid admission. If she had known that the two Miss Willoughbys and Miss Henrietta were heading the ball of Quality Street, in order to see Miss Livvy for themselves, she never would have accepted the course to the point of escorting her fictitious niece. On the dance floor, Phoebe's spirits soared. White feathers in her dark ringlets, stung with a stick of her shapely shoulders, she turned upon the numerous partners against the Captain, who insisted at last upon his right to show her. "Is Captain Brown your guardian? Are you affianced to him?" Ensign Livvy and Lieutenant Spencer inquired.

"Oh, sir, you must not ask that of me."

"By what right then, does Captain Brown interfere?"

"By a right which I hope to make clear to Miss Livvy as soon as we are alone," the Captain riposted. The sitting-room was unoccupied, Captain Brown explained. "I've something to say to you, Miss Livvy," when Susan appeared, agony on her pleasant features. "I have been an idiot," she breathed, as well she might. "A cordial, if you please, Captain Brown."

"Immediately, ma'am." He was gone.

Susan, he was just about to offer another, exclaimed. "But they're here. The Miss Willoughbys and Miss Henrietta are in the drawing-room."

"I've something to say to Miss Livvy!" Miss Mary exclaimed. Feeling that the scandal, about to spread itself, had already robbed her and Susan of their cloak and bonnet, she shrieked, "I will leave the room!"

Having found it, Phoebe was coming in sight of the couples in the dance-room when she saw Susan, who had drunk her cordial and dispatched the Captain to fetch her, screaming at Miss Mary and Miss Fanny. Impossible to keep up the bluff any longer.

Phoebe, who was always a lady, Miss Phoebe!" Miss Mary exclaimed. Feeling that the scandal, about to spread itself, had already robbed her and Susan of their cloak and bonnet, Phoebe lowered her ringlets.

"Yes, I am Phoebe," she acknowledged.

"Amazing!" Miss Fanny exclaimed. Yet to Phoebe much more astonishing was what Miss Mary was saying:

"Miss Phoebe, we've done you a cruel wrong and you see, you are the nearest to accompany her to the ball tonight. He bowed herself out, whereupon Phoebe declared, "I do not feel like Phoebe, who is he?"

"I have no idea, and nor, I think, have you, or you would be more guarded."

"You are right, as I know. I am in love with a lady who once was very much like you—with your Phoebe's mail, of this abroad, added: "That is the lady I'm proud of to say love."

"I believe Miss Phoebe and Miss Livvy shall be married," concluded the Captain.

Miss Henrietta declared bluntly. "Miss Livvy's exhibition. I believe someone might not see her go."

"Indeed!" the Captain said, thoughtfully.

That evening, as the Misses Henrietta and Willoughby were taking their five o'clock stroll down Queen Street, a young officer in the cabriolet drawn up at the Misses Throssels' door. Out of the house came Captain Brown and the Lieutenant, supporting between them a figure wearing Miss Livvy's cloak and bonnet, with white feathers drawn so as to conceal the features:

"I'm sending Miss Livvy back to her father, ladies," Captain Brown explained to the coachman to whip up the horse. Two minutes later the Captain entered the drawing-room with a flowered arm in hand for you, Miss Susan," he said, handing her the board from the table behind the sofa. "But Phoebe Throssel, will you be Phoebe Brown?"

"Determined not a sofa cushion missing, as well as Miss Livvy's cloak and bonnet, Phoebe gave herself up to the most gratifying exercise, with a lady's presence.

"You know everything, sir; then the dictates of my heart enjoin me to accept your too flattering offer," she breathed.
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A STAR IS BORN

ACTING honours in this inside story of Hollywood make is easily stolen by Fredric March whose performance as a fallen star who eventually commits suicide in order not to be a drag on his wife's career is a really notable one.

You are not to take the life in Hollywood social and screen circles, I should say, too literally, although basically the heartbreak and tragedy behind the glamour are depicted in a sincere manner, and there are many human touches and characterisations which help to conceal the general, rather novelistic nature of the story as a whole.

Janet Gaynor is definitely good as a little country girl who comes out to the film capital, catches the eye of a famous screen actor and is made a star overnight.

Up to this point the treatment is light but on the money side the story is definitely handled and its protégé tragedy is introduced.

The new find soon outshines her husband who had led hitherto a debauched life and he finds himself sinking into a secondary position. Finally this riles him and he takes to drink again. The remainder of the plot is taken up with the efforts of his devoted wife to help him and his own gradual slide into degradation and final oblivion.

Adolphe Menjou is very good as a producer with a heart of gold and Andy Devine is fine as an ace publicity man with no heart at all.

As the heroine's grandmother who helps her get to Hollywood and later fortifies her in her grief, May Robson draws a strong character study.

Minor roles are all well filled and the settings are widely varied and include many of Hollywood's more famous stellar resorts.

The picture generally holds the interest and will certainly affect the easily emotional. One of the best sequences is that in which the new star is moulded for stardom and chased by press photographers just as she is leaving the church after the funeral of her husband. It lends a satirical touch to a picture which has had its point a little blunted by saccharine touches.

Director William A. Wellman, however, is to be congratulated on the polish and technique of his direction.

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938

Very slight and conventional back-stage story forms the background for this musical which, while excellently mounted and containing some bright humour and outstanding tap dancing, is not up to the level that one expects from The Broadway Melody productions.

Its chief asset, apart from the presence of Robert Taylor who has little to do but make love pleasantly and smilingly, is Eleanor Powell whose personal charm and naturalness are only exceeded by the brilliancy of her two numbers and is well partnered by George Murphy.

The tunes are very reminiscent and Judy Garland, who made her screen debut with Deanna Durbin, in a short, appears and gives a sort of imitation of Martha Raye as well as rendering that war-time melody "You Made Me Love You" to Clark Gable's photograph, which, of course, is good publicity for the star.

However, Sophie Tucker also gets her share of publicity, and in a monologue recalls the time when Broadway belonged to her.

The plot does not matter much. It deals with a young stage producer who determines to star an unknown artiste in his production. His backer's wife, jealous of the girl, persuades her husband to refuse to finance it if she is starred. However the heroine, having bought a race-horse which has been mostly trained in the backyard of her lodgings, wins a big race and backs the show herself. Success and orange blossoms.

The most amusing thing in the picture is Robert Wildhack's lecture on sneezing, an inserted comedy turn, and Buddy Ebsen supplies some good comedy tap dancing.

Robert Benchley is in the cast but is given no chance to shine. Race track sequences and dance ensembles are all well staged and there is sufficient on the whole to keep you fairly well entertained.

DOUBLE OR NOTHING

I should have enjoyed this picture much more if we had had considerably less of the vocal acrobatics of Martha Raye and her various type of vociferous humour. It has quite a bright plot, not exploited to the limit nevertheless and the interest sufficiently between bouts of crooning and comedy turns and it ends an amusing and well set cabaret sequence on a big scale.

Bing Crosby acts with a good degree of naturalness as a crooner who is likely to inherit a fortune if he can double a sum of money he has been given and Mary Carlisle is attractive as the girl he loves who is helping father—who will benefit if the crooner fails in his task—to upset his plans.

Andy Devine puts over his paid "misery" act effectually and Samuel S. White is sound as the heroine's father.

Songs are apt to be rather on the laughable side except for a couple of brilliant knock about acrobatic dancers.

The hit of the show, however, is a "chocolate sandwich," a twenty voices which give the effect of a full dance orchestra. It is really splendid and remains in its ingenuity and effectiveness.

THE EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS

There is something very artificial about this picture and its plot which is told about this picturisation of Baroness Orczy's well-known spy story, but it cannot be denied that the performances of the good melodrama, is excellently mounted and on the whole well acted.

However, however, however, I like Luise Rainer's rendering of a spy who is out to catch a Polish revolutionary and who chases him half over Europe, with the final result that they fall in love.

She is apt to posture far too conscious, albeit gracefully, and her tricks of voice modulation are apt to be more irritating than entertaining at times. The artificiality of the proceedings must be laid to her account.

William Powell is politely debonair as the Pole who hides his secret message in one of a pair of candlesticks in the fellow of which the far spied hidden official instructions.

Incidentally, it is the theft of these candelabra which cause the troubles, the flogging over the heart of each trying to obtain them before the other.

Robert Young acquires himself well as the Grand Duke who is captured and held by Polish revolutionaries until a pardon has been obtained for each one of their number from the Czar—this being the reason for William Powell's journey to his country.

Maureen O'Sullivan is also quite good as the girl who betrays him into their clutches.

Frank Morgan is starred of material as the Grand Duke's aide-de-camp.

The production is lavish and looks nice as if it has been carefully modelled on an Austrian version of the same story which we reviewed in our issue of May 30, 1936, although a more grandiose ending of a none too convincing order has been introduced.

ACTION FOR SLANDER

Mary Bordens' novel from which this picture has been adapted deals with a distinguished officer who is brought up before a card of a man by whose wife he is infatuated. To save scandal he takes a holiday and, as a result of the placard of a man, is taken prisoner by his accusers. And so, with the help of a clever barrister, he re-establishes his honour.

It is a good story, well worked out and strong in characterisation. The court scenes are cleverly handled and the means by which the hero's innocence is proved are ingenious and form a strong dramatic climax.

Tina Louise has handled the picture very well and his detail touches and illuminating pictorial details are effective in the dialogue to situations.

Clive Brook certainly takes the part of the barrister, but, I fail to see why he should have thought it necessary to play it in such a queer way. He has, I know, a charming smile, but not once during the picture did he allow himself to break the "bull-dog bravado" of the part; he has been one of the reasons why his 'wife,' in the person of Ann Todd, left him.

She, by the way, is a delightfully sympathetic heroine and contrasted well with her despised daughter, who has not the business of Margaretta Scott, who vamps the gallant officer very convincingly.

As the accuser, Arthur Margeson is good, as the barrister, Ronald Squire, Athole Stewart and Percy Marmont all give sound characterisations as the defendent's friends.

Grant, an outsider, who gets drunk at the card party and makes false accusations of murder, is excellently played by Anthony Holles.

Defending counsel Frank Cellier is impressive and Merton Selton scores as the judge.

A clever little study, too, comes from Dr. McCaughston as the officer's batman.

On the whole, you will find plenty to entertain you in this well-acted drama.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR

Rayard Veiller's famous stage play dealing with a fake medium in India who is instrumental in saving his daughter from a charge of murder, does not screen particularly effectively.

The little movement, is overloaded with dialogue and never becomes really convincing.

The big moment of the picture is when the India daughter having been accused of murdering a man during a seance—another seance by the accused and man is proped up to sit in the circle of suspects.

Hilmar holds that the horror of the proceedings will make the real criminal confess, but actually it is a trick used by the detective which clears the accused girl.

Because of this scene the film has been given an H certificate; the first, 

(Continued on page 30)
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I believe, to acquire the new "horror" rating.

I have seen many films more horrifying than this and one wonders why, if The Thirteenth Chair is to be "horror" it was not given to Night Must Fall, which is infinitely more gruesome, in part, because it is so much more subtle.

Dame May Whitty is good as the rather common medium, who is called upon to assist Admiral Abrams in the hope of clearing up the mystery of the murder of his friend, who was found in bed in his bungalow. It is during the séance that John Wales is also stabbated. Naturally, all present come under suspicion.

John Wales is admirably characterized by Henry Daniell, and Lewis Stone is polished and natural as the detective.

Madge Evans does good work as the medium he is engaged to the governor's son, played by Thomas Beck.

Horace B. Hall and Janet Beecher are sound as the governor and his wife.

Other parts are well enacted by Elisa Landi, Ralph Forbes, Charles Towbridge, Robert Coote and Elsa Buchanan; the last two provide some light relief effectively.

**On the Screens Now**

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**The Picturegoer's quick reference index**

**Fire over England**


- **The Prince and the Pauper**
- **Fire over England**
- **The Prince**
- **The Pauper**
- **The Avenue**
- **The Gap**
- **Swing High, Swing Low**
- **Find the Witness**
- **Treason**
- **Clothes and the Woman**
- **The Fifty-Shilling Box**
- **Blazing Guns**

**The picturegoer's quick reference index**

- **Fire over England**
- **The Prince and the Pauper**
- **The Avenue**
- **The Gap**
- **Swing High, Swing Low**
- **Find the Witness**
- **Treason**
- **Clothes and the Woman**
- **The Fifty-Shilling Box**
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- **Fire over England**
- **The Prince and the Pauper**
- **The Avenue**
- **The Gap**
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- **Find the Witness**
- **Treason**
- **Clothes and the Woman**
- **The Fifty-Shilling Box**
- **Blazing Guns**

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**The Gap**


One of the most notable pictures of the year, a really fine, produced and directed historical romance, which is a real credit to British studios.

I dealt with it very fully in our issue of August 13, 19, to which I would refer readers who require fuller details than I have space for here.

A romantic love story is played out against the background of the Elizabethan Court and the war between Spain and England.

The picture is brilliantly directed, except for a bad lapse—the defeat of the Armada is terrifically artificial, and in some manner—the technical qualities and settings are remarkably fine.

Added to this is the all-round brilliancy of the acting.

Flora Robson is truly great as Queen Elizabeth, and brings out both the charm and the characteristics of the Queen and the woman.

Leisle Banks is extremely dignified as the Earl of Leicester, and the lovers are exceedingly sympatheticly portrayed by Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier.

An outstanding character story is given by Morton Selten as Elizabeth's aged adviser, Lord Burleigh, and Raymond Massey is perfectly in the picture as Philip of Spain.

The minor roles are admirably filled, and the picture represents excellent and intelligent entertainment.

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- **The Pauper**
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What are the asterisks mean?
- ***An outstanding feature.***
- ****Very good.***
- *****Good.***
- ******Average entertainment.***
- *******Also suitable for children.***

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- **The Pauper**
- **The Avenue**
- **The Gap**
- **Swing High, Swing Low**
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- **The Avenue**
- **The Gap**
- **Swing High, Swing Low**
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- **The Pauper**
- **The Avenue**
- **The Gap**
- **Swing High, Swing Low**
- **Find the Witness**
- **Treason**
- **Clothes and the Woman**
- **The Fifty-Shilling Box**
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What are the asterisks mean?
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- ****Very good.***
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- *******Also suitable for children.***
Old conventional theme of boy meets girl, spun out to almost wearisome length. Panama settings—that's where the meeting takes place—are a trifle and the song and dance numbers are usually effective.

Carole Lombard acts well and attractively as a girl who, engaged to marry a rich cattleman, ties up with an irresponsible ex-soldier, a part soundly enough played by Fred MacMurray.

Charles Butterworth is amusing as a friend of the hero and Joan Dixon is good as a strong-minded woman who eventually marries him.

The menace to the romance is well enacted by Dorothy Lamour as a gold-digging actress.

**FIND THE WITNESS**


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Rough stuff and romance in typical G-Man story, with Ralph Graves and Claudia Dell as a G-Man and a attractive prospective divorcée (respectively) who gets mixed up with counterfeiters. Both are quite good in their respective roles.

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**RECOMMENDATIONS**

**RELEASES FOR THE LAST TWO MONTHS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number of stars awarded in brackets:</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Born To Dance</strong> (3)</td>
<td>September 18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Calling All Stars</strong> (3)</td>
<td>August 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Camille</strong> (3)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Cavalier of the Street, The</strong> (2)</td>
<td>August 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Charge of the Light Brigade</strong> (5)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Dark Journey</strong> (3)</td>
<td>August 28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Day At the Races, A</strong> (2)</td>
<td>September 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Destination Unknown</strong> (2)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Don't Get Me Wrong</strong> (2)</td>
<td>August 14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Don't Tell the Wife</strong> (2)</td>
<td>July 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Elephant Boy</strong> (3)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Garden of Allah, The</strong> (3)</td>
<td>September 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Gold Diggers of 1929</strong> (3)</td>
<td>July 26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Green Light</strong> (3)</td>
<td>July 31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>High Command</strong> (3)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>King Solomon's Mines</strong> (2)</td>
<td>September 18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Loverly Lena</strong> (2)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Mam'zelle Bruno, The</strong> (2)</td>
<td>September 17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Michael Strophoff</strong> (2)</td>
<td>August 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Murder Gun in Collar</strong> (3)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Nancy Steel is Missing</strong> (3)</td>
<td>September 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>O.K. For Sound</strong> (3)</td>
<td>August 21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>One in a Million</strong> (2)</td>
<td>September 17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Pamela and Sam</strong> (2)</td>
<td>July 31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Rodeo Rider</strong> (2)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Shall We Dance?</strong> (2)</td>
<td>September 17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sleepaway</strong> (2)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Take My Tip</strong> (3)</td>
<td>September 17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Two Too Many</strong> (2)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>We're on the Jury</strong> (2)</td>
<td>August 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Where's Your Birthday?</strong> (2)</td>
<td>September 21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Wings of the Morning</strong> (3)</td>
<td>August 14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Woman's Retreat, The</strong> (2)</td>
<td>September 16</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**CLOTHES AND THE WOMAN**


**CLOTHES AND THE WOMAN**


**FIFTY-SHILLING BOXER**


**FIND THE WITNESS**


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**FIFTY-SHILLING BOXER**


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WHAT DO YOU THINK? Letters from our Readers

LET HIM UP!

Why Do We All Have a Crack at Producers?

HOW we all love to "have a crack" at the poor producers of motion pictures!

Does he make a poor film?

Have at him! A good one?

Accidental. He won't be able to repeat his success!

Surely we forget that the screen is the "baby" of the arts.

What sort of literature had been produced fifty years ago? Man has learned to use symbols to convey his thoughts to others! Judging by the rapid progress our "baby" has made in his short life, he should, in time, outstrip all the other arts.

So let us stop scolding, and help him on to strong, upstanding, healthy manhood!

—Sadie Mackinnon, 24 Victoria Park Drive South, Glasgow, W.4.

(But has been said that everybody has two jobs—their own and running the motion-picture industry. —"Thinker." )

Late Arrivals

• My husband and I are extremely interested in films, but he is seldom free to go out until 8.30 or so, of an evening. We live in a village which necessitates our driving to the nearest cinema, and, having parked the car, we usually arrive just, and only just, in time to see the main feature—and miss all the rest of the show.

It seems very extravagant to pay 1s. 6d. each for entertainment which only lasts for an hour and a half.

We have a choice of three cinemas, and were agreeably surprised, recently, on visiting one of them (the smallest) for the first time, to be told at the box office that they charged only half price for late arrivals!

There must be thousands of people in a similar position to our own—possibly the large majority of them refrain from going to the pictures at such a late hour on the score that they "don't get their money's worth." Surely it would be profitable for all cinemas to lower their prices after a certain time—just as they encourage an afternoon audience by reduced matinee prices. So often the house is almost empty during the last showing of a picture.

How about a crack to the Greatest Number?—(Mrs.) R. A. Harris, Great Chari Garage, Nr. Askford, Kent, who is awarded the first prize of £1 is.

(An amusing notice by your cinema—but danger lies in the fact that many people who want to see only the big picture may come late purposely! —"Thinker." )

The Flowing Bowl

• When will certain producers realise that the continual drinking which they inflict on their stars is lowering the popularity of either the stars or the films?

William Powell seems to be the chief exponent of the art, but so lightheartedly does he carry it off that we don't attach any significance to the habit. But when we see women players clambering for a drink it is sheer bad taste.

An outstanding example is in the film Remember Last Night, in which Robert Young and Constance Cummings drank an extraordinary amount, while the plot turned on the fact that everyone in the party had gone to bed hopelessly drunk.

Even so competent an actor as Robert Young cannot explain how he partied in parts like this for long. There is no swearing in Hollywood films because American censors think it sets a bad example, but surely seeing popular actors or actresses constantly drinking heartily in their films and being considered amusing by their friends, is far more likely to have a bad effect on impressionable young people. —Edward Overy, 28 Belgium Square, Monaghan, Ireland.

(Think, everything else can be overdone.—"Thinker." )

Forcing House

• If the plays produced in New York during the 1929-30 season could be presented again today with the same casts, it would be a gala season for the film fans. Here are the titles of some of the plays, with the names of present-day movie stars (many of whom took very minor roles), then appearing in them: Lysistrata, Miriam Hopkins; Sense, Honour; The Break of Day, Betty, Clark Gable; George Beul, Glenda Farrell, Alice Brady, Vivienne Cable, Candlelight, Leslie Howard, Gertrude Lawrence—Pew the Arc, Joan Blondell and James Cagney; The Last Mile, Spencer Tracy, Joseph Calleia; Red Rust, Franchot Tone, Lionel Stander; Many a Slip, Sylvia Sidney, Tom Brown; Douglas Montgomery; Young Sinners, Gene Raymond.

Undoubtedly, the theatre has to be credited for the early training of many of the stars of today —(Misses) Charlotte, Karya, Paget West, Bermuda, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

(The same may be said of the London stage.—"Thinker." )

Is This Beauty?

• Here is an ode to a film star's false eyelashes.

Like antennae on some gargantuan insect you protrude, Mascara laden, from the synthetic skin
Of his bespangled with deepest, darkest hue.
Heavy with languor?

Or the weight of so much glue?
So this is glamour, this the inspirational urge
Of all the dreams men set their hearts upon?
These vicious veils for arc reflecting orbs within.
If this is beauty, Hand me a "slug" of gin.

—Geoffrey P. Wheeler, 603a High Road, North Finchley, N.12.

Example

• As an amateur cinematographer I have learned much from commercial productions.

For example, Things to Come warned me against unfinished scenarios, whilst Mr. Deeds was perfection. I saw unique titling in The Great Ziegfeld, and had learned the value of trailing, phrasing, and angle shots from the work of William Daniels and others.

Helen Calaghans excellent make-up at the close of She in contrast to Preston Foster's poor make-up in The Last Days of Pompeii taught me to use natural scenery to good effect, and Conal Veidt's entrance in The Passing of the Third Floor Back proved the value of correct lighting.

Beautiful direction, like the liberation of Carton's soul in The Tale of Two Cities, will improve my own productions, whilst Leslie Howard's acting in The Petrified Forest will always be a source of inspiration.

Thus I maintain the amateur can have no

(Continued on page 34)
September 25, 1937

EMBARRASSMENT...

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DISCOMFORT...

all things of the past with

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THE SOLUBLE SANITARY TOWEL

with the

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SO MUCH SOFTER and

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cotton wool, so that there is none of
the harshness which causes chafing
and irritation. Moisture cannot spread
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extra absorbent. Next time ask for a
packet of Modess. With or without
loops, from all
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chemists.

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for six

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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 Hollis, Medical Service
Gt. G.22, Messrs. Johnson & Johnson
Depts. (Gt. Britain) Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

Check Facial Perspiration!

Tetlow's SWANDOWN Petal Lotion, the new
beautifier, removes skin grease and prevents
facial perspiration. Easily applied to face, arms
and neck. Does not irritate the most sensitive skin
and dries quickly, leaving an even powdered surface
in your favourite shade. Ensures clear, smooth,
petal-like complexion and day-long loveliness.
From Chemists and Stores 1/- and 2/6, in five fashionable
shades: — Rachel, Brunette, Peach, Sun-Tan, Naturelle.
If any difficulty, sent post free direct from: —
SWANDOWN, Dept. (11/6), 61 Eagle Street,

Send for Sample Shampoos NOW

FREE SAMPLE OFFER

To The Helen & Co. Ltd., Dept. DN 26
Queen's Lane, Newmarket—Tyne.

Please send me bottle of Drene containing 2
free shampoo. I enclose 3d. for postage

NAME

ADDRESS
NOW-WHILE YOU ARE READING THIS

The changeable weather is upsetting most people. Vitality is low. Ills and chills—aches and pains and feverish colds are prevalent. It is just the time to keep 'ASPRO' tablets handy to banish these petty complaints at their inception—to prevent complications. Remember, there is a real scientific medicinal reason why 'ASPRO' has such power over such a number of complaints. The reason is that 'ASPRO' after ingestion in the system, is a solvent of Uric Acid—an internal antiseptic—an antipyretic, or fever-reducer—and a powerful germicide. That is why 'ASPRO'

SOOTHES AND BANISHES PAIN Read this testimony

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Dear Sirs,

I have been suffering greatly with neuralgia lately and colds in my head. I find 'ASPRO' simply wonderful when the pain gets very bad. I just take an 'ASPRO' and Immediately the pain is gone. I really don't know what I would do without them.

Sirs,

26 Florist St., Orford St.

Dear Sirs,

I am grateful for your 'ASPRO' tablets and the benefit I have derived from them. I used to suffer very bad every year from rheumatism and bad so much time away from work that I was afraid of being discharged owing to so many illnesses. Now, thanks to your tablets which I would not be without, and thankful to say that as soon as I feel the slightest twinge and take one of your tablets, the pain goes.

I am never without them in the house now and never hesitate to recommend them to all my friends and anyone else who has any complaints.

Wishing you the best of success for 'ASPRO'.

Yours gratefully,

L. Helford (Mrs.) 125 Whippetdel Road, Sirs, Waltham, Herts.

'ASPRO' is at work

better tutor than the commercial screen—

Vernon Heat, May Dean, Albany Road West, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent.

(And I hope the commercial screen will draw encourages for the talents of amateurs.—'Thinker.')

Pain in the Neck

Gentlemen, listen! (That is if you can hear and don't get any uproar caused by a certain Robert Taylor.)

I wish to regain for my sex a little of the respect that has been lost through that gentleman. Ever since his arrival I have been wriggling with embarrassment at the behaviour of the girl who went to meet him at the station.

But seeing the ‘News’ at our local cinema the other night, greatly relieved me. It showed Mr. Taylor on the boat with his usual grin; this time received in silence.

After his graceful exit, a young lady was flashed on to the screen who declared that the fangist box-office attraction was nothing but a pain in the neck to her.

Whereupon, to my surprise, a great number of feminine part of the audience started to clap.

Well, thank goodness that there are a few saner women left. [March 12th: Winchester, I Roselands Terrace, Eastbourne.]

(There is a typical of hundreds of letters on the subject. But wait! Read the next letter.—'Thinker.')

Anyway, They Throng

It's queer! I'm upbraided for being one of those British people who clamored to get a glimpse of Robert Taylor in person. Yet, upon making it known that I had actually seen that star I was asked what he was like. Did he look just like he was in his last film? Was he tall? Did his charm become minimised in the prosaic surroundings of a London railway station as compared with film scenes?

That's what I wanted to know—just why I fought in a crowd to see Robert Taylor. I've seen him. Enemies tell me I'm just a fatuous film-fan. Well, maybe I am. But, if the way my friends lapped up my account of my visit is any criterion, there isn't much to choose between 'fans' who throng around stars and those other "fans" who just throng around one who has seen a film star. Or am I wrong in my viewpoint?—Taylor Fan. Farnham, Surrey.

(There are two sides to every question.—'Thinker.')

Another Crack!

I should like to draw attention once again to the lack of initiative shown by film producers of this country. Americans make films of their popular caravans holidays, and girl's rides were their Continental type. Now, has there been one in England, in our camping and walking holidays, splendid material for films rich in human interest and story?

With a party of six young people on one of these holidays there is invariably all the necessary material for a fine film, and yet our producers neglect this opportunity.

With all the scope offered in this country, is it strictly necessary for English films to be of the same type? It is not the English gangster type such as 'Crime Over London'?—(Miss) Margaret S. Hart, 105 Thorparch Road, Windrush Road, London, S.W.8.

(But the producers are convinced that you want films of human passion.—'Thinker'.)

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 is, and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C. 2.

What Do You Think? Contd.

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WHO'S WHO

JAN KIEPURA
- Was born on May 16, 1902, in the manufacturing town of Sonnowitz, Poland. He studied law at the Warsaw University, and when he declared his ambition to be a singer, his father cut him off with Polish equivalent of the proverbial shilling.

Jan struggled hard for several years, singing in cinemas to earn enough for his musical studies, before he gained a foothold in the operatic world.

At the age of twenty-two he was leading tenor at the Warsaw Opera House, and he has since made a reputation in opera in most of the European capitals.

Kiepura made his film bow in the British-made City of Song and has since appeared in Tell Me To-night, My Heart Is Calling, My Song For You and Give Us This Night.

The actor-singer is 5 ft. 7 in. tall and has blue eyes and brown hair.

JOHN KING
- Regarded as one of Hollywood’s up and coming young men of the hour, John King not long ago was a vocalist in Ben Bernie’s band.

It was Bernie, as a matter of fact, who persuaded him to have a try at pictures and, with the aid of Zeppo Marx, secured him a screen test that led to his present Universal contract.

Before that he had worked as a stoker in a Cincinnati grain elevator, as a clerk in a radio firm and as a furniture and car salesman.

Boredom with these jobs sent him to New Mexico, where, like Clark Gable, he worked in lumber camps.

His success as a singer among the lumbermen led to him seeking a radio audition, which was successful, and for something like four years he sang and announced at various important American stations.

The Ben Bernie engagement and the Hollywood chance followed. Now he is being groomed for stardom. Since 1935 he has appeared in Crash Donovan, Three Smart Girls, Ace Drummond and The Road Back.

King, who was christened Miller McLeod Everson, was born in Cincinnati on July 15, 1909, the son of a real estate agent.

He is 6 ft. 2½ in. tall, has blue eyes and brown hair.

JOYCE KIRBY
- Was born at St. Margaret’s-on-Thames on March 15, 1915, and was educated at Sunnyvale School, St. Margaret’s and privately. She first attracted attention as a dancer on the stage, appearing as solo ballet performer at the Coliseum and Alhambra and in C. B. Cochran’s Wake Up and Dream. She understudied Ivy Tremand in Little Tommy Tucker and Harriet Hctor (now incidentally, making a name in films) in Bow Bells.

Joyce made her screen debut in A Safe Proposilion and subsequently became one of the Gaumont-British Baby Stars.

The baby star scheme, it will be recalled, had different success and eventually she drifted away from the studios and into a non-stop show in the West End. Here she attracted the notice of the Warner Tedington outfit, for whom she appeared in Hail and Farewell and The Thirteenth Candle.

These two films were followed by Mayfair Melody, in which she scored a considerable personal success. Since then she has been seen in The Compulsory Wife and Ship’s Concert.

Joyce Kirby is 5 ft. 1 in. tall and has blond hair and grey-green eyes.

For beauty’s sake

turn ‘dowdy-skin’ into lovely skin

For real loveliness you must lose the roughness, open pores and blackheads that make your skin dowdy. Use Snowfire Cream. It quickly banishes blemishes and makes your skin as soft and smooth as a flower. It gives you added complexion confidence too because it holds powder firmly and never lets you ‘shine.’

Snowfire Cream

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3d. & 6d.

fashionable to the FINGERTIPS

Do your friends admire your fingertips?
A little care and a coat of Amami Nail Varnish once a week will give you nails to be proud of. Amami prepare their Nail Varnish in five fashionable shades: Colourless, Natural, Coral, Ruby and Rose. Remember to buy a bottle to-day. It will last you months.

To prepare nails for the most perfect manicure, use Amami Nail Varnish Remover—in 6d. bottles. Also Amami Cuticle Remover 6d. Complete Amami Manicure Sets 6d., 1/6, 2/6, & 5/-.

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NAIL VARNISH

35
LET GEORGE DO IT!

"Don't let rough Cosmetics spoil your looks, but scrub them away with Lux Toilet Soap."

SAY THREE LOVELY ENGLISH ACTRESSES

JANE CARR:

"Many girls, without knowing it, actually leave traces of stale make-up deep in their pores night after night! Then pores get clogged, you get ugly Cosmetic Skin. That's why I always use Lux Toilet Soap. It removes cosmetics from the depths of the pores as nothing else does — keeps my skin smooth as velvet."

PATRICIA HILLIARD:

"Is your skin sometimes rough looking, dull? Do you find blemishes, rough skin? If you do, then look out! They are the warning signs of Cosmetic Skin. Take my tip and guard against this modern complexion trouble with Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps my skin clearer and smoother than anything else I know."

ANNE BOYD:

"Girls, don't risk Cosmetic Skin troubles — muddy complexion, coarse skin, blemishes. These come when pores get clogged deep down with stale powder and make-up. Lux Toilet Soap is the one thing I know that removes cosmetics thoroughly from the depths of the pores. It keeps complexion wonderfully clear and smooth."

Lux Toilet Soap removes stale powder and make-up as nothing else does

3

A TABLET

This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only

LUX TOILET SOAP GUARDS AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN

CLUBNOTICES

FAN CLUB NOTICES

Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1, or 32 Austerby Avenue, Chesterton, S.W.2.

London fans of Arthur Tracy (Street Singer) are invited to write to Marion Luby, 18 Yale Road, Finchley Park, London, N.4, for particulars of the London branch now being formed.

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letter to fans clubs to ensure a reply.

No. 331 (New Series) Vol. 7, No. 11, September 25.

Ed. Offices: Martell House, Martell Court, Bow St., W.C.2.


Telegrams: Picturegoer, Southern News.
**FEED Your HAIR**

Never before have you used anything like Kotalko. It feeds the scalp from hair-styling dandruff and all poisonous and mala-
dorous pores clogging; softens the hardening scalp and removes its harmful circulation. Kotalko Neutralizes and Feeds the hair organism, reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots. Whether your hair is thin, or falling out, or full of dandruff, or if you are nearly bald—use KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP—they are wonderful.

You have everything to gain—nothing to lose—by writing for trial package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO Scalp Soap. If Bald, Going Bald, Losing Hair through Dandruff or General Weakness of the Hair Organism, then post or copy Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
9, Percy St. (104 D.G.), London, W.1
Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.
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ADDRESS

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO. Cleans and Softens Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP. For Tone and Shampoo.

**BROWN Eyes**

**BLUE Eyes** Whatever the colour of your eyes, that is the unchanging clue to your colour personality; and you will obviously look your loveliest if you stick to Nature’s colour scheme. You can help Nature, however, quite easily by means of Eye Matched Make-up, especially designed to increase your glamour.

**Illustrated Booklet FREE!**

A special booklet which tells you the secrets of Eye-Matched Make-up will be forwarded to you FREE, if you write, mentioning that you are a reader of the “PICTUREGOER” to—Richard Hudnut Ltd., Power Road, Chiswick, London, W.4.
**LEAVE IT TO ANNE**

**YOU** will remember that we were discussing foundations and rouge. Now we reach the stage of powder and lipstick. You have smoothed out your rouge so that it shows no hard edges, and you have blotted your skin with a paper tissue. This ensures that the foundation is evenly distributed and there are no spots which are a bit sticky or wet to spoil the even effect of your powder.

The puff you are about to use is, of course, absolutely clean. You do not allow it to roll about in the dressing-table drawer, picking up dust, and you haven’t had it in use for such a long time that the centre is all clogged up with stale powder.

If you suffer from blackheads and pimples, you are not using a puff at all, are you? If you do, you will never get rid of those ugly blemishes. Every time you apply the puff to your skin you are re-infesting yourself. You must use a piece of clean cotton wool, and burn it afterwards. Keep it in one of those special pots with a hole in the lid, from which you may pull out just as much as you need.

Apply your powder fairly thickly; put on much more than will ultimately be allowed to stay there. Powder cheeks, chin, nose and forehead. Go under your chin, and don’t forget your neck, both back and front. Your make-up band which we talked about last week will prevent the powder from getting on your hair.

Now your powder is ready for brushing off. For this you need a powder puff, or lip or a clean soft baby’s hair brush is fine for the purpose. Brush lightly to take off all the surplus powder, and you have left a fine matt surface.

If you live near a stores or a large chemist’s that specializes in make-up you may find there an expert who will advise you on the correct tint of powder for your skin. This is possibly the best plan, for there are so many varying skin tints that to classify them as fair, pale or dark, does not cover all their variations.

If sensitive skins need the finest lightest powders to be obtained—generally some shade of naturelle with a slightly more vivid tone for evening use. If there is any hint of yellow in some you, any powder with a pinky or mauvish tint should be avoided.

If it is desired to give the skin a warmer tone, use two powders, one that matches the skin exactly first of all and the second to brighten or darken it as the case may be.

This is the method which should be used for that oft discussed green powder, which is used at night time for disguising too high a colour and hiding broken veins.

Some shade of rachel powder will be correct for the pale, cream and sallow skins, and for dark skins a variation on rachel fonce, peach or apricot and a suntan for those who still retain their bare tan. Again, if you are applying a suntan powder, it is probably best to use a foundation powder that exactly matches your skin, and then a dusting of sun tan over it.

Of all cosmetics, there is probably nothing more astonishing than the lipstick. Otherwise we should not see such aprodigious gash instead of attractively reddened lips.

Before you apply your lipstick, see that your lips are quite dry and free from powder. A little bit of butter-muslin dipped in water will free both lips, lashes and eyebrows from powder.

Then the lips should be blotted till quite dry. The lipstick must match your rouge. First of all outline the lips with a lip pencil. If your lips are too thick, and you want to reduce them, you will outline with the pencil inside the natural line. If they are too thin for beauty you will outline the line. Be careful about the lower lip. Too full and too heavily coloured a lower lip is always ugly.

Then begin in the centre of your upper lip with the lipstick and fill in the space below the outline, making the colour fatter as it is worked towards the corners of the mouth. Next, rouge the line, starting in the centre and working it out less heavily towards the corner of the mouth. Work the colour as well with the tip of the little finger. If you think your outline carefully, there should be no smudged edges. But if you have got an uncertain line, a little bit of butter-muslin will give you a clean edge again, if you go around carefully.

When you are quite satisfied with the effect, take a paper tissue again and blot the lipstick. Hold the tissue between your lips and press hard. This removes surplus colour, and will prevent the lipstick from being deposited on cups and glasses when you drink. Personally, I like that revolving... Remember, too, to wash your little finger.

Many women do clever things with two tints of lipstick, but it needs a great deal of practice, using the somewhat darker and drier one beneath.

D. Dave (Brighton)—Your approximate weight should be between 8 stone 6 pounds and 9 stones.

G. B. (Caford)—Routine for an oily skin is as follows: Use astringent or cream to remove make-up. Wash face with soap and water. Rinse well, using cold water and soft sponge. Pat on astrigent. Next morning pat on more astrigent. Rinse off. Make up on liquid foundation.

Wear your—Pay attention to your diet. Do not eat too much meat, particularly red. Take well cooked vegetables, poultry and meat, and plenty of dairy produce. Avoid condiments and highly seasoned foods. No alcohol, and cut cigarette smoking to a minimum. Avoid washing in hot water. Keep away from strongly scented soaps and greasy creams. Make up on a liquid peach foundation, and with powder to match. dab at night time with a sulphur lotion.

When you are in doubt, let me help you to settle the question. Send your letter accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope ANNE, c/o the PICTUROGUE, Martlet House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.1.

**Talkie Title Tales**

THIS week’s prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss Diana Webber, 25 Sheen Avenue, Hendon, N.W.9, for:—

**Waikiki Wedding**—Heatwave—Wedding Rehearsal.

We're in Paradise.

Prices of half a crown each are awarded to:—

Miss M. Pearson, King’s College, Campden Hill Road, W. 8, for:—

Satam Met a Lady—Blonde Dynamos—She Got What She Wanted—Ticket to Paradise

Miss D. Oughton, 41 Aven Street, Upper Stoke, Coventry, for:—

Only Yesterday—Of Marriage and D—Doctor’s Orders—Mrs Marjorie Rilling (age 16), 22 Kirkstall Street, Kirkdale, Liverpool 4, for:—

Embraces Moments—Behold My Wife—Girls ‘Liz—The Party’s Over

Regional Olsen, 22 Bentinck Street, Birkenhead, Cheshire, for:—

Rembrandt—Mr Turner—The Missing Rembrandt

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

Addressee of entry should enclose a postcard, c/o PICTUROGUE, Martlet House, Bow Street, London, W.C.1.

There is no entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that in the "titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

**GUY BEACON.**
Lucky cigarette, to be caressed by those cherry-ripe lips!... Yes, we all know where that particular brilliance comes from. But who cares so long as the artist's hand is a cunning one? Now she puts her De Reszke down: and down go his eyes to the place where her lips have been. He just can't help it. He must look to see whether the Lipstick Stain is on her cigarette—the shameless smear that has taken the edge off so many promising affairs. Nothing to offend the eyes this time. Like a wise girl, she smokes the new D. R. Minors with the RED TIPS, against which even the least adhesive lipstick cannot show. Yet another reason, she says, why 'Mine's a Minor.'

The Modern Girl Smokes

De Reszke MINORS

Red Tips

30 FOR 1/-


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ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to 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.

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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 WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS!

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Mrs. L. S.

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"No sign of varicose veins now"
"Elasto put new life into me"
"Elasto has saved 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 ten 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."

Etc., Etc.

TAKE Elasto for varicose veins, bad leg, eczema, phlebitis, heart trouble, gout, rheumatism, piles, hardened arteries (Arterio-Sclerosis), and all disorders due to bad circulation.

Kay Francis

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Many smokers who prefer a Cork Tipped Cigarette do not know that they can obtain their favourite brand—Player's Navy Cut—in this form. "Medium" or "Mild" as you prefer, but do not forget you can obtain either with Cork Tips.

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Fashion favours '4711'
The finest foundation for powder.
Every toilet need is provided by the makers of the famous '4711' Genuine Eau de Cologne fashion's favourite from bath to boudoir.

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"The haunting fragrance of CALIFORNIAN POPPY PERFUME is unforgettable"

says Lady Sheila Durlacher

Distinctive, thrilling, different—that's California Poppy Perfume! Lovely society women say that its unique fragrance gives just the finishing touch to a smart ensemble. Californian Poppy is never at any time oppressive. Just a movement of the head, the swirl of a gown, brings this elusive perfume to life. That's why you become such an exciting person when you wear it!

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Daughter of the late Earl of Cawemell, Lady Sheila is a petite brunette with great charm of manner and quiet dignity. She is the owner of a beautiful flat in Mayfair, but she tells you that she infinitely prefers her lovely country home in Kent.

In six weeks' time your present skin will have disappeared and what is now your second skin will take its place. To make it soft, clear and lovely it needs the vital forces of air and sunlight now, while it is growing. Air to make it strong and healthy; sunlight to give it natural radiant colouring. Gossamer-fine Californian Poppy Face Powder transmits sun and air to your tender growing skin—keeps it lovely now and in the future. Use it always to protect the beauty of your complexion.

Send 3d in stamps to Proprietary Perfumers Ltd., Dept. T 53), Southwark Park Road, London, S.E.16, for Free samples of Californian Poppy Face Powder (same shade required). And Californian Poppy Varnishing Cream, to give your skin a lovely matte surface for powder. (The offer and prices do not apply in I.P.S.)

CALIFORNIAN POPPY FACE POWDER

TO-DAY'S POWDER BRINGS TO-MORROW'S BEAUTY
AN Open Letter

to

Since that somewhat childish exhibition of imperial petulance over the Modern Times box-office takings, the fountain of verbosity has been working overtime.

You are going to talk on the screen... you are not going to talk on the screen. You are going to create a new screen personality for yourself... and so on and so on.

Now, according to the latest spate, you are going to abandon acting to concentrate on producing, writing and directing.

And out of it all the best news seems to be that your studio is already being wired for sound.

That at least seems to indicate that you are going to do something, no matter what it is, instead of talking about it.

Even Paulette Goddard's patience has reached the breaking point if we are to believe the story that she delivered an ultimatum that unless you got on with her new picture, she would consider offers from other studios.

Those of us who still believe in you as one of the great creative artists of the screen will be delighted if you really do turn your talents to production, temporarily at any rate.

We have always believed, incidentally, that the ideal arrangement would be for you to find an outlet for your "arty" aspirations in direction of other stars and give us your own comedy character free from the inhibitions brought about by the acclamation of the highbrows.

Talkie technique has by no means been perfected yet. Perhaps we can look forward to a Chaplin production that will be as great an advance on anything done before as A Woman of Paris was nearly two decades ago. But frankly, you have so far seriously disappointed your admirers.

We had hopes that you might do for talkies what you did for the silent screen; but you have preferred to talk while others have borne the brunt of the fray of conquering the new medium.

Even after Modern Times you still have to justify all that masterly inactivity and apparent apathy in the greatest artistic crisis of the industry that, after all, gave you greater fame and wealth than to any of its other favourites.

Cut the cackle, Mr. Chaplin.
**All the Gossip**

- Secrets of Sigrid Gurie
  - Colbert in Studio "Scene"
  - Misadventures of Tom Sawyer?
  - Latest Fan-Mail Rating
  - Gary Calls Out the Vigilantes

**TRUTH ABOUT NEW MYSTERY STAR**

When one day she arrived on the set and found that Lang had been replaced she walked off the stage herself after several heated remarks, but was prevailed upon to return. When the new man's rushes were viewed next day, however, she again withdrew and refused to return until Lang was reinstated.

In fairness to her it must be stated that she offered to waive her salary if the picture went on beyond a specified date.

Earlier in the production Litvak's thirst for realism had caused moments of amusement and days of anguish on the Warner lot.

He demanded and got freshly dressed geese, turkeys and chickens for the market sequence, and after letting them hang for some days in the heat of the sun, during which they did not come within camera range, he was prevailed upon to abandon them when assured others would be supplied.

On the other hand, he was thwarted in his demand for fresh oranges by some means not disclosed. With thousands of oranges trees within a few minutes of the studio, the market was heaped with beautiful specimens made of papier-mache.

On one occasion he shot a scene in which a dog was to brush past Miss Colbert and Boyer with a shoe in its mouth. All day long the crew laboured with the animal.

It was admonished, threatened and begged, but it refused to interrupt the conversation of the perspiring players at the proper moment.

Finally, Miss Colbert timidly suggested that perhaps it would be better if the dog talked to Boyer while she crawled in on all fours with the shoe between her teeth.

**A Hoodoo Picture?**

*And The Adventures of Tom Sawyer looks like being something of a hoodoo picture. First of all it took nearly nine months to find Tommy Kelly to play the role. Then, when they got him to Hollywood, they discovered that a further delay would be necessary while they got rid of his terrific Bronx accent. In the meantime, after considerable trouble, they had found a younger named Ted Limes for the Huckleberry Finn part. By the time Tommy had been found and groomed Ted's voice had broken and the search had to begin again.*

After the film had been in production a week—the colour boom hit Hollywood and Producer David O. Selznick, who was not satisfied with the story as it was developing anyway, decided to scrap what had been done and do the whole thing in Technicolor. The decision added £200,000 to the picture's cost, now estimated at £400,000.

*In addition, there have been three changes in the cast: Beulah Bondi was originally cast for it, but was later considered unsuitable and was replaced by Elizabeth Patterson.*

Then Selznick decided to build up May Robson and Tommy Kelly as a team and as a start put them in the Sawyer picture.

Miss Patterson, acquiring the Paramount studio, which also has Beulah Bondi under contract, with the news, declared drily, "Your character actresses must be rotten."

**Why Not?**

- Director Roy Del Ruth steps forward with a suggestion for the naming of new cinema theatres.
  - "Why not," he asks, "as new cinemas are erected, dedicate them to and name them after the great of the screen, the late Irving Thalberg, or the beloved Marie Dressler, for example?"
  - "Such names as State, Empire, Capitol and Regal, and the like certainly hold no special significance for the filmgoer."
  - Well, what does the filmgoer think?

**How they Stand**

- I'm afraid that I've some bad news for fans this week. In sending to Hollywood in future for signed portraits of stars, the film companies tell me it will be necessary to enclose an international money order for £5.52, instead of a shilling as formerly. The increase is explained by the adverse exchange rate.
  - In the meanwhile, in case you're interested, the latest studio fan mail ratings have just come to hand.
  - At M-G-M., Robert Taylor is now definitely the "tops," with Clark Gable holding on to second place.
Deanna Durbin is back again in "100 Men and a Girl," with Adolphe Menjou and Eugene Palette.

Fastest climbing in this department at Culver City are Allan Jones and Maureen O’Sullivan.

Shirley Temple is still out in front at Twentieth Century-Fox, with Loretta Young pressing her hard whenever she appears in a new picture. Top male star here is Tyrone Power; second, Don Ameche.

At Paramount, Martha Raye, among actresses, is garnering the biggest harvest of correspondence, with Mae West still doing well, especially since she was recently on the front page again. Masculine honours are now going to Ray Milland, with James Ellison surprising everyone by doing next best.

Bing Crosby still has a large fan mail following which he carefully cultivates by giving it close attention.

Errol Flynn is Warner’s premier fan-mail star of the moment, with Dick Powell next in order.

Olivia de Havilland leads the Warners women.

At Universal it is Deanna Durbin by a mile or two, with the leading males, Kent Taylor and Mischa Auer, several laps behind her.

Big Fella’

- Pride of place in this month’s H.M.V. releases must be given to the recordings from Paul Robeson’s new vehicle Big Fella’. B8607, the star sings “You Didn’t Ought to Do Such Things” and “Lazin’” and on B8591, “I Don’t Know Wheels” and “Roll Up Sailorman,” while on B8608 Elizabeth Welch, who plays opposite, renders “Harlem In My Heart” and “One Kiss” extremely well.

On the Avenue contains some very tuneful numbers and the best of them, “Slumming on the Avenue,” is vigorously orchestrated by Roy Fox on B8245. On the reverse side he plays you “Too Marvellous for Words” from Ready, Witting and Able.

Dance to These

- Roy Fox’s ability to set your feet dancing is well exemplified, too, on BDS238 with “Our Song” from You Alone and “To-morrow is Another Day” from A Day at the Races, and also on BDS233, “I’ve Got My Love to Keep Me Warm” and “This Year’s Kisses” from On the Avenue.

The first number is also rendered again on BD444.

Henry Jacques is represented by a number from Sunset in Vienna, the theme song, on BDS235.

Finally, Derek Oldham is romantically appealing, singing “Our Song” from You Alone and “Will You Remember?” from Lilac Time (B8605), “Fats” Waller puts plenty of zip into “You’re Laughing at Me” from On the Avenue (BD5215) and Vera Guilaroff gives a clever piano solo composed of film hits on both sides of BD448.

Not his Meat

- This week’s prize for the retort courteous goes to Carole Lombard.

It seems that a certain actor who thinks he’s heaven’s gift to women (and is not afraid of Clark Gable) accosted Carole in the studio park the other day.

He started his campaign by admiring the Pekinese the feminine star was carrying. After complimenting Carole on the dog he petted it. Carole, annoyed, stepped back.

“Don’t take him away,” said the actor.

“Surely you don’t think I’d bite me, do you?”

“No,” Carole replied sweetly, as she walked away, “he hates ham.”

How to Make Films

- If you are anxious to know something of the actual making of a film from A to Z, I recommend “Film Making from Script to Screen” (Faber and Faber, 5s.), by Andrew Buchanan.

It suggests ways by which the amateur can produce a different and more real kind of film than the professional.

It will help those who are interested in the film industry to approach production with a new viewpoint.

If you think of becoming a power in this industry invest your $.

Malcolm Phillips

Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot from Hollywood

SCREEN COLONY GETS A SCARE

Guards are still placed about the expensive homes of many film celebrities as a sequel to Wallace Beery receiving that letter threatening harm to his six-year-old adopted daughter, Carol Ann, unless he paid $10,000 to the extortioner.

Detectives believe that the writer of the mysterious note did not expect to receive the money demanded, as the letter ordered that it be sent to “R. Kelly, General Delivery, Culver City.” Anyone calling for mail for this name at

(Continued on page 8)
the post office would, of course, immediately be seized by waiting officers.

It is quite likely that the missive was written by a crank, who merely wished to frighten the actor and his wife, but the affair has given the screen colony a scare, while the luckless Wally, carrying a loaded revolver for protection, accidentally shot himself, though not seriously. He is likely to be laid up for several weeks.

Preview Burglars

- Meanwhile, Gary Cooper has induced a number of his fellow stars to contribute towards a paid vigilance committee—a corps of shotgun-armed guards whose business it will be to guard the homes of stars attending premieres.

The plan is that on the day of a preview the stars likely to be out will telephone the detective agency and order a man sent to their homes. This man will watch the approaches leading to the house.

Gary believes that the burglars read announcements of previews in the newspapers, figure out who will be in attendance and burgle the mansions whilst the owners are absent!

Autograph Nemesis

- Robert Montgomery returned to his set without his lunch and, as a result, a special policeman has been assigned to the studio commissary.

The policeman’s sole duty is to see that no autographs are brought into the restaurant during the luncheon hours.

Recently such players as Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Rosalind Russell and Virginia Bruce have been forced to give up more than half their lunch hour because of many autograph requests.

Hereafter, visitors desiring signatures may leave their books with the studio policeman, and he will see that they are properly autographed and returned.

Sensitive Garbo

- Greta Garbo chose to move from her former Brentwood home after its address had been published in the magazine. She has purchased the lot adjoining his house, the back of which adjoins the former Garbo tennis courts.

The actor had planned to buy the lot some months ago and erect stables for his horses, but abandoned the idea when he heard that the Swedish star objected to the whinnying of the animals.

So Garbo has gone, and the horses are now in their new home, where their whinnying apparently disturbs no one.

A New “Tarzan”

- Robert Taylor, I hear, from people he has written to, was all “burned up” over American newspaper accounts describing him as “beautiful.” He likes the “he-man” appellation, and declares that when he returns to the States he will show the hair on his chest!

Meanwhile, Hollywood is chucking over stories that London women struggled merrily to secure the cigarette which Taylor nonchalantly dropped from the balcony of his hotel as he greeted his thousands of admirers.

Hollywood Host

- Gordon Oliver has completed the bar which he built with his own hands for his smoking-room.

Unlike most persons with new furniture, he is encouraging carelessness with cigarette butts to age the piece, and is asking his friends to carve their autographs on the bar.

Gordon has taken the right attitude, for cigarette burns and carved initials usually appear on bars in the players’ homes, whether the owners desire them or not.

All In the Family

- The Blondell sisters may some day become as famous as the Bennets—Constance and Joan.

Joan Blondell, the wife of Dick Powell, is an established star. Her sister Gloria, who has been fighting hard for several years to win a place in the movies, did a number of “bit” roles, and has won a contract with Warners.

Gloria will play the lead opposite Dick Purcell in Algiers Talkies, which John Farrow will direct when he returns from Europe.

Hollywood Says That—

- Fredric March was a clerk in the National City Bank of New York.

- Joe Penner studied to be a violinist.

Dick Powell and Joan Blondell are still making a bid for the Hollywood’s Happiest Couple title.

Grace Moore will shortly publish a cook book to be called “Dishes of a Primadonna,” containing recipes from all parts of the world, furnished by her fans.

- John Barrymore’s contract provides that he does not have to work on Friday the thirteenth.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

SNOOPING by TELEVISION.

- He hundreds of people who write to me suggesting what a good idea it would be if I were to take them to see over a film studio will shortly have nothing to write to me about.

They will be able to watch films in the making just by purchasing a £70 television set.

This week, the B.B.C.’s Mobile Television Unit will be stationed at the Pinewood Studios to give direct shots of films in the making.

Well, they couldn’t have chosen a better time, for Pinewood is thick with stars at the moment.

They’ll be able to show you Sonnie Hale directing interior scenes in Sailing Along, with Jessie Matthews, Jack Whiting, Roland Young, and Barry McKay all doing their stuff.

Another evening they’ll “snap” Rene Clair at work, shooting Jack Buchanan, Maurice Chevalier, and Adele Astaire.

And on yet another evening they’ll offer you glimpses of a Paramount-British unit at work.

The Grand Tour

- But it isn’t all going to happen in the studio. In they’re going to take you behind the scenes, to see the workshops, the power-house (which is exactly the same as every other power-house, if you ask me), the plasterers’ shop, and so on.

Personally I hold that one look at a studio plasterers’ shop is enough for all time, but if you haven’t seen one before it’s interesting; they certainly do some mighty handy tricks there.

Oh, and you’ll be taken into the board-room too. This no peculiar board-room, me tell you. In the earlier stages of its existence it was the saloon of the “Mauretania,” and when that grand old lady was broken up they rebuilt it at Pinewood.

Also the intention is to show you the cutting-rooms with cutters at work, the twenty-two acre general office, which has figured in a number of the Pinewood films in the past year, and the models department, where they intend to stage a train-wash for your benefit—provided you’ve got the £70, of course.

Nosey Camera

- Also (and this is where the fans will sit up and take notice) the television-camera will go nosing into the dressing-rooms, and the I.B.C. hopes that such celebrities as B. Nova, Piglbeam, Will Hay, Lilli Palmer, and Desmond Tester will act as guides.

If I don’t catch a glimpse of Capt. “Dickie” Norton, managing-director of Pinewood, complete with monocle, I’ll ask for my £70 back.

As a matter of fact, and seriously apart, this is as good a way of seeing the studio as any other—and possibly a great deal better.

Many a time and oft I’ve seen disappointed visitors to the studios being told “Oh, there are no stars here to-day, as it happens, but you might catch a glimpse of Mr. So-and-so, who plays a butler in this picture.” Of course, we had the whole cast on the set yesterday. What a pity you weren’t here then!"

Far too often it’s a case of “I saw yesterday, and tomorrow, but I never jam.” Of course, for a set-up like this television one, they’ll take very good care to have everyone there who is likely to be interesting.

Way Up

- By the way, talking about guides, another sort are still making a bid for the London Film Production The Challenge, which Milton Rosener is directing at Denham.
It's described as a vindication of Edward Whymper; well, my recollection of that intrepid mountaineer's exploits is regretfully hazy, but as far as I can remember he was involved in an accident in which three Englishmen met their death—Hudson, Hadow, and Lord Douglas.

Whymper was a botanist who went to the Swiss Alps looking for edelweiss or mountain raspberry or something towards the end of last century, and found himself uncommonly good at climbing Alps.

In fact, he was the first to climb the Matterhorn.

In the film he is being portrayed by Robert Douglas, and I hope it's this young actor's turn to get a decent screen break. I thought he was very good indeed in Our Fighting Navy, but the role was by no means up to his capabilities; and in London Melody he had merely a minor role as a well-dressed cad.

Joan Gardner is playing opposite him; she is called Felicitas, but as Whymper's private life is a sealed book to me so far, I'm afraid I can't inform you who Felicitas was.

Perhaps she was invented by Messrs. Emmeric Pressburger and Patric Kirwan. They wrote the story.

**Tricky Work**

- Frank Birch is playing Hudson, Moran Caplat is Hadow, and Geoffrey Wardell plays Lord Douglas. Ralph Truman is Gielgud. Denier Warren plays Seiter, a hotel-keeper, and Mary Clare plays something but I don't know what.

Real Matterhorn guides are being employed in this film, and by gosh they'll need 'em, for they are doing the location work on the slopes of the Matterhorn itself.

And when these guides will doubtless be brought to Denham when the unit seeks the shelter of the studios in November, and their whole business will be disorganised, because once you have postured in front of a film camera in a studio it's almost impossible to go back with equanimity to a humdrum existence at your ordinary job.

Believe me, I've tried it.

However, perhaps it's not strictly correct to describe a Swiss Alpine guide's job as humdrum.

They have Luis Trenker advising in the mountain sequences; I hope he shows in the film as well. He's a grand actor and a great personality. Perhaps you remember him in the title-role of The Rebel a few years ago.

**So British!**

- I hear of big things sticking out ahead in British studios; for example, Sam Goldwyn and Walter Wanger, respectively one of the oldest and one of the newest United Artists producers, are said to be contemplating production of films at Denham in the very near future.

Sam will make an American film here (at least I presume it will be an American film, though conforming to British quota regulations), which will probably be a Goldwyn Follies subject, in Technicolor.

Walter Wanger will make two "British" films, one a musical, also in colour, and the other a wise-cracking comedy of the type that has recently become popular in Hollywood—and in England also, if one is to judge by box-office returns.

And as we have apparently no one wearing a Union Jack waistcoat who is capable of turning out that slick kind of situation and dialogue (mind you, I only said "apparently"), Walter will inevitably import a highly paid wise-cracker from Hollywood to come here and crack wiscy for him.

**Toot the Sackbut**

- Musicals are going to be the thing at Denham.

Korda has "tasted blood" by making his first musical, Two (formerly called Kiss Me Good-Night), which I hear has turned out very well, and he is now negotiating with Irving Mills to make an elaborate song-and-dance show featuring international radio and music-hall stars.

Well, so long as he doesn't pay his artistes a million-a-minute he will probably get away with it, British Lion had the right idea with Soft Lights and Sweet Music, which they made at Beaconsfield at very low cost, and cleaned up a pretty packet with it.

It will certainly cost Alex Korda something to get hold of Bill Robinson ("Bojangles") to me, but I think probably the best male tap-dancer alive to-day.

 Duke Ellington and Cab Calloway with their orchestras are also expected to figure in the film, I hear, and possibly the Mills Brothers and the Four Flash Devils.

**Lubitsch, Too**

- And I have this fresh paragraph to tell you that Ernst Lubitsch has been approached to direct it, and seems to be favourably inclined towards the suggestion.

So they'll be doing this in November, just about the time that the re-incarnation of Edward Whymper comes in out of the cold, cold snow.

R. C. Sheriff will look after the story; he's getting the habit now, for he's just completed two musical scripts for Korda to produce in the early part of next year.

Of course there's a Bicycle Built for Two; I expect Victor Saville will be getting under way with that (under the Korda banner, mark you) as soon as he is through with cutting his South Riding.

I've got a special edible hat in which I'm saving up to eat if South Riding is not a wow. (Gosh, I hope it'll be a wow. I hate hats.)

Then, talking of colour, Jack Buchanan Productions are contemplating making six colour subjects in the next couple of years. Among these will be Richard of Bordeaux, with John Gielgud in the title-role which he played magnificently on the stage in London and New York.

I don't suppose you'll be able to recognise this by the time it's shown, however, because they're almost certain to change the title for something a little more "box-office." However, I'll notify you.

**Eating Its Label**

- This title question is really getting acute. The new Annabella picture has had no fewer than three different labels during its brief span of life, and goodness knows how many more it's likely to have before it's through.

First it was called Follow the Sun; I didn't think it would have that for long, because it was also the title of a Cochran revue of a year or two ago.

Then it became Riviera, which I thought was definitely a change for the worse; but apparently another company had registered that poor title first, and now the baby is being re-christened Dinner at the Ritz.

By the way, I wonder which Ritz is meant? One, but satisfactorily thinks of the London one, of course, but every European capital has one, and this is set on the Riviera.

Another title—The Lie Detector, which I think gives a pretty good angle on the film—but has been changed to Who Killed John Savage?

Well, maybe this is good business; I don't know, but it seems to me to suggest the answer, "Cock Robin."

**Good Cast**

- Another title of a current British film looks to me very much like having to undergo a change before long.

Last year we saw a film of Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell, entitled, We're in the Money. Remember it? Not by any means a classic, but a good steady routine comedy, which hundreds of thousands of picturegoers must have seen.

Now P. Maclean Rogers is making a film down at Walton-on-Thames with the beheaded title, In the Money.

He has a very sound cast—Marjorie Taylor (fresh from an orgy of garroting down at Sound City in Ticket of Leave Man), George Carney, John Wickham, Gus McNaughton (see his "Tandy" in Action for Slander), and Molly Hamley-Clifford, who scored heavily (literally) in Behind Your Back recently.

But I think he'll have to find a new title.

Incidentally, they're trying to think of a new one for the new Gracie Fields picture He Was Her Man, so he'll be in good company.

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**NEXT WEEK**

SEVEN years ago Maureen O'Sullivan was taken to Hollywood to play a leading role in "Song of My Heart," with John McCormack. Since then great things have been expected of her, somehow her career has to a great extent hung fire.

Now she is at Denham, playing in her first British picture, "A Yank at Oxford," opposite Robert Taylor.

In next week's Picturegoer Max Breen contributes a vivid outline of the Irish girl's career up to the present, and discusses the reasons why she has not yet attained full stardom—and also gives a pen-portrait of this young actress who has been chosen to play opposite one of the most sensational male stars of our time.
G ARY COOPER to-day is the Man who is, almost literally, Worth his Weight in Gold. In the curious and always lively literature of that once so dear a great deal about the "million-dollar" personality, we but seldom see one. There is the Garbo, of course. Her name alone must have drawn a fortune into the coffers of Culver City. Clara Bow, Constance Bennett and, among the men, John Gilbert and Rudolph Valentino all qualified for the title in their time and I should speak personally, I hate to offer Mr. Louis B. Mayer a mere two million dollars for the current contracts of Clark Gable and Robert Taylor, though the asset value of the two stars is actually listed on the M.-G.-M. books at £1 a head.

The value of Gary Cooper's charm and manly beauty is officially rated not at one million dollars, but at five million.

At least, that is the sum at which the Paramount studio, which should know, recently assessed him when it brought suit against Sam Goldwyn for allegedly luring him away from their fold.

Ironically, just a little over ten years ago Paramount took Gary away from Goldwyn—by offering him £5 a week more salary, bringing his princely emolument up to £18!

They were probably not exaggerating much in claiming that amount (Gary is after all, Number One Box Office Star in America and he has headed all the recent popularity polls in Britain), but Hollywood talks of many-million-dollar law suits as easily as it talks of million-dollar personalities and it is extremely unlikely that the action will ever come to court.

As a matter of fact, negotiations have been proceeding between Goldwyn and the Paramount chiefs for some weeks. As a result of them a settlement is in sight by which Gary will do at least one picture for his studio in the near future—a re-make in colour of Beau Geste.

Another pleasing feature of the proposed agreement is that at the Goldwyn studio the star will still have the services of Henry Hathaway, who has directed him in some of his greatest successes including The Lives of a Bengal Lancer and his latest, Sons at Sea. Hathaway will be lent for three pictures.

Both these factors—the picture at Paramount and the presence of Hathaway on the Cooper set—are likely to be important. They will mean that the process of pulling up the roots of a ten-year association will not be so drastic as one time seemed probable.

Gary is not a man who pulls up his roots easily. Moreover, with his decision to move his make-up box to a new lot, his career has reached one of those crises which come in the careers of every big star.

This was inevitable in any case. Cooper has reached a dizzy peak on which few stars can keep their footing without difficulty and from which few still have advanced further. I think it was Mary Pickford who once said that once you get to the top there's nowhere else to go but down. Most stars at this stage have been content when option time came round to entrust their future to "the devil they know" (as Marlene Dietrich put it when faced with a similar situation at the same studio a year or two ago) than take chances.

Gary Cooper has chosen to gamble on a new guide, to exchange security and a million-dollar contract for a new start.

It is not a question of money. Goldwyn has not, strictly speaking, even given him that extra fiver by which Paramount got him and a gold mine a decade ago. For several years he has been earning at least £80,000 a year. His Goldwyn contract calls for three pictures a year at £20,000 a picture.

It is not entirely a question of artistic ambition, either, though Gary has more interesting views on acting than many people think, but it is known that he is anxious for more variety in his roles. He does not regard himself as a great actor, but he genuinely likes film work and he wants to stay in it as long as he can. "And, after all," he says, "I've only one face and it's not so good."

In his bid for "variety" he is taking a further risk by appearing in a thirteenth century costume drama, The Adventures of Marco Polo, as his first job for his new employer. Goldwyn may be the long awaited heaven's gift to movie costume drama, but he is essentially an American type—in fact the epitome of the best type of idealistic young American—and "Marco Polo" is a big departure from the roles in which he has won his popularity.

However, Gary has faced crises before and come through them all right. His career has been a story of slow but steady improvement. It was not so long ago that they said he would never be anything more than a horse-opera hero. He wasn't, in fact, too sure about it himself. He relates how he was "beyond all doubt the worst, the most awkward screen lover that ever disturbed the dust of old Hollywood."

When he first learned that the studio felt that there might be marketable sex appeal in the quiet Cooper charm and was going to try him out as a lover he didn't stop running until he was safely ensconced (as he thought) in a train bound for his native Montana. Luckily for Gary and a few million picturegoers, Frank Lloyd, the director, followed him and brought him back.

They put him in a picture with Esther Ralston,
Gary Cooper is tackling a crisis in his career with a bold move to a new studio. Here is the inside story behind his decision and an unusual revelation of how the evolution of the actor from horse-opera extra to Screen Star Number One can be summed up through his love-life.

Then a big star, and she and Gary and Lloyd when they get together now still laugh over the forty-eight takes it required before he managed to kiss her in the accepted movie manner, and Esther in those days (and these for that matter) was—and is—not hard on the eyes. How considerably the Cooper romantic technique has improved was illustrated in Desire, in which, apart from the evidence of our own eyes, his love scenes with Marlene Dietrich produced, on the authority of no less an expert than the studio make-up chief who had to repair the damage to the lady's make-up, the highest-powered kissing seen on the screen since the days of Valentino. The official Great Lovers were green with envy.

Incidentally, it has always struck me as intriguing that the career of no Hollywood actor has ever been so markedly reflected in his love life as in the case of Gary Cooper.

I never saw is of interest I hope I may be pardoned by him for raising the subject; but the evolution of Cooper, who is not one of those stars of whom one can say Hollywood has not changed him, can, in fact, almost best be summed up in his romances. He had affairs, of course, long before he came into films. One of them, indeed, was largely responsible for him going to Hollywood. The girl's name was Doris, they were at college together in Iowa and they were practically engaged. Doris had a hankering for California and persuaded him to try his luck there. He did, found a lot of it, all bad, and finally drifted into the film studios because he needed a job and a western director happened to need an extra who could ride a horse.

Along the way he didn't Doris. He hadn't liked to write while he was out of work. When he did get in touch with her again he found she'd married the local druggist.

The first woman with whom Gary's name was mentioned in Hollywood was Clara Bow, the Hey Hey It Girl, Brooklyn Firecracker, Tomato-Blonde Tornado, and any other name denoting feminine dynamite the publicity department, then engaged in making the most spectacular figure in films more spectacular still, could think of.

For one thing one of his first parts on the lot was in support of her in It. For another, the hoydenish, big-hearted Clara with her obvious sincerity and had-fellow-well-met manner didn't terrify the shy, awkward young cowboy as most of the Hollywood girls did.

She gave him her friendship at a time when he needed it and she helped him a great deal in the trying early days in the studio, but if there ever was anything serious in their relationship it didn't last for long.

Gary's first Hollywood Big Moment was different in the latter regard, but he again chose one of Hollywood's more sensational aires—the volatile Lupe Velez, then at the very height of her "Whoopie Lupe" days, when her naive frankness on "unmentionable" subjects and the rest of the repertoire of her Mexican Wild Cat act shocked even hard-boiled Hollywood. It is notorious that there's never a dull moment in a romance with Lupe, but I cannot imagine that the Cooper of to-day would like the eccentricities which in those days kept both their names in the Hollywood front pages.

"I love Gar-ee Cooper," she would shout in some fashionable restaurant, proceeding to climb on his knee and kiss him in front of three hundred people.

On other occasions frequenters of Hollywood's night life would be regaled with the ludicrous spectacle of the dimwitted Lupe fiercely attacking the tall young Westerner with her shoe and screaming insults after some harmless quarrel.

The Hollywood gossips reported that Gary had more or less "gone native," too, drinking tequila, the Mexican drink, torturing his inexperienced stomach with raw chile and surrounding himself with a Mexican staff.

Then in 1931 they parted—Gary to come on a trip to Europe and Lupe to go on a stage tour. Gary's European visit was something of a turning point in his career. It was not his first contact with the Old World; as everyone knows, he was educated in England, at Dunstable. But it was his first holiday and first break away from the Hollywood atmosphere since he had become famous. It gave him a chance to see things in a different perspective.

At any rate he came back a changed man. The shy, ex-cowboy had developed into a poised and polished man of the world.

The Lupe Velez affair vanished quietly with the old Cooper. A few explanations as to how they had drifted apart from both sides and a romantic interlude that had provided the film colony with a subject for gossip and amusement for the best part of three years was over, though Gary must smile reminiscently now when he reads the round-by-round accounts of the hectic married life of Lupe and Johnny Weissmuller.

Significantly, when next his name appeared in the Hollywood romance bulletins it was linked with that of the Countess di Frasso, an internationally famous Society woman he had met in his travels.

About this time, too, Gary was progressing rapidly on the screen. The Devil and the Deep, To-day We Live, If I Had a Million, Design for Living and One Sunday Afternoon finally and firmly established him as an actor rather than just a virile, out-door, he-man hero.

Then at the end of 1933 Gary married Veronica Balfe, the daughter of one of America's most socially prominent families, whom he had met in Hollywood a year before while she was making a career for herself under the professionals' name of Sandra Shaw.

Once again a private life romance—and this time the most important one of all—was reflected in Gary Cooper's screen career.

Since then he has progressed in a series of successive hit pictures, unique in the history of Hollywood, including The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Desire, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, The Plainsman and Souls at Sea, which have made him probably the most important star in films to-day.

The marriage has lasted a long time as Hollywood marriages go, and although recently there have been the inevitable rumours, they have been effectively silenced by the arrival of a baby daughter—surely a lucky omen.

Thus the actor's screen career and his personal happiness have reached their greatest heights together.

And thus we come back to the point at which we started this article. The five-million-dollar Cooper personality will in future be marketed under a new banner. We hope that it will—and there is no reason to believe that it will not—continue to be a five-million-dollar personality for a long time to come.

Good luck, Gary.
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FOR THAT LEISURED ⅛ HOUR — DE RESZKE MAJORS, 20 FOR 1-
It's K.O. Francis

Kay, once the most peaceable of stars, has recently become the Brunette Bomber. Here are the facts behind her recent contract revolt against the Warner Studio.

For a benevolent studio that has always nailed the good acting from contented actors and actresses" slogan to the front door, the Burbank celluloid cannery has been singularly unsuccessful in its relationship with its stars who have included James Cagney and Bette Davis.

Now that Kay Francis, once one of Hollywood's most even-tempered actresses and a pillar of the studio for something like five years, has declared a one-woman war, the hapless Warners must be feeling something like Caesar when he saw Brutus on that celebrated knifeing job. She has filed a suit asking for the annulment of her recently renewed contract.

As readers of Picturegoer may have discerned, the trouble has been brewing for some time. The Francis revolt is, in fact, the culmination of a long series of events in the screen career and private life of the star.

Curiously enough, the Warner association began in an atmosphere of strife and sensation. Kay and her friends, Ruth Chatterton and William Powell, were the storm centre of the biggest inter-studio upheaval in Hollywood history when they moved en masse to the Burbank lot from Paramount.

Powell, subsequently left on the grounds of salary trouble. Miss Chatterton resigned as queen of the studio through several years and a marriage to George Brent, and then in a number of indifferent vehicles gradually slipped from her high estate as The First Lady of the Talkies.

But Kay Francis stayed on uncompromisingly, taking what was given to her in the way of story material, which was very frequently what was left after the others had skimmed off the cream.

The new affiliation started off auspiciously enough with films like Man Wanted, Jewel Robbery, Street of Women and One Way Passage. About this time, however, the powers that be at the studio made the discovery that when Kay flooded the screen with tears, the fans flooded the box-offices with gold.

It was a discovery eminently satisfactory to the Warner shareholders, but as a result of it Miss Francis has practically ever since been kept by a series of suffering mother roles and themes of manufactured emotionalism that has continued right through to her newest picture, Confession.

Moreover, they found the star unusually tolerant toward their plan to feature her almost exclusively in "handkerchief drama." Kay had never been "difficult" and she was not so now. There was The House on 58th Street, for instance. The picture was originally bought for Ruth Chatterton, who had taken one look at the script and rejected it. Called upon as second choice, Kay went to work and did a first-class job.

The same situation rose in the case of Mandalay, another Chatterton cast-off. In I Loved a Woman she took what she knew very well would be a completely secondary role, largely to oblige Edward G. Robinson.

Hal Wallis, production chief of the studio, declared: "It is the producer's business to gauge his public; it is the star's business to trust the producer's judgment. Kay Francis is possibly the only star in the entire history of Warners who has realised this fact and who has been ready to meet us more than half-way."

I have mentioned all these facts because to those who know them the recent reputation Kay has acquired for artistic temperament is inexplicable except by some extremely drastic circumstances.

Those who know the star best advance the theory that the strain of playing this too-long succession of troubled women may have begun to tell on the usually cheerful and docile Kay, while it would not be unnatural for her to be suffering from a sense of frustration brought about by the lack of opportunity to run a wider gamut of emotion than these tear-stained heroines afford.

Certainly there has lately been a nervousness in her work on the floor that was never there before and which, if it has not transmitted itself to her screen characterisations, has involved her in more studio "scenes" than is good for the reputation of any star.

It is known that she "blew up" on more than one occasion during the making of The White Sister. The film of one such outburst was shown at a Hollywood party for the amusement of a number of big shots.

And the best dialogue in Confession will not be heard on the screen. It was between Kay and Joe May. The picture resolved itself into one long fight between star and director.

Hollywood gleefully retitled the picture the Battle of the Century.

It even got to the stage where May, protesting over her insistence in saying "I won't" instead of "I can't," in a line of dialogue, told her that the difference between the two phrases was "the difference between you and a good actress."

It is particularly unfortunate that, amid her other troubles, Kay is not on the best of terms with the Hollywood writers and is not getting a sympathetic press at a time that she needs it. She has never liked being interviewed, but until recently managed, to maintain particularly friendly relations with the reporters.

The trouble all started when Kay gave a party some time ago. She lives in an extremely modest little house, and when she entertains on any scale she does so in one of the larger Hollywood restaurants. On this occasion a reporter gate-crashed.

No one likes to have her party gate-crashed, but Kay might have handled the situation more tactfully. She had the intruder ejected.

Her press vendetta has moreover been intensified by her friendship with Delmar Daves, a screen writer she met during the making of The White Sister, and with whom her name has been linked in the romance rumours.

Kay has always felt that her marriage to Kenneth McKenna might have stood a better chance if it had not been for all the publicity that surrounded it from the outset, and she has openly resentened press interest in her new romance.

The gathering storm clouds finally burst when Claudette Colbert was imported from Paramount for the leading role in the screen version of Touch - Haven titled To-Night Our Night. Kay had set her heart on having the part, which, indeed, many excellent judges believe she could have done extremely well.

She claims in her lawsuit that her assignment to the rôle was one of the conditions under which she recently signed her new contract.

M. D. P.

13
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**FOR GIRLS AFTER A MAN'S HEART**

YOUNG Mr. Neville Clarke is pretty well off.
He'd better be—having recently signed a contract to write cheques in favour of a certain Miss Shelley, totalling over a period of five years, the handsome sum of fifty thousand pounds sterling.
And that's saying a Mintful.
But young Mr. Clarke is no philanthropist, neither is he in the film racket for his gout. He confidently expects to see his fifty thou' coming home to roost, and bringing with it a good healthy extra dollop of dollars.
For at that price his little Miss Shelley is an investment—and, he considers, a mighty good one.
Let me not in years to come, I pray, listen to a lot of twaddle about this or that producer, director, manager, or agent "discovering" Eve Shelley.
Apart from her mamma, who undoubtedly made the initial discovery, no one discovered Eve except Eve herself and her manager.
The term "made in Birmingham" is not usually regarded as a compliment, for Birmingham is apt to make goods quickly and cheaply for export to foreign parts.
Eve certainly doesn't come into that category; she was born in Birmingham, but "made" in foreign parts—to wit, Ceylon.
And Neville Clarke can testify that she wasn't made cheaply.
There doesn't seem to have been a vast deal of difference between Eve Shelley and any other girl when she left school; like all the others, she thought it would be a pleasant and profitable thing to be a film star.
She had, however, two little somethings the others hadn't got; first, a determination, amounting to pig-headedness, to go on the stage and, second, a bunch that she would get a lucky break.
Well, she knew something.
Cross-examining her over a long, cool glass in the Cafe Royal one day last week, I tried to scare up a story about how she had had to wage a long and desperate struggle against parental authority before she managed to break away to the new life, the free life, the life of...
Not a bit of it.
"Sorry!" she smiled apogetically (but it's the kind of smile that needs no apology). My parents were all for it and helped me as much as they could. My grand father disapproved, though," she added helpfully.
But that didn't stop her.
First, she put in a spell at the Fay Compton Studio, learning how to walk, sit, stand, and do all the other strange and wonderful things that an actress has to do.
(Actually, of course, all this is vitally important to a stage player.)
Then, she told me, "I got a part in a touring company playing in White Parents Sleep."
On that tour she visited her home town, "Brum": imagine the kick she must have got out of that!
I also did a spell in repertory at Boardstairs, in plays like Billiard and Musical Chairs, which was pretty useful experience. Oh, and I had a six-months' tour of India and the Far East with an English dramatic company.
"But all this time I felt that I ought to be getting into films, because that, I was convinced, was where my big chance lay."
"So I began to do round the agents' offices in London, with precious little idea how to go about getting work. I climbed the usual endless stairs, sat about in the usual everlasting waiting-rooms, and had the usual amount of success—none.
However, I kept my ears open, and one day in an agent's waiting-room I heard two girls saying that Neville Clarke Productions were looking for a girl to play heroine opposite Nils Asther and to go to Ceylon on location.
"I thought I might as well be me, so I went to the company's offices and sat about for simply hours, while girls were interviewed in the inner sanctum.
"Of course, they all had appointments and I hadn't, and I was told the old, old story—that I'd better write in, sending portraits.
"But I'd had plenty of that, so I just sat on—and on—and on, and at last all the candidates had gone and no one had been chosen, and Mr. Barr-Smith, the executive producer, came out and wanted to know whether I hadn't any home to go to. And then he had another look.
"Excuse me. I should just like to take time out to remark that that doesn't surprise me.
"He had another look and thought Mr. Clarke ought to see me. Which he did, and I did my sales talk, and, of course, made a great deal of the fact that I'd been to the East before and was acclimatised!
"Anyway, the upshot was that I was engaged to go to Ceylon as heroine of Tealeaves in the Wind. Wasn't that marvellous?"
Just in case you're inclined to regard Eve's experience in the light of How to Become a Film Star, in One Easy Lesson, let me assure you that in all my work and bitter experience no one has ever pulled it off like that before.
If you're tempted to try it, you're much more likely to find yourself sharing a lonely, cold, dark office with the night-watchman.
But even that wouldn't be a circumstance to sharing Ceylon with a monsoon, which was the first thing that greeted the unit.
As a child, Eve had often sung the hymn:
What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
but a monsoon's another thing to sing about.
As Captain Boyle remarked in Jumna and the Paycock, "it blew—and it blew—and it blew."
"And the rain!" said Eve feelingly. "Houses were flooded to the roof-tops, whacking great trees were snapped off like carrots, and quite large boats were flung about like corks.
I escaped with nothing worse than a drenching and a few bruises, but it was hair-raising!"
Eve had another narrow escape later, when she had to ride on an elephant and somebody casually informed her that it had already killed six men.
On the following day it killed two more and had to be shot.
"But acting with king cobras made me more nervous," she informed me seriously, and I had to look round the luxurious lounge and pinch myself to be sure it was this slip of a girl in a halo hat who had been through storm and wrack, peril by tusk and fang.
"Of course, the cobras' fangs are extracted every now and then," she reassured me, "but as they grow again in three or four days you can never be quite sure what's going to happen.
"But a little fellow named Russell's Viper is more deadly. He gives you only a few minutes to live, and that not very pleasantly."
"Al Barr-Smith, our executive producer, picked up a stone to throw into the grass toouse a drussy cobra, who was a member of the cast and was missing his cue, and under the stone was a Russell's Viper."
NOW, you would imagine that Eve had had what is popularly termed "a basinful" of Ceylon.
Nothing of the sort. When she becomes Mrs. Barr-Smith, as he intends she shall shortly (and she doesn't seem averse to the idea!), they're actually going to Ceylon for their honeymoon.
A pretty little bit of a thing in a halo hat, rather shy, rather overcome by it all—but definitely a good fifty thousand pounds worth!
Merle Oberon returns to the screen in her first British picture since The Scarlet Pimpernel (if we don't count the never-completed I Claudius and Red Shoes), with Laurence Olivier as her leading man. The film is directed by Tim Whelan.

Left: The star caught by our candid camera as she brushed up on her script between scenes.

Above: Merle and Laurence Olivier are stranded for a night in a country hotel where there are not enough beds to go round.

Right: Mr. Olivier, a barrister for the purposes of the picture, has a disturbed night.
Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas, cheerfully face a battery of cameras as they arrive for one of these famous Hollywood gala premieres.

Keeping fit by means of regular exercise is the beauty secret of Priscilla and Rosemary Lane. Try this one yourself.

A notable foursome—not on their way to the golf course, but to the studio cafe between scenes of "Wife, Doctor and Nurse." Left to right: Director Walter Lang, Virginia Bruce, Loretta Young and Warner Baxter.

This charming evening gown was designed for Joy Hodges by Vera West for "Merry-Go-Round of 1938." It is of new iridescent material: silver mesh.
Claudette Colbert won one of the plum roles of the year from under the elegant noses of half the feminine stars in Hollywood—the lead in the film version of Tovarich, one of the biggest stage hits of recent years. Her co-star is Charles Boyer, who as a leading man must by now have just about completed the rounds of Hollywood's glamour queens. Also in the cast are Basil Rathbone, Isobel Jeans, Melville Cooper and Heather Thatcher.

Above: Melville Cooper, Isobel Jeans, Kurt Bois and Heather Thatcher. The story is set in the colony of impoverished exiled Russian aristocrats in Paris.

Boyer, a member of Russian royalty, takes a job as butler in the home of the wealthy and beautiful Isobel Jeans. Left: Christian Rub.

Right: Though Charles and his wife Tatiana (Claudette Colbert) have a fortune they take jobs in service in order that the money may be devoted to the royalist movement.
Above: Claudette and Boyer share a garret in Paris and, possessed of very little wardrobe, find the laundry problem a pressing one.

The exiles in a spot of bother with the police. The real menace, however, is our old friend Basil Rathbone, who plays a Soviet Agent.
DOWN from the skyscraper roof fell the fur coat and landed on Mary Smith riding on the upper open deck of a New York bus. Struggling from under its folds she pushed the bell. The 'bus stopped. Grasping the coat Mary reached the pavement, feeling with her free hand for her hat with its jaunty quill, broken now and hanging limply.

She had been rejected by a butler at the first house she had hoped to find the coat's owner, when a big man in a light trilby bore down upon her with "Where did you find it?"

"Find what? Say... how do I know its yours?"

"Look at the label and see if it doesn’t say A. B. Zickel and Co? You work for a living?" he went on as her eyes admitted the claim.

"Why, of course I do—though I don’t know what business it is of you... look what you did to my hat!"

He glanced at the damaged article. Mary summed him as about forty-five, athletic in spite of his bulk, keen-witted and—yes—kind.

"You own a fur coat?"

"No, but... "

"That’s where you’re wrong. You own this one. Happy birthday."

"Hey... Santa Claus," she called. "Ridiculous of him to leave her with a gift she obviously couldn’t accept. More important too, the reflection that she had parted with her last nickel on the bus fare."

"Bus... bus... what’s the matter with this one?" her companion responded to her request to borrow ten cents. Sitting beside him in his luxurious limousine she was listening to his discourse on the fallacy of the easy-payment system, when he ordered the chauffeur to pull up at an exclusive hat shop. The dream world encompassed her again as she found herself trying on more and more expensive hats, her companion being far more difficult than she was to please.

"Now you’re talking," he allowed at last, the head salesman, a corseted and perfumed individual, by name van Buren, having placed a satin and fur creation becomingly to one side on Mary’s naturally gleaming curls. Her companion handed a card at which Mr. van Buren failed to conceal a start. Mary’s old hat was ordered to be sent to her address—West 112th Street.

"Good-bye, I don’t know how to thank you," she said as she quitted the limousine on the kerb opposite the prin editorial premises of the "Boys’ Constant Companion," her place of employ. She remembered, after he had driven on, that she didn’t know her benefactor’s name.

"You expect us to believe, Miss Smith," her sales-manager later demanded, looking at her over his spectacles, while the female secretary whose eyes had been upon Mary since her tardy and somewhat dramatic entry, stood grimly by.

"That a complete stranger, having dropped a valuable mink coat—"

"But it isn’t mink; its kolinsky."

Mary contested out of her own humble conviction.

"Mink or kolinsky—the point is the ethical requirements of the 'Boys’ Constant Companion’ demanding that... in short it will no longer require your services, Miss Smith," barked the manager.

"But... it only hit me on the head."

Mary cried, to conceal her reaction to shock.

So Mary that afternoon was reduced to smashing her savings bank in the form of a china pig, in order to extract a little money. A telegram was pushed under the door of the bed-sitting room. It was addressed to her and read: "Can I see you at once? Urgent. Louis Hotel Louis Park Avenue.

Wishing to shake the unseen hand which had guided her so opportunely to an hotel manager probably in need of a shorthand typist, Mary, wearing the model coat and hat, was shown into a sumptuous office. Mr. Louis, having curly black hair, a large nose, and a chrysanthemum in his buttonhole, after looking her up and down, declared, "Miss Smith, I am a man like dis. I don’t beat around de bush to come in de back door. Dis is where you belong and dis is where you’re going to stay."

"Meaning you want me to live here?"

"As a favour, I insist. I show you round the Imperial suites. Their tour of the Imperial suite was nerve-shattering. Having followed her guide through the magnificent reception rooms, bathroom, model kitchen and gymnasium, Mary said feebly, submerging into the softness of a luxury bed:

"Are you trying to rent me this little number, because if so, you’ve got the wrong Mary Smith."

"Just a minuet. You bought a hat this morning and tell Mr. van Buren to put your old hat in a bag and send him home?"

"That’s so, but I don’t see..."

"Then you found Miss Smith and this is where you belong. A beautiful girl like you has to have a background."

"But Mr. Louis, all I can afford is seven dollars a week—with breakfast—one egg."

Of course Louis a considerable time to appreciate this, but when he did, he agreed to move Mary in right away on those terms.

"Confidentials, I tell you," Mr. Louis said. "My hotel is a fizzle. The next time you see Mr. Ball—so sorry, I shouldn’t have mentioned names—you might tell him what a wonderful layout we have around here—what service...

"You mean, I’m to boost your hotel," Mary said and failed to connect the name of "Ball," that world-famous financier, with the donor of the model coat and hat.

"I could not have said it in ten years," Mr. Louis affirmed. "Boost it in the right place—and soon."

Having assured him of doing her best, and as soon as she was alone, Mary searched the suite kitchen for a bite of food, but failed utterly to find it. She was obliged to quit luxury for the nearest Automat—one of those up-to-the-minute restaurants where the hungry insert coins in slots and remove the dishes of their choice from glass-fronted wall partitions.

She made a round of the room, her mouth watering at the sight, behind the classes, of so many appetising dishes.

L et me advise the beefsteak pie; only six nickels," suggested a boy, giving her the coat and cap.

She hadn’t meant to admit that the contents of her purse was two nickels, but somehow the words were out of her mouth as she faced with his proposal that she should select what she liked from the hot-dish window and why not? the camera scenes and "work the gag," as he expressed it.

"I’ll put in the nickels when I get paid and you can pay me back some time," he assured her. "I’ll say the gag was stuck. Go on. I’ll meet you at the grape-fruit."

In its initial stages the plan worked perfectly. Mary, without having parted with her coat and cap, flew open and removed her pie, to be met by the young man’s face smiling through the window.

His assurance that everything was "hunkydory."

She had barely turned away with her prize when voices, thuds, and shouts resounded from behind the scenes. The partition windows suddenly simultaneously, while the young man, patently being

(Continued on page 22)
ANOTHER NEW SHADE? WISH I COULD AFFORD IT

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Choose your type from this list.

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Choose your type from this list.
chased by a detective, issued through the doorway. Immediately the restaurant became full of people, wind having got about with surprising rapidity that there was free food going. In the clamour, Mary felt her hand seized, and while somebody was introducing a draught fan to start up a fit of sneezing among the mob, she and the young man reached the street.

"You've lost your job anyway;" the young man had said soberly, as she fixed his tie.

"Well, there wasn't any future to it. Twenty years saving and you're left with a job I didn't have. I he countered, remarkably philosophically for one, who a minute later was considering the bread and butter to sleep. This led, not unnaturally to Mary escorting him to the Louis luxury suite, where she unburdened herself so far as to explain why she was there. Moreover, that Mary might touch upon the point that Mr. Louis had half-mentioned a man's name which had something to do with the whole matter.

"B... something... Bull I think it was," Mary said.

"The funny. My name's Johnny Ball."

"Funnier still. I believe he did say Bull. I agreed. There was no time to dwell on the coincidence for Johnny, having discovered a tap concealed in a marble statute overlooking the verandah, let fly a fine spray of water, which eventually drenched them both. A knock brought him into agitated to the door. It was only Mr. van Buren literally armed to the teeth with a fan and a spray. He thus carried, in addition to lavish flowers and underwear of every description.

"There's something phoney about this," he said, emerging from hiding when the gallant costumer had departed, having insisted that Mary furnish any where—and distinguished grey beard, forceful features and live person.

"You live here?" he inquired in answer to her "Hullo, Santa Claus."

"Yes. Mr. Louis made me a very special rat this morning. It entitle me to supper, but I'm so hungry I wondered if...

"Not at all. Take the menu and we submit it to you at once," Mr. Louis interjected, impressively clapping the bell on the table. Thereupon an argument ensued between Mary's benefactor and Mr. Louis as to what constituted a recharché supper.

Mary, though far from wanting in appetite, was more interested in the menu that had been guessed, entirely ingenious. It never occurred to her that her benefactor was by now a third banker, Mr. J. B. Ball, New York's third largest banker, had only to be seen buying a hat for a young woman to be suspected of having money. Through Mr. van Buren, as will also have been guessed, Mr. Louis had paid for the hat, however, for Mary to know that by talking, resplendent in a van Buren creation.

They were in the middle of the elaborate meal set up by Mr. Louis, when Mary was summoned by a grey-haired man waiting in the lounge who introduced himself as E. J. Hulgar, stockbroker.

"I'd like to make you a lot of money, Miss Smith," he said with winning frankness. "And the best way to do it is in steel. All I have to know is whether it is going down or up. Now if you could your gentleman companion..." he indicated the door of the dining-room with auction.

"I'm afraid he doesn't know a thing about it," Mary temporised, however, I'll ask him." Johnny, reading the newspaper, tossed off the information that steel was going down.

"How do you know?" Mary asked suspiciously.

"My father told me."

Mr. Hulgar receives the answer as a rocket departing from a gun. That is to say, gasping out the word "down" he dashed to the elevator and disappeared from Mary's ken.

Not for her to see the immediate result of the ingenious trick. As Mr. Hulgar supposed erroneously from the third biggest banker and his financial enemy. It so happened that steel that day being low in Mr. Ball's estimation, he was at

the moment hurling orders into his office 'phone to buy steel up to fifty thousand shares.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hulgar selling steel for all he was worth on the assumption that it was going down, kept his promise in due course, by telephoning Mary that she had made eighteen thousand dollars.

"Johnny... Johnny!" she sobbed in the Imperial suite, ignoring a leading Jeweller who was trying to interest her in a diamond necklace. "We've made eighteen thousand dollars—nine for you and nine for me. Right now I'm going to buy a dog. I've wanted one all my life—the big, woolly kind with hair all over its eyes." Making use of the new car which an ardent salesman had forced upon her she came back with two English sheepdogs, a parrot and eight goldfish. Intending the last as a present for Mr. Louis.

She found him in a state bordering on frenzy. "I am dying and she brings me animals," he declared.

"Don't you read the papers! Have you not seen that the party that she's produced will give you the sable coat have the financial ruin? Since it is the last, what affection do you have breakfast with him.

"You can't joke with a name like Ball," he stormed. "Of all the nonsensical... here... get on the 'phone."

"Look... I hurried here as soon as I could. This isn't kolinsky... it's sable... I knew you wouldn't believe me.

"So you know my father," Johnny exclaimed.

"Yes, and who's he? I didn't know," Mary gasped. But surprise, recognition and explanations had to wait while J. B. Ball using his buying influence to do the utmost, demanded to know of Mary whether she had told anyone on Mr. Louis's authority, that steel was going down.

Only Mr. Hulgar, "Mary admitted.

"That must have been the fellow who wanted to know things at breakfast."

"I didn't know who he was. I only said it was going down for a joke."

You can't judge a book by its cover."

Ball. This is a fine time to find it out. Here's your mother rushed back from Florida to say she'll forgive me everything, even my affair at the Hotel Louis... God knows what she's talking about... and offering to scrub floors which she's never had to do yet though she's faced worse ruin than this.

"But Dad... please... remember your blood pressure. If you wanted steel to go up, why can't you tell Hulgar... his gag works once it'll work twice."

"Of all the nonsensical... here."

So Mary obligingly told Mr. Hulgar that steel was soaring, had no earthly reflection. She wasn't by fact. She hadn't the vague idea what it all meant, but through the endeavours of back number and telephone, she heard Johnny demanding to know why she had taken a fur coat from his father.

"Never mind... it was very nice in it," Mrs. Ball soothed. Mary, however, felt it turned to be quite a success.

"You don't know what it means to a girl who's only had a tippet, to have a fur coat," she stormed. "I thought you were my friend, but what about your deceiving me; never telling me you didn't really need a coat.

"But I did. I had a row with father about the cooking at breakfast."

"I don't mind the cooking..."

Already, having given the fur coat from his father, was done. She had not passed a dozen blocks, when surrounded by police cars and cyclists, she was halted at the office verandah immediately above, Mr. Ball was celebrating the revival of his fortune by buying up the sable coat. Incidentally he was renewing a quarrel of two days' standing with his wife, disputing her right to take her fur coat. A dozen others, an expensive sable coat.

"I haven't taken anything..." was all she could gasp seeing Johnny with Messrs. van Buren and Louis on the verandah. Mary went to the office verandah immediately above, Mr. Ball was celebrating the revival of his fortune by buying up the sable coat. Incidentally he was renewing a quarrel of two days' standing with his wife, disputing her right to take her fur coat. A dozen others, an expensive sable coat.

"If I can't have it; no one shall," she said, taking the action of the two days' since by flinging it into the street.

"You've a new job, Mary... looking for work wasn't I saying. Their kiss was interrupted as the sable coat enveloping a young woman blew away, broke the quirk in her hat.

"That's where we came in," Mary smiled.
Hullo darling! Been having a beauty treatment?

Yes dear—and it only cost 6d. You see I use Velouy t

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VICTORIA THE GREAT

A MAGNIFICENT historical production which is a triumph for its director and producer, Herbert Wilcox, and which, by its exceptionally clever blending of facts and human interest makes for notably outstanding entertainment. It is one of those rare pictures which you just cannot afford to miss seeing.

As Victoria, Anna Neagle has the biggest chance of her screen career, and makes the most of it; she not only gives a regal air to the great monarch she is depicting, but also brings out the woman in her; her great love and her undying devotion. Her make-up, particularly in the closing sequences, is excellent.

We first see her being called upon to be Queen by Lord Melbourne, and there follows the scene of her Coronation, which is a brilliant piece of spectacular stage-craft. Indeed, so good is it that it might well be an excerpt from a news reel of the period; and one can praise realism no higher than that.

Then comes her romance with her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha. Delightfully conceived, it has been treated with regal dignity, but also with strong human feeling.

It is the unfolding of this romance and its tragic culmination by the early death of the Prince Consort which lifts the picture above the purely documentary and makes it a story charged with heart interest; there is an intimate touch which enlists your sympathy as well as sustaining your interest in its historical import.

Most people will be moved to the depths by the tragic death of Prince Albert and by the overwhelming grief of Victoria.

More domestic in character are the sequences which show how Albert, at first prevented from entering Quinet's office by the King's state affairs, gradually becomes her co-partner and works with her for the benefit of her people and the German nationality which had always stood in the way of his popularity.

One of the most dramatic episodes occurs when the royal couple defy Lord Palmerston, who had intended to send a note to the Americas which would have probably meant war.

Albert re-drafts the Note, and later, worn out with his labours, collapses and dies. The sorrow of the Queen is vividly depicted, as is her retirement from public and her mourning which made Gladstone hurl her vision. The film ends with the magnificent spectacle of her Diamond Jubilee.

As young Disraeli, Derek de Marney is outstanding and so is Hurst Miller, as the Lord Beaconsfield.

H. B. Warner's Lord Melbourne is too precious, but Felix Aylmer is fine as Lord Palmerston.

Charles Carson is good as Sir Robert Peel, and Albert's brother, Ernest, is exceedingly well played by Walter Rilla.

Such a vast subject as Herbert Wilcox has undertaken must necessarily be episodic in character, but in spite of that he has so cunningly

forsworn the links of continuity that there is a smoothness about the development which covers so many years and so much change.

There is only one criticism I have to make, and that is that in order to achieve the feeling of sincerity and intimacy Herbert Wilcox has sometimes allowed his artists to understate to a degree which at times makes their conversations not too easy to catch.

On the spectacular side the coronation of the Queen is a masterpiece of stage-craft, while the Technicolor sequences of her reception of the Indian Princes and her Jubilee procession are remarkable.

LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR

A novel and exceedingly human and humorous comedy. It is in the form of an autobiography, with the star telling the story of his life as a cheat. His monologue is accompanied by appropriate pictorial action and by occasional dialogue sequences. The development is made clear for those who do not understand French by brief and well-chosen subtitles.

A elderly man sitting outside a café is writing his autobiography. He tells how as a small boy he stole eight sous and was forbidden to eat a succulent dish of mushrooms provided for the evening meal. That night his eleven relations died from food-poisoning! He is taken by a cousin, who robs him of his inheritance. He becomes a page-boy and by slow stages a lift-man, when he has an affair with a countess. Then he becomes a croupier at Monte Carlo, the only occupation in which he can keep honest. In the war he is saved from death by a gallant comrade.

After the war he becomes associated for a while with a beautiful jewesh thief, but goes back to Monte Carlo as a croupier. There he meets another beautiful lady, with whom he makes a marriage of convenience in order to try to run a system at the tables. It fails and he is fired.

He then takes to cheating seriously, haunts the gaming tables, and makes a fortune. However, he loses it all when his fiancée, Mostyn (her uncle who had saved his life. It turns out that he is an enthusiastic gambler, and he inspired the cheat with the same enthusiasm. He gives up

cheating, takes to gambling, and ruins himself.

Sacha Guitry does not appear until late in the picture, but all through his narration the inflexion of his voice and his phrasing are excellent. Incidentally, he wrote the story himself.

Brilliant pantomime performances are given by Serge Grave as the cheat as a small boy, Pierre Assy as the villain, Jacqueline Delubac as his temporary wife, and Rosine Derean as the jewel thief. Minor roles are also very cleverly etched.

The narration idea is brilliantly carried out, and the author's voice and words timed to coincide with the various actions of the people his reminiscences conjure up.

OVER SHE GOES

The stage show has been transmogrified into a scenario in a manner which provides quite good entertainment of a broadly farcical nature for the Melbourne audiences. It looks for subtlety in their screen fare.

Stanley Lupino and Laddie Cliff put over their stage turns effectively enough, but depend on the extent of your appreciation of their combined efforts at humour as to how much you will be entertained by the picture.

Stanley Lupino is Tommy, a papa's boy, who, along with his comrade, Harry, -who becomes a peer at the presumed death of his uncle, Lord Dredwen—goes home to the ancestral home and arranges to settle down with Pamela, his girl friend. A day spent in a little house, "Laddie Cliff" and Tommy also decide to get married to their respective girls Kitty (Sally Gray) and Lil' Billie Makin.

Incidentally the distasteful side of the cast does not keep up the action of the film so successfully as the male members.

The fun begins when an old flame of Harry's, Alice Nant (Judy Kelly) puts in an appearance and tries to force him to marry her. Thereupon Tommy is called upon to protect his real is dear boy's uncle, but complications arise, when a boxer friend of Alice's and the real Lord Dredwen are killed.

The fun is typical stage stuff, and there is little attempt at pictorial expression.

CAFÉ METROPOLE

There is not a great deal in this frivolous, but nevertheless, piquant farce in which a young American is forced by a wily maître d'hôtel to pose as a Russian prince in order to trim an American millionaire at the Casino.

The millionaire has a daughter, and the pseudo-prince falls in love with her, but before they can make a match of it, the real prince turns up and has to be converted to a Russian. After several complications the romance comes to a happy ending.

The players are nothing better than their material and succeed in obtaining laughs from most of the conventional situations.

Loretta Young is alluring and provocative as the daughter, and Tyrone Power is easy and attractive as the American.

Adolphe Menjou is great as the wily maître d'hôtel, Gregory Ratoff most amusing as the real prince, and Charles Winninger in great form as the millionaire.

The cast works well as a team, and provides good light entertainment with a pleasingly piquant touch.

(Continued on page 26)
Hush—hush!

IT'S MORE THAN A SOAP—IT'S A BEAUTY TREATMENT

The secret of Personality Soap is in the real Egyptian Turtle Oil which tones up tired facial muscles and banishes wrinkles. Personality softens and smoothes the skin. Famous stars use it. Famous beauty specialists recommend it. From all high-class chemists and stores, including Army and Navy Stores, Hopperts, Timothy Whites and Taylors or through any branch of

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from

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EAT WHAT YOU PLEASE
Without Painful After-Effects

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To many stomach sufferers, such pleasure will seem an impossible dream. But you can make it come truly easily, inexpensively, safely, as the writers of these letters have done:

"Now I can eat what I like," says one—"My appetite normal again," cries another—"Able to eat anything," claims a third—"First good meal for months," announces yet another victim. And these are only a few of thousands of stomach sufferers—all so grateful for this unexpected return of their appetite without fear of after-effects, that they simply have to write.

What about you? Are you always ready for a meal at mealtimes? Can you always eat what is set before you without a pang of fear? If not, wait no longer. Take Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. See how your appetite comes back in full force as this scientific stomach remedy cleanses the system of all poison, neutralizes excess acid, and soothes the inflamed stomach walls.

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On the Screens Now

**YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE**

**HUSBAND'S SECRETARY**

**YOU CAN'T TAKE MONEY**

**PICTUREGOER's quick reference index**

**YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE**

In spite of the attractive string of stellar names, there is not a great deal to recommend in this picture which fails to get to grips with its plot and hold a sustained interest. The best performance is given by Janet Gaynor as one of a trio of girls who take a flat in Budapest and try to work out their own ambitions, most of which are of an amatory nature. Janet has a romance with Don Ameche; Constance Bennett loses the millionaire (Paul Lukas) she had wanted to a precocious child (Simone Simon)—too pleasant a youth and middle-age romance—and Loretta Young has her heart broken in romance with an aristocratic playboy. All, however, succeed eventually in their respective ambitions.

Edward Everett Horton must have played the role of a crank in innumerable pictures, and here he is again a confirmed hypochondriac who is cured by falling in love with his nurse.

**LADIES IN LOVE**

Tyrone Power and Loretta Young in "Café Metropole."

In trying to get out of the usual rut of gangster stories, the picture only succeeds in becoming unconvincing. The coincidence plays far too prominent a part for complete satisfaction.

**HUSBAND'S SECRETARY**

Jean Muir is effective as the wife and Beverley Roberts does justice to the difficult part of a masculine type of woman who runs a lumber camp and eventually falls in love with him.

Supporting players give sound performances.

**OH DOCTOR**


Edward Everett Horton is again a crank in a melodrama.

**PICTUREGOER**


**PICTUREGOER Weekly**

Supporting cast is good and the picture as a whole is well staged.

- **HER HUSBAND'S SECRETARY**
  - Directed by Frank McDonald.

A lady executive needs her employer and then persuades him to take on her friend as secretary. She makes a play for him, and Beverley Roberts does justice to the difficult part of a masculine type of woman who runs a lumber camp and eventually falls in love with him.

Supporting players give sound performances.

- **YOU CAN'T TAKE MONEY**
  - Directed by Alfred Santell from a story by Robert Crehan.

Somewhat sordid and drab story of a young hospital doctor who has a lover's life and later saves a woman patient from dishonour, without much regard to medical etiquette.

- **PICTUREGOER**
  - Paul Kelly, Nell Moor, Jack Hall, Joe Jenkins, Rosina Lawrence, Cecilia Moore, Michael Langan, Luke Lopez, Lyda Roberti, Dorothy Granger, Mr. Langer, Tom Dugan, Dimitri Hogan, Russell Hicks, Mr. Stone, Cecily Richards, Night Club Musicians, Sam Adams, Snake Schwartz, Earl Dinsmore, Janis Turner, Stephen Blythe, Virginia Hill, Joyce Compton, Johnny Arthur Newby, J. B. 'Jack' Baxley, Walter Long, Bandits, Harry Hyams, Assistant Director, Frank McDonald.

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The main attraction in this rambling satirical comedy is the acting of Mischa Auer as Hinkado.
Lopez, a screen star who becomes infatuated with a screen-struck small-town girl and takes her to Hollywood. It is a well-drawn caricature and polished in detail. Rosalie's presence has good looks on her side as the heroine.

Patsy Kelly and Jack Haley think out gags occasionally, and Laurel and Hardy make brief but welcome appearances.

As a whole, the picture lacks point and the thread of continuity is not strong enough to keep one too well amused through the broad fooling. The production is, however, well and lavishly staged.

**RETURN OF A STRANGER**

Griffith Jones as... James Martin
Ellis Jeffreys as... Harry Wall
Constance Bowden as... Mary
George Swinnerton as... Sir Patrick Wall

A wholesome picture set in a small-town in Lancashire. Anna Shirley is a young girl who falls in love with a young man employed by her father's rival. John Morley is as weak as the hero and the supporting cast have little straw with which to make bricks.

**THE DEVIL DIAMOND**

Frankie Darro as... Joe Kane
Rice建立 as... Lee
June Gale as... Dorothy Butler
Robert Bice as... Young
Burn Carbon as... Lanning
Edgar Kennedy as... The mafioso
Heck Herick as... Jack Cameron
George Glen as... The young lawyer
Jack Ingram as... Chuck
Robert Plane as... Professor
Byron Pringle as... Mr. Rawlinson
Fern Emley as... Miss Wallace

Directed by... Les Goodwins

Main interest in this gangster melodrama, which never attempts to be really plausible, and which isn't in the least bit interested in its own story, is its wonderful cast. It is a fine picture of a young man who falls in love with a young woman employed by her father's rival. John Morley is as weak as the hero and the supporting cast have little straw with which to make bricks.

**BEHIND YOUR BACK**

Jack Linsky as... Archie Beasley
Dukane Shirley as... Kat Kugon
Elizabeth Astell as... Gwen Bingham
Dorothy Woodford as... Lady Millicent Coombs
Molly Harvey-Cleveland as... Mrs. Howell
Trudy Hemings as... Vesta Hooker
Kenneth Buckley as... Albert Clifford
Tom E. Harvey as... Clare Bradley
Raymond Lovell as... Adam Adams
Kitty Hagon as... A girl from the street.

Directed by... Frank Lawton

A delightful picture of life in London, with the story of a young girl who falls in love with a young man employed by her father's rival. John Morley is as weak as the hero and the supporting cast have little straw with which to make bricks.

You have admired Joan Muir's lovely blonde curls—and you will admire them in "Her Husband's Secretary" and "The Cave In." But you can have waves and curls just as glamorous—if you have it "perm-d" the Superma way—the world's super perm.

Neither sea-water, rain, nor wind can harm a Superma Machineless—the World and European Championship of permanent waving.

Far less expensive, and more lasting waves and curls are obtained by Superma than by any machine process.

Superma—because there is no machine at all—ensures the greatest safety and the coolest comfort; and it preserves the texture of your hair.

INSIST upon Superma. There is no perm "just as good"—do not be put off.

Ask your hairdresser for Superma Machineless; or ask us for the address of a Superma specialist in your district; or come to us for your perm.

Write for Free Brochure.

**SUPERMA MACHINELESS PERMANENT WAVING**
Superma Limited, 93 Regent Street, London, W.1

No electricity... no machines! 27!
WHAT DO YOU THINK? Letters from our readers

SMASH-AND-GRAB FANS
What Do They Do With the Souvenirs?

CAN anyone tell me why girls and women mob their screen hero? They grab any portion of his clothing that comes within reach of their eager fingers.

What do they do with these hard-fought-for souvenirs? Show them to envious friends? Never?

You never see men making such complete idiots of themselves over their heroines; they would be put in gaol for assault.—(Miss) D. Oldfield, 36 North Park Crescent, Sheffield, S.

(‘It always seems to me that one button is very like another.—‘Thinker.’)

Admission Costs

— Cinema proprietors are now considering the question of raising prices of admission or abolishing the double-feature programme. The reason given is the continuous rise in production costs, which suggest the position is as follows:—

1. Films on the whole have not improved, or increased attendances would balance increased costs.

2. The cost is not generally attributable to artists’ fees, etc., but is augmented by uneconomical methods of production.

A fortunate by-product of the depression is found in the complete reorganisation of the studios, and elimination of waste.

An increased price does not always bring in an increase in returns, for the demand is thereby reduced.

Admission prices, apart from the above, is it not significant that one large chain of cinemas declared a dividend of nearly 20 per cent. for the past year?

‘The picture house owner is a moneylender to the public. When too much time and money are expended in the creation of the stupendous, when first-rate acting and direction often produce a more pleasing result.—Herbert V. Vazey, Ethelbert, Park Wood Road, The Ridge, Hastings, Sussex, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

FILMS THAT TEACH

— ‘If missionaries ran the film industry instead of business men, would good entertainment result?’ This comment on a reader’s letter discussing the moral influence of the cinema on the masses, and especially the use of the word ‘missionaries’—seems to imply that cultural influence in entertainment is synonymous with ‘preaching’.

Are films like Mudden In Uniform, The Good Earth, or Fury any less entertaining because of their great educational value?

The idea that a film may be designed to ‘teach’ seems particularly distasteful to those who use the cinema as an escape from the drabness of a reality that in nine cases out of ten is self-created.

Yet, from practically every film they see, they unconsciously absorb ‘ideas’ while consciously enjoying ‘entertainment.’

This question of whether films have a positive or negative influence on character seems definitely important to me. Instead of being merely an escape from reality, the cinema might so much more often educate people into a happier adjustment to it than they at present enjoy. —G. Pearson Wheeler, 80a High Road, North Finchley, N.12, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

A GREAT STORY

— I am one of the many picturegoers of the world and among the best productions I have seen are the historical films.

The lives of great men are continually being shown on the screen, but I have seen nothing dealing with Thomas Wolsey—one of the most dramatic figures in history. His life is one great tragedy and contains material for an excellent film. The glamour of the Kings’ courts, Henry VIII, the French court, the meeting of the European Monarchs at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and so on: and the story of Wolsey’s meteoric rise to fame, and his tragic death at Leicester. I should think it would be much easier and safer to take a button or a piece of father’s old coat.

I am sorry you never see men making such complete idiots of themselves over their heroines; they would be put in gaol for assault.—(Miss) D. Oldfield, 36 North Park Crescent, Sheffield, S.

(‘It always seems to me that one button is very like another.—‘Thinker.’)

AMERICANS PREFERRED

— When I am watching a British film, I always feel that the players are not letting themselves go sufficiently.

Certain of our films are perved by an atmosphere of gentility and stiffness, with too much polish, too many obvious social demarcations and the English of the “stags,” particularly the women, much too “refined.”

We are lamentably behind the Americans in the handling of any theme that demands a sincere characterisation of the seamy side of life. The British film-actor is somehow not convincing as a “down-and-out.” He never seems so genuinely “up against it” as does his American counterpart.

He conveys the impression of being a “remittance man” not so conscious of the next meal as regrettting the lost hors d’œuvres and dinner-jacket.—Leslie Wardhaugh, 4 Athol Gardens, Sheriff Hill, Gateshead, Durham.

(All the same, I think we are improving in this respect.—‘Thinker.’)

WHAT’S THE MONEY FOR?

— A recent report that the film rights of two American stage plays, You Can’t Take It With You and Dead End, have been bought for $40,000 and $30,000 respectively makes one wonder whether movie magnates are buying screen material or publicity. Because past experience shows that the success of a picture or novel is seldom recognisable when it reaches the screen. Generally the only thing that recalls the original source is the title itself.

Then why spend Sylvia Sidney, the heroine of Dead End?

“HUMAN” FILMS

— Surfeited with glamour, let’s have the common touch in films for a change.

For instance, it would be to me a great treat were we shown a star carrying a shopping basket and wrangling over the price of bacon or bloater, or see her cleaning the door-step, or darning the old man’s socks.

Let’s see a male star pushing his baby in the (Continued on page 29)
pram, or cobbling his boy’s boots, making his wife a cup of tea, etc.

Human elements always find favour with audiences, and a family film depicting these little touches and combining a good story, would make a big ‘hit’ now—(Mrs.) Y. Abbott, 9 Poitherry Avenue, Welling, Kent.

(‘Yet there is an enormous body of picturegoers who seek escape in the cinematics from the “common touch.” For example, read the next letter—“Thinker.”)

Dreams

● I get so fed up with people who nearly pray for films glorifying everyday people. I’m only very ordinary myself, and when I go to the picture every Saturday I just about fed up with ordinary things.

I really love seeing how high society live, and I dream of myself in the place even though I know I’ll work for my living for a good while yet.

In the cinema for a short two or three hours I’m transported into another world, a dream world, maybe, but sufficient to buoy up my hopes and ambitions for another week.

Long live the society dramas, say I.—(Miss) M. E. Denney, 22 Penrhyln Avenue, Walthamstow, E.17.

Giving a Lead

● I wonder how many picturegoers have noticed how various film scenes affect the onlookers.

For instance, should the hero or heroine light a cigarette, there is an almost immediate rustle in the audience, as cigarette packets or cases are brought out, or pipes are filled and lit.

When the heroine is presented with a large box the distressed (a close-up of them being shown) the attendant with her case of confectionery is kept busy as patrons become conscious of a longing for sweetmeats.

Of course, everyone knows that sad scenes bring tears to the eyes, but how many have noticed the feminine patrons producing powder puff, by their favourite (a close-up) to “make-up,” her already-perfect face?

Though the films are only celluloid and the actors shadowy, they have great control over the unconscious mind.—(Miss) Maureen Osborne (age 16), 21 Cliftonville Parade, Belfast.

(But the young couple in front of me seldom wait for the lovers on the screen to start cuddling! —“Thinker.”)

They Get Their Laugh

● Our scene is any provincial cinema showing a double-feature programme.

The audience is composed of normal level-headed picturegoers.

They sigh; they smile; they titter; they seem to be dying of laughter.

What is this second feature?

Is the star the pitiful little Chaplin? Perhaps it is that lovable rogue, W. C. Fields?

No.

Then the story is by Clarence Welland: a second Mr. Deeds?

Wrong again. The star is any tall strong young man, with an American accent and a minimum of acting talent; the story is the “Mountains,” again getting their man.

And Lionel Collier gives it one star (for the scenery), and then, with a hope born of despair, adds “C.”

What have we done to deserve this?—R. C. Foster, 8 London Road, Maidstone, Kent.

Dying to Music

● Oh, those celestial choirs! They’re getting worse and worse.

Every deathbed scene in every film has to be accompanied by the sound of heavenly voices singing softly in the upper air and, to my mind, this spoils the effect of the best acting.

There were two instances in even ‘Joy’ a straightforward film as The Gorgeous Hussy, and they were quite out of place.

People don’t usually “die to music” in real life—why should they in films, unless there is a legitimate reason for its introduction, as in The Great Ziegfeld when the memory of his past (Continued on page 50)

Photo - Weekly PICTURESQUE

Are you only an "ARMS-LENGTH BEAUTY"?

In an embrace, hair can be touched with "time-seum" left by ordinary soap shampoos

Just nose-high to a man! Walking with you... shining close at your side... a man is more conscious of your hair than of any other feature.

Fascitious men can easily be "put off" by the sight and odour of "lime-seum" clinging to hair, clouding its natural colour and sheen, making it unpleasantly sticky and rancid.

And the tragedy is the woman never knows.

Ordinary soap shampoo combines with the minerals in water to form this "lime-seum" which even after endless rinsing stays on your hair. Drene — the sensational new liquid soapless shampoo discovery — simply cannot form this offensive "lime-seum." Actually Drene removes all lime-seum left by previous shampoos the very first time you use it.

No messy before-mixing—just a few drops of golden Drene on your wet hair and you have a mass of foamy, cleansing lather—five times more lather than soap in any water. Over your scalp it tinges, absorbing every scrap of grime, dust, perspiration and mischief-making "lime-seum."

No need for special after-rinser—just a quick, thorough, clear-water rinse leaves your hair perfectly clean, gleaming with high-lights—the sort of hair men want to caress.

Drene your hair to-night, or ask your hairdresser to be sure to give you a Drene shampoo.

You can buy Drene at all Chemists, Hairdressers and Department Stores, including Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Woolworths. Stocked in 5 sizes—6d. (shampoo) —1/6 (shampon) —2/6 (24 shampoos).

Drene Sample Offer —

To Thy, 6 Chester St., Dept. OP 31 Queen’s Lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Please send me below size bottle of large red container 2 full shampoos. 1/6 each. Stencil to cover postage and purchase.

NAME

ADDRESS

Drene Sample Offer——

To Thy, Nether 2 Co., Ltd., Dept. OP 31

Queen’s Lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Please send me below size bottle of large red container 2 full shampoos. 1/6 each. Stencil to cover postage and purchase.

NAME

ADDRESS

New modern jar for a favourite

Vanishing Cream!

★ Erasmic Vanishing Cream’s new opal jar, with its individual shape, is really lovely to look at. And it is filled with the same fragrant cream as ever to bring glamour to your skin.

★ The caressing touch of Erasmic Vanishing Cream keeps your skin soft, smooth and clear. A perfect foundation for your complexion powder.

★ And it has a delicate freshness that blends with your favourite perfume.

★ So get yourself a new jar to-day, and for your handbag remember the dainty 3d case.

Special Offer of Erasmic Beauty Box. A generous sample case of Erasmic’s famous Beauty Preparations . . . Vanishing Cream, Complexion Powder, Powder Cream and Pearlless Soap . . . will be sent you in return for 6d in stamps. Write to Dept. T20, The Erasmic Co., Ltd., Warrington, Lancs. Your envelope should be sealed bearing a 1½d stamp. Say whether you prefer Rachel or Natural.

(Not applicable to L. F. S.)

Erasmic

vanishing

cream
WHO'S WHO

Evelyn Knapp
- Like many other girls who later went on to film fame, Evelyn first got the acting bug through participation in high school dramatics. That was in Kansas and on leaving school she went straight into a local stock company. Subsequently, she toured in stock, playing for weeks in Los Angeles, by the way, without ever going to Hollywood or any of the studios. Her film debut actually was made in New York in a short. They put her into 28 more of them and after that decided that she might have possibilities as a screen actress. Evelyn was taken to Hollywood and given the leading role in Sinner's Holiday, a big break for an unknown newcomer.

June Knight
- Got her screen start doubling for Garbo for the dancing sequences of Mata Hari. June was seventeen at the time she caught the eye of the director and was dancing in a show in her native Hollywood (yes, she was born within a stone's throw from the studios). She had made her stage debut at the Grauman's Chinese Theatre at the age of thirteen. Although she got a number of jobs in the studios following Mata Hari nobody regarded her as anything but a dancer until the late Flo Ziegfeld visiting his wife, Billie Burke, in 1931 saw her in a stage show in Los Angeles and signed her to appear in his New York production of Hot-Cha.

Adventures in France
- My friend and I visited a number of cinemas in France during our holidays. It was more than a revelation, it was often an adventure.

One gendarme, with difficulty, kept "order," presiding over the mélée with energetic arm and baton. When he announced "full house" it is taken as a signal; the gendarme disappears and everyone is inside.

Put your opinion briefly.

1. Do you want glamorous Beauty?
2. What do you think about the stars and films?
3. What do you want the opinion of experts, or of people who have seen the films?
It's grand! It's my admiration! It's sandwiches for a nation! It's a kiss for me, it's my private Saturday spree! It's a feast of flavour, a handsome favour, it's jubilee! It's choice! It's the whole dominion! I'm voicing the world's opinion! It's a prize of a size to make your eyes dilate! I'm rather fond of Nestlé's Chocolate.

**FREE SAMPLE OF NEW WONDER REMEDY**

Elasto is a wonderful new type of remedy which works through the blood. Every sufferer from leg ailments, heart weakness, rheumatism, gout, hardened arteries and similar complaints should test its curative powers. Complete and post the coupon for a FREE sample of Elasto and a book which fully explains this vital cell-food remedy.

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Send this charming coat for 10/- with order

**AMELIA.** Wool and Astrakan cloth combine in a charming coat. Peter Pan collar, entire fastening. Lined taffeta. In petrole, bottle, brown, navy, black. All sizes. Price £3 1s.

10/- monthly

Visit our magnificent showrooms for fur-trimmed coats, gowns, suits, millinery, shoes and underwear and coats of quality.

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No references required even from non-householders.

Please send "Amelia," for which I enclose 10/- deposit. Money refunded if not satisfied.

Colour

Hips ... Length

Name

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Brighton: 78 East Parade

Why FAIR HAIR should never be washed with a shampoo used for BRUNETTES

The appearance of your hair, whether it's light or dark, depends on one vitamin in your scalp. If your scalp is lacking in this vitamin, or if you wash it away with certain shampoos, your hair will get dry and brittle. Now look at the reproductions on the right. The dark hair is coarse and strong; the fair hair fine and delicate. A strand of dark hair is sometimes 5 times as thick as a strand of fair hair. A shampoo strong enough to clean the one may dry out the other. Yet every day some fair-haired girls use the same shampoos as brunettes. No wonder the lovely lights in their hair begin to fade.

What they need is Sta-blond, the shampoo made specially for fair hair. Sta-blond contains Vite-F, the same vitamin which nature puts in the hair and which ordinary shampoos wash away. That's why Sta-Blond not only prevents fair hair from darkening, but brings back the true golden beauty of childhood to hair grown mousy and dull. If you want a bleach, don't buy Sta-blond, but if you want to keep fair hair lovely as nature intended, it's the only shampoo to use.

FREE! TRY STA-BLOND TODAY AT OUR EXPENSE

Sta-Blond Laboratories Ltd., Dept. 229, 10 Henrietta St., London, W. 1. Please send me free one full-sized Sta-Blond Shampoo for fair hair.

Name

Address

(Neatly)
Let George Do It!

Don't let your cheeks tell everyone you use rouge. Use Snowfire Blush Cream and give your cheeks colour that looks absolutely natural. Snowfire Blush Cream is the easiest, quickest way to put on colour. It stays on longer. It can't cause ugly open pores. And with one of the three delightful shades—Blonde, Brunette and Tangerine—you can really match the colour nature gave you.

**Snowfire Tins** 3d. *'d Blush Cream

Three prices do not apply in 1.4.6.

Do Your Cheeks Look Rough or Naturally Coloured?

J. W. (Bristow).—Opposite page as follows: The Great Ziegfeld.—Sept. 5, 1936, opened at the theatre. Nov. 10, 1926, and closed Nov. 21, 1926; supplement, April 10, 1937. (B) Myrna Loy, Judy Lewis and, to play, Myrna Loy, July 27, 1931. 

The Garden of Allah was released on Sept. 20, 1937.

Picturgoer (Kent).—We have no news of Lily Pons and Nino Martini appearing together in a film. Nino is now making American pictures with Joan Fontaine, and Lily Pons is making It Happened in Hollywood directed by Norman Rae.

B. U. (Essex).—Carole Lombard, b. Oct. 6, 1908, and died Dec. 16, 1942, will be married Nov. 29, 1927, to Future Fine. 


Bette Davis, b. 5 ft. 10 in. tall, and has fair hair and blue eyes, married Dorothy Hendry, b. March 17, 1909, in London. 

(4) Adrienne Ames, b. Aug. 24, 1920, in London, England, is 5 ft. 4 in. tall, weighs 108 lb. and has blue eyes and light brown hair. Her films include Three Smart Girls, The Mighty Mites, The Road Back, Make Way for Tomorrow. (3) John King, b. Cincinnati, Ohio, is 5 ft. 10 in. tall, weighs 180 lb. and has medium brown hair and blue eyes, films include Raging years, The Fantasist, Crash Dance, Affair, A Drummond, Three Men in a Boat, My Life. 

B. C. (Woodbridge).—(1) Nancy Grey, b. July 25, 1918. Her films besides Three Smart Girls also include: (b) The Man in the Blue Coat, (2) Blue Coat and (3) Blue Coat. 

Barbara Stanwyck's films and leading men: (1) TheBachelor (Madame La Roux); Ladies of Leisure, Grosvenor. (2) Great Gatsby, b. Dec. 9, 1944; and (3) Holly Golightly. 


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Belle
BUT...

SUE, I'M SORRY, BUT I WANT TO
TALK TO YOU ABOUT SOMETHING
RATHER UNPLEASANT BUT
IMPORTANT... AND THAT'S YOUR
BREATH. WHY DON'T YOU SEE
THE DENTIST?

WHEN THIS WAS TAKEN,
YOU WERE JUST 10 MONTHS
OLD AND WHAT A LITTLE
HEARTBREAKER YOU WERE!!

-Well, I'm not now!

MY! COGLATE'S
MAKES MY
MOUTH FEEL
SO FRESH!

THREE MONTHS LATER
I'M SO HAPPY
FOR Sue'S Sake
AND FOR JIM'S TOO!

NOW... no bad breath
behind Sue's sparkling smile!

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause—the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and all around the tongue. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel gently yet thoroughly. The regular use of Colgate's makes the teeth sparkle—gives a new brilliancy to your smile!

TWO SIZES
6d and 1/-

FILM MAKE-UP

Lena M. Purcell (late head of teaching and studio servicing to Max Factor agency) the recognised teacher of film make-up in this country—whose pupils are to be found in high positions in every well-known British Film Studio, is now available to give a personal training in the art of film make-up. Write for appointment. Lena M. Purcell, The White House, Albany Street, N.W.1.

750 FREE BOOKS ON DANCING
For a limited time only. Professor Bolot, a Leading Ballroom Dancing Instructor and Authority, is offering absolutely FREE to all readers of Picturegoer a copy of his brand new book, "True Facts about Ballroom Dancing." 

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HOW to be a Perfect Dancer.

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Dear Sir,—Please send me by return a copy of your Free Book, "True Facts about Ballroom Dancing."

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23-9-37.

Most bad breath comes from decaying food between the baby cleaned teeth.

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- ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES
THOSE ODOUR-BREEDING PARTICLES.

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Vosemar is a scientific and harmless preparation that gives the hair natural waves and curls easily and quickly. You'll be delighted with the wonderful results.

Thousands of testimonials. The compliment of lovely hair is a good shampoo. Use Vosemar Soapless Shampoo. 1/3 tube gives 12 brilliant shampoos. Retains the vital oils and leaves the hair a halo of glamorous light.

Send today for interesting 24-page booklet. Obtainable at Chemists, Herbalists and Stores, price 1/6d, or direct from the makers 1/6d post free. We will gladly send you an explanatory booklet, "Are You Asthmatic?" post free.

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NOW & ALWAYS

You scarcely know it's there, when you're wearing a SU-CAN... Sewn loops prevent knots and rucking. The resilient pad gives greater comfort and less bulk. The protective back gives complete confidence. For your special safety, the SU-CAN Soluble Towels always: though better they cost you no more.

PRICES 1d. 1/2d. 1/6d. 2/- per doz. ALSO IN 66 PACKETS.
Standard X.L. size, 64 doz. +100 cases without waterproofed back.

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To MISS HAYNES, 168 OLD ST., LONDON, E.C.1. Please send me free samples of SU-CAN Soluble Towels.

NAME

ADDRESS

(S.S.)

1/4 stamp suffices if envelope unassembled.
**SAVILLES JUNE PERFUME**

1/3
2/6
4/6
7/6

---

**LEAVE IT TO ANNE**

Another excellent foot exercise is to try picking up with your toes, place a piece of paper on the floor, and then screw it up with your toes, picking it up as you can.

Still keeping the feet parallel in walking, go around the room this way. Raise on the tips. Walk three steps. Lower the heels and walk three steps. Continue in this fashion all around the room. This must be done without shoes, of course. Keep the feet straight and place the weight on the outside of the foot.

**Roaring School (5,4).**—Please send your address and a postage coupon, I can send you treatment for blackheads and pimples. Use a wax depilatory for the facial hair. Neither treatment is expensive.

**Paula (Birmingham).**—Take the hot water on rising and retiring, with the juice of a fresh lemon. Do not take sugar with it. Try to substitute one habit for another. Chewing gum is a great help in breaking yourself of this nail biting habit. Have your nails manicured so that there are no rough edges and hangnails to tempt you to put your fingers into your mouth.

**Elephant.**—Massage at night with a feeding cream. The dark shadows may be due to insufficient sleep, defective eyesight, or constipation.

---

**SWAM WITH A TIGER**

The escapades of Sabu (of Elephant Boy fame) with the elephants evoked praise from five continents.

The escapades of Sabu of Elephant Boy fame have equaled the astonishing exploit of Lord Londsdale, who once went swimming with a tiger.

This is but one of the many thrilling incidents in the life of this world-famous sporting peer whose control over animals is literally uncanny. He learned the secret of mastery over animals at the circus troupe which he ran away to join!

From those days onwards Lord Londsdale has lived a more exciting and adventurous than that of ten other men, and Lord Londsdale's Own Life Story of ringside, turf, travel and royalty will appear exclusively in THE PEOPLE commencing on Sunday, October 3.

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**Talkie Title Tales**

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss Eileen Burnet, High Cliff, Neville-
dale, Durham City, for:—

**Stowaway**

**Tith**

**Yellow Cargo**

**Pepper**

**Priced of half-a-crown each are awarded to:—**

John Weston, 87 Lisvane Street, Cathays, Cardiff, for:—

**Taxi**

**Take My Trip**

**Insult**

**Another Language**

Miss E. Penketh, 54 Westminster Road, Lower Broughton, Salford, for:—

**Three Wise Guys**

**Three Smart Gifts**

**Trapped**

**Three Married Men**

G. Patterson, 11 bravery Road, Hudders-
field, Yorks, for:—

**Tarzan Escapes**

Theodore Goes Wild

They Met in a Taxi

**Sensation**

**Miss Williams, 9 Lilac Road, Esher, Devcom, for:**

**On Approval**

(Full details of all above Title Tales in the World in Person)

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 entry at a postcard (c/o Picturegoer, Merrilitt House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2).

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**Would you like this SUPERB OVEN-PROOF GLASS CASSEROLE?** It's yours almost for the asking! To celebrate its colossal success, "Woman"—the National Home Weekly—announces this breath-taking Gift Presentation to all in the splendid issue JUST OUT! BUT YOU MUST HURRY! Get your copy of "Woman" NOW!

---

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Lucky Paul Lukas to have such a choice of Stars! And lucky you to have such a choice of Postcards! Does Paul really have all these beautiful ladies around him in "Ladies in Love"...? Anyhow, the French seem to have got there first... and Simone Simon has made up her mind that Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor, and Constance Bennett just won't have a look in! With Tyrone Power in the cast they may not be taking it too much to heart! What a film! Don't miss these special "preview shots" for your "PictumeGoer" Salon collection. There are two more "Partners" from the same film in the latest list of postcards in the next column.

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An open letter to
WILLIAM POWELL

DEAR BILL,

We hope that you will take time off from your well-earned holiday to accept congratulations on that unique new contract Mr. Louis B. Mayer handed you just before you sailed for Europe.

The film world hasn't seen a contract like it since John Gilbert, then at the height of his glory, put his signature to the agreement which enabled him to earn a fortune long after his fame collapsed under the force of that heartless headline, "Gilbert's Voice Squeaks." We had, indeed, thought that the species was extinct. Under it, we understand, you will receive £31,000 each for two pictures a year. The two films are to be completed within a five months' period, leaving you a clear seven months in each year to freelance, have a holiday or take up knitting.

And the contract is for seven years without options, an almost unheard of concession in these days when annual option clauses are regarded as extremely generous and most studios don't take chances on the popularity of stars for more than six months at a time.

A safe £62,000 a year for an eighteen weeks' job for the next seven years sounds to us like nice work if you can get it. Such terms bring back the golden age of the screen and remind us that romance still lingers on in a world now overrun with efficiency experts.

You probably realise that you have had one of the luckiest breaks of any actor since talkies. After a period of useful but unspectacular stardom at Warners', where you mostly played sophisticated sleuths and shady lawyers you were let out on the grounds that your salary demands were too high. The wiseacres even went so far as to say that William Powell was all washed up.

The Powell of Great Price

Taken up by M.G.M., your first option time (yes, your contract had a six months' option clause then) was approaching without you having done very much when the company decided to make a "B" class picture out of a Dashiell Hammett detective story which it happened to have on the shelves.

You happened to be at a loose end and had had some experience of playing detectives so they gave you the job.

The subsequent picture, titled The Thin Man, happened to capture the public imagination and William Powell found himself sitting higher in the Hollywood tree than he had ever been before.

Now you have grabbed yourself about the best film contract in existence. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which, as we have seen mentioned, was left holding the bag to the tune of a million dollars or so on a previous occasion, is not in the industry merely for the benefit of its health and no doubt knows what it is doing.

It is unfortunate, nevertheless, that the announcement of its munificence in your particular case should come at a time when the trade is threatening to raise cinema admission prices on the grounds of rising production costs.

The move pointedly suggests that these fantastic stellar salaries can no longer be justified economically.

The time is coming when the whole question of the payment of stars will have to be tackled.

The ideal would be for players to work on the basis of a percentage of the profits. Unfortunately, this is not a perfect world and the complaint of most stars who have tried the experiment is that they are not business men and that by the time the clever studio accountants have finished with the figures and added the overheads even a Mr. Deeds Goes to Town looks like the flop of the season.

We still think, however, that a solution can be worked out on these lines. It should not be difficult to devise a formula to define legitimate overhead expenses under ordinary circumstances and to establish machinery to protect the interests of the artists.

In the meanwhile we hope you are enjoying your holiday; you've earned it. We can sympathise with your desire to appear on the screen less frequently.

Since Labelled Lady, released here in April of this year, you have made no fewer than five pictures.

Signs of the strain, aggravated by a great personal tragedy had, if we may so say, begun to appear in your work, with the critics being called upon to refer to a "William Powell walk through" with increasing frequency lately.

We are looking forward to seeing you back in the studio, fit and rested next month.

The Editor
TWO Little Girls

Two girls who recently won stardom in their first films have now survived the often fatal "second picture" hazard. So often these success-in-a-night stars turn out to be one-film freaks, but now the over-jordons of Universal and Twentieth Century-Fox are sleeping peacefully tonight again because 100 Men and a Girl, starring Deanna Durbin, and Lovely To Look At, the new Sonja Henie talkie, have had excellent notices and have cleared up at the box-office wherever they have been screened.

The London trade show of Lovely To Look At was quite a gala affair. Sonja herself flew from Oslo to be present and made one of those "I hope you're going to like the picture" speeches from the stage. Later she saw the film, sitting a few seats away from Grace Fields, who enjoyed herself immensely, judging by the enthusiasm with which she led the applause. Grace, in case you're interested, wears glasses at the pictures.

In the meanwhile Deanna Durbin has gone on strike for more money. It is claimed that she is still working for the salary at which she was first signed by Universal. Deanna is a problem to the Hollywood writers; she has few of the usual mannerisms of infant genius and though she has plenty of self-assurance she is difficult to interview.

So far her most shattering remark has been her announcement that she will never marry, followed up by the frank but somewhat embarrassing comment that none of the Hollywood matinee idols appealed to her as a likely husband.

As a matter of fact, many of the 1,000 fan letters she now receives every week ask for her hand in holy wedlock. Few of them come from the hill-billy child marriage area of the United States. Most come from Paris, but there are some from England as well.

The Raft Revival

Another player whose career has now reached an interesting stage is George Raft. The public reaction to his being re-typed in Souls at Sea has been very favourable and Paramount has big plans for him.

Ironically, the actor's new success comes only a few weeks after the death of his greatest fan, his mother, who once stood up in a New York theatre while watching Raft being chased by rival gangsters on the screen and shouted: "Don't let 'em get you, George!"

Raft is now in New York settling details of her estate, but he is due back in Hollywood soon to go into You and Me, opposite Sylvia Sidney.

Ginger and Fred Again

Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire will be together again soon. Irving Berlin is already at work writing the score for the picture, although no details have been released yet regarding the nature of the story.

Berlin wrote the music and lyrics for Top Hat and Follow the Fleet.

Ginger, by the way, has been trying to explain the mystery of what happens to the money of the stars. Even a player with a $20,000 a year salary, she declares, is lucky if she can save enough to ensure an income of $12 a week when her term of stardom is over. Taxation and agents take the bulk of the money, she claims, while being a star involves as many high "overhead" expenses as any other commercial concern with the same income.

Clark Gable's Double

Clark Gable, who not so long ago was mistaken for a man who had a romantic affair with a Billericay woman, must have had an accident that he learned the other day that he has another double.

His name is John Thatcher and he is a farmer in Pennsylvania. The exact round that Gable was visiting Harry Bannister, who has a farm nearby.

Crowds rushed to the Bannister farm and when they saw Thatcher refused to believe that he wasn't the star.

Now after a taste of autograph book signing and public adulation he is trying to get in to pictures.

More Opera than Horse

Are westerns becoming effeminate? I have been seeing quite a few lately and have made the appalling discovery that a new tradition is growing up in which the action is held up while the hero croons almost incessantly.

There seems, in fact, to be more opera than horse, more singing than shooting and more tunes than trigger action in the sagebrush sagas these days. I expect Gene Autry, for instance, absent-mindedly to produce a throat-spray instead of a six-shooter when rounding up the rustlers almost any day now.

I wish someone would take our old cow hands back to their boots and saddles.

Marlene Gets Her Way

Marlene Dietrich appears to have won the battle over French Without Tears after all. Marlene "discovered" the play during her London visit and persuaded her studio to buy the screen rights. She was reported to be on the war path when a little while ago it was rumoured that Carole Lombard was to have the role Kay Hammond plays in the West End production.

Now it seems that she has emerged victorious from the fray and Mitchell Leisen, who made Easy Living has been assigned to direct her in it.

In the meanwhile Marlene has been having a hectic time over the eustonment.

Her life was endangered in Vienna when a big aide, armed with a miniature camera, leapt from a high wall on to the top of her parked limousine, which was surrounded by admirers. The man's weight broke the roof of the car, and he landed only a few inches from the star.

Maria, Marlene's daughter, was also jeopardised by the man's leap. She was seated beside her mother, but the man landed on the floor with only a portion of his body striking the seat between the child and the actress. He too escaped injury.

The man explained that he had been following Miss Dietrich's car on his bicycle, hoping to get some so-called "candid camera" shots of the star.

But whenever she came to a stop other fans also on bicycles would quickly surround her automobile making it impossible for him to get any pictures.

When her niotor was parked beside the wall he conceived the idea of getting on top of the car, leaning over the side and photographing the star from a new angle.

Miss Dietrich refused to bring charges against...
MAKE GOOD

- Not Flashes in the Pan
- Rogers and Astaire Reunited
- What Happens to Stars' Money
- Marlene v. Carole: Result

the man and he was released after being questioned by police on the scene.

Franciska's Improving

FRANCISKA GAAL, Hollywood's new Continental Glamour Girl, arrived at Paramount the other morning for her first day's work in an American film studio with an alarm clock under her arm.

The alarm clock registered eight minutes past seven, and she pointed to it with pride.

The petite Vienne, who has the lead opposite Fredric March in Cecil B. De Mille's The Bucaneers, is almost as well known in Europe for her tardiness as for her dramatic accomplishments on the stage and screen.

To prepare for working with De Mille, who demands punctuality, she has been rehearsing with her friends for weeks, arranging to be at one place at a certain time and somewhere else at a certain time, never being late for dinner engagements and keeping appointments on the dot.

The alarm clock was to show what progress she has made.

She was only eight minutes late!

Malcolm Phillips.

Phil Lonergan sends it Hot from Hollywood

LAWSUIT Follows CAFE FIGHT

FOLLOWING a fight in a Hollywood restaurant between Buddy Westmore, husband of Martha Raye, and Pete Bauman, said to be a friend of the actress's mother, Martha has entered suit for divorce.

The two couples were in the restaurant when the man started an argument and then adjourned to the washroom to settle it.

After a few punches had been exchanged, and a peace-loving waiter had been knocked down by a wild blow, the combatants returned to their table.

But the aftermath was that Martha, who has proclaimed that she and Buddy would make a success of married life, now wants her freedom, charging extreme cruelty.

A "Two-Gun" Guardian

- Stars often have several bodyguards, but Jane Withers has only one.

The little actress's mother does not worry, however, for the guard, Jack Trent, is a former Texas ranger.

This body of men ranks favourably with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police as superb horsemen and crack shots.

So when kidnappers threatened Wallace Beery's little daughter, Mrs. Withers merely arranged to have Trent to keep his eye on Jane for twenty-four hours a day.

Happy Ladies

- Feminine fans of Robert Taylor, and their number is estimated in millions, will be glad to hear that Barbara Stanwyck declares she is not engaged to the film idol.

The denial should be taken with a grain of salt, for Barbara admits she thoroughly enjoys her transatlantic telephone conversations with Bob.

Lucky Gary

- Gary Cooper, who wants to be a director of films when his starring career ends, had his wish partly fulfilled recently.

The actor, currently starring in Samuel Goldwyn's The Adventures of Marco Polo, took over Director Archie Mayo's job for a scene in which Gary and Basil Rathbone fought a death duel with primitive Mongol sawing knives.

See the conquering hero comes. Claude Dampier winning the gold cup, a cheque for 500 guineas and the heroine's hand in "Remember When?"

Director Mayo, who cannot stand the sight of a knife, much less a battle, left the set and Cooper carried on.

Unique Villain

- Charley McCarthy, who won fame on the radio, is responsible for breaking the engagement of Judy Canova, new screen discovery, to Edgar Bergen.

"Mr. McCarthy" is the well-known wooden dummy who asks Bergen in his ventriloquist performances.

Judy broke the engagement because, she says, Bergen talked constantly about "Charley," and she will not play second fiddle to a ventriloquist's dummy!

Troubles of Ex-Stars

- Actresses who once scintillated on the screen often not only have lost fame but broken romances to contemplate.

Vera Reynolds has sued Robert Ellis Reel, scenarist for, 150,000 dollars damages, charging breach of promise.

Alice White, in a divorce action against her husband, Syd Bartlett, film writer, asked for 1,000 dollars a month alimony, but the judge cut the amount to 65 dollars per week until the conclusion of the trial.

Mae Marsh was reported to be considering a divorce action against her husband, Lee Arms, but indignantly denies the rumour.

Deep Mystery

- Houses acquire the personality of those who live in them, Neil Hamilton is finding out, now that he has moved back into the home which he rented to Garbo.

There is an air of mystery about the place, he admits, which has him just a bit baffled.

The first few days he spent in un-tackling the shades and removing the blinds which the "lady of mystery" kept tightly closed.

One little souvenir of Garbo's habitation which he will preserve is some writing on the dressing-room wall recording some dates with figures that imply weights.

Evidently the Garbo kept careful track of her poundage with her own private scales?

Hollywood's Gretna Green

- Yuma, Arizona, continues to be a place where film stars are wed.

Alice Faye, at one time regarded as Rudy (Continued on page 8)
Vallee’s “big moment,” and Miriam Hopkins, one of the screen’s best liked actresses, were both married in the Arizona City, Alice’s husband is Tony Martin, crooner, whilst Miriam wed Anatol Litvak, Russian director. I wondered whether Yuma was losing its charm when Mary Pickford and Jeanette MacDonald acquired husbands in Hollywood, but it appears that the Arizona city, sans the three-day notice required by California, still has its hold on romantically inclined film stars.

Too Many Children

- Mary Boland has won fame for her characterisations of “dumb” matrons, and also for the exceedingly clever way in which she has induced the studios to pay her handsome recompense.
- This charming lady is building a home in Beverly Hills, and, when one of the carpenters asked her if she would sign the autographs books for his children, she readily agreed. Alas, the workman produced an armload of autograph books and told her that he was the father of twenty children, and they were all Mary Boland fans.
- The address dutifully signed her name, but now she is wondering if she shouldn’t have collected his autograph instead.

Hollywood Says That

—Stuart Erwin studied journalism at the University of California, graduating.
—Luli Deste wore a gown in I Married An Arist, which is said to be a replica of the Archbishop of Canterbury’s ceremonial robes, only it is made of chiffon.
—Frank Borzage, noted director, has a collection of 365 pipes, one for every day in the year.
—Wendy Barrie, since she became an American citizen, has received hundreds of congratulatory letters from American fans.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

SHIVER ON THE RIVER

FILM production has taken to the river lately.

Not always the same river. Sonnie Hale and Jessie Matthews have been using up practically all the Thames for Sailing Along, so London Films and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer British Studios, Ltd. have had to be content with the Colne, which is a mighty convenient stream, flowing practically straight through the studios.

As a matter of fact, a tributary does actually flow through the studio grounds at Denham; and that’s where Tim Whelan went to shoot scenes in The Divorce of Lady X.

With that passion for “getting it right” which has swept like a forest fire through our studios, he hired Jack Arlett, a celebrated Henley-on-Thames boat-builder and trainer of many Diamond Sculls winners, to cock a weather eye at Laurence Olivier’s efforts to steer an electric canoe.

These river scenes are more difficult to take than you’d think; for one thing, the ground on the river-bank is always too uneven to run a camera-truck on, and in this case 250 feet of track had to be laid for the purpose.

Br-r-r-r-r !

- Not far away, Jack Conway, the Hollywood director, was experiencing the delights of English weather while trying to shoot river scenes with Bob Taylor and Laurence O’Sullivan. I found her all wrapped up in a rug, shivering a little, while Jack Conway was wrapped up in an overcoat and gumboots and taking good care not to shiver at all.
- I was sorry for Bob Taylor in flannels, but it didn’t seem to be worrying him. He can take it. Gosh, if he can take all the damaging publicity he’s had since he came to England, he can take anything.
- I like Bob Taylor; and I insist here and now that the bad break he’s had is not his fault. He’s just as Louis B. Mayer says he is—unspoiled a young man as you could wish to meet, despite adulation that would turn an elephant’s head.

In a curious position—torn between gratitude to his admirers for putting him where he is, and a wish that they would be a little less demonstrative. It’s a difficult position, too. I don’t envy him.

Between Showers

- This was not by any means the only activity at Denham; a huge set has been built, covering several acres, for Indian Frontier scenes in the new Sabu picture, The Drum.
- It represents the walls and gates of the frontier town of Tokot, held by tribesmen and attacked by a company of the Gordon Highlanders and a native regiment, who storm the walls and capture the town.
- It reminded me of a Chinese battle, inasmuch as every time it began to rain an armistice was declared, and the combatants came in out of the wet, fraternising amiably in the wide studio corridors.
- In the thick of the fray, while the fray was on, I descried the fiery red head of Desmond Tester waving like a standard. He’s playing a drummer-boy in this, while Sabu, the young Indian boy, plays a native prince.

A Natural Actor

- By the way, mind if we revert for a moment to the subject of Jack Conway? Maybe you don’t realise just who this guy is. As an indication of the way they’re tackling this business of making films in Britain, M.-G.-M. have sent us the director of Visa Villa, Libelled Lady, Saragossa, and a host of other successes. I asked Conway how he managed to get the naturalness in his pictures that gives them such a real-life atmosphere.
- In reply he told me a little story, which is rather against himself in a way, but he’s not the kind of fellow to mind my repeating it.
- “When I was a very bad young actor I was being starred in a stock company in San Francisco,” he told me. “A new young English actress joined the company, and they wanted to bill her equally with me, so, being young and conceited, I promptly offered to quit. To my chagrin the offer was accepted.”

How He Learned

- “The only job I could get was in small melodrama company. I was the hero, and I had to dare the villain to do his worst, with all the stock melodramatic gestures of the time.
- “I was so sore at the world that I walked through the part in a casual, almost flippant manner. Everybody in the company was appalled; they thought I’d be sacked for sure, and I was inclined to agree with them.
- “Then next morning we all got the shock of our lives; the local papers were full of praise for the naturalistic manner in which I had handled the part.
- “And that,” said Jack Conway, “taught me the secret of handling a dramatic situation. A casual word is better than all the shouting in the world, and a casual movement is better than all the gesturing an actor can invent.”

Well, if we all turned our mistakes to good account as Mr. Conway has, we should be a darned sight better off.

Binnie Is Back

- So Binnie Barnes is back in harness jn a British studio; I can’t remember off-hand when she last played in a British film, but it certainly seems an awfully long time ago.
- She’s joined the cast of The Divorce of Lady X, as Lady Mere, an extremely high-spirited American girl who is married to an English peer. This sounds like very good Binnie Barnes stuff; and she will have some gorgeous gowns to wear. I’m told.
- The line-up for this film is growing more impressive every day; we have now Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Binnie Barnes, and Morton Selten.
- I’m sorry we shan’t have a chance to see how Binnie’s red head looks in Technicolor. She’s gone blonde of late.

Anyway, I’m glad to see her playing over here again. We need all our talent in this strenuous

NEXIT WEEK

MAGNIFICENT "MAYTIME" GIFT BOOK

Next week PICTUREGOER presents to its readers another magnificent FREE 16-page Souvenir Supplement.

The subject chosen is "Maytime," the beautifully produced musical starring Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.

Miss MacDonald herself contributes one of the most interesting and unusual articles ever offered in film journalism—an open letter to her fans: "Are You Sure You Enjoy Me?"

The supplement, which is illustrated throughout in rich photogravure, also contains revealing articles on Nelson Eddy and John Barrymore and tells you the secret history of the making of the film.

In view of the increased demand for PICTUREGOER next week, you are advised to order your copy early.
business of getting that poor old cripple, British Film Production, on to its feet again.

As Gladstone or Horace Walpole or somebody remarked at some time or other, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party."

And that goes for women too.

CROCKS

I'm not as a rule given to thinking aloud; it's not a healthy practice for a journalist. But recently I broke that rule by wondering aloud, in the Picturegoer, where George King had obtained all the old bikes that he used in his film Remember When.

That remark had instant repercussion; a firm with the resounding title "The International Horseless Carriage Corporation" has informed me that it supplied all but three of the weird old corks used in the picture, and also built the special bicycle on which Claude Dampier wins the long-distance race; you can see him doing it on page 7.

Apparently this firm supplies most of these old, decrepit cars and planes you see in period plays and pictures, too; they very courteously sent me their illustrated catalogue, thereby settling for ever in my mind the difference between a "facile" and a "pennyfarthing."

The former, popular in 1878, had the front wheel almost twice the diameter of the rear wheel, and a curious kind of trolley system connected with the front hub.

HARKING BACK

Two years later, with the "pennyfarthing," the rear wheel had shrunken to half the size (that is, quarter the diameter of the front) and the pedals were rotary, connected directly with the front hub.

Curiously enough, when the "ordinary" came into vogue, with its two wheels almost equal in size, it was a complete return to the proportions of the old "boneshaker" of 1883.

Look out for those in Remember When, and see if you can distinguish them.

By the way, I've told most of these ancient mounten were abandoned in 1883, when this company was formed, from scrap-heaps, fields, and back-gardens all over the country.

I'm going to continue in this habit of wondering aloud, if it's going to be as effective as it has been in this case.

"SOUTH RIDING" CAST

It's the fashion nowadays to add to the casts of films from time to time, all through the making of the picture—especially at Denham; London Films are particularly addicted to the practice.

For that reason I'm not sure that I ever have given you the full cast of South Riding, which Victor Saville has now completed.

Anyway, here it is.

Ralph Richardson, of course, plays the central figure, Robert Carne, an impoverished Yorkshire squire. Ann Todd is his wife Madge, Glynis Johns his daughter Midge.

Edna Best plays Sarah Burton, the heroine; Marie Lohr has a very important part as Mrs. Beddoes, a councillor; and now look out, because here comes the rest of the cast in a spate—Edmund Gwenn, John Clements, Herbert Lomas, Milton Rosmer, Gus McNaughton, Jean Cadell, Lewis Casson, Felix Aylmer, Edward Lexy, Peggy Novak, Davina Craig, Laura Smithson, Josephine Wilson, Arthur Hambling, and Joan Elum.

In a particularly distinguished cast, it's rather invidious to single out names for special attention, but I should like to remind you that John Clements is the young actor who, making his film debut, put up such an impressive performance as the Red Commissar who helps the hero and heroine to escape in Knight Without Armour. He's attracted a great deal of attention already.

South Riding is a film I'm going to see, even if I have to pay to get in; and that's a pretty desperate statement for me. I'm usually paid to go in.

OOP NORTH

Paramount-British are cashing-in on the current interest in Lancashire films, with one which they are provisionally calling Lancashire Luck.

All I know about the cast is that George Carney is leading it, which sounds like a good idea to me.

It's being made at Pinewood, all about a woman who wins a penny football pool (Ah! I thought I'd touch on a tender spot there!) and settles with her family in the country.

Her daughter falls in love with the squire, and the course of true love refutes with its usual obstinacy to run smoothly. But if I know anything about films you won't need to leave the cinema plunged into despair about the fate of the lovers. Just put your trust in Paramount-British; they and Love together will find a way.

This film is being directed by a newcomer—one Henry Cass, a Lancashire man.

When Paramount made Mr. Smith Carries On (then called Death Add's Up) they entrusted direction to Lester Lauance, who had been a cutter for B. & D. but had never directed a film.

His assistant director was Henry Cass; and now Mr. Cass is getting his first chance to direct.

So we have to thank Paramount-British for encouraging new directors as well as new acting talent.

ACTIVITY

They are very active at the moment, having just completed False Evidence at Welwyn Garden City.

This is directed by Donovan Pedelty, and the cast includes Gwen Gill, Michael Hogarth, Daphne Raglan, George Pughe, George Pembroke, Francis Roberts, and Mabel Twemlow.

Then there's another with the witty title Missing—Believed Married, which John Paddy Carstairs has just directed at Pinewood with his two stalwarts, Wally Patch and Julien Vedey, and with the West End actor Peter Coke, who is now in the Dodie Smith play Bonnet Over the Windmill.

Another John Paddy Carstairs film at present in the preparatory stage is Incident in Shanghai—a topical subject from a story Paddy himself wrote, about a small group of Europeans trapped in a Chinese hotel in the fighting area.

Oh, there's a fair amount of activity at the moment; but that's nothing to what there'll be when the repercussions of Victoria the Great become felt.

Whenever we turn out a really good film, it loosens the purse-strings in the City, and production increases considerably.

That's going to happen again soon, or I miss my guess.
— and Irish girls are apt to be lovely; and here's an interview with one of them—Maureen O'Sullivan, who from being Tarzan's mate is now Robert Taylor's.

by MAX BRENN

JUST because I'm a dogged kind of a cove who is difficult to put off once I've set my heart on a thing, I put in a strenuous couple of days recently hunting Maureen O'Sullivan. Not that she is anxious to 'do a Garbo'—quite the contrary—but the publicity man had unaccountably wandered off to Paris or somewhere, and there was no one to arrange our meeting.

I ran her to earth, or rather to water, at last on the riverbank just outside Uxbridge, with Bob Taylor and Jack Conway the director, who was pathetically trying to snatch one or two exterior shots on a particularly dull day.

And it was immediately worth all the worry and bother of finding her; for Irish eyes were smiling, and, just as the song says, it was like a dawn in Spring . . . even if to Jack Conway it felt more like a late afternoon in December.

I've listed this girl on the screen right from the time I first saw her in Song of My Heart; but I like her more in the flesh, which proves that we have not yet seen her to best advantage in films.

She's of the warm-hearted impulsive Southern Irish type that kindles easily, and when she smiles she produces without apparent effort a spare dimple, well up in her cheek, that I never noticed on the screen, and that makes it seem extremely important that she should smile again quite soon.

Perhaps you remember when she went to Hollywood the ridiculous stories that got about—how she was a poor barefooted spalpeen av Ould Erin, who worshipped the great tenor John McCormack from afar, and how one day he noticed her and took her off to Hollywood to play in a film with him, just like the king and the beggarmaid in a Hollywood setting.

That's one Cinderella story that won't hold water.

Possibly this farrago of nonsense arose from her being born above a shop.

That's true enough; and this is the reason. Her father, Major Charles J. O'Sullivan of a crack Irish regiment, the Connaught Rangers; and like most soldiers he, with his family, was subjected to a good deal of moving about.

One of his sudden moves took him to Dublin at a time when his wife was expecting a baby, and as no proper provision had been made for officers' wives he was obliged to find temporary accommodation for her in apartments above a small dressmaker's shop. And there Maureen was, fortunately for us all, born.

Garrison life in Ireland can be very pleasant for a young woman; and Maureen might have grown up quite contentedly in such an atmosphere if "the Troubles" had not broken out afresh and changed the course of a good many lives—and put an end to quite a few, too.

A country under the dark shadow of rebellion was no place for a child; so her parents judged it better to be on the safe side and took her to London, where she spent five years in various schools.

Then, the shadow of civil war having passed from the land, she returned to Ireland, but she found life there very unexciting after London, and was beginning to adopt rather a gloomy attitude towards life in general and her own in particular when her parents, with that charming suddenness for which the Irish are famed, decided to send her to school in France.

She duly sailed away, and with three other girls was installed in a charming cottage inhabited by a French family near Versailles, to learn the language.

Lessons, I gather, occupied no more than their fair share of the time. I'm afraid most of her year there was spent with the English colony in Paris, where she may not have perfected her French, but she certainly had a great deal of fun.

Of course, she was carefully chaperoned as becomes a young girl; but the chaperons sometimes dared a little.

The Southern Irish, like the Southern United States Americans, have a natural pose and easy dignity of manner, traceable to the days when they were practically all kings; but I think there is no doubt that Maureen's was greatly enhanced by her Paris experiences.

In France, naturally enough (being as pretty as a picture and a friendly soul as well) she was a good deal run after by young men; and when she returned to Dublin she found the young men there were no less appreciative.

One night one of them took her to a fashionable ball at the Plaza Hotel—where, by the same token, the members of a film company were also staying while they were shooting exteriors for a film featuring John McCormack.

Apart from a very proper regard for Valentino, Maureen had never been particularly interested in films; she had heard, vaguely, that the director of Song of My Heart was looking for a girl to play the heroine, but attached no more importance to it than she would to any other item of casual gossip.

But at this dance a strange man eyed her persistently, and at last asked for an introduction. And, of course, it was Frank Borzage the director,
and of course he offered her the part, subject to a test being satisfactory.

In the same sheer spirit of adventure that had carried her into escapades at school and in Paris, she agreed. It was not until long afterwards that she knew he had gone to her father and offered to tell her the test had been unsuccessful if her father were opposed to the idea of her going.

But Major O'Sullivan was not the man to stand in the way of his daughter's career, or even (as he probably considered more likely) of her having an amusing experience.

The money side of it carried little weight with him, for the O'Sullivans are landed gentry and needed no Hollywood dollars.

So little Maureen and her mother made the long journey to California.

Their start was inauspicious enough. Just as the ship left the quayside Maureen noticed some trunks on the quay that she idly thought looked very like theirs.

They were theirs, and the two ladies arrived in New York with no more than they stood up in, which afforded them a welcome excuse for some intensive shopping.

Naturally, with all her travelling to England and France, Maureen's career regarded herself as quite a sophisticated person; but to her surprise on arrival at the Fox studio she was labelled "wistful."

Actually, she is no more wistful than Clark Gable. Far from being the clinging, Janet Gaynor type, she is a gay person, brimming over with spirits and with a bubbling sense of humour.

But she is gentle and diffident; and Hollywood finds it difficult to distinguish between gentleness and wistfulness.

Her first picture, Song o' My Heart, was very good John McCormack (which means that he had a great deal of singing to do and very little acting), and afforded several opportunities for the new discovery to be picturesquely wistful.

She then played in a succession of not-too distinguished films, including So This is London (but it wasn't), Just Imagine, Yankee at King Arthur's Court, and The Princess and the Plumber.

Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer saw her possibilities and signed her on long contract, and to her surprise they started her on a routine of swinging from tree to tree, in Tarzan the Ape Man.

This engaging piece of hokum, inexpensively produced in a fairly short time, surprised everybody concerned by cleaning up a packet; and it's not altogether surprising that Hollywood, with its passion for "typing" and for repeating any venture that proves profitable, could visualise her only as an ape-man's mate.

Of course, she played in other films, but in no very outstanding roles. She was in Sky Scraper Souls with Warren William, Payment Deferred with Charles Laughton, Strange Interval with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable; and always most beautifully wistful.

Then came Tarzan and His Mate, and she clicked right back into the old groove.

But the chance was at hand. Within a few months in 1934 two famous films were released in England—one The Thin Man, the other The Barretts of Wimpole Street; and we suddenly realised we had an actress whom we hadn't known about.

As the daughter of the murdered man in The Thin Man, Maureen gave an exhibition of drama and hysteric's that would have done credit to a much more seasoned performer; and the fact that she held her own in the brilliant company assembled in Wimpole Street—

Laughton, March, Shearer—speaks volumes for her advance since her earlier pictures.

To tell the plain truth, Maureen had been caught in a vicious circle; she didn't "give herself" entirely to her previous roles, because she wasn't really interested in them; and M.-G.-M. wouldn't give her better ones because she hadn't attracted much attention in the parts she'd already had.

But with those two films, she suddenly realised she might have, a career instead of merely profitable enjoyment.

After this, having earned a holiday, she decided to return to Ireland for a month or two; and as soon as she had packed her trunks she had to unpack them again and play opposite Robert Montgomery in Hide Out.

Another step forward, that; and the role of Dora in David Copperfield was yet another, and a very big one; whereas West Point of the Air and Woman Wanted were just so-so.

In Anna Karenina she had her old sweet conventionally romantic type of role; and in The Bishop's Misadventure and The Voice of Bungle Ann she merely established more firmly her claim to a bigger chance.

Then ominous noises sounded from the jungle, and poor little Maureen found herself swinging from branch to branch again in Tarzan Escapes.

Tarzan might; but Maureen couldn't.

That film seemed to be in production for ever. Actually it took two years to make and cost over a million dollars, and although it will doubtless make money for the company, it has kept Maureen marking time at a critical stage in her career.

Since then she has played in A Day at the Races and The Emperor's Candlesticks, but neither role is likely to provide her new big chance.

Perhaps her part in A Yank at Oxford may do so. I sincerely hope it will. She is thrilled to be playing in a British film at last, and she has so much charm, so much talent, so much spirit, and withal so level a head, that she could be really big; but she has also that modesty and diffidence that will not allow her to fight for her own way; and in the film world you have to fight.

For one thing, she is a little disappointed at having had no Irish role to play for seven years—she, an O'Sullivan! She nearly landed the lead in The Plough and the Stars, but only nearly; and, as she says, "Barbara Stanwyck did a fine job."

One of these days, take it from me, Maureen will be a star of the first magnitude; and I shall regard that with great personal satisfaction, for "when Irish eyes are smiling sure they steal your heart away!"
Hollywood is accustomed to storms. They bob up at the slightest provocation, or with none at all, and range from tempests in tepatops to knock-em-down and drag-em-out affairs involving fistfights and front-page publicity.

Hollywood, however, has never before seen such a storm as that which has been raging at the Samuel Goldwyn Studio for the past two months. The greater part of Hollywood, it is true, has not seen this storm. But all that portion of the picture capital within a mile radius of the Goldwyn plant has heard its ominous rumblings.

Goldwyn's storm is the real thing, a compound of gale and wave rather than an explosion of verbal fireworks. The dean of Hollywood's showmen has staged a hurricane.

With giant wind machines, cloud screens and hydraulic pumps which hurled hundreds of thousands of gallons of water down vast chutes and spillways, his technicians have made a desolate shambles of what was once a South Sea Island village.

This man-made storm, rivalling in fury those which too frequently roar through the South Seas, was brewed and photographed for the film version of the Charles Nordhoff-James Norman Hall novel, The Hurricane. It provides the spectacular climax to a production which has been in preparation a full year and before the cameras three months.

And incidentally, the storm's own share in the million and a half dollar budget is an impressive 250,000 dollars.

The producer's original intention was to have the entire production filmed in the story's actual South Seas locale. Director John Ford was to take his complete cast, including Jon Hall, Dorothy Lamour, Mary Astor, Jerome Cowan, Raymond Massey, C. Aubrey Smith and Thomas Mitchell to American Samoa and come back with a finished production.

Analysis proved, however, that though more costly, it was more practical to transport a section of the South Seas to Hollywood than to take Hollywood to the South Seas. Weather was the deciding factor.

In Samoa, as in other South Sea Islands, it is considered a fair day if rain falls no more than six or eight hours of the twenty-four. And as for the climaxing hurricane, nature simply couldn't be entrusted with the job. If she did it at all, of which there could be no certainty, she might do it entirely too well.

Goldwyn compromised by sending a camera crew to Samoa to film background action and by building a couple of South Sea Islands at his own studio for the work involving principals of the cast.

Eighteen technicians, under the direction of Stuart Heisler, made the trek to Samoa. Their location headquarters was Pago Pago on the Island of Tutuila, where they were accommodated by and received the co-operation of the United States Navy, governing power of the five islands which comprise American Samoa.

The location unit was absent from Hollywood for forty-six days. It brought back to the Goldwyn Studio 140,000 feet of exposed film. Naturally only a very small portion of this footage will find its way into the finished picture. The remainder will go into the stock library. And by shooting so much, the location company provided for every possible need in scenic background and shots of native life.

The company did not encounter a hurricane and did not expect to. Its members, however, had a couple of thrillingly narrow escapes from giant water spouts. These phenomenal meetings of cloud and sea were duly photographed while the crews of the camera boats were frantically maneuvering to safety.

Amusing incidents, too numerous to list, were the lot of the locationers. Perhaps the topper came when, invited to a native feast, various members of the company were offered individual whole roast pigs as one of the courses. To their relief, they learned they were not expected to eat all the pigs. Etiquette merely required that they taste each course.

The main island setting at the studio was constructed to blend harmoniously with the actual Samoan background. Rich Day, Goldwyn's art director, spent months in the South Seas taking photographs and conducting research upon which he based the designs of the setting.

Village and lagoon covered two and a half acres on the studio's "back lot." The lagoon covered an acre and a half and contained 981,250 gallons of water. The village stretched along one side and both ends of the lagoon in a rough semi-circle.

There were 18 native huts, a stout looking church and a number of small bungalows. The French Administrator, a trading post and a priest's home in the village. Some 50 coconut palms and a number of fruit trees were grown and cast their sparse shade over the native huts.

All the buildings were complete structures, not the false fronts of the usual movie sets. Thus it was possible to film interior scenes in them, obviating the necessity of constructing many separate stage interiors.

Properties peculiar to the South Seas were imported in wholesale quantities. A fleet of some 20 outrigger canoes, ranging in size from bonita boats capable of carrying seven persons to one-man pao pao was one of the consignments. Twelve hundred coconuts encased in their porous coverings was another. The coconuts one buys at the corner grocery have been stripped of these coverings, hence wouldn't do.

Goldwyn's technicians also built a full-rigged trading schooner to cruise the limited confines of the big island's lagoon. Another schooner, an actual veteran of the South Seas copra trade, was chartered by the producer for use in the trip from Seattle to Los Angeles harbour. It has been used extensively in action filmed at sea.

Joining the lagoon setting on the "back lot" a smaller islet was constructed. It too boasted its own lagoon, a 100 feet square tank in which the water reached a maximum depth of seven feet. In the Nordhoff-Hall story, this is the honeymoon isle of Motu Tonga. The larger island is known as Manukura. Both keep their original names in the picture.

Motu Tonga had no village, but its heavy forest of palms and dense growth of green shrubbery made it a scenic gem. It was the first to feel the stirring wrath of Goldwyn's hurricane. To it comes the fugitive hero, Terangi (Jon Hall), after he escapes from the Tahiti prison where he has been a victim of the injustice of white man's law. Re-united with his young wife, Marama (Dorothy Lamour) there, he finds it a place of refuge until warned by the departure of the sea birds that "the great storm which overturns the land" is coming. He goes to Manukura to spread the alarm.

Wind and wave made short shift of Motu Tonga. Three days of continuous beatings by wind machines and various devices best known to the miracle-working technicians of the movies reduced it to a stewed mass of wreckage.

Truly love in a hurricane as exemplified by the romance of Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour is a fairly terrifying business.

Above: Stuart Heisler supervising the shooting of a scene on location in Samoa.
Recent income tax statistics revealed that Warner earned more in 1936 than any actor in Hollywood. The explanation is that he has been under contract to the same studio for a long while (he has been a star for well over ten years) and has had the regular periodic "rises" which most stellar contracts call for. The actor, who must hold some sort of record for stellar stamina, will be seen next in "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938."
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It is strange that an entertainment that caters largely for women and deals in feminine emotions as its chief stock-in-trade, should be run almost exclusively by men.

The film industry is indeed one of the last strongholds of masculine dominance. One or two women, like Gwen Wakeling of Radio, have penetrated into the all-imposed departments, and Anita Loos, Dorothy Parker and Frances Marion are among the most successful writers in Hollywood. But for the most part movies are made and controlled by men.

One reason, I imagine, is that the majority of women are temperamentally incapable of regarding film careers except in terms of stardom, glamour and swimming pools. Girls like Gloria Swanson and Constance Bennett, it is true, have in their time earned salaries that made them the highest-paid women in all history, but the odds against achieving such eminence are (need we say it again?) approximately a million to one. There are, however, plenty of other jobs in an industry that employs something like 35,000 people, which carry salaries higher than those you would earn as an executive in almost any other business. And they are still nearly all filled by males.

There is still, for instance, only one woman director of any considerable standing. She is Dorothy Arzner and she has been at the game for more than a decade.

She will tell you that the direction of films offers a fascinating career for women and one in which sex is no handicap, but that there is no short cut to success.

"Only a woman who looks upon directing as a lifetime job and is willing to devote her entire attention to mastering every detail of the intricate technique of film-making can hope to make good," she says. She knows. During the war she drove an ambulance. After the armistice she decided, without much enthusiasm, to embark on a medical career. A chance visit took her to the Paramount Studios where she saw William de Mille at work directing a picture. From that moment she knew what she wanted.

She took a job as a typist in the studio. Then she worked on stories. Next she became a film cutter and before long was known as one of the best in the business. Among the films she edited in those days was *The Covered Wagon* and *Old Ironsides.* Seven years after she entered the studio she got her first chance to direct a picture: *Fashions For Women.*

Her present standing in the profession is indicated by the fact that she has just completed *The Bride Wore Red,* starring Joan Crawford. You can take it from me, M.G.M. doesn't take any chances with its Joan Crawford, one of the company's most valuable "properties."

Miss Arzner, with her own experience to guide her, believes that it takes from seven to ten years to learn the job thoroughly, but there are no other drawbacks. "A woman in Hollywood," she insists, "is given equal opportunity with men. The industry is constantly searching for capable people and men and women are given the same consideration."

Ten years may seem a long time, but could you in the same period rise to a post in a business office that offered you £10,000 a year? Though Dorothy Arzner is the only successful woman director, at least four other women have, in recent years, challenged the male domination of movies right at the very top by becoming producers.

The pioneer was Dorothy Reid. Mrs. Reid had acted in films before the death of her more famous husband, the ill-fated Wallace. After his death she turned to scenario writing mainly for the purpose of saving others from the tragedy that had overtaken the silent matinee idol. She wrote an exposure of the dope traffic which was filmed under the title of *Human Wreckage.*

Writing led to assisting in production and for some time she produced pictures under her own banner. Now she is a producer for Monogram, where she is regarded with affection and admiration by the men who work under her and is generally known on the lot as "Ma."

Then did you know that the production manager for Buck Jones Productions, which, of course, turns out those he-man horse operas, bears the unmistakably feminine name of Irene. She is Irene Schreck and she looks more like a suburban housewife than a film executive, but she knows her job and has been with Buck for four years.

Irene learned the business of making pictures under the tutelage of Joe Rock, who is now producing in England. Rock's star at the time was Stan Laurel and Irene was the producer's confidential secretary and assistant.

Before that she had been secretary to the studio manager at M.G.M.

Both Mrs. Reid and Miss Schreck work for independent companies. It is only within the last few months that women have been admitted into the hitherto sacred executive offices at a major studio. Now, at last, two women, Frances Marion and Fanchon, can hail the "Producer" sign on their doors.

Miss Marion is, of course, well known as a writer. She is a screen Ethel M. Dell, the author of more popular screen material than any other scenarist, male or female, in the business. She used to be a newspaperwoman, but she came into films in the early days writing stories for the D. W. Griffith two-reelers. She wrote some of Mary Pickford's greatest successes and has done some 500 film stories. At one time she was earning £30,000 a year on a basis of one scenario a month.

One of her last scripting jobs was the Marlene Dietrich British picture *Knight Without Arms.* Now she is under contract to Columbia as a producer. Fanchon has probably had less film experience than any of the others, but she has been putting on stage shows for years, and has directed dance sequences for many pictures. She was a member of the dancing team of Fanchon and Marco, who became famous in America through putting on revues at picture theatres. Later they branched out as cinema owners and they still run a big chain.

Fanchon makes her bow as a producer with *Turn Off the Moon.*

These women are competing successfully against men in the picture business. But they are exceptions. In the main, though the world's women pay the tailor, the film industry is one of the few spheres of human activity where men still wear the pants.
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F.R. BURY.
By all the rules and regulations and statistics and traditions laid down by the movie know-alls, Gertrude Michael should never have been a star, for Gertrude's climb to stardom has been a truly unorthodox one.

No publicity or ballyhoo, no spectacular roles and no stunts. One minute the name meant nothing; a month or so later and it had become vaguely familiar; then it was well to the fore as one of the most promising of the new stars, only to slip back into vagueness again and then leap up brighter than ever.

They say a come-back is the real test of a star's popularity. Gertrude has had the bad luck to find herself through accident and illness in the position where she has to stage two come-backs and, surprisingly, for even one come-back is difficult enough, Gertrude has achieved the impossible by staging them.

"The Picturegoer" Library Files are a fund of information and statistics. Search through those files and you will find, carefully sorted under its proper heading, a stack of material and information about even the most insignificant film player, but on the subject of Gertrude Michael, there is a surprising lack of details, because Gertrude is, and always has been, one of the least publicised of film celebrities.

The film people will tell you that talent alone cannot make a motion picture star; you have to have ballyhoo, grooming and publicity. Miss Michael has had none of these, somehow or other; probably because of her striking personality and because we have come to look forward to her appearance with the assurance that we can depend on a good performance, she has gradually insinuated herself into the consciousness of the picturegoer and also, because of its gradualness, has left a lasting impression than the star who has been skycricketed to fame by blatant publicity tactics and has enabled her to stage both those comebacks we mentioned earlier in these notes.

In 1933 Gertrude Michael arrived in Hollywood, entirely unknown, and without the influence generally deemed so necessary for a screen arrival. Somehow to offer to Hollywood however, in the fact that hers was an entirely different type of beauty to the sweet-faced cuties who simpered on the screen.

Here was intelligence and a statuesque type of attractiveness that was entirely different and new to the movie people, not the startling overpowering type of looks that bowl you over breathless by their very spectacularness, but a beauty that gradually becomes apparent, a sort of acquired beauty that takes time to appreciate, but once having won that appreciation, lasts, while the more catchy and spectacular song hit has died and been forgotten these many months.

Her first screen appearance was in the Paramount picture, A Bedtime Story, with Maurice Chevalier, a small part, but it was a part and a portrayal that set picture patrons looking up their programme to see who this new girl was.

Paramount were not slow to realise they had something, and so she was signed up on a contract that was distinctly flattering to one so new to the business. She found herself in great demand and picture followed picture in such rapid succession that she was almost on the verge of a breakdown, when, as it always does in the movies, "fate took a hand" and Gertrude, driving home from Arrowhead Springs, crashed her car in trying to avoid a lorry and escaped death by a miracle.

Actually those who witnessed the accident thought her dead and covered her poor battered blood-soaked face with a coat.

That's Gertrude Michael, who has achieved success in defiance of all the Hollywood traditions. Gertrude is in England to star for Associated British pictures.

For forty minutes she lay in the roadside supposedly dead, and then an ambulance arrived with a doctor who felt the feeble beating of her pulse and had her rushed off to hospital instead of the mortuary.

Well, accidents will happen and, just at the start of a promising career, they lay you up with broken leg, concussion and a badly scared face, well, they've been had and it's away from the screen that long at such a critical time in your career, then you can't expect your fans to remain faithful and that's too bad, too!

But Gertrude fooled the doctors by staging a come-back, which was something of a miracle, but more miraculous still, she fooled the movie people too, by going right into a new film and starting just where she left off.

Her Sophie Lang series leapt into popularity that threatened to rival Bulldog Drummond or Charlie Chan, but Gertrude will tell you she never has felt the same affection for "Sophie" since they reformed her.

Last year she had gradually won her way to the front rank, with all the major companies bidding for her services, and then last year, on route to England, her second bit of bad luck happened and she was taken ill in New York.

Again she disappeared from the public gaze while she spent months recuperating and now at last she is over here in England to keep the contract with Associated British Pictures that, but for illness, would have been fulfilled last year.

Important Hollywood companies have offered Gertrude Michael big money to release her from that contract, because there are few leading ladies of Gertrude's calibre available in Hollywood, but A.B.P.'s shrewd production chief, Walter Mycroft, would have none of it. She is worth all that much money to Hollywood, then she's worth that to Elstree also.

So Gertrude Michael or "Sophie Lang" as she is known to millions, is over here in London to start work on her first British film. This isn't her first visit because she made the trip when she was only seven.

She has an attractive soft Southern drawl and a terrifying frankness about everybody and everything. Hollywood has no illusions for her. She refuses to be impressed by the vastness and efficiency of its studios or of its high priests. She is not slow to praise its good points or attack its bad ones.

Come to think of it, attack is hardly the word, rather we should have said smile at its bad points. She has a grand sense of humour that just doesn't appear to let her take anything too seriously and a directness that her enemies must find frightening in the extreme.

Probably the secret of her success is to be found in the fact that her beauty is not superficial, behind it is intelligence and a tremendous personality, combined with a lasting quality that few feminine stars possess.

Which probably accounts for the fact that even without endorsing patent skin foods or beauty preparations and though you don't see her picture on the front pages of the magazines, she has been able to defy film trade tradition and come to the forefront entirely on merit.

Next Week

A new and brilliant personality has lately come skating on to the screen, in the person of the World's Ice-skating Champion, Sonja Henie.

That she has other claims to stardom besides her skill on skates is proved by an interview by Max Broen in next week's "Picturegoer." Don't miss it!
Left: Here's a new angle on Lionel Atwill and Marie Wilson, caught by the camera between scenes on the set of "The Great Garrick."

Left: Barbara Stanwyck wears this ravishing new evening gown. And with Bob Taylor away in England, too!

Above: An apple a day may keep the doctor away, but not the schoolteacher even in the case of Deanna Durbin—here studying her lesson during a school "break."

Below: Bloody battle in Hollywood: Mischa v. Menjou for the draughts championship of Universal City. Auer seems to have pulled a fast one.
Below. ZaSu Pitts goes gay as a pre-war belle, although she may not look it here.

Having already brought "42nd Street", hub of the American theatrical world, to our notice, Hollywood now introduces us to 52nd Street, headquarters of New York's night club life.

Below: Maria Shelton, as a cabaret queen of a quarter of a century ago, with Sid Silvers and Jack White.

Above: Introducing something new in musical quartettes: Leo Carrillo, ZaSu Pitts, Ian Hunter and Dorothy Peterson.

The film is a sort of casucale of cabaret. The scholastic young lady on the left is Ella Logan.
Above: This looks like Hollywood's leading social gathering of the season, but it's merely our doubles at lunch. Left: He won't talk, either. Eugene Verdi as Charlie Chaplin.

Left: Even Franchot Tone has difficulty in distinguishing Sylvia Lamour from Joan Crawford. And how do you like Howard Bruce as Edward Arnold.
One of the great tragedies of movies is the "so-near-and-yet-so-far" fate of the "doubles" of the stars. They resemble the celebrities of the silver screen in all but their fame and earnings, and the gift of physical likeness so far from being a help is invariably an insuperable handicap to a successful career. However, in *Once a Hero*, these carbon copies of greatness are being given their big break. The film, a behind-the-scenes-in-Hollywood story, stars Richard Dix.

Virginia Rendel impersonates Mae West. She has been doing it as a stage act for some time.

The girl above is Maxime Jerome, who got her job in the picture because she looks like Bette Davis.

Above: Margaret Bryson, extreme left, bears an amazing resemblance to Loretta Young and that of Mary Miner (centre) to Irene Dunne is even more striking. The Harold Lloyd is Frank Brown.

It would cost a fortune to co-star W. C. Fields and Eddie Cantor in a picture. James May and Frank Farr, however, are satisfied with their few dollars a day small part actor's pay.
Erich Remarque's sequel to All Quiet comes to the screen much changed from the book but still a vivid drama of the tragic reaction of war on surviving youth. John King, Richard Cromwell, and Barbara Read are featured in the picture, which was directed by James Whale.

The ROAD BACK

November 11, 1918 — the guns of war are silenced, but the soldiers' hearts are clamouring for home and love as they start on the road back.

Below: Ernst (John King)—one of many finds reawakening to the old life before the war proves difficult.
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Sunday Mail
George's self-control vanished. He shot out a right, and had the satisfaction of seeing Grant go down.

BEING a soldier and British, Major George Daviot, second-in-command of the Twenty-Third, Prince's Own Hussars, enjoyed a somewhat mixed bag of feelings conjured up by his wife's leaving him. Disappointment in her attitude was certainly uppermost. He counted on her understanding his love for Josie, wife of Captain Bradford, his subordinate.

Moreover, Anna was a quiet, self-contained little thing with a sensible dislike of scenes. Why had she chosen, five minutes before Charles Cinderford, K.C., turned up in his car to drive them down to Plumpton Meade for the week-end, to say she wasn't going. Worse, she had implied that the break was to be permanent.

Yet he said nothing in answer to Cinderford's expressions of regret at Anna's failure to join the house party, except: "I'm not much good at talking, Charles, and I'd rather not explain. You're my best friend and what's the good of a best friend if you can't talk to him?"

Out in the bells on the following day's shoot, he forgot his need for silence. Josie, who had been loading for her husband, who grumbled at her slowness, deliberately came over and asked if she could load for him. Having forced himself, during the morning to avoid her, his pulses raced at meeting her face to face. Her dark beauty and rich colouring derived added glamour from her sports ensemble and plain felt hat. Nevertheless, he said unemotionally: "Was it wise?"

"Don't you want me?"

He stared at her, his reserve breaking. "Why do you think I came? I love you, Josie. I'm tired of this secrecy, this life of lies. Something's happened to make it possible for me to come out into the open...." He saw Captain Bradford nearing them with his gun and dared no more. The attitude of his subordinate was enough to make George welcome the suggestion of a game of poker after dinner. To be in the same room with Josie, not to be able to make love to her and to be conscious of Bradford's jealousy, were becoming unbearable.

The players in the card room numbered five: Cinderford, Captain Bradford, William Cowbit, M.P., himself and a man named Grant. George knew little of Grant except that he was a poor shot and a good brandy drinker. He also shewed aptitude for cards in doubling George's suggestion of a £5 rise. Play had not long started before Josie, evidently bored with the conversation in the next room, came in. George sweeping up his counters—he had won against Grant, having rightly suspected him of bluffing—was acutely aware of the perfume of her hair, the magnolia warmth of her skin against a flame and silver frock, as she seated herself between him and her husband.

Play continued. Grant, draining brandy, and with the slightest hesitation of speech as he leaned across the table, "Haven't had a hand this evening. Pos... positively indelic your brilliancy, Daviot!"

After he had opened the next pot, Cowbit and Cinderford dropped out. George raised the opener £5. Grant saw the rise, also, not without hesitation. Bradford. Under the circumstances, George might have wished him better luck, for having taken a card, he threw down his hand in disgust and went over to the buffet for a drink.

George, having discarded and taken two cards, held four threes. He saw Grant's (his only opponent) bet, and raised it. He was going to raise it again, but changed his mind as Bradford came back with his drink. "I'll see you," George said. Grant laid down his cards—a full house, aces high. George, having opened out his threes, close to the two cards he had discarded, was pulling in the counters when Grant suddenly shouted: "You're cheating. Saw you fix your hand, you damned card sharper." He stood up, flushed, truculent, and with a single movement, overturned the heavy table.

"George's self-control vanished. He shot out a right, and had the satisfaction of seeing Grant go down.

"Get up and take what's coming to you," he ordered and felt Cowbit's and Cinderford's restraining grip on his arms. "You haven't killed him!"

Cowbit announced as Grant struggled ling to his feet, got behind a chair. By this time the occupants of the drawing-room had come in, the host, Sir Bernard Roper, self-made, livery, a couple of women and Lord Pontefract. As George's friend, his lordship tackled the matter with:

"Bad business this, Grant. Serious—very—an accusation of this sort. Ready to apologise?"

"I have no intention whatever of doing. I saw Major Daviot pick up the cards he had discarded, put em back in his hand and put down two others instead."

"Why didn't you say so at once?" Cinderford demanded.

"I wanted to think."

"Why did you upset the table?"

"What are you getting at?" a few more questions about the evening's play which Grant answered hesitatingly, and Lord Pontefract broke in: "Now look here Mr. Grant. We all know George. I've known him since he was born. The thing's impossible. To put it no lower, you've made a big fool of yourself... if you'll apologise."

Grant opened his mouth, but whatever words were coming never left his tongue. Captain Bradford's voice was heard, cool, deliberate. It's not quite so simple as that. Grant is right.

George was aware of Cinderford's restraining hold.

"Go on, Cinderford, Captain Bradford?" Lord Pontefract demanded, "that you too are accusing George of cheating.""

"Yes, I am."

"You're mad... by what conceivable reason... Simply what everyone in the regiment knows; that he lives far beyond his income and his wife's..."

"Keep my wife's name out of this," George flung out.

"Very well; but it won't hurt Lord Pontefract to know that you can't count any more on your wife's income, or to tell him the reason."

"What does he mean, George?"

"Go on, Cinderford, Captain Bradford?"

"We're going to have to give our side the lie, you know. It's no use talking. See my solicitors on Monday."

He had nearly reached the stairs heading for his room to think things out, when a footfall made him turn. Josie in the flame-coloured frock, hurried towards him. Her eyes were like stars as she said:

"That was splendid of you. Keep your side the lie, you know."

"How could I do anything else? But it'll be the end of him. He's gone beyond the pale this time."

"Let them know. Who cares now? At least it'll be the end of this rotten pretence. Ann's gone. Your husband knows. We can be open and honest."

Having rung for Tandy, his batman who followed him everywhere, and the footman running the bank at pontoon in the servants' hall, George told him to pack. Any intention of leaving Plumpton Meade without once, was baulked by Cinderford who came quietly into the room and said, with that Barrassiter-like, he was quick to arrive at the truth about Josie, and to point out the hopelessness, if silence were to be kept about her, of taking the case in court. Before George could have his say, his host, Lord Pontefract came in. George was bent on backing up Cinderford's statement.

"Are you trying to say I won't be (continued on page 26)
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believed," George asked. Lord Pontefract admitted it and hinted at the "strange interest" all concerned—George's brother officer in particular. Cobwit came into the open to explain: "I was afraid I'd see it from our point of view, old man. We're all in the public eye, and if its reported in the courts at such high-stakes—well, ordinary folk would find it difficult to understand—and if there's evidence of one of us cheating..."

"Let me get this straight," George entreated. "Obviously you've all discussed it, but I don't understand it. Can you simplify it?"

"Plainly that was the situation; Cinderford being also in its favour. Experiencing a strong distaste for the world, all the groups that were there were Cinders in particular, George looked round on those about him and read in each man's face a desire to save his own skin. "Very well, gentlemen," he said grimly. "You are on the verge of over-taking, I shall not prosecute."

In the formal phrase which suited the occasion, George had given his understanding to the Chief Constable and Chief Magistrate that if they didn't, he would. "I suppose I can come in," she said. "I heard you were in difficulty and I thought that Cinders might help me in Paris... so I came back."

"Of course you know what to do, she said quietly. "You've got to do anything the court says, Sir Charles and Sir Bradford. You've kept quiet too. You should have told me you were going to do it."

"I know that."

"If I'd been here, you would have. Miss—if you had every right to go away. You left me behind, and if you're really a cheat, there's only one thing for you. She shook a little, and held up the gun. "I'm not a cheat."

"I didn't say you were, but all the world thinks so, and if you don't think of clearing yourself, you are one, and the sooner you the honourable way out the better. But I think you might have tried to try and clear yourself first, to put me right with the world. You're incompetent."

"Yes."

"Will you take the chance?"

"And if I cannot?" she said. "Give me the gun. You can leave arrangements to me. Understand. To the world I've returned as your wife. George, outside the door. As far as I can see, your last friend."

"Yes. For the moment, your way. If the action fails, my way."

As she transferred the revolver to her bag, their hands met. Next minute she was gone. George flung out, as the trio, having overcome initial embarrassment, were playing on the road to state their case. "You want me to take action against Bradford and Grant. You're ready to stand by me now the stage's set, about George? for your skins again? That's what you were a year ago when you asked me to keep quiet. You got what you wanted, and now you're after my skin."

They might argue, but he was adamantly. When the Colonel sent for the Chief Constable, it was an action to clear his name or resign his commission, George was still adamantly.

"Then the only way out George," the Colonel declared. For a second his hand rested on the other's shoulder. George felt no relenting as he said quietly. "No... it's not the only way..."

That evening he had taken from the desk drawer his service revolver and was holding it, loaded to his second round. He hadn't heard, was followed by the door's opening. Started from a star... What and more purposeful than..."

"I suppose I can come in," she said. "I heard you were in difficulty and I thought that Cinders might help me in Paris... so I came back."

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REVIEWs

by Rit Collier

—SAID O'REILLY TO MCNAB

GOOD characterisation is one of the strong points in the average British comedy, but in this case two really good comedy roles are given by Will Kyffe as a canny Scottish business man and Will Mahoney as an Irishman who comes to America by bogus company promotion.

The story play of these two makes for really good fun, for while it is basically farcical the human touch is not forgotten and the character traits in each are emphasised.

It certainly relies a good deal on its dialogue, but William Beaufine, who is an adept at such things, times any pictures dealing with the McNabs, with whose daughter his Terry is in love.

Tim, with the help of his woman secretary, decides to make money out of the McNab's by getting a patent slimming formula which he succeeds in doing after each has tried hard but without the other knowing it. They even cheat each other at a game of golf which makes one of the funniest sequences in the film.

However, the climax comes when the police come to arrest O'Reilly. He takes his punishment in good part, and the McNab's method of engineering Tottenham is carried out by McNab who turns out to be the principal prosecutor in the case for which Tim is being extradited.

Apart from the extremely good performances of the stars and the brilliant dance of Will Mahoney a good deal of fun is added to the proceedings by Robert Gall, the MacNamara boy, who is the little boy who blackmauls Tim mercilessly when he discovers that he is trying to cheat his father but is also willing to help him do it.

James Carney is weak as Terry, but Marianne Davies scores as Tim's unscrupulous secretary.

Settings are simple but effective and the plot is well developed.

TOPPER

Up to the moment I cannot think of any picture dealing with disembodied spirits which have not had a serious aspect, with the exception of The Ghost Goes West from Earthbound to Berkeley Square. In Topper the director Norman Z. McLeod has set out to do nothing but present broad, funny, old-fashioned slapstick variety, in a novel and certainly entertaining guise.

A subject which has gone to make up the plot are basically conventional. It is the old "he-need-not-pay-for-his-wrongs" long-suffering theme which gains a new interest and added zest by the introduction of the element of fantasy.

In the happy, matchless world which we have Rolan Young giving an excellent performance which dominates the picture, is the Mr. Topper of the title, an eminent banker whose whole life and routine are regulated by his precise, punctilious habits.

His principal stockholder is an irresponsible young man, George Washington, whose young wife spends their entire time in having a good time. He is even, rather sorry for Topper and he secretly retaliates on them.

One day the pair crash in a car and are killed and after they come back he realises that they have to make the best of the situation and they also realise that they have not a single good deed to their credit. They decide to give a wronged man the chance to prove that he is an ex-cellent, clever tap-dancer and can put on a song effectively.

This is the line to be given far greater opportunities in her next picture and I hope John Baxter, the Swimming Coach, with whom she is to build up an English child star in spite of the innumerable restrictions that hamper this process perfectly unnecessarily.

Hazel Ascot, by the way, is a stage family. She is the daughter of two of the Four Ascots who, at the height of their career, were known as the world's fastest dancers.

One of the picture's highlights is a turn in which fourteen children play an air from William Tell on four pianos. It is done solo by Mark Hambourg. It is a novel and musically delightful act.

In the play, however, there is to be done as Hazel's father, and the cast includes John Stuart and Emil Stamp-Taylor who provide a modicum of romantic interest.

On the Screens Now

**SEVENTH HEAVEN**

/

The picture is an anglicised version of the same play, and is also directed by Paul Czinner. It is not, however, nearly so holding or moving as the original, and the production by Czinner has been pictorially imaginative and has not allowed the dialogue to speak for itself over the pictorial developmental.

Its main faults are a tendency to slowness and the fact that by over-confidence it tries to interest the audience from the main object—the psychological study of a man's actual conflict of views and feelings between maternal love as represented by her affection for her husband's physical nature and the love of her for her husband's best friend.

The actual story is slight and deals with a woman, first to an orchestra of international fame, who has a fanatical adoration for his music, but later she plays with his affection until she meets Miguel de Vayo, a brilliant violinist, friend of Peter since their student days, and she then secretly together become secret lovers.

Miguel tries to fight against his infatuation, but she plays on his assertions and demands the complete possession of Gaby. She, too, has her battles; but, as in the original, she asserts itself completely, and finally she resorts to suicide as the solution to her problem.

The character of Miguel is too prone to over-emphasise the whimsicality and childishness of the young wife, and her love for Peter becomes increasingly irritating. She does, however, rise to emotional demands made on her to handle the more tense scenes with her lover.

Raymond Massey is exceedingly good as Miguel and enlists his sympathy in the film. In the original

(Continued on page 30)
October 9, 1937

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MOISTURE PROOF
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Softer because...

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ADDRESS__

WILLIAM DIXON__
TNT. lady

REVIEWs by

William Powell just walks in a suave and polished manner through the part of Charles, and Robert Montgomery is breezy and likeable as the lover.

THE most amusing performances are given by Frank Morgan as Lord Kelton and Nigel Bruce as a baronet.

A former star, Aileen Pringle, is very good in the role of a lady with a past, but Jessie Ralph is distinctly starchy as the duchess.

* THAT MAN’S HERE AGAIN

HUGO HERBERT as Thomas J. Jesse
MARGARET MURPHY as Nancy Lee
TOM BROWNE as Jimmy Whalen
JOSEPH KING as Mr. Murdock
DICK HART as Bud
ARThUR AYRESWORTH as Mr. Johnson
VIRGINIA HAGAN as Maudsley
TETSU KOMAI as Mr. Wong

Directed by Lewis R. Milestone. Based on a story by T. A. R. Wyler.

Sentimental comedy-drama of a conventional type introduces, amongst other things, a small-child interest.

THE story deals with Jimmy Whalen, lift-boy at a block of flats, who discovers Nancy Lee, an attractive young girl, hiding in a cellar, obviously doing some work and gets her a job as a maid. The two most prominent occupants of the flats are Thomas J. Jesse, a crook art collector, and Murdock, an unsavoury philanderer. Jesse takes to Nancy, but when she, at a later date, breaks one of his vases, supposed to be invaluable, she gets panicky and runs away.

In an effort to trace her, Jimmy learns that she has a child in the local orphanage, and by the time he discovers Jesse, a crazy art collector, and Murdock, an unsavoury philanderer, Jesse has died. She decides to throw a party for her and her baby’s benefit. He forced in the meantime, however, to vacate his own flat, and takes possession of Murdock’s in his absence. Murdock gets tough when he returns, but, by hinting at blackmail, Jesse puts one over him and sees that Nancy and Jimmy, now in love, are safely launched on the sea of matrimony.

Hugh Herbert is the picture’s mainstay as the eccentric Jesse and Mary Maguire is quite an attractive artiste.

Humour is of a broad, popular order and is adequately blended with the sentiment.

*WAIKIKI WEDDING

TONG CROSBY as Tony Marvin
TONY MARVIN as Bob Marlow
BOB MORLEY as Charlie
DOROTHY GRAY as Martha Harvey
FRED HARTLEY as Sam Harvey
MARTHA RAYE as Marline
HELEN GILBERT as Rhoda
GEORGE BARRIE as J. P. Tidhunter
DOROTHY QUINBY as Gay Lee
GRATY SUTTON as Everta Todd
GRAVIELE BAYES as Uncle Herman
ANTOINE KESSEL as Mike
MITCHELL LEVY as Uncle Herman
ERIC MYLER as Emil
PRINCE LEWIS as Ewart

Directed by Frank Tuttle.

Fleebie musical-comedy plot of a publicity agent who exploits a beauty price-winner to advertise a South Sea Island pineapple.

FREEDOM TO LOVE

P. C. 30.000.

The film was taken by Willy Forster, who scored a great personal triumph; Raymond Massey’s performance is about as good.

Romney Brent turns in a very clever character study as the trumped-up, and the small part of the wife’s friend, Christine, is made effective by the artistry of Joyce Bland.

Sydney Fairbrother is good, too, as a maid.

The atmosphere is largely created by the music, and a brilliant rendering of a part of Beethoven’s Concerto in D Major by the London Symphony Orchestra, but it is carried on too long and tends to hold up plot development.

*THE LAST OF
MRS. CHENEY
M.G.M. A "U" certificate. Comedy. Runs 97 minutes.

JOAN CRAWFORD as Mrs. Cheaney
VIOLET BRACE as Lucy
FRANK MORGAN as Earl Kelton
ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE as Sir John
JEAN HOLT as Dulcie
NIGEL BRUCE as Willie
COLLIER CLARE as Joan
BENITA HENRY as Miss Cooper
RALPH BROOKES as Cousin John
AILEEN PRESTIGE as Mrs. Kelton
MELVILLE COOPER as General
LEONARD CARR as Ayme
SARA HAYDEN as Anna
JENNY LAMBERT as Inspector
WILLIAM CLARKE as George
BARNETTY PARKER as Porter

Directed by Richard Boleslawski, from a play by Frederick Lonsdale. Presented June 12, 1937.

Frederick Lonsdale’s crook con eddy does not wear well and the rate of dialogue becomes too overwhelming for comfort.

It was made into a film in the early talkie days, when Norah Shearer appeared in the title role, now played by Joan Crawford.

The main trouble with the picture is that, in spite of competent acting, the characters never really become more than type figures, and the English country-housetype atmosphere is far from convincing.

Joan Crawford, looking rather weary, does justice to the role of Hay Cheaney, an alluring crook, who insinuates herself into London’s smart set, and with Charles, a accomplice, who poses as her butler, sets the stage to relieve a duchess of her pearls, but the plot keeps beginning to assert itself, and when the wealthy, middle-aged Lord Kelton and Arthur, an attractive young member of the nobility, both fall for her, she falters. However,
THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MR. SMITH

Gus McNaughton.........Will Smith
Norma Varden.............Mrs. Broadbent
Eve Gray.................Mrs. Smith
Audrey McNaughton.....Mrs. Broadbent
Billy Shires.............Rodney Broadbent
Hal Walters..............Lobby
Norma Varden..........Isobel Scarp
Directed by Maclean Rogers, from a story by

Most of the laughs in this farce are raised by the hard work of the star, Mr. Bud Smith, who plays his usual role. The plot has some originality of idea, but it never avoids the obvious pitfalls from a situation to another rather than building up to a climax.

Gus McNaughton's role is that of the newly married Will Smith, who is to his suburban friends apparently a prosperous business man, but, although he is a city office, he earns his living as a pavement artist, known as Black Patch.

His mother-in-law believes him suspicious and with Marjorie, Will's wife, follows him to the office. They arrive to see a leer face at the window and in his pavement artist disguise—and his mother-in-law is convinced that he is an associate of crooks.

He escapes from his office, but his business clothes are found by the police, who believe he has been murdered by Black Patch.

Chased by the police, Will burges his own house to get some fresh clothes, and leaves his artist's guise behind the river to give the impression that Black Patch has committed suicide.

The following day Will learns that Black Patch has inherited £10,000 from an eccentric patron, and the final sequence shows how he reverts Black Patch, claims the legacy, and finally convinces everybody that he is still alive and a very good business man.

A conventional character study of a domineering mother-in-law is given by Norma Varden and Eve Gray is fair as the wife.

Two bright little studies are given by Hal Walters and Isobel Scarp in support.

CANNERY CARPET


Ken Maynard.........Ken
Irene GalSteiner...Joan
Harry Woods...........Bill
Harry Earles............Dale
Robert Kortman....Sick
Bud Osburne...........Buck
Bud Osborne...........Buddy
Tom London............Babe
Frank Hagden..........Smith
Jack Rovers............Sheriff
Directed by Spencer Gordon Bennet, from a story by Nyle Catterson.

Ken Maynard is not able to make much of this conventional and obviously developed Western, in spite of his horsemanship and full-blooded fighting.

The story, which takes a considerable time getting into its stride, shows how Ken, Government agent, saves Joan Peters, an attractive girl, when the horses attached to her wagon run away. He learns from her that her brother Johnny, clerk in an Express Office, is indebted to Bull, head of a gang of outlaws, who have kidnapped him, their intention being to force him to disclose the time fixed for the arrival of a shipment of money.

In order to get the goods on Bull and his gang, Ken, a notorious killer and then worms his way into their confidence. Having beared the crooks in their den, he subsequently finds it easy to bring them to heel. His good work, needless to say, is rewarded by romance with Joan.

CLAND BEYOND THE LAW

Dick Foran............Chip Douglas
Linda Perry............Louise
Wayne Morris............Dave Masters
Irene Franklin..........Cattle Kate
Joseph King...........Govt. Law Wallace
Gordon Hart...........Major Adair
Cy Kendall.............Slade Henaberry
Frank Orr..............Shorty
Glen Strong............Bandy Mairky
Harry Woods............Tassos
Melton Kierce..........Sheriff Spence
Roy Glenn..............Mason
Henry Otho.............Koby
Tom Bauer..............Douglas, Jr.
Paul Panzer...........Blake

Directed by Hal Roach, from a story by W. W. Mack, and screenplay by John Bright.

Rough stuff, romance, and song all contribute to the make-up of this outdoor drama, which, while not lacking in variety, is negligible in plot values.

Dick Foran, who incidentally is quite good vocally and histrionically, plays the role of Chip Douglas, a red, irresponsible cowboy, who little knows that Slade Henaberry, his employer, is the leader of a band of rustlers and cut-throats. When his father is murdered he still shies at responsibility and ignores the obvious, but his pavement artist disguise—his mother-in-law is convinced that he is an associate of crooks.

With the dignity of office comes a sense of duty, and it is not long before Henaberry and his gang are surrounded and romance takes the field.

RELEASES
FOR THE
PAST TWO MONTHS

Number of stars awarded are indicated in brackets.

After the Thin Man (3)............Sept. 25
Born to Dance (2).............Sept. 18
Calling All Swats (2)............Aug. 17
Camille (3)....................Sept. 4
Cavalier of the Street, The (2)....Aug. 12
Charge of the Light Brigade (3)....Sept. 4
Dark Journey, The (4)............Aug. 29
Day at the Races, A (2)............Sept. 11
Dominant Sex, The (2)............Aug. 14
Don't Get Me Wrong (2)............Aug. 11
Estate Boy (2)..................Aug. 11
Fire Down Below (2)............Aug. 26
For You Alone (5).............Oct. 2
Gap, The......................Sept. 25
Garden of Allah, The (2)............Aug. 16
High Command, The (2)............Aug. 21
King Solomon's Mines (2)........June 11
I Promise to Pay (3)............Aug. 7
Loyd of London (3).............Sept. 14
Michael Strogoff (2)............Aug. 7
Murder Case in College (2)........Sept.
Nancy Steele in Missing (2).......Aug. 7
O.K. for Sound, Law.............Aug. 12
One on a Million (2)............Aug. 21
On the Avenue (5)................
Prince and the Pauper, The (3).....Sept. 25
Raggedy River..................
Rancho Romeo.................Aug. 14
Sister Kenny (2)...............Aug. 21
Sister Kenny (2)...............Aug. 21
Shall We Dance? (3)............Sept. 11
Swaying High, Sway Low (2).......Sept. 14
Take My Tip (5)................Aug. 27
We're on the Jury (2)............Sept. 4
Who's Your Birthday? (2)........Aug. 28
Wings of the Morning (2)........Aug. 13
Women Between, The (2)........Sept. 16
You Only Live Once (3)............Sept. 23

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NANCY O'NEIL: "Are you one of those girls who, without knowing it, leave traces of stale powder and make-up deep in the pores after night? If you are, then look out! You'll get ugly Cosmetic Skin! I always use Lux Toilet Soap to guard against this trouble. 'Tis the one thing that removes stale cosmetics thoroughly."

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MARGARET LOCKWOOD: "No girl wants her beauty marred by ugly Cosmetic Skin—blemishes, dingy complexion, large pores, lifeless skin. Here's how I guard against this complexion trouble—every night, and during the day, before I make up afresh, I remove stale powder and make-up with Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps my skin clear and lovely."

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**Lesley Brook says — ALURA is just marvellous.**

**ALURA**

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In five colours: Blonde, Brown, Light Chestnut, Auburn, Black, and also NATURAL for Platinum, Bleached or White hair and when additional colour brilliance is not required. Obtainable from Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors, Lewis's, Chemists and Hairdressers: if any difficulty is experienced in obtaining send P.O. for 1/3, stating colour required, to address given below.

ALURA Colour Wave Set enables you to set your hair in deep becoming waves and fascinating curls, also adds colour beauty to your hair. ALURA will improve the natural curl or permanent wave, guaranteed harmless, extremely simple to apply, concise directions are given with every bottle.

**1/2 A L A R G E B O T T L E**

**1/2 A L A R G E B O T T L E**

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**WHAT DO YOU THINK? Letters from our readers**

**KEEP BRITISH COMEDY CLEAN!**

**Innuendo That is Monotonous**

On the other hand, "low-brows" pay their humble "bob" or "tanner" to enjoy the antics of slap-dash comedians only to squirm under the high-falutin' language and gestures of the Vere de Vere type of presentation.

Smaller cinemas, less expensive productions, smaller box-office receipts, moderate profits, but greater public popularity would accompany the introduction of specialised picture programmes. — John Procter, 38 Revolstoke Road, Southfields, London, S.W.18, who is awarded the first prize of £11.

"Simply Wonderful"

- Hero-worship on the part of the fan tends to destroy the faculty of constructive film criticism. The film-goers who form the most reliable views are those who have no out-and-out favourites.

It is pretty certain that the hysterical fans who worship the ground upon which Robert Taylor walks think that he is the screen's most wonderful actor, when actually he is merely a competent performer with looks above the average.

It is a pleasure, though not a frequent one, to converse with a film-goer who takes an intelligent interest in his films. The conversation of the invertebrate fan will inevitably revert to "— but don't you think that so-and-so is simply wonderful?"

I feel that by not being "star-conscious" one is able to get a great deal more out of going to the movies. — Miss B. Mekleljen, 37 Erning Road, Barking Road, E.16, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

**They Didn't Like It**

- The most up-to-date theatre here recently showed the film of Paderewski in Moonlight Sonata. The picture was supported by a programme of clever variety artists, and yet the public response was lukewarm to a marked degree.

Expressions of impatience were heard during the master's playing, the general atmosphere leaving little doubt that genuine lovers of music can hardly hope for other pictures of this kind.

That a great musician and a famous actress should have given the multitude a chance to see and hear what has hitherto been the privilege of a few, seems to me a tremendous step in the progress of the film industry.

Where are the people who speak of educational pictures? For the sake of future films featuring great artists, I hope this experience is only local, and not a true indication of the public's reception of Moonlight Sonata.— (Miss) G. Pyer, 63 Greenfield Rd., Colchester, Essex.

"But to the average unmusical film-fan, twenty-five minutes of unadulterated piano-playing is exquisite torture." — (Signed) J. B. Taylor.

**Solving a Problem**

- In almost every profession, industry and commercial undertaking to-day, the trend is towards "specialisation." When will motion-picture producers and cinema proprietors pause in their insane and impossible aim to please that entirely non-existent type of patron: "Mr. and Mrs. Everybody?"

In thousands of cinemas at the present time, pictures differing in quality, purpose and appeal are jumbled together in a manner bordering on the ludicrous.

People with "high-brow" tastes are cajoled into witnessing pictures bearing the hallmark of refinement, followed immediately by others which have about as much resemblance to their predecessor as a hippopotamus to a "gentle gazelle."

**Joining In**

- Cinemas are too impersonal these days. The audience is expected to sit in statuesque dumbness and not make itself felt. In the old days, songs were put on the screen and the

(Continued on page 34)
If you dance you’ll want these AIDS to GLAMOUR for the winter parties ahead

They’re never so inexpensive as in the ...

Rexall

ADVERTISING SALE

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Just when you are thinking about the new beauty needs you will want this winter, comes the Rexall Sale to save you shillings on your beauty budget. Don’t miss it. There are dozens of other bargains besides those shown below!

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Usual Price 1/3 During Sale TWO for 1/4

GARDENIA PERFUMES Handbag Size Usual Price per bottle 1/3

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JONTEEL VANISHING CREAM Usual Price per jar 1/10

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JONTEEL FACE POWDER Usual Price per Package 1/1

During Sale TWO for 1/1

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Beauty lies upon your pillow

Science has given a new meaning to the old thought of a beauty sleep. It has always been known that the skin consists of several layers and that Nature meant the outer one, exposed to dirt and wind and weather, gradually to give place to the fresh, clear one underneath. But it has only recently been realised that the cause of all the "muddy" and dull complexities is due to minute particles of the worn-out, dried-up, outer cuticle remaining to clog up the pores and stifle the young skin underneath.

This is where the new idea of a Beauty Sleep begins, and you can make to-night's a real beauty sleep in the simplest possible manner. Just get from any chemist some pure Mercolized Wax and gently rub it in with the finger-tips before you go to bed. Then while you sleep the Mercolized Wax will be softly, imperceptibly dissolving away all those tiny particles of old, worn-out skin, leaving the fresh, young skin healthy, clear and beautiful.

Even one night will show you a wonderful result. It is simply amazing how this natural way transcends all artificial means and lotions. But be sure to get Mercolized Wax and follow the instructions on the jar. Price 2/- and 3/6.

MERCOLIZED WAX

DOES NOT contain Mercury, animal fat, or anything injurious to the complexion and is guaranteed not to encourage the growth of hair.

Don’t let your beauty finish at the shoulders. Today you must be “Schoolgirl Complexion all over.” Women everywhere have found that the rich, velvety lather of Palmolive used in the bath will keep skin soft and lovely from top to toe. That is because it is made from a secret blend of olive and palm oils—nature’s own beauty oils. Let Palmolive bring new freshness and youth to your whole skin—let it make you “Schoolgirl Complexion all over.”

What Do You Think? Contd.

The audience expected to join in. In fact the cinema introduced community singing.

People dappled during a film, and booed and hissed too. Now, for fear of interrupting the dialogue, they have to maintain a decorous silence. It is not right for grown-ups any more than for children to be kept bottled up for two or three hours without outlet for their feelings.

Cinema managers should give opportunity for responsiveness. One cinema organiser, for example, plays a well-known tune and the audience are asked to supply the name of a commodity to fit it.

Thus, “A Hunting We Will Go”—Keatng’s. Other organists introduce community-singing.

Something on these lines must be done everywhere. If the public is forever made to assume the function of blotting paper, it may eventually dry up altogether, and seek an entertainment where it may vent its own “poisonality.”

Louis Hain, 20 Penarth Road, Northenden, Manchester.

(There is a great deal of value in a “gei-together,” if it is spontaneous. But it can only be encouraged, not forced.”—“Thinker.”)

A Word for Westerns

We hurl criticism—condemnation—even contempt—at Cowboy films, and one must admit that the average Western (apart from the glimpse of the great outdoors) is woefully weak.

But we should concede Westerns one thing: that there had been no cowboy films we should not have had the stars we have grown to glory in.

Tom Mix in the course of his screen career had over three score leading-ladies—and a couple of score became something in the shape of film favourites. Mae Murray may be mentioned.

Beautiful Norma Shearer—though few would credit it—is another instance, as are Marsha Hunt, Frances Farmer, and of recent stardom, Gail Patrick and captivating Cecilia Parker.

“Cowboys” have never been more than secondary screen fare, but as long as they can claim to be a “star academy” I (for one) am loth to lose them!—Robert Lock, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.

(There seem to be signs that Westerns are coming into their own again, anyway.”—“Thinker.”)

A Library Lack

It would appear that, as far as Municipal library authorities are concerned, the cinema does not exist!

Have you noticed that, although every branch of industry and art is represented by various official organs in the reading rooms, the cinema is ignored?

I fail to see why this should be the case. Surely the cinema is of sufficient interest to everybody to warrant the inclusion, in every public library, of a periodical devoted to the subject.—Reginald Perry, 56 Acre Road, Kingston, Surrey.

(“Modesty forbids our suggesting the most suitable periodical!”—“Thinker.”)

What do you think of the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 ls. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to: “The Picturegoer Weekly,” Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.
Fred Kohler
- Must have been foiled by the handsome hero more times than any "heavy" actor in Hollywood. A whole generation of Western stars has risen to greatness over his prostrate form (in the last reel). Kohler has been playing screen bad men for over a quarter of a century. He entered pictures in 1910 at the old Selig studios and has been kept busy in films ever since.

He was born in Kansas City on April 20, 1889, and embarked on a stage career by accident when a friend, hearing that he was out of work, gave him a job in his touring company. He played the villain, of course.

His recent film appearances include The Texas Rangers, The Plainsman, The Moutains Are Coming, and Trail's End.

Kohler is 6 ft. 1 in. tall and has blue eyes and fair hair.

Fritz Kortner
- One of the Continent's most distinguished gifts to British films, Fritz Kortner was born in Vienna on May 12, 1892. He went on the stage before he was twenty and built up a great reputation in the European theatre, as a Shakespearean actor. His Caliban in The Tempest is still regarded as one of the classic modern performances of the role. He also scored a triumph with Elisabeth Bergner in The Merchant of Venice.

On the screen he appeared in the German versions of Atlantic, Dreyfus and Cape forlorn and was also seen in The Butterfly on the Wheel.

He came to England in 1934 to play in Chu Chin Chow and he has since been in Evensong, Abdul The Damned, The Crouching Beast and his latest, Midnight Menace.

Otto Kruger
- Was born in Toledo, Ohio, on September 6, 1888, the son of an accountant. His father wanted him to be an engineer and sent him to the University of Michigan, but Otto wanted more in the way of adventure than the profession offered. He took a job as a forest ranger and later became a telephone lines-man.

After serving in the War he drifted on to the stage, where after a short time touring the sticks he crashed Broadway. He appeared with success in The Royal Family, Counsellor-Law and Private Lives among other plays and was offered a Hollywood contract.

He made his screen bow in Turn back the Clock and was an immediate success. His latest pictures are: Lady of Secrets, Living Dangerously, Dracula's Daughter, Glamorous Night and They Won't Forget.

Kruger is 5 ft. 9 in. tall and has brown hair and grey eyes.

Marta Labarr
- Got her first chance in the theatre because Simone Simon, to whom she was understudy, fell ill. It was in an operetta called Didi in 1934.

Subsequently she appeared in a number of French films. While she was visiting friends in England, however, an agent heard her sing and persuaded her to concentrate on a career in British pictures.

She made her English screen debut in Ball at the Savoy and has subsequently appeared in Second Bureau.

Marta, although of French parentage, was born in America, where she lived until she was eight, when she went to France. She studied singing, dancing and sculpture, but had not seriously considered a stage career until she applied for that small job in Didi under the persuasion of a friend who was in the show.

It's great! It's a front-page flavour. I'll state—it's a real life-saver. It's jam, it's joy, it's girl-meets-boy, it's grand! It's a pocket feast, it's a meal at least, it beats the band! It's a wow! Just the queen of sweetness! And how! Full of good-to-eat-ness! Every tiny bit is a bulls-eye hit, a date! I'm crazy over Nestlé's Chocolate.

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MAKE-UP OUTFIT OF
"The Make-up that Leads to Love"

Men do not like girls whose faces are obviously covered with cosmetics. The girl who wins love is the 'natural' girl—and the 'natural' beautifiers are OUTDOOR GIRL products. Prove this for yourself by posting the coupon below for a trial OUTDOOR GIRL outfit.

FOR GIRLS AFTER A MAN'S HEART

NAIL BITING

and we know it's a tall order but there is VITAMIN F in all Manex preparations even though you can't see it. Watch the amazing difference it makes to your nails!

Nails, you see, are not solid... they're made of tiny, horny plates held together by fatty tissues; some polishes dry up this substance, leaving the little plates so loose that nails snap off at the slightest strain.

This fatty tissue is almost pure VITAMIN F—so now, although it costs 40 times as much as the oils usually used—we put VITAMIN F in all Manex preparations. It keeps nails supple and strong. So trust your nails only to Manex...
SHOW me the woman who would not be slim if she could. From time to time the fashion designers announce that really bonny women are to be in the mode again, and that we are going to rejoice in the possession of hips.

But we smile and carry on as before, and wherever half a dozen women are gathered together, you can bet that at least two of them are discussing the latest method of taking off a pound or two.

There are several means of slimming. You can persuade your doctor to give you thyroid extract; you can take one or other of the advertised remedies; you can practise reducing exercises or you can diet.

If of those who would like to slim, quite a number write to me and say that they have no time for regular exercise, and that they cannot order fancy diets because they live in lodgings.

To such as these in particular the simplicitics of the bread and butter way of reducing will appeal. No landlady in her senses would object to providing you with bread and butter instead of a fillet steak, for instance. Bread is cheaper than meat, and if you undertake this three weeks’ dieting your landlady stands to make quite a lot of money.

But while she makes money, you lose those unwanted pounds, so both of you are pleased.

The basic principle of the diet, which should be continued for twenty-one days, is bread with butter, together with tea, milk and water, and pure tomato juice.

Tests have been made and it is claimed that they prove that whether you work in your own home, or whether you go out to earn your living, all kinds of work may be continued while you are on the diet.

The day is punctuated by five meals, and this is how it works out.

**Breakfast.**—Two full slices of bread, cut in the thicknesses of an inch thick, from a full-sized sandwich loaf. On these slices is spread plenty of butter. With this meal half a pint of milk is taken. There is one strict rule—the milk must be taken immediately before or after eating the bread and butter. You must not take alternate sips of milk and bits of bread.

12 a.m.—Two slices of bread with butter. Cup of tea if desired.

4 p.m.—Two more slices of bread and butter, with one cup of tea. If sugary tea is distasteful, one lump of sugar is permitted.

7 p.m.—The usual ration of bread and butter, but this time accompanied by a wineglass of pure tomato juice.

**On retiring.**—Two slices of bread with butter and half a pint of warm milk, sipped as before, either before or after the bread and butter has been eaten.

The tea taken should be weak. Fresh dairy butter is preferable to salt butter, and as much cold water as possible should be taken between the meals.

The diet should be followed for three weeks, and after that may be repeated at intervals either for the full twenty-one days or for a shorter period.

The first week is likely to prove the hardest, for though the diet is ample enough to prevent a feeling of hunger, there may be desire for other kinds of foods. After the first week this tends to disappear. A variation may be made if liked by toasting the bread on both sides. The intake of ample butter and the drinking of milk prevents unpleasant nervous reactions which so often happen with other diets from which fat is excluded. Neither does the patient suffer from acidosis.

Most of those who have reported after their three weeks’ dieting have lost anything from 10 to 14 lbs.; all report inches lost from waist and tummy, and the majority announce clearer complexes.

The return to a normal diet is not difficult and should cause no digestive troubles. There are a few simple rules, such as the following:

1. Do not drink during meals. Take tea preferably before the meal rather than afterwards.

2. Dry meals are preferable. Avoid sauces and gravies.

Avoid highly seasoned dishes, pickles, spices and condiments. Add no salt to food beyond that used in cooking.

Do not indulge in snacks between meals. If you must have something between meals, take a glass of lemon-butter water. This will assuage your hunger.

LET US EXPLAIN: Black Magic are the wonderful chocolates which Society is preferring even to 5/- a pound chocolates! One reason is, they contain the twelve delicious “centres” that were proved by test to be the most popular. How can Rowntrees sell these really superb chocolates for only 2½ a pound? The answer is — by packing them in simple black boxes without any extravagant decorations or tinfoil.

**TALKIE TITLE TALES**

**THIS week’s prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss N. Burrows, 60 Jessop Street, Codnor, Derbyshire, for —**

**Love Letters of a Star Man in Possession**

J. Molloy, 25 Macedonia Square, Edinburgh, for —

**The Bride Walks Out**

**Dreams Come True**

**Song of Freedom**

**It’s a Grand Old World**

**Miss J. Inglis, “Lethbridge,” 11 Kinns-**

**north Road, Ashford, Kent, for —**

**Let’s Talk It Over**

**The Old-Fashioned Way**

**Kiss and Make Up**

**Let’s Try Again**

**Miss Ethel Miles, Ivy Cottage, Leavent**

**Ipness, Suffolk, for —**

**We Who Are About to Do the Cheer Up**

**The Road to Glory**

**Not So Dusty**

Miss W. Brumby, 43 Cheilton Road, Fulham, W., for —

**The Scarlet Pimpernel**

**The Hound of the Baskervilles**

**I Promise to Pay**

**The Return of the Scarlet Pimperne**

As you can see, the idea of “Talkie Title Tales” is to link that of four talkie tales in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to nos postcard, at Pentangoele, Martlet House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

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

GUY BEACON.
HE'S SURE TO APPROVE THESE 3 POLISH SHADES

If he's conservative in his tastes, you'll find him pleased if your fingers are tipped with one of these lovely Cutex polish shades. Cutex Colourless gives your nails a brilliance that rivals your jewels! Natural or Rose are youthful and flattering tones. To be prepared for any occasion buy all three—in the wonderfully improved polish that resists thickening in the bottle and wears without peeling or chipping. Price 1/6d and 9d.

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**Why FAIR HAIR needs more care than DARK HAIR**

Scientists say that fair-haired girls have 17% more sex appeal than brunettes. But how many fair-haired girls know how to keep their hair beautiful?

If you will look closely at two strands of hair, you will see that dark hair is coarse and strong; fair hair, fine and delicate. But there's another more important difference. In every strand of fair hair there is a precious vitamin which gives it its softness and light. Dark hair is different. Yet every day some fair-haired girls use the same shampoo as brunettes. No wonder the lovely lights in their hair soon fade.

What they need is Sta-blond, the shampoo made specially for fair hair. Sta-blond contains Vitel, the same vitamin which Nature puts in all fair hair, and which ordinary shampoos wash away. That's why Sta-blond not only prevents drying darkening, but brings back the true golden beauty of childhood to hair grown mousy or dull.

If you want a boost, don't buy Sta-blond; but if you want to keep your hair lovely and light in colour as Nature intended, it's the only shampoo to use.

**FREE! TRY STA-BLOND TODAY AT OUR EXPENSE**

Sta-Blond Laboratories Ltd., Dept. P.30, 10 Henrietta St., London, W.1. Please send me free one full-sized Sta-blond Shampoo for fair hair

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I post free 2d. in stamps for post-age
In gay Vienna, as in beauty centres everywhere, Yardley Beauty Replacements are in great demand.

33, Old Bond Street - the World!

Is your mirror as happy as you are, over your summer adventures? Chances are, it is making the same frank remarks now being made by mirrors everywhere. Skin dry, leathery, roughened - that's from exposure! Wrinkles, lines, yellowness, greasy patches - the unwelcome gifts of blazing sunshine. Isn't it time to learn the facts of beauty? They have sent thousands of women from every civilized country to the address above to learn that: Sun, exposure, time itself are constantly stealing your skin's vital functioning elements. You can cover their loss - for a while. But to be beautiful - put them back again! The few lovely Yardley pots do not contain the usual substitutes for your lost beauty - but replacements of it! The simple, pure, far-from-expensive substances that are the functional necessities of every adult skin. Come yourself to Bond Street, to see how they wake your face to living beauty. Or follow the treatment below. Write for the little volume "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street" and the name of your nearest dealer anywhere in the world.

YARDLEY HOME TREATMENT

POWDER, CREAMS AND LOTIONS ALL 5/6

LIQUEFIED CLEANSING CREAM To remove all impurities.
SKIN FOOD A nourishing cream for night use.
TONING LOTION To tone Dry and Normal Skins.
ASTRINGENT SKIN TONIC To tighten and restore youthful contours to oily skins.
COMPLEXION MILK A liquid and protective cleanser specially recommended for use during the daytime.
ENGLISH COMPLEXION CREAM A light nourishing cream and powder base for the busy woman.
FOUNDATION CREAM A powder base for normal and oily skins.

YARDLEY CREAM ROUGE 2 - LIPSTICK TO MATCH 3 - EYESHADOW TO TONE 2 - ENGLISH COMPLEXION POWDER 3.6 in the shade of your choice.

33 OLD BOND STREET

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'10 MINUTES TO WAIT before catching the boat train'—says NORA SWINBURNE

'Quality' still means something to cigarette smokers. They choose De Reszke Minors for a 10-minute smoke because, although inexpensive, they are not 'cheap'. Actually, they are made of the same tobacco and packed with the same care as much dearer cigarettes. And they last the full 10 minutes.

PLAIN, CORK OR 'IVORY'-TIPPED

De Reszke MINORS

In tins: 30 for 1/- * 60 for 2/- * In boxes: 15 for 6d * 30 for 1/-
SAME GIRL- Different make-up

Thanks to "WOMAN'S FAIR"

SHE was passably attractive—BUT SHE LACKED GLAMOUR; missed that unmistakable distinction that comes only when every make-up and dress decision is aimed to secure one clear-cut effect. That's where so many thousands of women go astray. Woman's Fair experts showed her how to find her "type" and how to build her entire "make-up" round it.

They recommended a different hair-style, suggested deft touches to eyes and eyebrows, corrected the shape and shade of her lips and transformed her into a real beauty—\( a \) girl with definite personality, glamour and charm. This remarkable individual beauty guidance of Woman's Fair can do as much for \( YOU \)! It's a FREE Personal Service that every reader can enjoy.

Make sure you get the grand November issue of Woman's Fair—on sale Friday, October 15th. It is the Journal of Beauty—sophisticated, informative excitingly different; the magazine every smart woman must read. In its 96 lavishly illustrated pages you'll find many thrilling new aids to beauty.

Your appearance, health, clothes, personality—Woman's Fair deals with them all in an enthralling new way. And there's a wealth of other wonderful features in this superb November issue—three thrilling full-length stories—another of Olive Wadsley's great series of real-life love confessions—no less than FOUR fascinating new knitwear designs—a wonderful double-spread of seven smart additions to your wardrobe—and lots more.

Make sure you get this superb November issue, on sale Friday, Oct. 15th—6d. everywhere.

A Personality all day long . . .

with the confidence Carillon gives

. . . a touch of fresh perfume has an effect on you that nothing else can quite replace—makes you more charming to others and increases your poise and confidence in yourself. And if the perfume is Carillon, this added charm and radiance last all day.

Carillon does not cloy. Its stimulus is refreshing, enlivening. You can wear it with perfect taste anywhere, at any time. And Carillon stays fresh and stimulating the whole day through, delicate and fragrant as when you first put it on. A touch of Carillon when you leave home in the morning will earn you a greater welcome wherever you go and make you infinitely more fun to meet! Such an inexpensive pleasure—1/6, 3/-, 5/6 and upwards.

ATKINSONS

Carillon

THE PERFUME THAT STAYS FRESH
Where Fashion decrees... **YARDLEY LAVENDER**

From the moment she enters the room, the head waiter is her slave and the flagging violin takes new heart. Exquisite in every detail, she chooses for her perfume the Yardley Lavender, to which fashionable women instinctively turn for daytime and informal wear. The winsome beauty of this lovable fragrance gives that air of refinement and charm which adds so much to the enjoyment of every occasion.

Perfumed with the same refreshing fragrance, the Yardley Lavender Soap, with its soft mellow lather, has refined and beautified her complexion. It is a beauty treatment in itself.
DEAR JOAN BENNETT,
Fortune plays some strange tricks in the film world, does it not? Fame and wealth follow a chance meeting at a party. A thoughtless headline brings a screen name toppling in the dust. Stars and extras change places almost overnight.

A year or two ago the name of Bennett in movies meant only one thing—the spectacular screen queenship of Constance.

Connie had always been the star performer of the Bennett outfit. She had come into films with a background more glamorous, probably, than that of any other actress who has sought success in the screen city.

She had brought sophistication to the heroine department. Her starring vehicles were a sensation. She was the girl who had stood Hollywood on its ear.

She was the girl who had not only usurped the throne of Gloria Swanson, but had emerged with her famous Marquis from the most talked-about triangle drama in all Hollywood history.

Reporters sprinted after her to gather such gems of wisdom for their feminine readers as the advice that every girl should marry a millionaire and the news that it cost her $50,000 a year to clothe the Bennett body in the balmy climate of California.

Yes, Connie put on a good show. Amid all the noise, some of us remembered that there was a kid sister in the background, but the President of the Joan Bennett Fan Club himself would have hesitated to predict that she would one day surpass Constance in the popularity stakes.

Joan Bennett and Mischa Auer in “Walter Wanger’s Vagues of 1938”

What Happens to JOANS

- An open letter to

JOAN BENNETT

To-day, if the wheel has not exactly turned full cycle, it has left you in a position among the front-rank stars, while Connie, somewhat unfortunate in her recent pictures, including a not exactly triumphal British film experiment, has been much less in the public eye.

There will, no doubt, be those who will attribute your success to the family influence.

To them we would point out that among people who know, being related to the famous has always been regarded as a handicap. At any rate, the record of the brothers and sisters of the screen celebrities who have tried to emulate their feats has been a melancholy one. Success, in the circumstances, is sufficiently rare for the film colony to regard the recent rise of Gloria Blondell and Joan Fontaine as something of a phenomenon.

We are abundantly satisfied, moreover, that the facts do not support the charge in your own case.

The most pleasing feature of your rise to stardom, indeed, is that it is the result of steady work and consistent improvement, because that is the type of stardom that has a sound foundation that will last. In the long run, it is the Joans rather than the Connies who score.

And you have had eight years or so in which to learn your job since you made your bow to the cameras in support of Ronald Colman in Bulldog Drummond.

Before that you had had some slight experience on the stage in one of your father’s plays, Jarnegan.

When Bulldog Drummond was followed by Distract and a Fox contract, you had your foot well planted on the Hollywood ladder.

However, as we have said, it was inevitable that in those days you should have been overshadowed by Constance. You were content, however, to settle down into the humdrum round of conventional leading lady roles in a variety of pictures good, bad and indifferent, but mostly bad and indifferent. The experience should be useful to you now.

The turning point probably came in Little Women. The picture itself attracted attention, and the fans, seeing a Joan Bennett with a charm and sense of humour they had never been allowed to see before, sat up and took notice.

Private Worlds, Thirteen Hours by Air and Big Brown Eyes completed the good work of making the world Joan Bennett conscious, and with Walter Wanger’s Vagues of 1938 you have justified the family motto: “There’ll always be a Bennett at the top.”

The Editor
Ginger Ridge The

- Now a Star in Her Own Right
- Crawford as a Fashion Queen
- Boyer Denies Garbo Rumours
- Hollywood Honours Eddie Cantor

December 18 as the definite date of her marriage to Coogan. Paramount executives summoned her to inner sanctums and informed Betty that she was to be elevated to stardom.

She was told she was to be given only starring roles and a build-up campaign which would top Simone Simon's, as soon as she completed her current picture, Thrill of a Lifetime, because of her work in that film.

Coogan, a daily visitor to the Thrill of a Lifetime set until he left on a personal appearance tour, indicated plainly on his departure that he was not in favour of Betty pursuing her screen career.

Coogan, in fact, made it clear that his idea of a perfect marital existence does not include film careers.

The thrusting of stardom on Betty followed her selection by Russell Patterson and Rolf Armstrong, the famous artists, as the perfect screen blonde, but after much. They find Hollywood's "perfect girl" once a day and twice on Sundays.

However, in case you're interested, these are the conditions that go to make up the ideal screen figure of-to-day, according to Messrs. Patterson and Armstrong.


This Week's Great Thoughts

A stand-in is someone you hire when you're too inspired to perspire.—Joan Blondell.

I'm never late on the set because I have no one to fight with while I'm getting ready to leave home.—Edna May Oliver.

When a gold-digger says she'll go fifty-fifty, she means she'll provide the appetite if you'll furnish the food.—Our Tame Extra Girl.

If I could only be in Muni's class—Spencer Tracy.

I never go to see my pictures; I think I look silly on the screen.—Allan Mowbray.

Cameramen Prefer Blondes

- Colour cameramen, like other gentlemen, prefer blondes. The preference was revealed recently to Frances Farmer during the production of Ebb Tide.

Colour tests disclosed to Howard Greene, head colour cameraman at Paramount, that in Miss Farmer he found the "perfect feminine type for Technicolor.

Pastel shades are the most effective for the colour camera." Greene explained to the actress. "Therefore your blonde hair and hazel eyes, and a complexion which lends itself to the softer fabric colourings, are ideal for pastel photography."

Frances Farmer and her husband, Leif Erickson are now busy building their dream house in Coldwater Canyon.

Its outstanding feature will be a tiny theatre on the stage of which Frances will work out

CRAWFORD'S TWENTY-EIGHT GOWNS

- It looks as if Joan Crawford is out to give the dozen or so holders of the Hollywood's best-dressed woman title a little competition.

Joan is appearing next in Showboat with Spencer Tracy as her co-star. I may be wrong, but I don't remember Crawford and Tracy being teamed before, incidentally.

Anyway, she is to wear twenty-eight gowns in the course of the picture; she has six changes in one sequence alone and four in another.

Joan has become something of a fashion queen lately. She originated the "pageboy" coiffure in The Bride Wore Red. Now she is giving the lead to a new Hollywood vogue for wearing jewels in the hair.

GARBO BY BOYER

- For some time there have been rumours that all was not well between Greta Garbo and her new leading man, Charles Boyer, on the Conquest set.

It was even reported that Garbo had demanded rerakes to give her part more prominence.

The last person to hear of the trouble, however, seems to have been Mr. Boyer himself.

Barry Mackay relaxes with the aid of Picturegoer after the day's work at Pinewood, where he is again appearing with Jeane Matthews. The new picture is "Sailing Along."

"I have never met an artist so willing to sacrifice herself for a fellow-player as Garbo," he says.

"As you know, she makes it a rule to leave at five o'clock, but at least a dozen times during the making of the picture she stayed well past that hour merely to feed me off-stage lines from behind the camera while they were getting me in close-ups."

Most of the rerakes, he declares, have not been of Greta, but of him.

ACTRESSES SHOULD FALL IN LOVE

- Glenda Farrell is the latest authority to step forward with the theory that young actresses should manage to fall in love if they want to succeed.

"There is something about a red-hot romance," she explains, "that leads a young woman to dramatic heights she could never reach without it."

"If I were a producer I'd play matchmaker for all unmarried stars and featured players. Life and work are both more interesting when an outside love interest has the player half groggy."

"Personally, I've been in and out of love several times and I know I do my best roles when I am in." Most of my friends feel the same way about it.

"Love doesn't just make the world go round. It sometimes makes fine artists out of people who might otherwise be bit players.""

Glenda will soon be seen in Dance, Charlie, Dance, with Stuart Erwin, Jean Muir, and other well-known players. They say she's great in it, so she's probably in love again, if her own theory is correct.

I don't know if Miss Farrell has discussed her views with Betty Grable, but falling in love has led Betty into a serious predicament. Or at least she thinks it is.

Betty has to decide between the glamour and glitter of top-flight stardom—for which she has struggled six years—and marriage to Jackie Coogan and the cool million dollars with which he retired from the screen. And the normally smooth Grable brow is creased.

Exactly one week after she announced next
CREST

characterisations she must portray, with Erikson criticising her work, and Erikson submitting his characterisations to Frances for her criticisms.

The couple are Hollywood's most serious players and act out all their parts at home before doing the roles on a stage. Frances is permitted by her directors to work out virtually all of her characterisations. Erikson takes his work just as seriously.

Arnold's Son for the Screen

• Following in the footsteps of his famous father, Edward Arnold jun., will make his screen debut in the musical-football extravaganza Joy Parade which stars the Ritz Brothers.

Blue-eyed like his father and weighing 14 stone the 17-year-old University High School student was declared by Director William A. Seiter to be the ideal college boy type for the picture. "Sure dad approves of my going into pictures," young Arnold says. "But he thinks I should finish high school and college first, so for a time I guess I'll only have a chance to work during vacations.

Arnold has two sisters, both of whom are looking forward to screen careers. They are Betty Arnold (19), and Jane Arnold (12).

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR ACTOR

EDDIE CANTOR appears destined to take the place of the late Will Rogers as America's best-liked actor.

From October 24 to 30, an Eddie Cantor Anniversary Week will be observed nationally. The announcement was made by an executive committee which includes Joseph M. Schenck, chairman; James A. Farley, Postmaster-General of the United States; Will Hays; Governor Frank F. Merriam, of California; Paul Muni and Louis B. Mayer.

The week's celebration will be climaxed by a testimonial dinner on October 28, in honour of Cantor and his twenty-five years as a leader in the entertainment world, at the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles. The proceedings will be broadcast over nation-wide radio networks.

The honorary committee includes the wife of the president, Vice-President Garner, seven governors, two cardinals, the Episcopal Bishop of New York, General Pershing, Admiral Byrd, and hundreds of politicians, film stars and other celebrities.

It is the greatest testimonial that a film actor has ever received.

Family Warfare

• Martha Raye's husband, Hamilton (Buddy) Westmore, made a hot response to the divorce suit of his young wife.

According to Buddy, the entire trouble is due to Pete Bauman, a friend of Martha's mother, who, the husband says, was formerly a waiter at the Cafè La Maze, a swanky restaurant catering to the film elite.

Young Westmore declares that Bauman insisted on being present at all conferences, business or social, between himself, Martha and her mother.

The youthful husband said that he endeavoured to persuade his wife to save her money, and he denies the charges of cruelty made by her.

A Guarded Star

• Although Kay Francis has filed a court action, seeking to dissolve her contract with the Warner studio because Claudette Colbert was given the starring role in Towarch, she is working in Return from Limbo at the Warner studios.

Because of the desire of journalists to interview Kay regarding the law suit, the star worked on closed sets.

"Charley Chan" Returns

• Warner Oland will soon start work on Charley Chan at Monte Carlo, a series which appears destined to continue for many years.

Mr. Oland, who is defending a divorce action brought by his wife, disappeared for a time, but finally arranged a temporary settlement with Mrs. Oland, thereby being able to continue his film work.

A Writer's Troubles

• Imagine leaving a comfortable beach home and going to a Hollywood hotel to achieve seclusion!

But this is what a high salaried playwright, under contract to a major studio, did. His wife is in New York and he was left alone with a 15-year-old nephew.

Neighbours continually dropped in, and the nephew, a likeable lad, who worships his uncle, nearly talked him to death. Much as he likes his nephew and his well-meaning neighbours, the author was driven nearly frantic.

So he arranged to have friends care for the boy, and took up temporary quarters in a Hollywood hotel, where he found peace and quiet.

Devoted Parent

• Sigrid Gurie, clever young Scandinavian actress who is playing the feminine lead in The Adventures of Marco Polo, starring Gary Cooper, is very unassuming, and candidly admitted that she rode to the studio in a tram.

Eager journalists printed the fact that Sigrid had no automobile, and the story finally reached her father in Norway. He immediately sent sufficient funds to a motor company in Hollywood, and a shiny new car was sent to Sigrid's apartment.

Success At Last

• Spencer Tracy has invested in gold mines, oil wells, real estate and inventions, and never made a profit. That is why he sold his first yacht, the Carrie II, although he is going to buy another in a few weeks.

The actor said he did not want to part with the boat, but when the man who bought it offered him a profit he could not turn it down. He wanted the satisfaction of having made a successful deal!

Anyway, Spencer does not have to worry, for he appears likely to draw a princely salary from the movies for a long time to come.

Hollywood Says That—

— Dick Powell sang in a church choir.

— Hugh Herbert was an usher in a New York theatre.

— Myrna Loy has a passion for buying dishes, so she is constantly presenting friends with china ware.

— Ginger Rogers buys costly perfumes.

— Bing Crosby's hobby is race horses, and, since he opened his race track, the diversion has been very profitable.

(Continued on page 8)

A long drink. This may be a genuine outerize mint julep or it may be just another publicity stunt, but the girls are all right, anyway.
E. G. CROOKERY Covers the British Studios

CROOKERY AT WELWYN

BUZZED up to Welwyn Garden City last week to lunch with John Argyle and the director and some of the cast of Dangerous Fingers, which is being made there for distribution by Pathe.

Young Mr. Argyle seems to have his fingers in a number of different pies nowadays—he’s a director of several companies, and looks like becoming a figure to be reckoned with in British production before he’s much older.

No one can say he hasn’t started young, anyway. From his record it would almost seem that he’d begun making films in his cradle.

At lunch I sat next to Betty Lynne (trust me!).

This young woman looks to me like a winner. She’s only been in films since Christmas, and during that time has played in only two studios—yet she’s been featured in eight pictures.

French Leave, produced by Pathe at Welwyn, was her biggest break so far. Norman Lee, who directed that, is also directing this Fingers one, and he thinks a lot of Betty’s work.

Up and Coming

German-born, she has a curious accent which I attribute to her efforts to conceal a slight Teutonic burr; but she is definitely a good-looker, has a sense of humour (a very important quality in this business), and as an actress she is among the most promising of your players.

While she was at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art (you’d be surprised if you knew how many of our top-liners had studied there) she walked off with the coveted Bancroft Gold Medal.

Being, according to Academy standards, a top-notch, she was now all ready for fame; but the only engagement she could get was a very modest role as a maid in the stage production of Grand Hotel in the West End.

However, it was the West End, which carries weight; and far from damping her aspirations, this led to her playing on Broadway in a show in which Leslie Howard was starring, called Animal Kingdom (it was subsequently made into the film called The Woman in His House).

That had an encouragingly long run, and then Betty came home and understudied Bergner in the stage play Escape Me Never.

Watch Betty

Only once was Elisabeth indisposed during the West End run, and on that occasion the curtain came down and the performance was arrested. But Betty had the satisfaction of playing the part several times in Brighton— and got good notices, too.

Look out for her in French Leave and Dangerous Fingers. I think she’ll like her. She was in Transatlantic Trouble with Max Miller; and in that she played opposite young James Stephenson, who is her opposite number in this one, too.

In fact, he plays the title-role.

Mr. Fingers is a gentleman crook of the "Raffles" school, who is musically inclined. He is wanted for murder, and leads the cops a pretty dance.

He didn’t do it, though; you are perfectly justified in assuming that when you notice that Leslie Perrins is also in the cast; and if ever any really smooth piece of villainy has to be performed, it’s a case of "send for Mr. Perrins."

Sally Stewart plays Mr. Fingers’ girl-friend, who double-crosses him. She is not in the final fade-out clinch, her place there being taken by Betty Lynne aforesaid, who has reformed the gentlemanly Mr. Raffles... pardox, Fingers.

So we all excuse Fingers, and everyone lives happily ever after (excepting, presumably, Mr. Perrins).}

Busy Buchanan

Jack Buchanan has been having a pretty busy time lately.

Last May he began work on the first picture of his new company, Jack Buchanan Productions Ltd.

That was Smash and Grab, featuring himself and Elsie Randolph; then came The Sky’s the Limit, in which he featured a new young Russian singer, Mara Lossel, whom he expects to set the Thames on fire (a very difficult trick), he had Bobby Howes and Jean Gillie disposing themselves in Sweet Devil; and work on Break the News is all over barring the cutting.

Jack himself has gone off to New York to appear in a stage-show, Between the Devil, with Evelyn Laye, but his packing was sadly interrupted by the fact that, little more than a week before he sailed, Adele Astaire discovered that she didn’t care for her part in Break the News, and broke the news that she couldn’t go on with it.

So she went back to being Lady Charles Cavendish, and they hastily co-opted June Knight into the cast—and all the scenes between Jack and Adele had to be shot over again.

However, these were fortunately mostly intimate sequences, not the big spectacular stuff, for Adele (and this was her chief grievance) had hardly any dancing to do.

Let Her Dance!

I hope they will have written in some dances for June Knight; I certainly would not like to see a repetition of the wicked waste of talent in Lilac Domino, in which June Knight, who dances like a fire engine, was given the songs, and Michael Bartlett, singer, was hardly heard at all.

I don’t think Rene Clair, directing Break the Vows, is likely to make a mistake like that.

Incidentally, Adele Astaire is to be in a Jack Buchanan production after all, provided he can find her a suitable subject.

It would be interesting to see whether her years of retirement into the aristocracy Adele can still reproduce the form that helped to make the team of Fred and Adele Astaire one of the most famous of stage combinations.

Tom and Will

Tom Walls is going in for Shakespeare, (Turbotmuth, pass the lady the salt volatile.)

I should have said, instead of taking your breath away like that, that Tom Walls has had recourse to a line of Shakespeare for the title-
One picture is worth 10,000 words, says the Chinese proverb, and for more than three years the vivid pictorial pages of Weekly Illustrated have presented readers near-pictures from all over the world.

Often exclusive and always graphic, the demand for more pictures has increased with the immense popularity of Weekly Illustrated. Now a new Weekly Illustrated has appeared—increased to 36 pages, bringing readers vital pictures of world events, famous people, and things that are happening around us.

The new-style Weekly Illustrated has been acclaimed by old readers as a miracle of pictorial journalism. New readers are demanding copies every day—when, of course, they are put on your doorstep by having a standing order, each Friday, price 2d. as before.

of his new film, and will also become one of the distinguished and numerous company of producers who have had recourse to the story of The Taming of the Shrew for their plots.

The titular line, by the way, doesn't appear in any of the plays or sonnets, but occurs in the dramatist's last will and testament—"I give unto my wife my second best bed."

"Hectic"

- Tom Walls is calling his new film Second Best Bed, and the company, Capitol Films, describe it as a piquant comedy of a hectic marriage. The story is by Ben Travers, as usual.

- By the way, look up that word "hectic" in your dictionary some day; it will surprise you. Or perhaps I'll save you the trouble; it means "steady, constant, unvarying."

- Tom has experienced a little trouble in finding a shrew. I hear that eight thousand husbands have already offered their wives, on a non-returnable basis, but she has to be a good-looking, which renders most of the offers null and void. So Jack has signed Jane Baxter, and as she is one of the least shrewish people I know she will have to do some hard acting.

Good Foursome

- I hear that Gainsborough have found a leading man for Margaret Lockwood in Bank Holiday. They have cast John Lodge, who has been a little out of the picture in the past few months.

- In addition they have Hugh Williams and Rene Ray in this film, which sounds like a pretty strong foursome to me.

Carol Reed is directing this one; need I repeat that he is one of the most interesting of our younger directors? No. I thought not.

- At the companion-outfit, Gaumont-British, now located at Pinewood, I watched Jessie Matthews take a scene for her current film, Sailing Along, which seemed to me to have an authentic Rene Clair flavour, although it is not Clair but Sonnie Hale who is directing it.

- The story of this film embraces Jessie's rise from life on a Thames bargie to stardom in the theatre, and this rise is expressed in a singularly charming and fantastic way.

Over the Top

- I watched Jessie start dancing on the barge, grimy, drab, and prosaic, and dance with Jack Whiting right up over the house-tops, over the trees, and over the clouds.

- Then we switch back to the barge, but a barge transformed into a magnificent steamship, white, the fittings shine and the sails are of silk; and here, in an atmosphere of dreams-come-true, the dance comes to an end.

This looked like very good stuff to me. If they can keep up this standard right through the picture, it will be one of the best Jessie has made.

By the way, Jessie's former director, Victor Saville, is shortly to sever his connection with London Films and go over to the M-G-M camp—which probably means that he will make a picture or two for them over here and then may betake himself to Culver City, California.

Crape

- His next announced film, by the way, which was to be made in conjunction with London Films at Denham, and is called (at present) Dancers in Mourning may be abandoned.

- Well, that's a good imaginative title with an intriguing Pagliacci flavour, but it seems to me a trifle too crape-hanging for a film title. You may depress people once you get them inside the cinema, but you mustn't give them the droops until they're well past the box-office.

- That's the rule. Binnie Barnes was to play the lead in this, having just completed her part as the flighty American wife of an English peer in The Divorce of Lady X with Merle Oberon.

- Opposite her was cast Rex Harrison, who scored heavily in his first film (also under Saville's direction), Storm in a Teacup. Dancers in Mourning, from a novel by Margery Allingham, is described as a back-stage mystery thriller.

Oop in Lancs

- I've wondered several times how long it would be before we had Wendy Hiller coming into films.

- She is playing the feminine lead in Lancashire Luck, the new Paramount-British production which Henry Cass is directing at Pinewood.

- Wendy, you may remember, is the lass who made such a resounding success in that highly-successful play of Lancashire life, Love on the Dole.

- This present production has another link with Love on the Dole. Ronald Gow, who collaborated with Walter Greenwood on that play, is the author of Lancashire Luck.

- In addition to Wendy Hiller and George Carney in the leading roles, there are also Muriel George, Nevil Stock, Tom Scott, George Galleon, Margaret Damer, John Ruddock, and Julian Somers.

All A-slinger!

- Apparently Sonja Henie (whom you can read about on page 10 this week) is not to have it all her own way.

- I hear that George Formby's next picture (at present untitled) is to have as its main setting a mammoth ice-rink, with ice-ballets and other spectacular features as highlights.

- So says Basil Dean, anyway, and he ought to know—he's producing it.

- So we shall be treated to the joyous spectacle of the egregious George slithering and floundering on the treacherous element. (No, no, Pene-lope, I mean Formby, not Arias. Could it be Arista?)

- And there are to be ice-skating sequences in A Yank at Oxford, for which Bob Taylor and Maureen O'Sullivan have been taking lessons at Streatham Rink.

- Well, British films may not set the fashion, but they follow the fashions pretty faithfully, which I suppose is the nest best thing.
I've interviewed a few film personalities in my time—practically all the British players of note, most of those who have come to our shores from Hollywood in the past ten years or so, and a great many in Hollywood itself; but I have seldom come across such a bundle of contradictions as Sonja Henie.

First, the pronunciation, please.

She calls it "Son-ya Heny," so we might as well too, just to be in good company. And mighty good company she is, let me tell you. I travelled to Denham with her recently, when she went down to meet Robert Taylor just as any other fan would if she had the chance; and we got along swimmingly.

Her eyes are larger than you would think from her pictures, but she has a trick of screwing them up most of the time, like someone who has been in the habit of looking across ice or snow—as, of course, she has.

In those well-guarded eyes is a guarded expression—almost a suspicious one—until you make a joke. Then she will laugh, and a pair of No. 4 dimples comes into play, and the eyes suddenly change from those of a rather disillusioned young woman into those of a delightful child. The guard is down, the spell is broken, and you catch a glimpse of the real Sonja Henie behind the mask of the career-woman.

Sonja was born in Oslo, Norway, on April 8, 1912, which makes her 24 and a half now.

We've had Swedes and Danes and Poles starring in Hollywood pictures (Garbo, Carl Brisson, and Jan Kiepura are pretty good examples), but as far as I can remember Sonja is the first Norwegian to attain international screen fame.

Let's hope she will prove to be the thin end of the Norwegian, so to speak.

At the age of four, having evinced a marked sense of rhythm and a lightness on her feet, Sonja began to study ballet-dancing; and she probably owes her success in other fields of endeavour to the "limbering" effect which that early training had.

Although she is still a very creditable performer, she has never danced professionally on dry land. She hasn't had time.

At the age of eight, in a historic moment if she had only known it, a pair of skates was strapped to her little boots, and she was led out on to her natural element—ice.

Her father, Wilhelm Henie, was an expert skater himself, but was unwilling to hurry the child. He need not have worried. She tells me she took to it right from the start.

"That is," she explained, dimpling, "I spent less time in getting up again than the average beginner does." 

She carried on with her dancing lessons, however, but it was obvious from the start that she was going to be a very remarkable skater.

When she was nine—remember she had been skating only just over a year—she won the Junior Competition of the Oslo Skating Club.

The next year, as everyone expected, she won it again; but she eclipsed this performance entirely in the same year by skating off with the Open Championship of Norway. This at 10 years old.

When Sonja was thirteen she came within hailing distance of a world title, by being placed second in the world's championship matches at Stockholm.

The following year she became world's champion—a distinction she still holds—and in 1928, 1932, and 1936 consecutively she was Olympic Champion.

But she carried on with the ballet-dancing, keeping it parallel with her skating—though not quite parallel, for at one point the two met. When in 1931, at the age of eighteen, she came to England to study ballet under Madame Karsavina, she learned Pavlova's famous "Dying Swan" dance and adapted it to a dance on skates.

After the 1936 Olympic Games, when she was established beyond possibility of argument as a world-beater, Sonja went to America to look for new worlds to conquer.

She had already reached Hollywood on celluloid, for her performance at the Olympic Games had been photographed in full for the Pete Smith short, Sports on Ice.

A talent scout of 20th Century-Fox saw her skating in Madison Square Gardens, New York, and burned up the trans-Continental telephone wires with his report. Then the career-woman came out into the open.

When they approached her with tentative offers of filmwork, she told them her price for a picture was £15,000. Just like that!

"Oh, come on!" they protested.

"All right," said Sonja. "That's my figure, anyway."
Sonja and Tyrone Power seem to be sharing a good joke in "Lonely to Look At."

On skates she is the embodiment of light-hearted gaiety.

And just to show them, she took her trim figure on to the ice in a Hollywood rink, and cut some fancy figures there.

Twenty thousand people rolled up to see her, and the gate-money she drew in a few evenings totalled $7,000, of which she presented £1,500 to charity.

This put her in a very nice position to say, "Well, now it's your move." And Darryl Zanuck, chief of 20th Century-Fox, hastily moved before the price went up. It went up for her second picture, though—to $25,000.

Ten thousand pounds is a pretty steep rise in a few months, but she was fully entitled to it, for not only had her first film, One in a Million, proved a great success, but also between pictures she had wisely done a skating tour of the great Northern cities—Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, Denver—during which she collected tens of thousands of fans, who all wanted to see her on the screen.

That's one reason that her second film, Lonely to Look At, has broken even the attendance records set up recently throughout America by Saratoga.

Another reason, doubtless, is the large and resounding amount of publicity that arose from her "romance" with Tyrone Power.

The story is that when Sonja arrived at the 20th Century-Fox studios, Darryl Zanuck hit upon the idea of getting her some good free publicity by having her "seen about" with Tyrone Power, who, in addition to being one of Hollywood's most eligible young men, had by this time become quite firmly established as a screen favourite.

So he duly and dutifully squired the pretty newcomer to the "niteries," and they fell slap bang in love with each other. So runs the tale.

Then I told Sonja about it she dimpled and declined to commit herself.

"It was funny, though," she told me; "over there we would read in the papers one week that Sonja and Tyrone are cooling off. Next week, 'All's well again between Sonja and Tyrone.' A week later, 'Tyrone's been out with Garbo, and is Sonja burning up!'

"And that would be the first we'd heard about it. We always had to consult the papers to discover whether we were in love or not."

Well, however that may be, the publicity undoubtedly helped to sell the film to the customers. But the chief, major, and particular reason for the film's success—is Sonja Henie.

In her first film she had little acting to do. Adolphe Menjou, Don Ameche, Jean Hersholt, Ned Sparks, Arline Judge, and the Ritz Brothers looked after that department for her, and let her get on with her skating.

But in Lonely to Look At she shows considerable acting skill, quite comfortably holding her own with such seasoned performers as Tyrone Power, Raymond Walburn, and Arthur Treacher.

In her comedy scenes she sparkles; and it is quite easy to believe, from the engaging naturalness of her scenes with Tyrone Power, that they are "that way" about each other, as Hollywood coyly phrases it.

This is particularly true of the ski sequences.

It is not my function here to criticise the picture—that will be attended to by my colleague Lionel Conlier in due course—but I can't forbear to mention the scenes on the snow-clad mountain slopes with the two young people whizzing breathlessly down incredible gradients, with only the whir of skis on crisp snow to break the eternal silence of the hills, and no "background music" to remind us perpetually and ruthlessly that it is "only a film."

I have never heard that Tyrone Power was such a ski-expert as this picture would indicate; but at least, Sonja assures me, she did all her skiing herself.

She recently won an important ski-ing race, and in addition is the holder of fifteen cups and trophies won in ski competitions—as well as a couple for tennis.

Curiously enough, since she has been in Hollywood—a home of tennis—she has had fewer opportunities to play than ever before.

I asked her how many cups she held for skating, but she speedily ran out of fingers to count on, laughed and gave it up.

"They're all in the vaults of a bank in Oslo," she explained. Well, it's a pretty thought to have your mugs decorating the sideboard, but Sonja would have to have nothing but side-boards in her house if she were to accommodate them all that way.

And that brings me to the crux of my article.

On skates this curvaceous, dimpling, business-like little person becomes transfigured.

She is a poem, a rhapsody, an incredibly graceful creature who glides and swoops, curvets and spins with the speed of a swallow and the grace of a swan.

It becomes, after a while, out of the question that she should ever stumble or lose her balance for a single split second, any more than you or I could lose our balance in walking across a room.

In the ice-ballet sequences I found myself forgetting she was a human being at all; it seems incredible that human skill could attain such a pitch on an element which is alien to us, and upon which most of us are cautiously deliberate or else involuntarily recumbent.

The ballet in this picture is a superbly skilful one, but the rink seems deserted until Sonja comes tripping on.

She has returned to Hollywood now to play in her next picture for 20th Century-Fox, with whom she has a seven-year contract; possibly it will be Bread, Butter and Rhythm, with Don Ameche opposite.

Well, she has plenty of rhythm, and her bread-and-butter seems assured for some time to come.

I have a suggestion to make to Darryl Zanuck, and I offer it free of cost, fee, emolument, grant, commission, perquisites, or hush-money.

Let him star Sonja Henie and Shirley Temple in the same picture—Shirley tottering along on her first skates, and Sonja as the same girl grown up.

The facial resemblance is striking; it would help to solve the ever-present problem of "what to do with Shirley"; and it would serve to introduce Sonja to stardom.

That's a picture I should like to see.
THE star who made the screen safe for good music and led the big parade of picture prima donnas to Hollywood. Grace was seen in "For You Alone" recently. Her next will be "I'll Take Romance."
I CHALLENGE those who say an actor makes a mistake when he marries an actress. I'm sure I'll be joined by Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, and by Frances Farmer and Leif Erikson, and by Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson, and many others.

This belief that members of the same profession shouldn't get married is one of the most persistent in Hollywood, and after five years of altogether successful marriage partnership with Helen Gahagan I'm happy to help set these mistaken reports at rest.

Marlene Dietrich, Ernst Lubitsch, Herbert Marshall and I had what you might call a prolonged session on this subject during the production of our Angel.

Although I'm the only one of the group married to a player, both Miss Dietrich and Lubitsch are married to persons active in the industry. What they had to say confirms me in my point of view.

Professional jealousy is advanced as one of the important reasons two players shouldn't marry. I reply that this is apt to occur only where one member of the marriage is an egomaniac and the other an incurable inferiority complex victim.

Despite what you hear about show people's egotism, you can be assured that in this they are pretty much the same as other people. And when an egomaniac marries a mouse, in the acting profession or outside, the prospects for a happy union are poor.

Miss Gahagan and I have had fun we could never have had without the community of interest our work in the films and on the stage has given us.

We have lived for months on end in a hut on a lonely beach in the South Sea islands, and never once were we without a subject for lively discussion. I think that one of the secrets of successful marriage lies in such a community of interest.

Miss Gahagan and I met when we both appeared in the same play. She was much better established than I, and undoubtedly I learned much about my profession from her. We had another thing in common at the time I met her in addition to the stage. She is a musician and an accomplished opera singer.

As a matter of fact, in 1927 Helen startled the New York theatrical world by giving up stardom and the American stage and going to Europe to study music, with the idea of developing her talents in an entirely different field, with opera as her ultimate aim.

There was a family background for this ambition. Her mother was a famous concert singer, whose career was cut short by her untimely death at the age of twenty-seven. Helen's own voice is a dramatic soprano of unusual depth of quality and tone.

With one break, she studied in Europe for nearly three years.

It was when she returned to New York in 1930 to play in To-night or Never that I met her. I had been cast as her leading man in the play. She had heard of me and was at first a little bit dubious about the casting. However, "he'll do," she said, after she had looked me over.

Before the play opened we were quietly married in a small church in Brooklyn. But to return to our music. It so happens that my father was Eduard Hesselberg, the Russian concert pianist, and until I was 19 I was completely immersed in music; and although I didn't become a musician myself, I couldn't help but learn quite a bit about it and acquire a fair appreciation.

In consequence, we both enjoy listening to an evening of good recordings or going out to a concert. This is quite a rare thing, I have observed. Frequently, one of the parties to the marriage goes to sleep on such occasions or becomes actively rebellious at the prospect of one.

This mutual interest in music reminds me of another couple, Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman, who are quite happy despite the fact they are both opera singers.

When Miss Swarthout became famous, Chapman did not run off into a corner and lick imaginary wounds. He did what any normal husband would do. He devoted himself from that time on to advancing the career of his wife.

Both of them were sane enough to realise that Miss Swarthout's extraordinary talent was a family asset quite as valuable to Chapman as to Miss Swarthout, and she in turn has recognised the contribution that he has made to her career—or should one say to their career?

The factor of tolerance is important in the marriage of an actor and actress. Each understands the irregularities in the life of the other. To illustrate what I mean, consider what this sort of a career does to the domestic routine of life.

Miss Gahagan and I try to be domestic, incidentally. We have a baby, our three-year-old Peter, and a home as quiet and normal as we can make it. But on account of the type of work we do, there are constant interruptions.

Our plans are constantly being broken up. Months will go by when Miss Gahagan is in New York and I'm in Hollywood. But we've worked out a formula to adjust all of this sort of thing. It would be different, I fear, if Miss Gahagan were outside the theatre and did not understand the oftentimes exasperating demands it makes.

I think the same principle holds true in other professions. From my experience I would be inclined to believe that marriage between a doctor and a woman doctor, a lawyer and a woman lawyer, between writers and artists of all kinds, would work out very well. I'd stake my buskin on it any time.

I'm GLAD I Married an ACTRESS

by Melvyn DOUGLAS

Who explores the popular theories about film star marriages and quotes his own as an example of a successful romance between two artists.
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Man who admires me

by Loretta Young

Who lets down her back hair, puts her hand on her hips and addresses a few frank and well-chosen remarks in the direction of the opposite sex. Here’s an article you can refer to your boy friends.

swears in traffic and yells at other drivers. "Why don’t you put your hand out?" The fellow who recounts the scores of his favourite football team when you don’t know the difference between a football game and a hockey match; and hope you never will.

The chap who used to have a pellucid mind but (again) has met The Only Girl and can talk of nothing but how cute she is, no matter how cute you happen to be, yourself. The husky who takes a cold shower every dawn and tells you about it, as if he’d invented the idea. "And the man," said Loretta, who’d been nodding and frowning sympathetically, "who talks in the cinema. They talk about women talking. Well! The other night I had to move to another seat to hear what the picture was about. Why the man behind me had paid money to come there, I can’t see. He gabbled without a pause."

"Love is a beautiful thing, but you don’t have to buy a theatre ticket for it. If that young man had been economical, he’d have stayed outside where talk was not only cheap but perfectly free. "Still, don’t get the impression that I disapprove of men as an institution," she explained; "the average man is pretty thoughtful, don’t you think? And these silly little irritations don’t count a lot. But all the same"—her brows twisted in good protest— "it gets so tiresome, having to wait with your cigarette. You know, the man who offers you a cigarette and makes you ask for a match."

"What’s more, don’t like the man who holds a grudge! Or the woman, for that matter." Her eyes began to sparkle.

"My own way is to blow up, after I’ve stood about enough, and then forget it."

"But the man who keeps you waiting fifteen minutes at a time? She resumed the subject with energy. "I find his presence an intruder, myself. I get there ahead of time rather than late. Since I leave the set each day at five, I reach the studio in five minutes in order to be sure to be here by nine: that sort of thing."

"The man who trails into view a quarter of an hour after he’s supposed to arrive is really maddening! I say quarter of an hour because he figures fifteen minutes isn’t long enough for him to call up about and say he won’t be on time."

"Yet it’s long enough for you to grow sick and tired of wondering whether he’s forgotten the date. Probably the most undignified thing a man can do is to forget to retie her shoe kostenlose as she thought about the other men with whom she could have gone out except for her date with him."

"It’s an uncertainty that does it. Will he show up or won’t he? My advice to the man who’s going to be fifteen minutes late is to call up and say so—save the day. More important, it may save the date."

Our research into life’s darker moments brought forth black thoughts for the man who becomes, as Loretta says, "somebody else’s house."

I recalled an instance when one of this species, flinging open the ice chest, regaled my guests with snacks and for my husband’s lunch. Then we sent some adverse thought waves at the man who in the restaurant at 2 a.m. does tricks like eating roses from the centrepiece, adding salt and ketchup; and the man in the swimming pool who pretends he’s a whale, splashing everybody.

"I like to be helped up and down curbstones, though," said Loretta—the swimming pool had somehow brought curbstones into the conversation. "What’s more, I don’t like the man who doesn’t help me into a car. I don’t care to be left to climb in unassisted. I think, if I’m going to ride in his car, he ought to see that I get settled into it comfortably."

Men who talk about themselves or their personal interests don’t bother her so much, but there’s one sort of conversationalist whom she finds thoroughly disagreeable. "Just the man who can’t, so to speak, let his remarks stand on their own legs. To be sure, this type of man often gives forth the kind of conversation which hasn’t a leg to stand on."

"It’s one of my pet dislikes," Loretta said; "you’ll hear a person make some remark, whatever it may be, and then add—commenting on what he’s just said—Oh, that was so silly, wasn’t it?" Probably it was. And if this is the case, why not let the poor remark go without comment? At least it’s thoughtfulness. Because what can you reply? You have to smile sweetly and murmur, ‘Not at all.’"

Next time I’m going to answer." The time arrived for Loretta to do the next scene. The assistant director hovered around the dressing-room door, ready to call her. She was sliding out of the dress and grown into the sound stage, bending for a final look in the make-up box mirror, her eyes enormous with concentration.

But she wasn’t too intent on the next scene for a final word. I had come out of the dressing-room and onto the sound stage, pondering the fact that the two words I just said, was, in common with other reasonable girls, she didn’t like a man to get off on the wrong foot; she didn’t like a man to stow away on the wrong train."

"And," she added as a parting shot, "I don’t like the man who waltzes to a fox trot!"
Fredric March goes back into costume again in Cecil B. de Mille's latest epic, which is, of course, a story about a pirate, based on fact. Also in the cast are Margot Grahame, and Walter Brennan.

Above and left (with March) is Francisca Gaal from Budapest, who is making her Hollywood debut. De Mille describes her as a "youthful combination of Helen Hayes, Elizabeth Bergner, Mary Pickford and Clara Bow." What do you think? The name rhymes with "All."
Above: Film star taken for a ride. Barbara Stanwyck snapped while sightseeing in Quebec during her recent Canadian holiday.

Right: Simone Simon gets together with her compatriot, Charles Boyer and his English wife, Pat Paterson, at a Hollywood gathering.

Above: Our candid cameraman catches Ginger Rogers in the act of rehearsing for a scene from "Stage Door," in which she co-stars with Katharine Hepburn.

Sewing session. Marjorie Gateson, Anita Louise, Kay Francis and Verree Teasdale go domestic between scenes on the "First Lady" set at Warner's.

SHOTS with our CANDID CAMERA
Producer-director Victor Saville brings English village life to the screen in his latest picture, which features Edna Best and Ralph Richardson, who appears in the role originally intended for Robert Donat. Also in the cast are Ann Todd and Edmund Gwenn. Most of the picturesque countryside exteriors were shot in Yorkshire.

Sarah, visiting Carne's mansion, learns that he has a wife who is living in a mental home. Ann Todd plays the wife.
Edna Best appears as Sarah Burton, the village schoolmistress, who falls in love with Robert Carne, the impecunious Squire, played by Ralph Richardson.

Below: Ralph Richardson and Miss Best form an interesting new British romantic team in the picture.

Robert Carne interrupts from the gallery of the South Riding County Council to denounce the crooked Councillors.
For an hour or more, as a prisoner occupying the witness chair, Nuggin Taylor had not spoken. Inwardly articulate with angry longings to defend himself against the crime of which already he felt condemned, he forced himself to keep silent.

At times to relieve the tension he concentrated on his surroundings, while the Public Prosecutor, a bearded man with an awe-inspiring voice, continued to state his case with a flood of vindictive oratory.

A traveller on land and sea, Nuggin had seen fewer loftier and more gracious buildings than that which contained this Philadelphian court of 1842. White-panelled walls, high-backed, comfortable chairs and the great golden eagle above the Judge’s seat, spoke of security and peace. While the prosecutor fulminated, Nuggin could also see, though without confidence in their power to change his sentence, certain friends—the lad in the tweed suit and floppy tie, for instance, the widow in her crepe bonnet and the elderly man with the mark of the musician upon him. How should their testimony, however sincere, count against the Prosecutor’s claims?

Nuggin, listening to Powdah’s quite justifiable grumbles that he could not hear an instant longer, let out a howl, for his ears were suddenly assailed with the voices of scores of men, each according to his callow, courtly or shrewd fancy, chorusing the words “Blackbird” in a mimicry of the ship’s song. The shattering and desperate effect of the moment was already gone.

Captain Granley must be laying it on those poor wretches again,” Powdah continued. A moment later, Parchy, the cook-boy, came up through the trap, white-faced.

“Powdah! Mr. Taylor! Captain Granley’s flat has fallen into the hold. The niggers have got him.”

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Below in the hold, the chanting of slaves, jammed together and in chains, was broken by the crack of a whip.

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The court was sitting, and the Judge, Lord Tarrington, was delivering the judgment of the Court on the case of William Taylor, the slave, against the owners of the ship. Nuggin had been there from the beginning, but had not listened to a word since the beginning. Now he was to give evidence against his own master.

The Judge’s gavel, the court at his order was cleared and the jury retired— a formal request, which Nuggin saw was a matter of convenience to the Court.

His name has been recorded in the history of the country, and his conduct is an example to all men. His courage and his self-control are well known to the Court, and he is held in the highest esteem by all who know him. His conduct in this case is a compliment to his character, and he is to be congratulated on his conduct.

The Judge then proceeded to state the case, and the evidence was given in full. The evidence was given in full, but the Judge was so occupied with the case that he did not hear the evidence.

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FOR GIRLS AFTER A MAN'S HEART

Lord Lonsdale chats with Prince Manulala, the picturesque lipster, at Sandown Park.
SOULS AT SEA—continued

the Captain's cabin, while the doctor got to work with bandages. Nuggin had further proof of Mr. Tarryton's shiftiness.

"How many slaves did you throw overboard," asked Mr. Stanley, "after Powdah had given a realistic account of the attack on Captain Granvelle?" Nuggin had taken virtual command of the Blackbird.

"None," Nuggin returned.

"Then 500 of his crew, who didn't ask to be there. At night I hacked the coast and allowed them to escape on their own.

"A likely story; moreover, you can't deny you were the original Captain of the Blackbird. I certainly do. His name was Paul M. Granley."

"Ah! one of the richest men in the slave trade business and personally supervises a training post."

"You seem to know a lot about this man, Mr. Tarryton," Captain Martinel put in dryly.

Late that evening while occupying the prisoner's cell, a filthy spot which Powdah had shown as a hiding place to enliven by singing and casting shadows of their bandaged thumbs through the tiny window lock.

"Unusual procedure; an English officer bringing water to prisoners," Nuggin remarked as Lieutenant Tarryton appeared carrying a tin cup. "I have been having regrets about my action this afternoon" the officer began.

"You thought nothing of taking advantage of our position on the yardarm, and you really insulted us; now you come to see us. Why? Because you'd like to know if I was with Paul M. Granley when he died? whether he was conscious and if he betrayed anything before he passed away. England hasn't seen his face, Mr. Tarryton, I'm sure you kind, Mr. Tarryton. There are sons of rich men in America who look on trafficking in flesh as business. They have no year on a slave ship wouldn't do you any harm; get the stench of slaves dying from scurvy and moutrout in your stomach sooner or later, thank God, you'll get caught, but it's not my business to catch you or Tarryton didn't stay to listen. Having thrown the water in Nuggin's face, he left, locking the door on the other half.

Liverpool was reached at last. Nuggin walked down the gangplank with Powdah, under escort, but glad to breathe the fresh air; once more to see sails and ruffling against the sky. Nuggin saw something else which compensated him for nights in the hold.

Along the street, leading to the dock, bowed an open carriage, containing a young lady. Nuggin had seen her, an ordinary mortal she was to Nuggin, who had been rash enough to cherish an ideal of womanhood, and now saw it properly dispersed in the flesh. She must have noticed his startled and rapt look for she deliberately turned her head at him over the carriage hood; a winsome creature beneath her lace-lined bonnet.

Powdah caught his companion's abstracted gaze and remarked: "Huh! Upper crust. A fluffy-duff. You ought to go to plop this girl in the street." No doubt he would have been more emphatic if he and Nuggin could have been sitting in another life a moment later, being kissed, brotherly fashion, by Stanley Tarryton, before they were both driven off.

To Nuggin's surprise, after a night spent in the harbour gaol, he and Powdah were allowed back to the docks.

Freedom unexplained or not, was quite good enough for Powdah, who, indeed, was thinking of something—what thoughtful Nuggin as they drifted, not unattractively, towards the near town.

His interest in hot rum and the tavern's most alluring brunette having been shortly proved, Nuggin still followed Powdah into a boarded room supplied with benches and an oak table, on which stood the remains of a light meal. A middle-aged man with hair brushed back from a high forehead and an air of distinction in spite of his ultra-plain clothes, occupied one of the benches and told Nuggin to take the other.

"I am Mr. Woodley—Barton Woodley, British Intelligence," he said in a cultured English voice. "You are a ship's officer on the Blackbird."

"Is that a question?" "No. A fact."

Mr. Woodley, you may have got me and my friend out of prison, and your manners are those of a gentleman, but your methods are the old familiar ones of a policeman—the same the world over."

"Sorry; I shall try and change my methods."

"I suggest you come right to the point."

"It occurred to me, Mr. Taylor, when I heard Captain Martinel's story, that the fate of the Blackbird was quite interesting. Someone on board was either an incredibly stupid or else desired her capture. You don't seem to be a stupid man; in fact I pride myself upon being rather a good judge of character.

"Then you should know I'm not a stool pigeon! I've no intention of helping you catch me or my friends. Good day, Mr. Woodley."

Nuggin opened the door, half annoyed that he should have been considered gullible, half vain-glorious that he could show his resentment, and stepped back. A couple of armchair officers faced him.

"Is that still your last word?" Mr. Woodley inquired.

"What difference does it make—good to-day, or good to-morrow?"

The door was closed on the inside and Nuggin found himself looking into an opening that could not be evaded. For good or ill this man had authority.

"You have left this opportunity pass," Barton Woodley urged. "It may never come again. Possibly I'm mistaken in you; yet no other man, as far as I know, could have come with me."

"With or without them?" Nuggin asked, turning at the door.

"Without—and this way." Yielding to curiosity and to something which Nuggin could barely define, he had long found his consolation in poetry for the littleness of human beings, he followed his guide by the means of various doors, to a large room hung with a wall map.

"I can assure you Mr. Taylor, you're the first slaver who's stood here," Mr. Woodley informed. "On that map is plotted the course of every English patrol ship. Across this desk come reports of every slave ship picked up or ranked, of every slaver hanged. Do I interest you?"

"It interests me more to know why you persist in regarding me as a Quaker or an Abolitionist."

"I don't regard you as anything. I don't care what you are. You're the only man in the world who can do what I want done. If you were a thief, a traitor, a complete scoundrel, you would still be the only man."

"I'm about to destroy years of labour, Mr. Woodley continued, 'or crown with success. It's a gamble involving not only my own career but the Imperial policies of Blackbird, which you so studiously neglected to destroy? Among them is this letter of instruction from Captain Granley to his associates in Savannah, in which he gives the secret route to be followed by every ship of his during the next few weeks. If you deliver that in Savannah there'll be an English patrol ship, and you wait for every slaver that sails." Nuggin supplemented.

Along the street bowled an open carriage, containing a young woman Winsome beneath her lace-lined bonnet.

"Precisely. Does that interest you, world of commerce?"

This time, Nuggin's eyes willingly sought and held the dark ones fixed upon him. He said: "Very much."

"Thank God, I'm a stubborn man and you too. Won't you sit down?"

Nuggin was Petsley at the time, and the letters were succinct. Nuggin conveying Capt. Granley's letter was to embark on the fastest passenger packet on the Atlantic, scheduled to sail at dawn. The two left immediately for the ticket office, and Nuggin had got to work.

"Can I take my friend with me?"

"I should like you to. His company will help brand you as a slaver and naturally till your work is finished you must be known as one."

Nuggin's ensuing hunt round the tavern failed to reveal any sign of Powdah, who, in the meantime, had gone out looking for a friend in the company of the brunette.

"Tell him I'm sailing for America in the morning," Nuggin said, accompanying the request with a coin. Having spent the remainder of the day on the Whitehaven quay, he dined, the pawnbroker's, the hospital and the police station, but without success, he returned to his original rendezvous where he found the bartender counting his gains.

"Yes; he's been in and e says if you're going to America, going back to Peru," was the information Nuggin received; whereupon he asked for Powdah's address, and the bartender indited a brief note to Powdah conveying an adieu and the hope of their future meeting.

Nevertheless depressed, making an incredible story, the ship, with sails rigged, lying at anchorage against a rosy sky, failed to bring back the fervent enthusiasm with which Blackbird's tales had inspired him. Life without Powdah's companionship, however, was a thing he could not think of. Yet as Nuggin came in full sight of the ship, the sailors on deck, the passengers mounting, he saw someone who roused him from apathy. That tall fellow in the light top hat, pepper-and-salt trousers, and a cape, and a dancing with, was Stanley Tarryton.

Nuggin had time enough to see him turn in the direction of the William Brown when a slightly familiar noise made him look the other way. The open carriage being driven between a smart pair towards the dock, he hurried before, also the occupant. Yes, it was the same man in the same ideal mortal he had seen not twenty-four hours ago. Loverly she looked now, in spite of the hour, for she was dressed as though she had come from America. Real lace half concealed her smooth dark curls. When she stood to let the flower-trimmed skirts spread beneath a short cloak of black velvet. Impatiently she stripped the satin-slippered foot, and, catching sight of an immense puddle stretching half across the street, drew back. Nuggin turned his head on his appearance which though clean-shaven as to the face, owed nothing prepossessings. His jacket and peaked cap. Hurrying forward, he placed his suit case, a light caine affair, in the mud pool and sought for words to embroider the amazingly opportune occasion.

"Molly?" he said modestly, without flourish. "Sir Walter Raleigh only offered his cape—this is my complete wardrobe."

Next Week

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CHARLES JUDGES.......Cabby
PAUL PURCELL.......Trentini
SIG REWANN.......Fanchon
WALTER KIMBER

GUY BATES POST.......Louis Napoleon
THE DON CONWAY COUNTY

Mainly because of its exceedingly out-of-picturesque settings, and well-staged operatic excerpts, I have awarded this latest MacDonald-Eddy musical three stars. The singing of the principals is also worthy of note, but otherwise it's a sugary conception, a sort of vague mixture of Bitter-Sweet and Smilin THrough, very obvious in development, and not nearly convincing enough in characterization or situation.

Jeanette MacDonald is cast as a retired opera singer who tells the tragedy of her romance with a famous singer to a young girl who decided to give up her fiancé, in order to become a famous opera singer. In the play, she appears in her woman guise, you realise that you are in for a lot of sentimental reminiscences, and you're not deceived.

Jeanette MacDonald uses her voice well and acts efficiently. Nelson Eddy, too, is in good vocal form. John Barrymore, as a jealous impresario, whom the heroine weds by virtue of gratitude, walks through his part as though he couldn't believe in it.

***LOST HORIZON***

RONALD COLMAN.......Robert Conway
JANE WYATT.......Soulela Riera
JOHN HOWARD.......George Conway
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON.......Loeves
ISAEL JEWELL.......Gloria Stone
H.B. WARD.......Chauke
MARCIO.......Maria
THOMAS MICHIELS.......Manue
SAM JAFFEE.......High Lorna
FRANK CAMPION.......Jamo
JAMES HILTON.......Stuforen Williams
Story of the film by Marjory Williams appeared in our issue of May 29, 1937.

I feel I should be doing less than to justice the novel and technical qualities of this picture if I did not award it three stars. On the other hand, I must admit that when I first saw it, its story values and philosophical angle entirely failed to impress me. However, as it has been, I understand, playing to packed houses in several pre-view bookings and a long and run.

In face of this I feel I may be in the minority, but I am still quite prepared to meet the detailed criticism which appeared in our April 3 issue, to which I would refer readers who require more details than I have given.

I said then, "It rises at times to dramatic heights, only to go slithering down into complete pathos," and that, I still think, represents a fair criticism of this story. Frank Capra finds a heaven on earth hidden away in the Tibetan mountains, loses it and once more starts off on a search of it.

The opening sequences depicting the kidnapping of the idealist by the villain, and the subsequent rehabilitation are both thrilling and brilliant technically. So are the adventures on the way to the Tibetan paradise, Shangri-La, and the thrill which they encounter there. But the main part of the picture which is taken up with the quest of peace and goodwill, simply provide a somewhat dulled form of Christian morality of the more latitude in the matter of sex.

Ronald Colman is good as the idealist, and Jane Wyatt is attractive as his fairy in love with him. H. B. Warner is excellent as Chang, a sort of high strung buffoon as the Llama, who had had the idealist kidnapped in order that he might be the final sacrifice of lib. It is definitely incredible. Light relief is supplied by Edward Everett Horton and Raymond Bells, but it never harmonizes with the serious aspect of the theme.

Whatever other criticism one may make, it is high for Frank Capra's direction. The sweep of action when it comes is terrific, and the contrast between the bleak and mountainous wastes and the peaceful sunlit valleys with their shining white buildings, is really effective and highly imaginative.

****QUALITY STREET****

KATHARINE HEPBURN.......Dr. Valentine Brown
ERI BLONDE.......Sergeant
GERALD CASS.......Sergeant
FRED CRAWFORD.......Cora
WILLIAM FOWLER.......Mitch Williams
FLORENCE LADD.......Dorothy Tunbridge
Helen LANE.......Nellie Wiloughby
GREGGORY PENDIVELL............Margaret
ISAAC GRAY.......Isabelle
CLIFFORD CHARLES.......Arthur
SHERWOOD BAILLEY.......William Smith
RICE VANCE.......Dudley Bixler
JOAN FONTAINE.......Charlott
WILLIAM BAAKEL.......Lewei
FRANK SCHRIBMAN.......Sergeant
JAMES BARR.......Mouray
Story of the film by Marjory Williams appeared in our issue of November 29, 1937.

James Barrie's whimsical, period romantic drama is well staged. George Stephens, the director, infuses the spirit of Barrie into his work, though at times he is inclined to drag out situations unduly.

Unfortunately, neither Franchot Tone nor Katharine Hepburn are very well cast in the parts of the romantic doctor and the housewife, the woman he loves and leaves.

The story is clearly obviously American; he has all the charm of manner, but is wholly not at ease in the period atmosphere. This latter tends to be artificial in its attempts to capture the whimsicality of the proceedings.

Two very clever studies come from Fay Bainter as the hero's elder sister,

(Continued on page 28)
SUCH a different VANISHING CREAM

(It's MAT, it's ACTIVE, it's TONIC)

The new Crème Simon M.A.T. doesn't merely smear your skin with artificial smoothness—which soon wears off and through which beads of moisture often appear. It actually combines with the skin, imparting a lovely matt finish by its tonic effect upon the tissues. It keeps shine away all day. It is the perfect powder base. In fact, it is just the different kind of vanishing cream you would expect from the makers of Crème Simon—the different skin-food which has been in beauty's service for 85 years.


Crème Simon M.A.T.

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Crème Simon, Paris & Lyons.

Everyone will want these fascinating portraits of Franchot Tone and Francis Lederer. But beware! Before you know where you are, they will be occupying the place of honour on your mantleshelf, or in your "Picturegoer" Album—and the boy friend won't have a chance! Perhaps it would be well to make things safe with a few more of the Salons cards from the latest lists!

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By joining The Picturegoer Postcard Club you can obtain liberal discounts on your future orders and, in addition, you will receive a 5/- Album FREE. This magnificent book, which contains 252 cards, is beautifully bound to resemble real snakeskin and lettered in gold. If you wish, you can obtain a super De Luxe Album in Blue Rexine. Decide now to be a member of this happy Postcard Club. To join, send an order for not less than one dozen postcards at the regular price of 2/6 per dozen.

Choose your cards from the list given below or include the names of well-known stars. Real photos 3d. each, 2/6 dozen. On sale to members and non-members alike. The latest list of nearly 2,000 cards sent free on request.

SEPIA GLOSSY—Shirley Temple, Annabella, Kay Milland, Joan Hinton, John Lodge, Madeleine Carroll, Constance Bennett, Norma Shearer, Virginia Bruce, Betty Furness, Nancy Burnes, Henry Kendall, John King, Franchot Tone, Francis Lederer, COLOURGRAPH—Patric Knowles, Norma Shearer, Errol Flynn, Mary Ellis, Olivia De Havilland, Merle Oberon.

"PARTNERS"—From the film "Ladies In Love"; Paul Lukas and Simone Simon; Loretta Young and Janet Gaynor and Constance Bennett; Tyrone Power and Loretta Young; Tyrone Power and Virginia Field. From the film "Wee Willie Winkie"; a set of 14 postcard portraits of Shirley Temple with other stars of the cast. From the film "Camille"; Robert Taylor and Greta Garbo.

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Irish Free State readers will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.

257
**STEP LIVELY, JEEVES**

For American. "A" certificate. 90 minutes.

Arthur Treacher ............[Benjamin Herbert]

Patricia Ellis ............[Patricia Westley]

Robert Kent ............[Gerry Toward]

Allen Voss ............[Raymond Crowell]

George Givot ............[Prince Davis Campbell]

Helen Flint ............[Baby Jane]

John Harrington ............[Barney Ross]

George Cooper ............[Joey]

Arthur Hopkins ............[Max]

Max Wagner ............[Joey]

Franklin Pangborn ............[Gaston St. Aubert]

Starring by Eugene Fodor. Original story by Frances Hyland, based on Wodehouse's characters.

Wodehouse's famous valet character has been taken by an American author, shipped across the Atlantic with crooks who kid him that he is a direct descendant of Sir Francis Drake.

How he gets involved with social-climbing gangsters makes amusing entertainment, especially as the character drawing is good and the dialogue bright.

Arthur Treacher is perfectly character as the impeccable Jeeves, while the two crooks he is supposed to fool him, Alan Dinehart and George Givot are exceedingly good. As the socially inclined wife of an ex-gangster, Helen Flint is distinctly clever. Slight love interest is supplied by Patricia Ellis and Robert Kent.

**READY, WILLING AND ABLE**


Ruys Keeler ............[Joan Broman]

Alice Adams ............[Pauline Hogan]

Alan Jenkins ............[Janet Corner]

Louise Partridge ............[Clara Heimann]

Caro Hughes ............[Angie MacPhail]

Ballard Alexander ............[Barry Gravel]

Winstead Snell ............[James Clark]

Teddy Hart ............[Yip Nolan]

HUGH O'CONNELL ............[Truman Hardy]

ADDISON RICHARDS ............[Edward McNeil]

Sara Wragge ............[Moving Men]

E. E. CLAY ............[Mr. Samuel Buffington]

Jane Wyman ............[Dorothy Bailey]

May Boles ............[Mrs. Beadle]

Charles Croston ............[A1derson Cooper]

Adrian Foley ............[Alger]

Lancaster Parker ............[Walter Mack]

POND'S

FREE: For sample tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, write your name and address, with a stamp, to this coupon, and post in a sealed envelope to Dept. C279 Pond's, Perrivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

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**BEAUTY ADVICE FREE** Write to Consense Hilt, Pond's Beauty Expert, at the address above, for free advice on your skin problems.

and Cara Witherspoon as a faithful servant.

Generally the picture provides very good entertainment with a pictorial charm to match its unpretentious romanticism.

The Picturegoer's quick reference index

***MAY TIME***

***LOST HORIZON***

***QUALITY STREET***

***STEP LIVELY, JEEVES***

***READY, WILLING AND ABLE***

***SONG OF THE FORGE***

SPIRIT HANDICAP

"MR. STRINGFELLOW SAYS "NO"

**BRIGHTEST GAGS AND SONG NUMBERS ARE THE MAIN INGREDIENTS OF THIS COMEDY, IN WHICH A YOUNG GIRL CRASHES INTO THE SHOW BUSINESS BY PRETENDING THAT SHE IS AN AMERICAN STAR WHO HAS BEEN SIGNED UP FOR A BIG PRODUCTION.""

Ruby Keeler plays the lead, and sings and dances vivaciously although no one but an American would ever have mistaken her for an English actress.

In point of fact, the humour at our expense is clumsy and not particularly amusing. Wimifred Shaw plays the English star, and again it is said he would have taken an American to believe that she was one.

Strong supporting cast do most in the matter of carrying the film forward and making it quite sound entertainment.

**SONG OF THE FORGE**

Buckingham. British. Sentimental melodrama. 90 minutes.

STANLEY HOLLOWAY ............[Sir William Barre]

Lawrence Grossmith ............[Ben Dalton]

Eleanor Fayre ............[Sylvia Brent]

C. D. van Velzen ............[Farmer George]

Artie Chemey ............[Murchie Slack]

Aubrey Fitzgerald ............[Oldier Inhabitant]

Mrs. B. ............[Bill Barret (aged 18)]

Arthur Dwyer ............[Auctioneer]

Charles Hayes ............[The Mayor]

Kay Fyler ............[Mervyn Jone]

Terry Walton ............[Town Clerk]

Frank Tolton ............[Bob Selby]

Lee Wilcox ............[Allen Week]

Stanley Radcliffe ............[Colin Kent]

Kenley Russell ............[members of the Desmond, Jack Banner]

Morley ............[Society]

Mary Bishop ............[The British Girl]

Bruce Gordon ............[Ted Slatar]

Aberde Day ............[Arnie Mott]

STANLEY VINE ............[Ben Dalton's Manservant]

L. McFarland Gordon ............[Company Director]

Patrick Barnes ............[Proprietor of Garage]


Stanley Holloway scores a personal success in the dual role of a blacksmith, who is opposed to mechanical progress, and his son, with whom he quarrels and drives from home for turning his back on the forge.

Not only does he sing, but he also characterises father and son extremely cleverly; actually he is better as old man than as young.

The story is a very slight one and deals with the breaking down of the blacksmith's stubbornness and his reconciliation with his son, but in spite of its pretentiousness, it has plenty of kindly human sympathy.

Supporting types are well drawn, and the village atmosphere is convincing.

**SPRING HANICAP**


Will Fyffe ............[Jack Clayton]

Marie O'Neill ............[Marg Clayton]

Artie Marion ............[Andrew Bardon]

Billy Melton ............[Ken Redpath]

David Burns ............[Thomas Beasley]

Beatrice Varley ............[Mrs. Toop]

Frank Peet ............[Robert Miller]

Hugh Miller ............[Selly]

Directed by Henry Edwards. A story by Ernst A. Bryon.

Most of the entertainment in this delightful picture is provided by Mr. O'Neill as a comiser who inherits a small legacy and becomes an incorrigible pantomine and speculator. Extravagant in plot, the story is a collection of affairs which keeps the fun going, together with a certain amount of highly improbable action.

Marie O'Neill supplies the latter efficiently. The settings are not very convincing, but are picturesque.

**MR. STRINGFELLOW SAYS "NO"**


Neil Hamilton ............[Jeremy Stringfellow]

Claude Dampier ............[Mr. Fower]

Peter Gauthom ............[Prime Minister]

Frank Vallance ............[Count Holkam]
Lionel Collier cont.

PICTUREGOER

Muriel Aked... Mrs. Piper
Katherine Lang.... The Piper's Daughter
Mariee Rose.... "A" certificate.
Directed by Randall Scott, from a story by the director—Brandon Florence.

What almost appears to be a burlesque spy story in which the casting of the Boys' Brigade finds itself through a chain of circumstances involved in international affairs. It can fairly be said that the most has been made of a somewhat promising situation, but Neil Hamilton does not seem to have the material he is given as the gallant captain.

Claud Dampier scores a laugh or two as a ben-peaked husband, and Peter Gawthorne is very good as the Prime Minister who eventually has to take a hand in the affair. Two good studies come from Franklyn Dyall and Muriel Aked.

*HIGH HAT*

Butcher, American, "U" certificate. Romantic musical comedy-drama. Runs 60 minutes.


Far from the bloodred story of the American race track in which an ace motorman helps his young brother to launch to fame. Picture's main idea is to get a thrill out of the whole racing, and succeeds quite well in doing that. Acting is quite sound all round, and there is an addition of comedy and romantic interest.

*THE GANG SHOW*

General Films, "U" certificate. Comedy extravaganza. Runs 60 minutes.

RALPH READER, Skipper 
STEVIE HUNT, Raydon 
RICHARD AMLY, Whipple 
GINA MAE, Marie 
LEWIS SMITH, Len 
SANDY WILLIAMS, Sandy 
ROY EDWARDS, Synd 
DON GILVIN, Mexican Troubadour 
PERRY MCGINNIS, McCullough


Somewhat amateurish both in conception and presentation, this comedy extravaganza relies on its unsophisticated artlessness to keep one entertained. It is, in effect, an elaboration of the Scout Review presented yearly at the Scapa Theatre for the benefit of Scout Funds. Ralph Reader, who is the mainspring of the show, works hard to put over the entertainment, if not brilliant acting, the fun is not less, most of whom have been drawn from the Scout organisation.

WORDERLAND

Paramount, American, "U" certificate. Runs 90 minutes.

WILLIAM BOYD, Hopalong Cassidy 
JIMMY ELDRIDGE, Johnny Nelson 
GEORGE HAYES, Virgil Earp 
STANLEY MORRIS, Loco 
JULIE REESE, Daisy 
GEORGE CHESSABRO, Tom Parker 
JOHN CARROLL, LennyANDROIDEN 
CHARLES WYATT, Muller Rand 
TYRONE BAIRD, Little Egypt 
EARRI TUCKER, McRae 
AL BRIDGES, Alymer Stafford 
JANETTE JOHNSON, Daisy 

Very picturesquely set Western, but rather slow in pace and weak in story values. However, it has all the popular ingredients and will doubtless appeal more particularly to juveniles.

NORTHERN FRONTIER

Pathé News, American, "U" certificate. Western melodrama. Runs 51 minutes.

WESLEY CLAYTON, MacKenzie 
RUSSELL HOPKINS, Duke Milford 
ROY MASON, Bull Stone 
GERTRUDE ASHBY, Mary 
KERNAN CRIPPS, Mike 
JACK CRAMER, Burke 
CHARLES KING, Monty 
ELEANOR HINTON, Beth Braden 
J. F. RONNIE MACDONALD, Inspector Stevens 
BERNIE HARDING, John 
LLOYD INGHAM, Bob 
DICK CREESE, Pete 
ARTIE ARAYE, Slim 
WALTER BRENNER, directed by Sam Newfield from "Four Minutes to Freedom" by James Oliver Curwood.

A dventure of a North-west Canadian Mounted policeman in rounding up a gang of counterfeiters proving an absorbing entertainment for western fans and juveniles. Familiar atmosphere and the usual fight and gun-play.

THE GIRL FROM SCOTLAND YARD


KAREN MOORE, Arla 
REGIS GREGG, Beech 
ROBERT BALDWIN, Robert 
EDWARD CHANDLER, Jack 
KATHERINE LADY, Edgar 
LLOYD CRANE, Tom 
BUD FLANAGAN, John 
LYNN ANDERSON, Dick 
RICHARD TAD ADAMS, Jack 
BETEY THOMAS, Pat 
CLAUDE King, Sir Leo 

Practically unintelligible story of sabotage, espionage and revenge, in which Scotland Yard apparently takes a part, and the Secret Service department is painfully travestied. The proceedings—of which the artists concerned are aware make little—can only possibly appeal to the uncritical.

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

Number of stars awarded in brackets:

After the Thin Man (2) .... Sept. 25
Born to Dance (3) .... Sept. 16
Cameo (2) .... Sept. 2
Cradle of the Street, The (2) .... Sept. 7
Charge of the Light Brigade (5) .... Sept. 4
Dark Journey, The (4) .... Sept. 4
Day of the Races, A (2) .... Sept. 10
Dominant Sex, The (3) .... Sept. 28
Don't Get My Wrong (2) .... Aug. 14
Don't Touch Me (3) .... Aug. 14
Elephant Boy, The (2) .... Sept. 11
Free Over England (3) .... Aug. 26
For Valour (2) .... Aug. 26
Fox in the Box, The (3) .... Aug. 26
Garden of Allah, The (2) .... Sept. 18
High Command, The (2) .... Aug. 21
King Solomon's Mines (2) .... Sept. 1
Loyds of London (3) .... Sept. 11
Murder in College (2) .... Aug. 21
O.K. For Sound (2) .... Aug. 21
One on a Million (2) .... Aug. 21
On the Avenue (2) .... Sept. 25
Pirates of the Panama, The (2) .... Aug. 21
Ranger River (2) .... Aug. 14
Sorcerer's Apprentice (2) .... Aug. 26
Skull We Dance (2) .... Sept. 11
Tempt Me If You Can, The (2) .... Aug. 1
We're on the Jury (2) .... Aug. 26
When's Your Birthday? (2) .... Aug. 26
Wings of the Morning (2) .... Aug. 14
Woman Between, The (2) .... Sept. 14
You Only Live Once (2) .... Oct. 2

TITANIA—smart Superma coiffure to emphasize a good head contour.

PANDORA—a charming Superma coiffure, designed to hide a long neck.

SUPERMA MACHINELESS PERMWAVING

No electricity... No machines!
I often wonder whether the English film-fan would remain a film-fan if he lived in India.

In the cinema in Agra, for instance, there are two performances nightly, each performance lasting an hour and a half. This is the rule, but this is generally a very good one. There are no cushioned seats with comfortable arm-rests: just plain wooden chairs. The "front stalls" cost eightpence, and "back stalls" one shilling, and any thing in between.

When the lights are switched off—not slowly dimmed—and the old gramophone abruptly stopped, the fun really begins. The front row is occupied by the soldiers from the local garrison who have their pet dogs seated on their laps. Suddenly, the cry of "Rats!" rings through the darkened hall. Dogs leap from the laps of their masters, and the chairs or put their legs up on the chair in front until the rat is caught and they can settle down once more to enjoy the film.

Lizards cause a great deal of amusement at certain times of the year. They scurry across the walls and the ceiling, and frequently venture onto the screen, where they earn the applause of the audience by dropping down the villain's mouth at the appropriate moment.

The cinemas, however, are well-patronised for they are cool and roomy. And they help the "guardians of the Empire" to keep in touch with Western civilisation.—Ivor E. Skirrow, Weekly Picturegoer, 61 Aberdeen Park, N.S., who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

 Shoes Off!

Your readers may be interested in the following details about cinemas in Japan. Even in the big towns, like Tokyo and Osaka, they are somewhat barn-like affairs compared with English cinemas. A balcony runs round three walls. It is the idea to sit here, but you have to leave your shoes with the caretaker at the door and squat on the floor. If you want a cushion that is extra again.

Below, narrow forms are provided. The people sit huddled up like rabbits and squeezed together like sardines. But as Japs are used to these positions, they are quite happy.

It is rare for a Japanese cinema to lack a good audience. The normal state of affairs is for all sitting space to be taken and the passage crowded as well with patent film "fans" who are prepared to stand clawing their necks throughout the performance.

Hollywood films are often shown, but young people are generally barred from seeing them lest they imbibe Western ideas of which the Japanese are particularly sensitive. Although the themes of most Japanese films are taken from medieval tales of the East with plenty of action of a warlike kind and knightly chivalry—"Wisred Hear, "Lexington," Bishops Road, Hyde, Sussex, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

“Post-Synch”

Reading over the Picturegoer issue of July 12, I was interested to find a letter written by a film fan from Cyprus, who complained bitterly of bad synchronised pictures and having never heard that "husky voice of Garbo. I think there is a remedy to stop that "cruel illniss"—to be more careful when a picture is synchronised.

In Germany and Austria we have most of the American and English productions in our own language—except some musicals which run with explanatory sub-titles—and the technical progress is amazing.

The German premire of Queen Christina, some years ago in Berlin, a synchronised version of the picture was shown to the public. Voice glamorous actors and actresses! What great production and direction! Afterwards I interrogate myself "Is this film British or American?" Then my friend told me that it is pur British.

So I will say from now onwards British films are the best of all.—Mohammed El-Nashad, Hadjirshana 290, Baghdad, Iraq.

(I think we can offer even better arguments than that film.—“Thinker.”)

Going to the Bio

I have been a regular reader of Picturegoer for two and a half years. I have kept every single copy. It gives me great pleasure to look through.

I gather from "Thinker" page that British kinematics are exceedingly badly managed. Of course, here in South Africa we call it Bioscope or just Bio.

I live in a town 20 miles from Johannesburg. The pictures come out here very quickly. Those shown at the Coliseum in Jo’burg come to the Benoni Criterion the following week. Those shown at the Criterion in Jo’burg are only Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films, and they come to the Lido in Benoni about six weeks after the Jo’burg showing.

The programme always consists of advertisements, news reels, a short comedy (usually bad), interval and the big picture.

Sweets and ice creams are the only things the audience eat. Mahnners are good in general. (Miss) H. van Zyl, 69 Fifth Avenue, Northwood, Benoni, Transvaal.

Grumblers, Take Note!

I have read the letters of your grumblers who complain about their town having only one cinema and showing old films. What would they say if they lived here in Mores Matruk?

There’s only one cinema here and this is what our programme consisted the last time I was here. Instead of the usual Warner’s, I viewed their "clever" film in a "short" comedy (without a title—it just flashed on the screen as if it was an unexpected advertisement). And Edward (I Robinson in Silver Dollar). Sometimes there are French newsreels, cartoons, and an occasional cinematograph. The interval is usually in the middle of the film and "breakdowns" are frequent.

Prices are equivalent to 8d., 1s. and 1s. 6d., (Continued on page 30)

WHAT DO YOU THINK? Letters from our readers

RAT’S IN THE CINEMA!

More Readers’ Experiences Overseas

IF YOU WANT BEAUTY, follow Myrna Loy’s MAKE UP ADVICE.

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THE PERFECT ROUGE...you will see how beautifully your Colour Harmony shade in Max Factor’s Face Powder and see how naturally the colour enlivens the beauty of your skin. Note the difference in its clinging smoothness. In your own mirror see the satin smooth effect like the beauty you see flashed on the screen.

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October 16, 1937

PICTURGOER Weekly

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Stop Hair Falling

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KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER

Kotalko quickly stops hair falling—regrows it thickly and strongly. Kotalko and Kotalko Soap get rid of dandruff, and quickens slow growth. Kotalko is for men's, women's and children's scalp and hair.

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Please send the post-paid, Touring Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

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Address

Read this letter. See how you, too, can stop your hair falling and grow it again, thicker and stronger than ever.

"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. Also my hair, which was greasy grey, returned its natural colour."

Fill in and post this Coupon To-day.

To JOHN HAYR BRITAIN, LTD., 9, Percy Street (104 DK), London, W.1

Please send the post-paid, Touring Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

Name

Address

This girl on the right has a "long face" and there are four vital mistakes in her make-up. Advice of "Woman's" Beauty Expert transformed her appearance.

Only experienced knowledge could aid this girl. But whether your face is round, long or normal, "Woman's" Beauty Expert tells you in the issue OUT TO-DAY just what you must do—and or

RIGHT

what you must avoid—to make the most of your beauty. Don't miss this invaluable article and don't miss this week's "Woman." It's the finest feminine weekly you've ever seen—packed with first-class fiction and brilliant articles on every subject of feminine interest.

Get your copy to-day: It's on sale everywhere, 2d.

This quick, easy way

LONG, CURLING EYELASHES

Bring out the best of nature's gifts by using Lashtone, the wonder eye-lash tonic that gives every woman long, curling, lustrous lashes. Lashtone adds beauty and sparkle to the eyes. Simple to apply—wonderfully effective.

THE SCIENTIFIC LASH TONIC

From Roots, Timothy Wiles, Tailors, Barbers, Saddlers, Wholesale and all Retail-class Chemists, Stores, Beauty Parlours, etc., Price 2/6 per tube. In case of difficulty send 7/6 to Lashtone Products Dept., 75 BATHEAT STREET, E.W.I., and a tube will be sent to you Post Free.
Molly Lamont
- One of South Africa’s gifts to films, Molly Lamont was born in the Transvaal on May 22, 1911. She was a dancing teacher in Durban when, in 1920, she won a beauty competition which carried with it the prize of a free trip to England and a film test.

As a result of the latter the then B.I.P. studio gave her a contract and undertook to train her. She appeared with success in a number of British pictures. Her first leading role was in *Strictly Business*. Subsequently she appeared in *White Ensign, Brother Alfred*, *Irish Hearts*, among others.

1927 she went to Hollywood, where she has been ever since. Latest pictures: *Lucky Corrigan, Jungle Princess, A Doctor’s Diary*. She is 5 ft 5 in tall and has dark hair and eyes.

Elissa Landi
- Her real name is Elizabeth Marie Zanardi-Landi and she is the daughter of an Austrian count and an Englishwoman. She was born in Venice, December 6, 1901, and was taken four weeks later to Austria and shortly thereafter to Canada, where she first went to school. Her education was completed in France and England. She wrote a poem that was published by a London magazine when she was eleven, another when she was fourteen, and at the age of nineteen she made her stage debut in England.

The following year her first novel, *Nelson*, was published and she made her debut in London in the starring role of *Storm*, which was a huge success.

In 1926 Elissa made her first picture, *London*, where the fashion pictures include *Under-ground, The Inseparables & Knowling Men*. Hollywood grabbed her immediately for such pictures as *Sign of the Cross, The Masquerader & The Count of Monte Cristo*.

**What Do You Think? Contd.**

and our programmes are also like this every day. Now, do we deserve sympathy?—Pte. J. M. Pickles, D.S. Company, 1st Bn., East Lancashire Regt., 13th Inf, Bega, Egypt (You do?—"Think.")

Films for "N.Z."
- A few points regarding films, and the New Zealander may be of interest to your readers. The appeal of films of a certain type generally follows along a line reflecting the everyday work of the individual, but in a negative sense. The farmer delights in films that have no relation to rural occupations but lift him into imaginary fields of life, far removed from his own daily grind. The dweller of congested city areas receives inspiration from the films depicting the freedom of the "wild and wide open spaces."

The New Zealander generally, has little opportunity to attend flesh and blood shows whether of the operatic type, dramatic work, vaudeville extravaganzas, musical comedy, or revue. The popularity of films along these lines has been proved in this Dominion. Films entertain a life that follow too closely the everyday for the average New Zealander, to appeal very much. The rapt interest in "shorts" showing scenes from overseas and depicting city life in the great cities of the world proves the point.

Producers catering for New Zealand audiences would do well to keep these points in mind.—Geo. Peters, 30 Surrey Street, Grey Lynn, Auckland, New Zealand.

Reaping a Harvest
- I have for some time been considering if the stars of Hollywood realise the value of their autographs in Malaya.

S.H.

She has green eyes and red-gold hair, is 5 ft. 5 in. tall and weighs 8 st. 6 lb. She is an accomplished pianist and an expert housewoman.

Recent films: *Mad Holiday, After the Thin Man, The Thirteenth Chair*.

**Dorothy Lamour**
- Probably one of the biggest finds of 1937, Dorothy Lamour was born in New Orleans on December 10, 1915. In 1930 with her childhood friend, the late Dorothy Dell, she entered a local beauty contest which the latter won. Dorothy Dell subsequently went to Chicago and as a result of her influence, got the other Dorothy a job singing in a nightclub.

In 1935 Miss Lamour went to Hollywood, but just failed to win the Helen Morgan role in *Show Boat*. A Paramount executive who had seen her photograph gave her a screen test and a contract followed. She won recognition in her first picture, *The Jungle Princess*, and has since been seen in *Swing High, Swing Low, The Last Train from Madrid* and *High, Wide and Handsome*.

Her next, *Hurricane*, will, the experts believe, put her among the front-rank Hollywood stars. Dorothy is 5 ft. 5 in. tall, has blue-grey eyes and is one of the few stars with long hair.

**Elsa Lanchester**
- Who is Mrs. Charles Laughton in private life? Elsa Lanchester was born in Lewisham on October 28, 1902. At the age of sixteen she started the Children’s Theatre in Soho and later opened the famous "Soho House of Harmony" Club.

She became leading lady in Sir Nigel Playfair’s revue, *Riverside Nights*. Elsa had acted on the New York stage and was well known to theatregoers when she started her film career.

Her first film was the silent version of *The Constant Nymph* and her other British pictures include *The Love Habit, Private Life of Henry VIII, The Ghost Goes West & Rembrandt*, and her latest, *Vestel of Wrath*, in both of which she was opposite her famous husband.

In Hollywood she made *Naughty Marietta & The Bride of Frankenstein*. *Elsa Lanchester is 5 ft. 7 in. tall and has red hair*. She was married to Laughton in 1929.

I went to the cinema a year ago, and had the opportunity of seeing two films, starring Shirley Temple and Jane Withers. I was so taken up with their acting ability that I took the first opportunity to write to them for their autographs. To my great joy my request had been granted.

From then onwards I have never missed any of their films. I have spoken to my friends of my newly found favourites and they agree with me that they are their favourites too. I never tire of praising them to all my friends and acquaintances.

This short letter catch the eye of Miss Shirley Temple and Miss Jane Withers they will then know that I have in some way repaid them for their kindness to me.—Terence B. Estrop, 69 Robert Quaters, Rasuk Road, Seremban, P.M.S. Malaya.

(I am sending copies of this letter to Shirley and Jane.—"Thinker").

**YOUR VIEWS WANTED**

What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," *The Picturegoer Weekly,* Martlet House, Martlet Court, Bow Street, W.C.2
'Danderine' insures your hair for a penny a day

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!

When you've had your hair shampooed, a little 'Danderine' will keep it from getting out of place. Use 'Danderine' every time you comb your hair—to be sure of your hair all day long! To have the satisfaction of knowing that it is not only clean, but that it really looks clean. To keep 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, 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

The softer, deeper-cleansing action of D & R Perfect Cold Cream clears the complexion and stimulates the pores.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Beauty Preparations

Perfect COLD CREAM, 1/3, 2/6, 4/3 and 7/-
Perfect VANISHING CREAM, 1/3 and 2/6
Perfect SKIN TONIC, 1/6 and 2/6

DUODENAL ULCERS FOR 15 YEARS Relief "Like a Miracle"

Most stomach sufferers never dream how easily negated stomach trouble can develop into the dread Gastric or Duodenal Ulcer. Even those whose slight pains have turned into serious trouble still possess an excellent chance of avoiding the operating table. Let Mrs. C., a coalminer's wife, of Hanley, Staffs, tell you how her husband escaped:

"For the past fifteen years," she writes, "my husband has suffered terribly with Duodenal Ulcers, and has been in hospital for treatment. For months he has taken no food other than milk or slops. It has cost a small fortune for treatment and loss of work. My husband's condition became worse, in fact he drooped the thought of food. After he had been in torture for two days, I decided to give your Maclean Brand Stomach Powder a trial. Within half an hour he was resting quietly. It sounds almost like a miracle, but it is true. He continued taking it regularly, eats everything he fancies, is gaining weight and has not felt so well for years."

You probably have not reached the state that Mr. C. was in. Make sure you never do! Take a tip from him—take Maclean Brand Stomach Powder now. If this remarkable remedy has soothed ulcerated stomach pain in half an hour, just imagine how quickly it will drive away your indigestion, flatulence or acidity! To avoid disappointment, make sure you do get the genuine MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder—look for the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on your bottle. 1/2, 5/- and 5/-. Powder or Tablets.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed when the morning sun shines! 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 escapes up the stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, 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 Carters 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 Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuses anything else at 1/- and 9/-.
The more you smoke, the more grateful you'll be for the distinctive flavour and smoothness that makes Will's GOLD FLAKE so clean to the palate
Teeth beginning to go ...
... yet still he keeps on wearing them away

Perhaps, unknowingly, you are doing the same. If you use a dentifrice that is as all abrasive, you're bound to wear away that thin film of enamel which is Nature's only protection against decay. And there are pastes and powders so abrasive that Dentists can tell at a glance what you've been using.

There's one way to be sure about your present tooth paste. Compare it with one which dentists recognise as the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day (or send the coupon below for a sample tube free). Put them both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present one seems to have the least sign of grittiness, don't take chances any longer.

It is because it is so safe that Dentists recommend Odol. Odol can be obtained at Tooth Paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouthwash and Odol Denture Powder.

Free sample tube. Post this coupon in an unsealed envelope (3d. stamp) to Crumcax Ltd., (Dept. P.14) North, for a free tube of Odol.

Name..........................................................
Address................................................................

October 16, 1937

PICTUREGOER Weekly
“TAKE a pair of sparkling eyes,” says the well-known druggist. “Certainly nothing is more ‘taking,’ if I may use the word in that sense, than beautiful eyes, with clear blue whites and luxuriant healthy lashes.

Let us be quite clear that beautiful eyes do not begin with cosmetics. Eye make-up can do a lot to enhance and improve the eyes, but it will not give you clearness and sparkle. That comes from good health, and good health alone.

Let us consider the defects that spoil the appearance of the eyes. Most women—sometimes the very young—are bothered with a network of fine lines under the eyes. Sometimes they arise from contact, often from screwing up the eyes against too strong a light, and most certainly from reading and working by improperly shaded electric lights. All lights should be so shaded that there is no direct glare.

What can be done to prevent and keep at bay these ageing lines? A good nourishing skin food or a special herbal tissue oil may be ‘finger-printed’ in every day, very gently because the skin stretches so easily. You will notice how quickly the skin under the eyes absorbs the cream or oil. This is because it needs nourishment so badly.

Twice a week some extra nourishment may be given by putting in jail as well as food. Warm a little almond oil and gently pat it in with fairly-like touch for a few minutes. Then follow with a few minutes of putting in more skin food. Leave a trace of the mixture on the skin at least for an hour, or if the lines are fairly deep, overnight.

Next morning complete the treatment with cold compresses. Soak some pads of cotton wool in a breakfast cup of cold water to which has been added a teaspoonful of witch hazel. Lay these compresses over the closed eyes and leave on for ten minutes. This daily and bi-weekly treatment, which is at all times good, is most helpful where there is a tendency to puffiness under the eyes.

If the eyes are tired and you are inclined to be nervous, hot saline compresses are wonderfully effective and refreshing. They help to dispel that nervous appearance. Use a teaspoonful of salt to half a tumbler of water, making sure that the cotton wool pads in this and place over the eyes as before, leaving them until they cool, then repeat. If you can rest in a darkened room while this treatment is taken, so much the better.

Eye exercises keep the muscles in good condition and help to retain the colour of the eyes. Open wide the eyes and then rotate the eyeballs, first one way and then the other way. Rotate ten times in each direction. Then, looking straight ahead, first of all turn the eyes to the ceiling and then to the floor. Repeat several times.

Apply a cold eye lotion several times a week, counteracts the effects of wind and dust and general strain. Opening and closing the eyes under cold water is another excellent strengthening exercise.

Dark circles under the eyes worry many women. They may arise from one of several causes. It may be due to ill-health, in which case a doctor’s advice is required. It may be due to too little sleep, or even to a stuffy bedroom, or to the need for glasses.

In some cases, outward treatment is merely a palliative. It will not cure the trouble. A good tonic, careful nutritious diet, more sleep and fresh air, and the drinking of adequate cold water between meals will help towards a cure. Outwardly treat the circles first with a soft cleansing cream that melts immediately with the warmth of the skin, and then with a good skin food mixed with a few drops of peroxide.

Most girls long for luxurious eyelashes. Here again the health of the eyes plays a large part. You cannot have thick lashes if you are below par, anaemic, or suffer from short sight or a continuous slight irritation of the lids which makes them red and a little sticky in the mornings.

Neither can luxurious eyelashes be grown overnight. Whether you use a proprietary remedy—and there are many excellent ones to be bought—or the homely but effective treatment of one part castor oil to two parts vaseline, you must persevere with the treatment. To keep on keeping on is the secret.

And if you still fail to produce lashes up to skin standard, you could try some artificial ones. You can get a set for about 5s. They last anywhere from ten days to three weeks according to the treatment you subject them to. To apply them you will need a very good magnifying mirror and a pair of tweezers. You also need a steady hand and a little art.

Each artificial lash is taken separately with the tweezers, its end dipped into the special adhesive provided with the outfit, and then it is attached to one of the natural lashes. In this manner it does not come into actual contact with the eyelid. To begin, the artificial lashes are about three quarters of an inch long, but they are then trimmed to a becoming length. Generally speaking the effect is best if they are cut close to the sides.

Mascara is applied to the lower lashes only, since artificial lashes are confined to the upper lid.

If the natural lashes are sparse, two false lashes may be attached to each natural lash.

... Worried (Ireland).—Decrease the apparent size of your zone by using a dark pink or black powder on it than the rest of your face. Hold your head erect, look downwards, chin well in, and wear your hair bunched on a level with your eyebrows. Large nose rings, or nose tubes may be taken to add to the sides. Mascara is applied to the lower lashes only, since artificial lashes are confined to the upper lid.

If the natural lashes are sparse, two false lashes may be attached to each natural lash.

... M.A.T. I help you solve your beauty problems?... Whatever is the query, send it to me accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply. Address your letter to ANNE, c/o THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.


LEAVE IT TO ANNE

This week’s prizé of half a guinea is awarded to Miss Diana Webster, 25 Sheaveshill Avenue, Hinckley, N.W.7, for —

R. E. (Finsbury).—Have you tried the Daggett and Ramonard beauty preparations?

Then, I feel certain, will meet all your requirements satisfactorily.


Talkie Title Tales

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R. E. (Finsbury).—Have you tried the Daggett and Ramonard beauty preparations?

Then, I feel certain, will meet all your requirements satisfactorily.

at the dance... how divinely white
your hands looked.
And then when you
danced with me and
off your silken
delicate hand in
mine it was as a
spell of love at first touch!

LOVELY HANDS
INSPIRE
LOVE-LETTERS

Lovely hands exercise
a magic power of enchant-
ment. Glymiel Jelly will make
and keep your hands lovably soft and
white. Glymiel Jelly is made by
the process impossible to copy, and its
special non-greasy, non-sticky ingre-
dients sink in without a trace. Only
the added loveliness of your hands,
and a faint perfume, tell that you have
used Glymiel! Get a tube today
and have lovelier hands tomorrow!

GLYMIEL JELLY

DANCE FOR FUN—AND HEALTH

Learn to dance to happiness with a personal
home tutor of your own. The St. James's School
method is easy as A.B.C. Includes all the
latest dances.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

POST THIS COUPON TODAY

To the St. James School of Dancing,
30, Greycoat Galleries,
Greycoat Place, London, S.W.1

Please send me by return your free book,
"Dance and be Popular." This request
places me under no obligation whatsoever.
envelope (in sealed envelope) 3d. in stamps
towards postage and handling.

Name

Address

PIMPLES, BOILS, ECZEMA—
NEW WONDER REMEDY

If you suffer from Pimples, Boils, Eczema or
skin complaints, you must have DOMOLENE
OINTMENT, the miracle ointment which is the
most powerful yet soothing destroyer of germs
known to science. DOMOLENE OINTMENT
is more than a soothing ointment; it penetrates
depth into the tissues, breaking down the diseased
cells, killing the infection and making quick
recovery possible. DOMOLENE OINTMENT
will give you relief in a night, not only for Eczema,
but Boils, Spots, Pimples, Septic Sores, Skin
Troubles or Bites, etc. Buy a 1/6 pot to-day from
any qualified Chemist.

Proprietors: Demo Remedies Ltd., Plantation House,
Fenchurch Street, E.C.3

DOMOLENE IS DEATH TO GERMS

STOP!
HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOUR
NIPITS

I like it!

It's a pet! It's a gem, a jewel! You bet
it's my favourite fuel! I'm a whole-block
fan, I can manage two or three. It's
bright-and-sunny, it melts like honey,
it's melody! It's rich! It's the word
delicious! Bewitching and more—
nutritious! It's an angel's nod, at a
modest estimate. I'm giving in to
Nestlé's Chocolate.

NO QUALMS
ABOUT BEING SEEN
IN A BATHING SUIT

A Gentleman, aged 249, wrote
six months after adopting

MAXALDING

"—I came to you a weak-
ling in every sense and
here after only six months
of your culture I am
brimful of health and good
spirits—I might add that
I have no qualms about
being seen in a bathing
suit now."

MR. WITT’S ANSWER TO
"How do you look in a swim suit?"

ILLUSTRATED EXPLANATORY BOOKLET
Sent Free on Receipt of your NAME,
ADDRESS, AGE AND OCCUPATION

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35
It's thrilling to discover that
**CALIFORNIAN POPPY PERFUME**
is suitable for all occasions

says

**Lady Marian Cameron**

(RENOWNED FOR HER GOOD LOOKS)

Can you wonder that lovely society women
choose Californian Poppy Perfume to
lend them added charm? Its haunting
fragrance is utterly distinctive... its
charm, unique. Romance comes easily
to those who wear Californian Poppy,
for its appeal, so wholly feminine, is truly
magnetic! Give yourself the pleasure of
wearing Californian Poppy Perfume—it will
be a pleasure to your friends as well!

PROTECT GROWING SECOND SKIN
WITH POWDER THAT TRANSMITS
AIR AND SUNLIGHT

IT'S terribly
unwise to trust your skin
to any but a gossamer-light face pow-
der. Beneath the skin you see in the mirror lies a
precious second skin which, in six weeks' time, will take its
place. To make this tender growing skin smooth, clear and soft, it must
have the vital forces of air and sunlight—sun, while it is growing.
Use Californian Poppy Face Powder always—it is so gossamer-light that
it transmits both sunlight and air to your precious growing skin, keeps
it clear and smooth, with the lovely natural colouring of radiant health.

Send 3d in stamps to Proprietors Perfunx Ltd. (Ipswich T 54), Southwark Park Road,
London, S.E.1, for Free samples of Californian Poppy Face Powder (one shade required) from

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sale at W. H. Smith & Son's, Ltd., Bookshelves at 248 Rue de Rivoli, Paris and 75 Boulevard Adolphe Max, Bruxelles and Messageries Dawson, 4 Rue
du Faubourg Poissonniere, Paris, France.
GOODNESS, I'm depressed about my face! Do you ever feel like this? Do you sometimes look in your mirror and wonder why your skin is dull, lifeless looking? Do you notice tiny blemishes, large pores?

If this is your experience, you may already, without knowing it, be a victim of that widespread modern complexion trouble — Cosmetic Skin.

Many women who think they're removing cosmetics thoroughly actually leave smears of sticky powder base and make-up, traces of powder embedded deep in the pores night after night. Then pores get clogged — skin can't breathe properly. Soon the warning signs of ugly Cosmetic Skin appear.

**Powder harmless removed this way**

Don't risk ugly Cosmetic Skin. You needn't. Film stars have found the one sure way to guard against it — Lux Toilet Soap. This famous beauty soap removes cosmetics as nothing else does. Its pure white lather floats every trace of stale powder and make-up from the depths of the pores — lets the skin breathe. That's why Lux Toilet Soap has been made the official beauty soap in all the great film studios. It keeps skin clearer, smoother and more lovely than any other soap or beauty preparation.

Every night before you go to bed, and during the day each time you make up afresh, be careful to remove cosmetics with Lux Toilet Soap. This film-star beauty care guards against Cosmetic Skin, gives you a clear, smooth complexion.

GLENDÁ FARRELL says —

Use powder and make-up? Of course I do! But thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I never risk Cosmetic Skin.

**LUX TOILET SOAP GUARDS AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN**
Tom Thought He Was Licked

... until a telephone tangle taught him...

No Wonder I Can't Get My Salary Raised Here

... even the operator ignores me... what the...?

I'm on Mr. Hardy's line and he's talking about me!

Getting Down to Brass Tacks, Field's Breath Is Against Him! His Dentist Could Do a Lot for That Chap!

This is What He Overheard...

Most Bad Breath Comes from Decaying Food Between Badly Cleaned Teeth. I Advise Colgate Dental Cream. Its Special Penetrating Foam Removes These Odour-Bearing Particles.

Fields Gives His Dentist a Chance

One Month Later

Thanks! You'll Never Know How Much You Helped. (Thinks) and Colgates!

Two Sizes

6d and 1/-

Colgate Ribbon Dental Cream

Jungle Love - Don't Miss It!

Don't miss these two intimate "shots" from one of the most thrilling films of the year. They bring you Ray Milland and Dorothy Lamour in The Jungle Princess—and are two of the new postcard portraits just issued by "The Picturegoer" Salon.

Colgate Toothpaste at 5d.

For Rough "Hardwork Hands"

Colgate Toothpaste at 5d.

No Kisses

For Rough "Hardwork Hands"

Colgate Toothpaste at 5d.

Jungle Love - Don't Miss It!

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Colgate Toothpaste at 5d.

For Rough "Hardwork Hands"

Colgate Toothpaste at 5d.
Life is easier with Modess

THE SOLUBLE SANITARY TOWEL
WITH THE MOISTURE PROOF BACKING

SAFER—SOFTER—MORE COMFORTABLE
AND no fear of embarrassment

This is what makes Modess certain safe . . . .

Modess gauze is filmed with downy soft cotton wool, so that there is none of the harshness which causes chafing and irritation. Moisture cannot spread to the sides, and the pad itself is extra absorbent. Next time, ask for a packet of Modess. With or without loops, from all drapers and chemists.

NEW OILY CUTICLE REMOVER GIVES YOU

3 IMPORTANT BENEFITS
Counteracts Drying
Helps keep Cuticle soft
... Nails flexible
Removes Cuticle safely
without harmful cutting

The new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover removes cuticle easily and efficiently. In addition, it contains a special oil that keeps your nails and cuticle from drying out! This special oil lubricates your nails and cuticle—actually helps to make them softer, smoother and more pliable than ever!

CUTEX Oily Cuticle Remover

HERE IT IS!

A Beautiful Jar for a Favourite Vanishing cream

★ A very modern jar too—with its opal glass and charming shape. Inevitably it adds tone to your dressing-table.
★ But it's the cream that is the prize. Under the beautifying touch of Erasmic Vanishing cream your skin becomes soft and clear.
★ Erasmic Cream will "hold" your powder perfectly and impart a natural youthful bloom.
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PICTUREGOER Weekly

October 23, 1937
Dear Spencer Tracy,

Well, you seem to have done it again in *Big City* and acted an Academy Award winner off the screen. Perhaps it is that Luise Rainer is an over-rated actress; three of her four previous pictures have been opposite William Powell, who, however charming his personality, is no Irving, or, for that matter anyone else but William Powell, while that essay in stolid immobility, her O-Lan in *The Good Earth*, did not please all the critics.

We prefer, however, to be gallant and say merely that it is that you are a much under-rated actor and leave it at that except for a wistful thought that the powers that be at M.G.M. would find a story in which they could co-star you with Garbo, who has made all her other leading men look as if they'd been seconded from the local amateur dramatic society.

In the meantime, perhaps, they'll give you a statuette at the next Academy dinner. Quite a number of people thought that you should have had the Award for 1936, instead of being merely one of the runners up, though I happen to know that you do not grudge your friend Paul Muni the honour.

We like you, by the way, for being one of Muni's greatest fans, for saying "if ever I could be in his class"—and for not knowing that you are.

What we are trying to say, at the risk of appearing fulsome, is that we consider you one of the three best actors in films.

There is certainly no actor on the screen, not even Muni, who in the past two years has given such consistently good and widely varied characterisations as you have offered us in *Riff-Raff*, *Fury*, *San Francisco*, *Libelled Lady* and *Captains Courageous*.

You have done more than merely turn in a number of fine characterisations in a series of roles, however diverse. What has pleased us most about your success is that it has helped to shatter the dreadful screen convention that has for far too long cluttered up our hero departments with Great Lovers, Glamour Kings and pretty-boy "hams."

It is a sign that the movies are growing up when a young actor can climb to the top solely on his qualifications as an actor.

And we don't think your own mother would credit you with the possession of the brand of conventional screen sex appeal, nor, if it comes to that, have you any illusions on the subject yourself.

You modestly attribute the rise in your stock in the last year or so to getting the "breaks" and reveal yourself as one of those phenomena, an actor who appreciates that "the play's the thing." You are not above admitting, incidentally, that you were not too keen on doing Manuel in *Captains Courageous*, now, we rather suspect, your favourite role.

Actually, we know that few actors have overcome greater handicaps, quite apart from the fact that, as you admit yourself, your facial architecture did not qualify you as a likely rival to the Valentinos.

One of those handicaps which affected your early screen career was a personal one, which you have always been honest enough to admit. You have conquered the habit of unreliability completely now and we do not propose to refer to it here or again for that matter.

Moreover, although you had got off to a good start in Hollywood in *Up the River* and *Quick Millions*, and had had one or two good breaks, notably in 20,000 Years in Sing Sing and *Power and Glory*, you had sunk into a bad type rut as a screen tough guy at the time you started to reconstruct your private life and your career and showed us what you could do in *Murder Man*.

There's no more difficult feat in Hollywood than getting out of a type rut.

You have done it—and if you don't get the Academy "Oscar" there'll be a whole lot of filmgoers who'll want to know the reason why.

Yours sincerely,

The Editor
UMOIRS that Norma Shearer is to give up acting and become a producer have brought forth an official statement of her plans from M-G-M.

Miss Shearer, the bulletin declares, is under contract to the studio for another three years. The company would release her from the agreement if she so desired, but that is not her wish.

Norma, according to the statement, will be starting filming again very soon in Marie Antoinette and after that will be seen in Idol’s Delight.

The late Irving Thalberg’s successor as her producer will be Hunt Stromberg.

One reason, not officially disclosed, why Norma is not likely to leave the Culver City studio or give up acting is that, though she is a wealthy woman, a lot of her money is tied up in M-G-M. and her stellar name is one of the company’s biggest assets.

New Dance Sensation

I wonder if the “Big Apple,” the new dance which is now sweeping America as completely as the Charleston did a few years ago, will take English ballrooms by storm.

Hollywood is bringing it to the screen in Thrill of a Lifetime.

As far as I can make out, the dance originated in a negro night club in South Carolina. It was picked up by the college boys and girls (its eccentric charms seem to be mainly for the young) and spread to every corner of the land.

It first attracted notice about four months ago. Paramount sent its dance director, LeRoy Prinz, to the South to investigate and he says that the dance, a modern interpretation of the old-time square dance, will revolutionize ballroom dancing.

The dance permits its exponents to express themselves individually. Four couples form a circle and such calls as “Truck to town,” “Huddle the one you love the most,” “Grab you gal and Suzie Q” and “Turn ‘em loose and cook your goose” are given, instead of the familiar “Swing your partner” and “Grand right and left” of the old square dance.

Individual dancers leave the circle, one after another, and perform in the centre until fatigued, when they are replaced by the next solo dancer. Every known step can be employed by the dancers in the “Apple.”

In Thrill of a Lifetime, Eleanor Whitney, Johnny Downs, Leif Erickson and Betty Grable do solos and Larry Crabbé gives the calls.

Mae West Again

Mae West, in a bid to recover some of the ground lost in her recent pictures is making drastic alterations in her old formula.

Everyday’s a Holiday, will present, to quote the star herself, “A new kinda Mae West in a new kinda musical.”

Though it is again set in the 1900 era the film will emphasise comedy throughout. No fewer than three funny men. Charles Winninger, Charlesutterworth and Walter Catlett have been brought into the supporting cast.

In one sequence Mae portrays the role of “Mlle Fifi,” star of The La La!, a Parisian farce and speaks French.

Romantic Business

My colleague Max llenen has taken to reading books again, and here is his report on three new ones.


It had better be large, because the price is 15s., and that represents a great deal of picturegiving for most of us.

In writing about movies Mr. Wood has wisely stuck to one aspect of his enormous subject. He is concerned solely with the romance of this extraordinary business, from its first faulty faltering flickering steps when The Great Train Robbery was made at the cost of £100 and earned many thousands.

Famous names and good stories jostle each other in the pages of this book, which, while not claiming to be a history of film-production, affords a better idea of its development than many “histories” I have read; and the stills from ancient films with which it is profusely illustrated are a joy.

Certainly add this to your library; it’s one you’ll want to keep.

Inside Story

In a different category is “Movie Merry-Go-Round”, by John Paddy Carstairs, published at half the price by Messrs. Newnes.

Paddy, who knows the studios inside-out, having worked in most of them and in many capacities, has undertaken to tell us how films are made, and he succeeds very well.

His racy, colloquial style of writing carries the reader along, but it has its corresponding disadvantage—it divests the author of the authority which is his due. Carstairs knows and loves his subject; it is a pity to appear flippancy about it.

Nevertheless, the book is a very good three-half-crowns-worth to anyone interested in knowing “what makes the wheels go round.”

That there is nothing strikingly novel in it is not the fault of the author so much as of the large number of books written about film-production.

Two bones I have to pick. One is with the ridiculous and superfluous “introduction” by Madeleine Carroll, which introduces precisely nothing, as she has not read the book.

Secondly, the author should have obtained the assistance of a competent proof-reader. There are far too many errors—trivial, but irritating.

Otherwise, full marks to John Paddy Carstairs.

Failure Story

The third on the list, “Hollywood Through the Back Door,” by E. Nils Hostius, is different again.

Published by Messrs. Geoffrey Isles at half a guinea, it is the true story of a novelist who went to Hollywood with a view to becoming a scenario-writer there—though he knew nothing about scenario-writing.

For some abstruse reason he sailed in a tramp-steamer to San Francisco, “hitch-hiked” to Los Angeles, and lived in the slums there, disguised as a British seaman, before emerging and using his introductions to the studios—and very fine introductions he had, too.

It’s just as well he did, or there would have been no book, the account of these adventures is entertaining, if long-drawn-out; the remainder is merely a record of being put off from week to week by studios which didn’t want him, until he left in disgust.

This is such a common experience that it would certainly not be worth writing a book about. However, it’s useful in showing the reverse side of the medal; we generally read only the Success Stories; this is a Failure Story.

If the Hollywood producers read his book, Mr. Holstius will never be allowed to write scenarios there; he has a tendency to report every word of every conversation he has ever had.
THE TRUTH

Apart from this drawback, his story is illuminating and readable.

Short Shots

- Douglas Fairbanks, jun., is to be costarred with Ginger Rogers in Having Wonderful Time—Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn are together again in Bringing Up Baby—Greta Garbo will postpone her holiday in Sweden to do another picture—Irene Crane, Grace Moore's singing "stand in" I'll Take Romance, is launching a radio career of her own—Myrna Loy will play a farm girl, instead of her usual sophisticated role, in Test Pilot.

Malcolm Phillips.

Phil Lonergan sends it Hot from Hollywood

"G" MAN AMONG THE STARS

EDGAR HOOVER, chief of the Department of Justice's Bureau of Investigation, whose dreaded "G-Men" have coped successfully with America's most ruthless gangsters, recently visited Hollywood, and thoroughly enjoyed himself.

Shirley Temple insisted that he give her his autograph, and he was warmly greeted by other stars, including Joan Crawford, Spencer Tracy and Edward G. Robinson.

If Mr. Hoover should accept a film offer, and he has had several, he would make more money in a year than he would receive from the government by the time he was ready to retire.

But the nemesis of evildoers appears content

With the post which has won him world-wide fame.

Hollywood Sphinx

- Barbara Stanwyck returned to Hollywood from New York, still noncommittal regarding reports that she will marry Robert Taylor in the near future. New Yorkers suspected that she intended to sail for England, where the knot would be tied, but Barbara fooled them by sailing for California instead.

Rumour has it that she does not approve of all the feminine attention that Bob is receiving in Britain.

Sympathetic Actors

- High salaried film players purchased two ambulances which have been sent to the Spanish government.

Signatures of the actors adorned the sides. The names included Sylvia Sidney, Franchot Tone, Robert Montgomery, Gale Sondergard, Florence Eldridge, Nancy Carroll, Robert Benchley and many others equally famous.

A Restaurant

- Cinderella

Billie Martin, brown-haired and stately, came to Hollywood from Oklahoma City to embark upon a film career.

Knowing that the Brown Derby restaurants in Hollywood and Beverly Hills are Meccas for film producers, Billie decided that it would be better to work in one of these places than to make the rounds of the studios as an unknown.

One day a producer from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer dined at the Beverly Brown Derby. Billie waited on him. Presto, she received a screen test and now has a contract with M-G-M.

His Weakness

- A wild "must buy" look seems to come into Al Jolson's eye every time he views a high-powered motor car, particularly if the car is foreign and fantastic in its lines, and has a cruising speed of somewhere around 110 miles per hour.

Jolson hasn't made many such purchases during the past two years, but the inclination and interest are still definitely evident. Wife Ruby Keeler is said to have something to do with the calming down of the urge to a point where it is under control.

Old-Fashioned Girl

- Jeanette MacDonald is one of the few women in Hollywood to ride side-saddle. Her famous horse, "White Lady," has never carried any other kind of a saddle until recently.

(Continued on page 8)
ALL THE GOSSIP—continued

The actress, in her forthcoming starring film, *The Girl of the Golden West*, has to ride astride, so Jeanette is teaching her favourite steed the rudiments of "going western."

"White Lady" is still puzzled, but is gradually becoming accustomed to the new style of riding.

More Trouble
- Martha Raye, estranged wife of Buddy Westmore, whose marital troubles have been chronicled here, visited the Hollywood police station to complain excitedly that a mysterious car had been following her automobile.
- Little excitement was caused over the incident. The police did not assign a special bodyguard, but officers said that Martha would be properly protected. The studio executives were willing to provide a bodyguard, but Martha declined the offer. Miss Raye subsequently obtained an interlocutory decree of divorce.

A Talkative Parrot
- Cecil B. De Mille was once very fond of a parrot, whom he had with him on many of his sets.
- But, alas, practical jokers taught the bird to say, "Yes, Mr. De Mille," and the famous director, noted for his "yes men," soon grew to detest the bird.
- The bird was accidentally run over while on location, but De Mille did not mourn its passing.

Painted Lady
- Although not particularly superstitions, Lupe Velez now has a definite phobia about walking under ladders. A bath of green paint is responsible.
- It came about when Lupe went to the shipyards in Los Angeles harbour to see about some work being done on the schooner *Guadalupes*, owned by her and her husband, Johnny Weismuller.
- As she walked under one of the scaffold ladders, a painter overhead made a trial blast with an air spray gun he was using and dosed the actress with an unsavoury concoction used to kill marine growth.
- Lupe, describing her resultant appearance, said disgustedly, "I look like cheeken-pox in green!"

A Dog's Life
- What is perhaps the last word in dog boudoirs is that being built by Mary Boland in her new Beverly Hills home.
- The tiny room is to be occupied by Miss Boland's pet pekinese—one, black—one, white and one golden-haired. Each of the little canines has its own bed—an actual bed with mattress, sheets, et al.
- Also there are photographs of their many dog friends framed and hung on the wall and autographed with said friends' paws.

Hollywood Says That
- Eleanor Powell is the first of her family to embark upon a stage and film career. At first, she met with opposition from her relatives.
  - Humphrey Bogart has a bit of hair from the head of every actress with whom he has appeared on stage or screen. He keeps the hair, properly labelled, in a filing cabinet in his home.
  - Eddie Cantor, who recently opened an antique shop in Hollywood, finds business so good that he plans to open branches in San Diego and San Francisco before the end of the year.
  - Myrna Loy still possesses the blonde wig she wore in her first motion picture role, What Price Beauty? It reposes in a safety deposit box.
  - Jeanette MacDonald, now that she is a bride, is learning to cook.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

FILMING THE NEWS

**NO, I'm not going to talk about newsreels, dramatic as they undoubtedly are.**

British producers don't take their inspiration from the pages of the newspapers as the Americans do and thus combine drama with that real-life atmosphere which is so vitally important.

Well, now we are doing it.

Recently a historic newspaper, the *Morning Post*, came to an end—or, rather, was absorbed by the *Daily Telegraph*. 

As soon as the news became known, Bartlett Cormack, who was responsible for the script of the Mayflower production, *Vessel of Wrath*, in which Laughton is now playing, went to Erich Pommer, the producer, and said, "Look, chief, why don't we make a film round that?"

So they decided to.

A little of the edge is taken off this story of Britain's last grasping its opportunity by the fact that Cormack is American and Pommer is a German.

Cavalcade of Print
- Cormack was a newspaper man himself—in Chicago—and is responsible for the scripts of two of the most successful of the long, long trail of newspaper pictures—*Front Page* and *Gentlemen of the Press*.

His job now is to get Chicago out of his system and absorb the more staid atmosphere of Fleet Street.

The story, for which no title has yet been decided, will star Charles Laughton in the role of the son of an English newspaper man, who goes into Fleet Street at the beginning of his career and follows the fortunes of a famous journal, working his way up to the Editor's chair.

The film will cover about fifty years of English history, a background in front of which the newspaper and its human elements work out their changing destiny.

At last a changing world needs the conservative old journal no longer, and it "folds up," and Editor Laughton puts on his hat and goes home. Naturally, the whole thing will deal with a fictitious paper and fictitious people; the idea is to make it something of a cavalcade of "headline history" over the last half-century or more.

This seems likely to offer a wonderful chance for Laughton to put up a fine acting performance in one of his now famous "growing old" parts, from the enthusiastic young reporter to the dignified old editor.

I'm going to keep an eye on this one; it sounds good.

In Comes Guthrie
- I hear that *Vessel of Wrath* has been going according to plan at Elstree, though knowing how Charles Laughton dislikes being watched while at work, I've given the studios a wide berth.

Besides himself and his wife, Elsa Lanchester, the cast includes Robert Newton, Fred Gwynne, Elliot Malcham, Morris Harvey, Tyrone Guthrie, and Bob.

Hob is the sheep-dog whom you saw, perhaps, in *Edge of Beyond*. Screen dogs are growing almost as numerous as screen children nowadays, but they are more natural actors.

It's such a long time since I heard of Tyrone Guthrie being on the stage that I'd almost forgotten he was an actor; but in the opinion of many competent judges he is one of the finest stage producers we have.

His work at the Old Vic, where he has been for some months past, has been winning golden opinions.

I hear that his test for the part of Elsa Lanchester's brother in *Vessel of Wrath* was something of a sensation; this is a screen debut that will be worth looking out for.

Lazy Laughton
- Also I am looking forward with a great deal of interest to Charles Laughton's portrayal of

*Jessie Matthews, Roland Young and Sonnie Hale about to do a location scene on the Thames for "Sailing Along."*
a beachcomber named "Ginger Ted." It's reported that Charles is a martyr to laziness in this part; he's supposed to be nearing the end of a long trek through the Malayan jungle with Elsa Lancaster, and he has a line to say about his feet hurting.

So to save himself the trouble of acting a man with sore feet, Charles became a man with sore feet by the simple expedient of filling his shoes with small sharp pebbles. He says this cuts two ways (besides slightly cutting the feet); it saves him the "tremendous mental strain" demanded by acting, and the twinge of pain also takes his mind away from acting, so that he cannot be tempted to overact.

This story is set in an imaginary island in the Malay Archipelago, and Laughton has been learning to speak Malay (or Malayan?) under the tutelage of Charles Morrell, Secretary of the Netherlands and Netherlands Indies Bureau, who is also supervising the Malayan detail.

Laughton wasn't satisfied to learn the words parrot-like, so he has taken the trouble to learn something of the language.

I hate to prophesy, but it really looks as if this film would keep its title for the whole duration of its life; a comparatively rare thing these days.

Sandy Beds

Mixed sleeping in an emergency seems to be fashionable in our studios nowadays. As I told you recently, The Divorce of Lady X, starring Merle Oberon, begins with the revellers in a Park Lane hotel being fog-bound and having to spend the night in such shake-down accommodation as they can; and now in Bank Holiday, at Ilchester, we find Margaret Lockwood toddling off for a clandestine week-end in Brightbourne (and I bet you'll have guessed it's on the South Coast) with her boy-friend, Hugh Williams, and, finding the town so full, owing to Bank Holiday, that they have to sleep on the beach, in a very mixed manner.

Meanwhile, however, Margaret has become extremely interested in a man (John Lodge) who has just lost his wife (Linden Travers), so she changes her mind about the week-end after all; which sounds like a bit of a jar for the boy-friend. The latter then divides his attention between the sake of whisky and Rene Ray. I know which I'd choose, but then I'm not very partial to whisky.

Hold-up

Rene plays the role of a winner of a beauty-competition held in Brightbourne to decide who shall be "Miss England." Another member of the cast is Jeanne Stuart, who is acclaimed "Miss Mayfair".

Others in the cast are Merle Tottenham, Wally Patch, Kathleen Harrison, and Felix Aylmer. By the way, when there's a hold-up at the Bank, everyone gets the day off, and I didn't see it in a single newspaper.

Actually it was a Gainsborough camera-crew who were held, up, and not by gunmen, but by three brass bands. The camera-crew had fixed up an ordinary little boat, like a P.O.O. telephone testing-boat, and had taken cover in that while the rush-hour spent itself all about them.

Then some quiet spot they emerged cautiously to film the open space outside the Bank, looking as it very well might on a Bank Holiday—quiet and deserted.

And round the corner, in full blast, came the three brass bands to provide the musical accompaniment to an open-air service.

The camera-crew sighed, swore, and went home.

More Dogs

Gainsborough, by the way, seem to have got some first-rate stuff into Owd Bob, which has just been completed in their studios, having spent the early part of its life up on the Yorkshire moors, wolds, and what have you.

Just for once in a way Will Fyffe is not out to jog your funny bone; he plays a dour and crabbed old shepherd, living alone with his daughter (who, of course, is young and beautiful, and, in fact, Margaret Lockwood), and his fierce, savage dog, Black Wull, hating everyone and being cordially detested in return.

To the great joy of a young farmer from the Midlands, in the person of John Loder, with another dog, Owd Bob.

And is he immediately at loggerheads with the old man? And does he at the same time fall heavily for the old man's daughter? And do the young couple come through all kinds of tribulations? Is the girl torn between loyalty to her father and her affection for the handsome young stranger? And does all come right in the end, with the crust round the old man's heart melted away like snow?

What an idea! You've been going to the pictures, that's what you've been doing!

Actor Missing

I'll go so far as to tell you that a determined onlooker is being made on your tear-ducts, and as far as I can see it's likely to be highly successful.

By the way, talking about hold-ups, the black Alsatian, "Storm," who is playing "Black Wull," in this picture, gammed up the works very effectively, but through no fault of his own.

Mrs. Griffith, his owner, driving him to the studio, was involved in an accident with a motor-cycle, and Storm very properly objected, leaped out of the car, and disappeared.

You can imagine the wailing and lamentation, both of Mrs. Griffith at the loss of a valuable dog and Gainsborough at the loss of a leading player.

Half an hour later, however, John Loder, homeward bound in a taxi, recognised Storm darting in and out of the traffic at King's Cross. Telling his taxi-driver to keep the dog in sight, Loder followed him to a quiet square and there caught him, and took him back to the studio.

But Storm was so upset by his adventure that shooting on his scenes had to be postponed for twenty-four hours.

Liber for One

Another dog hold-up is reported from Pinewood, by a coincidence, but this one was not serious.

This time it's a wire-haired fox-terrier named "Bob" who has made himself very popular in the studio, where he is playing in the current Jack Buchanan film, Break the News, with Jack himself, Maurice Chevalier, and June Knight.

Bob is supposed to be June's dog, and one shot which director Rene Clair required was supposed to show the dog listening attentively to his mistress's voice coming over the phone, the receiver of which had been left off.

Bob is a highly-trained animal, but after several rehearsals he grew as bored with it as I have known some two-legged actors to get, and failed to give the earpiece the required attention.

To encourage him they rubbed it with liver, which is a special weakness of his.

Now what would you do in such circumstances, always supposing yourself to be a dog? Put your ear to it? No fear! You'd lick it, just as Bob did.

In fact, Bob seemed surprised at the director's surprise at his doing the obvious thing.

After that he naturally investigated the spot with his tongue every time, whether it was "inveris" or not; but at last he obligingly put his ear to it so as to get the business over, and Clair secured his shot.

That was not the only hold-up at Pinewood this week. A night location shot was utterly ruined by a small bird which was awakened by the I.fing lights and insisted in taking part lustily—so lustily that shooting had to be abandoned for the night.

Re-enter Scruffy

Dogs are in the picture (and the pictures) this week. "Scruffy," the dog which appeared in Wings of the Morning and Storm in a Teacup, is now playing the title-role at Cricklewood in Scruffy and Co., for a new company, Vulcan Films. In the cast are Jack Melford, Joan Ponsford, Billy Merson, Peter Gawthorne, Torin Edie Bruce, Winifred Willard, and a boy named Michael Gainsborough, who has been cast as Scruffy's friend Stuffy.

This is described as a human story of a boy and his dog, and the company is building up great hopes on both Scruffy and his friend Master Gainsborough.

Allow me to propound a minor problem of the studios. Why is a film about a dog always described as a "human" story? No prize offered.
THINK modern women on the whole are becoming a race of modern Amazons. I think we’re losing the art of being feminine—and it is the worst thing that could happen to us!” said Kay Francis.

This was an unexpected statement from Kay, who typifies more than any other star the “new” woman, the assured, successful feminist. But that is on the screen. Privately, she takes an entirely different stand.

She disagrees with the whole new situation for women. The masculine, meet-him-on-his-own-ground trend. The “pal” code.

“We’re going against the instincts of Mother Nature. You can’t do that and be happy. The reason women are so restless is because they’ve slain their heroes with this ‘good pal’ philosophy. They’ve carried it too far. There’s a little of the Galahad in every man and they’re killing it. A man tells a girl to-day that her ‘eyes are like limpid pools of light’ and what does she do? Crosses her knees and asks jovially for a match!”

“Now I don’t mean,” Kay added hastily, “that we should go back to the Victorian coyness and coquetry. Heaven forbid! But we’re too matter-of-fact. Too independent. For a mistaken idea of ‘freedom’ we’ve sacrificed the greatest joys of our sex. Love and the respect of men and the security that comes with both.

That doesn’t mean I do not appreciate freedom and independence. I do—in their proper place. I am a working woman myself. I’m proud of it and I prize pretty highly the compensation attached to earning your own money and being able to do what you want with it. For instance, last Sunday it enabled me to fulfil one of the biggest dreams of my life . . .”

Ever since she was eight years old Kay has had a dream of getting a home for her mother. So much of the time they had been at loose anchor with Katherine Gibbs having to plot and plan and scrimp so that she and the small Kay could manage.

On that particular Sunday, Kay invited her mother to lunch “somewhere”—and then drove up to a charming house. It was all in readiness, even to the dining-room table being set for luncheon. The radio was playing and “Imp,” Mrs. Gibbs’ terrier, barked a delighted welcome as they entered. Home?

“No, I’m not under-rating the value of any kind of independence,” said Kay. “But it should not be flaunted. Men like us to lean a little! They need to have their spirit of chivalry aroused. That is a woman’s most important job. Take it away and you have undermined civilisation itself.”

She was leaning forward now, her eyes opaque as they always are when she grows intense. “If you think that sounds exaggerated or drastic, consider this phase of it: You’ve seen grisly pictures in the papers of slain gangsters and their ‘molls.’ For the first time in the history of modern civilisation the presence of women has neither stayed the bullets of police officers nor tempered the daring of the criminals.

And crime has only one side of the situation confronting this country and the whole world. We’re facing turmoil, strife, days not unlike those in the Middle Ages. For it seems to me that when you look around you see robber barons again dominating feeble governments, bandits operating, wars again waging for the same cause—oppression.

“The one thing that saved civilisation then was chivalry. The knights banded together under the oath of it. In one form or another it has always brought sanity back into the world. It can do so again—if the women arouse it! But—can you imagine a meeting between one of the old knights (straight out of Ivanhoe, say) and a modern, ‘emancipated’ woman? Picture a sort of ‘Amazon Yankee,’ 1937 style, in King Arthur’s Court!”

“Ha!” says ye knights. ‘A lady in distress. Lost in the forest. Or is it a lady? Forswot, the creature wears pants! Yet—veryly it is a lady, and passing fair too.’

He hailis her, bows low. She, of course, is struck speechless. She has to light a cigarette to recover her composure. At last: ‘Well, big boy, what crime did you escape from? Wait until I hitch up my slacks and then you can tell me the shortest road to the tramline. What, take your horse? With all that tinware on his back? Don’t make me laugh!’

“A little more experience with the lady and the knight would be renouncing his oath forever!”

“Frankly,” said Kay, “I enjoy the old-fashioned courtesies of men. I think every woman does at heart.

“Men need to be made to feel the protector. It’s part of their birthright, and why should we rob them of it? I’ll never forget my first taste of gallantry.”

I was about twelve years old. It was at the time General Pershing came back from France. Remember the excitement? The big parade in New York? I started following it at eleven in the morning and I was still following it at three that afternoon! My family had lost me entirely.
Men LIKE

By Kay Francis

Hollywood's best-dressed star and one of its most attractive women here sets forth a love code that is daring, original—and practical. "If you can stir the gallantry of men," she says, "you have the secret of Glamour."

and they were frantic, but I was having a marvellous time—marching right behind the band! I dote on bands.

"Always have. (I was an hour late for my own wedding at St. Thomas' because I couldn't resist listening to one. And every morning I play band music on the gramophone while I'm making up to set me right for the day!"

"But swinging along to that band of General Pershing's was one of the greatest thrills I've ever had—until a horse stepped on my foot! Somebody caught hold of me, lifted me up. Somebody about ten feet tall. He hoisted me to his shoulder for the rest of the parade, then took me home in a taxi after we'd had some ice cream. Who was he?

"A hard-bitten, old army sergeant to the rest of the world—but a white-plumed prince to me!"

Kay's Code for Women is based chiefly on that essential item—stirring the gallantry of men. And if you can do it, my dears, you have GLAMOUR!

But wait—look over the code carefully and notice the fine points. It's a magnificent blending of the Romantic Age code and New Ideas... Here it is:

1. Train yourself to love. Not only the man who might conceivably love you in return but also the aunt or cousin or friend who needs you.

2. Put imagination back into the world. Let yourself thrill to the sweet, spicy smell of a wood fire burning on a cold evening, mimosa in the moonlight. (Don't laugh at sentiment. We need it.)

3. Know that the newest thing in Feminism is becoming very feminine. It emphasises charm and intelligence—and it takes votes and jobs pretty much for granted.

4. Don't "enjoy" ill health.

5. Find a means of self-expression (in music or some other form) even if it's only for an hour a day.

6. Don't cry for what you have not got. Set about making the best of what you have.

7. Cultivate frankness—but temper it with tact.

8. No man is going to stand bare-headed in front of you if you snub him with your independence. Keep it in the background.

9. Don't try to get right down on a man's plane—or you may end by being right out of his life.

10. Look for fair play in others—and give it. No woman has a right to traffic on a man's chivalry in business. But she should expect it "after hours!"

Top right: With Errol Flynn in "Another Dawn!"

Right: Kay delights in the feminine arts. She was making a backgammon board cover when "Picturegoer's" cameraman snapped this between-scenes shot.

—Francis
Don't be spoiled by made-up cheeks

Put on Natural Colour

Pale cheeks can't attract a man, yet all men hate to see a face that looks obviously rouged and made up. So use Snowfire Blush Cream. The colour it gives your cheeks is wonderfully becoming and looks absolutely natural! It's the new way to put on colour, and the easiest. Snowfire Blush Cream is kinder to your skin, too, because it can't coarsen it. You can match your own colouring perfectly from the three becoming shades—Blonde, Brunette and Tangerine.

Colour your cheeks naturally with

SNOWFIRE
Tubes 5½d BLUSH CREAM

These prices do not apply in the Irish Free State.

Don't be spoiled by made-up cheeks

The Kiosk girl was lonely...

until she took a friend's advice

Colour your cheeks naturally with

SNOWFIRE
Tubes 5½d BLUSH CREAM

These prices do not apply in the Irish Free State.

Varsity

There is no better filter-tipped cigarette obtainable. The quality of the tobacco is beyond dispute—

Varsity are made by LAMBERT & BUTLER

I never thought when you came and bought those cigarettes... that we'd ever be married.

Knight's Castile

4d per packet

Specially Made for the Face

KC.176-468

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1840
Since FILMS Were YOUNG

Jack Raymond, popular British director, has been concerned with them. Here is an appreciation of his career

by MAX BREEN

A FEW weeks ago I told you in these pages about one of the "young veterans" of British films—Sinclair Hill, who had celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary in films. And here is one with a couple more years' experience behind him—Jack Raymond; and yet his career began with talkies! To try to figure that out.

I'm willing to bet that unless you're a very keen follower of directors, this name will be unfamiliar to you, for Jack is one of the most retiring of men, who shies away from "pilchering" for respiratory reasons; but if you only knew it, your screen entertainment is very largely bound up in the career of this quiet, matter-of-fact man, whose name is regarded with respect by everyone in the industry.

It took me a matter of three weeks to nail him down to an interview; he was very courteous about it, very willing to cooperate in any way he could.... but it most curiously happened that whenever I was down at the studio he was seeing rushes, or in the cutting-room, or in the laboratory, or in conference,....

And when at last I pinned him, he said, "I don't know what there is to interest anyone in my life. Well, judge for yourselves.

When Jack Raymond first contacted films, one of the most important production-centres in the world was a little brick building down at Walton-on-Thames, where the Hepworth Stock Company operated.

That was in 1910, when Alma Taylor, Chrissie White, Stuart Rome, Henry Edwards, Lionelle Howard, and Violet Hopson were the reigning stars of the day; so one might almost say that the history of Jack Raymond is also the history of British film production.

It happened that Wilson Barrett, the famous actor—grandfather of the present actor of that name—was a great friend of Jack Raymond's father; and he pulled strings at Walton (where he had a friend named Frank Wilson, a director) to get young Jack a job in front of the cameras. So simple—yet it certainly started something.

Just in case you've been puzzling over my remark about talkies, let me put you out of your misery by explaining that in these days Vivaphone was all the rage—with the "i" long, as "i" sounds.

Until the photo-electric cell was applied to films, this was the closest approximation to perfect sound film; it consisted of a gramophone which was synchronised (more or less!) with the movements of the actors on the screen. A needle on a tiny dial showed the operator whether to speed-up or slow-down the record.

It had rather a curious effect; I remember the thing quite well, and its numerous imitators, including the immensely-named Chromophone—a device occasionally the record lost a little ground at the beginning of the film (which only ran for four or five minutes, anyway), and the operator would speed up the record so that it gained appreciation time. But the film was apparently to ensure their both finishing together, even if it took the whole film for the sound to catch up.

Jack Raymond, whose contact with this awesome business was as a mere member of the "crowd"; but before long he was promoted to a much more important role.

The actor would be photographed by the ordinary movie-camera, singing the song with appropriate gestures; he didn't have to be able to hit his notes! It was George Robey's or Harry Launder's voice (or something like it) which the audience heard when film and gramophone were started off together in the cinema.

As movie-cameras in those days were hand-cranked, that added another complication to the business of film-making; the cranking was pretty regular, but the human element was bound to creep in, when the operator became excited or tired.

Jack Raymond was the actor seen on the screen, singing in the voices of a dozen different stars of the day.

Vivaphone was so popular that a couple of Hepworth engineers were sent to New York to demonstrate it there; in fact, between 1910 and 1913, the bulk of the British studios' revenue came from the United States.

What a different tale to-day! Jack's first story film was A Detective for a Day, which ran to 850 feet (about 3½ minutes) and "stood 'em up" wherever it was shown; in fact, until 1914 he appeared in nearly every film made in those years, in every capacity from "extra" to hero.

His next venue was the Cricks and Martin studio at Wimbledon, and he also played at the old Barker studio at Ealing Green, almost adjoining the present A.T.P. studios.

When he went to Twickenham it was known as the Alliance Studio, and a plain board floor protected the expensive maple-wood floor, laid for the building's original purpose of roller-skating rink.

There Fred Paul was directing the Jeffrey Farnol story The Money Moon, and he offered young Jack Raymond the job of assisting him; and that was almost the end of Jack Raymond, actor, and the beginning of Jack Raymond, director.

He worked with Paul for two years—on The Lights of Home, among others—and then Jack directed, on his own, a long series of Grand Guignol short films—about 30 or 40 of them—at Clapham.

He was an assistant at Shepherds Bush when films were made by daylight under the famous glass roof—and what a furnace that place could be on a sunny day! Then he directed a couple of shorts there, and that was the end of his apprenticeship.

He directed Somehow Good for Pathe, and Second to None, a stirring martial "meller," for hatred speech in the Picturizations, before starting his long association with British and Dominions.

You've seen a number of his films, if you see British films at all. Spinners was his first talkie, and he followed that up with Up for the Cup, The Squeaking Band, Mischief, Say It With Music, Night of the Garter, Sorrell and Son (a particularly fine effort), Girls Please, King of Parts, Where's George, Come Out of the Pantry, When Knights Were Bold, and many others.

For a while he left the director's chair to become production supervisor, but he gravitated back to direction, and recently made the Gordon Harker film The Frog for Herbert Wilcox.

His latest is The Rat, starring Ruth Chatterton and Anton Walbrook.

As you can see by the above list, he has directed all the most successful Sydney Howard films, and in addition has handled such famous players as Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Jack Buchanan, Ralph Lynn, Fay Compton, H. B. Warner, and a host of others.

Jack's meat and drink is films; he is also reported to dream about them at night; and having seen British films (during and after the War) sink to almost an imperceptible level, he is still filled with surprise that they should now mean anything at all.

It is thanks largely to Jack Raymond and his kind that they do.

Mickey at the Mike

MICKEY MOUSE at the microphone is backed up by the other members of the famous Walt Disney gang in producing the most hilarious radio show of all time!

Clara Cuck is prima donna, Goofy runs a one-man-band, Donald Duck gives his recitations of "Little Boy Blue," and the rest of the jelly characters provoke loud laughter at radio "stunts" on the coloured cover of "Mickey Mouse Weekly", out on Friday, October 22.

Don't miss this grand issue. There are thrills and fun for every member of the family.
Superma, navel. The obviously. CAB knowledge.
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t. according^2J
TEACH CHAMPIONSHIP seems quite
No. Write W.l,
C. 
RAPIDLY
Beginner
Quarter the work, at a tenth the expense of the ordinary methods of dull, mechanical, weakest-practice.

I'm not sure I know a note to start. I have taught more than 2,000 adult pupils these last 12 months, over 19,000 during the past 33 years, and I CAN TEACH YOU, using only ordinary mental rotation, no freakish methods, enabling you to read, and play at sight any standard musical composition. I GRADE the lessons individually according to the pupil's knowledge. Beginners under the guidance of my wise experience avoid the pitfalls and weakest-practice ordinary methods, and pupils quickly learn to perfect their technique and sight-reading, and are encouraged to excel.

I would emphasize that I personally teach every pupil I teach. This is the secret of my success—the student is related to a deputy teacher. My class seldom falls below 850 pupils. Teaching is my sole occupation, my life's work. I have no time for any other. I grade my lessons to suit your individual needs, adding special supplementary lessons at requirement alone, and questions arising out of your studies are encouraged.

I CAN RAPIDLY TEACH YOU TO DO SO
IF YOU ARE a Beginner or an Elementary Player, certainly you should be. If a Beginner or Advanced Player you will wish to master such music as this with more satisfactory results. I CAN rapidly teach you to do so, according to your present knowledge, and the full limits of your ability, in a third the time. A quarter the work, at a tenth the expense of the ordinary methods of dull, mechanical, weakest-practice. You need not know a note to start. I have taught more than 2,000 adult pupils these last 12 months, over 19,000 during the past 33 years, and I CAN TEACH YOU, using only ordinary mental rotation, no freakish methods, enabling you to read, and play at sight any standard musical composition. I GRADE the lessons individually according to the pupil’s knowledge. Beginners under the guidance of my wise experience avoid the pitfalls and weakest-practice ordinary methods, and pupils quickly learn to perfect their technique and sight-reading, and are encouraged to excel.

The extra smooth line in many of this season’s sheers? Concealed Zip fasteners are part of the reason for it, but there’s another. . . .

The new-type brassiere, which is the one certain way of achieving the fashionable firm bust line. This brassiere is built to support without assistance from shoulder straps. It is washable, soft and unnoticeable under the sheerest frock.

The descriptive leaflet about this brassiere and list of styles. A postcard to Gothic Brassieres, P.G., 247 Regent Street, London, W.1, will bring it to you.

Have you seen these?

New cream Mascara

Ends the artificial look of old-fashioned mascara!

Complete with brush

2/6
Tatoo Ltd.

Waterproof . . . far easier to use!

True charm now replaces the bold, theatrical look that has discouraged so many women from using old-fashioned forms of mascara. The effect you have always wished to achieve with mascara is now actually possible! Obviously, such exciting loveliness requires an entirely new kind of mascara; one that darkens lashes without showing "mascara"; one that does not brand it as artificial. "theatrical" or "bold."

TATTOO Cream Mascara is just that. It goes on so evenly and smoothly its presence on the lashes is not detected. Nor will tears, rain or a plunge betray the secret . . . for this mascara, not being mixed with water when applied, is really waterproof! Much easier to use than cake mascara too, and perfectly harmless. Can't smart. TATTOO your eyelashes!

TATTOO

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

Seen the NEW-style "WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED"? Everyone is talking about this great paper. More pages, more pictures, more thrills, more convenient in size, easy to handle at train or bus—and still only twopence. You simply must not miss "Weekly Illustrated" OUT FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22. It's packed with dramatic pictures of intriguing happenings and stirring events—things that you would never otherwise see. And there's a grand surprise for you, too—a beautiful Presentation—something of great charm and everyday usefulness. See the full details and enjoy all the wonderful picture-stories and news-in-pictures in "Weekly Illustrated" OUT ON FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22. Get your copy early.
Brian Donlevy, the Irish actor who in two years has become one of the screen's best bets for future stardom, has arrived in England to play opposite Gracie Fields. Lionel Collier tells you about this versatile and adventurous artiste's career.

No finer example of the pluck and adventurous spirit of the Irish could be instanced on the screen than Brian Donlevy, the stage and screen actor who has come to England to play with Victor McLaglen in Gracie Fields' new picture.

It looks as if it is going to be a very manly affair, for Victor McLaglen's adventurous career is only matched by that of the good-looking Irishman opposite whom he is playing.

Just on six foot tall he is quiet and unassuming in his manner, but there is not much that escapes his notice. He is one of those men who quietly take stock of people and situations and is decisive and quick in his actions.

There is no mistaking his Irish nationality, in spite of the fact that he was taken from Portadown, Co. Armagh, to America by his father when he was only ten months old.

He was sent to school, but I don't think that schooling was particularly in his line. Even at an early age the craving for adventure was in his blood and he was only thirteen when he joined the Wisconsin National Guard as a bugler.

The Guard was sent to join General Pershing on a punitive expedition to Mexico and Donlevy went with them.

He was tall and robust for his age so that he had no difficulty in making the authorities believe he was much older than he actually was.

This, his first taste of soldiering, lasted for nine months, and when he returned his parents decided that if he were to do any more soldiering he should do it at St. John's Military Academy where he was packed off forthwith.

However, you cannot squash an adventurous spirit and it was not long—when he was fourteen in fact—that he announced to his family that he had joined the famous Lafayette Escadrille, and in a short time he was serving with this unit in France.

During the war he became a sergeant-pilot and was twice wounded. He returned to America after the armistice and was appointed to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. But when he found that he would have to go to sea for four years before he could take to flying again, he left and the stage attracted his attention.

As a matter of fact he had tried amateur theatricals when he was at Annapolis, and this had given him an impetus towards the acting profession.

He went to New York and whilst waiting for a chance of stage work he posed just like Neil Hamilton did, for "collar" advertisements.

It was through Leyendecker, the artist responsible for these drawings, that he met the late Louis Wolheim and obtained the role of the corporal in What Price Glory? on the stage.

That part set his foot on the ladder of fame and he never looked back. He showed his versatility by playing in one successful show after another: musical comedy, farce, drama and musical comedy.

He was playing in the stage version of The Milky Way—the part of the prizefighter who makes continuous but futile efforts to knock out the milkman, in this instance acted by Hugh O'Connell—when Hollywood sat up and took notice.

Harold Lloyd was about to do a picturisation of the play and Donlevy was offered his original part. But production was delayed and Samuel Goldwyn, who has a happy knack of spotting the winners, signed him up for Barbary Coast.

Those of you who saw that picture are not likely to forget the sinister, unsmiling gangster bodyguard, "Knuckles," who followed Edward G. Robinson about like his shadow.

Although the role was not one remarkable for its opportunities, Brian Donlevy made it outstanding and at the time Picturegoer tipped the actor for future stardom.

The character he played was an unsympathetic one which was something of a new experience for him, since up till then his parts on the stage had usually been sympathetic.

His interpretation of the rough and ready Corporal Gowdy in What Price Glory? was followed by similar hardboiled roles in Hit the Deck and Rainbow.

Then almost overnight he became famous as a comedy drunk, and performed such roles in Queen Bee, Up Pops the Devil and Peter Flies High.

Donlevy then passed without a struggle into his gangster phase. He played "Snake-Eyes" in Inside Story, with Marguerite Churchill and Louis Calhern, was a charming character called "The Eel" in The Boy Friend, and was a tough fighter man in Society Girl.

Then, because Donlevy played "The Eel" as a smooth and well-dressed killer, Broadway producers decided he would be a fine gentleman. So he played elegantly tailored people in Honeymoon, Three Cornered Moon, Three in One, and Perfumed Lady.

But it remained for Hollywood to make him a real tough again.

His "Knuckles" was followed up by a brilliant performance as a gangster who wanted to become a film star in It Happened in Hollywood. Then came Mary Burns, Fugitive, Strike Me Pink, Thirteen Hours by Air, Human Cargo, Half Angel, High Tension, 36 Hours to Kill, Crack-Up, Midnight Taxi, His Affair and Born Reckless.

In all of these pictures he has turned in first-rate performances and in Mary Burns, Fugitive he took most of the acting honours.

I have said that he made his film debut in 1925 in Barbery Coast. That actually was the beginning of his screen career although he had appeared in 1929 in Mother's Bay, which had perhaps be better consigned to the limbo of things forgotten.

Brian Donlevy is of a retiring disposition, and at the press reception given in his honour and that of Victor McLaglen and Gracie Fields he retired modestly to the background and confessed he would be glad when it was all over.

We must conclude by welcoming him to this country for he is just the sort of artiste we can do with in our studios, where, unfortunately, really virile male leads are not too frequently found.
Below: Fredric, of course, plays a reporter, but it is to be, we are promised, a new kind of screen reporter.

Having shown Hollywood as it really is in "A Star Is Born," Producer David Selznick is now out to hold the mirror of truth to the newspaper profession. Carole Lombard and Fredric March are the stars.

Above and left: Carole Lombard (seen with Charles Winninger) has one of her "crazy" roles as a small-town girl who gets mixed up with March's adventures.
Director Frank MacDonal with his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Connolly attend a Hollywood social function.

SHOTS with our CANDID CAMERA

There is domestic peace in the Barrymore ménage. John and his wife arrive at a recent big premiere together.

Right: Noah Beery, Jr., turns sculptor and models the likeness of John Emary in the best California mud.

Gladys George, a recent recruit from the stage is rehearsed in a scene for her new picture "Madame X."
Leslie Howard portrays a young accountant sent by the bankers to clean up the production finances of an extravagantly run film studio.

He finds a friend, however, in Joan Blondell, a humble but Hollywood-wise "stand-in."

Howard finds Marla Shelton, as the temperamental queen of the lot, rather overwhelming.
Clarence Budington Kelland, author of "Mr. Deeds," comes to town again with a back-stage Hollywood story starring Leslie Howard and Joan Blondell. Also in the cast are Marla Shelton, Alan Mowbray and Humphrey Bogart.

Above: Joan gives Leslie an intensive Hollywood education, in the course of which they fall in love with each other.

Right: Humphrey Bogart plays the role of a producer, and has a sympathetic part for a change.

An innocent in the Hollywoods—the inexperienced but shrewd bank official finds the studios a strange world.
Continuing "Souls at Sea"—
which has been freely adapted by
Marjory Williams with permission of
Paramount.

What has happened.

ACCUSED, tried, found guilty of mas
murder, of wantonly allowing nineteen
immigrants to die at sea, was Nuggin Tay
or is about to leave the Philadelphia
courtroom in the year 1842. An English
man, Barton Woodley, appeals to the
judges for a hearing of the horrible
unknown facts of the case. As he speaks
the scene fades. Nuggin is seen, now
on board the Blackbird with his friend
Powdah, while in the hold a human
cargo of slaves maul to death the skip's
captain when, having stabbed eight
slaves, aXa has fallen onto their clothes. In temporary
command of the Blackbird, Nuggin allows
his goods to be landed by his ship's officers.

Having lost sight of Powdah at a tavern
and failing to locate him, Nuggin is about
to board the William Brown, when his
attention is attracted by a beautiful young
woman who, though he doesn't know it,
is Margaret Tarryton, the Lieutenant's
sister. About to cross the muddy street,
she hesitates at a large puddle. Remark ing
that whereas Sir Walter Raleigh could only
offer a cloak, Nuggin deposits his
coat, then placing at her disposal his entire wardrobe.

A SMILE crossed the anxious face of
Margaret Tarryton as she saw her rescuer.
Between the carriage step and the suit-case,
reposing in the puddle, was the distance
between a step and a jump. Nuggin offered an arm. Margaret
took it, extended her foot, and had to be supported.

"Oh!" she said, and "oh!" again as, after a second try, her
foot not only landed on the case, but went right in. In a
satiny skirt dipping into the mud, her foot still imprisoned.

"Wait a minute, please," Nuggin entreated as she
impatiently tried to extricate herself.

"Kindly remove this thing," she demanded and, with
furrowed brow, which evidently distracted her, freed the rebellious
foot and left behind a satiny shoe which Nuggin retrieved.

"I can do it, thank you," she acknowledged coldly and,
having struggled into the missing article, hurried in the direction of the
dock. Nuggin, however, failed to follow her with his eyes. They were
bent upon something which had fallen from the top of a large
building and had succeeded in picking it up—a pure white camellia—brushed
the mud from it, and put it in his pocket.

Five minutes later he had embar
on the William Brown. Arrived at his cabin, a double one,
he filled the place with the
progress of the ship was thoroughly

This happy state of affairs lasted
several days. The William Brown,
fastest passenger packet on the
Atlantic, carrying full sails in calm
weather, seemed likely to make a
record. Even the presence of Stanley
Tarryton, who was on friendly
terms with the captain, and whom
Nuggin suspected of having bought
the William Brown for purposes con
nected with the slave trade, could
not spoil long hours in the open
with Powdah. lying on a coil of
rope on the cabin top, Nuggin
allowed his thoughts to wander in
his favourite abstract vein—"You
know what a sunflower is and the
way it follows the sun?" Nuggin
pursued. "Always looking up. Loyal,
because the sun gives it a reason
for living—warms it up and makes
it bigger—does something to its
inside. Understand?"

"Naw. And the way you're
telling me, I ain't never going to
understand. Looks like you're
getting sentimental again," Powdah
declared.

Nevertheless, in the course of the
tal, Nuggin had every reason to
suspect that the boot was on the
other foot. More than once he cam:
across Powdah in earnest conversa
tion with a young woman, by name
Babsie, dark-smooth-haired, with
a curving mouth. She came of a
family, the girls of which had been
ladies' maids for generations, Nuggin
and, being more than able to speak
of the William Brown, was emigrating
to America all by herself in the hope
that her future daughter, if she had
one, would break the tradition.
She was really an enchanting little person
and well merit the attention of the
practical Powdah.

Meanwhile, Nuggin again met and
was further able to assist his lady of
the slipper in a most unromantic
way.

One evening he came up on deck
after supper. A breeze was blowing
and the water getting choppy.
Margaret, approaching the rail with
unsteady gait, lurched and again
needed his support.

"The sea's all very simple, once
you get used to it," he assured,

correcting her hold on the rigging.
"Stay level. Let me help."

"I need no help, sir, for what I'm
about to do," she gasped, her
complexion testifying to the statement.
"Please, sir, I beg of you."

"But you'll be thankful for what
I'm going to do. See this powder. It
just makes you feel as if you're in
Potent, very; but marvellous in a
case like this."

"I know; but I don't want any."

"One funny thing about it," he
continued, seizing her to him and
forcing the remedy under her nose,
"I can't believe you won't give me
hiccups."

"Better?" he inquired a moment
later.

"Yes, why—I—" she began, and
hiccuped.

"What the devil do you think
you're doing," demanded a voice.
The tall, well-dressed figure of
Stanley Tarryton had joined them.
"Oh, it's you, Mr. Taylor! How
are the thumbs?" he went on
insolence which Nuggin, slightly
off guard, was quick to retort with:
"No worse than your conscience, I
imagine; but I don't think we need
to go into all that just now."

"Well, you're not one of my
mother, are you?" Margaret
asked.

"Yes, you hung from the halyards
by his thumb," hiccuped—and I
don't want a man like—"

That the interview ended in
hiccupps all round, which it certainly
did, might have been funny, but
wasn't, to Nuggin. Having
retired to his cabin to quench his
personal attack by sipping water, he
became aware of Powdah's warnings
falling in love with Tarryton's sister.

"Of course, if you want—"
Nuggin declared; but was immediately
enlightened, for the small, proud
head with its smooth ringlets
—to tell her that she was beautiful
already—preferred to the weather.
He accused him of a childish
erection, and, boldened by the look in her eyes, he
inquired whether she wasn't

"Captain's entertaining a few
choice friends," Powdah announced.
"Don't tell a soul, but he's
devised you two are the choicest.
Eventually the party round
the Captain's table, drawn up with
a wooden rail in the roomy cabin, included
Tarryton and a champion fencer,

(Continued on page 22)
The Ultimate Note in Fashion

One of the vital styles in the popular Two-piece, with details in the fashionable India Lamb.

by Derry & Toms

In Cigarettes, it's Ardath

10 for 6p
20 for 1p

ARDATH CORK TIPPED VIRGINIA
ARDATH TOBACCO CO. LTD., LONDON
M. de Bastonet. Cheese, which the Captain, with a smile, offered the gentleman with the blade to slice, and red wine having been passed round, the conversation turned on the *William Brown*’s destination.

"I never feel comfortable in Savannah—fair city to the eye, though, for the name sake," the Captain confessed. "I’m sentimental about the old *William Brown* and never welcome a harbinger of the thing too near some ship that stinks of slaving."

"It’s quite a number of people look on slaving as perfectly legitimate business," Tarryton objected. "Mr. Taylor’s views, for instance, on the subject might be interesting—" from someone actually engaged in it. They don’t look on slaving as a criminal occupation, do they, Mr. Taylor?"

But, they consider it a dirty business—hardly an occupation for a gentleman, and certainly no surroundings in which to take a woman. I knew a fellow once, young and rather agreeable, whose business it was to make the mistake of taking his wife with him to a trading port in West Africa. He would not, of course, understand what that young woman saw, or went through, but she ended up standing on the deck, with her head in a caulk of boiling palm oil.

Nuggin’s voice rising only slightly, struck me as excessively intense. Margaret got up hurriedly and, begging the others to stay behind, went towards the stairs. I could not doubt that Nuggin had followed her, but Babie, with Powdah at her heels, forestalled him. Seeing all in conversation, Nuggin sought out a quiet spot by the rail. Margaret’s voice reached him as she stood by his elbow.

"Why do you look so black now? Powdah’s been telling me that he—not you—are what my brother improved."

"Powdah did that? He’s twisted in the head a bit. Don’t take any notice of what he’s saying to you. What are you on this voyage?"

"I—oh! There’s no mystery about me. My brother was leaving someone out for Aggie and asked me to come along. I know it was all rather hurried, but the *William Brown* was the only ship that had time to do anything but come away just as I was from the party the night before at our house."

"So am I. But are you sure you’re not making a mistake?"

"I’m not a helpless Child," she parried. Her assumption of courage, so eloquent of underlying fear, drove Nuggin to take her in his arms.

"I wish I could help you. I never want to forget a thing about you," he murmured and kissed her lips hurriedly. He paused, as though he was about to say, "When things start to happen—and things are already happening—perhaps this: There’s nothing you could have done to stop it. And nothing is going to stop it. You can only walk and get left. A child of about seven, daughter of one of the women I employed, brought me a letter that I could not, of course, understand. Nuggin was always gentle with children. Could she give him her real Indian musical box, Tina wanted to know. I thought it was very kind of Tina, but surely she wouldn’t want to give away a toy her father had made for her. The small maid waxed imperious.

"You have it and keep it," she persisted. "Stay here, and when I come right back I’ll show you how it works."

She was gone before Nuggin could stop her, little knowing the part her small hands were to play in the conflict between man and man, between love and loyalty. He waited a short time for Tina. She did not come back, so he retreated to his cabin; opening the door to find himself faced with a levelled gun and Tarryton behind it.

"Get over there and shut the door!" he ordered. Nuggin obeyed. On the desk was Captain Granley’s letter, which the visitor evidently had come to find.

"Where did you get this?" Tarryton inquired.

"Read it. Make your own guess."

"I don’t have to guess. It’s a clever scheme to throw every slave ship into the hands of the British patrol—very clever, but it won’t work. There’ll be no one to deliver it. Only one of us will get to America, and it’s pretty evident it won’t be you."

Before Nuggin could answer, an explosion, which shook the ship from end to end, was followed by a rush of hot air and smoke through the porthole. Tina, searching a trunk to find her toy, had overheard an oil lamp. Para, igniting, had poured through the floor cracks, setting alight the cargo, containing chemicals in bulk. Nuggin, making for the head of the timber and debris crashing—result of a blown-off hatch into the fight for possession of the last seaworthy lifeboat was going on among passengers and crew collected at the rail. A sailor, already on board, was manifestly unable to keep back a crowd of would-be passengers. With a leap, Nuggin landed beside him and knocked him out.

"I’ll club the first man to follow me. If you panic you’ll all drown!"

He shouted. Selecting a young man in tweed suit and floppy tie, by name George, Nuggin threw him a rope, having let the lifeboat drift as far as it would allow. Hand over hand he gained the ship and ordered George to the main saloon to collect food and a keg of water before making the rope fast. He turned to face Tarryton, who, stepping in front of Margaret, who had rushed forward, pushed her roughly aside.

"The man’s a maniac!" he shouted. "If he lives, not one of us will get a chance to——" George was too quick for him. Seizing a delaying pin, he knocked the gun from Tarryton’s hand.

Nuggin sprang forward, shooting out a right, but Tarryton’s blow was in first. Nuggin felt himself falling backwards and the chill of dark surrounded him. He came to the surface conscious of Tarryton’s grip round his throat, forcing the life boat into a circle. He turned to face Tarryton, who, stepping in front of Margaret, who had rushed forward, pushed her roughly aside.

"There’s your safety. He’s something to live up to."

No one saw him find his way back to Babie, whom he had found dying from injuries on the floor of the cabin. Kissing her, he withdrew his one ear-ring (it had been his mother’s wedding ring) and put it upon her finger, then lay beside her till the residue of life went out of her.

Meanwhile, Nuggin, regaining consciousness at the icy rush of water, saw Granley, the remaining passengers were flung into the sea before a get-away could be achieved. Struggling, grasping at the ship, he was brought within the weight of the lifeboat, barely afloat from the Englishman, who had been given one of the lifeboat, barely afloat from the weight of his human cargo, the unclaimed. The men saw him falling, repeated shouts to stop fouling the others’ chances had no effect. He had a whisper, a proven and no one. Standing up amidsthips, Nuggin took out his gun and fired repeatedly, each shot taking toll of a victim, each victim being one of the eye of many witnesses, not knowing the facts, a murderer.

M. Woodley had spoken for nearly an hour. Silence, absolute, absolute. Then with his words filled the court-room. At the word "murderer" even Nuggin ceased to live in the past and concentrated on the present. Dared he hope for a reprieve? "With determination nothing could be impossible," Woodley was saying. "He brought that frail craft to safety and went to Savannah to finish his intention. To you, Michael Taylor, I am authorised to express my country’s gratitude. You’ll be glad to know that once you answered to a child of five trade has suffered a series of blows from which it never can recover" Nuggin took it from him, the Englishman, proffered hand. The bearded Prossecutor spoke: "If the court pleases, the Government joins with Counsel for the Defence in moving that the prisoner be granted a new trial."

"The motion is granted," he conceded. "Prisoner is remanded in the custody of the Sheriff."

Leaving eyes for no one but Margaret, Nuggin left the prisoner’s chair and stood for a moment beside her. He was in the middle of drawing something from her muff—the camellia he had treasured. How had her head been changed from the sea where last he had seen it, flying by her from the lifeboat amid the dyeing and the drowning? Forgive-ness and understanding in her eyes choked his utterance. Time stood still as, without a word, he took the flower from her.
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REVIEWS
by Lionel Collier

BIG CITY

SPENCER TRACY'S performance in this actionful story of a "war" between a taxi combine and independent drivers is the mainstay of the production. Basically the material is hokum, but Frank Borzage has put in so many human touches and has handled his thrilling fights to such advantage that the film affords good entertainment.

The plot shows how the alien wife of an independent taxi driver is ordered to be deported after an explosion has occurred in the combine's garage, because suspicion points to her in connection with it, although her brother was killed in the affair.

The independent taxi drivers rally round their fellow worker and keep the girl in hiding, but she, finding that they are suffering on her account gives herself up.

Just as she is about to be deported, her husband discovers evidence which pins the crime on a gangster who had been instrumental in causing the "war" for his own ends.

He goes and gets the mayor, who is dining at Jack Dempsey's restaurant in New York and he accompanies him to the dock to give the order for release.

The thugs employed by the taxi combine choose this moment to make an attack on their rivals, but they get more than they bargained for, because the Mayor had brought several famous boxers and wrestlers, including Jack Dempsey, James J. Jeffries, Man Mountain Dean, Snowy Baker, who all appear in person, with him.

This fight is waged vigorously and is one of the most hectic I have ever seen on the screen.

Incidentally, while this rough house is going on the wife, who has been taken off the boat is having a baby in a hastily summoned ambulance.

As I said at the opening of the review, Spencer Tracy is the main-spring of the picture. His obvious sincerity and the tenderness of his love messages with his wife are most moving.

As the girl, Luise Rainer, overacts. She is inclined, as always, to overemphasise her mannerisms and the point of artificiality and sometimes of irritation.

A very good performance is given by Charley Grapewin, as the Mayor and Victor Varconi, an old timer, who has done excellent work in the past, is natural and expressive as the heroine's brother; the part is a small one, but he makes it tell.

William Demarest makes an effective gangster and the various types are exceedingly well cast.

YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING

• Most of us know that, but the producers of this carefree musical have done their best to believe the title of this film. There is a romantic element, dancing, songs; stage setting, broad fooling and tuneful music supplied by the ever fertile Mack Gordon and Harry Revel.

Alice Faye, who after several years of hard work is gradually climbing to the stellar heights, is on the top of her form as a would-be serious playwright, who falls in love with a successful musical comedy writer and producer.

Naturally the course of true love does not run smoothly and the menace to it is a vamp realistically interpreted by Louise Hovick, which is the new name for Gipsy Rose Lee, America's most famous strip tease artist.

Actually she wears more clothes in this production than most of the chorines, so it is difficult to judge how good she was in her previous branch of "dramatic art."

Don Ameche is the lover and a very attractive one he makes although we feel his talent is further wasted on such frothy material.

He sings a song or two and discloses the fact that he has a small but pleasing voice.

The crazy part of the entertainment is looked after by the Ritz Brothers for whose particular branch of joking I must confess quite a strong liking.

In more serious veins there is the well-known violinist Rubinstein who plays exquisitely.

Two good little character studies are given by Charles Winninger as a parson and by Arthur Treacher as an inarterupable valet.

There is one strong criticism I want to make about the "turns" included in the production: tap dancers appear, one of which is made up to resemble Haile Selassie, while the other two are in native military uniform and shorts.

Since Haile Selassie is at present a guest in this country, it seems a gratuitous insult to impersonate him in such fashion, and it is by no means discernible reason. In spite of the fact that the dancing is exceedingly clever the turn should be definitely eliminated from the picture.

Why the censors let it pass is beyond my comprehension.

Apart from this the show is a pretty cheery affair. The story is naturally held up by spectacle and songs, but the cleverness of the writing precludes your losing interest in it.

OUR ISLAND NATION

• Whilst primarily propaganda for the British Navy, this picture, devised by two ex-naval commanders, Hunt and Brinton, is first-rate entertainment and contains some of the most brilliant camera work depicting the fleet at sea in battle order.

Touching on the life, routine and motions of the Senior Service, its main point is to show the naval exercises of the Home and Mediterranean fleets, and to tell it in a particularly thrilling manner.

The thread of the plot which is utilised to present these fine sea sequences deals with Chief Petty Officer George Barber, who gets leave on the eve of the naval exercises to visit his invalid brother in-law, Bob Trent. Bob looks on the Navy as an expensive luxury, and will not let his two boys join up.

So George, when he arrives, proceeds to illustrate the need for the protection of our vital food supplies by outlining the naval exercise which consists of the British Fleet going to the rescue of a convoy attacked by a suppositious enemy. His commentary accompanies the actual manoeuvres.

Stanley Holloway is well suited to the role of the petty officer and points a vitally useful and punch into his commentary. Elliott Makeham is good as Bob.

Documentary films are often interesting to be dull, but the addition of the human touch to these fine pictorial sea sequences make for an interesting film.

The fleet's manoeuvres include an attack by 'planes on destroyers; a battle between airmen and destroyers with the last three years in a smoke screen; sinking of a submarine by depth charges; and, probably most thrilling of all, battleships moving up through a storm. This last is a true symphony of sea.

Life aboard is depicted briefly, but evenly vividly, and there is a continuity about the material which is distinctly praiseworthy.

G'SCHICHTEN AUS DEM WIENERWALD

• There is always a spontaneous gaiety about an Austrian musical and this one, which is a simple love romance, against picturesque Viennese surroundings is no exception.

In spite of the fact that it is the old, old tale of the poor girl who poses as an heiress and falls in love with an invalid in order to gain the cheering up of the proceedings and the clever detail touches keep you thoroughly well pleased.

Moreover, the music is all taken from the works of Johann Strauss, the theme song being the famous tune designated in the title. It is played by the Viennese Philharmonic orchestra and is a musical treat.

The film too is extremely well acted by all the players, none of whom overgoes the great—indeed in both senses of the word—comedian Leo Sleinak, who not only gives in outstanding comedy characterisation, but also sings delightfully.

Magda Schneider is most attractive while Woll Albach-Retty is a thoroughly personable hero; they both have good voices, too.

On the Screens Now

• • • They gave him a gun


Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Produced by Jack J. Clark. 

Spencer Tracy, official of the border patrol, is the mark of a gangster. He is innocent but on the run and is a successful police officer. Spencer Tracy is cast as a forthright showman who joins up and becomes friendly with Tone, and helps him to keep his nerve.

During the war Tone is badly wounded destroying a machine-gun nest, for which he is subsequently decorated and transferred to the army as a Navy nurse—a role very mechanically played by Gladys George. Actually the nurse had fallen in love with Tracy and when she learned he had been killed she agreed to marry Tone.

Then Tracy turns up, learns that his friend is going to marry his girl, and so great is his affection for him that he lies to her and says he is married.

Back in New York Tone becomes a gunman, without his wife's knowledge, and meets up again with Tracy, who learns of this and begs him to get out of the racket.

Tone refuses, but his wife, learning the true facts, betrays him, and he is sent to prison for the third time. She convinces him that she has done the

(Continued on page 26)
Now...

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that prematurely age you can be safely restored to their natural colour with...

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"PICTUREGOER" is a weekly UK film magazine. This page contains advertisements and a short article about the benefits of using a certain skin care product. The ad features a woman and a product called "Pompeian Powder" which is said to be safe and effective for restoring natural hair color. The ad also mentions Carters Brand Little Liver Pills, which are described as harmless, gentle, and effective in improving liver function. There is a mention of Evan Williams henna for restoring natural hair color. The issue includes a free test for those interested in trying the henna. The page also includes an advertisement for Sylvia, a hair coloring product that gives complete protection.

The ad for Pompeian Powder highlights its purity and delicateness, emphasizing that it is safe and effective for people looking to restore their natural hair color. The ad also promotes the brand's commitment to quality, including its small sizes and the fact that it is used by society beauties. The ad mentions the product's unique formula, which has been created to make powdering perfectly safe. The product is available in economy sizes, blooming uses, day and night cream, and lipstick. Pompeian Co. Ltd. is based in London, offering half a crown for each half ounce.

The ad for Sylvia Hair Coloring focuses on its effectiveness, mentioning that it provides complete protection. Sylvia comes in standard sizes and is not subject to additional fees. Sylvia can be purchased from all up-to-date drapers and chemists. The ad also includes a call to action for free testing, accompanied by a request for filmgoers' hair samples to be used for advice on which shade of henna to use. The ad mentions the brand's commitment to providing the correct shade of Tunisian henna to show you the actual effect.

The page also includes a mention of Carters Brand Little Liver Pills, which are described as harmless, gentle, and effective in improving liver function. The pills are available in two pints of bile, and the ad encourages those interested to ask for them from drapers and chemists.

Overall, the page serves as an advertisement for various hair and skin care products, emphasizing their effectiveness and safety. The page includes a mix of text and visual elements, with an emphasis on providing clear and concise information about the products' benefits and how to use them.
best for him, and he is resigned to his punishment for a while. Unable to bear it, however, he breaks his prison refuge in at Tracy's road show, where his wife had already found shelter. 

Henry's idea is at first inclined to kill Tracy, but his friend convinces him that he is a weak creature without a gun in his hand, and is anxious to come in love with his wife as he—Tracy—is. Tone runs from the search party and is shot dead.

**THE SHOW GOES ON**

A B.P. WAGNER, **Romantic comedy-drama. Runs 93 minutes.**

Owen NARES... Martin Frasier
Asa RUSSELL... Clifford S. B. C. Herron
Jack HOBB... Felix Black
Carl CLAYTON... Jack D. Burdick
Penny PEACOCK... Lilian Hall-Davis... Virginia Hill
Isobel SCARFF... George S. B. Compton
Elze VON WILHELM... Dorothy Field
Sylve GROVE... Leland Heywood
Nina VANNA... Maniana


While not too strong in story values there is more in this latest Gracie Fields vehicle than usual, and it should appeal strongly her fans.

She plays the role of a mill girl who tries her luck on the stage, falls in love with a singer, but gets a job in a soap factory.

There is a "spotted" by a consumptive composer of sentimental ballads, who has her trained to sing his songs. The girl falls in love with her during the process.

He pays to have her billed in support of some other performer. The serious rendering of his ballads is a frost. Finally, she buries these and makes a hit which sky-rockets her to stardom.

The composer learns the truth and forgives her. He dies while on a trip for the actress.

Gracie's boy friend, who had disliked the idea of her going on the stage, returns from Canada, where he had landed a big job, in time to witness her triumph as leading lady in a Drury Lane show.

Gracie's Fields sings with her accustomed vigour and is rarely out of camera range.

Owen Nares is definitely weak as the composer, and John Stuart's role is negligible as Gracie's lover.

As a musical entry, Edwige Rigby is good, as is Amy Veness as her mysterious friend. Arthur Sinclair turns in a good performance as the composer's friend.

**HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT**


If the story had only been as good as the acting, this would have been a notable picture; but unfortunately the climax to the triangle drama is so incredibly stupid it nearly counteracts the interest that has been aroused in the characters by the forced personal amusements of the cast.

Particularly noteworthy is the work of Charles Boyer as a romantic head waiter Paul, who makes love to the wife of a shipping magnate Vail, who drives his wife, Irene, to the divorce court with his insane jealousies. He then seduces and chauffer to compromise her so that the proceedings can be stopped. Irene and Paul fall in love, but Bruce kills the chauffeur, and then plans the blam on Paul, without knowing the identity of the man who has killed Delilah. Irene and Paul fall in love, but returns to New York with Bruce instead of allowing her jealousies to lead to Paul's arrest.

Paul, however, follows her and, after a few misunderstandings, the two decide to return to France, their intention being for Paul to face the firing squad that Irene has arranged. Princess Irene, a new liner built by the Vail Company and to make her maiden voyage, but with the crew of her being disqualified, its captain deliberately causes the ship to be wrecked by forcing the Captain to go out all for the sake of his new ship. It ploughs through a fog and an iceberg. In his subsequent remorse, Bruce commits suicide. Irene marries a for a full conscience and then commits suicide, not knowing that Irene and Paul have been saved.

Jean Arthur is very good as Irene, but it is her leading honours and her stolen by Leo Carillo as a chef, the head waiter's great friend.

And lastly, the husband of the man in love with the young man, is played by Arthur Sinclair, who plays the composer's friend.

The Picturegoer's quick reference index

• They gave him a gun
• The show goes on
• History is made at night
• Slave ship
• Parole racket
• Her husband lies
• Wife of General Ling
• The cave in
• Strange laws
• The frog
• Double exposure

Members of the Jury let them live

What the asterisks mean—

- Excellent
- Good
- Average entertainment
- c Above par

**SLAVE SHIP**


Warner BAXTER... Joel McCrea
Rosa PHILLIPS... Marguerite Churchill
Jill HARRISON... Natalie Moorhead
Graham BROWN... John Miljan
Eugene B. WINOCK... James C. Bumford
George SANDERS... George Beban
John BAYLY... John Miljan
Joe RICARDO... Frank C. Lawrence
Doris DAY... Gertrude Shackelford
Mabel BRAWER... Dora Slesar
Dorothy MANNING... Betty Hutton
Donna SHERMAN... Patricia Morison
Evelyn ELLIS... May McAvoy
Gabi VAIL... Doris Bowles
Helen XX... Paul Hartman
Jane CHAPMAN... Ann Doran
Glenda LANCASTER... Grace Geist
Mary RUSSELL... Jane Darwell
Robert CARR... Donald Meek
Jack HOPE... Frank C. Lawrence
Dorothy POPHAM... Virginia Gregg
Ellen HENDERSON... Jeanne Cagney
Little DUKE... Mickey Kuhn
Tragedy... Olive H. F. Garrett


The evils of gambling form the basis of this spectacular melodrama, in which Ricardo Cortez gives a very well characterised performance as a gambler who promises to reform, but before he does so attempts to cure his younger brother of the same vice.

His idea is to fleece him, but the boy stands up to the racketeer, in order to teach him a lesson he resorts to cheating.

This succeeds in his object, but fails in his own life.

Tom Brown is good as the youth, and Akim Tamiroff scores another fine success of his career.

The feminine side has little to do, but they fill their roles with conviction.

The atmosphere tends to be theatrical, but the artistes are more equal than it is.

**WIFE OF GENERAL LING**

Spectacular adventure. Runs 72 minutes.

Robert BAXTER... John Miljan
General LING... Akim Tamiroff
ALAN NAPIER... William Faxon
Jino SOBERVA... Yeha Hugh MCKENZIE... Francis Burt
Bill GIBSON... Germaine Gabrialle B. Willard
Mary SPENCER... Lisa Wynter
BILLY HOLLAND... Police Sergeant
GEORGE MERTZ... Police Commissioner
HOWARD... Police Doctor

Directed by Ladislaus Vajda.

A melodramatic thriller dealing with the recent conflict between a British agent and a Chinese war lord; in effect it is conventional film material, but it has been managed to achieve a sound Oriental atmosphere.

During his investigations into a mysterious introduction of the young man, John Fenton, a secret service agent, has cause to suspect the bona-fides of a young lady posing as a benevolent merchant.

Guns and ammunition are passing into the hands of a General Ling, a traitor, and it is not long before Fenton discovers that Wong and Ling are identical. In consequence, the Chinnaman, the agent orders some inedible food to be purchased. But the General Ling is a traitor, and turns his attention first to putting See Long on the spot and then of cornering Fenton.

A message is sent to the old friend of Ling's wife, is trapped and shot. But he escapes death through the kindness of a young man with a ship's mail. He proceeds to turn the tables on the General, and the trade in armaments is brought to an end. The young lady is very good, as is Lotus Fragrance as Mrs. Ling's maid.

Both Jones is suitably British as the agent, and generally the film is efficiently handled.

**THE CAVE IN**


Errol BROOKS... Dennis O'Keefe
Jean MARDEN... Ellen Haskell
John YARROW... Henry O'Neil
Dr. Thomas Rasetti
Robert BAXTER... John Miljan
George RAVENHART... Robert McEachern
THE CAVE IN


Simple yet effective story dealing with the dangers of gold mining and the work of the Draegermen, who are ready to be called on at a moment's notice for rescue work.

The part of the engineer is interesting and the actual mining sequences carry a thrill. Domestic touches are pleasing and the slight love interest is genuinely poignant.

Barton MacLane scores as a hefty Draegermen whose warnings about the dangers caused by the corrupt mine overseer.
Henry O'Neill gives a clever, human study of a doctor and the rest of the cast gives adequate support.

"STRANGE LAWS" (Universal. "A" certificate. Western melodrama. Run 50 minutes.)

Dick Foran as Doc Bennett, Dick Hudson as Frank Paine, David Carlyle as Tom Valley, Gentleman as Harvey, Milton Kirby as Claude Simms, Frank Paine as Joe Brady, Tom Brower as George Walton, Tommy Dorsey as Bart Vinton, Jane Hovan as Janet Walton, Helen Valley as Nellie Vinton, Ed Corbo as Lin Carter, Gordon Hartz as Judge Ben Parker, Jack Morgan as Bill Tidewell, Walter pouring Mink Abbott, directed by Noel Smith.

Juveniles more particularly will like this romantic melodrama of pioneering days which keeps going at a rapid pace and has no lack of horsemanship and gunplay.

In addition, the hero in the person of Dick Foran sings a song or two effectively. I'm not fond of crooning cowboys as a rule, but Foran has the necessary virility to carry his vocal efforts.

The story is conventional enough and deals with cattle rustling in 1889, but it scores by being generally well characterised.


Singularly pedestrian and unexciting adaptation of Wallace's famous thriller. There is much too much dialogue, and the humour, in spite of Gordon Harker's efforts as Sergeant Elk, is remarkable.

One of the main reasons for the lack of suspense is that the identity of the arch-criminal, The Frog, is never in doubt, owing to the fact that Emile Pescy's voice—he plays the character—is strong and his identity as an inscrutable secretary to a millionaire—is unmistakable.

The best performance is given by Felix Aylmer in the role of the banker. The story shows how The Frog—a mysterious gentleman, head of a highly organized group of murderers, blackmailers and fire-raisers—sets about his nefarious business utterly unconcerned by the efforts of Scotland Yard to discover his identity. Richard Gordon, a handsome C.I.D. man, and Sergeant Elk, are in charge of the investigation. In a fierce battle of wits and wits, that ensues between the forces of the law and that of the elusive Frog, they have reason to suspect many people.

The father and brother of Stella Bennett, a girl with whom Richard Gordon is in love, has not to be the most obvious, but Elk knows a thing or two and he, rather than the course of true love, should be disturbed, redoubles his efforts. By delving into the past he stumbles on a criminal which, from that onwards, it is merely a matter of time before the mysterious Frog is identified, and spectacularly meets his doom.

DOUBLE EXPLOSION


Julian Mitchell as Herbert; Richard Rodman as Mr. Rodman, Basil Langton as Peter Bradfield, Sheila Henri as Geoffrey Croswick, May Clarke as Jill Rodman, George Ashley as George Rodman.

Frank Birch as Kenton, Ivan Barker as Father, Fred Wither as Allbut, Directed by John Paddy Carstairs.

Transparent plot with indifferent comedy relief dealing with the son of an aeroplane manufacturer who is blamed for the theft of some bonds. In attempting to shield him, rather is suspected of murder, but everything works out all right.

The development is clumsy, and very often dramatic twists lead to unintentional laughs. Acting is very fair.


Theatrically conceived and executed story of an employee who has to serve on the jury which is trying his employer for murder. He realises that his future delays on the result of the trial, and the picture deals with his mental problem.

However, the main point is never firmly established, owing to sentimental domestic detail, prolonged court procedure, and feeble comedy inserts, nor do the artists concerned manage to make their characters ring true.


John Howard as Dr. Paul Martin, David Maltz as Edita Marshall, Edward Ellis as Pete Lindsay, Edmund Hocken as Harry Bennett, Robert Wilcox as Dr. Ronald Coless, Ben Willard as Mike, Henry Kolker as Judge Lederer, Robert J. Flaherty as William Haden, directed by Harold Young.

John Howard puts some sincerity into his role of a young doctor who brings the corrupt mayor of a township to book. Mixed up with the politics is a fight against an epidemic of infantile paralysis.

It is poorly developed in plot, much too reliant on dialogue, and never really makes its characters appear to be flesh and blood. Entertain only for the uncritical.

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

Number of stars awarded in brackets—

After the Thin Man (2) Sept. 25
camille (3) Sept. 25
Camille of the Street, The (2) Aug. 24
Charge of the Light Brigade (3) Sept. 4
Dark Journey, The (2) Aug. 24
Day at the Races, A (2) Sept. 11
Demoralised, The (3) Aug. 24
Dreaming Lips (2) Oct. 9
Eve, The (2) Aug. 24
For Over England (2) Sept. 11
For Two Hours (2) Aug. 24
For You Alone (3) Oct. 2
Garden of Allah, The (3) Aug. 24
High Command, The (2) Aug. 21
Kinship, Woman's Minus (2) Oct. 16
Lost Horizon (3) Oct. 16
Loyes of London's (3) Sept. 11
Man Time (3) Sept. 11
Murder Goes to College (2) Sept. 4
O.K. For Sound (2) Aug. 24
One in a Million (2) Aug. 21
On the Night (2) Aug. 24
Princess and the Vagabond, The (3) Sept. 11
Quality of the Will (3) Aug. 24
Ready, Willing and Able (2) Aug. 24
Seven Hospitality (2) Oct. 16
Shall We Dance? (3) Sept. 11
Slighted Jones (3) Oct. 16
Take My Trip (3) Sept. 4
We're on the Jury (2) Aug. 28
When Your Birthday Comes (2) Aug. 24
Woman Returns, The (3) Oct. 16
You Only Live Once (3) Oct. 2

"I WAS very sure I had the best shade of face powder for me," Lady Margaret Douglas—Home told us.

"Just the same, I tried Pond's Face Powder Shades. And I'm certainly glad. For Pond's Natural gives my skin the glorious transparent look that a true blonde skin needs to be lovely. I'd missed it before. Now I always use Pond's Natural."

Many women are now using the wrong shade of powder. They could scarcely help making this mistake. For, until you know the right tints of each type the special beauty. And Pond's now blended these tints invisibly into their powder shades. That is why your shade of Pond's Powder will give your skin a loveliness it has never yet had.

Try all 5 shades—free
Choose your right shade from Pond's Face Powder Shades. They are obtainable everywhere at 1, 9, 1- or 6d. But you can try all five shades—free—just send in the coupon below.
Natural gives a blonde's transparent beauty.
Peach brightens fair skin.
Rachel 1 gives a clear ivory tone.
Rachel 2 gives a creamy, velvety finish.
Dark Brunette is a lovely sun tan tint.
Pond's Powder is as fine as powder can be. It has an exquisite perfume.

AMAZING FACTS!
When 200 girls were complexion-analyzed under a colourscope, it showed that beautiful blonde skin has a tint of bright blue; that lovely brunettes contain brilliant green; With this knowledge Pond's have blended invisibly in their powder shades the exact tints of lovely skin.

FREE: Pond's Powder. Write your name and address below, pin a 10 cent sticker to this coupon and post in sealed envelope to Dept. 5399, Pond's, Perivable, Greenford, Middlesex, and we will send you FREE samples of all five shades of Pond's Face Powder—Natural, Peach, Dark Brunette (Sun tan), Rachel 1 and Rachel 2.

NAME
ADDRESS
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 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 PILLS
Worth a Guinea a Box

DO you wear a dowdy shoe for the sake of comfort? Then you should try on a "Gayday" model and learn how the concealed heel cushion can keep your feet feeling so comfortable, yet looking so smart.

G952. In Brown, Blue or Green Suede... 14/11
G71. In Black, Brown or Blue Glace... 12/11

Even Without Seeing the Face. LIGHT FAIR HAIR Attracts the Eye!

If it has Gone Dark it is Not Pretty, but STA-BLOND will bring back its Natural Light Colour... Without Injurious Bleaching — Not a Scalp Drying Soap-Substitute

Natural fair blond hair is not a fad—it is the desire of every woman because it attracts— lends personality to even a plain face. The films seek blond types because they have lure-glamour.

For nearly 20 years STA-BLOND has been preserving the natural beauty of fair-haired women, and bringing back the true golden beauty of childhood to fair hair which has turned mousy or dark. Any shampoo can clean the hair and leave it soft, but only STA-BLOND can bring back its true colour without changing its natural appearance, or injuring bleaching!

Unlike new harsh chemical soap-substitute shampoos the "elixir" in STA-BLOND does not dry the scalp and hair roots but makes it soft and prevents brittleness and dandruff. Leaves no ugly coating or scum. It is approved by the best permanent waving experts. Provened STA-BLOND.

STA-BLOND CONTAINS NO DYES OR INJURIOUS BLEACHES


NAME
ADDRESS
3d in stamps for postage

What Do You Think?

THOSE AWFUL FILL-UPS!

Give us Better Supporting Items—or None

WILL our cinemas ever show reasonably good films as "supporters"? Almost every time I visit a cinema to see a good film, I come away in disgust afterwards, in the midst of some fifth-rate rubbish.

After seeing Fire Over England, I forced myself to sit through a screen performance by a caterwauling "orchestra" led by a low-grade young man who ill-treated a trumpet by stopping and unstopping its mouth as it wailed. At the same time, a dozen pairs of equally low-grade beings wriggled frantically on a dance-floor.

This film was followed by another in which a maniac accomplished two hideous murders in the first five minutes. Then I hastily left the cinema—as usual.

My young sister went to see a special child's film, and afterwards saw a terrible "vampire" production, which she has not been able to forget.

I do not understand why the management spoilt their excellent features by sending patrons away with such a bad taste in the mouth.—(Miss) Lois Deacon, 2 Collingwood Villas, Stoke, Plymouth.

(If really seems that "shorts" are getting worse.—"Thinker")

Women and Taylor

Judging by the talk, and the letters appearing in the newspapers lately, the general impression among women seems to be that Mr. Robert Taylor is extremely handsome, but a poor actor.

It was with this impression that I went to see my first film starring Robert Taylor—Camille.

Throughout the film I watched Mr. Taylor very carefully, and when I left the cinema I had decided two things:

Firstly, he was not as handsome as I had expected; he has a drooping, Maurice Chevalier nether lip. Secondly, he is a much better actor than I had been led to believe, even though his acting was not inspired like that of Miss Greta Garbo.

The perverse opinion held by so many women must be due to their sex. As women they over-estimate his facial beauty; as women they counter-balance this by underestimating his acting ability.—Arthur Freeman, Newport, Mon., who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

A Colour Snag

Thousands of pounds are spent annually on educating the public in the marvels of this new colour technique. And does anyone who saw the premiere of Wings of the Morning doubt its marvels? I saw it many times and was struck with the fidelity and realism of the colour work. I have even used film advertising's pet adjectives in describing it. But the day came when I saw it at a release cinema and I was astonished at the difference. I have seen some badly shown films in my time but this looked like a cheap postcard of a seaside resort.

The very bane of colour photography lies in the correct expression of colour values, and it
is obvious that bad projection can ruin the best of films.

Surely it is high time that the producing companies spent a little money telling the kinemas how to show colour so that we can see it is good, instead of wasting it telling us it is good, when we can see with our own eyes that it is very bad?—D. F. Ackroyd, 6 Regents Park Road, N.W. 1, who is awarded the second price of 10s. 6d.

The Haughty Box-Office

The kinema is "swell" entertainment. Film stars suffer "fans" gladly; executives lose sleep studying their patrons; usherettes wear welcoming smiles; all striving to win their "public"—except the pretty lady in the box-office, who treats us with the frigidity of those ice-maidens in Wagner's opera.

Regarded in the abstract, box-office clerks are small cogs in the economic machinery of a business concern; but in our modern kinemas one has only to glance at their gorgeous apparel, expensive coiffure and cute manicure to realise that the ladies in question are playing a role, not so outstanding, maybe, but just as important in "putting the show over" as that played by film-stars themselves.

But film stars are friendly folk, so why can't they be human, too, and drop that haughty and austere demeanour more befitting a Court debutante than a kinema operative?

But, there, perhaps I expect too much for my money. Or do I?—F. James, 127 Brewer Street, S.E. 18.

(‘I've often thought the box-office lady might "unbutton her face" a little; but it's a tiresome job, —"Thinker."’)

A Lesson

The finest plea for pacifism I have ever seen are the scenes of the horror in Shanghai in the recent newsreels. Surely to all thinking people these scenes of carnage and brutality and the mangled bodies of the slain must preach a lesson that there shall and must be no more war in our time.

No All Quiet on the Western Front or Man I Killed can give us so vividly any idea of the horror of modern warfare as these actual pictures taken on the spot do.

The kinema has justified its existence completely when it can bring home a lesson like this.

—D. Stirling, 2 Crichton Street, Edinburgh.

(‘All right. Now read the next letter.—"Thinker."’)

Protest

Being a very amiable picturegoer, it is rarely that I protest against anything, but I do protest against the horrible newsreels that are showing just at present. I have endured the Abyssinian and Spanish wars on the screen, but to show us dead bodies being thrown on top of one another in a cart, and also an aerial view of it, is too much. This, the latest move in Shanghai. Certainly, we need showing how terrifying war is, but not to such an extent as this. They censor films strictly, why not newsreels?—(Miss) Gertrude Hinsley, 47 Kenworthy Lane, Northenden, Manchester.

(‘You see? You can't please everybody! —"Thinker."’)

It Never Rains—

I notice that Claude Rains, whom I consider a first-rate actor, has appeared in ten films; and in every one of these, Lionel Collier has awarded him chief acting honours, and I agreed with Lionel Collier.

Yet, because he does not pass go good looks, and because he is usually awarded the "villain’s" role, he is comparatively unknown.

And finally I would like to point out that in the past eighteen months, his name has only been mentioned twice in the Picturegoer outside the pages of Lionel Collier and "George," whereas Taylor (and many others like him) is mentioned every week.

And all because ninety per cent. of the population don't know the meaning of the word (Continued on page 10)

Whose EYES are these?

The eyes? Of course you know right away that they belong to Madge Evans, lovely M.G.M. star now appearing in 'The 13th Chair.' (There's no prize offered.) And the chocolate? That's easy to answer too. Everybody recognises that famous glass and a half of milk in every ½ lb.

It says 'Cadburys' at a glance. The only thing it doesn't say is that the milk is full-cream milk. But you learn that as soon as Cadburys' Milk' touches your tongue. Then you can taste the cream.

Whose CHOCOLATE is this?
Like all film first nights it was very orchidaceous and flash-light-for-the-stars! Loved it—all except the crush and heat—which would have killed me but for the simple precaution of my 'Tosca' perfumed Eau de Cologne. Sheer magic, I call it—one's best pet and appealing perfume quelled into the kindliest Eau de Cologne by "4711." 'Tosca' is simply marvellous as a spray after the bath & for a massage, too. You may fall for 'Rhinegold'—very will-o' the wisps and distant—or 'Troika'—the new heart-catching one which is the best-fo-a-maying sort! Same restorative Eau de Cologne, my dear, but the most inconsequential prices!

"Tosca", "Rhinegold" and "Troika" perfumed Eau de Colognes are sold in many different sizes—from the handbag bottles to bottles for the cabin trunk. Prices range from 1/3 to 25.

The CONCENTRATED PERFUMES used in all three can also be bought at prices from 2/6 to 15.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 is, and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.
YOUR NOSE WILL TELL YOU

whether you are using the wrong face powder

Your nose pores are larger than other pores. They give off more moisture than other pores. That is why your nose gives you first warning if you are using the wrong face powder.

If you use a powder containing organic ingredients that absorb moisture and swell, you can see what will happen. Tiny granules lodge in the mouth of the pores. When they get wet and swell the pores are forced open. Soon they become enlarged, causing minor skin blemishes and blackheads.

HOW TO AVOID ENLARGED PORES

A sure way to guard against these conditions is to use Coty’s Air Spun Face Powder. It contains no organic ingredients, no oorris root, no artificial adhesives. Nothing to harm the most delicate skin. The secret of its even close-clinging film is Coty’s unique “Air Spun” Process. In this, the tiny powder grains are whipped in a tornado of air to make every one smoothly round, then blown (not forced) through the finest of sieves. As a result, Coty’s “Air Spun” goes on more smoothly than ordinary powders, stays on even in a wind.

If you have not tried Coty’s “Air Spun” ask to see it next time you buy powder. Be sure to see the two fashionable new shades — Brunat and Miblond. At your favourite shop or the Coty Salon, 2 New Bond Street, W.1.

Larger and more economical size 2 3. There is of course a smaller size at 1 3.

AIR SPUN, the powder for delicate skins.

...ask your hairdresser to give you a HILTONE HAIR BLEACH

You can always trust it!

Whether you wish to become an ash blonde or have the natural lights of your hair restored, Hilton will give you the exact shade you want. And your hair will lose none of its elasticity or lustre, for Hilton gently dissolves away the colour without any way affecting the natural structure of the hair.

HILTONED HAIR PERMS PERFECTLY!

Your Hairdresser will be pleased, too, when you ask for a Hilton Bleach because it doesn’t make your hair dry, brittle, or ‘beasy’. Hilton leaves your hair soft, silky, and pliable which is exactly how your Hairdresser likes it when he gives you a perm.

GIVES HAIR A NATURAL TONE!

Another thing about a Hilton Bleach that will please you immensely is that it does not give your hair that glaring “peroxided” appearance. Not even a microscopic examination can reveal that Hilton has been used. Your hair has a perfectly natural tone. So remember always to ask your hairdresser to use HILTON BLEACH.

Also ask for HILTON DYES available in 20 lovely shades.

HAIR BLEACH

Safeguards the Hair

PITUREGOER Weekly

Who's Who

Lola Lane

Once a good job as a pianist in a small cinema in Indianapolis, Ohio, where she was born. That was until the theatre played Ben Hur and she was so busy admiring Ramon Novarro that she played incidental music right through the famous chariot race and got fired. Later she became a typist and a manicurist, and then commenced her stage career with a touring company. Gus Edwards gave her a chance in one of his revues in New York.

Hollywood offers followed and Lola made her screen debut in Speak Easy. Subsequently she made Foxy Moonstone Folies, Mirth and Melody and The Big Fight, and she looked as if she was headed for major stardom when she retired from the screen temporarily to become Mrs. Lew Ayres. She never quite recovered the ground lost then, but of late her stock has been rising again.

She is in Marked Woman with Bette Davis and (such is fame) Ramon Novarro’s leading lady in his come-back picture, The Sheik Steps Out. Lola was born on May 21, 1909, is 5 ft. in. tall and has fair hair and violet eyes.

June Lang

Who began her screen career as June Vlasek, was born in Minneapolis on May 5, 1916. Her family moved to Hollywood when she was twelve and she completed her education in the movie city.

June made her professional debut in a stage show, The Temptations of 1930, and subsequently sang and danced in vaudeville, cinema-prologues and revues.

Her first screen engagement was a comedy rôle in a Christie short. She was given a contract by the Fox studio, but for a long time she seemed to be forgotten by the powers that be.

Then in 1935 Darryl Zanuck, now head of the studio, noticed her and decided that she might be developed into a star.

He has been steadily “building her up” since in films like Every Saturday Night, The Country Doctor, Road to Glory, Nancy Steele is Missing and Wee Willie Winkie, and now she is definitely knocking on the stellar dressing-room doors.

She will be seen next with Eddie Cantor in Ali Baba Goes to Town.

June Lang is 5 ft. 3½ in. tall and a blonde.

Matheson Lang

Matheson Lang has become so much a part of the English theatrical and film scene that one is apt to forget that he is not an Englishman. Actually he was born in Montreal, in 1879, the son of the Rev. Gavin Lang.

The latter hoped that he would enter the Church, but the lure of the footlights proved too strong and at the age of eighteen Matheson first trod the boards in a play called Proof, then having a phenomenal success in the provinces.

Subsequently he went on to build up one of the greatest contemporary reputations in the London theatre as actor and actor-manager.

Mr. Lang made his first film appearance as far back as 1916 in The Merchant of Venice. His first talkie was The Chinese Bungalow, in which, incidentally, one of the minor roles was played by a promising newcomer who later became Anna Neagle.

Other talkies include The Great Defender, Little Friend, Drake of England and The Cardinal.

Frances Langford

Was born in Lakeland, Florida, on April 4. Her mother was a well-known concert pianist and Frances gained early local popularity by singing at school and church entertainments. As soon as she was old enough she sang in vaudeville, night clubs and musical comedy, but it was as a radio singer that she earned the fame that led to a Hollywood contract.

Her first picture was Every Night at Eight and she has since appeared in The Charm School, Broadway Melody of 1936, Palm Springs Affair, Born to Dance and The Hit Parade.

Frances has the distinction of possessing the smallest waist in Hollywood. It measures just 21 in. She is 5 ft. 8 in. tall and has dark brown hair and eyes.
LET GEORGE DO IT!

Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

I spy—you did

MACLEAN'S TOOTH PASTE

Obtainable everywhere 6d., 1/- and 1/9

If you use Tooth POWDER, try the new MACLEAN'S Peroxide Tooth Powder—6d. per tin.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

Readers interested in the Mantovani Club are requested to send in details of particular concerts from which they desire to receive the Club's magazine, "The Mantovani Club." Full particulars of the Club may be obtained from the editor, Unicorn House, 2nd Floor, 50 Victoria St., London, W.C.2.

The Dick Powell Fan Club and the Margaret Lockwood Friendship Club welcome new members—readers may write to the London representative, Patricia E. Burrell, 45 Sheepen Road, Tottenham, London.

Gable, scheduled for Test Pilot for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

J. B. B. (Guerrier)—Write to the Postcard Salon, address above, for a photograph of Nelson Eddy. He is present making "Rosie" with Eleanor Powell for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

READER (Kent)—I am sorry, but as the issue containing the art plate of Errol Flynn is out of print it is impossible to supply you with a copy.

PICTUREGOER.—(1) Release dates as follows: A Star Is Born, Jan. 17, 1938; Knight Without Armour, Jan. 10, 1938. (2) Latest film Big City, she is scheduled for Merry Christmas.

FILM CRITIC DAWSON.—(1) Robert Taylor and Eleanor Powell are co-starred in Broadway Melody of 1938. (2) Write to the Publishing Department, Cinerama, London, W.C.1, enclosing 3d. in stamps for a copy of Picturegoerweekly, Sept. 4, 1937, containing supplement of Camilla. (3) Robert Taylor scheduled for King, Tell it to the Marines, Three Cornets and Single Spitfire, on his return to America.

J. D. (Warwickshire)—Latest films and companies: Gary Cooper, The Adventures of Don Juan, for Salina Goldwyn-Douglas; Dorothy Lamour, Hurricanes, for United Artists; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy have not yet started on The Girl of Golden West. They are not at the moment scheduled for any colour films together. (2) Write to the Publicity Department of American Films, Inc., in the Oct. 16, 1937, issue of this magazine.

ANNA LEE ADMS (Tooting)._—(1) Write to 9 Mincing Lane, London, E.C.3, for details of a fan club for Anna Lee. (2) You can write to Anna Lee c/o Gainsborough Studios, but I should advise you to send a photograph to her for autographing as it is liable to be lost on the way. There are two points of Anna Lee obtainable from the Postcard Salon, 8th and 89th, at 3d. each, also a large portrait for 1s.

ERROL FLYNN (San Francisco)._—Another Dawn, Jan. 17, 1938. The Plough and the Stars, March 15, 1939. (2) Errol Flynn is scheduled for The Adventures of Robin Hood when he has finished The Perfect Specimen.

FONDA FAN (Stoke).—Harry Fonda, b. May 16, 1905, Grand Island, Nebraska, he is 6 ft. 1 in. tall, weighs 170 lb., and has black hair and blue eyes; married Margaret Sullivan, (6) Francis Brewster, his films include: My Man Godfrey, The Wasp, The Man's Own Home, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, The Springtime of His Age, You Only Live Once, Slim and I Meet My Love Again.

BETTY—Chief players in Girl of the Ozarks: Virginia Bruce, Emma O'Harra, and Russell Crowe, Leif Erikson and Elizabeth Russell.


Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers such work, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want costs 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, Martlet House, Martlet House, 48 St. John's Hill, London, W.C.2.

No. 335 (New Series) Vol. 7, October 23, 1937.

Telephone Temple Bar 2468.

ON SALE EVERY THURSDAY, 2d.
"MORNING MOUTH" is 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 a sure sign that your system contains food waste matter that is poisoning your whole body. The immediate results are headaches, bad breath, flatulence, bad skin, depression and rheumatism. Feen-a-mint cleanses your system and banishes stomach troubles and constipation, giving you a clear complexion, bright eyes, "sweet" breath and added vitality. Feen-a-mint works Nature's way—safely and thoroughly—because it mixes with the saliva and is carried naturally through the whole digestive system. Its fresh mint flavour makes it a family favourite. Get a packet from your chemist to-day—or send your name and address on a postcard for a free sample to White's Laboratories Ltd., (Dept. A.3), 143 Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1.

She won him that day!

They had spent many days in the country together during the summer. To Joan, at first, these were delightful, exciting days. Days that made the rest of the week mere gaps between the happy hours lived in Andrew's company. Lately, however, she felt somehow a little dissatisfied. Their friendship did not seem to be progressing quite so well as she had hoped—or as it did at the start. Perhaps it was just a phase—but, whatever the reason, she decided that next time she would take particular care with herself, and to find something that would improve her complexion.

He called for her one sunny morning, was puzzled by a new unobtrusive air of loveliness about her, and in the quiet solitude of a wood murmured: "You will marry me, won't you?"

It is always the same. From the very first time a woman uses Velouty, her complexion is given a mystic quality and an air of indescribable loveliness that is arresting. A beauty that is neither artificial nor troublesome to achieve. Velouty creams the skin into softness, smoothness and powders it delicately to give you the lasting and natural beauty of youthful charm.

There are five shades of Velouty de Dior: White, ivory, natural, ochre and soleil doré (sungold).

Tubes 4jd., 6d., 1/-, 2/-, 3/-


FREE for free trial sizes of Velouty de Dior (Ochre and Natural shades) and Irisium de Dior (skin tonic and cleanser) send 3d. in stamps (cost of packing and postage) to Dept. C, 6, Dior Ltd., St. Leonard's Works, Mortlake, S.W.14.

NAIL BITING

Free booklet sent: under plain sealed cover explains how you can candidly, secretly and permanently cure yourself of this objectionable, health-endangering habit. No known no-auto-suggestion new discovery! Send 1d. stamp for postcard.

GROW LOVELY HAIR LIKE THIS

Free from DANDRUFF

Miss D. Bell's hair was falling out very rapidly, and was becoming terribly thin. She had tried several different hair tonics, but the excessive falling of the hair continued. Then she heard about KOTALKO—the true Hair Growner. She started using it, and her hair soon stopped falling and came away on the comb, and a new, beautiful growth developed, free from dandruff. Also her hair, which was going grey, returned its natural colour. There are many other wonderful cases on record.

KOTALKO Stops Falling, Banishes Dandruff and Grows Hair even in Baldness.

KOTALKO is for men's, women's and children's Scalp and Hair.

FREE SAMPLES of Creme Simon


(Creme Simon is different cream used in a different way, more penetrating, more stimulating.

NATURALLY IT KEEPS YOU LOVELY

POTS 1/3 & 2/3 TUBES 6 1/2

FREE SAMPLES of Creme Simon


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POTS 1/3 & 2/3 TUBES 6 1/2

FREE SAMPLES of Creme Simon

LET US EXPLAIN—
Black Magic are the wonderful chocolates which Society is preferring even to 5/- a pound chocolates! One reason is, they contain the twelve "centres" that were proved by test to be most popular. How can Rowntrees sell these superb chocolates for only 2/10 a pound? By packing them in simple black boxes without any extravagant decorations or tinfoil.

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Talkie Title Tales

THIS week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to G. A. Cummings, 5 Cook Street, New Seabam, Co. Durham, for:—

The Thin Man
Reducing
Sensation
The Case of the Missing Man

Prizes of half a crown are awarded to:

Miss Mary Poo, 26 Post Office Street, Trimdon City, Co. Durham: Desire
Postcard from Heaven
Everything is Thunder
Great Expectations

Miss Eileen Walsh, c/o Post Office, Marine Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, I P.S., for:—

The Private Secretary
She Married Her Boss
Public Opinion
Strictly Business

Miss J. Freeman, 40 King's Road, N.W.10, for:—

Sensation
Murder at the Cabaret
Just My Luck
No Exit

Miss Eileen Burnett, High Cliff, Nevilldale, Durham City, for:—

It's Tough to be Famous
Lovely Lady Reporter
The Woman Between

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October 23, 1937

PICTUREGOER Weekly

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So you must not risk disappointment! Go to your nearest Registered Eugène Waver (displaying the little Green Goddess) and make sure that he, or she, uses only genuine Eugène Steam Sachets—back as well as front. Then you can look forward to months and months of pride and pleasure.

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KATHARINE HEPBURN

After an over-prolonged series of costume pictures Katharine Hepburn has "gone modern," and with advantage according to advance reports, in "Stage Door." After that she is to make "Bringing Up Baby," in which Cary Grant will again be her leading man.
‘10 MINUTES TO WAIT before the crowd arrives’
says
LEONORA CORBETT

‘so—
Mine's a Minor!’

‘Quality’ still means something to cigarette smokers. They choose De Reszke Minors for a 10-minute smoke because, although inexpensive, they are not ‘cheap.’ Actually, they are made of the same tobacco and packed with the same care as much dearer cigarettes. And they last the full 10 minutes.

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DEAR RONALD COLMAN,

What's all this we hear about you going to run wild in a crazy comedy? Well, you've been a good boy on and off the screen for a long time now, and I suppose you are entitled to your little fling, but I'm afraid that there are going to be a lot of people who are never going to believe in anything again.

Of course, we don't doubt for a moment your ability to play a comedy role. Certainly we have never doubted your sense of humour, at any rate since the occasion when a particularly fearsome specimen of the Hollywood solo sisterhood, referring to your blameless private life, coyly asked if it were true that you were a woman-hater, and you are alleged drily to have offered to take her away to one of the usual Hollywood resorts for the week-end if she could guarantee that no one would make any comments about the affair.

And who are we, who have, week in and week out, devoted our humble missives on this page to the encouragement of stellar versatility and the discouragement of stellar delusions of grandeur, to say an actor nay when he proposes to demonstrate at one blow both that he is not afraid to launch into new lines of artistic endeavour and that, though one of the really great screen Great Lovers, he doesn't take himself too seriously?

As usual, you see, Mr. Colman, you disarm criticism. You have a genius for being in the right.

As the model pupil you sit at the top of the Hollywood class and survey the surrounding rowdiness with aloof but dignified tolerance.

Somehow we have always felt that we'd never have to write headlines about Ronald Colman kicking a reporter in the pants, or exhibiting his pugilistic skill at the Brown Derby, indulging in the annual excursions to Yuma and Reno or, indeed, doing any of the other things which, though looked upon as bad manners in most society, are considered necessary to the possession of the art of movie acting.

Still, after this crazy comedy business we don't know, though perhaps it may just provide you with a nice, clean, honourable outlet for all those years of repression.

In that respect, at least, Fancy Free should prove interesting. We shan't worry unduly about the notoriously insidious effect of crazy comedy on those weaker mortals who mistakenly go into it thinking that they can take it or leave it alone in your case. After all, you have survived far greater temptations to become the Bayard of the Boulevard, the pure, tender flower of English chivalry blossoming bravely in the alien soil of California.

But after Fancy Free, what? We ask because we cannot help feeling that the time is approaching when you will have to take serious stock of your career. Frankly, though there have been notable exceptions, such as A Tale of Two Cities, we have been a little disappointed with your screen performances lately.

Your Robert Conway in Lost Horizon brought forth the usual chorus of "Oh, isn't he sweet?" from the fan club girls, but the sterner critics of acting were silent.

Colman in the resplendent uniforms of The Prisoner of Zenda will probably give the feminine filmgoers an even greater treat, but we doubt if it will honestly win any medals when the best performances of 1937 come to be judged.

The point is that both, though smooth and easy portrayals, lack the inspiration and vitality of the Colman, say, of Arrowsmith.

Perhaps we are judging you by an unfairly high standard. We don't think so. It is a standard you have set yourself.

The British film public has given you greater loyalty than it has to any actor in films.

After something like fifteen years of stardom—three times the allotted span—it still awards you a place among its half-dozen favourites.

Most of the artists who were your contemporaries at the time you achieved overnight stardom in The White Sister, after a shaky career on the stage and in British films, have long since fallen out and been forgotten, but you still march in the very front ranks of the Big Parade.

Such loyalty must obviously call for an unusual degree of responsibility from the star. We are glad to pay tribute here to the fact that no actor has more fully met this obligation, both in his enthusiasm for his job and in the decency and dignity of his private life.

We would be very sorry indeed to see you slipping into the error of so many stars before you—of wearying of the game now and being content to "get by" on personality and charm.

The Editor
THIS CRAZY FILM BUSINESS

- Hollywood overdoing the cycle
- How long will Shirley last?
- Laurel and Hardy reunited
- New mate for new "Tarzan"
- On the set with Bob Taylor

THOSE crazy films... Those films with the moral that all stars should be compelled to have trustees to look after their affairs.

Laurel and Hardy Again
- It is good news that Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy and Hal Roach have been able to compose their differences.
- Stan and Ollie are now reunited under the Roach banner and plans are announced for two "elaborate" features for the team each year.
- It looked a little while ago as if there were little hope of healing the breach.
- Laurel had even formulated plans to produce his own pictures.

Shirley and Case of Coogan
- The case of Jackie Coogan, in the news again at the age of twenty-two as a result of his forthcoming marriage to Betty Grable, makes one wonder about the feasibility of the recently announced plan to preserve Shirley Temple as a star through the years of adolescence until she graduates as an adult actress.
- Jackie in his day was quite as popular a figure as Shirley is now. His destiny was, moreover, guided by his father, one of the shrewdest business men ever argued with a Hollywood movie mogul.
- Jackie's acting improved, but much of his infant charm inevitably vanished as he approached the 'teens and the public grew tired of him.
- He essayed a come-back six years ago in the last screen version of Tom Sawyer, but nobody was very interested. That was the famous occasion when Charles Chaplin, who, of course, discovered Jackie in The Kid, thought, in a big-hearted moment, that it might be a nice idea to help the lad along by posing for a picture with him.
- He sent a note over to the Paramount studio suggesting the idea.
- "You tell Chaplin," Pa Coogan replied, "that if he wants to cash in on my boy's publicity he must come over here himself."
- A tremendous lot of nonsense has been written lately about the million-dollar trust fund he was supposed to have come into on his twenty-first birthday.
- There is no trust fund; Jackie is still an incorporated business concern and his fortune is still looked after by his family and a manager.
- Jackie, incidentally, has some interesting views on this money he earned as a child.
- "I don't think," he says, "that I'm entitled to it. I had no more to do with the earning of it — nor did I know any more of what I was doing and why—than does Shirley Temple to-day."
- Young Coogan nevertheless got out of films with more money than most film artists. Perhaps

Norma Shearer, lovelier than ever, is holidaying at Lake Arrowhead before resuming her screen career in "Marie Antoinette."

HOSE wild, wild women Irene Dunne and Carole Lombard started something. At one time it was just the people behind the movies who were crazy; now nearly all the movies are crazy, too.

Hollywood, in fact, is up to its old game of overdoing a cycle.

Irene, herself, not long ago the First Lady of the Screen, has completed another wild comedy, The Awful Truth. And Miss Lombard, also involving the dignified Fredric March in the business, goes crazy again in Nothing Sacred.

Miriam Hopkins, Loretta Young, Jean Arthur and Edward Arnold have all been roped in for the series started by My Man Godfrey and Theodora Goes Wild.

In Tovarich Claudette Colbert romps around amid collapsible beds and other appurtenances of the crazy brand of humour.

Herbert Marshall, no less, has given up "Oh l-my-darling" the heroine for a fling at the new film fun with Barbara Stanwyck and Leslie Howard really goes after the laughs in It's Love I'm After.

Marlene Dietrich seems certain to do a comedy, French Without Tears, next and so does the great Greta herself, although the subject has not yet been announced.

Even Ronald Colman, beau ideal of movie masculine sex appeal, has fallen.

At any moment now we may see Garbo chewing up telephones for dessert and Mr. Arliss chasing ladies around the screen.

Or, perhaps, I'm crazy.

Hollywood Wives Should Work
- The latest contribution to the controversy on should Hollywood wives work comes from Leonard Penn, who is the husband of Gladys George.
- So far from objecting to his wife's career, he takes the greatest of pride in it.
- "Actors and actresses should marry in their own profession," he says. "We're all a little crazy, anyway, to be actors in the first place, and it is much better to have someone in the same mental state."
- He went on to say that, were he many times a millionaire, and had the biggest career in the world, he would want Gladys to go on acting.
- "Her work is now a part of her, and it would be wrong to make her give it up. This claim that two careers in one family wreck romance is not true. I believe all actors should marry actresses, and that the continuation of both careers makes for happiness rather than the contrary."

"I'm No Star."—Barrymore
- John Barrymore has taken his relegation to featured billing philosophically.

The other day he refused a star's dressing-room at Paramount.

On every motion picture set, a portable
dressing-room with mirrored make-up table, chair, lounger, and easy chair, is provided for the player enacting the leading; feminine rôle.

Such quarters were assigned to Louis Campbell when the Bulldog Drummond picture went into production.

She proved her democracy by refusing it, at the same time suggesting that Mr. Barrymore occupy it.

"I'm no star," announced Harrymore when acquainted with Miss Campbell's generosity. "I'll take pot luck with the common actors. Nevertheless, I appreciate the compliment," he added.

John Howard also turned thumbs down on the suggestion that he explore the secluded room. "I think it's haunted," was his ready excuse.

The script girl was finally induced to use it as an office while the leading players mingle with the lesser lights, making up at the various tables always provided for the cast and resting in the camp chairs furnished for it.

How To Lose Weight

- Want to lose weight? Well, Carole Lombard has a sure-fire formula for reducing and, being a generous creature, doesn't mind divulging it to the whole wide world. All you have to do is run up and down three flights of stairs twenty-eight times, and you'll lose five pounds.

Carole did it on the set of her new picture, True Confession. The script called for her to dash up the steps to an apartment on the third floor—followed by a camera on a boom.

The difficulty was that it was a tricky shot and twenty-eight "takes" were necessary before action, camera, and sound could be synchronized precisely and to the satisfaction of Director Wesley Ruggles.

The irony of it all is that Carole is famed for having one of Hollywood's most perfect figures and she didn't want to lose that five pounds!

De Mille Sees Red

- If you want to work for Cecil B. de Mille, don't wear red polish on your finger nails. The Old Maestro feels very strongly on the subject.

The other day, with 250 "pirates" and about 50 women ready to shoot in a set representing pirate Jean Lafitte's stronghold at Barataria, de Mille looked around from his perch up high on the camera boom and saw that almost every woman in the scene, which is supposed to have taken place in 1814, was wearing red fingernail polish.

De Mille spoke into a microphone in clarion tones that were heard to the farthermost points of Catalina Island.

"The name of this picture," he said, "is The Buccaneer, the period is 1814. The audience may be willing to believe that one or two of you women had just plucked a chicken when this scene took place, but I doubt if even I can convince them that you've all been engaged in mass destruction of fowl. Get off this set, ladies, and remove that fingernail polish just as fast as you can."

The women fled to the make-up tent for a refinishing.
his wife are still under the influence of their native English environment.

The couple dress in evening clothes for dinner every night, even when they have dinner alone at home.

Film stars who do likewise are few indeed.

**“Tarzan” Laments**

- One of the minor unhappinesses in Johnny Weissmuller’s life is the fact that every time anyone gives him anything, it is either a tie or a bathing suit.

The actor won fame as a swimming champion and as “Tarzan” in the movies but he never wears ties, and he now owns something like seven hundred and twenty bathing suits, presented by friends, relatives and admirers.

Johnny has rather hopefully tried to convey the information that he wears size sixteen shirts, and seven and a half hats, but he still gets ties and bathing suits.

**Ex-Husband**

- Former mates turn up in Hollywood, like Bunkoo’s ghost in *Machete*.

Jack Pepper, New York actor, who formerly was married to Ginger Rogers, has arrived in movietown, and is taking tests for a role at a major studio.

**Thieving Fans**

- One of the natural phenomena of the tourist trade at the Brown Derby restaurant in Hollywood is the occasional disappearance of the autographed caricatures which line the walls of the establishment.

This practice has mounted to alarming proportions of late, and, after making photostatic copies of each picture to afford at least a temporary substitute for the missing caricatures, the proprietor has stationed a pretty waitress at the door to spy out the “collectors” and gently impress upon each of them the necessity of returning the loot.

**Shirley The Chef**

- Like many another eight-year-old youngster, Shirley Temple is going domestic.

Shirley’s latest feat was to prepare a very creditable lunch on the stove of her diminutive playhouse at home. The menu which was served to some of her young playmates included carrots, potatoes, lamb, boiled eggs and NO spinach!

**Lucky Children**

- Pat O’Brien, has so transmitted the love of horse racing to his children, that, at their request, he has built a race track for them at home. The horses are of wood. The track operates like a merry-go-round, but is made to simulate a real horse race, with the same horse never winning twice in succession.

**A Strange Autograph**

- Mary Boland, when starting for home after attending a preview in Glendale, was sighted by a carload of keen-eyed youngsters. They begged for autographs, and finally allowed the star to proceed back to Beverly Hills after she had written her signature in chalk on their dilapidated “Leaping Lena” motor car.

The rainy season is due shortly, so this particular autograph will soon vanish.

**Hollywood Says That**

- Robert Taylor receives more gifts from fans, through the mail, than any star in Hollywood.

- Preston Foster was a chorus man with the La Scala Opera Company.

- Joan Crawford wears sandals, morning, noon and night.

**E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios**

**A YANK—AND OTHERS!**

I’m rather struck by the way the balance has been held between Britain and Hollywood in the new film *A Yank at Oxford*, which M-G-M. are making at Denham.

The Hollywood contingent consists of Robert Taylor, Lionel Barrymore, Maureen O’Sullivan, and Tully Marshall, although Maureen, of course, is British, and plays an English girl in this.

Then there is Edmund Gwenn, British, but given to playing in Hollywood, to act as liaison officer between the invaders and the defenders; he plays the Dean of an Oxford college.

And there are Vivien Leigh, Griffith Jones, C. V. France (playing my father), Edward Rigby (a scout, but not the boy or sea variety; college servants are known as scouts at Oxford), Robert Coote, Peter Croll, Noel Howlett, and Edmond Breon.

Vivien Leigh, by the way, is playing a vamp for once in a way; this will be interesting. I can quite picture her as a really high-powered vamp.

**Just a Little Love**

- Bob Taylor plays the part of star athlete of a small American college in the Middle West, who wins a scholarship and comes to Oxford, where he falls in love with Maureen O’Sullivan, and who wouldn’t?

They call such seats of learning “freshwater” colleges, and it’s something of a slight, because the original and traditional colleges—Yale and Harvard and Princeton—were founded by the New Englanders near the sea coast (“salt-water colleges”) before the interior was properly explored.

Lecture over.

By the way, I can’t quite get the idea of calling the hero of the film, Tom, Bob, since he apparently hails from the Middle West. Oxford and the New Englanders are properly called Yankees.

Actually it’s a Chinese name. The early clipper ships rounded the Horn to China, dealing in tea and other Chinese products, and the Chinese held such a high opinion of the honest, God-fearing Boston slickers that the term Yan-kee, meaning “stranger from over the sea,” became quite a mark of honour.

It was only when the Civil War began and the Southerners lumped all Northerners together as ‘dam Yankees,” that the term began to have an opprobrious meaning.

Second lecture over.

**An All-Rounder**

- Vivien Leigh is the flirtatious wife of an Oxford bookseller, who is described in the film as “literature’s gift to the undergraduate.”

Lionel Barrymore plays Bob Taylor’s father; Griffith Jones is Maureen O’Sullivan’s brother.

Although I’ve heard the story, it would be more than my life is worth to repeat it to you; I’ve been sworn to silence.

This much I can tell you; it shows Robert Taylor as a crack athlete, an all-rounder in his American college, who becomes a running and rowing star at Oxford.

There’s quite a legitimate excuse for presenting him as an athlete, because in private life he is an expert tennis player, has a first-rate seat on a horse, swims better than the average, and is a hurler of no mean ability.

No, I’m not going to enter into the vexed question of whether he is a Paderewski or not; I’ve been caught that way before.

**All In**

- M.-G.-M. are again to a great deal of trouble to present Oxford authentically. They have collected all sorts of experts to ensure that Oxford men have no cause to snigger when they see the picture.

For example, we shan’t see a repetition of the slight error which crept into a previous film with an Oxford background, in which the hero rowed for both Oxford and Cambridge in the Boat Race.

Bob should put up a pretty good showing on the water, by the way; he has been coached for the rowing sequences by Trenchard (who has three times been world’s champion sculler).

They’re getting a great deal of Oxford life into the film, let me tell you.

We shall see the Inter-varsity Boat Race, Sports, and Eights Week ceremonies, such as the bumping races and the burning of the victorious boat in the college quad (no, no Elmer, not campus! Would it be campus!), and even the bagging of an unpardonable undergrad.

Would I be betraying a confidence, if I said it be too much for your sensibilities, if I revealed that the bagging was performed on (or off) the sacred person of Mr. Robert Taylor?

Sacrébleue, Cicely? You said it, sister!

**They Wouldn’t Die**


This, you will doubtless remember from my previous lecture-west Frontier story with which Zoltan Korda seriously disturbed the peaceful mountains of North Wales when he went there to have a battle.

He had another battle on the Denham-
A Promising Recruit

- A notable new addition to the cast is Ronald Adam, in the role of a gun-runner, Colonel Gregor.

I’ve known Ronnie Adam for years, but have seldom seen him on the stage, and certainly never on the screen.

His chief occupation nowadays is running the Embassy Theatre at Swiss Cottage, London, where, since 1932, he has produced over a hundred new shows and revivals, at least twenty of which have been transferred to the West End.

His latest stage appearance, I think, was in Judgment Day, the Elmer Rice Play.

Zoltan Korda has been filming scenes showing the palace and courtyard of the Khan, or local chieftain, who is Raymond Massey, and also some polo sequences in which the Khan plays. Massey looks good on a horse at any time, but in his Indian make-up he is even more impressive.

I hear that Roger Livesey and Valerie Hobson are doing good team-work in this film, which doesn’t surprise me at all. I have long thought Livesey one of the most accomplished of our younger players, and Valerie impressed me very favourably in the Doug, Fairbanks, jun., film in which she appeared — Jumps for Glory.

These two young people are both on contract to London Films.

Viewing

- By the way, I told you that Pinewood was being tested recently, and since then the same honour has befallen Denham, great bally-hoo being given to the fact that, for the first time, the television cameras showed Technicolor films in production.

Now I ask you, what earthly difference is there between televising the making of a colour film and televising a making of a black-and-white film? They both appear equally black and white on the television screen.

As a matter of fact, I went up to Broadcasting House to watch the production of a Paramount Quota picture at Pinewood. I can’t say I was wildly excited about it. The scene in the studio looked as if it had been about ten times more muddled even than it really is, and that’s saying a good deal.

Also, the subsequent programme, broadcast from Alexandra Palace, was pitifully weak, and would have been booted off the screen in any cinamatheque in the country.

Undoubtedly it is a marvellous invention; but while the B.B.C. continues to rely on its novelty and wonder to attract “viewers” (as they call televisioners), the screen need hardly fear it as a rival.

Besides, the screen is shortingly going “all colour,” and we need a very long time before television manages to do that, I fancy.

Jack Apologies

- Speaking of Pinewood, Jack Buchanan Productions, making Break the News there, have a double apology to make—to the public and to the Metropolitan Police. (“Fine body of men, Sir Robert.”)

They were shooting a scene in Trafalgar Square, and instead of bringing the Square into the studio (Nelson’s Column is such an awkward shape for getting on to a sound stage) they sent a unit into the Square to do a little plain and fancy shooting.

The camera was partially concealed in the doorway of a building in the Square, and trained on Mark Daly, the comedian, and a small-part actor who played a policeman.

Unfortunately, he looked a little too much like a policeman, because as he stroked up and down in front of the doorway, passers-by kept stopping to ask him some of the fool-questions which people do ask policemen all day long.

The poor fellow, aware that the camera was turning and that he had a job of acting to do, foolishly everyone off with the same reply — “Just round the corner on the left.”

Consequently I’m afraid quite a number of visitors to our hospitable shores are not quite as sure that our policemen are “wonderful” as they might have been.

Hence the apologies.

Titled

- I am now in a position to divulge to you the title of the ice-skating picture in which George Formby will star. Look out, here it comes?

It’s See Ice.

If I know anything about the making of ice-skating pictures (and I do quite a bit, he added modestly), a number of people will be seeing stars as well before this feature is safely in the can.

Here’s a long-delayed film.

You see, I told you months ago that Richard Bird was to take to directing, starting his directorial career with the Edgar Wallace story The Terror for Associated British at Elstree.

Well, now at last he’s getting under way with it, and in his cast will be Wilfred Lawson, Arthur Wontner, Iris Hoey, Stanley Latham, Lesley Wareing, Alastair Sim, John Turnbull (I’ll bet he’s a police-inspector), Richard Murdoch, Jack H. Vyvyan, Jack Lambert, Henry Oscar, and Linden Travers.

I wish him luck with it; he has a dandy cast.

Which Do You Say?

- I’ve often thought what a first rate subject for a feature film would be the origin and growth of Madame Tussaud’s Waxworks.

By the way, how do you pronounce that name? There are two schools of thought on the subject.

I understand no noble lord

Would ever call Tussaud “Tussord.”

So I am one of those, you know.

Who always call Tussad “Tussad.”

But don’t let me influence you.

Of course, a number of films have included scenes in the famous waxworks in Marylebone Road; I’ve been there for all-night shooting on,

I think, three different pictures; and a lovely time the unit have, scaring each other stiff in the Chamber of Horrors.

But the subject has never been treated adequately, and I am pleased to hear that Herbert Wilcox will soon produce The Romance of Madame Tussaud, based on a recently-published book by her grandson, Louis Tussaud.

There will be settings in Revolutionary Paris and Victorian London, and Wilcox has promised to produce it on a scale comparable with Victoria the Great.

It will have to go some to beat it.

NEXT WEEK

JEAN HARLOW’S LAST FILM

A t the special request of its readers “Picturegoer” next week presents a special free 16-page Souvenir Supplement of “Saratoga.”

This supplement not only provides in beautiful photogravure pictures of Jean Harlow’s greatest triumphs, a lasting record of the achievements of a great movie star, but tells you the whole behind-the-scenes story of her last film.

Other features include “De-bunking the Barrymore Legend” by Lionel Barrymore, now here to make “A Yank at Oxford,” the story of the film in pictures and the latest news and pictures of Clark Gable.

There is certain to be a terrific demand for next week’s “Picturegoer.” Make sure of your copy by ordering it early.
LOOK out, boys and girls, stand back! Give him room! Make a pathway before he makes one for himself! Gusty, lusty, looming, booming, brawling, bawling Victor McLaglen is back in town.

That's the impression you'd get from seeing his films; but actually when I met him at the press reception (what Gracie Fields would call a "Publicity Do") soon after his arrival, he was roaring as gently as any sucking dove.

Gracie was there, of course; she was acting as hostess, slim and elegant in her new-found glamour, but it was the old Gracie under the new stream-line.

The hotel room was hot and bright and the presence of so many McLaglens made me feel I was back among the New York skyscrapers.

There were four of them there, Victor, Lewis, Clifford and Ken, and as they all ate their spinach when they were kids and are consequently well over six feet in height it seemed rather a lot of them. Gracie was photographed with them, and although she's quite tall it made her look waist-high to a cheese-straw.

Fred, the eldest, was killed in the war. I've kind of lost track of Leopold, the second, who was a ju-jitsu expert and who also invented a new method of bayonet-fighting during the war, and sold it to the Australian and New Zealand, Governments; I last met him, I think, in Alexandria—and when I last heard of him he was running a speedway in Australia.

However much you may get about, a McLaglen or two seem to have got there first. This is perhaps reasonable, seeing that there were eight of them, all with roving natures.

At the party Victor was having his usual embarrassment with faces, which refuse to attach themselves to names in his mind.

He never seems to forget a face; but he has some difficulty in remembering whether you're the Major Woderspoon whom he met in Baghdad in 1918, or the unidentified journalist who came to see his Sports Centre in Hollywood the year before last, or the Mr. Hornswoggle whom he got pally with when he was last filming over here.

"Oh, I know, old boy! It was in Capetown! We were——"

"No, you interrupt him sadly, it wasn't in Capetown; and that plunges him into another all-in wrestling match with his memory.

"Breen—Breen. Why, say, I know—you're a relation of Joe Breen of the Hays Office in Hollywood!"

"No, you're not. Nor of Bobby Breen either.

Well, it makes no odds, Victor remembers what a good fellow you were, anyway, and what'll you drink?—and from there we drift into filmshop which we all talk when we get a chance.

No, winning the Academy Award has wrought no change in McLaglen; he is still the old Vic (not to be confused with the Old Vic, which is at least three times as large).

He's here to play in Twentieth Century-Fox's first Gracie Fields picture, which is being made at Denham, preparatory to her leaving for furrin' parts—to wit, Hollywood—under her contract with that company.

So this seems a good opportunity to glance back over the amazing career of this hefty, husky, hardy he-man, whose film adventures, exciting and varied as they have been, are hardly more so than his adventures in real life.

Of Scots-Irish ancestry, Victor was born just outside London, his forefathers having been soldiers on both sides, with the trifling though piquant exception that his father was a Church of England bishop, his see being Clermont, in South Africa.

The large lad spent part of his childhood there, actually existing for the Boer War long before he was old enough, by a little intensive lying.

He didn't get into the Boer War, but army life filled out that barrel-like chest and developed those bear-like arms, and by the time his father had traced him and bought him out he was fighting-fit and ready for any adventure.

He'd heard that Canada was a good country for large young men of eighteen, so he went there and did a bit of starving in Winniipeg, which kept his waist within elegant limits but doesn't seem to have impaired his strength.

When a travelling wrestler rashly offered £5 to any man who could wrestle with him for fifteen minutes, Victor, who badly wanted something to eat and saw a rosy vision of endless steaks and mashed, took up the challenge, won the fiver, ate a huge meal, and joined the show.

The first thing he had to do was to wrestle against a whole football team, four of whom were professional wrestlers, but Victor won by surreptitiously butt'ning them with an incredibly hard head.

The show petered out, its proprietor having succumbed to a rush of prosperity which he liquitated into whiskey, and Victor betook himself to Owen Sound, where he brought his huge physique to the service of the Canadian Pacific Railway Police.

The habit of over-estimating his age had not left him, for the records in Montreal show him to have been born in 1881, whereas he actually didn't see the light until five years later, which makes him almost fifty-one now. You would certainly take him for much less.

As a police constable he fought and wrestled for fun, and after one winter there he became a professional bruiser again, and fought half a dozen heavyweight battles, in most of which he was triumphant.

At that time a Negro boxer had just arrived from Australia, where he had won the decision over Tommy Burns.

McLaglen took him on in a six-round contest, and although he lost on points he was still on his feet at the final gong—a considerable feat when you realise that his conqueror was the famous Jack Johnson.

Soon after this, McLaglen, realising that he would never be a world-beater and refusing to be anything else, gave up the boxing ring and joined a travelling fair, where he wrestled against all comers.

This was varied by a brief venture into a physical culture school. Victor and his partner advertised themselves as "The Muscle-builders," but men-children in those parts were born with their muscles already built.
Victor McLaglen is here, playing opposite Gracie Fields at Denham; this rugged hero's real life has been just as adventurous as anything he has done on the screen, as here described by

MAX BREEN

Would you have recognised the McLaglen of the "silent" days?

Victor had a small part as a large dumb nut who had to carry off the heroine—a kind of Jacobean gangster; but Blackton was so impressed with his possibilities that he later arranged for McLaglen to go to Hollywood, where he starred in The Beloved Brute, in 1924.

Since then he has known alternate peaks and valleys, like most of the old-timers, but his fortunes have been on a steady, even keel, if I may so far mix my metaphors.

Wise investments enabled him to weather the "Depression," as a sizeable balance at the bank, his $50,000 "English" home in the Sierra Madre mountains, and his Athletic Centre in Hollywood all testify.

One of the valleys came just after The Beloved Brute; heavyweight roles didn't seem plentiful, and he came very near to eating his boots before a chance meeting with Frank Lloyd secured the lead in Winds of Chance; it was a French-Canadian role, and being Scots-Irish Victor made a great success of it, and earned a long contract with Fox.

True, they couldn't think up any more suitable characters for him to play, but at least he was "eatin' reglar," so he wisely decided not to worry but to wait.

He waited for two years, and when the film What Price Glory came up for casting, he claimed the role of Captain Flagg as his own—quite oblivious of the fact that a couple of dozen more experienced actors were claiming it also.

He got it.

The enormous success of that condemned him to a long series of "Flagg and Quit" pictures, growing more and more pointless and licentious, and reaching their nadir in Hot Pepper.

For a long spell McLaglen seemed to have gone the way of George Bancroft and other giants. He even came home to England and played the title role in Dick Turpin.

However, he was biding his time; and his time came when he was cast as Gypo Nolan in The Informer, and gave a performance that gained him the coveted Academy Award and set all the companies bidding for his services.

It's just as well he has a strong character, or he would find it difficult to cope with such a varied succession of leading ladies as Mae West, Shirley Temple and Gracie Fields.

Talking about strength of character, I like the story Edmund Lowe (his buddy "Sergeant Quirt") told me about him.

Eddie said that when Victor was rehearsing for What Price Glory, two of his brothers were in Hollywood with him, and they spoke with such "Oxford" accents that Vic was beginning to do the same.

Realising that this would never do in portraying a hardboiled marine, director Raoul Walsh hired two ex-marines to dog Victor day and night and keep his brothers away from him.

After a week of this, Walsh asked one of the marines for a report, and the man replied in faultless Mayfair tones, "Oh, I think he'll be all right!

After another spell "on the road," of wrestling interspersed with posing as statues of Hercules, Adonis, and what have you, Victor drifted to San Francisco, where he suddenly took it into his head to join his brother Arthur in Australia.

He did that, and together they went pearling off Fiji for six months, which earned them enough to get to India.

There Victor became physical culture expert to the Rajah of Akollet, a cushy billet on the Rajah's personal staff.

But the Rajah died in mysterious circumstances, and although Victor was not implicated he felt India had become unhealthy, and moved on with brother Arthur to Capetown, where they had some success as a vaudeville team.

That was in 1914; and presently: "What ho! A war!" they both exclaimed gleefully, and took the first ship home to England to enlist.

"He posed as statues of Hercules and Adonis."

Victor landed a commission, and subsequently became Provost-Marshal of Baghdad, with the rank of major; but after the war he became sick of this, wagled his discharge, and came home with £800.

Walking along Piccadilly, he ran into a man he had known in the army.

"What are you doing now?" he asked.

"Working in the moving pictures," was the answer. "Look here, our producer's looking for a big man who can box. What about coming along?"

So McLaglen went along, and was given the lead in Call of the Road at £20 a week.

His next engagement was in The Glorious Adventure, which the American (but British-born) screen pioneer J. Stuart Blackton was making in England, with Lady Diana Manners.
From the moment she enters the room, the head waiter is her slave and the flagging violin takes new heart. Exquisite in every detail, she chooses for her perfume the Yardley Lavender, to which fashionable women instinctively turn for daytime and informal wear. The winsome beauty of this lovable fragrance gives that air of refinement and charm which adds so much to the enjoyment of every occasion.

Perfumed with the same refreshing fragrance, the Yardley Lavender Soap, with its soft mellow lather, has refined and beautified her complexion. It is a beauty treatment in itself.
Gail Patrick has been turning in very good performances, mostly as the "other woman," or something similarly unsympathetic, in a number of pictures in the last year or two without getting a real break. Her luck is changing now, however, and, well, anyway, here's her story.

"I've brought along £25 to spend," she'll say, "I'm sorry, but when it's spent, I'm going back to Alabama." Paramount was interested immediately in the studio, heard Universal was interested too. After that, Paramount decided it was a very desirable property and boosted the salary up to £18 a week.

I'd never heard of £15 a week before," narrated Gail. "That sounded like a lot of money to a girl from the country. I was tempted."

So Paramount wrote a six-month contract which provided her a salary for six weeks. With her training at law, Gail was smart enough to see through that arrangement. A six-month contract would run for 26 weeks, and Gail had no intention of working six weeks for nothing.

When the studio revised the document, there seemed to be nothing for Gail to do but sign. That's how the would-be governor became a movie actress.

Gail Patrick is one of the few beauty contests that women make it in Hollywood. But on her way up she jumped through all the hoops.

She resigned herself to the fact that an embryonic actress should not trust her own judgment. She was sometimes too receptive to criticism, and she got plenty of it. She didn't mind at all when people told her to do something about her clothes, her carriage, or her hands, to throw back her shoulders and so on.

Sensing this, people went out of their way to help her. Thus she reaped the wealth of excellent tutelage usually denied the more headstrong youngsters.

One of the nicest things you can tell about Miss Patrick is this: To-day she sells a valuable property with a weekly salary in the four-figure class, but all those people who helped her are still her friends.

Those friends turned the talk (5 feet 7 inches), loose-jointed, shy college kid of 20 years into a star-statured beauty of infinite grace and composure. They pounded and painted and operated until there was very little of the law student left.

Gail spent six months in the Paramount Dramatic School before she appeared in a picture. They curved her southern accent and wrapped it in cotton. They cut her long hair and brushed it back from the broad, intelligent forehead that Gail had covered.

They plucked her eyebrows and threw away her rouge pot. They taught her how to make up her mouth a little fuller than it really was. They even taught her to breathe correctly.

They re-shaped her fingernails. They perfected her running week's salary. But the determined daughter of Erin still thought it would be much nicer to be governor.

Gail also did her share of the tasks that stars have outgrown. She was guest of honour at cotton carnivals and the firemen's ball. She'd go down to the dog pound and pose with the hounds during Be Kind to Animals Week. She met trains and obligingly came over to the studio to lunch with some of the less important visitors who wanted to meet a movie star.

She was such a good sport about it all, and the publicity boys, whose job it is to arrange such things, were so grateful to her that when some publication requested a series of pictures the boys would throw the break to Gail. She posed for literally thousands of publicity and fashion sittings—and she had become so decorative that Paramount could hardly supply the demand for pictures of the girl.

Consequently Gail received so much publicity that she was a box-office draw before she ever won a featured lead in a motion picture. According to Paramount's clipping bureau, she received (and still does) more square inches of space than any other contractee at the studio, and more than most stars.

Gail talked at only one thing. She refused to pose for leg art. She was too tall, she said, and her legs were too long. The studios usually don't give way to newcomers on this point, but Miss Patrick had been so good they let her have her way.

Recently, when she was appearing in Artists and Models, Paramount tried to get her to make an exception and don a bathing-suit for a short sequence. But Gail refused to make the scene until the director agreed to let her wear a long cape, over the brief garment.

She's married, you know, to Bob Cobb, who operates the famous Brown Derby restaurants. They were married December 17, 1930. That was a Thursday, and so every Thursday Mr. Cobb sends Mrs. Cobb a bouquet of flowers. Every week she receives a present from him. Last week it was a copper coal bucket.
THE BEAUTY SECRET OF A ROYAL PRINCESS

Newly-Discovered Source of Skin Beauty Now Made Known

In an audience granted by Princess Marguerite in London, Her Royal Highness said:

"I HAVE BEEN TOLD how enthusiastic women are about the new way to beauty, devised for me and now made known to the world.

"I am not surprised. For this new quick method is most extraordinary. I will explain.

Great Scientific Advance

"I have many Court duties to perform, as you know. Like you, I am a very busy woman. I cannot spend hours each day using creams and lotions or having facial treatments.

"Among my many official engagements are visits to research laboratories and hospitals. In that way I heard not long ago about a great discovery. The scientists had found that one certain element is the true source of skin beauty, they declared.

Proof: Women's Faces

"I saw the almost incredible changes that had taken place when this element was applied daily to women's faces. Skin that had been scaly, old-looking, full of blemishes, had become smooth, youthful and lovely. The women gloried in their new beauty!

"Naturally, I had a cream prepared containing this element. And I have found that this cream serves the purpose of all my usual beauty aids: skin food, cleansing cream, skin tonic, lotions, protective cream, vanishing cream. Indeed, it does more for my skin than a full hour's facial treatment.

"When I realised what a wonderful boon this cream could be to all women, I consented to let it be made known to the world and I have permitted it to bear my name. It is Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream."

This New Cream—First devised for Princess Marguerite—does all five things that every skin must have to be beautiful. It takes the place of all the different creams and lotions:

1. It renews and rejuvenates your skin so nourishing cream has ever done. Because of the special element in it, Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream softens your skin, softening away lines and wrinkles, making your skin smooth, soft and young again.
2. It cleanses the pores completely. Blackheads and blemishes soon go. So it acts as a cleansing cream.
3. It makes the pores smaller: so it does all that an astringent can do.
4. It protects the skin, keeping it soft and smooth in any weather.
5. It acts as a powder base—powder goes on smoothly and clings. You use Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream as follows: smooth it on, pat it into the skin for one minute, wipe it off; do this night and morning, and to remove make-up. Before powdering, apply a very little of the cream as a powder base and wipe lightly.

Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream costs just 6d. or 3d. a jar, 6d. or 11. a tube—at chemists and stores everywhere. But try it free—send in the coupon below.

FREE POST COUPON FOR 4 DAYS' SUPPLY

Dept. P.M., Theron Laboratories Limited, Pcnival, Middlesex. Please send me, by return of post, without any expense to me, a 4 days' supply of Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream.

NAME: ___________________________

ADDRESS: ________________________
I t was about fourteen years ago that Rex Ingram, one of the silent screen's greatest directors, happened to go to the Hollywood Community Theatre and saw a young Mexican actor named Jose Ramon Gil Samaniegos playing a tiny part.

Ingram decided there and then that the young man was perfect for the part of Rupert of Hentzen in the film version of The Prisoner of Zenda which he was about to produce.

They had to change his name; so the young actor closed his eyes and put his finger on the map—much in the same way as people pick the Derby winner—and his finger came to rest on Novarro. So they christened him Ramon Novarro.

Ingram saw in the young actor star material such as Hollywood had not possessed for years. Ingram was right. Novarro's part in The Prisoner of Zenda made him a star over-night—in the fashion and manner that only Hollywood can make a star. Of his type he was the greatest young romantic lover that the screen had known. That all happened fourteen years ago.

Just a few weeks have slipped past since Novarro was in New York—once again looking at The Prisoner of Zenda, this time the new talkie version with Douglas Fairbanks, jun., in the coveted role.

N ovarro's memory must have been stirred by all the picture brought back to him. Memories of great pictures, famous stars, wonderful days of the silent screen, high hopes of the talkies, which for him were never quite realised. Alice Terry, Garbo, Renee Adoree ... Jeanette MacDonald, Joan Crawford, Myrna Loy ... many famous stars now forgotten ... some now at the height of their fame. Nearly all of them have played in a picture with him at some time or another.

Then Novarro slipped quietly out of New York to a small town called Harrisburg. There his comeback picture The Sheikh Steps Out was being quietly "sneak" previewed. To Novarro, the reaction of the audience and the immediate knowledge of whether the picture had been worth-while, meant everything to him.

Novarro, as the world knows, had been under contract to one company in Hollywood for over ten years. A succession of unsuitable stories had wearied the star of picture-making. Finally, he was forced to part company with his employers. Finding himself free, after years of constant film work, Novarro decided to go round the world and see as much as he could before recurring to the screen. He travelled throughout Europe, North Africa and South America.

When he returned to Hollywood, every producing company sought to sign him up. Novarro's answer was always the same. "Show me a suitable story—already prepared—and I will sign," he said. Republic Pictures, for one, an independent company who had made a considerable reputation, wanted the star, so they sent him a script of a story by Adele Buffington called The Sheikh Steps Out. Novarro read the story—and signed.

It was the type of part he had been seeking for years. The story was about a young Arabian chieftain whom tames two spoot American girls. Most of the action taking place in the desert; it gave the young star the opportunity to display his perfect physical fitness. But the character contained something which Novarro had never had before on the screen—a definite sense of humour.

T he Sheikh Steps Out has now been widely released and has been full of praise for his work in the film. Novarro is satisfied. He is convinced that his screen comeback is definite and assured. Proof of this is the fact that following the successful booking of the picture throughout America, Novarro has signed a contract with Republic calling for his appearance in the starring role in four further pictures. The Sheikh Steps Out and the further four pictures will be shown in England by British Lion Film Corporation, Ltd.

In The Sheikh Steps Out Novarro has two leading ladies, pretty Lola Lane (with whom he is seen in the picture on this page) and the strikingly attractive "panther woman" of the screen, Kathleen Burke. As most of the story is set in the desert, a location unit headed by the three principals was sent to Yuma to film the desert sequences. It was planned to make the scenes on the same spot as The Garden of Allah was filmed, but less than a year had seen the total destruction of all the settings and buildings by the ruthless desert storms, so the unit had to build entirely new backgrounds.

In order to bring materials to the location area, workmen were obliged to construct a road seven miles long, sturdy enough to withstand the onslaughts of the desert, with on every scene (which scores an all-time-record for length of a single take) another road had to be built alongside the caravan path, so that the camera could travel along with the players without inconvenience from the quickly shifting sands.

Evelyn Janis, the famous writer, playwright, author and composer—Novarro's oldest and most loyal friend—wrote a special number for him to sing in the picture.

This, incidentally, is one of the most unique things that ever happened in Hollywood. Miss Janis wrote the number entirely out of friendship for Novarro, and refused to accept payment for it. That surprised Hollywood!

During the production of The Sheikh Steps Out, Novarro discovered that Rex Ingram and his wife Alice Terry were living in retirement a short distance from the Republic studios in Hollywood. Novarro invited them both to watch him during the filming.

T hey were delighted at the opportunity—particularly Janis who always sees his protegé at work on a subject similar to those in which he first directed Novarro. Having made many pictures with the desert as a background, Rex Ingram is an authority on Mohammedan custom and etiquette and has a wide and varied knowledge of desert lore and was able to give Novarro and the director many useful hints.

Novarro is always willing to learn and was extremely grateful. They lunched together on several occasions and talked of the days when they were making films together. Ingram directed Novarro in many famous pictures like The Prisoner of Zenda, The Arab, Scaramouche—which paved the way for his success in Ben Hur. Unlike many stars, Novarro has saved his money. Most of his earnings are invested in real-estate. One house in which he deserves great credit is that he has, out of his own pocket, paid for his brothers and sisters (there are eight of them) to be educated at either college or university according to the calling they wished to adopt.

During Novarro's tour of the world, Myrna Loy and her husband, Arthur Hornblow, jun., the Paramount producer, leased one of his palatial Hollywood homes. His own family live in a large mansion near Los Angeles, which he had built specially for them.

T o Ramon Novarro, one of the most satisfactory things about his career as a film star is the enduring loyalty of his fans.

In London, his two fan clubs are constantly at work, keeping his name before his legions of fans and informing them of the star's work. They are now advising their members of the earliest possible time they will be able to see The Sheikh Steps Out.

Novarro is holidaying in Paris. Arrangements are being made for the star to come to London to be present at the first showing of the film in England.

Will it be the great success in England that it was in America? Novarro's work is good, his singing voice has improved, and he is in fine trim. It has been proved that his vast public still want to see him.

Investigator that his stories are suitable, Novarro can once again be the great star that he undoubtedly was.
Left: That's how you get those pictures. Lily Pons poses for the "still" man while Jack Oakie looks on between takes of "Hitting a New High."

Evelyn Venable, who temporarily gave up movies for motherhood, is coming back to the screen shortly. Here she is seen visiting her ace-cameraman husband, Hal Mohr, and Walter Wanger on the "I Met My Love Again" set.

Left: Sabu, the Indian boy star, takes Desmond Tester for a ride round the camp created for "The Drum." Below: Dick Powell starts work on "Hollywood Hotel" with Allyn Joslyn and Ted Healy.
Let's have a look at what's happening on the set of Fred Astaire's first solo starring picture, which is based on the P. G. Wodehouse comedy. Joan Fontaine gets her big break as Ginger Rogers' successor in the leading lady department.
Bob TAYLOR

GETS A DUCKING

Above: Taylor about to go into an interior scene with Maureen O'Sullivan. Maureen plays the role of the sister of Taylor's greatest undergraduate rival.
Now for a cigarette. And we think you'll agree he's earned it. Taylor's ability to "take" it and his unassuming manner have gained him a lot of friends hitherto prejudiced by the initial ballyhoo.

(Above) It would cost a lot of money if the actor caught a cold after all that, so he is taken out and dried and massaged with loving care.

Though Robert and Maureen have worked at the same studio in Hollywood for sometime this is their first film together.

(Above) With Vivien Leigh, who for the purposes of the picture is the not-very-nice married woman who nearly wrecks Bob's Oxford career. Just before the Boat Race, too.
Alexander Korda and Gunther Stempnhorst are the producers of Jack Hulbert's latest comedy in which the star in the role of a millionaire banker makes love to chorus girl Patricia Ellis.

Patricia Ellis makes her debut in British films in the role of Jeannette, who finds love and fame by being knocked over by a millionaire's car.

Rene (Jack Hulbert) is shown into Jeannette's (Patricia Ellis) dressing-room. He has come to inquire about the romance that rumor has spread about them.

Thibault (Arthur Riscoe) an imperious stage producer, warns Clarence (Wylie Watson) to keep out his creditors.

Googie Withers as Miki, with members of the chorus waiting to start work during the rehearsal of the stage show "Kiss Me Goodnight."
What wouldn’t you give to be able to splash happily through the teeming rain in your lightest, smartest shoes without as much as marking them? Well, what would you give—the price of a pair of Dominion Gaytees? You need never fear splashed stockings or ruined shoes with Gaytees. Just slip them over your shoes and they’ll carry you over the slushy pavements and rain-soaked roads in fine style! Yes, style! For Dominion Gaytes are fashioned for style—just like fine leather shoes.

DOMINION Gaytees
AN EMPIRE PRODUCT MADE IN CANADA
Gaytees are Made the Dominion way to ensure long wear, style and perfect fit

DOMINATION Gaytees are Made the Dominion way to ensure long wear, style and perfect fit

MILFORD
An enchanting finish
ed all-weather Gaytee
exclusively made
in a delightful
Black or Brown.

NORFOLK
An attractive example
of good styling
in a modern type
with velour lining
and white-lace trim

MELTON
Next to new is the
style of this Gaytee,
particularly suitable
for upright posture.

Obtainable at all good shoe shops.

It's new! PERMANENT WAVING
Combined with Hair Treatment

RECOMMENDED FOR DELICATE AND DENATURED HAIR
A successful permanent wave is a vital necessity to all ladies. In offering the Nukair system you are afforded the opportunity of having a sealed Outfit, containing a full complement of materials for a perfect permanent wave.

You may choose from four alternative prices—21/- to 63/-, one of which will meet with your requirements and enable the hairdresser to give you his best services.

The Nukair System waves and reconditions the hair.

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Here’s the new way to put colour on your cheeks so that they look more attractive and absolutely natural—use Snowfire Blush Cream. Nobody can tell that it is not your own colour! Because it’s a cream, it goes on more evenly and can’t cause ugly open pores. Because you put it on under your powder, it stays on far longer. Match your own colouring perfectly from one of the three becoming shades—Blonde, Brunette, or Tangerine.

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SNOWFIRE
Tubes 3½d BLUSH CREAM

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

TO every dream come true, you'll pay the price in time, heartbreak. But don't let other people break it for you. Go out in the wilderness and do it yourself.

Going in another direction is saying that Granny was contradicting Aunt Mattie's and brother Alec's recent snears about a film-struck young woman who had needed a good husband. Granny was urging her, Esther Victoria Blodgett, to leave home and give full rein to ambition.

"Take this and go to Hollywood," Granny said.

Snow mantled the up-country station as Esther left that night on the Prrrie Schoener express. Blue sky and sunshine were reflected in the open-air swimming pools when she arrived in Hollywood.

She booked a room at Pop Randall's.

Six dollars he asked her in advance when she told him she wanted a job in the studio. She signed the contract, the month without getting it. She tramped the boulevards. She filled in time with special instructions into the Chinese Theatre, the paving stones of which bear the names of successful film artists.

"D'you know what your chances are of getting into pictures? One in a hundred thousand."

"But maybe I'm that one," Esther smiled. She was nearly so confident when Danny McGuire was introduced to her by Pop Randall as his new tenant.

Danny was a slender fellow, with a face that was no oil-painting, but his companionship tided Esther over that depression. She almost went into a bankruptcy when funds were getting perilously low.

Ultimately to celebrate his getting work he took her to a classical concert at the "Hollywood Bowl," being "a pushover." He expressed it "for this fellow, Beethoven."

"That's Norman Maine, Esther whom we just saw coming up and approaching the stalls in the company of an exotic-looking woman."

"Ugh-ugh; and he seems to have had a stroke," Danny commented.

"Supposition—supposition which the actor did not leave to a rolling gait to confirm. He was, in fact, hardly settled when he was objecting loudly to a press photographer's request for a shot of Mr. Maine with an arm round Miss Anita Regis."

"Get out of here. I'll have that Brownie No. 2 of yours down your throat," he vociferated and, as the flash and click followed notwithstandiing, stood up and overhurt the couple's ears.]

Shouts of "Norman... stop it... calm down...!"

were kept up, until Anita succeeded in pulling him back into the set.

"Shouts always like that?" Esther asked, feeling a little sick. "He's so wonderful on the screen."

Another disillusionment was in store for the ensuing afternoon: when Danny invaded her room with the grand news that he had got her a job. Dear old Danny; doubtless he hated to disappoint. But, when, after beating about the bush, he confessed that the offer was that of extra waitress at director Casey Burke's studio party that evening, Esther fought hard to say:

"That's awfully sweet of you, Danny. There'll be a lot of big people there. Esther, I bet any number of well directors. If you're there, maybe they'll notice you."

"Could I make them notice me?"

"Sure, it's your chance. Look. I got the duds from our wardrobe department."

Wearing the borrowed alpaca and muslin apron, Esther caught her first glimpse of a Hollywood studio party as she paraded with laden tray behind an enormous butter. She wasted no time in showing that she thought that evening had been occupied with something besides dressing. With dropping eyelids, body poised to appear tall, she offered refreshment to a guest in accents creditably like Greta Garbo's. The guest thanked her and helped himself. She followed it up with three impersonations, including a telling one of Mae West, and the guests took not the slightest notice.

By the time she reached the bar and saw Norman Maine standing by with a glass of Scotch and soda, she was too disappointed to be anyone but herself. "Caviar!" she said.

"No thanks. Suddenly he was looking at her. In spite of the premature lines in his face, the shadows under his eyes he was handsome—very—and possessed of a charm that overcame Esther's determination to remain disillusioned about him.

"Lovely... lovely... " he was saying. "I mean the caviar. Don't go away. I'm starving really. Which would you choose?"

He was helping himself to a plate of frozen blueberries, Anita Regis in gold lamé, was at their elbow. "Mr. Maine doesn't care for any more,"

she said coldly. Ten minutes later, Esther stacking blue bordered dishes in an empty pantry, heard him inquire: "May I help?"

"Won't they miss you?"

"Oh no. They'll look under the table and when they see I'm not there, they'll forget, the whole matter. What's your name? Mine's Norman."

"I know Mr. Maine"

"Why the smile?"

"I was just thinking how surprised all your friends would be if they could see you now."

She put plates away. They'd be pretty envious if they knew I was meeting you in person."

"And are you disappointed in me?"

"Yes... I was sitting behind you at the "Hollywood Bowl" the night you didn't want your photograph taken."

She had to say it whether he was offended or not. It wasn't however he, but Anita coming in who broke up the interview, by an obvious show of jealousy, during which, having crashed a meat dish on Norman's head, she departed, leaving him on the floor.

"Post... come here... get me up," he called as Esther, terrified, was running for help. "No, I'm not more hurt than usual. Wolves are upon us. We've got to get out of here," he raced her out by a back way to his car. Arrived at Pop Randall's, she refused his offer of taking her to his home to discuss her going into pictures, and insisted on saying "good-night."

She had reached the porch steps when he was beside her. The least I can do is to see you to the door," he urged. "Shall I meet you again?"

"I hope so." His eyes held her.

"Has anyone told you that you're lovely?" he said. She showed her heart at home thought anything of red-gold, naturally curling hair, tender, curving mouth, slender figure and ankles. Even Flack was impressed admission of them. "This is going to be hard to say" Norman went on. Intuitively and instinctively, Esther knew that neither on the screen, nor in real life had his voice held an obvious shoo of jealousy.

"You know on the screen what I am... and in private life what I am... but whatever I may do, I still respect lovely things. And you're lovely. Do you understand? And it isn't the bump on my head that's doing this."

"I'm glad," How to make those two words sound the heaven in her heart?" "Good night," she added, and was conscious of failure. He called her back. Once more her public, her technique, Esther rushed to Danny's room and woke him. "I am to have a screen test to-morrow and Norman Maine's going to have it."

By 10 o'clock she was in need of encouragement. Between the heat of the studio and the roses, the camera men, the make-up men, the lights, the shouting, the orders to be quiet, but for Norman who left his way, red-eyed, to talk to her, Esther felt she would faint on the spot.

"Of course you're nervous. They all had to go through this," he encouraged.

"Harold-Lynna Loy-Lombard, and Estee Lauder," she added. When the rushes had been viewed, thanks to Norman, Esther found herself signed on and would be leaving in an "Olive Niles'" production. She was interviewed by Olive Niles himself, tall, distinguished with grey side-whiskers; suave, but eminently sincere.

"Don't think it's going to be easy," he said. "You really want is ever given away free. Usually you have to pay for it with your heart. Which is only a way of saying: "Good luck."

Now I'm going to turn you over to our demon publicist."

"And, for the love of Pete, learn to close your mouth and keep it closed—even in love scenes."

In the accommodating room, Mr. Libby, slightly resembling a gorilla in face, used a more than agile brain in the demoralizing quality of lying about his past. "I've got a story write up. In the twinkling of an eye, while the typewriter clicked beneath his fingers, he had a magnificent cabin in the Rockies, and Dad, who had farmed all his days, a gentleman of leisure who sought the country as a relief from society. When he came to replacing Estee's name in full, (continued on page 20)
How to win at Race Meetings — against wind and sun!

By LADY URSULA STEWART

Perhaps the hardest beauty test is a race meeting. There's wind that can make one's skin look pinched. There's bright sunlight that can show every flaw.

But whether Lady Ursula is in the paddock, in the grand-stand or at the railing, her skin has an exquisite loveliness that neither wind nor sun can "show up."

"Then it must be due to Pond's Vanishing Cream," Lady Ursula declares, "I use it always for my day cream."

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Use Pond's Vanishing Cream always when you make up—your powder will go on with a beautiful smoothness, and stay. Use this cream last thing at night—it will give your skin a new softness as you sleep.

To keep your skin clear and free of blackheads, enlarged pores and spots, cleanse every night with Pond's Gold Cream. It clears out the pores and stimulates your under-skin to healthy action. Start today with Pond's Creams.

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As a matter of course, like any protection fit to be sold to women, Mene's are sleek, unseen and secure. But a Mene is also much more than that—Mene is so soft, so feather-light and so comfortable that even under the most trying conditions you can scarcely feel its presence. It helps you to forget your troubles and keep an easy mind.

Prices: 1/-, 1/2, 1/6, 2/- per doz. Also 6d. packets.

FREE TRIAL. Send the coupon below and samples will be gladly sent to you.

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I enclose crossed p.0. for 1/- Please send me a trial bottle
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BEAUTY ADVICE FREE: Write to Constance Holt, Pond's Beauty Expert, at the address above, for free advice on your skin problem.
Mr. Libby’s cheeks profoundly in- flated, and he rushed off at a tangent to interrupt Oliver Niles, who was dictated to by his Victorian wife, Miss Blodgett, she can’t have a name like that,” Mr. Libby declared bitterly. Ultimately, for Miss Blodgett was chosen as a substitute and Esther was despatched to the make-up department, where she spent hours under the electric lamp, resplendent as if to give her mouth a Crawford smear or a Dietrich “Mmm-nesh.”

Abe Fenders, the one-man show that Esther reflected. None the less she carried her eyes to the dining-bar where she stumbled one morning while deciding on her single line into Norman Maine.

“Started your picture yet?” she asked encouraged by his satisfaction at her performance.

“No yet. We can’t get the right girl for the lead. She needs to be beautiful, she’s got to be little and cute and intelligent—well, close to my tired old eyes. I believe you’re—”

Whirlwind fashion he raced her to Olivia’s studio, where she had just run in, having signed her agreement to play opposite Norman Maine in *The Enchanted Hour*.

A new world opened up for Esther, a world which Norman’s growing love for her brought paradise back to earth. It was not so much the pictures, it was the fact that in *Vicky Lester* became a star overnight that made her happy. While the rush of men, the sensation, had kissed her fingers. He chose at a boxing match in between soothing encouragement to the favourite, at the bar. But the noise at the ringside was nothing to the roar of publicity. Mr. Libby had rushed to raise over the wedding.

Everything from an escort of bombers’ planes, to bridesmaids in bathing suits and confetti pouring out of buildings on a bigger scale than a grand piano. Though the ceremony was suggested, by way of boosting the engagement, until Esther was thankful to escape with Norman one morning to a small cottage in the Cotswolds, which was also the court and county gos., Mr. and Mrs. Henkel (Henkel being Norman’s surname) signed the register, with Danny as witness. For once in his life, Libby arrived at the scene of battle and to kick his wounded pride, he was informed the world in headlines, that Vicky Lester and Norman Maine had gone on a strictly non-alcoholic, motor-caravanning honeymoon. To Esther, happy cooking steaks for Norman, and cutting up all the more about of their travelling home, the honeymoon was bliss. Bliss too, the home-coming to the house in Beverly Hills with its lily pool and breathing-tang garden.

“Our castle in the air that was, a place where we never use ugly words like contracts, careers, pictures,” Norman said. Meanwhile, a serpent though unintentionally, he looked in a sophisticated gown on Niles coming down the crazy path, reared its head. After his talk with Norman, he was aware of the first signs of heartbreak. Norman’s film popularity was definitely on the wane. *The Enchanted Hour*, which had yielded the birth of Vicky Lester’s star, marked the decline of his. Norman must realise that neither public nor press were interested in him. To use the phrase, dreaded by all film artists, he had “slipped.”

For the first time, Esther could have wished Norman had less pride. It was he who insisted washing out his contract with Oliver, who was ready to offer him a small part in forthcoming productions if he could not co-star with Esther, he would take nothing. Result, during the hours while she was at the studio, he stayed at home, afraid to face a Hollywood which had only put up with his drunken bouts on account of the size of his fan mail, now hopelessly diminishing.

Often Esther would rush back from the studio, particularly on the coloured maid’s day out, to find him alone, having spent the day answering her telephone calls, signing for her parcels. Yet he was never cross or moody, never wanting explanations why she was late, and ready with supper, even if he had cut the sandwiches so thick that her mouth failed to get round one. Tears came to fill her eyes as he found any excuse for taking her in his arms with the marmur: “I’ve been having a bad day today. How he kept as cheery as he invariably did, she wondered and feared at the same time for the future.

With a special dread, she talked to Otto Niles at the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences dinner. Dessert had been served and Norman had not arrived.

“Stop worrying and think how nice that statute is going to look on your mantelpiece,” Otto begged. But even the thought of possession, and her performance of the past year, failed to obliterate fear. Already the Master of the Ceremonies had risen and was making his announcement.

It is not only my pleasure but my privilege to present this award to the actress who created the unforgettable ‘Anna’ in *Dream Without End,* Miss Vicky Lester.”

The actress in Esther rose to sustain her. Very slight and poised, she had black velvet, with no necklace to break the whiteness of her neck or of the petals from the game of striped hair. She received the gilt statue and spoke into the waiting microphone. Midway through the uttered thanks, the doors in the room burst open. Norman Maine stumbled through them, blind drunk, coclinging. “A very pretty speech, my dear. You said the right thing. I want to be first to congratulate you on that valuable piece of bib-a-brac. Wow! I want to make a speech. Gentlemen of the Academy and fellow suckers, I got one of these things. I don’t think they mean a thing. People

get ‘em every year. What I want is a statue for the worst performance of the year—in fact, for the three worst performances—because I’ve earned ‘em.”

In the ghastly pause that followed, Esther could hear Otto Niles ordering Libby to start the music. “Norman darling, let’s go and sit down” she said, taking his arm. Otto added his invitation to them. Eventually the drunken man was coaxed into a chair, but Esther knew this was the beginning not the end of heartbreak.

The clouds lifted, in that Norman agreed to go to a sanatorium for three months, where he seemed to improve, and where his never-failing cheeriness enabled him to put up with the continual presence of a somewhat taciturn male nurse whom Esther nicknames “Guddles.” Esther persuaded Otto to go and see him with the offer of a small part which he got turned down. She was glad to open up the home by Malibu beach for his return, but felt sick to think that Norman, to fill the long days while he was necessarily away, would be sure to hang about the local bars.

Though for some time, he did so and she by hour after hour, when, unknown to Esther, Libby met him at Santa Anita. Niles’ demon pressman had never liked Norman, and didn’t hesitate to throw the sanatorium interlude in his teeth, also that he was living on wife’s money. A scuffle ensued. Someone, hearing the assailant was Norman Maine, wrongly accused him of being drunk as usual, Libby, not wanting to damage his own reputation, discouraged a police officer present from making an arrest, and Norman ordering a Scotch and soda and telling the bar-tender to leave the bottle, proceeded to go to the jailhouse and, to continue blind drunk for four days.

Meanwhile Vicky waited night after night in the living-room at Malibu by the Christmas tree which she had decorated ready for the festival, hoping at any moment for the well-known footsteps. When the phonorrang, Oliver who had been trying to persuade her to sleep, had to answer it. Norman was in the Los Angeles night court, for crashing a car while drunk to a tree and resisting arrest.

Against Oliver’s wish, Esther insisted on attending the trial. Paramedics who was following a line of down-and-outs at the prisoner’s bar, at least she had the satisfaction of saving him from his sentence of ninety days in gaol. In answer to her special pleading, the judge remanded the prisoner into the county sanatorium. Be this as it may, pressmen eager to take photographs on their leaving court, could not improve the situation, but it rooted Esther more firmly in a decision, which sustained her during the journey home.

I’m going away for good, Oliver, she said to him to be asleep in the next room, where she had left him. “After what’s happened, I can’t do any more pictures, I must help Norman to start over.”

But Vicky. You’re at the peak of your career, did you think. It’s your life you’re giving up,”

“Niles, yes, but I can try and give Norman back his. Can you honestly tell me I’m wrong to do that?” She looked into the clear, shrewd eyes, and she was so handsome knew the answer before it was spoken. “No, Vicky, I cannot honestly tell you that.”

Norman came in soon after Oliver had gone, ready to apologise in the only way, teasing her. A loving touch to brace up if she’d go on the wagon.

“Well, I guess I have been drinking, but much, she smiled. He said, looking down into her eyes would like a dip. Would she have hot tody—no, soup when he came back.

“Of course, don’t stay in too long,” she warned. Tired out, she failed to keep guard for the touch of some thing awed and strained in his voice as he said: “Hey, do you mind if I take one more look?” She smiled and asked for it, and he found the green velvet rest gown he admired. Next morning his body was found and it was known that Esther had talked with Oliver had been over heard, that Norman had given all that to him to give to save Vicky Lester.

Autograph hunters besieged her at the church doors after the solemn service, she even tore down her black veil crying: “He isn’t worth it.” In the disarray, Vicky’s body was found. What could she have thought of her talk with Oliver had been overheard, that Norman had given all that to him to give to save Vicky Lester.

What are you running away from little girl?”

“I’m not... it’s just that I can’t. My heart isn’t in pictures any more.”

“Oh, I once told you that if you wanted anything, you had to give it your all. Do you still remember?” I never knew Norman thought he wrote me a very sweet letter when you were married. I can’t believe, wherever he is, that he’s very proud, knowing that all his great love for you was for. I’m afraid a lot has touched the right chord. Already in her loneliness, Esther knew there was no running away from heartbreak.

On Oliver’s arm a month later, she was going as hostess and the entrance to the Chinese theatre. At the stone bearing Norman’s name and her picture, producer’s support saved her from falling. She rallied to take a stand in front of the microphone Your fans are waiting for you to say a few words— an international broadcast hook-up,” the announcer said. Courage flowed through her voice to the world as she, one of the few who endearing love and love, a star had been born. “Hallo everybody, this is Mrs. Norman Maine.”

26
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STA-BLOND is a professional product for the care of fair hair. It is available at all your local beauty centres. For those who wish to try a free sample, please write to Richard Hudnut, Dept. P.33, 15 Henrietta St., London, W.I. Include your name and address and we will send you a small trial bottle of STA-BLOND Shampoo for fair hair.

See how STA-BLOND will benefit your fair hair. For years it has benefited thousands of fair-haired women everywhere. STA-BLOND is the only shampoo specially designed for fair hair, the only one that has been proved over and over again to be effective for the care of fair hair. STA-BLOND is not a bleaching agent. It is not a dye. It is a nutritive shampoo, a protection for your hair, and a safeguard for your scalp. It will not irritate your scalp or sensitize your hair. It is the answer to fair hair care.
EXCLUSIVE

NEWSPAPER story
written by a newspaper, John. C. Gillette, which, despite its somewhat hectic situations, contains some really good melo-drama, bright comedy and a thrill or two.

Frances Farmer, who gained considerable prestige for her acting in *Come and Get It* again turns in a first-rate performance as Vera, the daughter of a journalist who is engaged to marry the city editor of *The World*.

She cannot understand why her father and fiancé do not take jobs at a much higher salary when they are offered them by Gillette, the owner of the *Sentinel* who is actually a big scale racketeer.

She gets a job on the paper herself and succeeds in driving a man to suicide by a scandal article and gets involved in very shady transactions before she realises her mistake.

She is rescued by Gillette, who has decided she knows too much and intend to get rid of the way, by her father, who is killed in the process.

Her fiancé exposes Gillette who is only saved by the police from being lynched.

You cannot have much sympathy for serious Farmer's role but she certainly gets the most out of it.

Fred MacMurray is very good as the city editor and Charles Ruggles gives a sound character study of the old journalist, Vera's father.

Lloyd Nolan is most effective as Gillette and so is Horace MacMahon as his bodyguard.

There is quite a good deal of drollery comedy in the picture's make-up and the action is rapid and often thrilling.

One of the comedy highlights occurs when Ruggles and MacMurray, having drunk deeply, argue as to whether the light goes out in a refrigerator when the door is shut and finally end up by getting inside and shutting the door to see for themselves.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

In a somewhat synthetic out-post of Empire in the North West Frontier of India Shirley Temple proceeds to display her talent and attractiveness in much the usual manner. In other words it is not the story that matters so much as the star and that, I suppose, will be what her fans will require.

*Wee Willie Winkie* is based on Rudyard Kipling's story, but it bears very little imprint of that author's work. It is quite apart from the fact that the sex of its hero has been changed.

In the plot shows how a little girl, granddaughter of the colonel of a Scottish regiment, is instrumental in making him and a Pathan chieftain, Khan, give up making war on each other.

While this is the main theme most of the other characters are the heroine's friend for Sergeant MacDuff who is eventually killed in a border scrap.

There is an attempt to introduce a romantic note by having the colonel's widowed daughter-in-law falling in love with one of his officers but it never comes to anything.

As a matter of fact the plot wanders on in a desultory fashion, relying on the charm of the star and a certain amount of humour of a rather obvious order to put it over.

Victor McLaglen is suitably tough and rough as the sergeant, but it would have been better if he had been more successfully essayed a Scottish accent.

C. Aubrey Smith is apt to over-draw the character of the colonel who is put about by having to accommodate the destitute widow of his son and her child.

Actually the best acting comes from Cesar Romero as Khoda Khan; he makes a dignified and convincing figure.

Lang is quite charming as the widow and Michael Whalen sound as the officer in love with her, though his American accent is slightly incongruous considering the role he is playing.

The pipe major of the regiment—and the pipe major of a Highland regiment is a man of considerable importance—is made into a comic part by Clyde Cook. None of these things add to the realism of the atmosphere nor to the strength of the characterisation which, after all, are the main points of Kipling's book.

I do not pretend to know whether the uniforms are correct but one of our Scottish readers some time ago went us a list of eight major mistakes in McLaglen's uniform which we published at the time with a still of him in character.

Settings are spectacular at times and there is plenty of opportunity for Shirley Temple to exhibit her winsomeness.

LOVE UNDER FIRE

I enjoy crazy comedies very much, but I do feel that the effect is spoiled when a serious note is struck and then the action lapses back into farce, which is what happens in this latest addition to the cycle.

In fact, I think the picture, which is quite good entertainment, would have been better played in straight comedy vein without the introduction of farcical situations and Borah Minevitch and his gang of harmonica players.

Don Ameche is exceedingly good as Tracy Egan, a Scotland Yard detective who is holidaying in Spain and gets a message to pick up a woman jewel thief, who it turns out, is a girl he has already met and for whom he has fallen quite heavily.

While one can hardly believe the story's English origin, his acting is delightfully natural and unaffected.

The girl in the case is Loretta Young who, of course, is essentially proved innocent, but much of the couple have gone through several adventures in the midst of the Spanish revolution—which breaks out just when they are about to go home, not as lovers, but as captor and prisoner.

She, too, is in excellent form and proves once again that her true métier is comedy.

Further complications are added by a mysterious woman, played by Frances Drake, who has instructions to secure a valuable diamond necklace out of the country before the revolutionaries get hold of it.

The revolution, by the way, is not taken seriously, but rather satirised, and the situations are mainly farcical and quite funny at that.

Minevitch and his gang are introduced as a variety turn seeking to get back to America, and render some of their amazing harmonica numbers at an aerodrome.

Harold Huber is very good as a revolutionary who is looking for the diamonds and is always on the point of being shot because he fails to find them. Finally, having secured a replica of them through the wiles of Tracy, he does end up against a blank wall.

A caricature of the drunken captain of a British ship, by E. E. Clive, has its funny moments, but is inclined to be a little offensive.

CONFESION

Kay Francis is seen to her best advantage in this strong mother-love drama which, while hackneyed in theme, is made arresting by the general excellence of the characterisation and by the polished direction.

It was directed by Joe May, the well-known German director, but he has practically followed, shot for shot, the continuity of the German picture *Mauruscha*, which recently gave us another glimpse of the famous star of the silent screen, Pola Negri.

This idea of taking a Continental production and remaking it in American is becoming quite a habit, and when the atmosphere is not too definitely localised not a bad one at all. But I do think that credit should be given to the original producers because, while the public in this country do not see many Continental pictures, it is a fact that they are producing films which, for technical skill and acting, are even better than the big majority of American features.

But I am digressing. *Confession* is the old tale of the woman who having, through a moral lapse, lost her husband and child, in later years murders the man who proved her undoing because he is attempting to seduce her grown-up daughter.

It is extremely well presented. The opening action is in the present tense, but directly after the shooting the story is told in court by the accused in retrospect.

Kay Francis rises to fine dramatic heights as the woman and Basil Rathbone is exceptionally good as her lover and the would-be seducer of her child. He acts with restraint and supreme conviction.

As the daughter, Jane Bryan gives a sensitive study of youthful unsophistication in which fear and the dawning of romance are subtly blended. It could not have been better supported.

Ian Hunter has a small part as the woman's husband who comes home so badly wounded from the war that his wife is unable to confess, as she had wished to do, to his indiscretion.

Tyrone Power is very sympathetic as Lisa's step-mother.

The atmosphere is good and the camera work imaginative in its pictorial expression.

A very good strong drama this, and one that leaves a lasting impression.

(Continued on page 30)
**You can face a “Close up”!**

**Thinks she’s whitening her teeth... actually she’s wearing them away**

Are you making her a mistake? If the paste or powder you use is at all abrasive, it's likely to wear away that thin film of enamel which is Nature's only protection against decay. And there are dentifrices so abrasive that Dentists can tell at a glance what you've been using.

You can easily prove whether your present tooth paste is safe. Compare it with one which dentists recognise as the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day (or send the coupon below for a sample tube free). Put them both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present one seems to have the least sign of grittiness, don't take chances any longer. It is because it is so safe that dentists recommend Odol.

Odol can be obtained at Tooth Paste or Solid Dentifrices. There is also Odol Mouthwash and Odol Denture Powder.

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Fill in and post this coupon to-day.
Please send one, post paid, testing package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

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**Allenburys PASTILLES FOR YOUR THROAT**

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Government secret service agent who is ordered by President McKinley to track down a gang of bank robbers. He falls in love with the friend of one of the men, but still pursues his duty and rounds them up after three have been killed. McKinley is reassured when he can prove that the hero is a secret-service agent and he is condemned to the gallows. However, the old ladies come to his rescue and it is proved after the new president, Roosevelt, at the last moment.

Robert Taylor looks good in the hero's suit and the part, while Barbara Stanwyck is excellent as the heroine.

Two of the gang are capably and forcefully portrayed by Victor McLaglen and Brian Donlevy, who are placed well and the period atmosphere is well maintained.

**JUMP FOR GLORY**


Repressed woman's momentary infatuation for a hoomical, unscrupulous, unscrupulous love of the new generation of film, the great screen, as a basis for entertainment, to my mind, but the picture is certainly noteworthy for some of the acting, well-acted by a famous one of the old lady and her sister, all the morbid and macabre.

Emlyn Williams' play deals with a crook's efforts to marry off his victim, who ingratiates himself with a wealthy young woman, living in a lonely house on the outskirts of a forest, and gets taken on as her personal attendant.

A murder has been committed in the neighbourhood which causes great excitement in the remote rural district, and especially interests the old man's niece and companion. Olivia is the heroine.

Dandy tries to cultivate Olivia, and eventually does succeed in fascinating her, although she always recoiling from him.

Eventually she convinces herself that Dandy is the murderer and that he will be the head of her victim in a hat-box. Later the body is found, and the hero is missed. Quite convinced

Stuart Erwin has made a measure part in this back-stage comedy as a single youth whom he is induced by a couple of unscrupulous agents to back a show. It flops but with the aid of the great screen, he is rescued, and turns the tables on the swindlers and makes good.

Stuart Erwin makes the most from the excellent performance by Stuart Erwin. Good support comes from Jean Muir as the secretary, and Allen Jenkins and Charles Poy as the agents.

Glenda Farrell contributes an amusing study of a wisecracking actress.

The back stage settings are good and the bright story is bolstered up with a number of intelligent and well-detailed comedy situations.

**PRIDE OF THE MARINES**


Charles Bickford acts well as a brawny but tender-hearted sergeant who is instrumental in getting the best of a small boy whom the Marine proceeds to knock into shape.

The film is charming as Meryl, a schoolmistress, who finally adopts the child when the sergeant finds that her love for her is not returned.

Billy Burrud is good, if rather precocious, as the boy.

The film is good human touches, but the ceremonial scenes are apt to slow up the action too much.
A girl with whom he falls in love prompts him to confess, and he eventually earns a light sentence owing to his assistance in catching the real murderer.

Glen Alyn makes a sympathetic heroine and the late Ralph Ince is well in character as a good-hearted detective.

**BLACK ACES**


Buck Jones ....... Ted Ames
Kay Linaker ....... Sandy McKenzie
Fred Mackaye ....... Len Stoddard
W. E. Lawrence ...... Boyd Love
Robert Frazer .......... Homer Trottula
Raymond Brown .......... Henry Kibbe
Raymond Korman ....... Wolf Whalen
Bernard Phillips ....... Jake Stoddard
Franck Capra ....... Lee Bowler
Charles LeMoyne ....... Sheriff Potter
Charles King .......... A. J. Hepburn
Arthur Van Zylx ....... Silver Tip Joe
Bob McKenzie ....... Hank Farnon

Directed by Buck Jones.

Buck Jones has turned director as well as actor in this conventionally Western, and has produced a picture on the usual lines with all the popular trimmings.

The story is concerned with the rehabilitation of a young local village playboy who makes good by helping to round up a gang of bandits.

Buck Jones is quite good in this part and displays a sense of comedy as well as packing his well-known punch.

Kay Linaker is effective as the heroine and the villain is convincingly portrayed by Robert Frazer.

There is plenty of action and a fair share of romance.

**MUSEUM MYSTERY**


Jock McVay ....... Jubb
Gerald Cash ....... Peter
Elizabeth Ingle ....... Pauline
Charles Patton, Alfred Wellsley, Ray Royce, J. Abberline, W. Wyke

Directed by Clifford Gloisier.

Crude mixture of crime, comedy and romance in a story dealing with the efforts of a curious owner to steal one of his own idols and get the insurance money.

It is poorly presented and amateurish in development.

As museum attendants, Jock McVay and Charles Patton are not too bad, but the rest of the cast is negligible.

**THE PERFECT CRIME**


Hugh Williams ....... Charles Brown
Glen Alpine ....... Sylvia Burton
Ralph Ince ....... Jim Lanahan
Irma Sayce ....... Mrs. Pennsylvania
Philip Ray ....... Newbold
James Stephenson ....... Wilfred Caithness
Rawbone John Carstairs ....... Snodgrass

Directed by Ralph Ince.

Not at all a bad crime story, rather slowly unfolded, but nevertheless entertaining one, quite well in its situations and characters.

Hugh Williams turns in a nice performance as a newspaper clerk who robs his bank and plans a perfect alibi. However, his plans miscarry and two crooks destroy his alibi and pin a murder charge on him.
“APPALLING” PICTUREGOING!

Have You Experienced This?

I DIDN'T realise until visiting a certain cinema recently what appalling conditions do still prevail in "the modern cinema."

During the performance I was amazed to find that mothers were feeding their babies, there was cheering and general stamping of feet and the atmosphere was definitely lousy in the real sense of the word.

The two-and-a-half hour programme consisted entirely of Westerns, the seats were hard and worn, the sound terrible, and to complete the picture, the theatre was apparently an adapted chapel.

Believe it or not, this place exists in a large town in Great Britain—"Flea Bitten," Suffolk.

(people still live in slums too, but not from choice.—"Thinker.")

To Think—Or Not?

* With the film to-day's greatest instrument of propaganda and education, can producers afford to go on forgetting—or neglecting—the story with a message?

At one time they were popular—oh, not a blatant, get-out-your-handkerchiefs moral, of course! But a light, lightly disguised moral for thinking people who spent their one and sixpence primarily on entertainment, but don't like to feel, nevertheless, that they are "simply wasting time."

Galsworthy's plays made into films provide the perfect example. *Scarface* was another. But nowadays they seem to be out of vogue. Nightclub queens with victorious careers, row, say, "lounge-lizardry," gentlemanly crime, and horizontalities of the family Karloff kind are all the rage. This is all very good for the programme—though to separate and present these things to proper audiences generally.

Of course they like it—who doesn’t like an excess even of sugared plums?

But what will it be the result? Long ago, Moore forgot the moral of fast living—until it was too late: later on France forgot it, and it took a revolution to remind her. Politically, the same has happened to Russia.

Stagnation first, and then disaster, is always the result of systematically training people not to think.—(Miss) Joyce Morgan, 110 Regent Park Road, N.W.1, who is awarded the first prize of £1.

It isn't Done!

* As in other art forms, national temperament is also mirrored on the screen, and a successful film is sometimes due to the faultful reflection of national idiosyncrasies. America's popular "crazy" films show us the uproarious fun, disregard of the conventional, and violent energy which characterise American humour.

Is not our temperament a handicap in making entertaining pictures? Foreigners say Englishmen take their pleasures sadly, but we, too, we ridicule ourselves on a sense of humour. Our best films, however, are not humorous efforts.

We must indeed be sober-minded, for rarely do we see our national philosophy in pictures. A typical restraint cramps our style. While we enjoy crazy films, our sense of dignity tells us that such horseplay is really preposterous. It isn't done!

—

Bad Seating

* While each newly built cinema becomes more luxurious than its predecessor, no improvement is ever made in the seating accommodation.

At present, in most provincial cinemas, the patron is required to buy a leaflet each time someone wishes to leave the row.

This means a frantic grabbing of parcels, hat, umbrella, handbag, chocolates, etc., in fact, the outlines of the picture (always at an interesting bit) is lost.

The same applies when someone leaves the row in front, only the screen is obliterated into the bargain.

Could we not have more knee-room? Or, better still, could the owners not introduce a new low chair which could be silently and quickly pushed back on rails, such as certain motor-cars have?

We have "bobbed up" too long!—Provincial Board.-"No improvement? You should have seen what we had to sit on when I began my picturegoing!—"Thinker."

Too Much Art

* I am all for art in films. I like my eyes and ears to be pleased and soothed from the moment the curtains swing apart to reveal the screen. The mode of presentation of the title of a film and the names of the players and technicians is a subtle but reliable guide to the intrinsic value of what is to follow. But it can be done over.

In several films I have seen recently the cast has been practically unreadable except for the names of the stars. In two of these films coloured lights played over the screen, dimming and deepening until the small names in the drooping frame could not be seen at all. In other films moonlight and shadow and rippling water produced the same negative effect. As I am one of the many36 viewers who look for a higher standard of acting from the small-part people—and like to become familiar with them—than is usually to be had from the stars, this is disappointing.

The cinema is, I know, an entirely separate art from that of the stage, but the film companies might well advantageously take up a leaf out of a theatre programme and study it carefully. They will see that, whatever the size of the type, all the names of the players are completely legible.

—(Mrs.) Margaret Lake, 20 South Street, Epsom, Surrey.

Eat 'Early'

* Truthfully speaking I can never find a lot of cause to grumble about films, but there is one thing which, trifling though it is, always annoys me. It occurs frequently in films. An ardent hero begs a pretty heroine to dine with him. After several moments arguing, she finally agrees.

They sit themselves at a restaurant table, and begin that aggravating poking and mashing process to the food, talking and throwing each other glances, but not a morsel do they eat.

Suddenly he says, "Shall we go, dear?" They go, and leave behind a splendid fit for a king. It's not natural, I would much rather have thought the age-old slice of etiquette about eating with your mouth full, and see them act naturally.

Edward Arnold is about the only exception (Continued on page 34)
SIXPENCE A WEEK is that a big price to be SURE of your Hair?

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—to 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 really 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 from 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 proof. 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 3/2d and 4/6.

'It's a bit! It's the crack eleven! It's a bit of the seventh heaven! It's the sharpest edge of the wedge of appetite. It's luck in packets with paper jackets, it's heart's delight! It's the peak! It's the season's fixture! Unique in its milk-smooth mixture. It's an eat complete and a treat to contemplate.

I'm goofy over Nestle's Chocolate.

A STAND-BY FOR STOMACH SUFFERERS

In these days of hurry and bustle, meals are often just squeezed in anyhow, and the intricate digestive system does not get a chance to do its work. Trouble inevitably follows. Sometimes it may only take the form of passing discomfort. Sometimes it leads to the torture of ulceration.

When you cannot avoid this exceptional strain upon the stomach, it is only fair to give the stomach the aid it needs. This is best done by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. It keeps your stomach and intestines free from imperfectly digested food which sets up inflammation and causes "wind." It neutralizes the harmful excess acid that attacks the lining of your stomach and causes ulceration. It gently aids in completing the process of digestion and keeps your stomach clean.

Many who have been freed from serious stomach disorders say they will never again be without a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Mr. F. L. C., of Plumstead, writes:—

"There is no question about the immediate relief one derives from Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. I keep a bottle at home, and another one at My Office, and on the least sign of any Flatulence or discomfort I immediately have a dose, with successful results."

You should follow his example. Get a bottle of the genuine MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder today at 1/3, 2/6 or 5/-.

LONG, CURLING EYELASHES—this quick, easy way

Bring out the best of nature's gifts by using Lashtone, the wonder eye-lash tonic that gives every woman long, curling, lustrous lashes. Lashtone adds beauty and sparkle to the eyes. Simple to apply—wonderfully effective.

Lashtone is scientifically prepared and acts directly on the 'eye-lashes' for a uniform result. A liberal application, on the lashes, brings out the dyes and color successfully.

THE SCIENTIFIC LASHTONIC

Lashtone the tonic for the lashes. Lashtone the tonic for the eyes. Lashtone the tonic for the face. Lashtone the tonic for the body. Lashtone the tonic for the soul.

For Boots, Timothy White, Taylor, Barcoos, Selfridges, Whites and all High-street Chemists. Beauty Parlours, etc. Price 2/6 per bottle. In cases of difficulty send P.O. direct to LASHTONE PRODUCTS (Dept. 1), 79 BATMAN STREET, E. W., and a tube will be sent in return.
to this.—(Miss) I. Hart, 38 Ballyne Street, Honor Oak Park, S.E. 23.
(But supposing you couldn't hear what they said?—"Thinker!")

They Give
● The fact that Jean Harlow left a mere 68,000 seems to have surprised most people, but it did not surprise me, for I had often read of Jean's generous nature and unselfish spirit.

The present Dean of Windsor said not long ago that actors and actresses—on the screen or off—were the most generous of professional people; musicians and architects, on the other hand, are the most self-centred and self-opinionated.

He found that there were scarcely any actors or actresses who were not supporting, in some way, a number of relatives, or doing some other equally onerous and beneficent task.

This trait, seen so markedly in Jean Harlow's life, is probably due to the continual team work that all the "profession" have to indulge in. It acts on their subconscious mind and makes them always willing to help others.—(Miss) Hilda Twisley, The Poplars, Holm Beach Marsh, Lines.

(Or perhaps it is that most of them have felt the pinch of poverty themselves.—"Thinker!")

Help from "The Dream"
● Some people may have gained valuable information from such historical films as Clive of India and Tudor Rose—I did—but the greatest thing I ever learnt from a film was from A Midsummer Night's Dream.

When I read the play, I was not imaginative enough to conceive all those beautiful forest scenes or the charming spectacle of the fairies dancing and the gnomes playing their weird musical instruments, but when I saw the film, which depicted them so well, I knew I had missed one of the chief points of the play.

That film taught me the value of imagination—and more; it taught me that Shakespeare must have been both imaginative and fond of nature to write such a play.—A. Vickers (age 18), 110, Vale Road, Clewer, Windsor.

(Although "The Dream" was not a financial success, it certainly did a great deal of good in the way suggested above—"Thinker").

Cinema Hystereis
● There has been a lot of controversy about "horizontal kissing" and love scenes in general. After having seen the film Dreaming Lips, I think that there is quite a lot to be said against "horizontal kissing" and too-passionate love-scenes.

I saw this film in a large cinema, in a large town, where one expects the audience to know where to laugh and where not to laugh. During the more amorous scenes between Bergner and Raymond Massey, a titter, which grew into a laugh, ran through the audience.

It was not amusement that caused the laugh, it was increasing embarrassment, verging on hysteria. This slight hysteria ebbed and flowed throughout the film.

Surely there is something wrong with films that make an audience hysterical? It is the first film that I have seen that has done so, and I certainly hope it is the last.—Mrs. Booth (age 16), "Semnal," Higham Road, Martpool, Hearne, Notts.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED
● What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 Is. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address, to "Thinker," The Picturegoer Weekly, Dartlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.
Lady Warrender

(ONE OF THE LEADERS OF ENGLISH SOCIETY)

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1/-, 1/6, 3/- and upwards

Lady Warrender

Lady Warrender's swan-like beauty is something to remember even in this age of lovely women. She is famed for her wonderful parties, at which may be seen all the most distinguished and interesting members of society.

Cal 95

AIR AND SUNLIGHT FILTER TO GROWING SECOND SKIN THROUGH THIS GOSSAMER-FINE POWDER

In six weeks' time your present skin will have disappeared and what is now your second skin will take its place. To keep it soft, clear and lovely it needs the vital forces of air and sunlight now, while it is growing. Air to make it strong and healthy; sunlight to give it natural radiant coloring. Gossamer-fine Californian Poppy Face Powder transmits sun and air to your tender growing skin—keeps it lovely now and in the future. Use it always to protect the beauty of your complexion.

Packets of 10s to Prophecy Perfumes Ltd., Dept. T.A., Southwark Park Road, London, E.C.4, for free samples of Californian Poppy Face Powder (stare shade required). 1ND Californian Poppy Veilings Ltd., to give your skin a lovely matt surface for powder (This offer does not apply in F.F.S.)

CALIFORNIAN POPPY FACE POWDER

6d and 1/-
(Natural, Rose, Bruneete, and Sunblush)

TO-DAY'S POWDER

BRINGS TO-MORROW'S BEAUTY
Has that long journey left you Jaded?

LEAVE TO ANNE

W e write so often for the girl who works for her living and for the woman in the home, that I have an idea that the student and the older school girl has been sadly neglected.

And yet they are in need of advice as witness the sallow complexities, and the blemished skins of so many of them.

In these days of fierce competition studying for examinations makes a great demand upon mental energy. And, continuous drawing upon mental capital is apt to reduce physical capital too.

When this happens, skin gets sallow, eyes are dull and heavy, and the step becomes listless. Hair gets lank, spots appear, and dark shadows under the eyes.

What a dismal picture. Enough of it and let us consider the ways and means whereby all such depressing things may be avoided.

First of all it is wise to set a limit to the amount you are prepared to do in a day, and to let nothing, however temporarily important it may seem, interfere with exercise, meals or a full measure of sleep.

I t is always true that if you deliberately switch your mind off a subject for an hour or so, you see with greater mental clarity when you switch it back again.

Never prop up your notes or your text-book on the lunch-table. That is the surest road to the students' haguer of indigestion. Food needs to be taken in an atmosphere of peace and quiet.

If you are worrying over some problem while you absent-mindedly gobble down your food, you cannot hope properly to digest.

Do not even think of study while you eat. Take your meal away from the school atmosphere if it is possible, and with a companion who has outside interests.

The more you study the lighter and more easily digestable should be your meals. Not for you meat pies and stodgy puddings, nor yet, if you can help it, packets of sandwiches.

Take plenty of fish, grilled or steamed, rather than fried. Do not overdo the meat, but substitute, egg, cheese and whole meal bread and vegetable dishes.

Take plenty of green vegetables, not quite so generously of potatoes, quite a lot of salads and some fresh fruit. If you find salads sometimes a bit difficult to digest, omit the stalky part of the lettuces.

Remember to take lots of water between meals.

It is not only your digestion that responds to this care in feeding, but hair and skin as well. The one is glossy and the other is clearer.

Of course, some spots and blackheads are bound to come along. They invariably affect girls of student age—yet young men too, for that matter. When spots do arrive, it is a mistake to squeeze or fritter them, for they are much longer in fading out if they have been roughly handled.

They should be bathed frequently with hot water and the following lotion applied:

1 part, Calamine Lotion.
10 parts.

This lotion will make this up.

The blackhead story is a much longer one, which I do not propose to deal with at the moment. However, if any sufferer cares to send me a stamped addressed envelope, I shall be pleased to send a full—and in most cases a very effective treatment for the skin blemish.

Simply blow greasy creams into contact with spots. They tend to spread the infection and so draw a greater quantity itself. A bit of cotton wool which is burnt after use, is much more hygienic.

If your skin is clear to blemishes but sallow, give it nightly treatment with skin food—nearly managing to get in with a rubber nail brush. Soften the brush before use by soaking it in some water. Wash it in fresh water and remove all traces of the skin food before going to bed. After washing off with a tissue, treat the skin to a little tonic applied with a pad of cotton wool.

On the other hand if your skin is really greasy, omit the cream and apply the tones after washing. It is a good plan to slap it on the skin with a pad of wool. Give your eyes a tonic every night to keep them bright.

Shampoo your hair every ten days at least, or once a week if it is heavily greasy. A dry shampoo in between times will improve its appearance if it gets too thick quickly. But be sure to brush it out well.

N. Hasell, M. Gridley, Betty Connor, E. Warner.—Please send stamped addressed envelope.

K. M. Downall.—Please send postage coupon and full address.

J. R. (Edgware).—After exposure to sun and wind, eyes the least cared for complications are inclined to look a little weather-beaten and tired. I can recommend a new beauty aid which will soon rid you of your trouble. These are Glymier Gold Cream and Glymier Vanishing Cream which can be obtained in tubes for 4d, and in jars for 1s. 6d. each.

Worried.—Providing the trouble is due to mere Redness and not to thickness of bone, you could reduce your legs with massage and a reducing lotion.

N. H. (Vanderbilt).—I would suggest using Pinwood 612 mascara which you can get in four shades—black, blue, green for brunettes and brown, blue for blondes. One application should keep lashes attractive for the whole day.

Wondering Eda.—I About £100. 2 Plastic Surgery. This is often a taga of anaemia, so your friend should consult a medical man.

THE RIGHT KIND OF COMPETITION

Painting competitions for children can hardly be said to be new, but in a contest for boys and girls from five to fifteen, the makers of Nestle's Chocolate have given the familiar conditions a new and useful purpose. It is called a Safety First competition, and is intended to make children road conscious. For some time now every penny packet of Nestle's Chocolate has carried one of the regulation road-signs with an explanation and an appeal on how to use the roads. The subjects now offered for water-colour painting represents a large landscape which includes cross-roads, double bend, three bridges and other important traffic hazards. At the sides of the picture are specimen road-signs in six of the road-sigants out from the chocolate wrappers. This competition seems to perform an important service. It can scarcely fail to be usefully instructive and a thousand prizes offered, is not likely to lack enthusiastic entrants. Entry forms are sent to all children who write to Nestle, Dept. No. 4, Silverthorne Road, London, E.8.

Take up your pen and tell me the problem that is puzzling you. I shall be delighted to help you and send the reply post free, if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed with your letter. Send it to Anne c/o "The Picturer," Markitt House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

THIS week's prize of half-a-fungus is awarded to Mrs. Gladys, Hockenden, Greenfield, Yorks., for her story. The Title They Were Married

Change of Heart

Lover's Make

Let's Get a Divorce

Praises of half-a-fungus is awarded to:

Miss F. Leach, 129 Broadway, New Moxton, Manchester 10, for:

Country Humpkin

Glaze Struck

Hearts Come True

Well Done, Henry

J. E. Cross, 10 North Road, Walthamstow E.17, for:

end of Life

Absolute Quiet

Love a Stranger

Not So Quiet

Miss C. Mullen, Angel Ward, Haley Cross Sanatorium, Surrey, for:

Swing Time

Swing High, Swing Low

Over She Goes

lead Over Here

A. D. Draper, 18 Warren Avenue, Sherwood, Nottingham, for:

Dinner at Eight

Dinner for Two

Thanks a Million

Kind Lady

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four titles in order to suggest a plot.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o the Picturegoer, 5 New Street, London, W.C.2.

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

GUY BEACON.
Why do Dentists all over the world recommend KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM? Because it restores natural whiteness to the teeth and protects them against harmful germs that cause decay. KOLYNOS is your Dentist's best ally in the preservation of your teeth. Try it. Get a tube to-day. 1/9, 1/- and 6d. Of all Chemists and Stores.

--HE SAYS--

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

The marrying kind of men admire "natural" girls and it's "natural" girls they make their brides. Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder is the best help to natural beauty. It clings so well—that need for constant repowdering. And while you use it, Olive Oil—the natural beautifier replaces oils from your skin—gives it the smooth softness and natural loveliness that appeals to man. Six beauty-tested shades to choose from.

MONEY BACK OFFER—You're the JUDGE! Great NO-PURGE and buy the 1d, box of Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder. Try it not thorough. Then if you are not completely satisfied that ALL WE CLAIM FOR IT is TRUE send the box to Crystal Products Ltd., 12, City Road, London, E.C.1. and we'll send you back your money.

OUTDOOR GIRL

Olive Oil Face Powder from 6d.

Olive Oil is Nature's Gift to Beauty

ALL your beauty-seekers should have the Olive Oil that naturally protects and revives the suppleness of your skin. No more complete make-up and colour harmony than the Outdoor Girl OLIVE OIL. FLUORESCENT beauty products include:

LIPSTICK

Red, 1/- and 2/-

ROUGE

6d, and 1/-

For Girls After a Man's Heart

The deeper-cleansing action of D & R Perfect Cold Cream clears the pores of impurities and nourishes the underside.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

Beauty Preparations

☆ Perfect COLD CREAM, 1/3, 2/6, 4/3, and 7/-

☆ Perfect VANISHING CREAM, 1/3 and 2/-

☆ Perfect SKIN TONIC, 1/6 and 2/6

Try this FREE—It rids you of "Morning Mouth"

If you wake up with a bad taste in your mouth in the morning it is a sure sign that your stomach is out of order. Feen-a-mint is a wonderful boon which banishes these conditions. You'll enjoy Feen-a-mint. Test it by writing for Free Sample to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept.A.3), 143 Thames House, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

Six Twelve'

THE MASCARA FOR MODERN'S

Here is the latest, cleverest, eye-cosmetic—Pian and "612" Creamy Mascara! With extra creaminess, to promote longer, lovelier lashes... naturally, without a trace of that "made-up" look. Non-smudging. Non-running.

In convenient tubes. Black, blue or green for brunettes; brown or blue for blondes. Dainty vanity set 2/6. From chemists, hairdressers, stores.

PINAUD ★ PARIS ★ LONDON

PINAUD 612'
Finally, you can now walk for miles. To all readers of "Picturegoer".

"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.

ELASTO will SAVE you POUNDS!
ELASTO
(Dept. 191), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

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 new great 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 TROUBLES
Fill in Coupon below
It costs nothing to try,

"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...

EG ACHES and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, those annoying leg wounds (known as "leg leg") become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles disappear, 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; the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

What other users of ELASTO say:
"No sign of varicose veins now"
"Elasto put new life into me"
"Elasto has saved me pounds"
"I was suffering from mental 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 ten years younger"
"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"

Elasto for varicose veins, bad leg, eczema, phlebitis, heart trouble, gout, rheumatism, piles, hardened arteries (Artery-Sclerotic), and all disorders due to bad circulation.
Free
16 PAGE SUPPLEMENT
Jean HARLOW
Clark GABLE in SARATOGA
LOOK at a glimpse of only a few of the thrilling features in this grand "Picturegoer" Xmas Annual.

22 FULL-PAGE ART PORTRAIT PLATES of famous stars, brimmed with memories that you will treasure during 1938.

HOLLYWOOD'S DANGEROUS WOMEN
Who are they? Read what Gertrudine de Mille says about them . . . and test your "glamour sense" with her own 20-point star-finder chart.

MARRIAGE OR CAREER?
Marlena Dietrich says . . . No, you wrong. But you won't know how wrong until you read her own appealing revelations.

"WHAT I'VE LEARNED FROM THE LADIES" by Fred Mcdonald. And when a he-man star like Fred starts talking . . . well—who knows?

"BEAUTY . . . AND THE BOSS!
Don't pay to be glamorous in the office! The boyfriend may appreciate personality and pay . . . but what does the boss think? Something important here—no business get sholuld miss it.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE STARS
You may not be able to stay with all the stars at Christmas, but here's the next best thing. Some charming ideas here, too.

"I WOULD MAKE A ROTTEN HUSBAND" says James Stewart. But what do you think? Read his candid confessions before you make up your mind.

A WORD IN YOUR EAR
by Greta Moore about her own real-life romance. It's intimate . . . it's startling . . . it's titled "The Man I Love"—so don't miss it!

TYRONE POWER'S GIRLFRIENDS
Something you've never wanted to hear—true facts about the Hollywood screenettes—told at last by . . . guess whom?

NEWS

DON'T WAIT! You'll never forgive yourself if you miss this "Picturegoer" XMAS ANNUAL. Hurry to your Newsagent and order your copy now!

IT'S coming! The big film event that every reader is waiting for THE "PICTUREGOER" XMAS ANNUAL, out on Wednesday, November 10, 100 pages for only 6d. What a thrill! Here's the gayest, most brilliant and exciting Annual any film lover could possibly imagine. 100 big photogravure pages packed with all the glamour and romance of the screen . . . over 150 lovely pictures, glittering stars, real-life love stories, romantic confessions, intimate gossip, complete stories, fashions, reviews, and a host of other exciting contents. Just look at the treat in store for you . . . on the left is a brief glimpse of only a few of the highlights of this lavish number. Don't miss it. There'll be a tremendous demand for THE "PICTUREGOER" XMAS ANNUAL, out on Wednesday, November 10. Don't trust to your memory—make sure of your copy by ordering it from your Newsagent AT ONCE!
JOHN BOLES

Has been doing so well as a dramatic actor that we have almost forgotten that in the early days of sound he was regarded principally as a singer. He scores again in "Stella Dallas," in which he falls heir to the role Ronald Colman played in the silent version.
Husbands are won by 'natural' girls

Hurry on the day you are dreaming of

The marrying kind of men admire "natural" girls and it's "natural" girls they make their brides. Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder is the best help to natural beauty. It clings so well — no need for constant repowdering. And while you use it, Olive Oil — the natural beautifier replaces oils from your skin — gives it the smooth softness and natural loveliness that appeals to men. Six beauty-tested shades to choose from.

Money Back Offer — You're the Judge!

Great now' and buy the 6d. box of Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder. Try it out thoroughly. Then if you are not completely satisfied that ALL WE CLAIM FOR IT IS TRUE and the box is returned within 7 days, Manders, Ltd., 12, City Road, London, E.C. 1 we will send you your money back.

Outdoor Girl

Olive Oil Face Powder

Olive Oil is Nature's Gift to Beauty

All your beauty aids should have the Olive Oil that naturally protects and revives the suppleness of your skin. No, for your complete make-up and colour harmony use the other Outdoor Girl beauty products — including:

- Lipstick 6d., 1/2d., 5/6d.
- Rouge 6d. and 1½d.
- Purpose Cream 5d. and ½d.

Have your Hair

Hiltone Bleached

Hairdressers recommend it

Perfect results with absolute safety is what Hairdressers demand of a bleaching medium. That is why they use and recommend Hiltone. They have tested it thoroughly and found it satisfactory in every way. They have proved that Hiltone gives the exact shade of lightening you want, and gives it naturally.

Leaves Hair Soft & Silky

They have proved that Hiltone is non-drastic; that it gently dissolves away colour without impairing the structure, elasticity, or lustre of the hair. They have proved that Hiltone leaves the hair soft and silky with a natural healthy sheen. So always ask for Hiltone Bleach. Your Hairdresser will be enthusiastic and you'll be delighted with the results.

Also

Hiltone Dyes

in a range of 20 beautiful shades

Energy for work . . .

and zest for play

because she keeps 'regular'

It's all the same to Peggy! She feels fit morning, noon and night. No one ever sees her jaded, irritable or out-of-sorts, for she obeys the Golden Rule of Health. Makes the most of life! Beecham's Pills keep her regular . . . regular as the clock! Beecham's Pills will keep you regular too. For day-long vitality and life-long fitness, remember your Beecham's Pills. Purely Vegetable. Sold Everywhere.

Keep Regular with

Beechams Pills

Worth a Guinea a box

Regular . . . regular as the clock! Beecham's Pills will keep you regular too. For day-long vitality and life-long fitness, remember your Beecham's Pills.
An open letter to EDDIE CANTOR

Congratulations on YOUR JUBILEE

DEAR EDDIE CANTOR,

America has, we note, been paying a tribute to your twenty-five years of leadership in the entertainment world with an Eddie Cantor Anniversary Week.

No actor has ever received so magnificent a testimonial. Great statesmen, Church leaders and distinguished soldiers all joined in the official celebrations. Even the White House was represented on the organising committee.

There is something that appeals to the romantic in all of us in the spectacle of the First Lady of America and most of its greatest citizens proudly honouring an artist who not so many years ago was selling papers in the streets of New York.

And there is something particularly satisfying from our own point of view in being able to pay a tribute to a leader of an industry whose prominent personalities do not always justify the extravagant ballyhoo that is written about them and who, apart from the glamour they exhibit on the screen itself, do not always bring much credit to their profession by their private life activities.

Since in recent years you have been principally identified with the screen, the tributes of the last week have to some extent, at any rate, cast a reflected glory on the screen itself.

While so many stars have been content to seek their pleasures in the mild form of lunacy that seems to be Hollywood's social life, you have devoted most of your spare time to good causes and the exercise of an unusually well-developed sense of civic consciousness.

We remember how, when you came here last, you did your bit toward the Safety First on the roads campaign in your broadcast. Your regular talks on the subject have done a great deal of good in America.

Like the late Will Rogers, whose mantle seems now to have fallen on your shoulders, you have employed your screen popularity to the furthering of a number of worthwhile social interests, and given an intelligent leadership in many vital present-day problems.

At the time of the great slump you taught America to laugh at its troubles. They didn't know that you had lost your own hard-won fortune of $400,000 until you told them about it in a book full of bright but homely philosophy.

President Roosevelt, it is well known, values your services highly and, indeed, sought your assistance on the N.R.A. Code for the film business.

We have not mentioned your considerable charitable work, and we feel that you would prefer it that way, but we do know that there are thousands of orphans on New York's east side who have reason to be grateful to you and that, with the exception of our own Gracie Fields, no star throws himself into these activities with such feeling and enthusiasm. It is not just a case of lending a stellar name and calling it a day, as so many others do.

You know a great deal about them. It is a common axiom that you will sign no statements written by the publicity department. You prefer to prepare your own speeches.

It is equally an axiom that you never forget the under-dog.

Perhaps it is that, in the best tradition of film comedy kingship, you brushed against the raw edges of life in your youth.

So far as films themselves are concerned, finally, we believe that the screen historians will grant your contribution to progress a higher place than that with which it is generally credited now.

When you made Whoopee, screen comedy had fallen on evil times. Hollywood was in the middle of the chaos created by the sound upheaval.

The old slapstick technique of the silent days was not suitable for the new medium. The film overlords were still groping with the problem of finding something to replace it. Whoopee, the first of the comedy extravaganzas, with its humour framed against lavish backgrounds, spectacular ensembles and bevy of beauty, provided the answer.

A new comedy technique was born.

Eddie Cantor with June Lang and Louise Hovitch in his new picture "Ali Baba Goes to Town"
world's best dressed men, Bob will acquire the knack of wearing clothes gracefully but nonchalantly.

By the way, if you happen to be interested, if Bob makes a transatlantic 'phone call to Barbara Stanwyck, Barbara makes the next one, which means that they take turns at footing the bill.

Miranda Moves into Movieville
- Isa Miranda, Italy's gift to talkies, has got off to a flying start in Hollywood. At any rate she has succeeded in getting herself talked about, which is Rule Number One in all the best manuals for Hollywood beginners.

She was reported to have made a state entry with six servants and twenty-six trunks and to have installed herself and entourage in three magnificent apartments.

Now she is busy denying the story. Actually, she insists, she came with but one servant—a maid—and her manager, Alfredo Guarrini; she had seven trunks and thirteen smaller pieces of luggage, and she moved into an inexpensive single apartment at the Chateau Elysée. Her manager took another single apartment on the floor above, and her maid was established in a bachelor apartment.

"And as for my luggage," says the beautiful Italian blonde, "it contains everything I have in the world."

The story got out also that a cavalcade of six cars brought her from the Pasadena station to her apartment house. This, however, was due to the fact that she was met by three studio executives, each in his own car, and two cameramen in another car. She rode in one car with Guarrini and the maid, and her small luggage went in another.

She has just bought herself an inexpensive car, which she will drive herself and she's looking for a small and inexpensive house to rent. She will not have a secretary, but means to answer all fan mail personally and to take care of her own social affairs.

"I was too poor to be extravagant," she says. "Only three years ago, you know, I was a typist."

She has never been to a night club and never expects to go to one. Most of her evenings are spent at home.

Filmed in the Nude
- Hollywood has another new Continental importation whose career will be watched with unusual interest.

She is Hedy Keisler and she is on the pay-roll of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Hedy won world-wide fame as a result of a picture called Evestay, which so far as I know has not been shown here. Its highlight was a scene presenting the feminine star running through a wood in the nude.

Her husband, a wealthy man, was reported at the time to have unsuccessfully tried to buy every print of the film in order to prevent it from being shown.

Frieda Gets a Break
- Some time ago I advised you to make a note of the name Barbara. The English actress who before she went on the stage was secretary to Lady Astor.

Frieda has been doing excellent work in films like Sweet Alene, The Great O'Malley, Call It a Day and Another Dawn.

Now she has what virtually amounts to a star part in Portia on Trial, and I hear that the studio is particularly enthusiastic about her performance.

She plays the role of a woman lawyer and at the end of her big scene, a three-minute court-room speech played in one take, the studio workers paid her the unusual tribute of breaking into applause.

Frieda herself, in a letter to London, is particularly pleased with the part.

She adds the interesting observation that Republic, the independent company whose picture it is, is at the same point that Columbia was when it made It Happened One Night and will "soon achieve the major ranks."

Anna Q. Comes Back
- Filmgoers over thirty will be pleased to hear that Anna Q. Nilsson is coming back to the screen—if only in one of "The Crime Does Not Pay" series.

Anna Q. was one of the great stars of the pre-talkie twenties. Just about the time of the sound revolution she was thrown from a horse and suffered injuries that kept her in bed for a year. She did not return to the screen until 1933 when she had a small part in The World Changes. Had luck still pursuing her, but she has never complained.

Old-timers are in the news this week. Francis X. Bushman, one of the legendary film colony's leading feminists, was early in the lists with a challenge to the Dietrich.

"Why, shame on Marlene," she said. "All you have to do is to read the newspapers to find out what rapid strides our sex is making. In ar, science, in law, the professions, everywhere."

Marlene has started a war.
- Marlene Dietrich started something the other day when she came out with that statement that men are more intelligent than women.

It has led to a miniature sex war on the Paramount lot. Claudette Colbert, one of the film colony's leading feminists, was early in the lists with a challenge to the Dietrich.

"Why, shame on Marlene," she said. "All you have to do is to read the newspapers to find out what rapid strides our sex is making. In art, in science, in law, the professions, everywhere."

Women are coming forward fast. You must remember, we got a late start. But we are making up for lost time now."

Carole Lombard, on the other hand, favours Miss Dietrich's point of view.

"I like the frankness of men," she says. "Sometimes they're a little barbaric and rough in expressing themselves, but I can't help but think they're more on the level than women. Perhaps Marlene is right.""

Irene Dunne thinks that women are natively as intelligent as men, but that they are not given the opportunity to develop their minds as men are.

"I have no doubt that women are born with as fine minds as men," she declares. "But women are weighed down by an ancient tradition. They are taught to think in terms of matrimony, motherhood and the household. That accounts for the dominance of men, I think."

Gary Cooper expressed a similar point of view.

"Women are fundamentally as smart as men," he said, "but they suffer certain handicaps that will probably prevent them from ever achieving the prominence of men. I will cite only one of their limitations in any race they make with men. They have to bear the children. If they don't, I don't see what they have to worry about the possibility. For any woman who wants to compete in a man's world, that is a handicap to think about."
The horses, to clean up the corral and try to maintain friendly relations with his neighbours.

Two Girls and a Man
- Tyrone Power has Hollywood guessing! Is Sonja Henie his "big moment," is it Janet Gaynor or some one else? Sonja arrived in Hollywood by plane recently, and was visibly perturbed when Tyrone was not at the landing field to greet her.

On the Carpet
- The Central Labour Council announces it will seek to place Wallace Beery on the "unfair list," declaring that he crossed picket lines at the Brown Derby restaurant, where a strike is in progress.

Although the majority of leading actors belong to the Screen Actors Guild, it is said that Beery is not a member.

Latin Cinderella
- When Lupe Velez left Mexico as a child, a dollar seemed like the United States mint to her.

Next month, Lupe Velez, the actress, returns to Mexico City to make a picture, for which she will receive the sum of $5,000 dollars a week. 37,500 dollars in all—for three weeks work on a story of the history of Mexico for Artreta Films.

With her “Johnnie,” Lupe leaves Los Angeles on their yacht, the Guadalupe, early next month. They will sail to Acapulco, then take the train for Mexico City.

A Cat Catastrophe
- Samuel Goldwyn, who is producing The Goldwyn Follies, plans to use four hundred cats in a number starring the Katz Brothers.

Reputable animal dealers, working in co-operation with the Humane Society, are assisting in the talent round-up.

But trouble ensued when some of the dealers broadcast an offer of fifty cents for every feline brought to them. Cats disappeared, not only from their customary alley haunts, but from the backyards of fond owners. A storm of protest poured into the Goldwyn offices, who told anxious cat owners to look over the feline army and pick out their pets if they can.

LUCKY JOAN
- Christmas in sleepy Chateau Frontenac, enjoying the winter sports with her two small daughters, "Ditty" and "Misty," and New Year’s Eve in hectic Chicago.

Such is the schedule of Joan Bennett, whose theatrical tour as the star of Stage Door began on October 16 in Hartford, Conn. Joan wound up her Eastern tour in Canada just before Christmas, and then reopens in the famous stage play on December 31, in Chicago.

The blonde actress is not expected to return to Hollywood until late next spring, and, after two pictures, will do a stage play in New York.

UNLUCKY GEORGE
- George Haft is not feeling so happy these days, and for two reasons. First, because a motor-cycle policeman was preceding the star’s taxi along busy Boston streets, the officer had to halt when a red "stop" traffic signal flashed.

The taxi driver did not have time to apply the brakes and knocked the policeman from his cycle, causing the unfortunate man to receive a brain concussion. He is said to be in a hospital (Continued on page 8).

Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot from Hollywood

MAE WEST’S BROTHER IN COURT

Mae West figured indirectly in the limelight when neighbours of her brother, Jack, who lives in Van Nuys, bailed him into court.

The star’s brother recently started a stock ranch on a large scale in the San Fernando Valley.

Residents complained to the District Attorney that Jack West had a large number of horses in a corral on his grounds, did not keep the corral clean and neglected the animals.

The District Attorney’s office dismissed the case, but ordered him to obtain a permit to keep horses.

Private feud or no private feud, Rosalind Russell and Bob Montgomery are teamed again in "Live, Love and Learn."
November 6, 1937

PICTUREGOER Weekly

(Continued from page 7)

be recovering and George is seeing that he receives the best of hospital care.

Second, Raft's physicians advised an appendi-

cision operation before he left Hollywood, but he
decided to put it off until he had completed his
personal appearance tour, which is rather a dan-
gerous decision to make.

Devoted Kinsfolk

• George Mason, proprietor of the Hawaiian
Paradise, a new swanky cafe patronised by
the film elite, did not realise how many relatives
he had until he settled in Hollywood.

The fact that he owns a restaurant patron-
ised by film stars brought a flood of letters from
all parts of the United States disclosing long-
lost cousins and errant uncles.

However, Mason pointed out to me, in the
 mains the missives were not so much of congratu-
lation as of the variety which stated that, for
the price of a fare to Hollywood, the writer
would be glad to come out and give assistance at
the Paradise!

The Real Hero

• Paul Muni stood out magnificently at the
Hollywood premiere of The Life of Emile
Zola, in which he played the leading role.

The usual broadcast was in progress. Stars,
directors and executives stepped before the
microphone, and praised everybody connected
with the production from Jack Warner down.

But Muni did not! He told the radio lis-
teners that the credit for the picture was due
to Emile Zola, the man whose life had made the
picture possible.

So far as I can figure it out, Shirley's cooking
is either very good, or the child guests have
elegant digestions.

Hollywood Says That—

• Stuart Erwin was born on a 1,200-
acre cattle ranch in Squaw Valley,
California.

• Jean Hersholt smokes a different
pipe every day.

• Myrna Loy has a penchant for
tailored suits.

• Walter Connolly was an assistant
bank cashier.

• Mary Astor entered motion pictures
via a beauty contest.

• Douglas Fairbanks, jun. at 14, due
to his tall figure, played a leading man's
role on the screen.

• Jean Arthur was a commercial
photographer's model.

• Astrid Allwyn sang on the concert
stage when only 13 years old.

E. G. Cousins—
Covers the British Studios

CREAM OF THE SCREEN
IN XMAS NUMBER

New readers of "Picturegoer" will find in this
great extra number a thrill they never knew before, old readers will be enthusiastic
to see that this year's number is better than ever.

Look at the names of just a few of the stars in
this Annual! Carol Lombard, Ann Todd,
Jeanette MacDonald, Marlene Dietrich, Grace
Moore, Eleanor Powell, Kay Francis—these
appear in portrait, feature or article side by
side with the tagline made of leading men ever
seen—James Stewart, John Loder, Nelson Eddy,
Leslie Howard, and countless others whose
stories and studies will fascinate you for hours
on end.

Brilliant pictures and the sparkle of big names
in the film world are waiting for you in this
grand Christmas Extra Number, and there will
be an enormous demand for copies. In your own
interests you should order your copy from your
newsagent well in advance—"Picturegoer's
Christmas Annual" is out on Wednesday,
November 10th—6¢ everywhere.

If Wendy had her doctor's diploma now, I am
sure that many of Hollywood's eligible bachelors
would have sudden attacks of illness.

Child Chef

• Shirley Temple has mastered the art of
cooking lamb stew on the miniature
electric stove in her playhouse, and neighbourhood
youngsters make it so much that they want a
return party.

So far as I can figure it out, Shirley's cooking
is either very good, or the child guests have
elegant digestions.

Hollywood Says That—

• Stuart Erwin was born on a 1,200-
acre cattle ranch in Squaw Valley,
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• Jean Arthur was a commercial
photographer's model.

• Astrid Allwyn sang on the concert
stage when only 13 years old.

E. G. Cousins—
Covers the British Studios

GRACIE SETS
A PROBLEM

HERE are quite a few additions to the cast of the 29th Century-Fox
film, He Was Her Man, which went into production at Denham the other
week.

Up to now I have been able to tell you
only the names of the two stars, but they're
impressive enough, anyway—Gracie Fields and
Victor McLagen.

Lovely Evelyn
Ankers will be seen
in "Murder in the
Family."

Following the example set recently by two
other studios, which signed respectively Max
and Buddy Baer, 20th Century-Fox has gathered-
in John Mcdonald, Van Heflin, and Jean Arthur
in a production of "Black Limelight.

It's about a family of children and their
unpopular step-aunt, who is murdered while in
the act of altering her will in favour of her
companion; and although it is really in the
"odddity" class to the extent that the identity of
the murderer is not revealed until the end, the
plot is chiefly concerned with the effect of the
publicity on the psychology of the children.

Al Parker is directing this one, and he's been
up to his discovering tricks again.

He is trying out a young man called Donald

Walk Up!

• McLaglen is to have a fight or two in this
picture, and it looks like he will get one big
prize-ring contest; I understand his opponent
has not yet been selected.

So if any of you young fellers wants his block
knocked off, now is your chance.

Here's the rest of the cast to date: Brian
Dunlevy (imported for the purpose), William
Dewhurst, Gus Naughton, Tom Payne, and
Sid Crosby.

And did I tell you who is playing "the other
woman?" None other than our friend Jane
Carr; so Gracie's up against some hefty opposi-
tion in the heart-ache dept., for Jane can knock
much off most of her contemporaries in this
matter of vamping.

That's all, so far; but I daresay there'll be a
very lengthy cast, because the scene is supposed
to be laid in Australia and Eng-

land, and usually in a case like that there are
different distinct sets of characters, one for each
country. We can't conveniently transplant the
whole cast round with the stars, as they do in
musical comedy.

They Were Her Men

• This is going to be a particularly interesting
experiment to watch.

A great deal of discussion has centred in the
press on Gracie's side; it has been said
that they weren't strong enough, or that,
alternatively, they didn't have strong enough
pictures.

Well, I think it will be agreed that her first
screen leading man, Ian Hunter, was the best
available; and since then she has had Richard
Dolman (once), John Stuart (once, with Owen
Nares as second string), Henry Kendall (once,
with John Stuart as second string), and John
Loder three times. In Look Up and Laugh she
can't really be said to have had a leading man at
all; instead she played opposite three comedians.

What will be her, if any, of playing with Victor
McLagen? Will she be overshadowed by his personality, or be he hers?

In view of the fact that Victor has had
through winning the Academy award, we
are rather apt to lose sight of the fact that in the
last dozen years he has appeared in only two really outstanding pictures—What Price Glory
and The Informer; whatever there has been in
his pictures (except of course when he has been
leading man to Mae West or Shirley Temple)
has been put there by his personality.

And in the case of Gracie, you have to admit
that her films, although enormous successes
financially, would have been very small potatoes
indeed without any less brilliant and versatile
comeleone in the lead.

Yes, it's certainly going to be interesting.

Reaction

• I've had a gentle correction from the Fox
British studios at Wembley; it appears that
lately I said Murder in the Family was a detective
kind of a story, whereas it shows how connection
with a murder case affects the life of an English
middle-class family. It's the same theme. I
imagine, as the successful stage play Black
Limelight.

It's about a family of children and their
unpopular step-aunt, who is murdered while in
the act of altering her will in favour of her
companion; and although it is really in the
"oddbity" class to the extent that the identity of
the murderer is not revealed until the end, the
plot is chiefly concerned with the effect of the
publicity on the psychology of the children.

Al Parker is directing this one, and he's been
up to his discovering tricks again.

He is trying out a young man called Donald
Gray, whom he expects to develop into a leading juvenile quite soon, and he is also giving another trial gallop to Evelyn Ankers, who, if looks count for anything, is going to make her mark in British films before long.

A Prize Beauty

- Evelyn was born in Chile, South America, nineteen years ago; and although her parents are English, when she first visited England in 1924 she couldn't speak a word of English.
- She's made a number of appearances in pantomime, I hear, but if they're no more prominent than her film appearances to date I'm discounting them altogether, for though I'm told she was in Wings of the Morning, Fire Over England, Land Without Music, and Knight Without Armour, these might just as well have been Films Without Evelyn for all I ever saw of her.
- She was also one of the team of sixteen hand-picked English beauties selected to compete against Felix Ferry's Monte Carlo Girls, Clifford Whitley's Hollywood Girls, and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies, in May 1935.
- As you may remember, the verdict went to the sixteen which included the beautiful Miss Ankers.
- She has made rather a habit of winning beauty-competitions, as a matter of fact; and this does not surprise me. She's certainly easy on the eyes.
- But my old friend Al Parker claims to have discovered acting ability as well; and in Murder in the Family she will certainly have a chance to prove whether she can act or not, for she has to portray a young girl deeply in love, who, believing her fiancée or some member of the family to be a murderer, perjures herself and breaks her engagement to shield the man she loves.

Parker Picks 'Em

- Well, my pal Al can pick 'em; he was responsible for finding Liam Gaffney, who is one of the most promising young fellows I have clapped these two eyes on for many a day.
- Sure he has the barney all right! It's born in Dublin he was, no more than twenty-six years ago at all, and a fine big broth of a boy he is, the way ye'd think it was one of those old Kings of Ireland come alive again and walking the earth as proud as ye like, and him no more than a farmer's son, and not despising that at all.
- He wanted to be an actor, no less, and him a gooson eight years old, no more; and sure he had his own little theatre at home, just to prove it. But his parents were not for any such foolishness, and they kept the spalpeen diggin' pratties and attending to his lessons until he was twenty-one, when he gave the pratties a rest but went on with the lessons, for he went off to Switzerland to complete his education.

Watch Liam!

- Returning to Ireland, he entered the Abbey School of Art, and worked under such stalwarts as Lennox Robinson and W. B. Yeats. He had his first real break when Hilton Edwards of the Dublin Gate Theatre saw him playing a double role and immediately signed him up.
- He played there for three seasons, and later toured Egypt and Malta twice with the Gate Company; and he's had a couple of London seasons too, at the Westminster and the Ambassadors.
- He's made two films for Fox British—Londonerry Air and Unauthorised Road; I shouldn't be at all surprised if we were to find him a good deal sought-after in the near future.
- By the way, talking of players being sought-after, Glynis Johns hasn't let the grass grow beneath her small shoes. South Riding, the Victor Saville production in which she played the extremely important and emotional role of the Squire's daughter, Midge Carne, was hardly completed when she secured the role of one of the children in Murder in the Family.

Glynis, Too

- I remember having an argument in the studio at Denham one day, with Victor Saville; I said, "We don't build stars in England."
- He led me to a corner of the studio where, on a small intimate set, Glynis Johns was just going to do a scene, and said "Watch!"
- Well, it was certainly very impressive; and although it didn't refute my argument—I certainly never said we hadn't the star material—it made me determined to keep an eye on the career of this child of about fourteen. Victor Saville thinks she has the makings of a better child star than we have yet produced.
- The worst of child stars is that unless you catch them at the baby stage (when they aren't allowed into the studios, anyway!) they have time to play in only about three or four pictures before they are grown up.
- Look at Nova Pilbeam!
- Anyway, I've given you three to watch for: Liam Gaffney, Evelyn Ankers and Glynis Johns. Mind you do!

Chin Walks Out

- They're taken to losing dogs down Islington way.
- I told you recently about the disappearance of "Storm," the valuable black Alsatian who was playing the role of Black Walt in Owd Bob for Gainsborough.
- Well, Chin got to hear about this—probably overheard someone reading the Picturegoer—and thought it was a good publicity stunt.
- Chin is a very handsome Pekinese who is appearing in the new Gainsborough film Bank Holiday; he is a bit snifty with the other players. John Lodge and Margaret Lockwood, Hugh Williams, Rene Ray, Jeanne Stuart, and the rest of them, because he is valued at seventy-five guineas, whereas they ... well anyway he didn't think so much of them.
- So when no one was looking he decided to have a Bank Holiday of his own, and sauntered unnoticed into the street.
- Hue and cry, of course; but they need not have worried. The intelligent little beast, feeling tired, dropped in at Old Street Police Station—three miles away!
- There he was identified and returned to duty just in time to take up his cue on the next scene.

Hustle!

- They did what must have been a record in set-building and dismantling on this production the other day.
- I was down at the studio the day before production started, and found clear floors. The next day I was there again, and lo! they had built three separate and distinct sets, all complete down to the smallest details.
- One was a largish set representing a parapet on the Embankment; below the realistic setting of walls, pavements, and river lamp was a large tank of blackened water.
- Not far away was another set representing a street just near the Thames, on the Surrey side; and in another corner there had appeared overnight a large room complete with benches, burners, test-tubes, sinks, stinks, and all the other gadgets of a chemical lab.
- All these sets were built in twenty-four hours, used for just over an hour each, and dismantled again within another hour.
- Three hours later the whole sound-stage was converted into a London terminus, with a full-sized train standing in it. Yes, it's the studio carpenters who are the quick-change artistes these days!
That success is fatal to love is the legend that haunts the happy homes of Hollywood.

In this frank article Malcolm Phillips explains why.

When film success comes in the door love flies out of the window. It is the oldest, saddest and newest story in Hollywood, city of Passion, Publicity and Paradox.

It is so old that it was not unknown in the days, far back in movie history, when Mary Pickford first outstripped Hubby No. 1 in the race for film fame and Owen Moore was elected Founder of the Ex-Mrs. Mary Pickford Club. The same screen era saw the career of Mary Miles Minter flicker feebly out in the gloom of the courts which heard her prolonged and unedifying law suits against her mother over the custody of her earnings.

It is so new that you may read it in to-day's newspapers—and to-morrow's for that matter. It is happening all the time.

Even in the last few weeks the legend has been growing.

We were invited to rejoice the other day over a settlement by which eleven-year-old Freddie Bartholomew got a nice little salary rise from £250 to £400 a week.

Everyone concerned should, we imagine, be very happy, but at the moment of writing Freddie is in the middle of what looks like being another in the series of family legal squabbles that have marked his entire Hollywood career.

Hollywood in its wildest moments has never screened anything more grotesque than the story of these people raised from obscurity to front-page fame by the efforts of a small boy, who ever since his success as the young "David Copperfield" has been the centre of a storm of writhes and recriminations launched by his relatives.

The affair has been dogged by an element of the fantastic almost from the start. Freddie Bartholomew, then an unknown pupil of a London juvenile dramatic class was tentatively chosen from hundreds for the title role in the Dickens classic when producer David Selznick tested him during an English visit.

It was discovered, however, that owing to the laws governing the employment of minors here it was impossible to sign him for the well-known dotted line in England.

Shortly afterwards Aunt Millicent Bartholomew, in whose care the embryo prodigy was left, took him for a holiday trip to America, where fortuitously Hollywood is situated and where there are, equally fortuitously, no petty restrictions regarding child labour. With all obstacles thus happily eliminated contracts were duly arranged and the youngster was set to work at Culver City. Subsequently Auntie Bartholomew obtained a California court decision making the child her legal ward.

First on the Hollywood scene in the wake of the Boy Wonder and heading what was later to develop into a transatlantic version of the Big Parade were Freddie's devoted Grandma and Granda.

The exact significance of their presence has never been quite clear.

Then a few months later Mamma Bartholomew set sail from England with the glib of battle in her eye, columns of mother-love interviews in her handbag and Husband Bartholomew, of Whitehall and Barnes, in the background lending moral and verbal support.

Her boat had hardly docked in New York before the cables were busy with fresh sensations and new complications in the case. The reported version of Mrs. Bartholomew's activities on arrival, was, indeed, though vastly entertaining to the reading public, hardly calculated to indicate a quiet and discreet settlement of the dispute regarding the guardianship of her £12,000 a year angel child.

The good lady promptly and mysteriously disappeared. When she eventually turned up in California a few days later it was, according to the newspapers, to repudiate her husband's instructions and to hire lawyers other than those originally engaged before she left home.

Hot foot on the Hollywood trail came Papa Cecil Bartholomew, who had a surprise or two up his own sleeve, including a cable to the judge concerned criticising his wife's actions and joining the side of Auntie Bartholomew, his sister in the battle.

This sterling British civil servant added a final, delicate touch of the theatrical to an already bizarre comedy by travelling under the alias of Cecil Smith. Impressed by this evidence of his potentialities as a citizen of movieland, the film colony hailed with delight his announcement that he proposed to settle down in Hollywood.

Shortly after a settlement was reached by which Aunt Millicent was given custody of the...
boy while his parents were allotted a share of his earnings.

The latter have now entered an action in the Los Angeles courts to set aside this arrangement, and to regain the custody of their son.

One is obviously not in a position to judge the rights and wrongs of this quarrel. Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew are doubtless actuated more over by none but the quite natural and understandable motive of parent love.

I hope nevertheless that this lawsuit, if it has to come to court, will be the lawsuit to end all lawsuits in this sorry affair, and make just one big happy family of the Batting Bartholomews.

We cannot help reflecting that much heartache and bitterness might have been avoided had Freddie’s interest in Dickens been concerned with Copperfield as a school textbook rather than as film starring “vehicle.”

Then they still tell a story in Hollywood of how some years ago a zealous understrapper on one of the big lots discovered a couple engaged in affectionate conversation in a secluded corner. Bustling up with an officious “you can’t do that there ere” (or words to that effect) he discovered to his considerable embarrassment that the lady was one of the studio’s leading feminine stars and the gentleman, an even more surprising phenomenon, her husband.

It was Ann Harding and Harry Bannister. At least that is the story and at any rate at the time Ann and Harry were the holders of the elusive title of Hollywood’s Most Happily Married Couple.

With the present periodical court jousts between Miss Harding and Mr. Bannister, we are not concerned. It is a matter of screen history, however, that they had been married for five years at the time they came to films. It is also a matter of established fact that while Ann Harding was an immediate success in the new medium her husband, who had enjoyed an equal eminence in the theatre, was adjudged to be a failure in films. They invented a new popular “love divorce” for their final parting, but their relationship ever since has been marked by the good old-fashioned brand of bitterness.

Perhaps it is only a coincidence after all, but overshadowsing success by one partner has been the single common factor in nearly all the ruined romances of filmland.

One of the first of the big New York stars who rushed to the studios in the first great talkie boom was Frank Fay, Broadway’s favourite son himself. Accompanying him as “excess baggage” (as she herself put it) was his wife, a minor stage actress who occasionally helped him in his vaudeville act, named Barbara Stanwyck.

Fay may have been a white-haired boy to Broadway, but the picture public, for some reason or other stayed away from his pictures in droves.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Fay had, to the surprise of practically everyone, including herself, become, and deservedly, one of the screen’s most popular actresses.

Their romance survived longer and against greater difficulties than most, but Frank was finally sent forth from the Stanwyck board.

It could, nevertheless never have been quite the same after film fame chose one and discarded the other. Some time before the final separation the wife uttered a cry from the heart that does much to explain why screen marriages fail, and why the legend that success is fatal to love haunts Hollywood’s happy homes.

“When we first came here Fay was a big shot, and I was just excess baggage,” she said. Then Hollywood did its best to persuade him to walk out on me, telling him I was a handicap to his screen career. When the movie moguls decided that he wouldn’t screen he instantly agreed to release them from the contract. Then they discovered that I have what it takes. So then I became a big shot. Since then some people have done everything in their power to start trouble, using exactly the same arguments but reversing the positions.

It must not be supposed, of course, that all the success story casualties of Hollywood have been those in which the feminine partner has scaled the peaks leaving her lord and master struggling below amid the jeers of the moguls.

Some years ago when Clark Gable was first emerging, somewhat awkwardly, from gangster casting assignments, everyone said how “fortunate he is in his wife.” Mrs. Gable, they pointed out, was an extremely intelligent person, some years older than the star, and she had money—just the sort of woman, in fact, who should be valuable for the success and keep his feet on the ground when it arrived.

For a long time the almost middle-class felicity of the menage presided over by the star’s almost middle-aged wife was part of the Gable legend, but in Hollywood itself there were whispers.

And now, according to present legal arrangements the great lover will soon be back in circulation again, doubtless with stimulating effects on the fluttering feminine bosoms and fatted box-offices of the Middle West.

Even the exclusive English colony which has managed to keep at least some of Hollywood’s conventions at a decent distance, has not been untouched by the ancient superstition.

Back in 1931 Edna Best ran away from a prospectively dazzling future in Hollywood to be with Hubby Herbert Marshall in New York. That an actress should consider her husband more important than a starring role in a John Gilbert picture was so startling a novelty that the affair became a nine days’ wonder and even aroused a faint interest among the Hollywood natives in the hitherto unknown English actor concerned.

Like all nine-day wonders it was soon forgotten. By 1933, however, the wheel of fortune had turned full cycle. This time it was Herbert Marshall the studies were being “Bart” possibly made of sterner masculine stuff didn’t run away. Instead he became one of the major matinee idols of the movies.

Nobody but Herbert Marshall and Edna Best knows what has happened to one of the great real-life romances of the English theatre.

What is known is that Miss Best has resumed her stage career on this side of the Atlantic and that Mr. Marshall appears happily married in all the best Hollywood night life social bulletins.

On the whole, though, and, despite the fact that Ronald Colman established a noteworthy precedent by separating from Thelma Raye almost immediately after he was married in The White Sister, the British brand of marriage has fared better than the local product.

Some time ago Ginger Rogers, following a tradition older than, and much practised in, Hollywood, packed her bags and went home to mother.

The marriage of Miss Rogers and Lew Ayres was not one of the film capital’s headline romances. The blushing bride at the time was a promising young girl, who had lain quietly for quite a long time without quite ringing the bell, while the groom was an actor who had never repeated his overwhelming success in All Quiet. Perhaps the title of his next success was prophetic. The Gay Divorce elevated Ginger to the topmost flights of stardom, while Mr. Ayres has faded steadily into the background of one more romance litters the trail to the Hollywood heights. It’s filmland’s oldest, saddest and newest story.
I

It was two and a half years since I'd seen Binnie Barnes, and I never miss a chance of a get-together on the rare occasions when she is over here, so I sought her out in her flat near Kensington Gardens, and we talked and talked.

"Darling," said Binnie (well, ye gods, I've known her long enough!) "I'm fed up."

"What's the matter?" I asked solicitously. Binnie's usually as bright as the sunshine and as happy as a day at Southend. "Heart troubling you?"

"Now look here, you old so-and-so," she said, pointing a recently manicured finger at me; "get this into your head—my heart's all right!"

"Well, judging from what I've been reading in the American papers," I pointed out, "I thought it must be shot as full of arrow-holes as a colander."

"Americans have a romantic nature," she declared. "They have to have a love-life manufactured for every film-player, or they think he or she has something wrong with him."

"Oh, her," I suggested.

"If you mean me," retorted Binnie with spirit, "I'm not in love, and I don't see any immediate likelihood of being in love. But it's a thing you can't control; you don't know from one minute to the next what's going to happen. I might meet a marvellous man and fall with a dull sickening thud; or I might go on for years without falling for anyone. How should I know?"

"What about your husband—or I suppose I should say your ex?" I countered.

"Oh, Sam's a dear, and I'm still very fond of him, but what are you to do when you live six thousand miles apart, and only see each other once every three years or so? He can't leave his book business here, and I can't leave my work in Hollywood, and so what? That's not married life!"

"I know some people who would call it ideal," I murmured. "By the way, I seem to remember mentioning when you were married that you and Sam ought to live together!"

"I know you did," she admitted, "and for once you were right!"

"I suppose you can't reach any compromise?" I asked.

"What, set up housekeeping in mid-Atlantic?" Binnie retorted. "Don't be silly."

"Rebuked but unabashed, I tried another tack. "What about Jean Negulesco?"

"I asked. He is the former Roumanian Court painter with whose name hers has been most consistently linked by the gossip."

"Darling, you know what Hollywood is," she said earnestly. "You've only to see at the night spots two or three times with the same man, and you're 'that way' about each other, engaged, married, divorced—all in a few hours. Don't take any notice of what they say. I've got quite a number of men friends, but I'm not marrying them."

"Then," said I, returning to the attack, "if it isn't your heart, what is it?"

"I've been hung up in my work," she explained. Well, that accounted for it; Binnie's always happier when she's working.

Despite rumours to the contrary, Binnie Barnes, who is working in England at present, is in love with... nobody. She says so herself in this intimate interview by Max Breen.

"I came over to do a picture at Denham for Victor Saville—Bicycle for Two—a gay musical with a mid-Victorian setting and all in Technicolor.

Unfortunately when I arrived here I was told that owing to technical difficulties the story wasn't ready to shoot."

"I was just going back to Hollywood to fulfill some picture commitments there until they were ready with the film, when Republic asked me to play the part of Lady Mere in the Merle Oberon picture The Divorce of Lady X."

"I wasn't at all anxious about the part, as it is just another of the unexciting roles I have been playing so long and have been trying to get away from—But Meena Korda put it to me in such a way that I could hardly refuse."

"He told me the actress signed for the part had dropped out at the last minute—and as a part like this, though small, was very essential to the picture, he had to have some one he could depend upon to turn in a good performance."

"So he immediately thought of Binnie," I murmured, "that was intelligent of him. And you consented to play it."

"Well, after all, he gave me my first big chance pictures, and after the best part I ever had—Catherine Howard in Henry VIII; so I really owe him a debt of gratitude. Also Merle and I are very great friends, and I knew I should enjoy working with her again."

"And what are you going to do now?"

"Well, they want me for a sequel to Three Smart Girls, so I'm going back to Hollywood to do it in a few weeks, after I've settled my family affairs here."

"In the meantime Korda is having a part specially written for me in his next picture; if I like it, I may stay and do it."

By the way," I remarked, "I've been wanting for some time to check up on some of the biographical stuff we have about you. You seem to have had a remarkable career, if all this is true."

"I don't suppose it is," she returned, "but my life hasn't been dull, up to now... What does it say?"

"Worked as a farm-hand," I read.

"I was brought up on my mother's farm near Sevenoaks, in Kent," she explained, "and you fool about with bits of farm-work; but farm-hand no; that's a posh one."

"Drove a milk-float on a delivery-round," I continued.

Binnie laughed. "I was always terribly fond of horses," she explained, "and sometimes the men let me take the reins when the floats were going back to the stables."

"Owing to the scarcity of men during the War," I went on, "you were given control of a milk-round at Finchley."

"Seeing that I was only twelve when the War..."
ended,” Binnie commented. “I must have been a pretty able child. Any more surprises?”

“You had a passion for midwifery,” I accused her darkly.

“First I’ve heard of it,” said Binnie cheerfully. “I did go into the Great Northern Hospital as a probationer, and I was there for six months, but I studied floor-scrubbing, not midwifery. Now I’ll tell you a bit.

“I wanted to join the Tiller Girls, and I knew you had to be able to high-kick—that was one of their specialties. So I practised kicking for hours at a time, until I was an expert—with the right leg. I hadn’t bothered about the left.

“Then I applied for the job.”

“Can you kick?” they asked me.

“Can I kick? Watch me!” and very slowly and steadily I raised my right leg until it was pointing almost straight upward. It was a most impressive performance.

They didn’t think of asking about my left leg, but signed me up there and then, and I was sent to Germany to join a Tiller troupe there.

“Of course, they found out as soon as I got there that I couldn’t dance, and gave me a banner to hold instead, but after about four months of this they trained me as a dancer.

“I was a year and a half in Germany before going to the Casino in Paris; and I was there on-and-off for a year or two, with a course of drawing in Montmartre as a relaxation.

“Then I came back to London and got an engagement as a ball-room exhibition dancer at the Cosmo Club, and there I met Tex McLeod, who was looking for an assistant in his act.

“I signed on with him, and we went to South Africa and Australia; I learned the rope-spinning tricks, and in Australia I added singing to my act.

“When I came back to England, in order to get a job at all, I had to become ‘Texas Binnie Barnes’—American!

“Then Charlot put me in his 1928 Revue, and soon after that I came under C. B. Cochran’s management, in The Silver Tassie with Charles Laughton.

“Cavalcade came next, I think. I was the blues-singer in that at Drury Lane for ten months.

“And that brings me down to films; I don’t need to tell you about those.”

She doesn’t; but just in case some of you are not quite so well versed in her screen history, let me tell you it doesn’t seem so very long since Binnie was playing in a perfectly footing part, which didn’t amount to much more than “stooging” for a low comedian, Leslie Fuller, in the B.F.P. slap-stick farce Old Spanish Customers at Elstree.

A lot of water has slopped about in the Atlantic since then.

She’s done very well indeed, there’s no getting away from it. Look at a few of the Hollywood films in which she’s figured prominently: There’s Always To-morrow, Diamond Jim, Rendezvous, Small Town Girl, Last of the Mohicans, Three Smart Girls, The Magnificent Brute, Breeding Home, Broadway Melody of 1938. No wonder she’s content to remain a free-lance.

She’s still in love with Hollywood—partly, I think, because in a four hours’ motor-drive she can go riding with the cowboys in the cool of the evening, on hill-trails with snow-clad mountains behind and the stars reflected in the still dark waters of Lake Tahoe beneath.

Take it from me, that does rather spoil you for Kensington Gardens.

Binnie takes a stroll round the lot; and above she indulges in a spot of scandal with Merle Oberon in “The Divorce of Lady X.”
That gives her style in stormy weather. Because Dominion Gaytees are designed
by style experts and fashioned by skilled craftsmen. So the modern woman slips a
pair of Gaytees over her shoes and splashes merrily along rain-soaked pavements—in Style.

There are ten new models of Gaytees to choose from—smart and made
to fit. And seven different fittings.

Gaytees are made the Dominion way to ensure long wear, style and perfect fit.

Is your powder enlarging the pores of your nose?

So many women, attractive at a distance, are
spoiled at close-quarters by enlarged nose pores. Are you risking this trouble?

You are if you use powder that swells while absorbing the natural moisture of the skin. You
see, the pores of your nose are larger than other pores. Powder grains easily get into them. When
these grains get wet and swell, they force open the pores, which become permanently enlarged.
Coty "Air Spun" Face Powder safeguards you against enlarged pores. It contains no materials
that swell when moistened, no artificial adhesives to blanket and stifle pores, no orris root to irritate the skin. And that's not all.

"Air Spun" process gives new smoothness—new ingredients nourish and protect the skin.

Coty "Air Spun" Face Powder is quite different from ordinary powder. In the "Air Spun" process, which is used only by Coty, the powder is whirled round in tornadoes of air. This makes the grains so smoothly round they lie flatter on the skin. "Air Spun" forms a smoother, more
even film than other powders—makes your skin look softer and finer.

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AIR SPUN
the powder for delicate skins
What the Screen Struck Girl Must Have

by BETTY SHANNON

Noted Dramatic Coach Candidly Warns and at the Same Time Encourages the Thousands of Young People Who Look Wistfully Toward the Theatre or the Screen for a Career.

YOu little Smith girl or Jones girl who dreams to crash the stage-door leading to the stage or screen—and you—and you—and you!

And that must mean a great many of you, for in spite of the warnings from London, California and New York authorities for stage-struck girls to stay at home unless they have resources for their support, the number of girls without means pouring into the door-crashing zones is something terrific.

And it is for you that Miss Frances Robinson-Duff, who has advised such famous stars as Katharine Hepburn, Helen Hayes, Clark Gable, Ruth Chatterton, Ina Claire, Douglas Montgomery and Fay Bainter, consented to give me what she considers the leading points for any girl to ponder before she packs her bag and slips out of the front gate to hurl her frail little self against the barriers barring the way to the bright lights.

Miss Robinson-Duff lives in a beautiful five-story mansion in New York. On the top floor is the studio, where, on a little dais, 'the great teacher'—as David Belasco called her—sits and directs her pupils.

Even famous Broadway stars come to that inspiring spot for aid and ideas. No one, great or humble, fails to interest this tall, patrician woman if there is evidence of those qualities that a dramatic teacher must find to work with.

However, she does not believe in musing matters if she discerns that an applicant—man or girl—lacks that which promises success.

"What are the most important qualities a girl must have if she hopes to crash the stage door?" I asked this woman, to whom George Cukor, the famous motion picture director, once said when turning to her for a player to complete a cast, "I know what I want, and you know how to make them give it to me."

Miss Robinson-Duff, who is so thorough in her methods that she requires her students to have sixty lessons before they are permitted to pick up a line, had a prompt reply to my query.

"Beginning with a good, dependable basis of health," said Miss Robinson-Duff, "one must have personality, youth and beauty or attractiveness, whether girl or man.

"Education is an asset—the more of it the better. A college background is very valuable. Or, if your education is limited, you must have the capability to analyse and classify knowledge, and to improve your education.

"Of paramount importance, you must have character of the level-headed kind.

"To keep your head when everything is skyrocketing in your favour may take a great deal more character than to hold up your chin when the reverse condition seems to hold sway."

Ten Commandments
For Those Who Want a Screen or Stage Career

by Frances ROBINSON-DUFF

1. Have above all, a basis of good, dependable health.
2. Have personality, beauty or attractiveness and youth.
3. Have education, the more the better; but if not, the capacity for self-education.
4. Have character—with good, sound principles, a level head and your feet on the ground.
5. Have ambition, with a magnificent objective.
6. Have an understanding of life.
7. Have the power to be agreeable to others, and the discretion to be wise.
8. Have good fellowship—the desire to share what you have and know, and the ability to work harmoniously with other people.
9. Have willingness to take direction, and to accept and play parts not necessarily to your liking. This is where your art comes in.
10. Have the capacity to work, work, work—and then work.

Gregory La Cava discussing a scene from "Stage Door" with Ginger Rogers who is co-starring with Katharine Hepburn.

This was not all. "One must have a sufficiently great 'wanting power' to compel one to go on to success, willingly sacrificing all personal tastes and inclinations to the great ideal.

"There must also be an understanding of life, of drawing conclusions and seeing them in advance, or the capability of developing that sense.

"One must also," continued Miss Robinson-Duff, "possess the power to be agreeable and tactful.

"There is an instance of one glamorous girl who lost out because she talked too much and was vain in her evaluation of men at a time when she had a contract almost within her grasp.

"In addition, one should be willing and eager to give, to share what one has and knows.

"Your audiences feel this gracious, kindly spirit at once, and come more than half-way to meet it.

"The aspirant must be receptive to direction and correction, to accept and play parts that personally one might not prefer, and to work at them as earnestly as if they were what had been always desired."

Before concluding, Miss Robinson-Duff emphasized the necessity of working hard. "The person who has no capacity to work hardly—might as well not try to gain the great rewards that go with the heights of dramatic achievement.

"What is genius, after all, as has been said, but the infinite capacity for taking pains?" The same training and mastering of technique is requisite for either the stage or the screen, the teacher declares, with the living stage by far the more important and exacting field.

"In the motion picture studio, the director gives the actress her direction and continuity of thought.

"Scene by scene he tells her what to do, retakes the parts where she fails or falters, calls 'stop' when she forgets her lines.

"If he feels that she is worth it—he can retake her work twenty times and it will not spoil the final effect on the screen. It may even improve it.

"In the theatre it is different. The player must be always ready, always flawless, and she must stand and fall alone. There are no repetitions, no twenty retakes.

"The curtain is up. When it falls, she cannot change the effect she has made. Next time it will be another performance.
That must have been a good one. Preston Foster snapped in the role of cheery host aboard his yacht. The girls are Diana Gibson and Barbara Pepper.

Pebble weave black satin has been used for this striking formal evening gown worn by Ann Sheridan, the Warner starlet.

Mr. Thin Man comes to town. William Powell snapped during his, literally, flying visit to London. June Knight, a keen motorist, at the Singer Stand at the Motor Exhibition at Earls Court.
Drink more milk—orders Jessie, but only Jack Whiting seems to relish the idea; Roland Young and Noel Madison, perhaps, prefer something stronger.

"Picturegoer's" candid cameraman takes you behind the scenes of Jessie Matthews' new picture at Pinewood. Jessie is not short of leading men in Sailing Along, incidentally. She has three of them: Barry Mackay, Roland Young and Jack Whiting, who will provide her with a dance partner.

Above: The star with Barry Mackay in the cabin of the barge which forms the setting for much of the story. Right: Jessie was so engrossed in her tapestry that she forgot to remove her topper after doing a scene.

Hold it! Alistair Sim, as an eccentric artist, gets a flash of inspiration.
Jack Buchanan's most ambitious film to date not only co-stars Maurice Chevalier, but is also directed by the famous French director Rene Clair whose first British film The Ghost Goes West was an outstanding success. Both Buchanan and Chevalier are representative of the light comedians of their respective countries and their co-starring should be of particular interest. The cast includes Garry Marsh and June Knight.

Maurice Chevalier plays the role of a chorus-boy who is given a chance to do a double act with Jack Buchanan, a fellow member of the chorus.

June Knight, who took the part vacated by Adele Astaire in the picture, plays the role of an actor-manager. She is seen with Garry Marsh.
When Jack Buchanan does achieve the publicity he has sought it is almost too much for June Knight; she faints in his arms.

The chorus-boys' efforts to get themselves publicity when their act is shelved leads them into serious trouble. Jack Buchanan steps up in vaal.

The picture gives both stars equal chances and brings out their distinctive individualities.

Jack Buchanan and Maurice Chevalier give a rehearsal of the act which they hope is going to make them famous.
"Why haven't you been to see Denny?" he asked. "You haven't been near him either at the hospital or at Grace's!"

A

All-enveloping Chinese sunhat, Julia Ashton found, on board the Persia, by no means a guarantee that she could retire under it from her fellow-passengers. Hardy had the steward settled her in a deck chair with a book, than a peculiarly offensive foreigner, who introduced himself as Victor Romkot, seemed determined to talk.

"You are travelling alone, the purser told me. You must not find it very amusing, eh?" he pursued as he leaned forward effusively.

"At the present moment I find it revolving," she said calmly. How easy it was to think of such asides. Julia's state of mind was such that no being—certainly no male being—interested her personally. Nevertheless, it did matter that Mr. Romkot should remove himself, and that as quickly as possible. But no. Ignoring the snub, he was insisting that she should have brandy with him, had even given the steward an order for Napoleon 1811 and two glasses. Now he was telling her how well they understood one another.

Really, it was too much. Not knowing what to do, Julia was immensely relieved when a good-looking man of military stamp left his chair at a little distance, came up to her, and said:

"I believe you promised to make a four at Bridge in the card-room. Are you ready to leave now?"

"Thank you—yes, I am."

"Singularly unpleasant fellow, wasn't he?" the rescuer volunteered on the way to the saloon.

"I'm very grateful to you." That was all for the moment, but Julia found she was to see more of Colonel John Winter, on leave and coming to England from the Egyptian outpost at Dikut.

Three days later, on the private golf course belonging to the charming Elizabethan house where she had been invited to stay, Julia drove her ball straight into Colonel Wister, who was teeing up for a shot.

"Miss Ashton! This is a bit of luck," he exclaimed with obvious sincerity. On the terrace before dinner, following his lead, their talk wandered away from golf.

"There's freedom," he said, his eyes upon the passing plane soaring away into the blue. "You know, if I were that fellow, I'm sure I should be tempted to fly straight into the sunset until my courage gave out and turned me back."

"Some men don't turn back."

"I'm sorry. I'd forgotten for the moment that you were the woman who loved Duncan Hitchen. You see, our host told me that."

"Of course. Any woman engaged to a famous airman who crashed over the sea on a night flight would be bound to be talked about for a little while, but you see, when the incident is forgotten, I shall still love Duncan Hitchen. After all, I've had three ecstatic years in which I spent all the love I had to buy memories so beautiful, they compensate for never being able to love again."

She spoke without thinking of the effect of her words and was already living in the past when her companion said something in foreign speech.

"What was that, Colonel Wister?"

"It means the hope; we have for to-morrow die to-day," he said, and she was grateful for the opportunity given by the appearance of a fellow-guest to announce a light-hearted intention of warding off golfers' stiffness by taking a bath.

The proposal which lurked in the Colonel's eyes for a week could not, however, be wrangled out in the country tea-room where he had succeeded in luring her away from the house-party. There was so much of truth in his voice when he spoke of loving her that she could have cried.

"I admire and respect you so much," she said. "I feel so flattered and would give anything in the world to love you, but I can't. You see, I still love him. Can you forgive me that?"

"Yes—yes, of course. Have a splash more tea. That evening she was saying "good night", to her hostess when a cablegram was brought in for the Colonel. Instantly made her wait till the others had gone, to ask: "Anything wrong?"

"Not here. There seems to be some trouble at Dikut. I shall have to get back."

"I shall miss you, John."

"I'd rather you didn't have the opportunity. Julia, just to whom and what are you going back to America shortly?"

"To nothing; no one I haven't the talent for a career, nor the capacity for happiness any more. No, I'm looking for contentment and the opportunity to be useful enough to justify living."

"I can give you that. I love you and understand that you can't love me. My job at Dikut's interesting—important. You can help me with it. All I'd ever ask of you is your respect, and I swear you'd find contentment. The desert's so vast, so remote from the world you're living in."

"But, John, I can't cheat you. It wasn't fair. It didn't seem right, but in the end his own confidence won her. Within a fortnight she was on the station platform waiting for John. No, she had left him in charge of Corporal Wilkins, engaged in checking luggage.

The novelty of the scene, the chatter of Arabic among the passing natives, interested her. One of Julia's charms was that she was never bored. When a tall figure in khaki drill approached and saluting inquired if he could be of any assistance, she was so surprised.

Next minute John was introducing the same figure to the Colonel's lady guest.

"Congratulations! This is the best thing that's happened to Dikut in years, sir," the Captain declared, while John further introduced an attractive dark-haired young woman with a well-bred manner as Denny's sister, Grace. The four were driven to barracks, where Julia was delighted to find spacious rooms, white-walled gardens, the cool, green Venetian blinds everywhere.

I think I'm going to like living at an Army post," she said cheerfully, unpacking her beauty box and, seeing John face for the first time since coming in the room, added:

"How's the spot of bother you came here to solve?"

"Nothing unmanageable, I hope. I'm leaving to-morrow to organise a volunteer native unit to deal with a gentleman called Schaben, who's been burning cotton and raiding plantations."

"To-morrow—oh!"

"Denny'll be in charge here. He'll look after you."

In the meantime, seeing John rule out of the archet spat at barracks at the head of a mounted column made her turn and ask of Denny Hoorik, who was standing on the parade ground:

"Can I have a horse quickly?"

"Rather: none's saddled. Hey, he's fresh to-day—just can't keep his paws off me. He laughed, managing the animal with the touch of a practised rider. What was it that made Julie conscious of a definite physical thrill, as it serve hitherto paralysed was responding to a touch?

"Is it the matter? Did he startle you?" Denny asked.

"No—it's nothing. Only I used to know someone who laughed like that. I'll handle the chestnut. Give me a leg up, will you?"

(Continued on page 22)
The Ultimate Note in Fashion

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ARDATH CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES
ANOTHER DAWN—continued

She galloped towards the ridge where she had been told she could see the departing column, as though she were a horseback dancer who laughed like Duncan Hitches, this soldier in his prime whose courage of life stamped his face with more than mere good looks, what danger might he become to her—to John?

While she and Denny Roark had coffee together after dinner in the lounge of the Falmouth, Julia spent the sweet, long hours in the radio-room waiting for messages to come through. The first was the reverse message. Eight miles south of the border of Achaben’s territory, snipers had attacked. Denny was ordered to disband them. The news came as a box. “One dead, ammunition running low. Sufficient water. Can hold out till sunset. Having a magnificent time. Wish you were here.”

“His—He can’t have a chance, has he, John?” Julia said.

“Yes, he has. We’ve sent help. He’ll pull through; at least, I hope so.”

Denny changed the subject in a hundred ways. “Don’t you go and—do— I’ll send news as soon as anything comes through. That’s the least I can do,” she added under her breath.

“arouse the appetizers. All I can do is one long call.”

The weather suited her mood as Julia covered the two miles between barracks and the railway. With heart beating faster than the blood in her cheeks, she was blown, rather than driven, into Gracie’s hall to find her hostess dressed for going out.

“Do tell me you’ve come to see Denny exclusively,” she said. “I’ve been expecting him.”

“Of course,” she said, answering his startled look. “I’ve come to say good-bye. I’m leaving you and John and Dikut for ever. One of us must go if we don’t want terrible things to happen. You and I aren’t strong enough.”

“Julia, you can’t. What’ll happen to him?”

“Told you, and you know better—building a nation. And I can go on being Julia Ashton. I can’t stay here. Denny’s expecting him loving you, hating myself. It’s just possible he reiterated, as she knew he would, that there was no solution in running away, when an orderly arrived with a message. Captain Roark was wanted by the Colonel at once in his office. Before she expected it, Denny was back and calling to her as she was leaving her room for a breath of air. He came towards her by the palms on the parade ground, and for once the tightness that had been around her heart let go. She burst into tears.

Just off on duty to do a job of work permanent station Orders.

“Jen” thought Fate’s shown us one kindness,” she breathed. “Denny, it’s not dangerous, is it?”

“If it were, you’d hear my knees rattling all over the place. Don’t be frightened. If I thought there was any risk, I’d be saying all sorts of silly things to you; like ‘I love you’.

“You mustn’t, Denny, what’s the matter. A roar overhead drowned her words. Denny’s voice, pitched towards a rapidly-moving machine, changed. There was no force like it in the world.

“Why is John taking off in my plane?”

“Matter. She asked. “He said, John. I said one of us must fly my personal plane filled with explosives and blow up the dam. He tossed for who should be pilot, and I won. Now he’s taken it to the death. He has to die—for me. Only a miracle can save him.”

Through the Eastern night, Denny and Julia waited on the ramparts, hearing the small sound of the stars were growing indistinct when the wireless operator brought a message. Denny crushed the slimy and wet hands, and the dam was blown up. Not coming back, he said very low.

“Why did he do it?”

Denny looked out to where the rising sun tinged every cloud with roseate splendour.

“To give us that another dawn,” he said. “I knew, then, Denny,” Julia’s face brightened, “if you could only keep together spiritually it he went away.
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ATKINSONS Carillon
THE PERFUME THAT STAYS FRESH
**REVIEWS**

by Lionel Collier

**I HAVE not included Sara-

*...* 

It is the last picture made by Jean Harlow and it was being produced when that fine artist was suffering from Influen-

beauties to come in a section by itself. 

It is the last picture made by Jean Harlow and it was being produced when that fine artist was suffering from Illness from which she eventually died, and a substitute had to be employed to complete several vital scenes. In any case the first appearance of the men must look at it as a memorial to her and not as a film to be criticised in the ordinary way.

This week, in response to numerous requests from readers, we are publishing a sixteen-page supplement on *Saragato* and in it you will find all the details of the production and many stills of the star whose screen career was cut short in such a tragic and untimely manner.

**THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA**

It was inevitable that the sensa-

- 

The opening, dealing with the famous publicist's and novelist's early life and death is as a romantic as possible, as it should be most prominent and out-

- 

The picture, the cast generally gives 

- 

As Dreyfus, Joseph Schildkraut is extremely good. Incidentally it is of interest to compare his performance with that given by Cedric Hardwicke in the picture which was made before this and this was a masterly characterisation and, indeed, a picture which dealt with the trial exceptionally well. 

Credited as the best picture of the year for Emile Zola, as Dreyfus' wife, as is Gloria Holden as Alexandra Zola, while the production is handsomely, perhaps a bit conventionally, but very successfully, directed by Erich von Stroheim.

Thus we have shown how his early outspoken articles got him into 

- 

William Dieterle's direction is distinctly clever and he has intro-

- 

There is a long cast and it must be said that generally the charac-

- 

William Dieterle's direction is distinctly clever and he has intro-

- 

It is all well done in the best tradition of melodrama with the sentiment laid on with a trovel, but I do feel that it has become a trifle 

- 

Glady's George tends to be theatrical. Instead, William is her husband who is too late to make amends for his hasty action in denying his house to his wife.

As the son who becomes a barrister and by coincidence defends his father, Fredric March is good, but his performance is too cold to be truly 

Fredric March is good, but his performance is too cold to be truly 

He was taken to court on a libel action which, owing to the influence of the authorities, he lost and was condemned to a year in prison, which he took 

Fleeing to England, he continued to write and expose the fact that 

Fleeing to England, he continued to write and expose the fact that 

The opening tends to be a little 

come into her life as she gradually 

Pictured is an actress, identified as Luise Alberni and Ada Kuznetzof.

**On the Screens Now**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Director</th>
<th>Stars</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J'Accuse</td>
<td>J. J. Crittenden</td>
<td>James Cagney, Louise Dresser</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gone with the Wind</td>
<td>Victor Fleming</td>
<td>Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Thin Man</td>
<td>W. S. Van Dyke</td>
<td>William Powell, Myrna Loy</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Big Sleep</td>
<td>Howard Hawks</td>
<td>Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Maltese Falcon</td>
<td>John Huston</td>
<td>Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**FREDDAY AGAIN**

**united Artists. British. "U" certificate. Drama and comedy on board a troopship, for Home market.**

- 

The delivery both of his "J'Accuse" article and speech to the jury are 

- 

The delivery both of his "J'Accuse" article and speech to the jury are 

- 

But while Muni dominates the picture the cast generally gives brilliant support. As Dreyfus, Joseph Schildkraut is extremely good. Incidentally it is of interest to compare his performance with that given by Cedric Hardwicke in the picture which was made before this and this was a masterly characterisation and, indeed, a picture which dealt with the trial exceptionally well. (Original)

**THE OUTCASTS OF YORK**


- 

The film also seeks to show what social problems a country really has, and it does without a false note of sentiment or any blatant 

- 

Leslie Banks gives an outstanding performance as Colonel Blair, whose wife is dying of an incurable disease, and to whom the order to sail means a poignant and final parting. It is a finely sensitive piece of acting as Bette Davis, whose role is as Florence Rothwell, is brilliant. She strikes exactly the right note of pathos. 

- 

Other clever cameo studies are given by Robert Newton as a 

- 

The opening tendency is to be a little 

**Marked Woman**

**First National. "B" certificate. Racketeer drama. Runs 95 minutes.**

- 

The opening tendency is to be a little 

**My Lad**

**Beverley Barnaby. "B" certificate. Drama. Runs 95 minutes.**

- 

The opening tendency is to be a little
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F R E E !

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Vosemar

The SIMPLE Modern way to REDUCE

November 6, 1937
This is a sordid but none the less realistic drama, dealing with the cleaning up of a vice racket. Five of the women victims of it coming forward in court and securing a sentence for the ring-leader, a white slaver.

It presents facts grimly without attempting to be spectacular, and it is extremely well acted.

While certainly not a picture for the squeamish, it does make gripping entertainment for those who like strong meat.

Bette Davis is clearer as Mary, one of the five girls employed to lure youths to vice. The other girls are also well characterized by Isabel Jewell, Rosalind Marquis, Lola Lane, and Mayo Methot.

As the white slaver, Eduardo Ciannelli gives a brilliantly vicious study, while Humphrey Bogart, for once on top while on the side of law and order, is very good as a young district attorney.

**MERRY COMES TO TOWN**

*Sound City Dist. British. "U" certificate. Domestic comedy drama, Runs 70 minutes.*

Zasu Pitts, Susannah Meredith, Guy Newall, Betty Ann-Davies, Marjorie Stafford, Bernard Clifton, Dorothy Field, Margaret Webster, Basil Lungton, Michelle Georgi, Tom Helmore, Cecil Manstown, Horace Hall, George Simms, W.T. Harman, Mr. Ransay, Arthur Finn, Mr. Walther, Sylvia Groves, Dorothy Bush, Winnie Hendon, Jack Helliwell, Mr. C. Wright, Mabel Twonlow, Janet Fitzpatrick, Roscoe Fish

Directed by George King from a story by Evadne Smillie.

As Zasu Pitts gives a good performance as a timid American secretary who visits her supposedly rich relations in this country after receiving a small legacy on the death of her employer. They, for their part, think that she has money.

However, she has wits enough and proceeds to put their affairs in order.

The affair lags at times, but has sound homely qualities and light-hearted sentiment which make it quite fairly entertaining.

Guy Newall, who does not grace the screen much these days, is good as a whimsical professor of music, and his two children are effectively played by Betty Ann-Davies and Bernard Clifton. Margaret Watson is amusing as their sharp-witted grandmother.

**TALKING FEET**


Jack Barty, Joe Barker, Jennifer George, His Wife Hazel Accoy, Their Daughter Edgar Drayer, Joe's Assistant Walter Anker, Ernest Butcher, Friends of Joe Freddy Waltz, Scott Sanders, The Market Barker, Dave Bewley, Mr. Shaw, End Stemp-Taylor, Sylvia (his daughter), John Stseat, Dr. Hood Robert Langdale, Kenneth Kyes, Lord Cecil Scattley, John Tewell, The Doctor


The main point about this picture is the screen debut of a new juvenile find, Hazel Ascot, who promises to do exceedingly well. I referred to this film in my criticism in our issue of October 9 as Dancing Feet, a slip of the pen for which I should like to apologise to the company concerned.

Hazel Ascot has no great opportunities, but displays great dancing ability, and knows how to put over her contribution; the daughter of an East End fishmonger who, to help her father collect funds to save the local hospital from being closed down, helps to arrange a variety show at the music-hall which turns out to be a great success.

Most of the appeal of the film relies on the "turns," which include some exceedingly good business. The plot is very slight, but the artists concerned make the most of it.

**UNDER THE RED ROBE**


One of the strongest qualities of Stanley Weyman's historical novels is that you can believe in the events happening; the chief weakness of this picturisation of one of the best of them is that you can't believe in it for long.

Most of the characters posture and grimace, and indulge in such melodramatics that in places the whole-raper drama is positively laughable; and the artificial-looking "exterior" settings (obviously filmed in the studio) do nothing to sugar the pill, which remains obstinately difficult to swallow.

**The PICTUREGOER's quick reference index**

***FAREWELL AGAIN***

***I MET HIM IN PARIS***

***THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT***

***MARKED WOMAN***

***MERRY COMES TO TOWN***

**TALKING FEET**

**UNDER THE RED ROBE**

MAN IN BLUE NIGHT KEY

CATCH AS CATCH CAN

**This FIGHTING BLOOD**

**TROUBLE IN MOROCCO**

What the asterisks mean—

*** An outstanding feature.

** Very good.

* Good.

Average entertainment.

Also suitable for children.

Let us explain: Black Magic are the wonderful chocolates which Society is preferring even to 5/- a pound chocolates! One reason is, they contain the twelve delicious "centres" that were proved by test to be the most popular.

How can Rowntrees sell these superb chocolates for only 2/10 a pound? The answer is — by packing them in simple black boxes without any extravagant decorations or tinfoil.

good as a whimsical professor of music, and his two children are effectively played by Betty Ann-Davies and Bernard Clifton. Margaret Watson is amusing as their sharp-witted grandmother.

**TALKING FEET**


Jack Barty, Joe Barker, Jennifer George, His Wife Hazel Accoy, Their Daughter Edgar Drayer, Joe's Assistant Walter Anker, Ernest Butcher, Friends of Joe Freddy Waltz, Scott Sanders, The Market Barker, Dave Bewley, Mr. Shaw, End Stemp-Taylor, Sylvia (his daughter), John Stseat, Dr. Hood Robert Langdale, Kenneth Kyes, Lord Cecil Scattley, John Tewell, The Doctor

Lionel Collier contd.

As Gil de Bertauii, the en isary of Cardinal Richelieu, who is under sentence of death unless he succeeds in capturing the Duke of Foix, brother of the woman he loves, Conrad Veulet is far from happy. Annabella’s genius and charm are wasted in the role of the heroine, and as Duchess of Foix Sophie Stewart has little to do but stand about in “Oh, my God, what is to become of us” attitudes, while Hayley Millar as Cesseover et badly as Richelieu.

A redeeming feature is an admirable performance by Romney Brent as the Duke’s traitor; but it takes more than one performance to make a picture, and most of the supporting roles are poorly played, while the dialogue tends to be long-winded and bombastic.

We do not see this one, park your critical faculties in the cloak-room.

MAN IN BLUE


Robert Wilcox ... Frankie Dunn
Edward Ellis ... Martin Dunn
Nan Grey ... June Houton
Richardson ... Wilkie Loomis
Ralph Morgan ... The Professor
Allen Roney ... Mr. Dunn
Billy Burr ... Frankie Dunn (as a boy)
Amanda Hersch ... Aggie
Frederick Burton ... Parke Lewis
Herbert Crollith ... Pat Carey
Sulmar Jackson ... District Attorney
Milburn Stone ... Directed by Milton Carruth.

Noveltist story, which stretches the long arm of coincidence to breaking point and is too vague and drawn out in development to hold the interest at all securely.

It is the story of a policeman who kills a thief in the course of his duty and adopts his son, who later finds out about his father’s death and turns to crime.

Robert Wilcox is weak as the youth, and Nan Grey only adequate as the heroine. Edward Ellis, however, turns in a sound performance as the policeman, who is finally able to claim the friendship of his adopted son.

NOIGHT KEY


Jean Rogers ... Joan Melby
Warren Hull ... Travers
Hobart Cavanagh ... Petty Louis
Samuel Hinds ... Ringer
Alan Bridge ... The King
David Oliver ... Mike
Edna Manning ... Nurse
Ward Bond ... Directed by Lloyd Corrigan.

Serial-like plot, dealing in a fantastic manner with the fight between an inventor and his partner, who had cheated him out of his rights in a wireless burglar alarm.

It is all very far-fetched and naive in development but there is plenty of action and the acting is competent.

CATCH AS CATCH CAN


James Mason ... Robert Lyster
Nico Polo ... Barbara Standish
Eddo Polo ... Tony Cantarri
Flinn Currie ... Al Parson
John Warwick ... Eddie Fallon
Margaret Browder ... Maggie Carberry
Paul Blake ... Canars
James E. Brown ... Hen
Eva Hudson ... Manzanilla
Paul Lull ... Fournival
Peter Popp ... Mr. Flirth
Richard Jackson ... Foreman
Charles Sewell ... Ship’s Captain
Zoe Weldon ... Mrs. Kindal
Jack Lester ... Supt. Welbeck
Directed by Edward Keilly, from a story by Alexander George.

Loosely-knit crime drama with a synthetic American atmosphere. Technical qualities are quite good, and there is variety in setting and situation which helps it along.

James Mason is adequate as a U.S. Customs agent, who falls in love with an impoverished girl who is trying to smuggle jewellery into America, a role fairly well played by Niki Dobson.

The crooks, as portrayed by Eddie Fola, Finlay Currie, John Warwick, Margaret Rutherford, and Paul Blake, manage to put over comedy and rough stuff quite well.

HIS FIGHTING BLOOD


Kermit Maynard ... Tom
Polly Ann Yonng ... Dorris
Ted Adams ... Paul Chet
Paul Fix ... Phil
Jim W. Girard ... Inspector
Blu Hendricks, Jr. ... MacDonald
Frame O’Connor ... Mike
Charles King ... Black
Fran Le Roy ... Ed
Hedrick ... Warden
Theodore Von Tielle
Jack Cheatham ... Clark
Chuck Baldry ... Directed by John English, from a story by James Oliver Aamodt.

Conventional story of a ne’er-do-well who redeems himself by helping his brother, a Mountie, to round up a gang of crooks.

A mixture of romance and rough stuff, its appeal is mainly to juveniles.

Kermit Maynard is well in character as the "true blue" Mountie.

TROUBLE IN MOROCCO


Malcolm Clark ... Linda Lawrence
Henry Gordon ... Captain Grant
Harold Huber ... Palmo
Vickers Warren ... Sergeant
Paul Hurst ... Tiger Malone
William T. Johnson ... Gatto
Roman Apfel ... de Rouret
Directed by Ernest B. Schoedt, from a story by J. O. Naesson.

Reminiscent of an old-time serial, this involved Foreign Legion story makes its main appeal to juveniles and the unsophisticated.

There is a fair amount of action, and this, together with Jack Holt’s vital personality, is its main assets.

The atmosphere is not convincing, and most of the action suffers from the semblance of Americans in fancy dress. Mae Clark, however, displays a charm as the heroine.

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

Number of stars awarded in brackets:

- South of the Thud Man (2) ... Sep. 30
- Born to Dance (2) ... Sep. 27
- Cairo (2) ... Sep. 6
- Charge of the Light Brigade (2) ... Sep. 1
- Day at the Races A (2) ... Sep. 16
- Elephant Boy (2) ... Sep. 25
- Five O’clock (2) ... Oct. 3
- Fiftieth to Town (2) ... Oct. 30
- For You Alone (2) ... Oct. 11
- Garden of Allah the (2) ... Sep. 13
- Hot Stuff (2) ... Sep. 18
- History Made at Night (2) ... Sep. 17
- Jump Story (2) ... Sep. 19
- King Solomon’s Mines (2) ... Sep. 24
- Life to Live (2) ... Sep. 14
- Lloyd’s of London (2) ... Sep. 19
- Take Me Over For 10-years (2) ... Nov. 17
- May Tree (2) ... Oct. 16
- Master Goes to College (2) ... Sep. 30
- Night Must Fall (2) ... Oct. 2
- On the Avenue (2) ... Oct. 4
- Prince and the Pauper, The (2) ... Sep. 25
- Quality of Life (2) ... Sep. 21
- Ready, Willing and Able (2) ... Oct. 23
- Seventh Heaven (2) ... Oct. 2
- Shall We Dance It (2) ... Oct. 12
- Show Gets On, The (2) ... Oct. 23
- Step Lively, Tovey (2) ... Sep. 21
- Take My Trip (2) ... Sep. 4
- They Give Him a Gun (2) ... Oct. 13
- Woman Between, The (2) ... Sep. 18
- You Only Live Once (2) ... Oct. 4

Gorgeous new "Bolton" Pack
716, 1016, 1516, 2116.

Of course Mischief is still obtainable in the famous flat, black-and-chromium flasks at prices to suit every purse.

You will also find the "Butterfly" paper label, probably the most artistic and decorative label ever applied to a flask.

In handsomely bound hardcover. All that is expected in this line is the regular,"Bolton" product, including the new, more scientific, all glass, "Bolton" filter.

If you need a flask, you need the "Bolton". If you have a flask, you need the "Bolton". The "Bolton" is a sort of "Bolton".

The perfume of the smart set.

From all the better Chemists and Stores.

Saville's
13

Special Trial Size ideal for handing and travel

27
WHILE I am willing to put up with the considerable footage of unintentional introductory information about dialogue-writers, photographers, recording engineers, etc., who have collaborated in making the film, I don’t see why my ears should be assailed (as they all too often are) by its blaring, cacophonous “musical” introduction, also.

The details concerning the technicians may actually be essential to somebody; but who could want the crashing, raucous strains that violate our eardrums just before the picture proper begins, and make us wish earnestly that the film would start at once and cut short our aural agony?

If the noise is intended to create “atmosphere,” I’m afraid the only response in my case has been to wonder, with some apprehension, what on earth is about to be released on us.

Could not the vast majority of pictures be ushered on to the screen with better and gentler musical preludes?—Robert Gentry, 44 Flanders Road, Bedford Park, W.4.

The Rush for Slush

- I read it deplored recently that the public preferred happy-ever-after romances to real life drama.

- Personally I much prefer a dramatic film, however stark, to any stupid sentimentalities. There is surely more pleasure to be gained in appreciating a piece of really clever acting, than in watching the machinations of two no doubt charming young people, exploiting their “S.A.” towards the grand finale of the close-up kiss. Doubtless all those sentimental films have their points; doubtless they help many to forget the drabness of their lives.

- But are romances the only antidote to dullness? Cannot the films combat ennui with mental stimuli?

- The purely romantic film, entirely removed from real life, stimulates the imagination with useless, impossible, impracticable ideas—drugging rather than stimulating.

- The cinema has tremendous possibilities as a great educational and cultural force and these possibilities should not be abandoned in the rush to subdue and lull the public mind with wholesale slush.

- Down with absurdities! Here’s to the intelligent film—be it artistic, psychological or educational.—(Miss) Olive Hunter, 46 Howard Street, Belfast, Northern Ireland, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

That Glamourising

- British filmgoers have written some rather scathing letters to American magazines in regard to Hollywood’s glamourising British stars.

Yes, Binnie Barnes was highly groomed in Three Smart Girls, which was in keeping with her role of a shallow, would-be socialite, definitely on the loose looking for a “sugar daddy.” Binnie, sans make-up, in simple dress and coiffure would have looked ridiculous.

Madeleine Carroll was appropriately groomed in The Case Against Mrs. Ames, though I think she was miscast, her stunning, sparkling part in On the Avenue definitely proves so. She certainly was on the way out in Hitchcock’s thriller.

What would we do to poor little Jessie Matthews? Hardly groom her more than in First a Girl and It’s Love Again, but we’d give her a worthy dancing partner, something conspicuously missing in her British films.

What about Hollywood’s swell de-glamourising of Merle Oberon?—(Miss) Corsine Childers, 506 Clement Avenue, Charlotte, N.C. (U.S.A.), who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Films and Esperanto

- The Kinema, Radio and Press greatly need an international language widely spoken, and, in co-operation, could very soon greatly increase the practical use of Esperanto, the only widely used international language.

Most people can learn Esperanto in 6 to 9 months under present conditions, and if it were used more, large numbers would become fluent in 3 months.

A World Esperanto Congress will be held in London from July 30 to August 6, 1938, when several thousand Esperantists from 30 to 40 lands are likely to be present. Representatives of film companies, press, radio etc., could learn in several cases to test the value of the language at the Congress.

Large numbers of Esperantists are found in Japan, Great Britain, France, Spain, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Italy, Hungary, Poland and Russia.

The radio already uses Esperanto, and the Brno radio station broadcasts excellent programmes of great variety.—W. J. Streden, Hon. Sec., Pacifist Esperanto League, 232 Sellincourt Road, S.W.17.

(If I have wondered for years why no Esperanto talks were made, to show how easy the language is—“Thinks!”)

A “Stupid” System

- I wonder how theatregoers would react if during this week Balalaika were to be seen at every theatre in London, if next week Hamlet were on at every theatre, and so on? Yet that is the sort of thing picturegoers have to put up (Continued on page 30)
WOULD YOUR HANDS INSPIRE SUCH A LETTER?

Keep your hands white, gloriously soft and smooth with Glymiel Jelly. Glymiel Jelly, the original, unrivalled preparation, is definitely not sticky or greasy; its special ingredients and the private process by which it is made enable it to sink in quickly, deep enough to feed the underlyng tissues. Only Glymiel Jelly smooths and whitens hands so surely, so quickly. Get a tube today!

GLYMIEL JELLY

Tubes. 3d. 6d.
Decorative Jar 2/6

Just as Glymiel Jelly beautifies your hands, GLYMIEL VANISHING CREAM gives charm and beauty to your complexion. Tube 6d.; Jar 1/6. Also have you tried GLYMIEL Cleansing Cold Cream? Tube 6d.; Jar 1/6.

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Shampoos for me!

LIQUID
Shampoos for me!

but AMAMI for both

Powder or Liquid Shampoos—the name of the leader in the Shampoo World is AMAMI! For twenty years Amami Shampoos have been the sure foundation of lovely hair, a healthy scalp, and vigorous, well-nourished hair roots. Ask your chemists, hairdressers or stores for Amami Powder or Amami Liquid. But be sure you get Amami.

FRIDAY NIGHT IS AMAMI NIGHT

Are you wedded to BIG NAMES?

Are you wedded to the big names of the screen—the Garbos and the Gables? Don’t forget the rising stars who some day may set the film world ablaze, great actors like Burgess Meredith (here he is) who electrified film fans in “Winterset.” “Pictoeroge’s” new list of postcard favourites contains many of these coming celebrities. Add some to your collection.

5/- ALBUM FREE

By joining THE PICTUREGOER Postcard Club you can obtain liberal discounts on your future orders and, in addition, you will receive a 5/- Album FREE. This magnificent book, which holds 252 cards, is beautifully bound to resemble real snakeskin and lettered in gold. If you wish, you can obtain a super De Luxe Album in Blue Resin. Decide now to be a member of this happy Postcard Club. To join, send an order for not less than one dozen postcards at the regular price of 2d. per dozen. Choose your cards from the list given on this page or include the names of well-known stars. Real photos 3d. each, 2d. dozen. On sale to members and non-members alike. The latest list (No. 71) of nearly 2,000 cards sent free on request.

SEPIA GLOSSY—Shirley Temple, Annabella, Ray Milland, Joan Blondell, John Lodge, Madeleine Carroll, Constance Bennett, Norma Shearer, Virginia Bruce, Betty Furness, Nancy Burne, Henry Kendall, John King, Franchot Tone, Francis Lederer, Colougraph—Patric Knowles, Norma Shearer, Errol Flynn, Mary Ellis, Olivia De Havilland, Mervie Oberon.

“PARTNERS”—From the film “Ladies In Love”: Paul Lukas and Simone Simon, Loretta Young and Janet Gaynor and Constance Bennett, Tyrone Power and Loretta Young, Tyrone Power and Virginia Field. From the film “Wee Willie Winkie”: a set of 14 postcard portraits of Shirley Temple with other stars of the cast. From the film “Camille”: Robert Taylor and Greta Garbo.

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P.6. 61/6/7
Men will find you more alluring

.. if you banish
'dowdy-skin'

Worried by blackheads, open-pores and roughness? Remember no man falls for a girl with 'dowdy-skin'. Turn dowdy-skin into lovely skin with Snowfire Cream. How quickly this fragrant cream beautifies. With it your skin can become gloriously smooth, soft and kissable, youthfully clear. And Snowfire Cream is the perfect powder-base — it holds powder evenly — never lets you 'shine'.

Fascinating to the
FINGERTIPS

Be charming — to the tips of your fingers! Amami prepare their famous delicately perfumed Nail Varnish in 5 fashionable shades — Colourless, Natural, Coral, Rose, Ruby. One coat will keep nails lovely for a week or more. Get a 6d. bottle 10-day, It will last you months!
To prepare nails for the perfect manicure, use Amami Nail Varnish Remover in 6d. bottles. Also Amami Cuticle Remover 6d. Complete Amami Manicure sets 6d., 1/6, 2/6 and 5/-.

What Do You Think? Contd.

with, owing to the stupid way in which films are distributed.
For instance, recently a film I very much wanted to see, After the Thin Man, was on at most of the local kinemas. Unfortunately I was too busy to go to the cinema that week so in order to see it I had to go right across London to another suburb the following week where almost every kinema was showing it.
The only alternative is to wait patiently for about a year when one may be fortunate enough to encounter the film in some small picture-house running as a special Sunday show.
The distributing system at present in operation offers the suburbanites a very limited choice of entertainment and, since an appeal to the pocket seems to be the only one to which the film world responds, I would respectfully suggest that the offer of such a limited choice does nothing to help suburbanites to a habit of going to the cinema more often than they now do.—'Hodson's Choice,' Acton.
(Right! Now read the next letter.—'Thinker'.

Only One
• I wanted very much to see Lloyds of London.
I looked forward eagerly to its release date and scanned the Picturegoer for news of it, all in anticipation of seeing it when it came round.
When I went to the cinema at which it was showing, on Saturday afternoon (that's the only time I'm free to attend a kinema) I found, to my intense horror, that I couldn't get in.
After weeks and weeks of entirely unnecessary waiting between the West End premiere and the general release, the only satisfaction I could get was the 'full up' sign outside the cinema.
Fancy, in a town like Croydon, with a quota of a million inhabitants, the film that many critics say is among the best of the year, was only exhibited by one kinema.
The 'chain' kinemas (A.B.C. and Odeon) both showed other and much inferior releases as did all the other kinemas in the district.
Isn't there something wrong somewhere?—James Stannage, 55 Stratford Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.
(You see it?—'Thinker'.

Brickbar
• Prepare yourself for a shock. Among the showers of praise for Picturegoers which somehow get into your 'What do you think' columns, here you may be astonished to discover a protest from a suffering reader. Although a letter of this nature has little chance of publication, I would be interested to note the reaction to the following statements on the part of the authors of the letters mentioned.
I expect to find in the article referred to intelligent opinions of, and suggestions about, films. After all, that's only natural, so excuse me if I kick a little when Picturegoers gets a kindly boost practically each week in your columns.
Undoubtedly these boosts are acted by kind hearts and not by empty pockets. Also we be entertained by 'poetry' involving names of stars? So sorry to have taken such an unprecedented action.—Alan J. Dodd, Twstiel, North Lodge, Belford.
(I can take it. But I hope this writer was acted by a kind heart and not an empty pocket—'Thinker'.)

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

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

Stan Laurel

*Stanley Laurel the slender member of the Hal Roach comedy team of Laurel and Hardy, was born at Ulverston, in 1885. As his father and mother were both on the stage, it was natural for him to be an actor.

When he was seventeen, young Laurel became an understudy for Charles Chaplin in Fred Karno's Comedy Company in London. This company went to the United States in 1910, making the trip on a cattle boat from Liverpool, to keep an engagement at the Colonial Theatre, New York.

Chaplin was the featured comedian of the company and for years Laurel, billed as under-study, waited for a chance to play the star's role. But the chance never came. It was in a sketch called A Night in an English Music Hall produced by this company, that Mack Sennett first saw Charlie Chaplin. Two years later Sennett made the offer which made Chaplin a film actor.

Laurel then went into vaudeville in a take-off of Charlie Chaplin. In 1917, when Laurel was playing vaudeville in Los Angeles, his old friend Chaplin persuaded him to go into movies, also.

It was not until ten years later, however, that Laurel made his first great hit, which arose out of his meeting with Oliver Hardy. This meeting occurred while both were members of Hal Roach's stock company. Cast in the same two-reelers a piece called Dunk Soup, by accident, they discovered instantly that they were perfect foils for each other. Rushes of their work together proved their feeling was correct.

Laurel and Hardy have now been reunited after a separation that at one time looked as if it would be permanent.

Gertrude Lawrence

*This talented actress is one of Italia Conti's pupils and made her first stage appearance in Babes in the Wood—she is well out of it now! She has had a very wide experience, but the screen has not availed itself as much as, perhaps, it might of her talent.

Her first big engagement was in 1911, with Max Reinhardt in The Miracle, after which she played repertory and light opera. It was Lee White, the famous revue artiste, who was impressed by her work and introduced her to André Charlot, in one of whose revues she visited America.

On her return she became a vaudeville artiste and toured the halls, and in 1921 played the lead in several revues.

In 1928 she starred in musical comedy in America and signed a contract to appear in Paramount pictures, the first of which was The Battle of Paris. Most of her screen work has been done between her stage appearances. She was, among other things, All and Lord Camber's Ladies in 1932, No Funny Business in 1939, Mims in 1935 and Rembrandt and Men Are Not Gods in 1936. She was born on July 4, 1898, in London, and her real name is Gertrude Klaften.

Mary Lawson

*Born in Darlington, Mary Lawson started her career at the age of six, singing to the wounded soldiers during the Great War. She has an entirely natural soprano voice which has never been trained. She made her first appearance in the W.H. End in 1925, when she played in the London Revue at the Lyceum with Pearl White.

Since that time she has done concert-party work, cabaret, and musical revue when she played in Good News at the Carlton in 1928. She then went to Australia and on her return to England went to the Coliseum for two years in White Horse Inn and Casanova. She decided to go on the screen and after two or three walking-on parts was given a role in Colonel Blood by Sound City Films.

As a result of her work in this picture Mary was put under contract for two pictures by Noreen Noonan. Later she appeared in Falling in Love and Things Are Looking Up. Her recent films include To Catch a Thief, House Broken and Cotton Queen. She is good at all outdoor sports and is a keen reader of biographies and anything connected with her profession.

---

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The great thing is to have a supply handy to avoid unnecessary suffering. Get a box of ZOX from your Chemist to-day. 1 or 6d. and 3s., or single powders 2d. each. Two Powders FREE. Send 1½d. stamp to cover postage to the ZOX Mfg. Co. (Dept. 6), 11 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

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HARLENE

Camomile Golden Hair Wash

This preparation will give you a sunny effect. It will tone, deepen and bring out the natural nuttiness of your hair, wherever it may be. To be effective, the功课 must be kept up, for the sun effect will wear off as soon as the hair begins to give trouble.


THOUSANDS of Fair-Haired Ladies are already using and praising this marvellous preparation! It doubles and trebles the beauty of Fair Hair. If your hair has become dull and lost its tone, you will be amazed at the transformation which "Harlene Camomile Golden Hair Wash will accomplish. You will see it changed from that uninteresting, "indeterminate" mouse shade to a veritable "Halo of Sunshine" with that glorious light-gold touch which is so universally fascinating. From all Chemists., 1/3d, 2d. and 3d. per bottle.


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November 6, 1937
Here's the way to avoid Ugly Cosmetic Skin

Say 3 ENGLISH FILM ACTRESSES

Viki Dobson:
"Without knowing it, many girls actually leave traces of stale cosmetics deep in their pores night after night. Then pores get clogged, skin can't breathe. Soon warning signs of Cosmetic Skin appear. I use Lux Toilet Soap to guard against this danger. It's the one thing that cleanses the pores deep down of stale powder and make-up."

Elizabeth Kent:
"Girls, it's easy to guard against Cosmetic Skin—muddy complexion, blemishes, large pores, coarse skin—if you use Lux Toilet Soap. Its pure white lather sinks right down into the depths of the pores—floats out every trace of dirt and stale powder. Using Lux Toilet Soap regularly keeps my complexion clean and smooth."

Inden Travers:
"Of course use powder and make-up, but do be careful to remove them thoroughly. Powdered clogged pores cause ugly Cosmetic Skin. That's why I always use Lux Toilet Soap. It cleanses the skin of make-up better than anything I know. Why don't you try it? You'll soon have a clear, smooth skin."

1937 Let George Do It

3 D. A TABLET
This price applies to Gt. Britain and Northern Ireland.

Lux Toilet Soap Guards Against Cosmetic Skin As Nothing Else Does

The Cosmopolitan Correspondence Club invites application for membership. Members may correspond on any subject which interests them. Four meetings each week.

Write to Miss Hazel Bailey, 29 Carlingford Road, Hampstead, N.W.3.

A Universal Stage and Film Club has been formed in Chester under the Secretaryship of J. Dee Hanley. Interested members are invited to apply to her for full particulars of privileges and details of the opening function which will be attended by famous stars.

The recently formed club in honour of Robert Flemyng desires new members. Londoners especially, though everyone is very welcome. A rule sheet will be sent on request and the president, Mr. Flemyng, will send a personally signed photograph to all who enrol as members. London members can meet for tea, cinema theatre, and skating parties and contributions to the Flemyng Fan Club will be printed monthly, the first edition will be issued on Saturday, November 3. Denie Blackman, 138 Park Road, Chiswick, W.4.

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fans clubs to ensure a reply.
"They shall grow not old,
as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor
the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun
and in the morning
We will remember them."

By wearing Poppies on
Remembrance Day we keep
the memory of those who died.
Of those that are left,
thousands to-day are
sadly handicapped by age,
sickness, and the strain of the War years.
Their need is the
personal responsibility of
each one of us.

Please help the British Legion
to deal adequately with the
increasing need of ex-service men and their families by giving more than ever before for your Poppies on

**POPPY DAY**

**Nov. 11**

DONATIONS will be thankfully re-
ceived. These should be sent to the
local Poppy Day Committee; or to
Captain W. G. Willcox, M.B.E.,
Organising Secretary. EARL HAIG'S
BRITISH LEGION APPEAL FUND,
29, Cromwell Road, London, S.W. 7.

Ladies willing to sell Poppies are
asked to communicate with their
local Poppy Day Committees, or with
the Headquarters of the fund. Their
help will be of the greatest value.

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**SAMPLE OF NEW WONDER REMEDY**

Elasto is a wonderful new type of remedy
which works through the blood. Every
sufferer from leg ailments, heart weakness,
rheumatism, gout, hardened arteries and
similar complaints should test its curative
powers. Complete and post the coupon for
a FREE sample of Elasto and a book which
fully explains this vital cell-food remedy.

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Please send me Free Sample and
Special Free Booklet fully explain-
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blood.

Name,........................................
Address.......................................

Issued by The New Era Trustees Co. Ltd.
Picturegoer No. 10/27
THE casual mention a week or two ago on this page of a lipstick pencil brought me a deluge of letters inquiring: "What is a lipstick pencil?"

If so many readers have never heard of this beauty aid, I think there must be many more who didn’t write, so this week shall we discuss that and similar aids to beauty.

A lipstick pencil looks just like an ordinary pencil with a red lead. The latter is sharpened to an extremely fine point and with it you may outline your lips before applying the lipstick proper. While at all times it enables you to make a clear, unhesitating outline, it is of particular help if you wish to improve upon Nature and slightly change the line of the lips.

You may accentuate a curve here, give a slight fullness there, broaden to thin a lower lip, or end the colour before the corners of the mouth are reached. It is rather fun to experiment with a pencil on your lips.

They may be bought in the cosmetic departments of all the large stores, or if your chemist does not stock them you should be able to have one to your order. You may pay as little as 9d. or as much as 2s. for them, depending on the type to choose. If you have difficulties, in getting it, write to me and enclose a stamped envelope.

WHO has heard of a wrinkle shield? Long years ago when a woman became wrinkle-conscious—if she was move to do something about it, she stuck a bit of stamp paper over the wrinkle before she went to bed. In this way she hoped to smooth out the offending lines.

This was not particularly hygienic and modern women have a better remedy in a wrinkle shield that is used in conjunction with an astrigent. An astrigent paste may be applied, taken off with a liquid astrigent, and then the shield is placed in position and worn at night. Next morning it is removed with warm water.

This treatment is effective for those small lines that appear between the brows.

Many young girls are troubled with greasy hair. Two days after the shampoo and set, the hair is limp again and the wave tends to disappear. A dry shampoo is one method of dealing with abnormally greasy hair. But be sure to brush it out very well, or the hair appears flat.

Another way is to use a hair-cleanser that is at the same time a wave-pre- servative. A non-inflammable liquid is applied with a sponge and well brushed in until it is thoroughly dry. The greasiness disappears and the wave reappears. It may be used frequently without harmful effect on the hair.

When you buy expensive toilet preparations, ascertain what is in them, and how economically. For many fine cures, there is nothing so good as a small wooden ustache, or a very good substitute is a small bone mustard spoon.

Instead of dipping your finger-tips into the pot of crimson, which is not only wasteful, but extremely unhygienic, you take out a small knob of crimson on a sponge or spatula, and then knead it gently in the palm of the hand before applying to the skin.

It goes much further when used in this manner.

Likewise, when using liquid preparations, it is extremely wasteful just to tip up the bottle. You not only obtain more than you need, but the chances are you upset some as well.

A point is a necessity for every dressable table. A serviette type is odious to shape, made of glass and fitted with a lid. It is easily washed and used after use. Remember also when applying liquid preparations it is often more convenient to apply them on a pad of cotton wool tightly squeezed out of cold water. This prevents the liquid sinking into the wool and being wasted.

The pencil is not only for applying tints to the hair, but other liquids as well. It is made with teeth so divided that it distributes stain or tone evenly through the hair. In using a stain, this ensures a more natural effect, as well as economy. Dresses of today need a curved and well defined bust. Nature may have blessed you in this respect. If not, it is easy to take steps to remedy the omission. If she forgot your bust altogether, why not rely upon a pair of those cleverly designed pads that come from Hollywood. They are, absolutely natural in shape and complete to the last detail. They are featherweight and may be sewn into an ordinary bosom of "uplift" shape.

If on the other hand you are suffering from sagging bust then you need a specially reformed brassiere. It is doped up with an arch that emphasizes the bust from below and also supports it without that dragging uncomfortably feeling that comes when the support is all from above.

Both pads and reformed brassières are quite undetectable under the diastast dress. If you are interested in any of these beauty aids, do please write to me for further details. Be sure to send a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply.

Mrs. L. D. Sutts.—Why not give your young daughter some really good nail materials? Varnen nail preparations are both good and reasonable; they also include the natural nail polish you require in addition to eleven other shades. You can set up your girl with everything she needs to make her hands look attractive for the small outlay of five shillings.

Did you know that last year women in this country spent 27 million pounds on beauty preparations, and only 7 million on hair preparations? In other words, women appeared to value the appearance of their faces five times as much as their hair.

However, this winter there is to be a new beauty revolution. Many are beginning to realize that spending very little makes a difference in favour of natural complexion and quite beautifully dressed hair.

This is where the beauty experts come to the rescue. For they have not only discovered the cause of dull hair—they have also discovered the remedy. They have invented a new shampoo called Drene—and you can purchase it at little bottles everywhere, for 9d., which contain enough for two good-sized shampoos.

Readers will find great satisfaction in taking Nupital voice, throat, and chest pastilles this winter. They have a pleasant flavour and can be obtained at the moderate price of ld. a packet or 2d. a tin. These pastilles will stop that tickle in your throat which can be so annoying in the cinema.

I HAVE been able to help many readers, why not you wise! Send a stamped addressed envelope to ANNE, c/o THE PICTOREROER, Martlet House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2

Talkie Title Tales

This week’s prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss E. Price, 5 Greenhill Avenue, Teddington, S. West., for—

Blind Man’s Buff
Rose Bowl
The Crash
Broken Blossoms

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:—

Miss Diana Webber, 23 Sheaveshall Avenue, Hendon, N.W.4. (saw)
M. C. Cullen, Field Gate House, Kendalworth, Warrivick, Inc.
Dinner at Eight
Forty Winks
Storm at Breakfast
Mr. Smith Wakes Up

Mrs. Gladys C. Hardingham, 70 Rosbert Street, S.W.4, for—

After the Thin Man
Reducing
Holy and Soul
Walking on Air

Wounded Chess Man
No Man of Her Own
Cuckoo Woman
Daring
Hold Your Man

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

Address your entries to me on a postcard or letter. Address, Martlet House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, except that they must be on your "titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each entry.

GUY BEACON
NOW SHE’S “SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION ALL OVER”!

The modern girl is not satisfied with a beautiful complexion. She wants to be “Schoolgirl Complexion all over.” So, she follows the advice of over 20,000 beauty specialists who recommend soap and water washing with Palmolive. With every bath, the rich, velvety, olive oil lather of Palmolive will bring new youth and freshness to your whole skin. Palmolive is made from a secret blend of olive and palm oils—nature’s own beauty oils. Let it make you “Schoolgirl Complexion all over.”

Anæmia Made Her a Wreck

SHE WAS PALE, WEAK AND DEPRESSED.

“I was a victim of chronic anæmia,” states Mrs. H. Millinson, 61 Howard Street, Mansfield, Notts. “I was pale and listless, could not eat, and lost much weight. I felt too weak to work, or even to walk; every step seemed an effort. I was terribly depressed and lost interest in everything. I tried all kinds of remedies, but nothing did me any good.

“Then I read about Dr. Williams pink pills, and decided to try them. I derived benefit from the very first box, my appetite improved, I gained strength, and felt more energetic and cheerful. From then onward I never looked back, and now I am quite my old self. Life is again a pleasure, and I bless the day I started taking Dr. Williams pink pills.”

Not only for anæmia, but for nervous troubles, indigestion, poor appetite, rheumatism, or any ailment caused by impoverished blood, Dr. Williams brand pink pills are invaluable to both men and women. They create new, rich blood, giving new health, new vigour, and strong nerves. Try them now: 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

FREE. No woman or girl should miss reading the booklet, “Nature’s Warnings,” and free to all who write to M.F. Dept., 36 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

WONDER HAIR GROWER AND TONIC SHAMPOO

● STOPS BALDNESS ENDS FALLING HAIR

Kotalko, and Kotalko Scalp Soap have achieved wonderful results in promoting healthy growths of hair. Equally good for men, women and children.

Fill in and Post this Coupon To-day.
To JOHN HART BRITAIN, LTD., 9 Percy St. (104. D.M.), London, W.I.
Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose 5d. in stamps.
Name ____________________________
Address __________________________

free

Beauty Outfit for ladies who never want their face to say——

A CHARMING coffret, containing Crème Simon, Crème Simon M.A.T. and 8 sachets of La Nouvelle Poudre Simon, will be sent for 6d. in stamps (to cover cost of postage and packing) to Crème Simon (Distributors), Ltd., (Dept. P.9), 65 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.
Did you know that you can now buy your Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes with cork tips? Whether you favour "Medium" or "Mild" you can buy both varieties in cork-tipped form — make a note of it.

10 FOR 6d — 20 FOR 1fl.}
'10 MINUTES TO WAIT before I'm on the air,' says JACK MELFORD

'Minors' are inexpensive, but not 'cheap.' They are a quality brand—made of the same tobacco and packed with the same care as much dearer cigarettes. And they last the full 10 minutes.

De Reszke MINORS

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

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.
This young lady provided proof of the fact that beauty is largely "knowing how." Bad make-up and lack of beauty knowledge were robbing her of charm. Then she consulted "Woman's Fair." Experts took her in hand, found a style of hairdressing to suit her features, beautified her eyes and re-invigorated the charm and beauty of her face. The result—a new loveliness! No other woman's paper has so high a reputation for showing its readers the way to beauty. And now look at these other great features of the wonderful Christmas issue of "Woman's Fair"—

Three long complete stories, another thrilling instalment of an exciting new serial, a unique pictorial page showing the latest gypsy hair style, a double spread in flashing colour of Christmas party frocks, and a dramatic real-life story by Olive Wadsley—"Women In Love." And these are but a minute part of this magnificent 96-page issue—just out. Don't miss it! Get your copy of "Woman's Fair" now—and every month.

Let "Woman's Fair" Beauty Advice give you Glamour
you can face a "Close up!"

STOMACH PAINS
A word of warning

It is high time that someone spoke freely and fearlessly about pains in the stomach.

No one can, no one dare let stomach pains continue unchecked, however slight they seem.

Equally futile, sometimes equally dangerous, is the habit of taking "any old remedy" that claims to remove pain.

It may not be very difficult to find a remedy to dull your stomach pain temporarily. Even old-fashioned treatments—bicarbonate and the like—may soothe the pain for a time.

And there's the danger! You must never rest content with this temporary relief. Every pain, remember, has a cause. That cause you must find and destroy scientifically with Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

If you have a touch of indigestion, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder will remove every trace of discomfort in double-quick time. Even in cases of the dread gastritis and duodenal ulcer, the use of this soothing medicine has often saved an operation.

Don't delay, for your own sake. The next time you feel stomach pain, no matter how slight, take Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Your pain will go for good. Be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder, with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/6 and 5/- bottles in cartons of Powder or Tablets. New handy pocket tins of Tablets, 6d.

750 FREE BOOKS ON DANCING
For a limited time only, Professor Bolot, a leading Ballroom Dancing Instructor and Author, is offering absolutely FREE to all readers of Picturegoer a copy of his brand new book, "True Facts about Ballroom Dancing."

• How to be a Perfect Dancer.
• How to Dance All Latest Dances.
• Ballroom Etiquette.
• How to Overcome Nervousness.
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YOU! How to Learn Privately at Home.

To get your free copy of Professor Bolot's "True Facts about Ballroom Dancing," write to:

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Dear Sir—Please send me by return mail a copy of your Free Book, "True Facts about Ballroom Dancing."

Name: ________________________________
Address: ________________________________

(Please use BLOCK letters.)

Xmas.
SIMONE SIMON

Simone is back at work in Hollywood after her somewhat stormy European trip. The picture is "Love and Hisses" and in it, for the first time on the screen, the French star is to sing. It must suit her. Mlle. Simon wears an almost angelic expression in this portrait and so far, at any rate, there have been no studio "incidents".
What wouldn’t you give to be able to splash happily through the teeming rain in your lightest, smartest shoes without as much as marking them? Well, what would you give—the price of a pair of Dominion Gaytees? You need never fear splashed stockings or ruined shoes with Gaytees. Just slip them over your shoes and they’l carry you over the slushy pavements and rain-soaked roads in fine style! Yes, style! For Dominion Gaytees are fashioned for style—just like fine leather shoes.

MILFORD
A beautifully finished all-rubber sample which style is combined with alli-
ory. Obtainable in Black or Brown.

NORFOLK
An attractive example of good workmanship in the modern type
which is offered with full velvet cuff and fabric-like sole finish.

MELTON
Such and such is the style of this style, particularly service-
able in the matter of both ankle and
case.

Obtainable at all good shoe shops.

A beautifully flinished which is
matted with bound.

An attractive exam-
ple of all-rubber
shoes with
terific.

This new cream contains the element now discovered to be
the true source of skin beauty. It is at 1/2 or 6d. In tubes at 1/- or 6d. At chemists and stores everywhere.

Princess Marguerite
ALL-PURPOSE CREAM

FREE POST COUPON FOR 4 DAYS’ SUPPLY

Dept. P.M. 152, Theron Laboratories
Limited, Perivale, Middlesex.

Please send me, by return of post, without any expense to me, a 4 days’ supply of
Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream.

H.R.H. MARGUERITE

Princess René de Bourbon
de Parme, by birth a Royal
Princess of Denmark and
cousin to 5 reigning kings.

She has just made known
her private beauty pre-
paration which, in a simple
one-minute application,
acts as a cleansing cream,
strigent, skin food, pro-
tective cream and powder
base.

'Allo! You know me, yes? Je suis Maur-r-ice.

You see me smile? But yes, it is the real Christ-
mas smile, for the Christ-
mas spirit is here in my
hand. I read a good, jolly
journal—’Ch-r-r-ristmas
Pie.’ I am thrilled, I am
mystified, then I see a
joke and I laugh. Never
‘ave I seen a journal so
full of good tales and
funny pictures. And
beeg—it is marvellous—
one hundred and twelve
pages that make gay the
heart, and open wide the
eye. One little sixpence,
give you many, many
hours of good times.

That is splendid, oui!

Christmas Pie—112 pages. 6d. is just out. Get your copy early. All profits from its sale
go to King George’s Jubilee Trust.
DEAR GRACIE,

Out of all the flood of ballyhoo and genuine news that has flowed from the studios in the last year or two, no single item has given us greater pleasure than the announcement that something was really going to be done about your film career, at last.

Not, of course, that your film career, in its own unique way, was not going along very nicely.

It was amid much head-shaking among the wiseacres that Basil Dean decided to take a chance with you as screen material back in 1931 with a little piece called Sally in Our Alley.

The film itself was no masterpiec, but it revealed quite clearly that the magic that had made you the idol of the music-halls could be transmitted effectively, if not completely, through the medium of the movie camera, and it still stands as one of the biggest money-spinners ever turned out of a British studio.

There have followed a series of talkies like Looking on the Bright Side, This Week of Grace, Love, Life and Laughter, Sing As We Go, Queen of Hearts, and The Show Goes On, which, though they have disproved the theory that no star can get away with more than three indifferent pictures in a row, have otherwise enriched the screen by exactly nothing, and left us always regretting that our greatest contemporary artiste had yet to appear in a film that was worthy of her greatness.

Therefore we were delighted to hear that an effort was to be made on a "no expense spared" basis by a Hollywood producer to do screen justice to the queen of the British entertainment world.

As a preliminary you were trotted out to America and paraded down Hollywood Boulevard, and generally put on display to the film capital. On your return we noticed the new blonde hair, and even an occasional Americanism in the familiar Lancashire dialect, but we didn't care.

Wasn't the kind Mr. Darryl Zanuck, with the assistance, of course, of Monte Banks, who, one gathers, was the instigator and supreme genius of the affair, going to put over "over Gracie" in a real film, a £200,000 vehicle of the calibre only devoted to the film capital's biggest feminine stars, like Shirley Temple?

A few weeks ago you duly reported for work at Denham, and a little later still Victor McLaglen, straight, one might almost say, from the tender embraces of Miss Temple herself and the, perhaps not quite so tender, embraces of Miss Mae West, arrived on the scene to lend Hollywood weight to the hero department.

Everything in the garden, in fact, is lovely. Yet somehow we feel that there are certain public misgivings that you should lose no time in setting at rest.

Though you, personally, have been at considerable pains to counteract it, much of the publicity, and, indeed, much of the handling of the campaign for a bigger and better Gracie, since the outset of your Hollywood adventure, has been unfortunate from the point of view of this country.

It has given rise to a widespread suspicion that a bid is being made to "Hollywoodise" Gracie Fields, even though the picture itself is being made in Britain.

We want to see Gracie in a worthy film vehicle. We hope we shall do so in He Was Her Man.

But it will have to be the real Gracie, not, even at the risk of disappointing the preconceived notions of the more moronic movie-goers of the Middle West, a fancy imitation of the made-to-order Californian It Girls.

The point is that the real Gracie has no need to be decked out in the phoney finery of Hollywood glamour, while the public would most certainly strongly resent any such attempt.

We have no doubts about your own inclinations, but there have been certain signs lately that have been more than a little disturbing.

We can remember the time, for instance, when you could breeze cheerily into the Picturegoer office to pose for pictures, push you bat on to the back of your head for the sake of comfort, and tell the camera boys to go ahead.

Now, it seems, your photographs have to be censored by a Glamour Expert—or someone. A small thing, perhaps, but one that has always been significant where Hollywood methods are concerned.

They might even be calling you Fields Fields (pronounced "Fields Fields") next, or investing you with complexes about wanting to be alone or walking in the rain.

They might . . . but we hope that it will be over our dead bodies.
November 13, 1937

All the Gossip

WHAT'S

• Heading for the last Round-Up?
• Greta Garbo's New Romance
• Shirley Temple's Troubles Begin
• Bigger and Better Love Scenes Now
• Screen's Most Copied Star

invariably seem to blossom when a new Garbo picture is due.

We have in recent years sighed tenderly over her romantic interest in Rouben Mamoulian, George Brent and Robert Taylor, the while we waited to queue up respectively for Queen Christina, The Painted Veil and Camille.

They couldn't very well proclaim to the world that "Garbo loves Boyer" in Conquest. Quite apart from his own feelings, Mr. Boyer is a married man (a very happily married man) and, though Hollywood generally is sufficiently broadminded in these matters to regard it as quite the thing to announce your engagement to one woman while you are still married to another, his wife, the English Pat Paterson might have objected.

Nevertheless, the old symptoms are manifesting themselves again, while a breathless world awaits the unveiling of the new film.

The lucky man this time is stated to be Leopold Stokowski, the famous conductor, who after 100 Men and a Girl is something of a film star in his own right.

Elaine Barrie's Bow

So we are to see Elaine Barrie on the screen after all (I imagine that her debut effort, How to Undress in Front of Your Husband will not be shown in this country).

She has been signed with Hubby John Barrymore to support Marlene Dietrich in French Without Tears.

So far, however, no film company has got round to starring them in The Tempest, though they did appear in "Caliban" and "Ariel" in a radio version of the play the other night.

Crisis Over Shirley

First signs of the "growing up" difficulties that from now on will beset the progress of Shirley Temple's career appeared this week.

It seems that the star's mother wants to let Shirley's hair grow, because Shirley herself is growing but the studios wants to keep it in the short curls that have attracted so much gold into the treasury in the past.

The affair has reached the proportion of a major crisis on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot.

One thing, they won't be able to emulate the solution found in the case of Jackie Coogan's tonsorial troubles. When the time came for Jackie to have his infant "long bob" shorn they wrote a special film script about it, called it Get Your Hair Cut, and made the cash customers pay to see the job done.

For—Since writing the above news has come through that a compromise has been reached in Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. For about a quarter of the picture Shirley will wear the famous curls brushed back and tied with ribbons behind her ears.

Kisses and Colour

Coincident with the return of the horizontal love-scene (take a look at some of the recent action "stills"), screen love-making is going to be more high-powered in future.

Do you think you've ever seen a real screen kiss? Garbo and Gilbert? Dietrich and Gary Cooper in Desire?

"You ain't seen nothin' yet," declares Directo

LET'S go low-brow this week and discuss this question of "Westerns." The sagebush sagas may not mean very much in the young lives of the patrons of the smart city cinemas, but they have a big following all the same.

The production of horse opera, moreover, is quite an industry in itself. Hollywood spends well over $6,000,000 on these pictures, quite apart from the so-called "super Westerns." Several hundred will be made in the coming twelve months.

Front-rank cowboy stars like Buck Jones, Gene Autry and Ken Maynard, make more money than many outstanding screen lovers, while if the regular "prairie roses" do not get the cash, they receive more fan mail than some of the highly advertised glamour girls.

Several thousand people make their living by working in Westerns. Extras, or "riders" as they are known in this branch of the business, earn two guineas a day when working, and average about £300 a year. There are approximately 600 of them.

Stunt men (let me whisper this very softly) find Westerns a lucrative field, and make from £20 to £50 per stunt. And while we are on the statistics, we might add that cowboys, outlaws and Indians fire more than 2,000,000 rounds of ammunition every year for the delectation of movie customers.

Westerns, however, are now facing a critical time. Of all the forms of the film it has made the least progress.

The main reason is, perhaps, best illustrated in the fantastic, but perfectly true, story of a well-known horse opera star who a little while ago transferred his activities to a new studio.

Proudly the executives presented a batch of half a dozen new scenarios for his approval. "But," he replied indignantly, "I've got a scenario. It's never let me down in the last six years; I don't see why I should start taking chances now." Even Westerns can't go on indefinitely with only one idea. The cowboy-rounds-up-rustlers-and-gets-girl-who-her-ranch-he-has-saved formula, so familiar that we almost know the dialogue, has very nearly killed the thud and thunder picture. Too many of them, incidentally, have been made "off the cuff," that is, with no script at all.

Now in a desperate effort to save the situation they have dumped music into the mixture. Indeed, in most of the recent Westerns I have seen there has been more crooning than shooting, though the plot remains much the same.

This is clearly not the remedy. It merely holds up the action and robs the film of the vitality that has always been the chief merit of this type of entertainment.

Horse opera will, I believe, only save itself by strengthening characterisation and story values. One doesn't expect the sons of the brave and the true to be Paul Munis, exactly, but the current batch of Western heroes, with one or two exceptions, are the worst actors on the screen. The main fault, however, is in the script. Writers must throw over the outworn traditions and create central characters sufficiently interesting to lend dramatic force to the story.

There is, moreover, no shortage of good story material. The West has a literature of its own. I refuse to believe that nothing new and worth while can be found in the scores of Western novels and magazines that pour from the printing presses every year to save the Western from screen suicide.

Those Garbo Romances

• It is curious how the alleged off-screen romances of the coy and retiring Greta Garbo

Jean Rogers, Lynn Gilbert and Frances Robinson all believe in the "Keep Fit" ideal.
WRONG WITH WESTERNERS

William Wellman, who has been making the Carole Lombard-Fredric March Technicolor comedy Nothing Sacred colour, he adds, is going to make all the difference to kissing.

The reason is that black-and-white pictures demand a heavy make-up, thick grease-paint on the face and lips well coated with lipstick.

In these circumstances stars must be wary in their clinches.

A "heavy" kiss leaves smears behind, and when the lips of hero and heroine at last separate, even the most dramatic moment might be turned into high comedy by the circus-clown result.

One light coating is necessary for the Technicolor cameras. There is very little cheek rouge, and the lips are but lightly touched.

This eliminates the danger of amassing make-up, so stars may let themselves go and kiss "full strength."

They All Copy Crawford

Joan Crawford is Hollywood’s most copied feminine star. Jack Dawn, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer make-up expert, has a fan letter chart to back up this assertion.

"One out of every three requests for beauty tips I have received in the past four years," Dawn says, "have asked for information about Joan. Women are interested, first in the colour and type of lipstick, powder and rouge she uses, and then in her beauty tips."

Dawn adds that women are writing in increasing numbers to studios for make-up hints.

Famous Fiddler for Films

Jascha Heifetz, the famous violinist, who has at last capitulated to the screen and is to make The Great Music Festival for Sam Goldwyn, was asked if he would object to Robert Taylor playing the love interest in the film.

"No," he replied, "so long as he doesn’t play the violin."

Heifetz, though married to a film star of a few years ago, Florence Vider, has always previously turned a deaf ear to Hollywood’s siren song.

The reason he has given in now is that “technically the films have now reached such a point of perfection in recording music that I no longer hesitate to play for them.

In his infant prodigy days, incidentally, the violinist studied under the great Leopold Auer, grandfather of Mischa Auer.

Screen’s Luckiest Girl

There’s one girl in Hollywood who seems to have better than an even chance of becoming a star because of the kindness of established players.

She is Marsha Kent, of Los Angeles, who was brought to the attention of Eleanor Powell, Nelson Eddy, Director W. S. Van Dyke, and William Anthony McGuire by Albertina Rasch, dance director for Rosalie.

Only nineteen, Miss Kent has already had eleven years of ballet work, has done some amateur singing, and has also done dramatic work.

Interested in making her the perfect screen star, Eddy has promised to help her in the singing field. Miss Powell will attend to the tap work, while McGuire and Van Dyke will be responsible for her training in screen acting.

The “committee” noticed the girl when Miss Rasch happened to comment that she was "her most valuable ballet dancer."

Short Shots

They say that Jeanette MacDonald’s mother has not spoken to her since she married Gene Raymond—Myrna Loy feels so strongly on the subject that she even refused to say “obey” in the marriage ceremony scene for Double Wedding, and Myrna billed as the screen’s perfect wife, too—Myrna, by the way, will sing and dance in The Four Marys—Kirsten Flagstad, the famous opera star, makes her screen debut in The Big Broadcast of 1938. Mae West kisses a man for the first time in a picture in her new film, Every Day’s a Holiday; lucky fellow is Charles Winninger. They have given Tommy ("Tom Sawyer") Kelly’s father a job as door-man at the Selznick Studio—Clark Gable’s next will be Spar of Pride, a P. C. Wren story, and Spencer Tracy is to dance with Joan Crawford in Mannquin—Walter Huston will return to the screen in Benefits Filled. The title roles in Fox’s re-make of Sally, Irene and Mary, have been handed to Alice Faye, Portland Hoffa, and Joan Davis.

Malcolm Phillips.

Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot from Hollywood

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW’S RIVAL

As I predicted, little Ronald Sinclair is looming up as a dangerous rival to Freddie Bartholomew.

I hear that Aunt Millicent Bartholomew was so much perturbed over Ronald’s fine work in Thoroughbreds Don’t Cry, the picture she pulled Freddie out of, that she decided to return her nephew to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot and pay-roll, without further delay. In the film they made him dress like Freddie and adopt his mannerisms.

It will be interesting to watch Ronald Sinclair’s future. Freddie and he are very much alike, but it is to be hoped that he will have his chance in the films, instead of being kept in the background so as not to interfere with Freddie’s career.

A Jungle Beauty

The ways of the movies are strange to grand opera people, and so Pietro Cimini, famous orchestra conductor, was aghast when he visited the Radio lot, and saw Lily Pons, clad in a very brief costume of feathers, singing an aria from Mignon, while a group of coloured savages surrounded her.

It was such a shock that the maestro snatched his teeth and tore his hair. A great opera star forced to play a female Tarzan! Shades of Wagner, and all the other great composers! The maestro had better be careful. The movies will get him if he doesn’t watch out.

Poor Tarzan

Johnny Weissmuller is nursing a bruised hand, and he got it at home. Contrary to expectations, it was not suffered in a studio scene, but was received in his own swimming pool.

After swimming for six months as a feature attraction in the 3,000,000 gallon tank of the Great Lakes Exposition, Johnny found himself a little cramped in the 75 ft. pool of his Beverly Hills home. Churning swiftly through the water, he hit the edge of the bath long before he was expecting it.

Lupe was so “sorree,” and gets furious whenever his friends grin happily, for they all firmly believe that the injury was the result of a marital fracas.

Famous Invalids

Wallace Beery, injured during the taking of scenes in Bad Man of Brimstone, is carrying on, although he walks on crutches except when actually appearing in a scene.

Wallace Ford, sad to say, tripped over the weighing scales in his bathroom, breaking several ribs. Taped up, and in almost constant agony, he is still playing his role at the studios.

“Scout” Lady

Una Merkel is being hailed as a heroine by the film colony, and the likeable, modest blonde does not care for it one bit.

While racing across Lake Arrowhead, a popular mountain resort, in her fast motor boat, she...
backwash overturned a skiff in which was a film property man employed by the company with which Una was working. The man was unable to swim, and was going down for the second time when Una jumped aboard and brought him safely to shore.

Among the film celebrities who witnessed the rescue were Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, and John Barrymore, who were appearing in the picture.

Garbo, the Book-Worm

- Another indication that Garbo intends to remain in Hollywood is her acquisition of a library of more than a hundred volumes, to fill bookcases built into her dressing-room at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

The Swedish star has volumes of essays, books on philosophy, a complete library of fashions from 1800 to the present day, volumes on history including the Napoleonic period, Ibsen, Selma Lagerlof, Shaw and De Maupassant.

And, in a place of honour, is Hans Christian Andersen’s “Fairy Tales.”

Resurrection

- Walter Catlett, noted comedian, arrived at the casting office of an important studio for an interview, and was surprised to find that the casting official did not recognise him.

“What is your name?” inquired the “great” man.

“Richard Mansfield,” replied the actor, and then, in reply to questions, he cited the names of the immortal plays in which the famous American actor appeared.

“What have you been doing lately?” inquired the casting executive.

“Nothing much,” replied Catlett. “You see, I died twenty years ago!”

The name of the studio is omitted to spare the feelings of the executive concerned.

Sad New Yorker

- Vernon Duke, 22-year-old New York composer, has temporarily deserted Broadway to write tunes for the films. He is very critical of the film colony.

The picture city’s women, he says, are very good looking, but disappointing mentally. As for the far famed climate, it contributes to a mode of existence so lackadaisical that the energetic New Yorker feels as if he is living in a Turkish bath.

On the credit side, he feels that the movies are more progressive than the New York stage.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

A HAT FROM HEAVEN

WHEN you see Vessel of Wrath, the new Charles Laughton picture which Mayflower Productions are making at Elstree, you will be overcome with admiration of Laughton’s headgear, which is about the most battered and bruised old topee you could imagine.

In his role of a drunken beachcomber he had to have a disreputable hat, and the property men spent a very industrious morning leaping on a topee and dingy it about in the dust. But this didn’t satisfy Erich Pommer, who is producing the film, and the prop-men gave it up in despair, and decided to go out for what the insurance companies term “an Act of God.”

Sure enough, Laughton, strolling by the seaside on the strip of Great Yarmouth which becomes a bit of the Malay Archipelago for the purposes of this picture, noticed bobbing about at sea and being rapidly borne in by the tide a Hat.

Slept In

- Further, it was a solar topee, or had been in its heyday; now it had become exactly the kind of hat which a drunken beachcomber might have slept in for some months.

And still further, it fitted Laughton sufficiently well for him to be able to keep it on without worrying about it, which was the important thing.

So when you are admiring this hat, reflect that it was ordained by Fate to adorn that beery brow.

Laughton’s wife, Elsa Lanchester, is playing the role of a missionary with the very missionary-like name of “Miss Jones,” while Tyrone Guthrie, whose advent to films I announced recently, plays her brother who is presumably Mr. Jones.

Robert Newton, coming steadily to the fore in pictures nowadays, plays the Dutch Contrader of the island.

I watched (from a position well behind the camera where Charles couldn’t see me) an interview between this dignitary and the beachcomber, arising out of a carouse in which “Ginger Ted” has looked upon the native potent brew when it was red.

Discussed at Length

- He and the Contrader (why in French, on a Dutch island? Ask me another!) were amiably agreeing that Laughton should in some way be punished for his riotous behaviour, and discussing over a glass of beer the most suitable penalty to be inflicted.

This scene lasted the enormous length of four-and-a-half minutes—which must be pretty nearly a record for talkies.

A scene of this kind is pretty nerve-racking for all concerned, because so many things can go wrong even in a thirty-second "take" that it becomes almost impossible for anyone to get through nine times that length without some sort of a hitch.

However, both Laughton and Newton are polishèd performers, and there was no hitch.

Tyrone Power and Loretta Young look as if they were enjoying matrimonial scenes and, according to rumour, why not? They are together again in “Second Honeymoon.”

November 13, 1937
usually staged in midsummer, when you are looking for somewhere to cool off.

**Conviction**
- This is the Capitol film in which Jane Baxter plays a shrew and Tom Walls is her farmer, and so that Jane could play a convincing set or two against Charlotte Leigh, a full-sized hard tennis-court had been laid on the sound-stage, correct in every detail, with an attractive white pavilion, flower-beds, and a crowd of seventy or eighty spectators in summery clothes.
- Did I give you the supporting cast of this one? No? Well, just in case, here it is—Veronica Rose, Martha Hunt (one of the cleverest actresses on the English stage, in my humble opinion), Davy Burnaby (perhaps you never saw him in the Co-optimists, but if you didn't you missed a treat) and Greta Gynt.

This last is the vivacious brunette whom we have previously known as Greta Woxholdt; she is a Norwegian by birth, but is now British by nationality, having married Christopher Mann, the London agent who was largely responsible for Madeleine Carroll's rise to fame.

I wonder if we have the same success in managing his wife's screen career; she has certainly made a very healthy start.

**Stamp-Collecting**
- Later, in another scene, I heard a sample of the merrymaking from Jane Baxter, and I must say I was forced to change my mind about her being the nice-mannered young lady I've always thought her. She stamped her foot! Now you know. Felicity, my uncompromising attitude towards foot-stamping by young ladies... unless, of course, they happen to be pretty.
- Jane Baxter is very pretty.
- Tom Walls tells me he has been hearing rumours that he is selling up his famous stud farm at Chertsey, where among the blood stock he has the Derby Winner of 1932, April the Fifth.
- On the contrary, he is actually adding to his stock; he thinks the rumours have arisen from the fact that his stud manager has advertised for a new job, whereas it is simply because Tom's some Wally is, is taking over the duties of manager.
- So we may yet have the pleasure of seeing Tom lead in a Derby winner he has bred himself.

**Antidote Anecdote**
- Posing in one of the corridors at Denham this week to read a call-sheet (Nosey Parker!) I saw one item I've never seen on a call-sheet before—and I've seen a few of them.
- It read "3 cameras, 2 crews, anti-snake-bite serum and attendant to administer same if required."
- That "if required" strikes an optimistic note!
- This was for a scene in the Technicolor production *The Draw*, in which snake- charming was included in an entertainment given by a native chief to a battalion of Gordon Highlanders.
- Fortunately, the snakes behaved like little ladies and gentlemen, and no one was bitten, stung, or even worried.
- The Gordoners themselves contributed to the programme by performing a Highland Reel, and the tribesmen retaliated with a wild dance with whirling swords, but again there were no casualties.

Incidentally, I didn't notice anything on the call-sheet about the provision of anti-bagpipe serum "if required."

I hear, in passing, that Desmond Tester's flaming hair has creditably sustained the ordeal of colour-filming.

**Bonnie Lassies**
- They tell me, too, that that bonnie lass Valerie Hobson, who is now on long contract to London Films, has also stood up well to colour, and also is expected to rank shortly as the best-dressed girl in British films.

Well, that wouldn't have amounted to much in the old days, when British heroines were dowdy and proud of it, but it means something in this year of Grace. (No, I don't mean Gracie Fields, though the way she has smartened herself up lately is everybody's business.)

Another bonnie lass I ran into at Denham this week was Binnie Barnes, waiting to hear news of her next job o' work for Korda, now that she has finished her stuff in *The Divorce of Lady X*, which, incidentally, is a remake of *Cousel's Opinion*, in which she played opposite Henry Kendall some years ago. Binnie taking the part that Merle Oberon now has, and Harry being in the Laurence Olivier role.

**Heirlooms**
- Binnie had just been to the Caledonian Market, buying a Georgian toast-rack and tea-strainer for her Victorian cottage in Beverly Hills.
- Now don't be tiresome; of course a Victorian cottage can have Georgian silver in it; heirlooms, stooopid!
- But how very clever of Binnie, you rightly exclaim to have found a Victorian cottage in Hollywood!

Strictly speaking, she didn't; she built one. Actually there was a house, more or less Californian, but having a garden with trees. So she knocked the house into a cocked hat, and it came out a Victorian bonnet.

Her furnishings are in the period; old prints and so on. I like her description of how she got her flower-garden. It isn't Victorian, but a Californian one, but it sounds very lovely.
- "I told a garden-contractor I wanted a flower-garden," she told me, "and the next morning I was awakened by what sounded like the chattering of about a thousand sparrows under my window."
- "I looked out, and at first I thought I must have been invaded by the Japanese Army."
- "It was dozens of Jap gardeners tearing the whole place up and putting it back nicely; and in a week I found two hundred settled down I had a beautiful garden."
- "It's as easy as that!" Taking a look at the next scene, the next window, I don't wonder Binnie prefers Hollywood.

**Whoopee!**
- Talking about A.B.P. (I hope you're beginning to recognise our old friend B.P. under that still-new garb?) reminds me, and I hasten in turn to remind you, of the Annual Film Ball to be held on Friday of next week, November 19.
- I wouldn't miss one of these annual "whoopies" for anything. Practically everybody who is anybody turns up at the Albert Hall, and I get more good stories in an evening there than I do in half a dozen visits to the studios.
- Well, when I say an evening, I mean between 9 p.m., when I usually arrive, and about 2.30 a.m. when my bed begins to call insistently—though the merrymaking actually lasts from 8 till 3.

This institution (it's no less than that now) was started eight years ago, when a couple of hundred folks gathered in a small ballroom near Westminster for a dance organised by several of the staff of B.P., as it was then called.

This year about five thousand are expected.
- Every box has been sold for weeks, but I'm told tickets are still available at 7s. 6d. each—and let me tell you the Midnights Cabaret alone is worth this money.

**At a Premium**
- Still, by the time you read this they will be getting very scarce; and last year on the night of the Ball the value had soared to 25 each, so don't delay getting yours until the last minute, or you may find yourself one of the huge crowd which always gathers merely to watch the stars go in.
- This year's slogan, I'm told, is "Glamorous Night"
- "Okay; on with the glamour!"
- By the way, speaking of Sweet Racket reminds me that a few more of them (though spelt differently) were in action down at Sound City this week.

There was a typical November drizzle falling when I parked my car and went into the studios; and inside, on the Second Best Bed list, I found two sunburnt girls in shorts playing tennis on a sun-drenched court.

This is a bit of good management on Tom Walls' part; this kind of strongly- lit scene is
YOU'VE heard all about that Royal Family of Broadway, the Barrymores. John, the youngest, has been keeping in the headlines for years; Ethel, the second one, is acknowledged as the Dowager Empress of Broadway; and a Power in the Land of Makebelieve. But Lionel. . . .

Lionel is the eldest, and rightful heir to the Crown of Broadway; but that isn't his only claim, or even his best. He is King of American Actors because, in his own words, "handsome is as handsome does."

Oh, you mustn't mention the Royal Family of Broadway to him! If you do, he'll look away quickly and change the subject. It's boloney as far as he'll admit; but you don't have to admit St. Paul's Cathedral for it to be real and big and established...

I never met John; I met Ethel once, but she didn't notice me; I met Lionel this week, and he noticed me quite a lot.

We sat in the dusk in his hotel sitting-room overlooking the Thames, and ranged over the whole world of films, from the early flickers to the latest Technicolor.

I've always admired Lionel Barrymore; he caught my imagination at a very early stage by the manner in which he seemed to keep in the background until Ethel and John had finished with the front pages.

Also, in addition to being one of the finest character actors on the screen to-day, he is a definite link with the past, for he made films with David Wark Griffith, one of my boyhood's heroes.

A man who could take the chaos and lick-hap'ny finance that beset film production in the early days, and turn out works of art, was someone to marvel at—and to learn from. And Lionel Barrymore learned from him.

Griffith was still making one-reel epics when he persuaded the eldest Barrymore to try his luck at film-acting; and that was as far back as 1908-twenty-eight years as the crow flies.

"What do you think has changed most in film production since those days?" I asked him.

"Everything about equally, I think," he said—"but that! Perhaps pace has done more than any other single factor to improve films and make them more natural.

"You see, in making one-reel pictures we were in such a terrible hurry, because we had to get a whole story into the space of ten minutes! Even de Maupassant might have been beaten by a time-limit like that.

"So when a man walked across the stage he walked unnaturally quick to save time; and when a character wrote a letter he wrote as if he were being chased by Dervishes.

"Add to that the factor of a hand-cranked camera which was an irregular thing at best, and a flickering film which gave an impression of speed anyway, and you can understand how the screen seemed a uniformly strenuous, restless thing.

"Now, with hundred-minute pictures, we have time to tell the story at proper pace, time to get in those pauses, that light-and-shade of hurry, and repose that makes a film story seem like life."

Mr. Barrymore speaks with authority when he discusses the production side of films, for he has done some distinguished work as director himself.

I neatly put my foot in it by asking him if he had had any contact with colour films, and he modestly informed me which I should have remembered very well for myself—that he had directed one of the first big coloured musical films, to wit, The Rogue Song, in 1929, with Lawrence Tibbett as a mighty melodious Cossack, and, if you remember, Laurel and Hardy as less melodious Cossacks.

Before he had directed Madame X, with Ruth Chatterton and Lewis Stone, one of the first great talkie hits.

"Have you any future plans as a director?" I asked.

"Oh, mercy, no!" he said in alarm. "No, I wouldn't want to go back to that. It's gruelingly work—why, the director carries the world on his shoulders!"

That sounds a little as though the eldest Barrymore was afraid of work; and you may be inclined to think that a man who will be sixty next April, and has put in a strenuous forty-four years on the stage and the screen, deserves a little rest.

Well, let me tell you something. Two things.

First, it's only a few months since Mr. Barrymore suffered a very great bereavement in the loss of his wife, his married life having been one of the most successful and therefore least publicized in the movie colony.

Then, a little while later, he had a fall and fractured his hip, which to a man of his age is a pretty serious matter.

Did he take a holiday? He did not! He's made another picture since the accident, and gave no indication in it of anything being amiss—and yet in his off-screen moments he still walks with the aid of a stick.

But surely you're going to have a little difficulty in "A Yank at Oxford." I ventured.

"Pahaw! It's nothing!" he retorted, and drawing up to his full commanding height he took two or three paces across the room, easily, naturally, to convince me.

"Easily! I know just enough about anatomy to realise that the effort must have given him gyp; but it was all in a life-time to this grand trouper, who has never yet failed to give a first-class performance whatever the difficulties."

He didn't stay long in films at his first encounter, but returned to the stage, where he did his fair share (and some say more than his share) in building up that Barrymore tradition which he is now so ready to underestimate.

His stage career actually began in 1883 (ten years before even I was born!) when a crying child was required in a play in which his parents—who were British, by the way—were appearing; and Lionel obligingly cried, but he didn't definitely embrace the profession until he was eighteen.

I first remember him as a silent film Paramount made some fourteen years ago, called Enemies of Women, in which he played a Russian prince.

The leading lady was Alma Rubens, and there was a cast that meant a good deal in those days, but would probably mean just about nothing to you to-day, unless you are of the Old Guard which remembers Pedro de Cordoba, Gladys Hulette, Gareth Hughes, Ivan Limon, Paul Panzer. . . .

I remember a most realistic sabre-duel which Barrymore and Panzer fought, bare to the
waist, in the snow, and I asked him whether he was really a swordsman as well as (I knew) an expert boxer.

Oh, we both knew enough to keep from hurting each other," he smiled. "He'd say 'Now I'll come at you for half-a-minute', and I'd say 'Look out, I'm coming at you now', and we made it look all right.

I remember that film very well, because we went to Nice and also to Paris on location for it, and also because it was the last time they tried to make me look young and beautiful," he chuckled.

"And after that you took to character-acting?" I suggested.

"Bless you, I'd played dozens of character roles before that. I don't know why they suddenly set me up again as a hero for that film."

I asked him about *A Yank at Oxford*.

"I haven't started work at Denham yet," he told me, "though of course I did some scenes in Hollywood before I left. I'll lay Bob Taylor's father—a Middle Western printer who sends his son to Oxford and then comes over and tries to get him out of the mess he's got into. It isn't a very important part."

Well, knowing the large number of occasions on which Lionel Barrymore, in a comparatively small part, was the memorable character in the picture, I wondered if we should see that happen again. But I didn't argue with him.

"In any case," I said, "your name in the cast-list will help to sell the film in America."

"If it's a good film," he agreed. "That's what counts in the United States. Don't you listen to any of this stuff about prejudice against British films; Henry VIII had no names that the American public knew, yet it cleaned up everywhere. They want good entertainment wherever it comes from.

"I've just been reading Winston Churchill's book," he went on, as if changing the subject, "and I never realised before how many of your public men had come from humble beginnings. They made their own way by delivering the goods. Isn't that so?"

I agreed that that was so.

"Well, the film world's the same. Doesn't matter where a man or a woman or a film comes from, provided they deliver the goods. I'd like to play a leading part in a British film," he added a little wistfully, and I remembered he had gone to school in England and therefore had our Autumn damps and glooms to a certain degree in his blood.

"What do you think of Denham studios?"

I asked, knowing he had already paid them a visit.

"Oh, well, of course they're wonderful! All they can do to studios now, as far as I can see, is to go on building them larger. An egg can't be any better than fresh! It could only be bigger."

I told him how much the British public had appreciated his performance in *Ah Wilderness*, and particularly the scene in which he had tried to tell his son the "facts of life"—and he was as pleased as a beginner. He's a curious mixture of ingenuous enthusiasm and rugged down-to-earth debunking. If any man has a right to be proud of his career, it's Lionel Barrymore. A full list of his films would leave me with no space to tell you about the man who played in them, but *A Free Soul* springs to the mind, *Anna Karenina*, *Mata Hari*, *Arsene Lupin*, *Rasputin*, *Grand Hotel*, *Ah, Wilderness*, *The Voice of Bugle Ann*, *The Gorgeous Hussy*, *Saratoga*, *Captains Courageous*, *A Family Affair*... a gallant array.

He is very enthusiastic about *Captains Courageous*, by the way.

"I'm sure Kipling would have approved this one," he said, tactfully refraining from reference to *Wee Willie Winkie*.

*L*ionel Barrymore has the enviable reputation of being one of the kindest men in Hollywood.

Chester Morris once told me an incident which he said was typical of Barrymore. He was playing, on the stage, a youth who had to tell the old man his son had been killed in battle; and one night poor Chester had an ulcerated tooth, and simply couldn't speak.

Some established actors would have allowed a pause enough to show him up, but Lionel Barrymore, seeing in a flash what was wrong, helped him out.

"You come to tell me about my boy?" he said. "You cannot speak... ah, I see—my boy is dead!" and gave Chester a chance to get off stage without having said a word. That bit of quick-thinking and sportsmanship saved the youngster from dismissal.

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★ SEPIA GLOSSY.—Ray Milland, Dorothy Lamour, Sylvia Sidney, Akim Tamiroff, Burgess Meredith, Preston Ware, Francis Lederer, Shirley Temple (14 poses in War With Winkie), Annabella, Joan Blondell, John Lodge, Madeleine Carroll, Constance Bennett, Norma Shearer, Virginia Bruce, Betty Furness, Nancy Burnes, Henry Kendall, John King.

COLOURGRAPH.—Patric Knowles, Norma Shearer, Errol Flynn, Mary Ella, Olivia De Haviland, Merle Oberon.

"PARTNERS."—Ray Milland and Dorothy Lamour (2 poses), Tyrone Power and Virginia Field, Paul Lukas and Simone Simon, Tyrone Power and Loretta Young, Robert Taylor and Greta Garbo, Loretta Young with Janet Gaynor and Constance Bennett.

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Pl. 114/121
The Screen's SHADY LADY

"Be good, sweet maid," they used to say, but Gladys George is scaling the screen heights by being bad. Below she tells you what she thinks about those shady lady roles that have made her famous.

by WILSON D'ARNE

"SHADY lady" roles have elevated Gladys George to her highest successes on the stage and screen. Yet, in private life, she is happily married, lives in a California bungalow, cooks the meals for her own little household and takes care of her own garden.

She was a "shady lady" in the stage plays, *Queer People* and *The Milky Way*, a full-fledged vamp in her greatest success, *Personal Appearance*, a lady of questionable reputation in *Vailant is the Word for Carrie*, the picture that established her on the screen, and a fallen woman in *Madame X*.

As for being a "shady lady" on the stage and screen, Gladys George explains there is no trick in it.

"It does not require a certain technique in lifting the left eyebrow," she told me.

"There are no rules for exposing the bicuspid to a certain width for a cynical smile. But it does demand fineness."

"I am not a vamp. So far, I have not been typed in any sort of characterisation. Although I have played every kind of role from a babe in arms to a 90-year-old great-grandmother, it now appears that I was liked best in so-called "shady lady" roles."

I get a lot of amusement out of such parts for several reasons. First, one must be a little better in the stage than in the silver screen. The fun lies in being somebody else besides your natural self. Such roles are difficult to play, but I received my schooling through many years of stock. They are difficult to convey to the stage and screen, because you are something in your work that you are not in real life. Also, the actress must be able to transfer her character to the screen without making it offensive to the public, and yet make the character intriguing.

"I don't know why my work in those particular roles are more interesting than others I have played. But I surrender to the public. It is the public that lifts you to the heights or shoves you into the discard."

The star cannot understand why the critics think she excels in the "shady lady" line of acting. But if they think she is good, then she will try to give them the best she has.

"It's a grand and glorious feeling," she admits, "to know that somebody really enjoys your work. But you wonder why and never get an answer. Meanwhile, you are wondering if you will be able to deliver the goods."

Born to the stage, the daughter of a Shakespearean actor, and Alice Hazen Clare, a Boston socialite who became his leading lady, Gladys George has been on the go constantly since her parents packed up when she was eleven days old and moved on to the next New England town where their stock company was engaged.

At the age of eight she had her own vaudeville troupe, "Little Gladys George and Company." At fifteen, she was a leading lady for Thomas H. Ince. A year later, she was touring in stock. She has played in every state in America; had done so before she was eighteen. From Honolulu to Broadway, she knows every "one-night stand" there is.

But that's all over now. She returned to pictures last year after playing eighty-five weeks in the stage success, *Personal Appearance*. With her to Hollywood came her husband, Leonard Penn, who had appeared with her in the play.

They took an old-fashioned house in one of the film city's older residential sections, away from any of the accepted screen colonies. It's a two-storey white frame building with steam radiators, but, what is more important to its tenant, it has a beautiful garden, her first.

"I'd forgotten what it felt like to live in a house," she declared. "I'd stayed in hotels so long and moved around so much, that the privacy of a home of my own almost staggered me at first. When I came out to do *Vailant is the Word for Carrie* I didn't know that I'd stay, so we rented by the month.

"Then we took a lease. Now that it looks as if both Leonard and I are in pictures to stay, we want to build, just for the fun of it, and so that we can have a tennis court, and a few modern gadgets indoors.

"When M-G-M, where I have been under contract all along, called me for *They Gave Him a Gun* and then scheduled *Madame X* for me, I began to realise that for the first time in my life I could stay put for a while. And Hollywood is the 'honest' sort of place I ever struck. Every actor I know either owns his own home or wants to. Well, we want to, also."

The George schooling was picked up in towns from coast to coast, wherever the Clares stopped long enough for their daughter to go to school.

Between schools, her father acted as Gladys's tutor. Gladys had no regular childhood playmates, because she never remained long enough in any town to make any lasting friends. She has memories of being stranded in Canada, with the traditional sheriff on the trail, of being adrift in Dallas, Texas, and getting a job as theatre cashier; of modelling and selling candy to pay family expenses; of winning her first Broadway role in Masterlinck's *The Betrothed*, with Isadora Duncan.

Many cities might claim to be her home town, for in each one she has made her home for a period.

"But this is the first time that I feel I really am at home," she insists. "I feel settled. I've had time to take stock of myself and begin to enjoy the things I missed in those earlier years—music and books and short vacation trips; tennis and some other outdoor sports."

"I'm beginning to feel a sense of security. I've paid up most of my old debts and have a little money in the bank and am trying to lead a sane, sensible life."

"Leonard and I keep our home life very much apart from the studio. We don't entertain much. We don't try to make an impression. I don't care what you read about the crazy life of Hollywood, you can make life here anything you choose, and we choose to make it really worth living."

So the screen's "shady lady" is really home lover number one in real life.
On his arrival at Bugglethorpe, William Porter, the new station-master (Will Hay) finds his staff (Moore Marriott and Graham Moffat) very lax.

Right: Having tracked a runaway train to a disused tunnel under a windmill, William Porter discovers that the train thieves are gun-runners.

William Porter hands out tickets to One-Eyed Joe who pretends he is taking a local football team to a match. The train disappears and everybody believes that William Porter had been seeing ghosts.

The managing director of the railway congratulates the station-master on his heroic capture of the gun runners.

Mr. Porter having started an old Victorian engine with the help of his assistants discovers the down express is nearly due! Query: What does A do now?

The latest Will Hay comedy is a genuine laughter maker, and the star helped by Moore Marriott and Graham Moffat gets the utmost fun out of his role as a station-master at a derelict Northern Ireland station who rounds up some gun runners. The picture is previewed in this issue.
"Please sign mine..." Eleanor Powell cheerfully complies with the requests of a number of juvenile autograph hunters at the studio.

Shirley Temple rival Florie Caproni, who gets her first break in "Stand-In," struts her stuff while Ann O'Neill supplies encouragement and mouth-organ music in the background.

Lynne Carver and Jean Chatburn are keen golfers and very close friends, but Jean doesn't seem to take Lynne's score-card arithmetic on trust.

Candid camera portrait of an actor telling it to a director: Pat O'Brien and Lloyd Bacon.
Irene and Cary in a spot of speeding bother. Miss Dunne goes much wilder than this later on, however, when she starts her strip-tease act.

Hubby Grant seems to be enjoying this ride, below, much less than his wife.

Irene Dunne goes wild again in this crazy comedy of a young married couple who, through a series of misunderstandings, decide to divorce. Cary Grant is the husband and Molly Lamont and Joyce Compton are the sirens from whom she has to win him back.
The divorce case involves itself mainly to a battle for the custody of their terrier, "Mr. Smith." Irene gets her man back in time for the final curtain by luring him to a mountain cabin. Above and left: The husband is really annoyed when he finds that his wife has spent a night alone with Alexander D'Arcy, but Irene doesn't seem to be worrying. As a matter of fact, it was all quite innocent and unavoidable. With Miss Dunn on the sofa (left), incidentally, is the famous "Mr. Smith."
VIN A SWAIN, daughter of Tod Swain, reporter on the Mountain City World, and officially engaged to Ralph Houston, its assistant city editor, was having a busy morning.

First, having lost her advertising post, because the boss, one Mr. Spitzer, tried to embrace her, she took a taxi which stopped so abruptly as to throw her off the seat. Second, having picked herself and parcels up, she arrived at the front porch to find her mother talking to a bill collector.

"Mr. Garner here, wants two hundred dollars from Ralph—an old loan he says," Mrs. Swain explained, but not until Mr. Garner had made himself useful picking up the vegetables which Vina inadvertently showered from a broken bag. Upon the top of this shock, an ambulance drew up in front of the house and two male figures were rolled from a stretcher on to the lawn.

"It's only your father and Ralph!" Mrs. Swain breathed.

"Look at your eye, Pop, Blacker than coal. Been drinking again?"

"Ma, please, we're only celebrating the fact that Charles Gilette has bought the Mountain City Sentinel and offered me a hundred dollars a week to work for him!"

"I don't believe any newspaper proprietor offers that much money," Vina declared.

"Then you wouldn't believe me if I told you he offered Ralph three hundred dollars!"

"Three hundred—Ralph now we'll be married."

"Vina, you're all wrong. Gilette certainly missed me, but I turned it down."

"Same here," Tod supplemented.

"Surely neither you nor Ma would expect us to work for a guy who's not figuring to run a newspaper, but a racket. Gilette's the toughest gangster in these parts unhung. A man doesn't spend his life in a decent profession to turn round and kick it in the pants."

"I'm sick of your high-minded principles," Vina stormed. "Give me a man who can earn a decent living for his family. Maybe I can get myself a newspaper job and make them pay me in cash."

Mr. Garner, who was heard to strangle a laugh at the door, had to be brought forward. Following Ralph's suggestion, the two retired to discuss matters on the porch.

"There's an excuse for you, Pop," Vina continued. "You're old and licked and a failure. But he's young. He ought to be different."

"A failure! I guess you're right. Still, I console myself sometimes in believing that I've always done my job decently, small though it is. Now let me tell you something. Reason why Ralph out there couldn't save enough for you two to marry on, is that he's been paying this last five years for you to go to college."

You mean I'm the one he got into debt for?" No time for digesting this news, hay thought it made of Vina's self-complacence. Ralph, who had evidently got rid of Mr. Garner, was already coming away from the telephone and calling to Tod.

That was Captain Sweeney, police headquarters. They're going to raid all Gilette's gambling houses.

"Ma, where's my clothes?" Tod shouted, game as any schoolboy.

"I wonder what the boys will bring home this time? Last time it was a dinner service. I love raids," Mrs. Swain remarked. Vina was silent. She was thinking of a moment before when Ralph, his arm round her, had vowed that getting into debt was nothing when you were crazy about a girl. In the house, so miraculously calmed down, Vina assuaged this memory by engaging the telephone. Her charming husky voice betrayed nothing of the thrill she felt at speaking over the wire to the owner of the Mountain City Sentinel, Charles Gilette.

"Mr. Gilette. Vina Swain. Tod Swain of the World's daughter. I've news for you that should be worth two hundred dollars. You'll pay more if it is? Thanks. Two hundred's all I want. Listen. Police are staging a series of spectacular raids on a number of alleged gambling houses, supposedly operated by Charles Gilette of the Sentinel—but the police dragged yielded nothing more spectacular than a few old ladies knitting, and a few elderly gentlemen playing pinocle for matches. Get the idea."

November 13, 1937

"That's a swell story. You're okay, Miss Swain. How much time have I got to get these old ladies over the line?"

"Police are on their way now."

Her arm was a deadweight as she hung up, but the cash had to be got somehow. To celebrate her three years' engagement to Ralph, he had asked her to meet him at the open-air cafe for ten o'clock and place to impart her news.

Deliberately she led him into the white-hot argument she yearned for, yet dreaded. For a full minute, Ralph refused to believe her statement of having come from the Sentinel office, where she had taken a reporting job with Charles Gilette. You're not going to work for that crook," he said at last, a danger signal between his brows.

"You may as well hear the rest. I paid off the crowd company. Here's Garner's receipt."

"What with?"

Two hundred dollars for tipping Gilette about the raid. I'm not proud of what I did, but it was for us and you haven't any right to—"

"You get out of Gilette's office or I'm through."

"You mean that?"

"Yes."

"Then we are through."

Exhilarated for the moment, Vina put all her energies into her next assignment. Wearing a housemaid's get-up, she came into Gilette's office the following afternoon in satisfied mood. He helped her off with her coat. Gilette, with his neat moustache and well-cut clothes, was no tough-seeming gangster. Nor from appearances had Vina any reason to suspect his muscle man, one Beak MacArindle, fellow with a broken nose and a sly demeanor. Glancing the head of Julius Caesar, capable of violence. Had she known that Tod's black eye had been given in contact with that ring with MacArindle's weight behind it, he had assailing Tod for trying to get in the interview, Vina might have thought differently.

"Did you find anything incriminating against Mr. Mitchell?"

"In your words, that you think the police will be likely to know about their mayor-to-be?" Gilette inquired.

"Run your eye over those. I got them out of Mitchell's desk."

"What's this?" Frank Mitchell, ex-convict. "Sentenced for manslaughter. Great story, Miss Swain."

Early though she was home that day, Tod Swain was earlier. "Hello, Pop!" she greeted, ironing away at the borrowed uniform.

"Cute little story spilled to-day, wasn't there? Pretty well all over Mountain City folks are buying the Sentinel. What would you give to be a smooth correspondent over there?"

"I wouldn't give a dime myself. You might have saved the hire of that right-hand man to me. We've known that story for fifteen years, but we've never used it."

"That's a news isn't it?"

"Depends upon how you look at it. Fifteen years ago, Frank Mitchell took a girl to a dance—maybe he had a two-year-old then on the way back he drove the car into a telegraph pole and woke up (Continued on page 22)
America knows!... A brassiere may be a fashionable need, but it is a healthful necessity... and straight from America (where it is an outstanding success) comes Gothic, the perfect brassiere. It's the one certain way of achieving a fashionable, accentuated bust line. The patented Gothic Arch of Cordtex fabric is the secret of the uplift. It gives smooth, rounded lines with its own support and without the tension of the shoulder straps. It's washable, soft and unnoticeable under the sheerest gown. The better Stores are making a feature of it.

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in hospital to find the girl dead.

Ever since he left gaol, he's been trying to live that down and every decent newspaper has given him a break, and even the gossipy, yellow rag like the Sentinel tears him apart, just when he's doing the best work." 

Vina was thankful for the ringing of the front-door bell. She opened to a tall man with grey mustache and gray features, seeing that they had looked at her from every hoarding and election leaflet for weeks past, were not to be mistaken.

"Sorry, Mr. Mitchell," she began.

But I'm a reporter and you're a political figure.

"I know. It was a good story, and I've come to finish it for you.

Tell the story everything living for is gone—career, friends. Even my wife has left me. It's only right you should see the end."

A shot rang through the house. A' the revolver dropped from his hand, Frank Mitchell fell dead.

Haunted by the tragedy, refusing to discuss the matter at home, Vina, as soon as she was allowed to leave, went back to the store. It was her determination to appear normal broken down when, in Gilette's room the following morning, he handed her a copy of the Sentinel and was the headline, "World Reporter Blames Daughter for Death," in signed words: "To-night.

There the article was, beginning with the words, "To-night my daughter was killed in a story you share it.

"It wasn't long before Vina dis covered the type of enemy she was up against. With regard to the lifts in the Franklin Store, for instance, her challenge was to the effect that they were anti quated and overcrowded, whereas the evening edition of the Sentinel claimed that Vina Swain had con demned them as unsafe.

"Sure it's true. They are unsafe," Gilette maintained and explained the alteration. "I'll lay even money one of them elevators falls before the Sabbath," Beak Mac Ardle added.

"Only we hope they don't," Gilette negated hastily.

Vina, feeling checkmated, went home to put on a sophisticated black velvet gown which, with the new style on the press girl's desk, enabled her to dazzle her escort for the evening. She was coming forward to meet him, stepping lightly across the shad o ring, when she came face to face with Ralph.

"Oh, Mrs. Swain," he said, ignoring Vina, "I thought I ought to tell you, Tod's ill. He's had 'flu and needs looking after. He will try and sit up better with a bed of tem perature on him.

"Mercy! I'll come at once."

"Mrs. Swain, it's a woman enough to go too, Vina?" Ralph went on. "You can be sore with me, if you want to, but don't blame Tod. I made him write that story about you and Mitchell because I love you.

I thought I'd teach you a lesson." She wanted to put him off with sarcasm dollars had engineered the smash.

But how? When a message came through from the Sentinel's editor that Ralph had escaped without a scratch and was getting a police cord round the store, relief was such that she broke into hysteria. The outburst of wild laughter and tears calmed her, however, enabling her to carry out Gilette's next assignment. She was to cover a coal-mining story at Cokemont, twenty miles from Mountain City, with Beak as bodyguard.

A substantial dislike of Gilette and his muscle man made him thankful to get back to the small hotel where Beak was waiting for her.

"I've got the story. Hurry and pack," she announced. In the bedroom where she was getting her things, her blood suddenly seemed to freeze. MacArrole was talking on the 'phone, talking evidently to Gilette, demanding to know by what means he, MacArrole, was to keep Vina from getting back to town. "You mean it, Chief? The hard way?" he was saying. 

"Okay, Chief.

Gilette suspected her of suspecting him. Gilette was ready for his henchman a good twenty miles out of town, to use force.

The situation became clear to Vina in a flash. Courage failed her, nerve, everything. Someone knocked. She knew that her daughter was there.

"Pop," she cried, and burst into the living-room.

I'll take this ring on your eye once," Beak was saying.

"Leave him alone, Beak, he's drunk," Vina entreated. But Pop wasn't drunk, unless it was with a temperature and the determination to get his daughter out of a tight corner.

"I'm cockeyed, am I?" he was saying. How did you know at the Sentinel office the life would fall? The lift fell because someone greased the cables with mechanic's soap and left himself a soap tin for me to find. I guess that's evidence.

"Well, you won't be there to give it, either of you." Out came Beak's gun. Vina laughed. "You don't imagine that Pop would walk in on a killer like you without bringing in the cops?" she cried, shooting her bow at a venture.

"Sure. They're in the hall."

"Not hurt? Why, he was brought to our place half-conscious muttering about 'Scare down that cable. It's slipping. best en gineers in the world... feels like good old 1917.' That's what gave me the idea of looking at the works. Must have been another of Gilette's dodges to get you. You won't find him, kid... Ralph's on his feet right now.

"They're firing at us," Vina said. The roar of guns came from a side turning, coincided with shots ripping their back window. Two cars drove past.

"Gilette's not wind we're on our way. Likely he 'phone Beak and the bellboy answered and said we'd 'phone for a car. He's gone!" They were off those headlights and bang on tight."

Later in the offices of the World confusion was following the proprietor's announcement that the paper had been sold to Charles Gilette. Vina, morose, noticed her father's failing energy and realised the cause, as with an effort he reached her.

"Pop!" she cried, as she saw him slump over the typewriter keys and read a figure careening hard:

"Ralph, a doctor! Gilette thugs got him." Tod Swain, opening his eyes for the last time, shook his head, "... have no roguish..."


Vina saw the eyes close and hid her face, fighting for nerve to go through with the task ahead. While she struggled the lights in her eyes changed. Up till now Vina had played the spoiled child, allowing others to do her work for her. This was not the case.

"I've missed it," she said, "I've missed the best of my life."

As Vina turned to the window, Gilette followed her, facing her, careless of his anger.

"Why not? That's what the public want, isn't it? Sedition and scandal! It killed the paper. It killed your father. Let it kill the town."

"That's not what my father died for. He was a reporter, we've always taught me to be—what you've always been—a decent newspaper man. It's the police take care of Gilette. We're not his confession."

"She's right," echoed the reporters at her elbow. Ralph looked at her and nodded. "Okay, get down to that typewriter, honey." We'll rob Gilette off the map with his own paper.

Merciful, perhaps, for Vina, tapping out Tod Swain's last exclusive, while his body was carried from the building he loved, that she was not to witness the row in the next morning's press. As the police lauded Gilette in the Sun, Vina couldn't help being glad that she had missed.

"You are there, Officer Schwartz. We've always taught me to be—what you've always been—a decent newspaper man. It's the police take care of Gilette. We're not his confession."

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**REVIEWS**

by Lionel Collier

**THEY WON'T FORGET**

_The Picturess Goer Weekly_ November 13, 1937

Claude Rains as the ambitious District Attorney, his prosecution in the court trial is masterly.

Edward Norris, restrained and natural makes a strong, yet pathetic, figure of Hale, while his wife is admirably charmed by Gloria Dickson.

Alyn Joslyn scores a success as the reporter to whom a scoop means more than conscience.

The defending counsel who is sent down by interested parties in the North is well acted by Otto Kruger, and a long cast give excellent support including Clinton Roseland as the negro who is first accused.

**EBB TIDE**

There is much that is commendable in this picturisation of Robert Louis Stevenson's story concerning three beachcombers. It is vividly picturesque, characters are well drawn and acted and the colour and technical qualities generally are exceedingly good.

It does, however, drag in parts — there is rather too much dialogue and close-ups — and it is not always wholly convincing.

Nevertheless as strong drama it can be quite confidently recommended. Acting honours go to Oscar Homolka as Captain Thorbecke, a Dutch skipper who had lost his ship and was beachcombing in Tehau in the South Sea with Robert Herrick a remittance man and Huish, a treacherous little cockney.

He gives full weight to the conflicting facets in the captain's character; a strong sense of honour which has gradually become weakened by drink and misfortune.

The story shows how the skipper is given a worthless boat on which smallpaix has broken out by French consul who wanted to see her out of the harbour.

On board they discover the daughter of the captain who had died of the disease. When they decide to sail to Peru and sell the cargo instead of going to the ship's proper destination, Sydney, the girl protests, as does Herrick but eventually Thorbecke, for another chance gains the day.

All goes well till the Cockney broaches the cargo of champagne they are carrying and the captain proceeds to get blind drunk for days on end. They run into a typhoon and are nearly lost, which sober the skipper up and finally with food nearly exhausted they make an uncharted island.

There one and find a religious maniac, Attwater, who fishes for pearls there, and Huish and Thorbecke decide to steal his harpoon. On the journey exciting incidents Huish is killed by the vitriol he had hoped to pour over Attwater who also loses his harpoon.

Then Herrick gains the upper hand and having restocked with food they set sail with ebb tide, the girl, leaving Attwater alone with his pearls.

The story does not completely at home in the role of Herrick, but his personality is attractive enough. Frances Farmer is very good as the heroine.

Barry Fitzgerald ovates the character of the Cockney and is included in a mixture of Irish and Cockney accent which is not wholly satisfactory.

While Lloyd Nolan hardly suggests an Englishman and retains most of the qualities which he brings to his other roles he is nevertheless m-nacing enough to be fairly effective.

The South Sea setting and shipboard scenes are beautifully produced and the storm sequences remarkably realistic.

**OH, MR. PORTER**

Bearing a family resemblance to the _Gentleman's Man_ , this Hay comedy directed by Manuel Vanel is just about the best the popular comedian has made to date. The full patchwork action is kept moving with commendable briskness.

The fun derives from the excellent team work of Will Hay, Graham Moffat and Moore Marriott. The make-up of the almost derelict station on the Southern Railway of Northern Ireland, where William Porter, through the influence of relations, has been made station master.

Jeremiah Harbottle and Albert and his friends and he moved from them that all his predecessors have mysteriously departed. In addition it is haunted by Eyre Joe, a ghost who in the end turns out to be a very material gun-runner whom Porter has the honour to run his hideout on an old Victorian engine.

The high-lights in the picture include the efforts to refurbish his derelict station, his encounters with the villagers whom his assistant had been consistently robbing, and his wild and hilarious ride on the old engine which is conveying the gun runners to justice. Most interesting, too, is the sequence prior to the Porter and his assistants, having discovered that the gaug's hideout is in an old, disused mill, and ascertaining and escape by climbing along the sails of the mill.

The high-lights are amusing throughout and the atmosphere of the practically disused station and that small Irish village is very well imbued.

**NITCHEVO**

_This French picture, while conventional in plot, is of interest because of the acting of the principals, who include Georges Rigaud, a French artist who has been admired by Paramount. He is worth watching because I think he will go far. He plays the role of Lieut. Henri de Kergoet, a naval officer who is posted to the Neptune, a submarine commanded by a middle-aged man, who is not quite so much a sailor as a rather lurid past about which he knows nothing.

Henri de Kergoet has once assisted her to escape from a death sentence following a political entanglement. He goes to see her by chance when they meet because she does not want her husband to learn about her past.

They are arrested by officers. Later blackmailed by a former associate, she goes to see Herve again and her lover learns about the visit and believes the worst.

Soon after the _Neptune_ is ordered to stop a yacht believed to be gun-running, and during an engagement with her the submarine is damaged and sinks. Herve carries the blackmailer, is blown up.

During the period that they hourly expect to be surrounded by the Commander with his and her wife's innocence. Finally they are rescued and restored to happiness.

Harry Baur is fine as the jealous husband, and Georges Rigaud is excellent as the young officer.

A very good performance is given by Marcelle Chantal as the wife.

**On the Screens Now**

***CALL IT A DAY***


OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, JAMES HILL, ROGER HUNTER. 

Ivan Hunter plays a part which is rather a straight one in the dramatic picture directed by Glen Ford. 

ALICE BRADY, MURIEL WEST, DONALD BUTLER, MARCIA NELSON, FRIEDA INESOURCOT, OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, ROGER HUNTER, DONALD BUTLER, MURIEL WEST, ALICE BRADY. 

In the part of Miss Lingard, a schoolmistress, Miss De Havilland is very good and makes the picture with her young co-star Roger Hunter.

_The Picturess Goer Weekly_ November 13, 1937

Very much a domestic comedy which is produced with a whimsical touch and is notable for its acting and the consciousness of the characters.

Ian Hunter is in particularly good form and gives a fine rendering of a middle-aged husband whose peace is disturbed by the overbearing propensities which occur to him and his family during a fine day in spring.

**The** (Pictured) is a beautiful picture of Frank Haines, bachelor brother of her best friend; the elder daughter Catherine, goes crazy over an artist, Ann, the younger daughter, worships more ardently than ever at the shrine of invention. The portrait is of the son, born from thoughts of a continental motoring tour to those of the mother with Joan Collett, the girl next door.

Royer's and Dorothy's innocence detour from the straight and narrow, however, ensnare with fearful reconciliation, and as they make it up at the termination of the eventful day, so does time come to the remainder of the family.

The atmosphere of the story is with the art of the artist, Bonita (Continued on page 26)
**SUCH a different VANISHING CREAM**

(It's MAIT, it's ACTIVE, it's TONIC)

The new Crème Simon M.A.T. doesn't merely smear your skin with artificial smoothness—which soon wears off and through which beads of moisture often appear. It actually combines with the skin, imparting a lovely mottled finish by its tonic effect upon the tissues. It keeps shine away all day. It is the perfect powder base. In fact, it is just the different kind of vanishing cream you would expect from the makers of Crème Simon—the different skin-food which has been in beauty's service for 85 years.

FREE COFFRET containing a pot of Crème Simon M.A.T., a tube of Crème Simon and 8 sachets of La Nouvelle Poudre Simon, sent for 6d. in stamps (for postage and packing) to Crème Simon (Distributors) Ltd., (Dept. S.A.), 65 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

**Crème Simon M.A.T.**

TAKES AWAY THE SHINE

POTS ½ & 2/3 TUBES 6½ & 1½

Crème Simon, Paris & Lyons.

**THREE MYSTERY BELLS**

This trick is very mystifying. Only one of the bells rings. Shufffe them about on a table and invite your audience to select the one they think is new. They are wrong every time. You can fool a true full of 4—5 clever people with this trick. Price 6d. Postage 1d.

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A crystal figure of a dancer polished on a stretched rubber sheet. A finger movement creates a nick, shapes. Price ½d. Postage 1d.

**WHOOPEE CUSHION**

Whoopee Cushion is made of rubber inflated like a balloon, and then placed on a chair, upon which the operator sits. The rubber, when sat on, forces air out of the cushion. Price 1½d.

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Just an odd soap-looking piece of toilet soap, but when your friend wets it, his face becomes all black. A great joke. Price ½d. Postage 1d.

**SNOW STORM TABLET**

Very unusual and amusing. When placed on the burning end of a cigarette the air becomes crystallized with a light fluffy substance like a miniature snowstorm. Quite harmless, but gives rise of fun. Several tablets in each packet. Two boxes for 6d. Postage 1d.

**BUMPER CATALOGUE** sent with every order. For orders from abroad by International Money Order.

**ELLISDON & SON**

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**"I like it!"**

It's swell! It's a smashing handful! It's a yell by a whole grand-standful! It's the pride of the shop and the top of the cocoa-tree! It's the choicest sample, the show example, it's jamboree! It's the lid! It's a first edition! My sweet tooth's one ambition. It's the test of the best for the rest to imitate. Just set me down by Nestlé's Chocolate.

---

**7 DAY TRIAL TUBE**

**OF DENTIFRICE**

You cannot afford to risk the penalties of tender gums and dull, dingy teeth. For 40 years dentists have been recommending Euthymol—the antiseptic dentifrice which takes care of the teeth. Write for a 7-day Free Trial Tube to Dept. 44B/108 Euthymol, 50, Beaconsfield, London, W.1.

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**'Six Twelve'**

50 NEW ... SO NATURAL!!

The mascara which, almost overnight, has won a place in the houddor and handbag of every smart woman—Pinaud 612 Creamy Mascara. So infinitely better—with extra creaminess to promote the loveliness and luxuriance of your lashes. So natural and utterly free from that "made-up" look. Cannot smart, smudge or run; and positively waterproof. In convenient tubes. In black, blue or green for brunettes; brown or blue for blondes. Vanity set 1½. From chemists, hairdressers, stores.

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**PINAUD 612**

Glamourous Mascara

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For GREY HAIR SHADEINE

Is safe, sure and simple to use; one liquid; nothing irritant; permanent and washable; 40 years' reputation; 100% in all Medical Certificates. At all chemists or Pinaud 612 Co., Dept. 6, 49 Churchfield Road, Acton, W.3
REVIEWS by Lionel Collier—Continued

Granville turns in another of her district-study stories as a younger daughter and the elder daughter is well portrayed by Olivia de Havilland.

Walter Wolf King is excellently characterized as the artist as is Peggy Wood as his wife. Robert Young as the bachelor, Alice Brady as his sister, are also perfectly in keeping with their roles.

All these sequences are excellently controlled and are of interest, but later when Jericho breaks his parole and escapes by sea, a subsequent escape from the desert and final adoption by a tribe he has aided, are rather meandering and not wholly convincing.

But the main crux of the story is the revenge planned by Captain MacKenzie, Dixie had been despatched and sent to prison for aiding and abetting Jericho's escape.

The story has led to a tremendous climax when the pair finally meet but actually meeting is a tame affair and the picture fizzes out on a weak note with the captain realising Jericho's happiness and returning to America.

It is pleasing enough entertainment and also picturesquely set in, but it lacks the punch that would have made it completely satisfactory.

Paul Robeson is well in character and voice as jericho, and Henry Walthall is as good as he has ever been.

Wallace Ford contributes some very good light relief as an American musical-hall performer, and as in the boat he seizes to make his escape. Unfortunately—and quite unnecessarily—"Gumshoe" gets derailed on a camel train.

Princess Kouka looks attractive in the small role of Jericho's wife.

**WAKE UP AND LIVE**


Two famous personalities appear in this picture which is in essence, a battle of wits between them. They are the band leader, Ben Bernie and Walter Winchell, America's greatest columnist. The basic idea of the story is a good one but it suffers from being raked over too much.

Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie spend most of their time ribbing each other. Walter has a secretary, Patsy Kelly, and Ben has a brothel girl, who has found modest fame co-starring in vaudeville with mercenary Jean Kay.

When Eddie and Jean come to town, the latter signs up with Gus Aver, a crooked variety agent, but the former rejects his fee and, without the microphone, is promptly dropped, and becomes attendant at a broadway show. Later, he falls in love with Alice Hunley, a featured artiste, and she sets out to cure him of "nike" fright. His is an apt pupil, and one day unwittingly croons in front of a live mike while Ben Bernie and his orchestra are broadcasting.

His success is instantaneous, but he is unaware of his recording until he reaches the desert and becomes attendant at a broadcast. Later, he falls in love with Alice Hunley, a featured artiste, and she sets out to cure him of "nike" fright.

The picture is well made in the small role of Jericho's wife.

**THE NIGHTINGALE**

What the asters mean:

*** An outstanding feature of the picture.

** Good.

Average entertainment.

* Also suitable for children.

murdered she begs Adams to help her find the murderer.

Actually, the crime had been engineered by Kalkas because the victim knew too much, but still innocent of his real occupation, they could not estrange him from the community.

Unfortunately, Adams stumbles on the solution of the mystery and, after some hectic fights, manages to have a clear-up.

Apart from Tamiroff's performance which really dominates the picture, the main thing is a good acting by a thoroughly competent cast.

As Director, Hall, for instance, is excellently played by a well-known ingenue.

As the reporter, Lloyd Nolan is good as is Claire Trevor as Dixie.

In small parts, Larry Crable, the late Helen Burgess and Harvey Stephens give good accounts of themselves.

**BEHIND THE HEADLINES**


Lee Tracy gives a typical performance as a music-hall "racketeer," who has a journalistic feud with a woman leader writer with whom he is in love. His manner is amusing but one doubts whether it would appeal as much as it is supposed to, if it were not so delightfully played by Diana Gibson.

The picture depicts how they double-cross each other in their efforts to be first with the news about a gang that they have both learned is going to hold up a van full of Government gold.

Finally the girl is kidnapped by the gang but she is able to get a message through a Government wireless station which brings Eddie to the rescue.

Comedy plays a big part in the picture and is really excellent. The sentimental situations and the film is interesting in that it demonstrates how wireless may be used in tracking down such criminals.

Radio sequences have been put over with realism and attention to detail.

Donald Meek appears in the role, unusual for him, of a crook and scores a hit, and Tom Kennedy is amusing as the hero's blundering aide.

**PARNELL**


CLARE GABLE, Claire GABLE, Patricia GREENWELL, Tom E. O'Meara MURPHY, Donald MERRILL, Donald BARKER, Walter MERRILL, Donald MEYER, Donald EDDA MAY OLIVER, Mitzi BARKER, Ethel Buck FRED WOOD, J. R. TORRELLE, Douglas VENESS, Karen JAMES ABNER, David RAYMOND, James W. RAYMOND, James RAY, James FRED WOOD, J. R. TORRELLE, Douglas VENESS, Karen JAMES ABNER, David RAYMOND, James W. RAYMOND, James

If you regard this picture as a piece of genuine melodrama and forget that it is supposed to be dealing with the career of a well-known statesman you will probably find it not bad entertainment, for
it is impossible to believe in Clark Gable as Mary.

The story covers a period of some eleven years; from the meeting of Parnell and O'Shea till the former's death. It is excellently presented but tediously slow at times in action and long-winded in dialogue, of which, incidentally, is of a very indifferent nature.

The picture's main highlight is the court scene where Parnell answers those who have accused him of being concerned in political murders and shows up the trickery of an Irish journalist, Pigott, who had forged his signature. It is a gripping, dramatic and well-acted sequence.

It is stated in the press releases that Parnell's downfall was caused by the defection of his wife O'Shea and his wife Kate, who was used as the decoy, and that in reality, Parnell loved another woman who was indifferent to him.

However, in this case, the politician does not need much persuasion, he falls in love on sight, but O'Shea is certainly painted as black as needs be, using his wife's influence over Parnell to advance her own cause.

The picture ends with Parnell's political downfall and death.

Clark Gable approaches his subject in a rough and ready fashion which makes it impossible to believe him to be anyone else but Clark Gable.

Myrna Loy as Katie is too obviously aboil and overstresses the "spiritual" significance of the part.

I did, however, appreciate Alan Marshall as O'Shea and the light relief supplied by Edna May Oliver as Katie's aunt.

George Zucco is very good as Parnell's defending counsel and Neil Fitzgerald is convincing as the rascally Pigott.

Settings which include a sequence in the House of Commons are painstakingly accurate, but the types are not so good. Montague Love's Gladstone is almost laughable.

**WINGS OVER HONOLULU**

General Full Length (1939) 77 minutes.

Wendy Barrie...Lauralee Curtis
Ray Milland...Rex Ingram
William Barrow...Ronald Colman
Polly Rowles...Esther Ralston
Gilchrist...Samuel H. Emlyn
Also: Mary Phillips, Margaret McWilliams, Clara Blanken, Louise Hoare, Joyce Compton.

Directed by H. C. Potter.

Simple romantic drama with effective spectacular aerial backgrounds. The story deals with Lauralee Curtis, a romantically-minded girl, and Story Gilchrist, a naval flyer, who fell in love at first sight and then marry.

Soon Lauralee resents the demands of the Service and, in a moment of pique, angrily makes a date with Gregory Chandler, a former admirer. She and Gregory unfortunately hit the front page, and the scandal puts paid to his chance of promotion.

To make amends, Lauralee decides to go out of Story's life, but when he hears that she has joined Chandler on his yacht, he goes after her in a Government plane.

A crash follows, and he has to face a court-martial, but Lauralee, now conscious of her duty to her husband and the Service, gives evidence in his defence and, by shouldering the blame, secures a recommendation for clemency.

Ray Milland can generally be relied upon to give a sincere performance and he is very good as the irresponsible Story.

Wendy Barrie is effective too as Lauralee and the pair of them get the most out of the romantic situations.

Kent Taylor gives a polished performance as Chandler and the supporting cast is sound.

The picture relies more on its domestic side than on the depiction of America's Naval Aviation Service, which is somewhat curiously treated, but its merits outweigh its faults.

**LOVE IN A BUNGALOW**


Nan Grey...Mary Gallahan
Kent Taylor...Jeff Lane
Jack Smart...Wilbur Babcock
Howard Cavanagh...Mr. Kester
Mervyn Ewaldo...Mrs. Kester
Richard Carle...Mr. Bisbee
Margaret McWade...Lydia Bisbee
Marjorie Main...Emma Bisbee
Louise Beavers...Mlle.
Florence Lake...The Ga-Ga Prospect
Terry Terry...Junior
Joan Bradley...Popest.

Directed by Raymond McCarey.

The dialogue swims the action in this romantic comedy which has piquant situations and is quite well acted.

Nan Grey is commendably provocative as Mary, hostess to Wilbur Babcock, promoter of up-to-date bungalow developers, who discovers Jeff, an irresponsible young man, asleep in a show house which she occupies for demonstration purposes.

From the unconventional meeting springs chauvinist romance, and the two, during one of their harmonious moments, enter for the Bisbee Home Remedy "Happily Ever After" competition. By a stroke of luck they win, but in order to claim the prize they have to look the part and borrow two youngsters to complete the family portrait.

The stage is then set for them to receive the cure, but just as Bisbee is about to hand it over the parents of the pseudo-offspring arrive, and they are followed by Wilbur, outraged at the thought of one of his bungalows being turned into a love-nest.

Things look black for Mary and Jeff, but it is not long before Bisbee and Wilbur realise that to prosecute Jeff will reflect on their own concerns, and that they compromise on conditions that Mary and Jeff marry.

Nevertheless, they do.

Kent Taylor is in the part of Jeff easily and tightly teams up with the feminine lead.

**RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS**

Number of stars awarded in brackets:

- A for the Thin Man (2) Oct. 23
- Born to Dance (3) Sept. 25
- Day at the Races (2) Sept. 18
- Dreaming Lips (2) Sept. 1
- Glooshie (1) Oct. 18
- The Fore (2) Nov. 6
- Fox Over England (3) Sept. 23
- Fifty Roads to Town (2) Oct. 7
- For You Alone (3) Oct. 2
- Gathering of Allah, The (3) Sept. 23
- Hair Affair (2) Oct. 9
- History Made at Night (2) Oct. 22
- I Met Him In Paris (2) Nov. 6
- Jump For Glory (2) Oct. 9
- King Solomon's Mines (2) Sept. 18
- Last Hurrah (2) Oct. 23
- Loy's of London (3) Sept. 11
- Make Way For Tomorrow (3) Oct. 30
- Married Women (2) Nov. 2
- May Time (3) Oct. 9
- Night Must Fall (2) Oct. 30
- On the Avenue (2) Nov. 6
- Outcasts of Poker Flat, The (2) Nov. 6
- People Under the Weather, The (2) Sept. 23
- Quality Street (2) Oct. 18
- Ready, Willing And Able (2) Oct. 18
- Seventh Heaven (2) Oct. 9
- Shall We Dance (3) Sept. 11
- Show Goes On, The (2) Oct. 23
- Slap Happy, Crazy (2) Oct. 16
- They Give Him a Gun (2) Oct. 23
- Woman Between, The (2) Sept. 18
- You Only Live Once (3) Oct. 2

**NO DANGER, NO PHANTOSM**


"TITANIA"

A COIFFURE FROM THE SUPERMAN HAIR STYLE GUIDE, SPECIALLY COMPILED BY MR. B. N. FURMAN

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"TITANIA" is specially designed for you!

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Send to-day for your free copy of the Superman Hair Style Guide. If your Hairdresser cannot give you a Superman "perm" ask us for the address of the nearest "Superma" specialist, or come to us for your "perm."

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PICTURES FOR WEEKLY
WHAT DO YOU THINK? Letters from our readers

UNREASONABLE WOMEN
Are They Typical of Their Sex?

WHY do the women in films make such unreasonable demands upon their men?

Louisa Cody in The Plutonium Ports her Buffalo Bill to stay at home and thread curtains when it is his imperative duty to ride to the rescue of settlers besieged by Indians, as she herself may be at some future time. In Second Wife Gertrude Michael repudiates Walter Abel because he leaves her to go to his son, who is at death's door.

In one quota quickie a wife was shown smashing her husband's hands to prevent him from going to the hospital where he was required to perform an important operation. She wanted him to stay in and celebrate their wedding anniversary!

Why are these so-called Honeymoon Wives presented as sympathetic characters? They are narrow, primitive and selfish, and should be exhibited, if at all, as the disagreeable minor character-studies they really are. Barbara Fletcher, Flat 4, 205 Dickson Road, Blackpool, Lancs.

(Now you've started something, Barbara! — "Thinker.")

Contract

- Why not a contract for conduct between stars and fans? There seems to be a good deal of disension between the two, as to whether, on the one hand, screen stars are ungracious and ungrateful, or whether, on the contrary, fans are unreasonable and annoying.

Here's my version of the contract as it should be written:

I. Screen Star, the party of the first part, agree to be always mindful of my debt to the public.
II. I will courteously answer, or have my secretary answer, all the fan mail received.
III. I will not be rude enough to send a price list of my photographs to fans who have not requested photographs.
IV. Film Fan, the party of the second part, agree not to infringe on the private life of the public of the first part.
V. I will keep my fan letters impersonal. I will not write love letters, requests for money, or anything which may prove embarrassing.
VI. If I wish a photograph, I will pay for it without being asked.
VII. This seems to cover the situation. Is it fair?

-(Miss) Chris. Maybury, 45 Overton Road, Halfway, Cambuslang, Glasgow, Scotland, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

Kinema For Films

- The cinema is a place for film entertainment. "Get together" tactics such as community singing, which a reader maintains are necessary to gitter up audiences, are extremely irritating to people who visit the cinema for the restful mental stimulation films provide.

The idea that people are bottled up for two or three hours without a proper outlet for their feelings too is surely a mistaken one. The cinema offers an ideal opportunity for the release of pent-up emotions than any other form of entertainment to-day.

It is anything but impersonal, as this reader suggests. The very atmosphere is charged with a feeling of mutual enjoyment. One feels fused with the rest of the audience—a part of a crowd enjoying an experience in common.

If community singing, organ interludes and second-rate variety acts, etc., were forbidden, kinemas would still continue to attract the large audience they do to-day—D. F. Deverell, Hopes Green, S. Benfleet, Essex, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Trecy Bathos

- I was curious about the new version of Seventh Heaven. Would it amused and move me by turns as did the old silent version of 1927?

With these thoughts in mind I went along to see.

Perhaps during the intervening ten years I have become blase, excessive picturegoing does that to some people; but there were times during this picture when I could have seized an axe and murdered the sniffing and snivelling women that surrounded me on all sides.

With all its imaginative photography, clever characterization and technical artistry, the film simply did not ring true.

And, to me, the high spot of bathos was the dreadful close-up (artily "softened" for the occasion), of Simone Simon breathing that treacly line, "Chico, Diane, Heaven," accompanied by an ethereal violin playing "Diane" in the traditional "Hearts and Flowers" style, complete with mute.

Well, I suppose its good "Box Office"—but, oh, Hollywood!—Grefrey P. Wheeler, 62a High Road, North Finchley, N.12.

(And oh, Grefrey!—read the next letter—"Thinker.")

3,000 Bouquets

- Three thousand bouquets to Simone Simon for her wonderful performance in Seventh Heaven.

She deserves first-rate honours as the most natural female on the screen. And she is by far the loveliest.

As "Diane" she has won our hearts with her innocence and charm.

In Girls Dormitory she was marvellous, in Seventh Heaven she is excellent.

All we want are more British juvenile stars like her, instead of the absolute washouts that look like tailors' dummies on the screen to-day. L. V. Lightwood, 71 Netley Road, Walthamstow, E.17.

(And so the discussion rages, far far into the night—"Thinker.")

(Continued on page 30)
GOOD NEWS!

★ Modern in every detail, lovely in every line, Erasmic’s new jar in opal glass is being enthusiastically welcomed.

★ For this practical new jar still contains the same Erasmic Vanishing Cream — its exquisite texture unaltered. Erasmic’s caressing touch brings a velvety smoothness to your complexion.

★ And Erasmic Cream “holds” your powder really well. The natural youthful bloom that it imparts gives glamour to your skin, and its delicate fragrance merges enchantingly with your chosen perfume.

★ Buy a new jar this very day. And keep for your handbag the useful 3d size.

SPECIAL OFFER OF ERASMIC BEAUTY BOX. A generous sample case of Erasmic’s famous Beauty Preparations . . . Vanishing Cream, Complexion Powder, Powder Cream, and Perfumed Soap . . . will be sent you in return for 6d in stamps. Write to Dept. T: 32. The Erasmic Co. Ltd., Warrington.

Your envelope should be sealed, bearing a 1½d stamp. Say whether you prefer Rachel or Natural. (Not applicable in I.F.S.)

Erasmic

vanishing cream

Have you heard about the menthol tissue handkerchiefs?

Miss Modern’s handkerchief is now also a protection against colds. VENIDA MENTHOL-KERCHIEFS are made of the softest tissue impregnated with menthol. They give wonderful relief in cases of colds and hay-fever. Sold everywhere at 6d, a packet.

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 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, sunk, and the world looks pink.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn’t get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters 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 Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.

Are you cleaning your teeth or wearing them away?

Although you must clean your teeth regularly, it can do as much harm as good if the paste or powder you use is at all abrasive, you wear away that thin film of enamel which is Nature’s only protection against decay.

And there are dentists so abrasive that Dentists can tell at a glance what you’ve been using.

Make sure about your present tooth paste. Compare it with one which dentists recognise as the finest and smoothest of all — Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day (or send the coupon below for a sample tube free). Put them both to the Rite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present one seems to have the least sign of grittiness, don’t take chances any longer.

It is just because there is so safe that dentists recommend Odol. Odol can be obtained as Tooth Paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouthwash and Odol Denture Powder.

Shoe smartness that costs only 6d

Here is where a few pennies can save you shillings — maybe pounds. Retain the elegance and double the life of your shoes with a bottle of Radium. Easy to use and marvellously effective. Radium is made in all the latest colours. Sold at shoe shops, repairers, and leather stores.

Radum Ltd.,
Zena Polish Works,
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Use Radium Sole Cleaner for your Sole Shoes.

Be sure the bottle bears the name Radum.
The softer-working and deeper-cleansing oils in D & R Perfect Cold Cream smooth and clear the skin and feed, the under-tissues.

PHOUSANDS of Fair-Haired Ladies are already using and praising this marvellous preparation! It doubles and triples the beauty of Fair Hair. If your hair has become dull and lost its tone, you will be amazed at the transformation which "Harlene" Camomile Golden Hair Wash will accomplish. You will see it changed from that uninteresting, "indescribably mousy shade to a veritable "Halo of Sunshine" with that glorious light-gold touch which is so universally fascinating.

From all Chemists 1/3d, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

FREE

The softer-working and deeper-cleansing oils in D & R Perfect Cold Cream smooth and clear the skin and feed, the under-tissues.

What Do You Think?—Contd.

Where Honour is Due
• It was with sincere pleasure that I read the Editor’s open letter to George Arliss, wherein, at last, our maligned Gentleman of the Screen was defended in a just and appreciative vein by one entitled to judge and air views.

Mr. Arliss is not by any means the only star who has played a succession of similar roles; need one waste space by listing other examples? Personally, I am happy to see George Arliss in any role he cares to accept, but I have observed that when any artist elects to play a character which is totally out of his usual rut, one hears folk say in tones of disappointment: "Not the part for him, is it?"—and often mention a preference for a previous film in which the more customary type was portrayed. So one wonders—what do people want?

I doubt George Arliss is quite as willing to oblige as anyone if this could be discovered. Anyway, here’s looking forward impatiently to Dr. Syn—Daphne Audley-Wills, Mars Cliffs, Selsey Road, Putney, Surrey.

(But it is not the similarity of the roles that picturegoers object to!—"Thinker.")

Snubs or Smiles?
• I am sorry for F. James, of London, receiving the frozen mitt. My brother received a bad snub on a visit to a London cinema, and hasn’t recovered from frostbite yet.

In a nearby town (Abbertillery) the girl in the box is known to us all as a friend: the "second feature" is never billed, so I have to depend on her for the information, and she has not failed me once, even on the first night before the performance.

When I arrive I get a beaming smile of welcome; when I leave I am asked: "Did I like the show?"

In the same town, in another cinema, another box-office girl passed through an acid test—I asked her, on a Thursday night, to change a pound note for me, and she not only did it, but apologized for giving it all in silver! The next night, I should say, is financially speaking, very low tide. F. James should try the provinces for politeness.—Edwyna, Blaina, Mon.

(Other readers have written to the same effect.—"Thinker.")

Biblical Films
• Should a Biblical film be produced, supposing the censor would pass it?

Myself, I think that a film of this type would only attract those people who would be urged to go by the curiosity of seeing the unknown, and I think they would be disappointed.

I doubt if it would inspire or satisfy anyone to see an actor portray the Son of God on the screen, as it was not Christ’s outer form that was the memorable part of Him.

Also I do not see how such a film could be accurate, for as we do not know what He looked like, all that would be seen would be a walking and talking copy of some great painter’s idea of Him.

My contention is, that as a great percentage of films are still being based upon the old dramatic theme of “Good” v. “Evil” they have as good an reverence for Christianity as any ornamented plaque, suitable only for a church wall.—Leslie G. Milington, 15 The Drive, Lancing, Sussex.

(Vet “King of Kings” was an enormous success—"Thinker." )

FOUR VIEWS WANTED
• What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 ls. 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 50 words.

WHO'S WHO

Frank Lawton

- The rôle which brought Frini Lawton his
greatest recognition on the screen was his
part in Young Woddy, an adaptation of
the stage play in which he had also scored heavily.
He was born in London on September 30, 1904,
the son of well-known stage artists, and
he made his stage debut at the Vaudeville Theatre
in 1923. He has played in revue, musical comedy
and drama both here and on Broadway. He is
married to Evelyn Laye, with whom he visited
America last year. He came back in August,
1923, to take the lead in The Mill on the Floss.
His pictures include Michael and Mary, After
Office Hours, Heads We Go, Friday the Thirteenth,
Cavalcade, David Copperfield, and Devil Doll.

Ivan Lebedeff

- A good many White Russians have found
their way to Hollywood and none more
romantic than Ivan Lebedeff, who was associated
with the Russian Imperial Court and carries his
courtly manners into private life. He was born
at Uspolka, Lithuania, in 1896 and educated
in St. Petersburg at the Military Academy. He
served through the war with distinction. His
screen career dates back eleven years, when he
escaped from Bolshevist Russia, making his first
appearance in Germany for Ufa. He made
several films in France and then appeared for
Paramount in 1923 in The Sorrows of Satan at the
instance of D. W. Griffith, who offered him a
contract. His more recent films include The
Golden Arrow, Peppers, Love on the Run, Man's
Steps Out, History Is Made at Night.

Francis Lederer

- Son of a leather merchant, Francis Lederer
was born in Prague, Czechoslovakia, on
November 6, 1906. For a short time he was
employed in a draper's shop, but he had set his
heart on acting and eventually won a scholarship
at the Prague Academy.

To help finance his studies, he took on such
outings as washing windows and sweeping
floors. Then he began to get small stage rôles,
and eventually made quite a name for himself
in the Moravian provinces. He played something
like 200 parts in stock companies touring
central Europe before he scored his first big
success, playing opposite Elisabeth Bergner in
Romeo and Juliet in Berlin.

It was Autumn Crocus, however, that estab-
lished his international fame. When he came to
London in that play he immediately set the
hearts of the gallery girls a-flutter and became
the matinee idol of the day.

It was only a question of time before Holly-
wood got him and after he had repeated his
success on Broadway he made his American
screen debut in Man of the World.

His recent pictures include My American Wife,
One Rainy Afternoon and his latest, It's All Yours.

Francis has dark hair and eyes and is 6 ft.
tall. Matrimonially speaking, by the way, he is
now out of circulation. Margo, the Mexican
star, married him the other day.

Anna Lee

- Anna Lee is a most unusual young lady.
Recently, with her director husband Robert
Stevenson, she announced her temporary
retirement from the screen to write a novel and
"to have a baby." They hope to be back in a
year's time—or earlier if their bank manager
insists.

Anna is a parson's daughter. She was born
on New Year's Day, 1914, at Lightham, Kent,
where her father was Rector. She was educated
in Eastbourne and left school when she was
fifteen to attend a dramatic college. After two
years of training she obtained a small rôle in
The Last Hour and went on tour.

Illness, however, caused her to leave
the stage for a year. She devoted the time to travel.
When she returned she found that she had lost
all her stage contacts and she took up screen
work—mostly small parts in quota pictures.
Then she was chosen for the feminine lead in
Jack Hubert's The Camels Are Coming and her
film name was made.

Latest films: The Man Who Changed His
Mind, O.H.M.S., King Solomon's Mines and
Non-Stop New York.

Choose your Makeup by the

COLOUR of your EYES

THE EYES HAVE IT!

It was a stroke of genius on
the part of the Hudnut
Cosmetic Scientists who dis-
covered that the secret to
colour-type is in the COLOUR
of THE EYES. Such a little
thing—yet of such importance.
For now, at last, you can choose a makeup that is infalli-
ble—makeup created specially for you. Your hair may change
—your skin tone may change—
but the COLOUR of your
EYES NEVER CHANGES. Richard
Hudnut have seized upon this
key to colour-type, and have
created a series of Eye-
Matched cosmetics, harmonis-
ing Face Powder, Rouge and
Lipstick...keyed to the colour
of the eyes. And if you would
add to the lustre of your eyes
there are related Eye Shadow
and Mascara, too. Such a
simple idea—and like most
simple things—IT'S PERFECT.
Choose your type from this list.

Dresden: type if your eyes are BLUE
Parian: type if your eyes are BROWN
Patrician: type if your eyes are GREY
Continental: type if your eyes are HAZEL

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LIPSTICK 3/6 • EYE SHADOW 2/3
MASCARA 3/6

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a P.O. (stating your Eye Colour) to RICHARD
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Illustrated Booklet sent free on request.

PICTUREGOER Weekly

November 13, 1937
LET GEORGE DO IT!

P. F. (Liverpool and J. M. (Scotland).—
Write to Deanna Durbin c/o Universal Studios.

PICTUREGOER.—(1) Gracie Fields is married to Archie Pitt. (2) Write to Gary Cooper c/o Sam Goldwyn, Robert Donat c/o London Films, and Clark Gable c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. (3) Robert Donat has two children, John and Joanna. Gary Cooper has a baby daughter.

JACK G. (Dublin).—Photographs of Johnnie Weissmuller can be obtained from the Postcard Saloon, 83, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 6d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

A DONAT Fan.—(1) Robert Cochran, 71,058, Glasgow, is tall and has fair hair and blue eyes. (2) Billy Milton, 6, Dec. 8, 1905, London, has black hair and brown eyes. (3) Robert Donat was born in 1905. He is scheduled for The Four Feathers for London Films.

K. J. (Newcastle on Tyne).—(1)yet, Irene Dunne sings herself in film. (2) Write to Walt Disney c/o United Artists. (3) We have no definite date of Shirley Temple's arrival in England.

JOHN BOLLE Fan.—We have not heard that John Bolles is to make The Desert Song. His photograph can be obtained from the Postcard Saloon, address above, for 5d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen. Write to him c/o Twentieth Century-Fox for an autograph.

L. B. (Hampshire).—Write to Jeannette MacDonald c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and to Nils Ancher c/o Herbert Wilcox Productions.

V. C. R. (New Cross).—(1) Helen Morgan, b. 1902, Columbus, Ga., has not made a film since Shie Boot. (2) Bebe Daniels, latest film Music is Magic. (3) Anton Walbrook's latest film The Rat, with Ruth Chatterton.

BLAYE EYES.—Music from Take My Tip as follows: "Birdies Out of a Cage" and "I Was Anything But Sentimental." (1) There are no particular wave scenes in Lady in Lace, all the incidental background music is published by Fox Movietone or Columbia Pictures.


INTERESTED (Flaistion) — Louise Hayward, no birthdate given. is 5 ft. 7 in. tall and has dark brown hair. Has not made a film since The Woman Between.

J. B. (Middx.).—Write to Mrs. Glenda Grey, 1405 7th Street, New Castle, Indiana, U.S.A., for particulars of a Jeannette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier Fan Club. There is also a club for Miss MacDonald run by THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB, 9 Morning Lane, London, E.C.1.


MARIE (Croydon).—No. Dennis King has not made a film since Fra Diavolo. (2) Bobby Breen, b. 26, Dec. 13, 1915, his fans include Let's Sing Again, Rainbow on the River and Make a Wish.

D. R. C. (Birmingham).—David Jack Holt is about nine years old, his latest film is Big Broadcast of 1937. Write to him c/o Paramount. (2) Richard Cromwell's latest film The Road Back.

F. W. S.—The Case of the Curious Bride was released Dec. 2, 1935, and the criticism appeared in the Nov. 30, 1935, issue of this magazine.

INQUIRY (Bolton).—Sonia Henke, b. Oslo, April 8, 1913. (2) Heights as follows: Essene Powell, 5 ft. 5 in., Binnie Barnes 5 ft. 5 in., Gail Patrick, 5 ft. 7 in.

INQUIRY (Newport).—(1) Grace Moore, b. Dec. 5, 1913, fell in, married Vaclav Patera, she has fair hair and blue eyes. (2) Ronald, b. 1916, is tall, 5 ft. 10 in., tall, weighs 148 lb. and has brown hair and green eyes. Films include: Paramount on Parade, Here's Romance, The Gay Desperado and Music for Madame.

INTERESTED (Ballyham).—Louis Hayward, no birthdate given. is 5 ft. 7 in. tall, and has dark hair and eyes. His last film was The Woman Between. (2) Fred MacMurtry, 1936.

H. H. E. (Brockley).—The title of the film The Gift Was Young was not refused by the British Board of Trade as immoral and obscene. Chief players: Nova Pilbeam, Petrick Italiani and Percy Marmont. (2) Release dates: Knight Without Armour, Jan. 1, 1938; Nan. York, Feb. 21, 1938; Victoria the Great, Dec. 27, 1937; Cairo Living, Jan. 1, 1938. At Fairy: Virginia Bruce, Robert Young, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Mayflower Productions. (4) We have no photograph of Junior at the Bar. (5) No Pilbeam's latest film is Young and Innocent.

BLOUNTY (Birmingham).—Guns and Guitars was made by Republic Films for British Film, Ltd. (2) So western films have been made in this country as yet.

A SANE FAN (Scotland).—You can write to Sukie c/o London Films for a copy of The Diary.

J. P. (1) Yes, Una Merkel and James Stewart sang themselves in Born to Dance. (2) Write to Jeannette MacDonald, Fredric March, Nelson Eddy, and Myrna Loy c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

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 in all films. In future, if you want notes of films, release dates or cast information, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlet House, Martlet Court, Bow Street, London, W.1.

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelop for your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.

No. 338 (Nov. 7, 1937) November 13, 1937.

Edition: Offices: Martlet House, Martlet Court, Bow St., W.C.2.


Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.


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White first time!

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**FAN CLUB NOTICES**

The Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon Clubs are holding a Sale of Goods in aid of The Princess Elizabeth of York Hospital for Children, Shadwell, East London, on Saturday, Nov. 13, at the Metropolitan Academy of Music, 75 High Street, Marylebone (five minutes from Baker St. Station), from 4 to 9 p.m. The sale will be opened at 4 o'clock by Rene Ray and Mr. Clifford Millson will hold the sale at 7 p.m. There will be many stalls including a stand for a number of pictures which have been presented by Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, Barbara Byron, Rene Ray, Clifford Millson, Nancy Price, Laura La Marte, etc., a "sports" section, lucky dip, raisins, a theatre dressing cases section presented by Bebe and hundreds of signed photographs of stars and screen stars. All are invited and an enjoyable time is guaranteed to every one attending.

The first edition of The Fantast, the official organ of the Denny Dennis Fan Club has just been published. It contains many interesting articles, biographies, news of Denny Dennis and Roy Fox, etc., and is issued free to all members. Write to Miss Millie Peggus, 23 Hamilton Road, Grove Road, Bow, London, England, and to Miss Marion Bailie, 22 Borough Hill, Boroughhill, Glasgow, if you want a Scottish or Irish address. Details of joining this interesting club.

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.
Colds & FLU
often start with a sore throat

Beware the raw, tickling throat which precedes a cold or ‘flu. That’s your signal to take Cephos. Cephos banishes headache and feverishness and stops the attack immediately.

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FREE SAMPLE COUPON
To Miss HAYNES, 169 OLD ST., LONDON, E.C.1; Please send me free samples of SU-CAN Soluble Towels.

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COLD & FLU

MORNING MOUTH

DON’T TAKE THE WRONG TURNING!

Girls—

Don’t lose heart if those cherished evenings together are getting “flat.” You want him to be the romantic lover, just like those lovers on the screen... then give yourself the irresistible allure of those glamorous stars of Holly-wood. Simply use their lipstick, the Kissproof Automatic Lipstick—yours for a shilling. From all Chemists and Department Stores. See also the exotic new Kissproof Bason at 6d.

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NEW AUTOMATIC Indelible LIPSTICK

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In Tubes 6d & 9d. In Pots 1/- and 2½-

Zee-Kol Soap contains another glorious perfume. The most beautiful soap in the world for the complexion. The same formula of Zee-Kol—made also with Almond Oil. Price 6d. per packet. Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from:

SHAYEV ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. De 10), 40 Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19

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WITH ORDER makes you the owner of this Lady’s Solid 9ct. Gold Wrist Watch on solid 9ct. gold expanding bracelet. In balance of each monthly sum of £2 10.0 payable in 10 monthly sums of 5/-, and final sum of 5/-. No interest.

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Pic. X. No.
Losing
HER JOB
DID NORA A GOOD TURNOVER GOOD TURNOVER?
WHERE'S NORA TODAY?
LOST HER JOB. SHE WAS SALES-GIRL IN A FROCK
SHOP—VERY SWAGGER PLACE, TOO.
YOU KNOW ONE MUST LOOK NICE IN A PLACE LIKE THAT AND HER
COMPLEXION IS DREADFUL.
TIRED SKIN—EN? WELL, I THINK WE SHOULD TELL HER ABOUT
KNIGHT'S CASTLE.

CITY AIR IS SO TRYING YOUE NEED
KNOIGHTS CASTLE TO TUNE THE SKIN UP.
YOU ARE DEARS TO HELP ME!

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

THE question of facial
superfluous hair occupies
a large part of the time
and attention of every
beauty writer in the coun-
ty. This unwanted hair is a
heart-breaking business because,
reading between the lines of so
many letters, one realises how much
tension and, in some cases,
positive anguish of mind it causes
the sufferer.

The woman with a noticeable
growth of hair on her face becomes
obsessed with it. She thinks of
little else, and imagines that the
people she meets think of little else,
too.

It is useless to try to comfort
her with the idea that her follicles
notice it far less than she imagines.
It is probably true, but there is
little comfort in the idea.

What, then, can be done to cure
this condition, since it is so hard
to endure? Electrolysis is the answer,
since it is the method that
destroy's unwanted hair for good.

"But I cannot afford it," replies
the sufferer; "it is so expensive.

Rather should she say; "it was so expensive."
With the introduction of improved apparatus, it has been
made possible for the operator to
speed up the treatment. It still
costs 10s. 6d. a sitting. But against
the previous, say, 30 hairs that could be
dealt with in that time, it is now
possible to treat 60 to 80 hairs.
This, of course, considerably reduces
the outlay for complete cure.

I was examining the other day this
most modern apparatus which
produces a short-wave generator. This
apparatus is used for other surgical
purposes, but it is particularly
suitable for the removal of hair. It is far less
cumbersome than the usual galvanic
method, and, what is more important,
the patient feels less discomfort and
the process is twice as quick.

It causes no scarring and the slight
redness that remains after the treat-
ment quickly disappears.

Chatting with an expert the other
day on this subject of superfluous
hair, I found her in full agreement
with me on one of the reasons for so
much unwanted hair among young
women and girls—infantile
sun-bathing.

Average English skins are not
meant to stand the full glare of
sunlight without adequate protec-
tion. They cannot develop the
necessary pigmentation to cut out
the burning rays of the sun, and so
Nature steps in and develops another
form of protection—and that is hair.

If you have a skin that tans
readily, you may escape this afflict-
ton; but if your skin reddens and
burns, then beware of hair caused by
too much sun.

The superfluous hair that worries
older women, possibly those who
are approaching middle-age, springs
from another cause.

In such cases glandular distur-
ance is probably responsible. The
new electrolysis helps again in
these cases, but, at the same time, it is
probably wise to consult a doctor
who can supplement the electrical
treatment with injections. The two
measures taken together in all prob-
ability will clear up the condition.

If you cannot afford the fees for
this treatment—though, personally,
I should think it is worth saving up for—it what measures can be taken to keep

the skin smooth or bleach the hair so
that it is inconspicuous?

Bleaching is more or less successful if
you are naturally fair-haired. But if
your hair is dark, results are not so good.
Here is the method of preparing
the bleach. Mix three tablespoonsfuls
of peroxide of hydrogen with six drops
of household ammonia. Add sufficient
powdered pumice stone to make a soft
paste.

Place some cotton wool in the nostrils
to prevent inhalation of the ammonia
and then spread the paste on the skin.
Leave it for five minutes. Take it off
with cotton wool soaked in warm
water. Afterwards massage the skin with
cold cream to counteract the drying
effect of the bleaching liquor. Slightly
sensitive, and the bleaching paste tends
to set up inflammation. Such, in that
case its use must be discontinued imme-
diately.

There are many kinds of depilatories
sold, but wax is the type in general use
for the face. It may be bought as a
liquid or on prepared strips of ribbon
of elastic weave. The wax is allowed to set
and then removed, when the hair comes
with it. Take care that the skin is
perfectly dry when the wax is applied,
and any redness that remains after
application should be soothed with
applications of calcium liniment.

Never be tempted to use a razor or a very
strong depilatory on the face. The razor
will cause the hairs to sprout and a coarse
depilatory will核定cker the hair,
both interfere with the soft, downy
growth on the skin. It is important not to touch
the face, if down it is removed, it usually coarsens
and grows into thick hair.

It is for this reason that, generally speaking,
a wax depilatory is best for facial use. The
wax fails to grip the down, and thus leaves
it intact when the longer hairs are pulled off.

If I can give you any personal advice on the
question of superfluous hair, please write
to me and enclose an envelope for reply.

---

M. Heard (Whiteley Bridge).—Do not fear
that you will grow unsightly wrinkles in your
ankles is undoubtedly due to the heart
trouble from which you suffer. I am afraid
it is necessary to treat the cause and not
the symptoms. If you do make a habit of
putting on much weight, consult your doctor. He can
tell you what to do. When you have
learned it is useless to attempt to reduce yourself.

---

Please accept the title of this article as an
invitation to pass your worries to me. Enclose
a stamped addressed envelope if you require a
reply. A boy of 11 years old in the 11th, Blue
Dinominions, please send a postage coupon instead.

---

Talkie Title Tales

THIS week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss E. Burnett, High Cliff,
Xville, Durham City, for—

M-G-M's Wife
Wedding Present
They Gave Him a Gun
The Bride Walks Out

Plays of half a guinea are awarded to—
J. Curran, 4 Sylvia Crescent, Tewstow,
S. Yerup, Hastings, for—

Skippy
Happy Whore
Grump

Miss A. Butterworth, 30 North Avenue,
Greenfield, N. Oldham, for—
Good morning, Boys
Where's George?
Someone at the Door

Mrs. J. M. Davidson, 61 King's Avenue,
Bromley, Kent, for—
That Girl from Paris
Imaginative Bacterias
Dangerous Number
Don't Tell the Girls

Mrs. M. E. Whitehouse, 317 Oldbury Road,
West Smethwick, Staffs, for—
Right Girl in a Ball
Dangerous Number
Over She Comes

The Crowd Rears

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

A little postcard with the name of each postcard
ef Piroetian, Martinetti House, Bow Street,

There is no entrance fee, and there are no
other rules, except that I will make my "titles" being submitted on a postcard, and
only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.
Hullo darling! Been having a beauty treatment?

Yes dear—and it only cost 6d. You see I use Velouty ★

The Original Combined POWDER CREAM

Velouty gives to the face, shoulders, arms and hands, in the same even tone, a natural and lasting velvety smoothness. Red and shiny noses, also minor skin blemishes are hidden by Velouty, and muddy complexion's brightened.

Made in five shades—White, Ivory, Natural, Ochre and Soleil Doré (Sungold).


Most People Only Wed Once

What are your wedding plans, little Christmas Bride? There’s the big church one, with flowers and organ, and bridesmaids, which most girls sigh for; or there’s the more quiet one before a registrar which, don’t forget, is just as important. Each has its traditional methods and customs—and for the reception afterwards, well! Since as our heading says “Most people only marry once,” it is important to have everything right from the choice of the ring to the placing of the guests at the wedding feast. And that’s where we can help you. There is a FREE BOOK waiting for you, packed with information about Weddings and Receptions, and Rings and Wedding Gifts. This BRIDE BOOK is one of a series which also includes a RING BOOK, WATCH BOOK and CLOCK LIST. All you have to do to obtain the one you require is to complete and post the coupon below (3d. stamp in unsealed envelope).

PICTUREGOER Weekly

November 13, 1937
"I think the unique fragrance of CALIFORNIAN POPPY PERFUME is perfectly delightful" says Lady Tresham Lever (SOCIETY HOSTESS AND COUNTRY LOVER)

Why do women of fashion choose to wear Californian Poppy? They tell us there is something sweetly fragrant and distinctive, something thrillingly unique about its perfume. It never strikes a discordant note, but blends discreetly and fragrantly with any ensemble. If fashion commands these elusive qualities of Californian Poppy, surely it should be your perfume too. The very first golden drop will be sufficient to convince you of its subtle charm.

1/-, 1/6, 3/- and upwards

LADY TRESHAM LEVER
Tall, fair and extremely elegant, Lady Tresham Lever is always dressed in faultless good taste. Actually she prefers the country to the town, and small wonder after seeing her beautiful home in Berkshire.

GOSSAMER-FINE POWDER
FILTERS AIR AND SUNLIGHT
TO GROWING SECOND SKIN

Every six weeks your skin changes and your growing second skin takes the place of the one you now see and touch. If your precious second skin is to be lovely then it must have the vital forces of sun and air now, while it is growing.

The texture of Californian Poppy Face Powder is purposely made so exquisitely fine that it allows light and air to filter to your growing second skin, keeps it smooth and clear, with natural glowing colour.

Send 3d in stamps to Proprietary Perfumes Ltd. (Dept. T 56), Southwark Park Road, London, S.E.16, for Free samples of Californian Poppy Face Powder (state shade required) AND Californian Poppy Vanishing Cream, to give your skin a lovely matt surface for powder. (This offer does not apply in L.T.A.)

6d and 1/-
(Natural, Pink, Bronze and Sheenboon)

CALIFORNIAN POPPY Face Powder
TO-DAY'S POWDER BRINGS TO-MORROW'S BEAUTY
The Mysterious Katharine
Did you know that you can now buy your Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes with cork tips? Whether you favour "Medium" or "Mild" you can buy both varieties in cork-tipped form — make a note of it.

10 FOR 6° — 20 FOR 11½°
ANNABELLA

The charming French star, after completing "Dinner at the Ritz" in Britain, is now in America embarking on her Hollywood career. Her first is tentatively called "Jean," but as William Powell is to be Annabella's co-star in the picture the title will probably be altered.
Let your nearest EUGÈNE waver help you to discover the exciting new YOU

Change of hair-style is just as thrilling, just as exhilarating as a new frock. Registered Eugène Wavers are trained to help you choose a fascinating new style which will bring out the very best in you and give you a perfect wave which makes the setting easy. Thanks to the soft, natural, long-lasting waves and curls produced by the Eugène method, and to the skill of the hairdresser, you can choose from a wide range of thrilling new hair-styles, confident that the result will be a real success. Here are photographs of one head dressed in four different ways. How would you look with your hair dressed in one of these styles? Next time you have your hair permanently waved, ask the advice of a Registered Eugène Waver at the sign of the little Green Goddess, who will use only genuine Eugène Sachets exactly as illustrated below.

EUGÈNE PERMANENT WAVE

FREE: Send your name and address on a postcard for a free specimen Sachet and Betty Brand's famous booklet "On Choosing a Hair-Style." Eugene Ltd., Edgware Road, Hendon, N.W.9
Maureen O'Sullivan

A charming star in a charming setting. Maureen is being described as the most envied girl in Britain. She is on the receiving end of Robert Taylor's love making in "A Yank at Oxford"
Lavender in Sprinkler Bottles, Stoppered Bottles and Decanters 2/6 to 2 guineas; Lavender Soap —2/6 box of three tablets; Lavender Face Powder 1/9; Bath Dusting Powder 3/6; Lavendomeal—the new bath luxury—3/- and 9/6, etc.

[Prices do not apply in I.F.S.]

With the gay figures circling and gliding over the ice, the clean fresh fragrance of Yardley Lavender moves like the very spirit of Youth. Its sparkling freshness is keyed to this most exhilarating of sports, and for all other informal occasions—in the evening too—it harmonises perfectly with the mood and the moment.

Yardley Lavender Soap—the Luxury Soap of the World—is perfumed with the same lovable fragrance. The regular use of this luxurious soap gives that gentle effective cleansing which is the basis of all sound beauty culture methods. Its soft mellow lather refines and beautifies the skin and is a beauty treatment in itself.
DEAR WILL HAY,

It is fashionable among the film funny men these days to exhibit a "Hamlet" complex, or at any rate to be superior about their profession. We wonder why.

Comedy has played an important and honourable part in the development of the screen. Chaplin and Sennett did as much towards founding the fortunes of Hollywood as Pickford and Griffith.

At one time it looked as if the comedians would perform the same service for the British film industry.

Indeed, had British screen drama not been bogged in the morass of incompetence from which it has not entirely freed itself yet and been able to follow up the advantage created by British screen comedy in the early days of talkies, the sorry history of film production in this country in the last half-dozen years might have been very different.

Comedy got British films off to a good start after the upheaval of the sound revolution. English stage comedy was particularly suitable to the then limited technique of the new medium. Both it and its exponents were vastly superior to the similar Hollywood product and stars of the time.

The first of the Aldwych farces alone built up an enormously valuable "goodwill" for British films in the Dominions as well as in our own cinemas.

Unfortunately, as we have mentioned, the industry generally was not well enough equipped to seize the advantage.

Almost equally unfortunately, British screen comedy itself, once it had exhausted the material at hand, showed no signs of advancing.

Complacency, the besetting sin of English film production, duly set in like dry rot on the comedy stages at Elstree and Shepherd's Bush.

"Oh! But we're making pictures for the English market," the movie kings told us smugly when we ventured to protest that they were killing English comedy. "Of course, you may not like the picture, but it will be a wow in the provinces."

What most of them really meant was "why should we bother trying to improve our films so long as we can still cash in on the comedy boom?"

The result was inevitable. While British film comedy stood still, Hollywood, always more energetic, at least, if not more inventive, seized with both hands the opportunity to create a taste here for the always improving brand of American screen humour.

Suddenly aroused from its lethargy by California's comedy conquest of Britain, the industry, with its usual unfortunate genius for doing the wrong thing, rushed into the almost fatal error of trying to imitate the Hollywood method and formula.

British comedy was, in fact, in a pretty bad way.

We have recapitulated this melancholy history at some length because it emphasises the importance of the success of your recent comedies, which have brought about a revival at a time when it was needed.

We also regard it as important that it is a success that has been achieved through the exploitation of good, sound English humour that is neither an interpretation hackneyed by years of music-hall convention nor an inferior copy of Hollywood.

Starting comparatively late in the field, you were wise enough to avoid the pitfalls that trapped so many of the comedians who came to talkies from the theatre.

For one thing, unlike most of your predecessors who regarded the stage acts that "positively had 'em rolling in the aisles in Birmingham, old boy" as sacred, you have taken the trouble to adapt yourself and your particular type of comedy to the needs and scope of the screen.

For another, you realised that one of the secrets of good comedy is team work, and immediately proceeded to throw over the quaint theory so tenaciously held by leading film comedians in this country that it does not matter what the production and story qualities and supporting cast are like so long as the star is in the centre of the camera throughout the entire footage.

For this long overdue lead to British film comedy we are grateful to you. We hope that we shall continue to see you making fun while the Hay shines for a long time to come.

Will Hay, with Moore Marriott and Graham Moffat, in his latest picture, "Oh! Mr. Porter."

The Editor
SEX AMID THE SOAP SUDS

- Hollywood’s bath tub boom
- Dietrich started something
- Origin of the Garbo legend
- Goldwyn wants the pyramids
- Why film players die poor

The latest and perhaps the most authentic comes from Robert Z. Leonard, the veteran director. And according to him, she didn’t say it at all.

"Back in 1926," he relates, "I was asked to make a test of a girl from Europe whom nobody really wanted even at $7 a week. "I did a test of her in a ‘flapper’ characterisation (those were the days of Clara Bow and Flaming Youth). "During the test Mauritz Stiller, her sponsor, remarked, ‘Miss Garbo is terribly frightened and wants to go home.’ That is the original version of that famous phrase."

Telling Them

- The Hollywood party of the month was thrown by Director Gregory La Cava on the completion of Stage Door.
- The highlight was the playing of a gramophone record he had himself recorded in the form of a commentary from the set.
- The record began by saying that Fred Astaire had really offered La Cava five hundred dollars to take Ginger Rogers off his feet, and that after a week of shooting La Cava had offered Fred one thousand dollars if he would take her back. Fred, he claimed, refused.
- Hepburn was next. La Cava congratulated Katie on her constant imitations of Hepburn and her inability to forget she had once plucked a wild flower in a meadow.
- The record went on to say the director had always associated romance with youth but he supposed as long as Menjou continued to wear baggy trousers and keep his collars clean, he’d be the romantic screen idol.
- They are still speaking to him.

Goldwyn Marches On

- They still tell the story of the enthusiastic Hollywood publicity man in London to put over one of his firm’s epics, who quite solemnly announced his intention to screen an advertisement for the film on the walls of Buckingham Palace.
- Now Sam Goldwyn, having linked the name of Mrs. F. R. Roosevelt, wife of the President of the United States, with Stella Dallas, is proposing to erect neon signs on the Pyramids advertising the new Gary Cooper film, The Adventures of Marco Polo. Goldwyn, his publicity man says, is at present seeking permission from the Egyptian Legation in Washington.
- The idea of using the Pyramids as billboards is not as far-fetched as it might seem. On September 27 the New York Times reported: "Le Matin of Paris says the Egyptian Ministry of the Interior has announced that electric advertising space on the Pyramids is to be let."

Poor Little Rich Stars

- Despite the fabulous fortunes they are supposed to earn it is a strange fact that few screen stars ever leave very much.
- Jean Harlow’s estate amounted to only £8,000, nearly all of which was swallowed up by outstanding liabilities. John Gilbert, in the big money for many years, left £50,000, a surprisingly small amount in the circumstances. Marie Prevost died in poverty. Lew Cody was insolvent at his death, and even the great Valentino left barely enough to cover funeral expenses.
- Gary Cooper, most level-headed of stars, is the latest to try to explain the reason. He is getting $20,000 a picture, but he says that it is easier for a $4,000 a year business man than a $20,000 a year actor.
- "I realize that this doesn’t sound logical," he says, "but let’s look at it this way: I have an
acquaintance who takes £4,000 a year for himself out of the profits of his furniture factory. This he reserves to foot his personal expenses and the needs of his family.

The rest of the profits from that factory are put right back into the business; enlarging the plant and modernizing equipment. Now the point I want to make clear is this:

That man with the factory is strengthening a future income for himself by constantly adding to existing assets. Also, he is putting his money to some productive use and so escapes tax assessments. He can retire to-morrow and enjoy an income for the rest of his life.

But the actor has no such chance. His business is himself. The moment he retires, voluntarily or otherwise, his earnings cease and his capital dwindles. An actor has no business in which he can sink surplus profits for future use.

And there is very little chance for him to establish a business while he is an actor, because acting and business activities are incapable of harmonious mixing.

"Now it sums up to this: an actor accumulates his profits in the form of cash, and this cash is highly vulnerable to taxation from five or six sources. The money he has left again dwindles; he has to put up a front, spend lavishly in a dozen directions and the small residue he holds for the time when retirement will be forced upon him."

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot from Hollywood

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS

YOU cannot spank Cupid and put him quietly in the corner like any normal child, says Georges Balanchine, world-famous maître de ballet, has discovered.

A few weeks ago, Balanchine took eighteen of his ballerinas to Hollywood to appear in Samuel Goldwyn's lavish new technicolour musical The Goldwyn Follies. Upon his arrival, Balanchine expressed his intention of taking them back to New York heart-whole and fancy free.

Keeping to his promise he laid down rules limiting each girl to one "date" a week, and that only on Saturday. Any infractions of the rules was to be punished by extra hours of rehearsal, with the added threat that repeated offences would mean expulsion from the troupe.

So Hollywood newspapermen christened "Knees up, Mother Brown"—or at any rate a Hollywood version. If you want the girls' address it's c/o the Universal Studio.

Balanchine "Romance Enemy No. 1."

But, despite all these precautions, only seven girls are returning to New York. The eighteenth, 20-year-old Helen Leitch, from Philadelphia, slipped off quietly the other afternoon and married a vaudeville entertainer. Helen had expected to continue with her dancing for at least another season or two. But her husband, who is a magician, had magic in his tongue. He persuaded her to make her film debut in The Goldwyn Follies her dancing farewell.

Cradle Songs

- If Irene Dunne isn't very careful, in spite of that expensively acquired musical education and superbly trained voice, she may turn into a crooner!
- Her little daughter is so fond of her mother's voice that every night she requires a lullaby before sleep can even be considered.
- And so the star finds herself singing lullabies each night, leaning considerably more on the Crosby technique than that of Tetrazzini!

An Odd Reason

- Ever since Caroline Fischer appeared in student plays while at Northwestern University, she has been the recipient of numerous offers from the studios, which she firmly spurned.
- After graduation, she and her brother organised a summer theatre at Fish Creek, Wisconsin, the players being fellow-students. Funds ran low, so Caroline accepted an offer from Paramount in order to keep her beloved theatre in existence.
- This unusual girl is now in Hollywood and will soon make her screen debut.

Ella Entertains

- Hollywood's first trip and onions dinner, given by Ella Logan for Betty Fields, sister of the famous Gracie, and her artist husband, Roy Perry, turned out to be a famous affair of evening gowns, top hats and tails.
- Wanting to do something different for her guests from the home land, the Scottish comedienne decided to give them that homely dish. Entering into the spirit of the affair, the guests arrived in full formal evening attire. Ella, who had done the cooking herself, being unwilling to trust the job to an American cook, hastily donned an evening gown, and the trip and onions was served in a huge silver dish.

Clever Domestic

- The servant who used to tell those excruciatingly funny stories is no longer at the home of Claire Dodd, film star, who was very proud of him.
- At a recent dinner party, one of the guests, a producer, was so taken with the fellow's wit that he offered him a post as script writer and gag man at a munificent salary.
- The position was accepted, and Miss Dodd, a little unhappy, is looking for another servant.

Amateur Englishman

- Neil Hamilton, whose screen career took him to England, and kept him there for several years, returned to Hollywood with a slightly English accent.
- Returning from a week-end holiday in Old Mexico, Neil was stopped at the border for the usual cursory investigation by immigration authorities.
- The actor's modulated tone of voice gave them pause, and further, the definitely British cut of his clothes made them ponder a bit more.
- It was all cleared up when the actor produced a well-thumbed passport from his pocket.

Kindly Relatives

- Joan's Crawford's "stand-in" is her sister-in-law, Mrs. Le Seur.
- Anna May Wong's cousin stands under the lights for the Chinese actress.
- Charles Winninger's "stand-in" is almost a duplicate of the noted comedian, and rumour has it that he is Charles's twin.

Hollywood Says That—

- Humphrey Bogart learned French one summer while stranded in Paris.
- Sophie Tucker's favourite informal attire consists of tailored slacks. She has dozens of pairs.
- Marion Davies played basketball for a New York City School.
- Louise Fazenda made her motion picture debut in 1915 as an Indian girl in a Western film.
- Claude Rains has an anonymous fan in... (continued on page 10)
GOLDMINING FOR ALL

ON this page is an account of the gold-rush on the Rand in 1885; but we advise you also not to be too late in the gold-rush of 1937—the rush to secure copies of The PICTUREGOER CHRISTMAS ANNUAL, which is just out. These 100 pages of pictures, articles and gossip are a rich gold mine in themselves.
The PICTUREGOER has always been famed for its special numbers, but this year it has surpassed itself. Among other fascinating features are a complete review of the year’s important films and film personalities and a forecast of next year’s productions.
Special articles by Grace Moore, Cecil B. de Mille, Marlene Dietrich, Fred MacMurray and James Stewart are a fair sample of the wealth of interest contained in this bumper issue—and all for sixpence.
Get your shovels before it’s too late!

MUD!

THE first thing I knew about the main topic of this week’s conversation at Denham this week was when I saw a large man walking down the corridor in front of me, stripped to the waist and wearing a pair of trousers that obviously didn’t belong to him, and dragging along behind him with one hand an object that might once have been a pair of trousers, but was now just an unpleasant mass of mud, while in the other hand he carried an ex-shirt and a pair of mud-coloured gum-boots.
I thought at first it was he who was leaving the trail of muddy footprints that I saw on the floor of the corridor, but on closer inspection I found that it was the mark of hundreds of pairs of feet...
Everywhere I went these sinister trails seemed to be, as if some antediluvian monster had suddenly reared its horrid bulk out of the primeval clay and wriggled through those sacred corridors.

Jo’burg

- Even in the earliest and muddiest days of the construction of these great studios I never saw this amount of mud about; it intrigued me, and I assiduously followed the long, long trail until I came to the sound-stage where Monty Banks is directing Gracie Fields and Victor McLaglen in the Twentieth Century-Fox film He Was Her Man.
- It was Number 4 Stage—the largest in Europe, I’m credibly informed, though there are one or two on the shores of the Black Sea that I haven’t actually run a tape-measure over, and the Russians make things big—and under as brilliant sunshine as arc-lamps can produce stood the whole main street of Johannesburg in 1886.
- You could manage to get-along the sidewalks all right, taking reasonable care not to collide with the diamond-diggers, Boer farmers, adventurers (I saw one little adventurer I wouldn’t have minded bumping into, gently), publicans, sinners, shopkeepers, and keepers of the peace with whom I wasn’t acquainted.
- But no one seemed particularly anxious to walk in the road, which was not altogether surprising, for this road was deep, wide, and anything but handsome.

Roadmaking for Beginners

- Monty Banks, mud-spashed from the soles of his gum-boots to the neck of his sweater, explained to me the new technique of road-building down Denham way.
- First of all you take a few tons of good Buckinghamshire earth and clay, mix it well and spread it all over the floor of the set from footpath to footpath. It doesn’t disqualify you if you go a few feet over the Middlesex border but Buckingham clay is more glorious.
- You then water that down with a liberal supply of River Colne, applied through firemen’s hoses, and the roadway is ready for a repetition of the treatment.
- You go on doing this until the muddy, sticky mess has reached to within an inch or so of the sidewalk, and then you proceed to perfume it.
- This is done by shining about a million candlepower on it, when it provides its own effluvium. Then all you have to do is to damp it down from time to time—and there’s your road.
- Simple, isn’t it?

Pretty

- They had a great time with this thoroughfare when they came to stage a fight between rival diamond prospectors. Denham, in the brief span of its life so far, has already seen some such a luxuriant burst of face-foliage as I have seldom seen even on that versatile character actor.

Meet the Missus

- Between the driver and McLaglen sat McLaglen’s missus—none other than “Ouer Gracey,” but almost unrecognisable in armour plating and an elaborate scaffolding, complete with bird of paradise plumes, which seem to have been the fashionable wear in hats of that time.
- The armour-plating, I must explain, was out of sight, but none the less obvious in its effect for that.
- It consisted of a collection of the most uncompromising whalebones, held together by a garment which no self-respecting girl to-day would be found asphyxiated in—and which no self-respecting girl in my mother’s day would have been without.
- You’d be surprised to see how graceful Gracie appeared in this outfit—and how much at home she seemed to be. She is in the habit, in her private life, of treating herself very kindly in the matter of clothes-comfort, and she might very well have chafed under this strange clamp, but beyond the first little gasp of realisation that the waist she pulled in for the stays to be laced could not be let out again until the unloading at nightfall, she gave no sign of minding. Truly a trouper!

Faithful

- In this she plays what amounts almost to a “Min and Bill” part—and she has been likened to a young and good-looking Marie Dressler, if there ever could be such a thing.
- She has a husband who is impulsive, unreli-
able and gallant, and the theme of the film is her faithfulness to him through thick and thin—though her actions are "wrong"! Gracie herself is delighted to have got away for a while from the "success stories" and "Cinderella stories" with which her career so far has been strewn. Personable, and this one stands a very good chance of being the first real big break for Gracie which we have all been waiting for.

By the way, in a recent issue of Picturegoer, in an article about Victor McLaglen, my colleague Max Breen remarked that the six-foot-dive McLaglen "made Gracie Fields look waist-high to a cheese-straw," and he wasn't far out. But the tables were turned on McLaglen this week in a way that made a lot of people chuckle.

**Looking Up**
- He has grown so accustomed to being the tallest fellow about the lot that it was a shock to him when Mr. William Olding strolled in.

A studio official had warned me about Mr. Olding, for fear I should imagine I had D.T.s or something; but I'd met Bill before, when he was a conspicuous member of Capitol's camera-crew (I believe he stood-in for the crane, or something).

You see, against Mr. McLaglen's 6 ft. 5 in., Mr. Olding stands 7 ft. 6 in., which is remarkable enough at any time, but quite startling when you see him suddenly. Further, he weighs 23 stone, has a 55-in. chest when he takes a deep breath, and takes a shoe 17½ in. long whether he's breathing deeply or not.

I have only to add that it must have been a considerable shock to Victor McLaglen to have been made to look waist-high to a cheese-straw...

**This Is It!**
- One very nice line in this scene, by the way, McLaglen is saying to his wife, "Ah, but wait till we reach Johannesburg—five houses, trees, well-paved streets... What place is this, driver?"

And the driver, waving his whip comprehensively at the collection of ramshackle huts and cabins in a sea of mud, says in jaundiced manner, "This is Johannesburg."

And now, to get a very long way from Jo'burg and that effulgent alluvium.

It seems to me the Gainsborough studios are fated to have trouble with animals.

I've told you about the black Alsatian and the tawny Peke who each held up his respective production by "turning up missing" at critical moments. Well, the latest to put a spoke in the great revolving wheel of British production is a cat.

**Temperament**
- He's a member of the cast of Bank Holiday, in which John Lodge, Margaret Lockwood, Hugh Williams and Rene Ray are playing a foursome.

Director Carol Reed, who is nothing if not optimistic, hoped to be able to do a scene in which Lodge was supposed to return to his room to hear a mysterious rhythmic tapping—which he subsequently finds to be caused by a cat pawing the acorn at the end of the blind-cord and knocking it against the window.

Do you think they could get the cat to do that? No fear! It would do anything else in the world, including lying down and going to sleep, but pawing at acorns never even entered its head, even when they cunningly fixed a bit of sardine behind the acorn.

So Carol Reed decided to give it up until he should have an inspiration; and the unit moved away to a set in another part of the studio.

And presently "Oy!" roared a property boy who had a way with cats. "Come here, quickly!"

And, of course, there was the cat tapping away at the acorn as if the All-England Acorn-tapping Championship depended on it.

"Shoot it, shoot it!" cried Reed in an agony of apprehension lest it should stop tapping before he could get it on celluloid; but he got it all right.

And yet Leslie Howard declares that animals are good film actors!

**Arrived**
- By the way, I'm interested to see Carol Reed and Margaret Lockwood making their way to fame together. I remember then when Carol was an assistant director and Margaret was playing small parts, and they used to talk between scenes about what they intended to do—and be.

They next met on Midshipman Easy—Reed's first job of direction, Margaret's first real leading part.

Now he's a successful director and she's a star with a long-term Gainsborough contract—and a more likeable couple of young people it would be difficult to find.

We are now going over to Associated British studios at Elstree, and we shall probably arrive there in a fog—a fog of secrecy.

I must admit I find it hard to understand this sudden access of hush-hushity on the part of my old friend Walter Mycroft; he used to send me long screeds about what was going to happen in his studios.

Well, my spies have just returned from Elstree, worn with travel, rugged and footsore, with the information they have gathered from lying on top of the commissionaire's box in the rain and watching the signs.

They think Otto Kruger is about to play the title-role in Housemaster. And they believe that a new story by James Bridie, author of Storm in a Teacup, will be produced, under the title The Guard. And they more than half suspect that The Star of the Circus, which was announced some time ago, is to be made at last.

**Composite College**
- A Stanley Lupino film, a Bobby Howes feature (probably Yes, Ma'am), a revue starring Frances Day, and a comedy in which Gertrude Michael may play opposite Richard Arlen all seem to be indicated. And there may before long be a talkie version of First Episode, a story of Oxford University life.

And that brings us round full circle to Denham again, where M-G-M's story of Oxford University life, A Yank at Oxford, is going along very nicely, thanks.

They're fortunate in having a Scholar of Balliol as assistant director on the film, and he has deigned a rich crimson heraldic crest for Cardinal College, the venue of the story.

You won't find Cardinal College in Oxford—only at Denham. I'm told it has a touch of Magdalen (Maudlin to me), a hint of New College, a suspicion of John's, and a turret or two off "the House."

I'm looking forward to the torrent of protest that the film is likely to evoke among punks who inhabit all the world over who can't recognise the bits they remember best. That'll be fun.  

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Mae West's back again. The star with Charles Butterworth in her new film, "Every Day's a Holiday."
THE SCREEN'S

WHO is the most mysterious figure in the film capital? Most people will say promptly, "Greta Garbo."

I say there is a Hollywood Mystery Woman, and her name is Katharine Hepburn.

The chief mystery about Katie is—why she is still a screen star.

Yes, I know she has something to offer that others haven't. I know she is practically (to coin a frightful word) unglamourisable. I know she is no beauty in the Hollywood sense—that is, that she has not the facial bony structure and the figure that can be conveniently camouflaged into an exact replica of every other Hollywood leading lady. I know she has audacity, enterprise, fire, verve, elan, and a number of other spirited qualities.

I admit all this, and I agree that these things may be in her favour—provided they are not overdone. And they are, and she survives them—and therein lies the mystery.

Why has her career not been interrupted by her enterprise? Why has her fire not caused her to be fired?

I've talked with a great many directors—British, American, and Continental—on this subject of artistic temperament, and they are about equally divided in their opinions.

Fifty per cent. flap a contemptuous hand at you and say, "Aw—hoosey!"

The other 30 per cent. are inclined to make allowances. The strain, the responsibility of a big picture—the fierce competition—the unusual lack of conventionality in social life, coupled with the austere working conditions of a major Hollywood lot—all this, my dear fellow, is bound to have its effect. We must make allowances....

All right! We make them. A dog, by law, is allowed one bite at a man, but for any further bites he is liable to be painlessly destroyed. But Hepburn has taken (metaphorically speaking) many, many bites, and has so far managed to avoid the lethal chamber. Why?

Consider the breaks she has had—and the breaks she has made.

First and foremost, she has persistently "done a Garbo" by fending off the reporters. Only two people in Hollywood are permitted to "do a Garbo": One is Charles Spencer Chaplin; the other is Greta Garbo.

We are told, lyrically, that "a boy's best friend is his mother," but no one has ever drawn sufficient attention to the fact that a star's best friend is the journalist.

No one, at any rate, has managed to convince Katie of that; consequently, though newspapermen value her as news, they do not enjoy her as an interviewee. Cameras are precious; one doesn't want them smashed. Black eyes are inconvenient; one doesn't want to incur them.

There's an old saying that any publicity is better than none; like most aphorisms, this is true only...
within limits; and those limits have long since been reached—and passed—in the case of Katharine Hepburn. There’s no blinking the fact that she has had some rank bad publicity.

That was dramatic evidence to Hollywood, for instance, with her hair dressed like a hastily-constructed bird’s nest, and one eye inflamed and bunched up like a stray cinder. Darned painful, a cinder in the eye. Darned unfortunate, not knowing how to do your hair becoming an irritant to our sympathy for both initial handicaps.

But, having incurred handicaps, the wise course lies in bending all your fiercest energies to counteracting them; and this she has failed to do.

A woman who professes to be an intimate of hers told me not long ago that “poor, Katie” was the most misunderstood woman in the world; that she never intentionally hurts anyone’s feelings, and that the numerous bricks she drops just slip out of her hand.

Butter-fingers!

There is that most unfortunate incident, for instance, of her meeting with Elissa Landi at a party.

Now, I can assure you from personal experience that at a Hollywood party, just as at a Hammersmith party or a party at Moreton-in-the-Marsh or Ancoats or Poole, provided it isn’t a beauty party, so far to add one’s obligation to their host and hostess as to refrain from insulting their fellow guests.

Katharine Hepburn in The Warrior’s Husband on the stage; Elissa had played in the screen version. And Elissa, being a diplomat, deferentially consulted the star as to which scene in the film she liked best.

“Oh,” replied Katie promptly, “the scene I liked is the one where you run across a field and kick a cloud; I think there’s a great deal more life and spirit than the other scenes.”

Sensation! Everyone in the room knew—and supposed—that was the scene that had been played by a double. But my informant declares that Katie’s (“poor child”) was absolutely ignorant of that.

Well, that the kind of brick that Katie, according to report, has habitually dropped.

Supposing, as her advocate says, she does it out of ignorance; what then? What right, it may be asked, has she to be ignorant of things which other film actresses know—and may be reasonably expected to know by virtue of their interest in their work?

The lamentable fact seems to be that Katharine Hepburn, not a stage star of the first magnitude (her sole appearance on Broadway, in The Lake, was total disaster) yet regards herself as a woman of the Theatre to the extent of cutting film’s and most cherished traditions and (if you like) most unreasonable shibboleths.

In fact, she won’t play ball. She breaks step. She is in her element but absolutely not of it.

I know plenty of stars who haven’t become merged with Hollywood; nevertheless, they take care not to seem out of place.

All this, you may object, is her own business. Insofar as it affects her own future, yes.

But as a matter of public interest, I’m puzzled as to why she continues to be tolerated by a machine into which she has thrown repeated monkey-wrenches with her monkey-tricks.

Hollywood, for all its seeming strength and impregnability, is in a very vulnerable position. Will Hays is less of a Czar than an Aunt Sally, at whom every fanatical reformer in America and abroad loves to throw a stick. There is no privacy for him. The behaviour of the people for whom he is responsible is chronicled in thousands of newspapers and magazines.

There are, in fact, quite enough headaches for him from outside Hollywood, without his being made more vulnerable from within.

Yet there seems to have been no definite official disowning of the—shall we say imprudent?—behaviour of Miss Hepburn.

Why? What is the mysterious power which this tall, angular, red-headed woman wields, which forces Hollywood to put up with her gaucheries?

It seems extremely unlikely that her company, R.K.O.-Radio, greatly enjoy the situation, for they have always been noted for smooth, peaceful inner workings and an almost idyllic standard of “personal publicity.”

As far as I can remember offhand, Ann Harding is the only one of their stars who has suffered from unwelcome publicity, and hers was of such a nature that it rather strengthened than weakened her position with the fans. Other Radio stars—Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Wheeler and Woolsey, Gene Raymond, Barbara Stanwyck, Richard Dix, George O’Brian, Lily Pons—all have been good children and given no trouble, and the same applies to their featured players, such as Ann Shirley, Ann Sothern, Preston Foster, Heather Angel, Walter Abel, Gertrude Michael, Margo, Betty Grable. . . . Why should red-headed Katie be allowed to be the sole black sheep of the flock without being baa-barred?

It is not only in her gaucheries that she has offended, and in her eager acceptance of the advantages of Hollywood life—the unconventionality and the climate and the enormous salaries—without making any compromise with the traditions and prejudices of the community. There have been persistent reports of difficulties over scripts, of friction with directors and with fellow-players.

There is only one generally accepted excuse for this, and that is the excuse of the box-office. An enormous repayment to the studio in dollars and cents, pounds and shillings, kopeks and piastres and yen and pice is the one answer that disarms criticism. But is it forthcoming?

Her first film, Girl of the Golden West, made five years ago, was a resounding success; of course, it was from a magnificent stage play, but that that was not the sole reason for her success was abundantly proved by her second effort, Chris-topher Strong.

These two films combined to establish her as a front-rank star, and she followed them up by her triumph in Morning Glory, which secured for her the coveted Academy Award.

This succession of successes placed her in an unassailable position; but positions have a habit of weakening.

Mark the waverling trail of sparks that follows her progress through these films—Little Women, Spiffire, The Little Minister, Break of Hearts, Alice Adams, Sylvia Scarlett, Mary of Scotland, A Woman Rebels, Quality Street.

Here, with the possible exception of Little Women, is no irresistible succession of triumphs such as gives the star the right to say “to heck with the front office.”

No, there must be something about this oddly attractive woman which disarms the full force of criticism and compels her sponsors to persevere in their efforts to make her a world-beater.

Has she been kidding us? Has she deliberately encouraged us to imagine her a mere hoyden and playgirl, to keep our prying fingers from her mysteries? Has she a mystery to reveal?

That is the mysterious thing about Katharine Hepburn; perhaps when we see her two latest films, Stage Door and Bringing Up Baby, the mystery may be revealed.

**WHAT DO YOU THINK?**

Have you a theory about Katharine Hepburn? If so, write to "The Thinker" about it, taking care to conform to the simple rules on page 34. A guinea will be paid for the most interesting letter received, which will be published in the Thinker’s page. Payment will be made for all published. Letters should be addressed to "Thinker," "Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Bingley Court, Bow St., London, W.1, and should reach this office by November 30.
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say three rising English stars

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(20) 30.10.37.
Why I Called Myself
"The STREET SINGER"
by Arthur TRACY

The popular screen and radio star lets you into a secret and tells of his early struggles for recognition.

I was at Pinewood studios. . . . Philadelphia-born Arthur Tracy, better known as "The Street Singer," laid aside his gramophone records on the table, flashed a welcoming smile, waved me to an armchair.

"Just a few of my recordings," he said, pointing to the discs. "Mind if I try some over?"

As the familiar voice of "The Street Singer" came through the loudspeaker, Mr. Tracy twiddled with the volume control, leaned against the radiogram and listened carefully, critically.

He wore the blue felt hat and the dark suit of clothes identified with his "Street Singer" character.

"I like it?" he asked when the music stopped.

"Very much," I said.

"It's yours," he said, handing me the disc. Just like that.

Before I could say anything Mr. Tracy was talking fast.

"Yes sir," he was saying, "there's a big boom in the making of gramophone records in this country. Why, over two million copies of my recording of 'Marta' have already been sold here. It's my favourite, of course. I've sung it so often that audiences have come to identify it with me. That's why I've made it my signature song. I can't make a personal appearance without having a request for it. That and 'Trees.' They never seem to tire of either. The kiddies, in particular, are just crazy about 'Trees.'

"I hear that you have a very big following amongst the kiddies? That a large proportion of my fan-mail comes from them? That's why I try to include a song for the youngsters in every broadcast and picture I make."

"Clean, simple, wholesome, family entertainment—that's my line in a nutshell."

Mr. Tracy turned on the turntable, twiddled again with the knobs. . . .

"All my British pictures," he went on, "have been based on stories or ideas of my own. They've all exploited the 'human interest' angle. That is important because I cater for the masses, and the masses just love a good human interest story."

"Take, for instance, my last film, Command Performance. I am a singer who wears of fame and everything that goes with it. So I escape into the beautiful English countryside and lose myself there. I am befriended by a lovely gipsy girl with whom I find romance and happiness."

"That's all. Nothing complicated or sophisticated, there. Just a homely little story combining melody, sentiment and human interest."

Mr. Tracy removed the Street Singer record that had been playing softly in the background.

"Better take this one along, too," he said, thrusting the disc into my hand. "And here," he added, "are two more you might like.

I started to say something. Mr. Tracy interrupted me.

"The still-unreleased picture I'm now making for Sinclair Hill," he rattled on, "has plenty of human interest. In it I am answering a question which thousands of fans have been asking me ever since I came to England."

"They all want to know how I came to call myself 'The Street Singer.'"

"Well, this film will explain. We shall tell the story of my early days, of my struggles for a break in New York, of my first stage engagement which earned me several hundred dollars and fooled me into thinking I had made the grade. I was so disillusioned to know that a stretch of unemployment that followed.

"Then, one day I saw a poster on Broadway advertising a new stage play by Frederick Lonsdale. The play was The Street Singer—and that gave me an idea. I would kill Arthur Tracy and out of his ashes I would create a vocal personality—a wandering musician singing in a dozen different languages at the street corners of the world's capitals.

"I took the idea to the manager of a broadcasting studio and persuaded him to let me work on the air for nothing—just to give me a chance to build up my act.

"The trick worked. Inquiries started pouring in from all over the country. They all wanted to know the identity of this mystery singer."

"The newspapers took it up and almost overnight I had established my 'other self.' I signed a radio contract guaranteeing me thousands of dollars a week. I toured in variety. I went on the screen.

"So, in this new picture, the story will show me rising, falling, and rising again."

Mr. Tracy slipped several more records into my hand. "Here," he said, "you really ought to have these. They're all grand numbers—and speaking of grand numbers, I've had a marvellous batch of new songs specially written for my new picture.

"Yes, I've done a bit of composing myself, but you can't serve two masters. No, sir! Singing is a full-time job, and I stick to that."

"Do I think opera should be filmed? Certainly not. Motion-pictures are entertainment for the masses, and the masses are not ready for screen operas—yet."

"Several musicals featuring Jeannette MacDonald, Lily Pons and Grace Moore have compromised with opera by introducing excerpts from famous works. And that's the most the screen can hope to do for opera at present.

"But, of course, there's a big public demand for operettas like Rose Marie and The Desert Song."

"Some day I hope to play in a musical version of Cyrano de Bergerac. What a picture that would make! I once put the idea to a Hollywood producer, and he said it couldn't be done unless they modernised it. A crazy notion! Strip Cyrano of its costume and alter the period, and you kill it before a single foot of film has been shot."

"How long have I been in England? Just two years, and in that time I've made three pictures here, not counting the one I'm working on now."

"And the easiest and best director I've worked with is Sinclair Hill," said Mr. Tracy, adding two, three, four more records to my already considerable collection."

"Picture-making," he continued, "isn't a one-man business. No, sir! It's a team business. And if you want the team to pull together you've got to create the right atmosphere and spirit on the set.

Now, Sinclair Hill has collected a grand team, and he has the ability to create a working atmosphere of friendliness and co-operation. And if the spirit is there when you're making the picture, it will show on the screen, communicat..."
Whose EYES are these?

Question number one is easy to answer, there's no prize offered — you know immediately this smiling pair of eyes belongs to Robert Taylor, handsome M.G.M. star now appearing in 'Man in Possession'. The answer to question number two is just as easy to answer. Everybody knows what the famous glass and a half of milk in every ½ lb. stands for. It says 'Cadbury's' at a glance. The only thing it doesn't say is that the milk is full-cream milk. But you learn that as soon as Cadbury's milk slips on to your tongue. Then you can taste the cream.

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The PRIVATE LIFE of PAUL ROBESON

Paul Robeson's new film, Max Schach's "Jericho," is released all over the country this week; here our contributor, Daniel Teago, draws Paul Robeson away from the limelight in which his public is accustomed to see him, and gives you a pen picture of the great artist in private life.

I was talking to Paul Robeson in his dressing-room at Finewood studios when he was completing his part in Jericho.

I had interrupted him and his wife, Eslanda Robeson, in a game of cards to while away the time between scenes. ("Pinchhale," he explained, as he caught my inquiring glance at the cards, "best two-handed card game I know. I don't know why it's never caught on here.")

I was apologizing for my intrusion, but Mrs. Robeson waved my apology away and smiling in a fantastic situation—"I have to rush back to town right now. You two sit down and talk."

"Mind how you go, Essie," said Robeson, "don't take those corners too fast." Mrs. Robeson, I should add, pilots their small Daimler with care and skill, but Paul is rather a nervous passenger in any car.

In the many interesting talks I have had with Robeson, this one stands out particularly in my memory because of something he said in the course of conversation.

"Once," he said, "I just wanted to be an artist, an individualist; I wanted to develop my work the way I wanted to. Then, as my career developed as a singer and an actor, I realised more and more how difficult, how impossible, even, it is to maintain this ideal.

"You see I found out by experience that being a negro, I was to become in a way a representative of the race. I never sought this position, but it was thrust on me.

"To go back even to the years when I was playing football in America—if I played well on Saturday, then on Sunday I would con- gratulate myself on my triumph. If I didn't—then I was letting my people down."

"I found myself as it were continually challenged by them. My responsibility as a footballer grew out of a mere responsibility to my team—I had, it seemed, a whole race to answer to!"

"And so with singing and acting. My liking for the negro spirit, if you will, the genius of subtle propaganda. If on the stage I played the role of a sympathetic or a heroic negro, my fellow negroes were happy.

"If, on the contrary, I took a part, for argument's sake, of a drunken, degenerate, or generally vicious negro—a storm of criticism would follow."

"'Robeson! they would say, 'how can you show a negro in this light!'

"This was a situation when you think about it. Can you imagine all Yorkshiremen hurling abuse at Charles Laughton for playing Blegh of the Bounty, and letting Yorkshire down?

"But it's one of those things you can't fight against, and a few years ago I decided I would devote myself in every way I could to the cause of the negroes. To-day I am more than resigned to losing my individual status as an artist; I am happy and proud to be of some little use to my people."

The rest of the story you know. Undoubtedly, Robeson's fine reputation as a scholar and artist has made people recognise that the negro can contribute importantly to Western culture—has made his own people feel that the race has a cultural background of its own on which it can draw and build.

But my chief object in this article is to take you with me on a brief visit to the place—where away from the limelight—Paul Robeson can call his soul's own.

Mr. and Mrs. Robeson live in a large, comfortable-looking flat in a quiet street off a Strand, from the window of which they see the Embankment and the river beyond. It but no show flat—has none of the luxuries to which we are accustomed in a film star's home.

Paul tells an amusing story of a publicity man who wanted photographs of him at home. At first Robeson shrank from allowing the public in on the one private thing left to him—his home life—but publicity men have a talent for being persuasive and finally he relented under pressure, and asked the publicity man along to have a look.

He was shown into a sitting-room in which all available wall space is lined with books. There were also books on the tables, books on the chairs, books on the floor; (Mrs. Robeson had been helping Paul to re-arrange his library). In the midst of the chaos a small folding table had been laid for the Robesons' lunch.

The publicity man murmured something about a "musical background" for the star, and Paul obligingly led him to the music-room—the largest room in the flat—and the man was startled to find a couple of thousand (or so it seemed to him) more books, music manuscripts, gramophone records, stacked on, under and around the piano. There was a very comfortable settle and three very inviting armchairs—but all different!

Having pictured in his mind the gilt and polished Babylonian splendours of Hollywood's luxury homes, the publicity man hastily began to find technical difficulties in the way of taking the photographs—to Paul's unconcealed relief.

Which proves, I think, that even a publicity man (that most inventive of God's creatures) can lack imagination on occasions. He could not see that this very confusion spelt peace, quiet and happiness to a man who has little time to enjoy these blessings.

Paul Robeson so appreciates this flat and the quiet hours it yields up to him that it has become to anyone outside his wife's and his small circle of close friends a fortress, as impenetrable as the Haitian fortress of Sans Souci, built by another great negro—Henry Christophe, the original of O'Neill's "Emperor Jones."

The telephone does not ring except at times fixed for calls from friends. Nor is the door, even, answered, unless the caller has an appointment.

I was asked once to deliver to Paul Robeson an urgent message by someone who had tried everything else to reach him, without success. I was lucky, for when I knocked, the door was opened by Mrs. Robeson, and I found Paul in his music room, looking very comfortable and happy in his favourite armchair by the fire.

He was in his shirt sleeves, reading a weighty tome which (knowing him) was probably a work on anthropology, the collected poetry of Pushkin (he reads him in the original Russian) or an analysis of the structure of the Chinese language (it's one of his little hobbies!).

He wears horn-rimmed glasses, off screen, and looks in them gentle, benevolent, almost avuncular. It is difficult to believe that tough footballers used to blanch as he charged up and down the field.

I explained to him that I was the bearer of a message and said (rashly!) that I was asked to deliver it because I was known to have a talent for getting beyond that difficult front door.

Mrs. Robeson wagged an admonishing finger at me.

"Don't you be so sure of yourself, young man," she said laughingly, "if you want to know the truth I only answered the door because I was expecting the laundryman to call."

"You tell us when you want to come next time, or you might find yourself knocking at the door 'til Domesday!"

They have been married for sixteen years, these two, and share each other's interests and enthusiasms. They married when Robeson was twenty-three and they were fellow students at Columbia—she taking law, she pathological chemistry.

Students they have remained ever since, absorbing more and more knowledge as the years have gone by, ever widening the field of their studies. If ever two people give the impression of living their life usefully and spending their money sensibly it is this pair. Not only that, but they refute the oft-quoted theory that fame and home life don't go together.

17
"I suppose we'll just have to hold the presses until you've attended your party," moans Managing Editor Frank Barnes (Kent Taylor) to Mary Morton (Wendy Barrie).

MIGHTIER than the SWORD

Newspaper comedy-drama continues to be popular screen fare, and Wendy Barrie, Walter Pidgeon and Kent Taylor are featured in this latest story of reportorial rivalry and romance set to the tune of the printing presses.
Above: Bonita Granville, Director Arthur Lubin and Styrmie Beard enjoy some fun between scenes of "Too Much of Everything."

Right: Always the perfect gentleman, Patric Knowles comes to the aid of Ann Sheridan on the "Patient, in Room 18" set.

Above: Ginger Rogers stars on her first solo starring vehicle, "Having Wonderful Time."

Unusual portrait of a party girl. Carole Lombard catches up with her knitting between scenes.

Lily Pons, Edward Everett Horton and friend. They are together in "Hit the New High."
Anton Walbrook and Ruth Chatterton, who is making her British film debut, are co-starred in this talkie version of the great Ivor Novello silent success. Walbrook, of course, succeeds to the role of the famous Apache. Also in the cast are Rene Ray and Mary Clare.
He rules like a king in the Paris underworld and is the terror of the other habitués of "Chez la Mère Coline," the Montmartre dive he uses as headquarters.

Above: Odile, protecting herself from the advances of Stets (Hugh Miller) shoots him dead.

Despite complications in the shape of Zelia (who eventually turns up trumps) and the shooting charge, there is a happy ending waiting for Odile and The Rat.
Left: Manager William Gargan remonstrates with Rowland Drew for having an affair with the champion's wife, Dorothea Kent.

Above: Noah Beery, jun., has won the middleweight title, but it is apparent that his wife intends to steal the spotlight.

Blonde Dynamite

Blondes and blows are the principal ingredients of this new movie, which presents Noah Beery, jun., as the world's middleweight champion and Dorothea Kent as Blonde Number One.

Beery begins to suspect that his wife has been "cheating" on him with Drew.

The junior Beery as a boxer. His principal attendants are William Gargan and Charlie Murphy.
The Ultimate Note in Fashion

Joan Bennett in the new Technicolour Production "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938" An afternoon dress, moulded to the figure with the new bateau neck, in flowered crêpe.
Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of Warner Brothers.

MICHAEL MICKAILOW, contraceptor and musician, was forty when he first saw and sent tickets for his next concert, to Lisa Koslov. She was twenty, emotionally not sixteen; intellectually, for she studied music seriously at the Viennese Conservatorium, five-and-twenty.

Nature had given Michael all the attributes of a lover—tall, physique slender to a fault, the features of an aristocrat, hair with a natural wave, and hands capable of tearing apart the soul of a piano. While he played a mazurka of his own composition, brilliantly from habit, his heart beat faster as he saw Lisa and a friend occupying the front seats he had reserved for them.

Presently he saw her opening the note he had sent her. Would she meet him at the musicians’ entrance after the performance and nod her acquiescence when he looked up?

He was interpreting Brahms when, at a familiar pause, he saw her nod and let his fingers go, bringing the movement to a fiery finish. At the musicians’ entrance he was signing autographs when he caught a glimpse of her. Gently disengaging himself from the crowd, he spoke to her as though she were the only person there.

"The Brahms was wonderful. I never really understood it before, Mr. Mickailow," she enthused. "but I wanted to tell you that I wasn’t nodding to you at the concert. I was nodding to my friend. You see, I ought never to have come. My mother’s away, and I promised to practice and go to bed, but Hildegard, here, thought we might..."

Nevertheless, he induced her to join him at the Cascade for supper.

"Vera, my dear, thank you so much for this evening. You were in magnificent voice—and to think I shall never conduct for you again."

"You can’t. I have to be at the conservatorium at 5:30."

He pleaded, but this time she was firm.

When, at 5:30, Lisa was waiting for Professor Raphael in the music-room the door opened to admit Michael. On his heels came Professor Raphael, full of hopes that Miss Lisa would not disgrace her old tutor in the eyes of the new.

"Please forgive me. It was the only way of seeing you again, Michael pleaded as the padded door swung to. "Let’s work," she said.

He humoured her by going to the piano and analysing the first movement of Mozart’s Twelfth Sonata.

"Is that quite clear to you, Lisa?"

He had left the piano stool. Under the pendant electric lights, her grey eyes, not so fearful now, were turned to his. He kissed her gently, then, with increasing warmth, till fear came back and she left his arms declaring she must never see him again.

Next evening he telephoned her. When she met him at one of the cheaper cafés, she was still in day clothes, protesting with agitation that she could only stay half an hour. "Mother’s home. I was unpacking a new frock she bought for me in Paris, when she was called away to speak to a lady she didn’t know. Otherwise I couldn’t have come.

"No one knows either you or me here," he consoled her. A blonde singer, heavily made-up and sequinned, had left the stage and was moving among the guest tables.

The room was dark. Lisa, with her lovely, frightened face, was tantalisingly near.

He kissed her and an occulting light illuminated their kiss. Michael saw the singer starting at them and recognised her. He called a waiter to bring the check. "This place makes me nervous. Let’s go," he breathed. He hurried Lisa into the vestibule and up two flights of stairs towards the entrance. Shots were being fired repeatedly on the stage occupied by a cowboy turn. The principal actor’s voice could be heard. "Genuine bullets at genuine living targets... Unless my aim is perfect, every shot would be fatal."

Michael with Lisa had reached the top of the second flight when a voice from below called: "Michael Mickailow." He turned. At the bottom of the stairs stood the blonde singer. He saw something dark against her sequinned bodice.

Another and another shot rang out. Everything went black as Michael fell and rolled down the steps at her feet—dead.

Throughout her trial for murder by firing two revolver shots at Michael Mickailow, the blonde singer met all urges that she should plead for herself, with the single statement: "I killed a man. Sentence me."

Standing in the dock, wearing a plain black dress, her fair hair almost white, hanging limply, Vera Kowalska braced herself to listen with apparent indifference to the Prosecutor’s final speech. She knew she must be hanged, that no jury in their senses could acquit her. The suitcase, for instance, which was being brought into court and which the Judge asked to be put down in front of him was cause enough for alarm. The Judge’s voice—impartial, firm—terrified her when he said: "The police department has found this suitcase in the luggage office of the Union station. It is the property of the accused. In view that it may contain evidence explanatory of the relationship between Michael Mickailow and the accused—a relationship of which she refuses to tell us anything—I demand that the case be opened."

Panic-stricken, Vera leaned over the dock to her counsel, a plump, somber man, and whispered. With evident relief, he straightened himself and spoke.

"My lord, my client is willing to make a full and complete statement, but only on condition that the court does not publish it until it has heard what she has to say."

"Conditions—from the accused!" snarled the Prosecutor. "Ridiculous!" The Judge yielded it, but there was another she was equally determined to gain, and this at the expense of her reputation. She had instructed her counsel to plead that, in view of the fact that public decency might be violated in what she was going to say, the case might be heard behind closed doors.

The request was made. His Honour hesitated. The Prosecutor stomped his foot. Vera’s heart contracted, but once more she drew breath as His Honour granted the pleading that Michael Mickailow’s confession should be heard in camera.

"It was in 1912 in Warsaw," Vera began. The woman in the dock, with features tense and near-white hair, disappeared. Once again she was Vera Kowalska, the young singer, still her last performance on the Warsaw stage of Michael Mickailow’s opera, Mazurka. Flowers filled the front-room.

(Continued on page 20)
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to overflowing as she entered it after the last encore, demanding that the door should be locked to keep out the crowd.

"I'm so happy I could scream," she said, with every word a softer star; that there were more applause, more flowers, so I could give them to Vera as many times as I wanted."

"You're right. I envy you," Wanda, fair-haired member of the support cast, said with meaning.

"Why are you leaving from you again?" Vera asked.

"I won't see me any more. Hardly ever comes to me. Oh, hello, Michael!"

He came in, svelte and handsome. Vera, innately loyal, had not struck him for taking her hand and ignoring Wanda; yet who could resist the magic of his flattery when he said,

"Vera, my dear, thank you so much for this evening. You were in magnificent voice and you danced like a dream. To think I shall never conduct for you again."

"Don't tell Wanda," and a few intimates left.

Fun was knocked out of Vera as Michael left with Wanda. 

"You must know! I'm frantically in love with you, and I'll never rest till I bring you back where you belong. Then I have to compromise you."

She was grateful for Leonide's timidity, which was all she had. How could she be compared with Michael Ktrow? 

Only the war years, with their torture of anxiety and separation, were a blot on Vera's married happiness. But still, at the front, it was ten times easier to worry over their baby girl. One night, in Leonide's arms, she went to sleep, with nothing, as she afterwards discovered, had called in the local doctor. He turned the talk about the alleged little patient, now quietly sleeping in her crib, to her mother.

"Now, you're not worrying about Leonide's state of health, are you? Not specially. You see, he has a system he tells me. When shells fall in the neighborhood, he doesn't sleep."

"Why?"

"Then you should have some diversion from the nursery. Go out. Meet some of your friends—amusing ones especially.

Gowned in white and silver, perfect contrast for her black hair, but oh, how wrong she was, she were touching piano keys long since rusty and unfamiliar, she made her entrance at the evening's entertainment, much patronised by her before marriage. In spite of the war cloud, gaiety was there, and old friends who dragged her off to a table specially reserved for opera members. A well-known voice at her elbow said, "May I have this dance, Madame Kowalska?"

"Michael!"

The band had begun to play a mazurka, and she ignored him through the entrancing movements, so full of verve and swing. The only fly in the ointment fit concealed hommage was his total disregard for Madame Xenia, obviously his latest flame, and also a dying one.

Champagne replaced a time, the distasteful impression Vera had of seeing Madame Xenia standing jauntily by, while Michael forgot her. At his suggestion the party was carried on at his villa, next door, where more champagne brought Vera, but much more quickly than her wont, to a state of exhilaration.

She was dancing with Michael when she realised the room was going round distressingly.

"Michael—take me home!" she pleaded. He fetched her wrap from the stand in the empty room reserved for cloaks, but the effort of leaving was too much. It was morning when she reached home, tired out, ashamed.

Baby was asleep. She plunged in a hot bath before going into her, and was still in her dressing gown beside the waking child when Leonide came in—Leonide, back from the front—well-groomed, in uniform. She clung to him and to her, with one arm.

"Hold me tight! Hold me tight!" Vera sobbed, and realised something through her tears—sometimes, as lonely as Leonide pulled back his uniform cloak. It had fallen away, revealing for an instant a sleeve which hung slackly from above the elbow.

"There wasn't a general for miles around," he said.

A week later, one morning she left him and the child after breakfast with the excuse that a member of the opera cast was ill. She found Michael in his rooms. Evading his arms, she came to the point.

"I haven't come for any stupid reasons. Since that awful night, you've written, telephoned, called, done everything to upset my relations with Leonide. He's a sick man, home from the front, hypersensitive. He needs me. Besides, I love him and my child. To keep their love, safeguard their home, there isn't anything I wouldn't do. Goodbye."

He ran down the stairs, opened the front door, pining for fresh air, and encountered a military figure on the steps.

A sick man, hypersensitive, and one who evaded all chance of speaking for her by leaving Warsaw. Between the suspicion of the one and the silence of the other, Vera's indiscernment, in the eyes of the divorce court judge, was made to appear not isolated, but a long-standing affair. The husband's suspicions, his force, the custody of the child, was granted. Vera was to leave Leonide's apartment as soon as possible.

So acute was the musing of such memories, that for a few moments Vera felt herself back again in the court room. She was mortally ill in hospital," she continued her narrative.

"When I came out, Leonide and the child had disappeared.

I was told he had changed his name from Kirov to Koslov, but no one knew where he had gone. I took jobs at cheap cabarets. For fifteen years this kept me going—and the thought that one day I might see my child again. I had almost given up hope when I came to this town and, looking through the telephone book, saw the name Koslov. Again the courtroom faced. Vera was burying towards the address she had feverishly noted. Could she have stumbled on the right Koslov? She reached a door, rang a bell. A motherly looking, middle-aged woman answered.

"Yes, I am Mrs. Koslov."

"I—I really wanted to speak to Mrs. Koslov—" Vera answered.

"My husband died three years ago."

"Leonide—and his child."

"My daughter!"

"Not your daughter!"

The woman's start was eloquent.

"Did you know her?"

"I used to know Captain Koslov in Warsaw. I also knew his first wife."

A girl's voice—fresh, happily excited—came through the communicating room.

"Bennie! Mummie! Come and look—quick!"

"Excuse me," Mrs. Koslov said.

Through the half-open door, Vera watched her child, little Lisa, transformed into an adolescent, shaking out the folds of a young girl's first ball gown. Her enthusiasm, her hugging of the kindly faced woman who was evidently the donor, brought tears to Vera's eyes. She forced them back as Mrs. Koslov re-entered with an apology for leaving, and her voice—oh, so very eager—"that Lisa should know nothing of her real mother."

It was Leonide's wish," Mrs. Koslov said, "that she should think her mother had died in Warsaw in the war. I didn't like the deceit at first, but, as she grew up and got fond of me, I couldn't bear to startle, to upset her. Please believe me that I've completely devoted my life to her. I've almost forgotten that she's not my own. But I'm forgetting. Won't you sit down? Can I be of any help to you?"

"You're very kind. No—it was nothing important. I saw the name Koslov in the directory and thought that—Again memory became too heartbreaking for Vera to continue, living in a past that was so very near."

"I left Mrs. Koslov as soon as I could," she told the Judge, "realising that I must never see my daughter again. My life would disgust her.

My love would only frighten her. That night I was in the middle of the town at the cabaret,"

Again she will, the scene re-formed itself in her mind. Try as she would, she could not erase the memory of looking up in the girl's face at that moment, to see Michael kissing Lisa full on the mouth. Disgust, fear, horror overcame her. She fainted. Kailing in the sobs that had been carried as the cowboy took the stage, she snatched up one of the loaded revolvers within hand of the expert marksman and, hurrying to the staircase, fired twice at Michael.

For a moment Vera ceased speaking, her task by no means complete. One sentence, she said, and say it with the force of a woman who has cared nothing for the sentence about to be passed on her.

To her counsel, to the Judge in turn, she urged that the suitcase containing papers cut out her story should remain unopened. While the public, much against her will, were being led to the court-room, she strained every nerve to reiterate her plea. "Please help me to keep all this from my daughter. She will not be as cruel to Lisa as her mother. Let my life be a secret from her. I beg of you, keep this matter private."

During the jury's two-hours' absence, Vera paced her cell, her mind flitting back, fear of the Judge's summing-up. When, once more standing in the dock, she heard him pronounce sentence.

"Ktrow is guilty, but, due to mitigating circumstances, Madame Kowalska is to be committed to prison for five years"—Vera felt only heartbreak.

"Now he's bound to tell why the jury sentenced the innocent", counsel whispered, voicing her thought.

The Judge continued speaking. Life seemed to ebbing from her as Vera listened, her face, pale, and level voice: "Punishment for killing a human being is inevitable. The state has the power of con- ceding to the accused that Michael Mackiawel behaved towards the prisoner in a thoroughly reprehensible manner and unani- mously that it will endorse a plea for pardon, because during part of that time the defendant, behind closed doors it became clear to all of us that the actuating motive of the crime was an attempt at self-determination, I might say—to—""

Wildly Vera turned towards the one face at which hitherto she dared not look at all, and her voice broke down at meeting Lisa's eyes. But now that face of earnest attention, "And the Judges continued: The motherly woman sitting near, soothed Vera's agony. Come what might, she could bear it no more.

The Judge continued: "The determination, I might say, to save a young girl from the seductions of the wings, where she had been corroborated as morally degraded. This case is closed."

"Just call me a moment, Mummie." Outside the court-room, Lisa was speaking, breaking away from Michael, and ran towards the unknown mother who hesitantly stood her ground.

"I just had to tell you that— I think you are the best of everything," she said. So keen was repressed desire, that Vera thought she would sob aloud. The child, though actually not a muscle had moved, except for her to say, "Thank you, Miss Lisa."

"Thank you Miss Lisa."

Rallying in the wings, where she had been carried as the cowboy turned the stage, she snatched up one of the loaded revolvers...
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(p.383)
**REVIEWS**

by Lionel Collier

**DOUBLE WEDDING**

**NOTHER** crazy comedy on which its has dulled its edge and is too thin in plot values. William Powell, rather more merciful than in some of his recent pictures, plays the role of a London prison warder who woos and wins Myrna Loy, a business-like young woman who prides herself on having mapped out the young couple's life and marriage for her.

Powell's line of approach is to pretend he is going to marry Myrna's sister, who falls in with the idea because her fiancé is so completely under the former's thumb that he cannot say boo to a goose, far less to his rival in love.

All, of course, ends well with a double wedding, taking place amidst wisteria of slapstick in the aforesaid a caravanserai, where the producer has given Powell's distinctly mixed acquaintances.

While William Powell is distinctly good, Myrna Loy has the advantage of the detached air she has so assiduously cultivated; in fact, she is in danger now of putting on an "act" rather than acting.

Florence Rice is charming as her sister who, while really in love with her fiancé, marries the man in question. He is played by John Beal, tries to make him jealous by agreeing to marry the temptuous Florence Rice.

Two good supporting studies come from Jessie Ralph as a social worker and her good man, a friend of Powell's, and Edgar Kennedy as the owner of a cheap restaurant, a friend of the hero.

There are several good lines and a quite a lot of knockabout, but I'm afraid the picture is a very, very long way off the producer's first stab at a co-starring picture, The Thin Man.

**THE PRISONER OF ZENDA**

**R**onald Colman is completely in his element in this re-make of Anthony Hope's novel, which is really the first and the last of Rutanian romances.

He has the tremendous advantage in the dual role of King Rudolph V and his English double, Rassendyll, who defeats all the treachery of the former prince, Black Michael, and his cousin, Rupert of Hentzau.

He draws a sound contrast between the two characters and makes love most convincingly to the Princess Flavia; he finally has to leave to the King, whom he has saved from assassination.

Madeleine Carroll hardly strikes a regal note as Flavia, but she has sufficient beauty to be effective. As Black Michael, Raymond Massey is too theatrically villainous to be quite convincing; he certainly liked the bragadocio and impudence of Douglas Fairbanks, just a shade too much.

Mary Astor has only a small part as Michael's mistress, Antonette de Mandeville, but she does most of the opportunities she gets do.

Two of the best performances in the production, however, are given by David Niven as Fritz von Tarlenheim, the King's aide-de-camp, and Aubrey Smith, as the faithful Colonel Zapt, who persuades young man for another fatal accident that he had committed pejury in.

Henry Kolker is excellent as the boy's father, as is Elisha Cook, jun., as the son.

**SAN QUENTIN**

First National, (U.S.) "A" certificate, Spy drama, Ruml 71 minutes.

**P**at O'Toole, who directed The Man Humphrey Bogart, ...ad" by the editor is away.

Meanwhile the journalist has fallen in love with the Provost's daughter Virginia, who sympathises with his action.

Finally the Provost brings an action for breach of promise against the wiles of Victoria is forced to abandon the case after the first hearing, and really he gives the pair his blessing.

The entire cast do justice to their individual roles, but the most note-worthy of all performances is Cecile Aubry as the Provost, Sara Allgood as Mrs. Hegarty and Elise Makemah as the sheriff.

**CHARLIE CHAN AT THE WALTZ**

Fox, American, "U" certificate, Spy drama, Ruml 71 minutes.

**W**arner Oland continues triumphantly to chronicle the adventures of the famous Oriental detective, and is at his best in this new role in which he foils an attempt by an inveterate murderer to use a radio-controlled aerial device to a foreign power.

Sarah Allgood, as the widow of the murder victim and police chief among the slaps and murders, and Chan stalks calmly through them uttering his now famous phrase, "It's only the beginning!"

The spectacular denouement place in Berlin during the progress of the Olympic games, which adds a touch of colour to the usual detective story conventions.

Kye Lake and Layne Tom, jun., as Chan's two assistants, make John Eldridge is disarming as a smooth-sounding double-crook.

**THE DEVIL IS DRIVING**

Column Pictures, (U.S.) "A" certificate, Social melodrama, Ruml 60 minutes.

**R**ichard Dix, as Paul Drummond, Judy Canova, as Betty, Donald Woods, as Sam, Anna May Wong, as Mrs. Haines, Frank C. Thomas as J. Peter Bowers, and Lora Fisher, as Helen Bowerman, are featured in the picture.

A melodrama which stresses the danger of reckless driving as well as the social and moral graft in America.

In spite of a rather fantastic plot it is well written and the characters are well drawn and several sequences are finely realistic.

Richard Dix is good as Paul, an attorney who is accidentally killed by a man to get his son off on a charge of manslaughter; he having killed a man whilst drunk in charge of a car, the courts accept the unproved statements of his witnesses. This causes a break between him and his wife and a degraded manner by Joan Perry.

When Paul becomes D.A. he will not stand by and see road negligence and gains back his girl's esteem though he loses his position by admitting in open court during the prosecution of the same

There is no comparison between this and Remarque's great masterpiece, All Quiet on the Western Front. It is a picture which brings back memories of the latter film because they are brilliantly conceived and well done.

(Continued on page 30)
**Evan Williams**

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The PICTOREGOER's quick reference index

**STORM IN A TEACUP**

**THE DEVIL IS DRIVING**

**SAN QUENTIN**

**CHARIE CHAN AT THE OLYMPICS**

**THE ROAD BACK**

**TURN OFF THE MOON**

**THE FATAL HOUR**

**THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR**

**A FIGHT TO THE FINISH**

**Glamorous Night**

**You Can't Buy Luck**

What the astirrers mean—

*** Outstanding feature

*** Very good

** Good

* Average entertainment.

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next phase of the story which takes place after the signing of the Armis-
tice is artificial and lacks convic-
tion. The sentiment is laid on too thickly for complete satisfaction.

It is, however, admirably staged from a technical point of view.

John King, Richard Cromwell, Andy Devine and Slim Summerville give good portrayals of four German soldiers who return home after the war only to discover revolution and anarchy. Their efforts to be con-
vincing, however, are rather nega-
tive by their American accents.

The plot deals with the reactions to the conditions under which they find themselves, and also with another young ex-soldier who shoots a war profiteer whom he sees out

with his girl.

This latter episode hands on the theme of They Gave Him a Gun which was recently shown.

The film ends on an indecisive note with the principal characters wondering whether the lesson of war had been learned by the world generally.

There is a sound idea behind the production, but it has not come completely to fruition.

**• TURN OFF THE MOON**


CHARLES RUGGLES — Elliott Dinwiddie
ELIZABETH WYATT — Caroline Wilson
JOHN GODFREY — Terry Keith
IRENE BROWN — Luke
MARGARET GATESON — Myrlis Tweep
GERALD FITZGERALD — Timlove Spencer
RONO VINTCENT — Detective Dugan
ANDREW TOWERS — Dr. Wakefield
CONSTANCE BERGEN — Maine Jones
FRANKLIN PABON — Mr. Perkins
Directed by Lew Seiler, Produced July 3, 1937.

Charlie Ruggles is at his brightest and best in this cherie mixture of satire, song and romance. It is not to be taken seriously, but the abounding situations and the excellence of the staging makes it good entertainment.

Ruggles is cast as a certain Elliott Dinwiddie, the proprietor of a big store who has been engaged to his secretary, Myrlis Tweep, for fifteen years. He keeps putting off the marriage because the astrological conditions are not favourable; he is a firm believer in the stars.

Finally, his pet astrologer tells him that the time is ripe, but that he must first launch a young couple on the sea of matrimony.

**THE FATAL HOUR**

Paramount, British, "U" certificate, Spy drama. Runs: 60 minutes.

EDWARD RIGBY — Croydon
MARGARET ROSE — Marie
DICK HUNTER — Peter
WILLIAM MARCH — Dixon
DEAN GORE — West
D. J. WILLIAMS — The Evangelist
J. L. LOCKWOOD — Sir George Bell
DANIEL VINE — Michael
ERNEST SETON — Pat
CYRIL HILLIER — Sam
Directed by Gennari, a story by Mrs. C. Fraser-Simson.

One of the best portrayals of elderly characters on the British screen is Edward Rigby, and here he is once again quietly effective in a dual personality part in a story which has quite a good deal of ingenuity and suspense value.

He plays the role of Croyd, a dealer in antiques, who is requested by a chance customer to best, to dispose of a clock to Sir George, a collector. After accepting the commission, Croyd has another visitor a mysterious young lady named Mary, and she, without disclosing her identity, purchases the same clock similar to that deposited by West, thinking that it is West's.

Subsequently it is revealed that Mary is secretary to Sir George, famous as a Government chemist, and that her father, Dixon, had been killed by a new anti-gas formula invented by Sir George, to place a time fuse in the clock.

Mary had been ordered by Dixon to dispose of the clock, and her activities arouse suspicion on the part of Peter, Sir George's nephew.

From thence on the plot thickens, but the elusive leader of the crooks ultimately turns out to be Croyd, and nemesis overtakes him so that inevitable but logical romance can take place between Peter and Mary.

The plot is well developed and the character drawing is generally good with detail touches all helping to forward the action.

While Pabon dominates the film, sound performances are given by Moore Marriot, J. G. Lockwood, Ernest Seton and Cyril Hillier.

Mills and Dick Hunter are satisfactory as the lovers.

**THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR**

M-G-M, American, "P" certificate, Murder Mystery. Runs: 60 minutes.

DANIEL MURPHY — Phil Gay
LOUISE LA GRANGE — Nancy Gay
MARGARE EVANS — Neil O'Neill
LEWIS STARR — Ingemar Marley
ELIZABETH LANDIS — Helen Tread
THOMAS STICKYBEAK — Dick Crosby
HARRY DANKEL — John Wates
JASPER BYRT — Lady Coote
HALLEY FORBES — Lionel Tread
HOLMES HERBERT — Sir Roscoe Crosby
HEATHER TAYLOR — Miss Tread
CHARLES TROWBRIDGE — Dr. Raymond
ROBERT COOTE — Mr. Pigott
ELLA HILLIARD — Miss Standy

Two of the staff, Caroline Wilson and Terry Keith, are in love, but their romance does not run at all smoothly, which fact makes the proceedings Myrtle even more impatient.

At last her patience gives out, and she sends in her resignation and a young couple and some more of Dinwiddy's acquaintances, "wangles" the mes-

The romantic element is capably supplied by Eleanor Whitney and Johnny Downs, who have been plenty of singing and dancing to do.

As Myrtle, Marjorie Gateson turns in a competent and polished performance, and Ben Blue indulges in hilarious slapstick farce.
Little action and too much dialogue render this mystery thriller—the first by the way to be awarded the "honour" certificate—rather dull. Moreover, it fails to convince to any great extent although the acting on the whole is good.

The story deals with a fake medium; a role admirably filled by Dame May Whitty, who holds a fascination in the hope of discovering the murderer of a certain Leonard Lee in India.

During the proceedings Lee's friend, John Wales, is mysteriously stabbed to death. A detective is called in and most of the guests come under suspicion, including the medium's daughter.

The climax of the picture occurs when a fresh six-faced man is held with the murdered man in the circle. After this the criminal is detected.

John Wade, a very well characterised by Henry Daniell, and Lewis Stone is effective as the suave detective.

Madge Evans is attractive as the medium's daughter, and the rest of the suspects are competently played. Robert Coote and Elisa Buchanan provide some light relief effectively.

**A FIGHT TO THE FINISH**

Columbia, American, "A" certificate, Taxi war melodrama. Runs 50 minutes.

Don Terry ... Duke Malloy
Whitney Reed ... Eileen Ames
George McKay ... Spade
Ward Bond ... Eddie H. Halden
Wade Botteler ... A. K. McDonald
Lucille Love ... Mabel
Ivan Miller ... Capt. Jameson
Thomas Corwin ... MajorBerry
Frank Sheridan ... Wauden
Harold Goodwin ... Henry

Directed by G. C. Coleman, jr., from a story by Harold shining.

A war between rival taxi cab companies forms the somewhat novel background for a conventional plot in which the heroine is imprisoned on a charge of manslaughter but on her release manages to ring a confession out of the man who is behind all the gangster type of warfare.

The audience is brisk and the tricks of the taximen to jostle their rivals out of jobs are often amusing, although one ends tragically.

The way in which the hero forces the man who has framed him to confess to the murder of two of his friends carries a big thrill and has a fair share of ingenuity.

Don Terry, a newcomer from the New York stage, is likeable in the leading role. Ward Bond, Rosalind Keith and George McKay all give sound performances.

**GLAMOROUS NIGHT**


Mary Ellis ... Valerie Hajas
Orestes Kay ... Slim Stefan
Barry Mackay ... Anthony Allan
Victor Jones ... Roman Lyset
trephor Jones ... Lorenzo
Anthony Holt ... The Marsh
Maire Nahlen ... Phoebe
Charles O'Callaghan ... Otto (Equerry)
Felix Aytem ... Diplomat
Percy Conlee ... Secretary

Directed by Brian Desmond Hurst. Adapted from Ten Hours Night a sleeping, May 13, 1937.

Very unconvincing Rivuritanian romance with Otto Kruger appearing as a king who loves a gypsy maid and is plotted against by his prime minister who is eventually overthrown and disgraced.

He does not seem particularly happy in his role.

Victor Jory is definitely melodramatic and strongly American in accent as the prime minister, while Mary Ellis sings well as the gypsy heroine who eventually saves the king by calling her people to his aid.

The gypsies are a synthetic crowd apparently addicted to ballet dancing.

Trefor Jones is in good voice as a tenor who is giving a command performance and also brings a touch of comic relief.

The reminiscent tunefulness of the music is helpful, and the picturesque settings are worth looking at.

**YOU CAN'T BUY LUCK**


Onslow Stevens ... Joe Baldwin
Helen Mack ... Betty McKay
Hilda Hopper ... Mrs. White
Paul Guilfoyle ... Brett
Marie Jennings ... Jean Jason
Vinton Haworth ... Paul Vinette
Murray Alper ... Spike
Frank M. Thomas ... Bond
Dudley Clements ... Ben
Richard Lane ... McGrath
William Condon ... Hal
Barbara Pepper ... Clark in Store
Jonathan Hale ... Chuck
Eddie Corno ... Detective
Ann Gildes ... Peggy
Edward Gar ... Nurse
John Kelly ... Poggy

Directed by Lewis Landers, from a story by Martin Money.

Onslow Stevens gives a worthwhile performance in this somewhat highly coloured romantic melodrama with a race-track background. He depicts a wealthy racehorse owner who gives to charity because he believes it brings him luck.

He falls in love with one of the assistants at an orphanage he supports. He is blackmailed by the girl friend of "heart balm." She is shot by a secret boy friend who frames the owner, who eventually breaks jail and with the help of his fiancée finds new evidence which convicts the real killer.

Helen Mack is refreshingly natural as the heroine, and Maxine Jennings and Vinton Haworth do well as the girl friend and the murderer respectively.

**RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS**

Number of stars awarded in brackets:

- After the Thin Man (2) ... Sept. 25
- Behind the Headlines (2) ... Nov. 19
- Born to Dance (3) ... Sept. 18
- Call It a Day (4) ... Nov. 12
- Dangerous (5) ... Sept. 2
- Farewell Again (4) ... Nov. 6
- Five Orange Pips (3) ... Sept. 29
- Forty Roads to Town (2) ... Oct. 5
- For You Alone (1) ... Oct. 1
- Garden of Allah (2) ... Sept. 18
- Hot Air (2) ... Oct. 12
- History Made at Night (2) ... Sept. 23
- I Met My Love in Paris (3) ... Sept. 2
- Jericho (2) ... Sept. 12
- Jump for Glory (2) ... Oct. 9
- King of Gamblers (2) ... Nov. 13
- King of the Wildcats (2) ... Sept. 26
- Last Hurrah (3) ... Oct. 16
- Lady of the Tropics (1) ... Oct. 20
- Married Woman (2) ... Sept. 6
- May Time (3) ... Oct. 16
- Night Must Fall (2) ... Oct. 9
- On the Avenue (2) ... Sept. 25
- Outcasts of Poker Flat, The (2) ... Nov. 5
- Parcell (2) ... Nov. 13
- Prince and the Pauper, The (2) ... Sept. 24
- Quality Street (23) ... Oct. 16
- Ready, Willing and Able (2) ... Oct. 16
- Seventh Heavens (2) ... Oct. 9
- Show Goes On, The (2) ... Oct. 23
- Step Lively, Jones (2) ... Oct. 16
- Stolen Day (2) ... Sept. 13
- They Gave Him a Gun (2) ... Oct. 23
- Wake Up and Live (2) ... Nov. 12
- Wings Over Honduras (2) ... Nov. 13
- Woman Between, The (2) ... Sept. 19
- You Only Live Once (3) ... Oct. 2

**CASINO Models, for so long a feature of 'Vogue,' have just been chosen by the B.B.C. for TELEVISION, a compliment not only to our Designers, but also to the taste and 'Chic' of the many smart women who have long known that, by wearing 'CASINO' Models, they assured themselves of Poise and Dignity that made them outstanding in any Company.**

Determined that "CASINO" Gowns shall no longer be restricted to the fortunate few, we have specially designed the Model illustrated to sell at a price hitherto unheard of for a Gown from this famous House. Carried out in fine Chiffon over a silk Foundation, the skirt has the new, flowing, 'Grecian' Line, whilst the corsage, softly draped and carried to the latest half-puff decolletage, is a dream of youthful 'Chic.'

Specially priced at 89/6

This Model is available from the best Store or Fashion House in your vicinity. Call in and inspect it. You will be delighted. Should you experience any difficulty whatever, please write for the name of the nearest House that has this Gown, to:

Elizabeth Henry Ltd.
(Wholesale only)
Or phone: MUSEM 6596-7
WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BRUTAL!

Is Kay Francis Right About Chivalry?

In their nostrils throw some queer lights on life.
Kay Francis, for instance, on old-fashioned chivalry. Gosh, does she know ye gallant Knights were really tough as gangsters and brutal as Lynchers? They thought nothing of hacking off their wives’ heads, and even that pattern of knighthood, King Arthur, delivered up Guinevere to be burned alive.

I certainly there was Galahad, but he was stressed an exception. Besides, it is odd to use him in an article called, “The Women Men Like,” when he liked none.

Personally, I would rather ye gentle knight passed me by and left me with my independence, my head, and my cigarette in my mouth. I should certainly repel that helping hand which next day might chain me to the fire.

Why does Kay take a peep into the “Morte d’Arthur” before deciding in favour of ancient courtesy? She’d get rid of a dream! — P. E. Whistler, Springhein, Bull’s Hill, Walford, Ross-on-Wye.

A Plea for Hokum

- “Hokum,” despite the “horse” laughs of the highbrows, is acceptable to most picturegoers, for in this the stuff of life itself, the vastness of the picturegoer, public making it the one ingredient that can understand us.

We fail for “hokum” on the screen because we feel that it is right. Thus, “hokum” may be described as the platitudes of the movies, for, like the trite saying, it is the backing of common experience behind it.

To illustrate: When we see the hackneyed theme of estranged parents reunited by their children’s love, as in Three Smart Girls, we accept this palpable piece of “hokum” because children in real life are the strongest link in the matrimony chain. No, there is nothing wrong with the use of “hokum” as screen material, but the test of a director’s greatness lies in his ability to put it over from a new angle. — B. W. D. Hastings, 76 Liverpool Road, Liverpool 23, who is awarded the first prize of 6d.

A Word on William

- It seems that the present cycle of Shakespearean films has now finished.

Perhaps when producers again turn to Shakespeare for material, they will adopt a different policy in transferring their work to the screen.

They should remember that, whereas the bard, writing for the bare Elizabethan stage, had to paint his scenes and tell his story with words, they can obtain these effects with their camera. The camera can depict a scene as vividly as the finest words.

In the past the producers have been far too chary about transferring the Shakespearean to the screen; they have kept too strictly to the original words, many of which the camera makes unnecessary. Shakespeare will be a success on the screen when producers realise that the cinema can be an art in itself and that Shakespeare’s basic themes can be painted as well with the camera as with the pen. — William H. Petty, 1 Sunnybank Avenue, Rotherham, Yorks, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Lovely Norma

- In a recent issue of the Picturegoer, Miss Elizabet Fletcher said she found it difficult to actually love any film actress for herself as well as for her acting, as glamour seems to surround the life of the star.

I myself have no trouble in this direction. For almost ten years I have been an ardent fan of Miss Norma Shearer and I don’t think there is a more sincere and lovable actress on the screen to-day.

Her beautiful portrayals of Elizabeth Barrett and Juliet, alone, were enough to make anyone become her faithful slave.

Her private life also seems to be very clean and sweet, and she has had her share of grief and trouble just as we have, which makes her seem all the more real.

As I read of her struggle to fame and how she has overcome the difficulties she now holds, I seem to gain fresh courage to continue with my daily toil. — Miss Ruby Holland, Bristol.

The caricature of Claudette Colbert is the third of a series contributed by a reader, Mr. Arrigo Polillo, Corso Italia 6, Milan, Italy.

Here’s A Picturegoer!

- I keep a record of all the films which I have seen since October 9, 1936, and in all I have seen 81 up to the 15th of this month.

I thought Mutiny on the Bounty was the finest action film, and I saw it three times.

The best musical film was Sing Baby Sing with Follow the Fleet close behind.

The films for the best laughs were Libelled Lady and Good Morning Boys.

Clark Gable is my favourite actor, and I was lucky enough to see him in five films.

I cycled 456 miles, spent £1 8s. 1d. on ‘bus fares, and got rid of £4 17s. 6d., at the pay-box in the following manner:

- 50 tickets at ... 1 3
- 14 ... 6 1
- 6 ... 1 0
- 5 ... 9
- 3 ... 1 4
- 3 complimentary.

— Kenneth Nash, The Cover, Symonds Yat, Hereford.

(Does any other reader keep a record?) — “Thinker.”

An Old Grievance

- Looking over old Picturegoers of 1934-5, I find on “Thinker’s” page readers constantly complaining of America taking our promising young starlets and “discovering” them for American films; British studios, apparently, allowing these players to slip through their fingers.

Looking through new Picturegoers of 1937, what do I find? Jessie Matthews, Gracie Fields, Anna Neagle, and one or two more. And the new super stars of British films. Where are they?

Plenty of American stars-spangled names grace our studio productions, but where are the new...
HER FEET ARE IN...

That gives her style in stormy weather. Because Dominion Gaytees are designed by style experts and fashioned by skilled craftsmen. So the modern woman slips a pair of Gaytees over her shoes and splashes merrily along rain-soaked pavements—in Style.

There are ten new models of Gaytees to choose from—smart and made to fit. And seven different fittings.

Gaytees are made the Dominion way to ensure long wear, style and perfect fit.

THREE NEW STYLE LEADERS

MILFORD
A beautifully finished all-rubber Gaytee in which style is combined with utility. Obtainable in Black or Brown.

NORFOLK
An attractive example of good styling in this modern type of fashion footwear with full velvet cuff and fabric-like satin finish.

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Neat and smart in the style of this Gaytee, particularly serviceable in the protection of both ankle and shoe.

Obtainable at all good shoe shops.

EVEN IN WET WEATHER
SHE STEPS OUT IN

DOMINION
Gaytees
AN EMPIRE PRODUCT
MADE IN CANADA

Oh, yes, I must have a Superma—really. There may be something in what you say but my friend has hair just like mine and her Superma 'perm' lasted over six months. It looked lovely in whatever style she had it re-set and the waves were firm and natural all the time. She told me there was no machine or electricity to give one the jitters and it won the World's and the European Championships and 1st prize in the French Championship, so I mean—would you have any wave but Superma if you were me?

Write to Superma, Ltd., Radnor House, 97 Regent St., W.1, for free Hair Style Guide for your handbag.

Insist upon Superma—no other "perm" is "just as good."

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THE CHAMPIONSHIP MACHINELESS "PERM"

DO YOUR CHEEKS LOOK ROUGED OR
naturally coloured?

Don't let your cheeks tell everyone you use rouge. Use Snowfire Blush Cream and give your cheeks colour that looks absolutely natural. Snowfire Blush Cream is the easiest, quickest way to put on colour. It stays on much longer. It can't cause ugly open pores. And with one of the three delightful shades—Blonde, Brunette and Tangerine—you can really match the colouring nature gave you.

Colour your cheeks naturally with

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WHO'S WHO

MAX FACTORS' MAKE-UP

Hollywood's magic wand of beauty is make-up created by
Max Factor... and when you see Joan Bennett, Helen Vinson and the
galaxy of stars in 'Walter Wanger's Vagues of 1918,'
you'll marvel at the beauty of COLOUR
HARMONY MAKE-UP as revealed by
Technicolour.

Now, the luxury of COLOUR
HARMONY MAKE-UP, created
originally for the screen stars by Filmland's
Make-up Genius, is available to you. Blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead... there
is an individual Colour Harmony in Max
Factor's Powder, Rouge and Lipstick that
will accent your own personality and bring you
new loveliness.

HELEN VINSON in "Walter Wanger's Vagues of 1918"
taining MAX FACTOR'S ROUGE, POWDER, and
LIPSTICK in her
correct COLOUR
HARMONY Make-up.

Magic in ROUGE.
There's a variety of shades to
match your complexion, eye-color
and hair colour. Blonds, brunettes, redheads... and pin-up girls, all look
beautiful in Max Factor's Rouge. This is to
match the skin, eye and hair color
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Multicolour proof LIP-STICK. Imagine a lipstick to
match your lipstick to
the skin, eye-color and hair
such as this. Beware of
imitations. What looks
like lipstick may not be.

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The POWDER Satchel. The
travelling powder bag
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take anywhere.

What Do You Think?—Contd.

young stars of our country to stand with
the old favourites mentioned above?

As far back as 1934 Picturegoer readers
were depicting our studios the dears of really
good young material in British films, yet here
we are in 1937 with no new names added to the
list. So far our box-office draws
have been held by the stars of older days.

Our studios have improved; our directors
have improved; our productions in every way
have improved... and our stars? Well, they
cannot go on for ever, there must be others to follow on.---J. Selly, 146c Church Road, Hove, 3, Sussex.

Thanks for Inquiring
I have been a reader of your magazine
for some years, but I have never written to you before.

However, I feel I must write now and inquire
if Max Breen, your interviewer, is mad.

In his article he refers to her likeness to Shirley Temple, which is ridiculous as Sonja is a very beautiful and intelligent-looking, which cannot truthfully be
said of Temple.

I suppose in his next article Breen will remark
on the resemblance Boris Karloff bears to
Freddie Bartholomew... F. Knight, 57 Belmont
Street Southsea, Hants.

(Max Breen informs me that he has not yet been
officially certified insane.---"Thinker.")

One Successful Champion

For once in the history of films a world
冠军 has turned out a success. I refer
to Sonja Henie, the blonde Olympic skater, who

Dorothy Lee

Was born in Los Angeles and spent most of
her girlhood "just around the corner" from
one of the major film studios. When she
first tried to get screen work, however, no one
would look at her.

She won a scholarship to a music school and
on the stage and eventually landed
on Broadway as a vocalist with a swing band.
When the Penn-sylvaniaans were signed up to appear in the film
"Little Women," she went along, too, and with her
rendering of "Do Something" she sang her
way into a Radio Pictures contract.

"Rio Rita," in which she had her first featured role, established her, and until recently she has been one of the pillars of the Wheeler and Woolsey comedy
team.

Dorothy was born on May 23, 1911, is 5 ft.
tall, and has brown hair and eyes.

Andrea Leeds

Has probably had the most meteoric career
of any screen "find" of recent years. Just
a little more than a year ago Andrea was a student
of the University of California Dramatic Society.
Among its activities were amateur
films. One night Howard Hawks, about to
direct "Come and Get It," saw one of the films.
It was a very good one, and when Andrea
was impressed with Andrea's performance, gave her
a proper screen test, which she showed to his
boss, Samuel Goldwyn.

She scored a decided hit in the second feminine
lead in "Come and Get It," and Goldwyn put her
into films. She caused a sensation by walking out of the picture. By way of
discipline the producer "farmed" her out to
Radio, which gave her a supporting role in
"So Ends This Day." But Goldwyn was so impressed
with Andrea's performance, gave her
a proper screen test, which she showed to his
boss, Samuel Goldwyn.

Andrea was born in Butte, Montana, on August 18, 1914. She is 5 ft. 4 in. tall, and a brunette.

Vivien Leigh

Was born on November 23, 1913, in Darjeeling, India, where her father was a senior
officer in the Cavalry. Shortly after 1918 she
came to England, and was for a time at a school
in Roehampton.

Later her parents took her to the Continent.

has made such a promising screen debut in
"One in a Million".

Granted she had excellent support in Don
Amache and the Rita Brothers, but nevertheless
depending on her other work, she showed real talent and
and won over in a big way, whereas the other
world champions have signal success in their
screen careers.

Jack Dempsey, George Carpentier, and Max
Baer, all champion boxers, with oceans of
publicity behind them, could make no impresion
on the cinema public. Johnny Weissmuller and Buster Crabbe are
world-famous swimmers, but
no more. Weissmuller is known as "Tarzan,"
but there have been so many Tarzans.

Has Sonja succeeded because she is a woman
with sex appeal? Certainly the other champions,
with the exception of Max Baer, have been
safely lacking in this invaluable asset.---(Miss E.
Saile, 206 Serrag Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne 6.
(I thought Max Baer specialised in socks appeal)

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.
11 ks. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the
two most interesting, and 5s. for all
other letters published each week.

Please address your letters to the side
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500 words. Address to "Thinker,"
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She can afford threepence for the world's tip-top shampoo. Yes! Amami keeps her scalp healthy and her hair radiant ... and will do the same for you. Ask your chemist, hairdresser or stores for Amami No. 5 for Blondes or Amami No. 7 for Brunettes. 3d. & 6d. (Large packet contains enough for two shampoo.)

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A Revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Women to-day who are taking care of their complications are not using soap. They say that Soap dries up the Skin. They usually cleanse the face with grease or cream, which is unnecessary and very expensive, for Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is not like any other soap. It is full of Almond Oil, and when washing the face the Almond Oil in Zee-Kol Soap cleanses and purifies the skin and replaces the Almond Oil in the pores, and the skin becomes more beautiful under this treatment.

No pimples or blotches can attack the skin as Zee-Kol Almond Oil is medicated. Never wash the face with hot water. The exquisite blended perfume in Zee-Kol Soap lingers over the skin until it is washed away.

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1" Large Tablet Now 6th

Doge Cream is also a marvellous complexion restorer and has a glorious perfume. It contains Almond Oil which preserves the skin and keeps it supple, firm and youthful.

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“THE PICTUREGOER” Golden Portrait Seals, Series No. 1, announced recently, were an instant success. Now for Series No. 2—perhaps even more magnetic and glamorous! Twenty-four coloured glossy portrait seals adorn each card. Cut the card in half and you have two postcards of standard size for your album, each containing twelve portraits. The portraits are charmingly coloured to accentuate lovely looks and "The Picturegoer" cannot stress too strongly that the portraits are framed in a seal of real gold-broze, a hallmark of quality. The seals are adhesive and a pretty way to use them is to cut them out and stick them on letters addressed to friends.

Now for the names of Series No. 2:

Barbara Stanwyck, Ann Harding, Anna Neagle, Merle Oberon, Miriam Hopkins, Carole Lombard, Katharine Hepburn, Eleanor Powell, Dolores Del Rio, Bette Davis, Irene Dunne, Gene Raymond, William Powell, Bing Crosby, Spencer Tracy, Robert Young, James Stewart, Fred MacMurray, Charles Boyer, Cary Grant, John Loder, Richard Cromwell, Randolph Scott.

The names of the stars in Series No. 1 are as follows. Both series together make a superb collection:

Norma Shearer, Madge Evans, Joan Crawford, Myrna Loy, Ginger Rogers, Constance Bennett, Grete Garbo, Jeanette MacDonald, Claudette Colbert, Marlene Dietrich, Madeleine Carroll, Joan Bennett, Greta Garbo, Gail Patrick, Herbert Marshall, Ronald Colman, Robert Montgomery, Robert Taylor, Robert Donat, George Raft, Richard Powell, Fredric March, Franchot Tone, Leslie Howard, Clark Gable.

The price for 24 Golden Seals is 6d. for each series, postage free. Applicants from overseas should enclose two pence extra to cover postage. There is no limit to the number of seals you may order. When ordering be sure to state number required and enclose correct remittance. Cross Postal Order & Co./ and make payable to "The Picturegoer" Residents in Irish Free State must pay any charges levied.

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Many girls make this same mistake. They use Odo-ro-no religiously through the hot, sticky summer months — and think they cannot offend in the cooler autumn and winter.

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and saves dresses

THERE ARE 2 KINDS OF ODO-RO-NO

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Name .......................................................... Address ..........................................................

1/6 also larger and smaller sizes Both bottles carry, attached to the stopper, a convenient sponge applicator.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

The Sylvia Jansen Fan Club welcomes new members. Each member receives a signed photograph of Sylvia, the club's magazine, which is made up of many interesting articles about the star, etc., and is issued to members every two months, membership lists, and is supplied with special small things about Sylvia and her films which come direct from the star and her management. Mr. Herbert Jacobson, Sybil's London agent, makes a great interest in her club and will be happy to send a complimentary copy which is being arranged. If you are interested, write to: Mr. V. C. Vincent, 82 Stanley Road, New Southgate, London, N.11.

Admirers of Billy Murray and his Commanders should join his F.C. Club. Full particulars can be obtained from Miss Gertrude Bartlett, Haydock House, Cawdor Heath, London.

Will all readers please note that all enquiries to The Errol Flynn Fan Club should be addressed to the American President, Miss Dorothy Rupp, 1015 Bellevue Road, San Bernardino, Calif., or the British President, Miss Kathleen J. H. Biscoe, 64 The Walks, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

Owing to the limited size and the enormous number of letters received each month, the only questions given any answer will be those of general interest to all fans. In future if you want any part of a film, please state to whom it is to be sent, and if you have the film, please write in the words "Please return the film to Miss..." in the address line. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Mortehoe Monastery Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

No. 339 (New Series) Vol. 7, No 12, November 20, 1937


On Sale Every Thursday, 2d
The Mystery of the woman who NEVER GROWS OLD

November 20, 1937

BY "PKTS THE FREE"

NOT a line or wrinkle at 45! The smooth, clear unblemished skin of a young girl! It seems like a miracle but there's a scientific reason. These are the magical effects of 'Bioceol'—the astounding discovery of Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna. 'Bioceol' is the precious natural youth-giving element which every smooth unwanried skin must have. It is now contained in every jar of Crème Tokalon, Rose Colour. It nourishes and rejuvenates the skin while you sleep. You wake up looking younger every morning.

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FREE BOOK tells you how you may have lovely lines

FASHION decrees that firm rounded lines are the thing this year, but many women despair of ever finding a brassiere which will help them toward this. There is a new-type brassiere, straight from achieving immense success in America which gives smooth rounded lines and perfect support without putting tension on the shoulder straps.

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After other treatment had failed, we decided to try Dr. Williams pink pills. She soon began to eat better and was much more cheerful. As Glennys continued with the pills her health steadily improved, and now she is the picture of health. She has regained her weight, can eat anything, and is full of life."

For the trying years of the ‘teens, just when girls sorely need a health-help, Dr. Williams brand pink pills are invaluable. They give new life and vitality to weak, anemic girls because they create new, rich blood—so essential to grades. Of all chemists, 1s. 3d. a package (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

FREE. Any girl, and any girl’s mother, should read the booklet, "Nature’s Warning," sent free to all who write to M.G. Dept., 36 Forest Square, London, W.1.

why FAIR HAIR needs different care from DARK HAIR

Half the glamour of fair hair lies in its silken fineness. Look at the reproductions above. The dark hair is coarse and strong; the fair hair slender and delicate. That is why dark hair can stand up to the harsh action of a shampoo which in a few weeks leaves fair hair brittle and faded.

Fair-haired girls need Sta-blond, the shampoo made for them alone. Sta-blond contains ViteF, the same vitamins which nature puts in the hair, and which ordinary shampoos wash away. Not only does Sta-blond prevent fair hair from darkening, but it brings back the true golden beauty of childhood to hair that has grown dull or mousy.

If you want a bleach, don’t buy Sta-blond, but if you want to keep fair hair lovely as nature intended, it’s the only shampoo to use.

FREE! TRY STABLOND TODAY AT OUR EXPENSE Sta-blond Laboratories Ltd., Dept. P.31, 10 Henrietta St., London, W.1. Please send me free one full-size Sta-blond Shampoo for fair hair.

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VOICE, Throat & Chest Pastilles OF ALL CONFECTIONERS

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 two oz of fluid 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 dreary.

Laxatives help a little. But the bile forms of bile does get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. It’s those two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel “up and up.” Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. "Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3-

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LEAVE IT TO ANNE

M ost of us are contrary creatures. We spend all summer in acquiring a suntan, and spend all the autumn in getting it off again. There is no doubt, of course, that the aftermath of summer tanning leaves many skins looking coarse and tired, and we are quite right to endeavour to restore them before winter gaieties are in full swing.

If you are intent on restoring cream and roses to your complexion be content to make haste slowly. Any remedy that claims to remove tan overnight is too rapid to be good, and may do the skin a great deal of harm.

There are many reliable bleaching packs which may be bought ready for use, but if you like experimenting and have the time to concoct some home-made remedies, here is the way to go about it.

A mixture of egg, lemon and iodine is most refreshing and will make your skin feel clean and new.

Take a new laid egg and separate the yolk and the white. Beat each separately. To the yolk add half a teaspoonful of strained lemon juice and two drops of colourless iodine.

Next prepare your skin, and this cleansing preparation depends upon the type of skin you have. It is best perhaps to use the method to which you are accustomed. But if you have not made a habit of this, take a lesson now.

If your skin is dry, cleanse with a good cream. Massage in a first application and then remove the surplus with a paper tissue. Apply another layer of cream and after a few seconds again remove. Finish by sealing a pad of cotton wool in a mild skin tonic and wiping it over the face.

But if you have a greasy skin, with perhaps blackheads and other superfluities, the preparation must be different. Cleanse the skin with a rather mild soap, made from tincture of green soap and warm water. You may buy the green soap from all chemists. Rub this into the skin and neck. Massage it with a small rubber nail brush, using gentle rotary movements. Work the latter deep into the pores. Rinse off with warm water, pat dry and dab on a mild astringent.

Both types of skin are now ready for the pack. Use the yolk first, covering face and neck. Place it around the eyes—but don’t let it get into the eyes—and over the forehead. Allow this ten minutes, and then over the first application lay on the beaten white of egg and begin finger massage. Use again small rotary movements. Begin on the throat and with thumbs meeting in front massage right away round to the back. Move up and down as well as round.

Then clasp the front of the throat with one hand and move firmly upwards towards the chin. Repeat several times. Pinch the line of the jaw, beginning in the middle of the chin and working towards the ear.

Place the finger tips on the chin and move them gently round and round the corners of the mouth, up to the nose and on to the temples. Lift and repeat. Do this several times.

Take care around the eyes. Do not rub. Stroke gently with the finger tips and pat with very light movements. By this time the pack should be pretty well dry and must be rinsed off with a pad of cotton wool and warm water. Pat dry and apply a very mild astringent. But if you have a dry skin, Massage it in a spot of skin food. Leave on for a few minutes. Blot with a paper tissue, and let whatever that remains be a base for your powder.

But suppose you are on the other side of the scale. For some other reason or another as illusory or ultra dryness, your skin is inclined to flake, you need a little oil nourishment. Instead of lemon and iodine, mix the pack with oil.

Take the yolk of the egg as before and to it add a similar quantity of oil of sweet almonds. Mix well and paint the mixture over the skin with a clean damp hair brush. Or, if you prefer, put it on with the fingertips. Leave on for ten to fifteen minutes, lying down and relaxing occasionally. Then remove it with a pad of cotton wool and a mild skin tonic. This egg and oil pack may safely be given once a week.

Some skin seems to have a natural drizzly tint that is most unbecoming. A great improvement may be made in the colour of the skin by a good lather of warm water and peroxide soap. First, pat in some almond oil. Wash and rinse and massage with equal parts of lemon juice or almond oil. Remove surplus, apply a good lather of the peroxide soap and massage in. Rinse and dry. Give this treatment daily.

J. J. J.—Sorry, there is no method of inducing Clark Gable dimples to appear.

Tub.—Dandruff should have special treatment. Send a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

F. Stone (Dagenham).—Please send stamped envelope for blackhead treatment.

Worried Girl (Nottingham).—Dub with Calamine Lotion.

Mach (N. Finchley).—A plastic operation is the only real cure. It is practised on the Continent, but not a great deal in this country. Your own doctor could advise you on this point.

N. F. Caw (Widnes).—A sulphur lotion would help you.

A. L. the signs point to the fact that this is going to be a Practical John Christmas, and the largest Mail-Order House for Novelties in the World has devoted many months of careful thought in their selections, to produce the most original and most sensational surprises—marked so low that they will surprise those familiar with retail prices.

Our Representative called to inspect some of the joke novelties, and immediately handed a box of Cigarettes (half a dozen) free at his own home. Each box of Cigarettes contains a "blotch" that "won’t light." He was invited to try some chocolate, and in five minutes a snake popped out when he placed one in his mouth.

He decided it was a well-placed exhibit of the Novelties at his leisure, and in his own home.

If you have the same idea, write to Elder & Sons, 246, High Holborn, London, W.C.1., for their free catalogue, mentioning Dept. F.X.

A good joke is appreciated by the wisest of men. "Do you have a good Yule?" you can answer truthfully if you make that "Wish I Had" into a "Glad I Did." Get your catalogue today.

Let me know what it is that puzzles you. Individual beauty problems may be solved by post, if you enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letter. Address it to Anne, c/o "The Picture"—Arts House, 31 Bow Street, London W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

This week’s prize of a half a gallon is awarded to Miss Primrose Milligan, Aldersgrove, Prestwich, Prestwich, for:—

Holiday Race

Holiday’s End

Heatwave

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:—

W. T., Dumbarton.

E.5., W.A. (Dagenham).

W. Mustang.

The Throwback

Tenderfoot Goes West

The Price of Folly

Miss Hilda Fryer, 83 Princes Street, Eastwood, Notts, for:—

The Nuisance

My Wife’s Family

Burnt Offering

Without Regret

D. Drummond, 125 Oversey Street, Chapel, for:—

You Only Live Once

The Man Who Could Work Miracle

The Man Who Lived Twice

Miss G. A. Parnell, Stisted Hall, Braintree, Essex, for:—

A Man’s Chases Man

Captured

Roses For Love

To Have and to Hold

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to test your talkie titles in order to make a short, short story. Address your entries either on a postcard or in a self-addressed envelope. If you insist on your "titles" being submitted on paper and stupidly only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.
Just what do you mean by quality? You mean something that can stand all tests and come smiling out of them—something of unquestioned repute and reliability, that you will go back to again and again. And, nowadays, you generally mean value for money as well.

That’s why quality is so generally associated with the name of Atkinsons Eau de Cologne. For Atkinsons does what it claims to do—always. It soothes, refreshes and revives you when you feel at your lowest. It restores flagging energy. It is actually more fragrant. It stays fresher, lasts longer, is more stimulating. And with 81 refreshing applications in the 1/6 bottle it is one of the most satisfactory economies.
'10 MINUTES TO WAIT before I'm on the air' says JACK MELFORD

'Minors' are inexpensive, but not 'cheap.' They are a quality brand—made of the same tobacco and packed with the same care as much dearer cigarettes. And they last the full 10 minutes.

**De Reszke MINORS**

In tins: 30 for 1/- • 60 for 2/- • In boxes: 15 for 6d. • 30 for 1/-

FOR THAT LEISURED ¼ HOUR — DE RESZKE MAJORS, 20 FOR 1/-
Sex Appeal Gets an Accent

Sarid Gurie
Give—and hope to receive!—the loveliest Christmas Gifts in the world: the exquisite Yardley Perfumery. Make your selection from among these aristocratic Christmas messengers—enough to fill your entire list—and even make men happy with them, too. Besides those Gifts illustrated here, there are many others equally desirable, including many for men, at prices from 2/6 to 60/-.
You've never tried a filter-tip, try it now: if you have, try it again. For these filter-tipped cigarettes are made by

LAMBERT & BUTLER
10 FOR 6d. 20 FOR 1/-

Grand release of NEW Postcards

It is almost impossible to conceive more alluring, more lovely Postcards than those which have just arrived at "The Picturegoer" Salon. They are all entirely NEW. Robert Taylor and Jean Harlow in partnership... Merle Oberon... Jeanette MacDonald. The big stars are here, more fascinating than ever. Be amongst the first to show them. Decide now to be a member of this happy Postcard Club. To join, send in an order for not less than one dozen Postcards at the regular price of 2s. 6d. per dozen. Choose your cards from the list given below on left or include the names of well-known star Real photos 3d. each, 2s. 6d. per dozen. On sale to members and non-members alike.

5/- ALBUM FREE

By joining The Picturegoer Postcard Club you can obtain liberal discounts on your future orders and, in addition, you will receive a 5/- album FREE. This magnificent book, which holds 252 cards, is beautifully bound to resemble real snakeskin and lettered in gold. If you wish, you can obtain a super De Luxe Album in Blue Rexine.

The latest list must be requested.

SEPIA GLOSS

Elissa Landi, Robert Taylor, Merle Oberon, Joan Blondell, Rosalind Russell, Jean Harlow, Billie Dove, Marie Osmond, Colotégráphi, Jeanette MacDonald, Elizabeth Taylor.

PARTNERS — Sepia Gloss and Colour

Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Joan Crawford, Joan Crawford, Joan Crawford.

PARTNERS — Sepia Gloss Only

Muriel Montague, Elizabeth Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor.

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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 not less than one dozen Postcards, price 2s. 6d. per dozen. Please include with my order 5/- for Postcard Album I enclose extra if the album de base is chosen to cover cost of postage and packing on my 5/-

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These readers should enclose 2- extra to order postcard and postcard, or 3- extra if album de base is required. Please fill in both columns and make payable to "The Picturegoer" Ltd., and make payable to "The Picturegoer" Ltd. and made payable to "The Picturegoer" Ltd. and make payable to "The Picturegoer" Ltd. and make payable to "The Picturegoer" Ltd.

"Jessie - I did"

says JESSIE MATTHEWS

MACLEANS PEROXIDE TOOTH PASTE

Obtainable everywhere 6d., 1/- and 1/9

All profits from "Christmas Pie" sales will be devoted to King George's Jubilee Trust.
**It's new!**

**PERMANENT WAVING**

**Combined with Hair Treatment**

RECOMMENDED FOR DELICATE AND DENATURED HAIR

A successful permanent wave is a vital necessity to all ladies. In offering the Nukair system you are afforded the opportunity of having a sealed outfit, containing a full complement of materials for a perfect permanent wave. You may choose from four alternative prices—2/1 to 6d.—one of which will meet with your requirements and enable the hairdresser to give you his best services.

*The Nukair* System waves and re-conditions the hair.

Instruct on the Nukair method for your next Permanent Wave.

The Kerka Book of Hair Styles and name of your nearest Nukair user sent free on request to Kerka Permanent Waving Ltd., 553 Oxford St., London, W.1.

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**RED, ROUGH HANDS BANISHED OVERNIGHT**

—make this convincing test AT OUR EXPENSE

If you wish to prove the truth of our statement fill in the coupon below for a liberal supply of Glyrosa Jelly. It's the secret ingredient—Salviae—which penetrates deeply into the pores of the skin and makes Glyrosa Jelly invaluable for the hands.

**Glyrosa Jelly**

Makes hands soft, smooth and silky.

6d. and 1/- Tubes. Sold everywhere.

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**Savile's June Perfume**

In permanent miniature model crackers

**1/3 EACH 7/6 1/2 DOZEN**

FROM CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE

IN 6 GAY COLOURS

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**The NEW Pompeian 6d. POWDER**

Economy sizes at 2d. & 1d.

Also Bloom, Day & Night Creams & Lipstick, from 6d.

Pompeian Co. Ltd., 166, Piccadilly, London, W.1

You can taste the Fruit in Rowntree's

Gums & Pastilles
Alice, one of the most improved actresses on the screen, scores again in "Wake Up and Live." She will be seen next in "Sally, Irene and Mary," in which, incidentally, she will appear with her bridegroom, Tony Martin. According to present plans the star will come to England on a holiday visit when the picture is finished.
'10 MINUTES TO WAIT
before the next shot'
says
ELIZABETH ALLAN

'so—
 Mine's a
Minor!'

'Quality' still means something to cigarette smokers. They choose De Reszke Minors for a 10-minute smoke because, although inexpensive, they are not 'cheap.' Actually, they are made of the same tobacco and packed with the same care as much dearer cigarettes. And they last the full 10 minutes.

De Reszke MINORS

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

For that leisured ½ hour—De Reszke Majors, 20 for 1/-
DANCING DAUGHTER MAKES GOOD

DEAR GINGER ROGERS,

You must have been spending most of your spare time lately taking bows, but we hope that one more won't cause a permanent crick in the neck, or something, because we'd like to add our little tribute.

It is not every day in the Hollywood week that a dancing darling blossoms forth as a dramatic actress. When last it happened a Joan Crawford was born.

Your success in Stage Door must have given you considerable personal satisfaction. You have, we know, been trying for a long time to secure recognition of your ability to be something more than Fred Astaire's dancing partner.

The phenomenal popularity of the Astaire-Rogers team has been allowed to overshadow everything else. Previously whenever you have asked for a chance to show what you can do executives have smiled indulgently—and sent down to the wardrobe department for a few new sets of dancing shoes and costumes.

You even tried taking a test for the role of Queen Elizabeth in Mary of Scotland under an assumed name.

The film colony generally was politely sceptical about your ambitions to put away your pumps and get down to serious acting. "Here," said the wiseacres, "is just another hoofer with a Bernhardt complex; they all get it in time."

Now after Stage Door Hollywood has had to send out a wholesale order for humble pie. We hope it likes the diet.

Some usually reliable critics even credit you with stealing the honours from a Katharine Hepburn, who gives her best performance for years in the film.

And that, incidentally, after Miss Hepburn had been quoted as saying, when the casting was announced, "I'm so glad Ginger Rogers is to be the ingenue in my picture." That is as it may be. The real point is that you have not only held your own with Hepburn, who is formidable competition for any one, but you have decisively established yourself in the film as a dramatic actress.

What pleases us particularly is that it marks the apex of a career that has been one of steady application, improvement, and progress.

Few stars have demonstrated a greater sense of responsibility toward their profession or a greater interest in films as apart from themselves. So many are in pictures merely for what they can get out of them in cash or personal glory.

Certainly most actresses in your position would have been content to "cash in" on the popularity as a song-and-dance girl that had brought the world to your twinkling feet.

Your emergence as an actress has, moreover, been accomplished without the soulful manifestations that usually accompany the efforts of the American dancing daughter in search of bigger, better, and nobler things in art.

Instead of "driving alone far into the night" in search of artistic inspiration, you have quietly got on with the job.

Probably the most pleasing feature of your latest success, indeed, is the common-sense outlook with which it was planned and which will make it extremely unlikely that it will go from Ginger Rogers' dancing feet to her pretty head.

You were undoubtedly wise in ensuring your future in the event of anything happening to the Rogers-Astaire team by gaining recognition as an individual artist.

At the same time, you have no delusions about being a Duse. "I don't want to do high tragedy," you say. "I'm no clown-wants-to-be-Hamlet picture. I don't care whether I do drama or comedy, tragedy or slapstick, drawing-room or down to earth—I don't care what it is so long as it does not depend on my ability to dance."

It is also reassuring that your success in Stage Door will not mean the breaking up of the Astaire-Rogers team and a new musical is already scheduled.

The public created the popularity of the partnership and it is entitled to consideration.

In the meanwhile we are looking forward to welcoming you in your first solo starring vehicle, Vivacious Lady.

An open letter to GINGER ROGERS

Ginger Rogers with Adolphe Menjou in "Stage Door."
WILL HAYS and, indeed, most of Hollywood has a new headache. Mr. Hays has for years succeeded in keeping the Hollywood party reasonably clean. There have been scandals and rumours of scandals, of course, but in the main the film colony’s soiled linen has been kept discreetly veiled from the public view.

Now a new menace to movieland’s peace of mind has arisen. It is the candid cameraman—the lens sleuth who snaps those off-screen moments in the lives of the great. Nobody loves him, but he has to be treated with respect. He is a power in the land. With a flick of a shutter he can wreck a star’s career.

In the case of many players it is bad enough to be "candid-camera-ed" at all. These photographs are seldom as flattering as the carefully posed and lighted studio stills.

Some stars, however, photograph badly without film makeup. Shirley Temple and Dolores Del Rio are examples of the kind. For instance, though as attractive off the screen as on, has very fair eyebrows and lashes. Candid portraits sometimes make her look something like an Albatross.

When a cameraman who has, perhaps, been snubbed, deliberately sets out to show up the worst points of a star the result frequently makes a glamorous queen look like Horis Karloff in "Frankenstein" make-up.

Now—and this is what is worrying Mr. Hays—the cameramen have taken to the trail of the wilder forms of film colony night life. For a long time, of course, they have been tolerated at the more formal entertainments, (although Ginger Rogers lost much of her popularity among the boys when she excluded them from the big skating soirée given by her ex-Alfred Vanderbilt (threw recently), but on these occasions everyone is wearing his best party manners.

Unsolicited "snip" shots of players, and there are quite a few, who, to put it mildly, do not normally look their best at three o’clock in the morning, are something quite different. A report of a more than usually chery party, moreover, can be denied, but not even the Hays Office can refuse photographic evidence of the revelry.

What is more, Hollywood at present cannot do anything about it. The candid cameramen, backed by powerful newspaper organisations, can be banned from the studios, but as they do not want to take pictures in the studio anyway, this is no hardship. Individual stars, with one or two exceptions, like Garbo, do not dare to risk their displeasure.

**Hollywood and the Duke**

- Will Hays has given the death blow to the absurd story that the Duke of Windsor had been offered $100,000 dollars a year to act as an "Ambassador of Good Will" for American pictures by an official declaration that there is not the slightest basis for the report.

Hollywood, always a lucky hunting ground for the rumour-mongers, has been buzzing with stories almost equally fantastic.

One of them was that George Raft, who once taught the Duke dancing and was quoted in his early interviews as referring to "my buddy the Prince of Wales," was acting as his agent in an attempt to secure a house in Hollywood for the Duke and Duchess.

That has also been branded as a fabrication by well informed people.

**Rising Cost of Films**

- While the film trade is still threatening to increase cinema admission prices, film production costs are mounting enormously.

When the sketch account for the new Garbo picture, "Conquest," for instance, was tided up the other day it was found to total $60,000—this is getting well into the three-million dollar class.

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**Menace of Candid Camera**

- Three-million Dollar Movie Next

**Gary Cooper’s Lip Adornment**

**Mae West in Camille Scene**

**Simone Has a Wallap**

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**Rosalie**

The new Eleanor Powell-Nelson Eddy film, has the biggest starting budget ever given to an M.G.M. film: $450,000.

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, once regarded as a simple little story about childhood life in an American village will, it is estimated, dent the Selznick bank roll to the extent of $44,000.

The decision, made after production was started, to do the piece in Technicolor added $250,000 to the cost.

Gary wears a Moustache

- Gary Cooper is to wear a moustache in Bluebeard’s Eighth Wife, in which he is co-starred with Claudette Colbert.

Whether the lip adornment is a capitalisation to the current fashion among film lovers or whether it is necessary for the purposes of the story is at the moment not quite clear, but this momentous decision leaves Robert Taylor alone in his glory as the last of the clean-shaven brigade. Perhaps Bob will prove his claims to being a he-man by going the whole hog and growing a beard.

Bluebeard’s Eighth Wife is to be directed by Ernst Lubitsch, who last directed Claudette and Gary in the delightful Design For Living. It may also have the cunning touch of Cecil B. de Mille—in one sequence, at any rate. There is a bath-tub scene in the picture. For it Lubitsch has asked for the services of the Master in the capacity of “technical director.”

**Come Up ‘n See Camille**

- Mae West, I hear, is going to do a tragic scene from Camille in her new picture Every Day’s a Holiday.

Comparison with the Garbo effort, however, will be made more difficult by the fact that she is to play it in French. She has been tutored by the professor of a local university.

Mae has the role of Peaches O’ Day, a Brooklyn girl with “wisdom and wiles” who poses as a French star. Edmund Lowe receives the famous come-up-and-see-me invitation this time.

**Carrillo for Governor**

- Leo Carrillo, the well-known film comedian, has been nominated as a candidate for the gubernatorialship of California in the 1938 elections.

For several years Carrillo has displayed an active interest in politics, thus following in the family tradition. His father was first Mayor of Santa Monica, while just one hundred years ago, his great-grandfather was California’s first provisional governor. In those days, the Carrillo family owned nearly all California.

**Songs from Jericho**

- One of the main attractions of Jericho, which is reviewed in this issue is Paul Robeson’s rendering of two songs, “My Way” and “Deep River.” These are excellently recorded in the current H.M.V. release on 108621. Other vocal records include four songs from Mayfair Melody, “Wings,” and “A Song Doesn’t Care” on 98618, and "Without the Moon” and “San Diego Betty” on 18819, sung.
by Keith Falkner. The Singing Marine contributes several melodies, both sung and orchestrated, on B.D.2581. Roy Fox puts plenty of pep into "I Know Now," Orlando and his Orchestra do justice to "Night Over Shanghai" (B.D.2582), which melody is also pleasingly sung on B.D.2581.

Finally, Ozzie Nelson and his Orchestra and Teddy Hill and his Orchestra give a spirited rendering of "'Cause My Baby Says It's So," and "The Lady Who Couldn't Be Kissed" respectively on B.D.2584.

**Dance to These**
- Jack Hylton is as usual very happy in his choice of "Moon and No Moon" and the theme song from Jessie Matthews' latest picture, Gangoey, on B.D.2583; while two of the best numbers from Broadway Melody of 1938, "I'm Feelin' Like a Million," and "Yours and Mine," are contributed by George Hamilton and his Music Box Music on B.D.2589 and Roy Fox on B.D.2581. "I Have a Waltz" from Ten to My Affair on B.D.2582, and "Peckin'" a swing number from New Faces of 1937, complete a well varied selection.

**Short Shots**

Now it's Janet Gaynor who is rumoured to be Tyrone Power's girl friend—Hubby Buddy Rogers will not take part in Mary Pickford's new film production activities—Though they have been next-door neighbours for two years Charlie Chaplin and Fred Astaire have never spoken to each other—Garbo hates electric light and her new home is candle-light—Paramount reported to be worried about Bing Crosby's expanding waistline—Leon Craven is definitely planning to leave the screen for a stage fling next year—or is she?—Franchot Tone has just signed a new long-term contract with the Warner's—Johnny Weissmuller, without an occupation since the studio relinquished the rights to the "Tarzan" stories is to put on his clothes and appear as a collegian in Hell on Wheels—Swiss Cheese will be the title of the next Laurel and Hardy comedy—Grace Moore and Columbia are not "playing speaks"—Buddy Ebsen had his hair cut—Kay Francis is building a new house. MALCOLM PHILLIPS

**Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot from Hollywood**

**BAD PUBLICITY FOR GEORGE BRENT**

GEORGE BRENT continues to receive bad publicity over his separation from Constance Worth, the Australian screen actress, from whom he parted after one of the shortest-lived marriages in Hollywood history.

The Irish actor is not taking the situation calmly, and declares that, if Miss Worth wants to throw mud, she can have it.

The studio heads will undoubtedly do their best to calm this tempest.

My prediction is that there will soon be a deep silence from Brent and Miss Worth concerning their marital affairs.

**Stars In Peril**
- Two radio police officers recently halted a car which failed to make a stop at a light signal in Hollywood.

The two men in the car were searched, and were found to be armed.

Later, when detectives searched the apartment occupied by the pair, they discovered revolvers, brass knuckles and other interesting articles, including a book containing a list of the names and addresses of 50 prominent actors and executives.

The police are looking wise and saying nothing, so possibly they have a "hot" lead, and startling developments may follow.

**Good Clean Acting**
- The longest bath on record was "enjoyed" by Miriam Hopkins recently, when she spent two days in a tin tub for scenes in Women Have a Way.

Hidden from her fellow workers and the camera's eye by the metal sides of the tub, the blonde star was visible only from the shoulders up. She was further hidden by a screen of suds and steam.

Everyone not concerned in the scene was banished from the stage during the two days Miriam spent in the tub. Her stand-in also had to spend several hours in the tub during the time the scene was being lighted and made ready for actual "takes."

**Applause for Wendy**
- Speaking of stand-ins, the girl who formerly posed before the lights for Wendy Barrie, thinks that the pretty British actress is "tops."

Universal studio executives decided that Wendy was "not the type" for an outstanding role, and gave a test to her "stand-in." Instead of being infuriated, Wendy bought an outfit of attractive clothes for her possible successor!

The stand-in may not get the part, but, anyway, she has the new clothes, and is duly grateful.

**Save the Children**
- Manufacturers and advertisers would gladly pay many thousands of dollars for the use of Shirley Temple's photographs, but the use of her smiling likeness has been given for nothing.

A campaign has been launched through America to cut down the number of injuries suffered by children from motor cars. Shirley's mother, Mrs. Temple, has agreed to permit the campaigners to place the little star's name free of cost on placards urging the school children to be careful.

Shirley is an idol to her small friends, and such admonitions, upon which her portrait appears, are likely to be regarded seriously.

**Simone Packs a Punch**
- Simone Simon may be a poor, weak woman, but she has a strong right arm, as Dick Baldwin, new romantic discovery at Twentieth Century-Fox, is now aware.

In a scene in Love and Hisses, Simone was required to slap him. She was too gentle in her culting, so the director ordered her to slap him with all her might. The actress complied, doing so with so much force that Baldwin fell to the floor, wrenched his back and spent several days in bed with a tape-up waist.

**A True Mother**
- Harriet Hillard, clever dancer, under contract to Radio, is married to Ozzie Nelson, orchestra conductor, and believes in taking married life seriously.

The actress has a two-year-old son, Ozzie, jun., and insisted upon a contract with the studio, providing that she should not be separated from her offspring for more than one month. She has purchased a home in Toluca Lake, where many film stars reside. Her husband and baby are living with her, and she is very happy.

**Sophie Entertains**
- Sophie Tucker was the hostess at a very attractive party at her home in Beverly Hills, which has a swimming pool and other luxurious appointments expected of successful screen stars.

I did not see many screen celebrities for Sophie invites her friends, irrespective of whether they shine on the films, are prominent journalists or persons in private life.

The stars included Freddie Bartholomew, who was accompanied by his aunt, Jack Oakie and his wife, the Ritz brothers and several others.

**Cowboy Hero**
- Bruce Cabot looked very menacing as he appeared on the sets of the Bad Man of Brimstone, wearing a cartridge belt with two "six" guns in the holsters.

He liked his armament so much that he took it to the Riviera Country Club, where he has an apartment.

Now he is being chaffed by his friends because, while he was in his rooms with his "artillery,"
All the Gossip—Continued

bandits walked in, robbed the office of the club, and he never heard about it until they went. 

Popular Stars
• Many Hollywood cynics declare that the romance of Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power is merely a studio ruse to enhance their popularity.

Nevertheless, the biggest attraction at Tyrone’s first broadcast was the little Norwegian star, who attended as part of the audience. She was mobbed by the crowd, which demanded autographs, and for fifteen minutes before the broadcast went on flashlight bulbs were continually going off in the auditorium, while Tyrone was back stage rehearsing.

The young couple went out together for dinner, and Sonja came back to witness Tyrone’s second broadcast at 8 o’clock.

“No Man” Parrot
• In a picture in which Herbert Marshall and Barbara Stanwyck are appearing, there is a parrot which is required to say certain words, but the bird forgot his lines, even as human actors do.

The director stormed at the parrot until finally the bird called the megaphonist everything he could think of in the salty language of the sea, while the cast roared with laughter.

Was the director’s face red?

Hollywood Says That—
— Claire Trevor and Wilmer Hines are a “love” twosome on the tennis courts as well as off.

— Jane Withers roller-skated down her drive-way so fast she landed in her alligator pond.

— Alice Faye and Tony Martin are hunting for a house.

— Errol Flynn and Patric Knowles plan a race with their English cars.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

WHERE’S WHO

HOW about a few casts?

Every now and again I receive an angry anonymous letter from a reader in Dover who suggests that I should either publish the full casts of all British films in my page or else go back to my proper occupation of road-sweeping.

Well, I should hate to do that, especially at this time of year, but, on the other hand, it’s very difficult to give full casts of films when the producers themselves don’t know, until they get down on the floor to shoot, just whom they’re going to shoot.

However, here are a few that are pretty definite, just to be going on with.

William K. Howard is, as you may or may not know (according to your earnestness as a follower of these notes), directing Merle Oberon in a comedy called Over the Moon, with Rex Harrison opposite her.

Busy
• Yes, I admit I originally told you that John Clements would be playing opposite Merle in this, but he’s such a busy fellow, with his Intimate Theatre at Palmer’s Green, that he wasn’t able to do it; and by a great stroke of luck Rex Harrison was available.

As far as I know, Peter Haddon, who is also

in the cast, is new to Denham, though not to films, of course. Also, I hadn’t seen Meriel Forbes down this way before, and certainly not Zena Dare.

Here are two interesting members of important theatrical families, though of different generations.

Meriel Forbes is a cadet of the famous family of Forbes-Robertson, the head of which, Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson, died about three weeks ago. Meriel seems to me to be a worthy upholder of the tradition; I’ve seen her in only one film (Mr. Cohen Takes a Walk), but in several stage plays.

Lovely Sisters
• Zena Dare, who is now the Hon. Mrs. Brett, is the elder sister of Phyllis Dare. She was a brunette and Phyllis a blonde, and in my younger days they were the two favourite picture-postcard subjects of the time.

Zena was to have played in Ivor Novello’s current show at Drury Lane, Crest of the Wave, into which Ivor had written a special part for her, but at the last moment she was taken ill and couldn’t do it, and they were fortunate in getting Marie Lohr for the part.

Then, by one of those coincidences which we don’t allow to happen too often in plays or novels or films but which are always cropping up in real life, Robert Sherwood, when he wrote Over the Moon, worked in a special part for Marie Lohr; but as she had by that time gone into Crest of the Wave, she couldn’t take it, and it was offered to Zena Dare.

So there she is! Simple, isn’t it?

Taxi!
• This is a fine cast, which also includes Ursula Jeans, David Tree, Herbert Lomas (a grand character actor), Billy Shine, and another great character actor, whom we can generally count on seeing somewhere or other in London Film Productions, Morton Selten.

For once in a way we shan’t see him in a judge’s robes, but as a taxi-driver. He’s always to be relied upon for a grand performance, whatever he plays; and, as he would say, why not? He’s not 78 until next January!

Peter Haddon, I am pleased to tell you, is playing a peer of the realm, one Lord Pettifelche.

He excels in peers, and the goffer the better.

By the way, one somewhat unexpected figure in this cast is young Louis Norell, the Dutchman who, after making a hit in a West End show, went into the Jessie Matthews picture Head Over Heels, in which he played an unsympathetic part with some success.

After that I lost sight of him, and understood he had gone to Hollywood the Golden, where here he bobs up again in an unsympathetic role, that of Pietro, a gigolo.

Vengeance!
• And now some creepy music, please—and a trite Oriental if the record isn’t worn out.

This is to usher in a new production company, Messrs. Glenrose Film Productions, Ltd., and

November 27, 1937
their first film, which rejoices in the good old Elephant and Castle title, "The Vengeance of Kali."

I dare say you would expect this to be about a gang of international criminals, who attempt to steal and dispose of a jewelled figure of Kali, the goddess of Death. And you might also reasonably suppose that a curse of vengeance would be laid upon whomsoever interfered with the image of the goddess.

And you'd be dead right.

Here's the cast, since we're discussing casts in particular this week: Stewart Rome, who is well in the veteran's class and yet seems to give a better performance in every film we see him in lately (maybe his marriage has had something to do with it!), Julie Suedo, whom I haven't seen in quite such an important part for some time; Vesta Victoria, Dino Galvani, Basil Broadbent, Elizabeth Kent, Iris Terry, Betty Norton, Ralph Dawson, Jimmy Godden (who at one time was in every film B.I.P. made, along with Hal Gordon and a pearl necklace), and John Rowal.

Reunion

Vesta Victoria, you may remember, is the former variety star, of the day when variety was variety, and before it consisted, as a critic declared the other day, of "Gracie Fields and the bandleaders."

She made her talkie début in *The Schooner Gang* at Cricklewood not long ago; and her daughter, Iris Terry, with her in that, is in the pa.-ty again.

Betty Norton, too, made her return to films in *The Schooner Gang* after a number of years, and Basil Broadbent and John Rowal were also in that, so it looks like Old Home Week down at Cricklewood, where this is being made also.

John Rowal, by the way, is said to be bringing a return to films after a long illness, which explains why the name is unfamiliar to me. And as one of the last films in which he is said to have appeared is *Guns of Loos*, that sounds like a very long illness indeed.

I'm always surprised that Dino Galvani, a very good actor and a strong personality, isn't seen oftener on the screen; perhaps his broadcasting work takes up too much of his time. This time we will see him as Van Basch, which sounds like a good fighting role.

Four Bright Eyes

Another popular player who finds broadcasting imposing heavily on screen work is Jane Hylton, whom I have not yet seen in an adequate film role, but who was extremely good in the stage play about the life of Dumas, *The Great Racketeer*, which play is said.

You may remember seeing her as the adventuress who was stabbed from behind the window, curtailed in *The Amateur Gentleman*.

Did I ever give you the full cast of the Gracie Fields picture? Yes, I know, I'm awful. Well, here it is: Besides Gracie and Vic and Brian Donlevy and Crewel Hawn, Don McCorkindale, Gus McNaughton, Tom Payne, Sid Crosby, Hal Gordon but no pearl necklace. Joe Mifflin, Charles Harrison, Robert Nairn, D. H. Williams, Victor Fairley, Charles Castella, and, as I informed you recently. Charles Carson on the box-seat.

Loss

William Dewhurst was originally in the cast list, but he suddenly died about a month ago, following the tragic death of his son a few weeks before. He was a fine character actor, who had only recently come to the screen (we saw him first in the Hitchcock film *Sabotage*), and who had his first really important screen role as recently as the Annabella picture *Dinner at the Ritz*.

Such fine players are not easy to replace. And, come to that, how are they to be replaced? The studios are doing precious little about it.

Occasionally on the stage you see a "character juvenile," but on the screen anyone under the age of thirty or so must be a handsome young hero.

Tough

I was discussing this very point the other day with young Richard Norris, who has attracted very favourable notice in several quota films in which he has had a chance to play the kind of parts he wants to specialise in—tough youngsters of the Cagney type.

He tells me that when he was first engaged for this kind of role the character he had been "smoothed out" until it's hardly more than the usual juvenile—absolutely colourless. Now, we look upon the quota companies to find and develop new talent for us, so hope we shall see them turning their attention to the fostering of our character actors in the bud, so to speak.

Last week I believe I mentioned that my spies had had to go down to Elstree and discover what they could . . . and they didn't do so badly. As soon as they returned I unleased them on to Beaconsfield, where (hush hush !) Phoenix are making a picture.

This Is Private

Don't say a word about this, because if it got out that Phoenix were making a film and I'd told you about it, they'd raise Cain; but if my (illicit) information is correct, Sydney Howard (what a man !) is working there, with Vera Pearce opposite him, and it has been deduced from footprints in the frost that the idea is to exploit these two as a semi-permanent team.

Ivor Hartard, too, has been observed sneaking in and out, and so have Frederick Bradshaw, Sybil Grove, H. F. Maltby, Francesca Bahrle, Frank Cochrane, Alfred Wellesley, Robert Adair, Jenny Laird, and young Master John Singer.

If I had a cast like that I should be boasting about it; but not so Phoenix.

And what is the title of this film about Sydney Howard (what a man !)? I even discovered that for you. It's *What a Man*.

Where Is This Blonde?

Here's another Beaconsfield cast, but we don't have to scramble round for this one; it's served up to us on a silver platter, because this is one of the Herbert Wilcox productions which he is making for British Lion to release.

Gordon Harker is playing the lead, and Enid Stamp-Taylor is opposite him; and as the title is *Blondes in Danger*, we know Enid as the one, only, authentic, and original "moonlight blonde," we may be forgiven for leaping to the conclusion that she is the dangerous blonde in question.

But no! Enid, as I happen to know, has gone brunette for the purposes of this film, in which, for a change, she is not a vamp, but a "straight" heroine.

Right! In the cast we find also Janet John- son, the girl who went to Hollywood not long ago on a very fine contract, loused about for some months, forgotten and alone, and came home again.

I think she has very great promise as an actress, and considerable screen potentialities; but she, also, is a brunette—or was when I saw her last.

Ber-ludd!

Then who, you ask, is the blonde? Well, there remain Doris Hare (fare Hare, do you suppose?), Ivan Brandt, Edgar Driver, and Harry Hutchinson.

Curiouser and curiouser, as Alice remarked.

Those of you who like a real blood and thunder "meller" can amuse yourselves by looking out for Sexton Blake and the Master Criminal, which George King is directing for his own company at Sound City.

The last film I saw connected with the famous name of Sexton Blake was *Sexton Blake and the Bearded Doctor*, which was made at Wembley some years ago and was unbelievably bad.

I warn you, this will be better. George Curzon plays Blake, Tod Slaughter (Currie himself ? Foiled again !) is the menace, Greta Gynt (nee Wokholdt) has the leading feminine role, the boy Tinker is played by Tony Sympon, and other members of the cast are Marie Wright, Max Faber, Norman Pierce, Carl Meleni, Alex Hober, Alex Boss, Philip Hollis, Len Sharpe, and H. B. Hallam.

And, just for good measure, here is the cast of the George Formby skating picture *I See 1st* : Kay Walsh, Cyril Ritchard, Betty Stockfeld, Garry Marsh, Frederick Burstwell, Ernest Selton, and Jack Vuyyam.

Now, don't tell me again that I don't give you casts.
The dangers undergone by the men and women who make our films are seldom appreciated by the men and women who see them on the screen. Here are some location adventures related

by Max Breen

One evening recently I found my self sitting in the Savoy Hotel, chatting with a smart, soignée, cheery little bit of femininity who a few weeks before had handled an elephant-gun 400 miles from civilization, and had been within an ace of having half-a-dozen lions in the back of her car.

It was "Osa," the celebrated Mrs. Martin Johnson, who had just returned from East Africa, where she had been filming the route taken by Stanley in his famous search for Livingstone.

This was for the new film, Stanley and Livingstone, which Twentieth Century-Fox have on the stocks. The interiors and the close-ups will be shot in Hollywood; the East African expedition merely took along some "doubles" for the stars.

"Merely?" No, perhaps that isn't quite the word. . . .

Let the lady speak for herself. Ladies and Gentlemen—Mrs. Martin Johnson!

"Our party consisted of Otto Brower, the director of the film, and his assistant; the doubles for the principal players; two full camera-crews; my business manager, Mr. Clark H. Getts; and me.

"The excitement began at Kisumu, where Mr. and Mrs. Philip Whitmarsh were to meet us; but they didn't turn up. Mrs. Whitmarsh is a wealthy gold-miner who bought my home in Nairobi after my husband was killed in a plane crash early this year.

"An air search was made for Mr. Whitmarsh's plane, which was found wrecked on a mountainside. We supposed the Whitmarshes had been killed, but they were discovered by a land-party after they had made a terribly difficult mountain-trek in bad weather—exhausted but uninjured.

"Well, it went right on from there. We had a most adventurous trip, which wasn't made much easier by the grass fires which raged all through that district, and then rains which should have been over months before. Still, that made some good movie!

"One trouble was that part of the original route taken by Stanley had been quite spoiled for film purposes by having had telephone poles erected along it, so we had to do some of our actual filming in a much less beaten track.

"Our natives were splendid; by the way, we had among them John Wellington, whose grandfather was actually with Livingstone.

"You speak their language, of course?" I suggested.

"Yes, but after a couple of years spent in the jungle in Borneo, where I spoke only Malay, I found myself getting a little mixed. It didn't take long to straighten out, though.

"But the responsibility of an expedition that cost £400 a day whether we filmed or not, and the job of feeding twenty white men, four hundred miles from anywhere, was enough to turn a woman grey, quite apart from the jungle conditions.

"Such as—?"

"Well, such as lions. No member of our party, except me, had ever seen lions before, and suddenly in a clearing we came on ten or twelve of them. I was driving my 'station-wagon,' which is painted dark red, and they evidently mistook it for meat, and began to stalk it.

"I let in my clutch and began to slide past as unobtrusively as possible, but the lions came nearer and nearer, and I trod hard on the accelerator. In three months I covered 6,500 miles in that car, but it never went faster than that day.

"But lions can go faster still, and every moment I expected a deputation of them in the back of the car. The only thing that saved us were the grass fires that were such a menace in other places.

"The grass had all been burned off there, and our wheels raised a thick cloud of dust which choked and blinded those lions so that they had to give up."

"I expect that was about your most hair-raising experience?" I ventured.

"No, I had a worse moment than that in 1921, when my husband and I were on the Abyssinian border."

"We'd had very little experience of big game then, and when we came on a group of seven elephants, my husband said: 'You turn the camera-crank while I walk up to them.'

"We did that, and one of them charged, my husband fired at him, but the only vulnerable part of an elephant is just above the leg and took hold of a dollar, and the bullet hit some other spot.

"When he was about twenty-five feet from me I grabbed my gun and stopped him with a lucky shot, and he came crashing down. Then, when the danger was over, I was seized with panic, ran for my life, and fell in a hole; but neither my husband nor I was any the worse for the adventure.

"Regarding the supposed seeing her fresh from a Paris shopping expedition, that she made pets of cheetahs, which come bounding on to her bed in the morning."

"They're very affectionate beasts," she told me. "They're sixty per cent. dog, you know." (I didn't.) "I'm taking several back to the States with me. And they're terribly swift. I've been driving at 45 miles an hour and had one of them overtake me easily.

"Sitting in the Savoy . . . sipping a cocktail . . . swinging a neat French-shod foot . . . discussing the perilous places of the earth as though we were talking about crossing the Strand in the rush-hour."

That meeting set me thinking of the quiet-minded men one sees in secluded corners of studio restaurants or haunting the corridors like the ghosts of fish too long out of water. These are the "location-managers"—the men who undertake the whole organisation and charge of a film location-trip; they never know to what outlandish part of the world they may be sent next—but they hope it will be soon.

One of the chief among these is Geoffrey Barkas of the short pointed beard, who, though I believe on the sunny side of forty, is known as the Gaumont-British location-king, having travelled 110,000 miles in the noble cause of
making G.-H. films—an enormous total when you consider that it's less than 25,000 miles round the earth at the Equator.

Twice he has been to India; once to direct the Mount Everest flight film *Wings Over Everest*, and once high into the Khyber Pass where he organised a fierce battle between British troops and "wild" tribesmen for *Soldiers Three*—that Kipling epic that was never completed as a film but may yet reach the screen.

In Egypt he directed numerous scenes for the Jack Shallert comedy, *The Camels Are Coming*.

Very often a location-manager has to visit a remote spot twice—once to survey the ground, select locations and bring back pictures of them, and again, when the cast has been chosen, to shoot scenes with "doubles" who look sufficiently like the principal players.

Thus he made two journeys to Africa for *Rhodes* and two for *King Solomon's Mines*. He took one trip to the Canadian Rockies to do the preliminary work on *The Great Barrier*, but was cheated by illness out of his chance of directing the film.

He has made a name for himself in handling large crowds of Moslems, Hindus, Afrikids, Pathans, Arabs, Nigerian Pagans, Zulus, and Matabele, and in connection with these last he's had some pretty tough times.

If you saw *King Solomon's Mines* and sympathised with John Loder, Anna Lee, Roland Young, and the others toiling over the parched and blistering desert, kindly note they did their sweating in the studios at Shepherds Bush. Barkas and his men did theirs in the desert.

The battle in that film was "staged," but it might very well have become the real thing, for Barkas did then what he had done for *Paulver*, a silent film made in West Africa a dozen years earlier—he brought together 2,500 natives from the surrounding districts who had been enemies for generations ... and talked to them in their own language.

The District Native Commissioners warned him of the risk, but he lit his pipe and "thought it would be all right"—and it was.

The "battle" was terrific—but there was not a single blow struck in enmity. No wonder the natives christened Geoffrey Barkas "The Beard That Beats Out Fire.

In India they call him "The Goat" on account of that beard, or sometimes "The Man Who Drinks Trouble."

There has been plenty of trouble to drink, plenty of fire to beat out; and one unfailing source of delay and difficulty and even danger is the native's misunderstanding and mistrust of the white man's method's, motives, magic, and madness.

Thus when the twenty-five hundred native warriors whom Barkas had been promised were called for their first day's work, only a hundred and fifty turned out. Not enough.

The help of the Native Affairs Department was enlisted to discover the reason, and it was found that four separate misconceptions were agitating the savage breasts of those sturdy black warriors.

(a) The cameraman's talk of "shooting" had been interpreted literally, and the natives realised they were no match for rifles and machine-guns.

(b) The starting-day coincided with the anniversary of the murder of a Boer, Piet Retief, back in the year Dot, and the natives suspected a plan of revenge.

(c) Many of them believed it was a dodge to scoop them all into prison for non-payment of taxes, and

(d) Many had heard rumours of a war in Europe, and were convinced they were to be press-ganged and shipped off as cannon-fodder.

And no sooner was all this straightened out than one of the camp-workers died of heart-failure and his body was taken to town in the lorry that normally went in every day for "mealies" and meat.

And none of the man's mates would eat the meat that was brought back on the lorry!

"Did they suppose?" Geoffrey Barkas appealed to me plaintively, "that I'd had their dead comrade cut up into chops and steaks and brought back by return of lorry?"

Absurd misunderstandings—but any one of them might have started a rumour involving two thousand-odd hefty Zulus armed with assegais.

These people are among the most warlike in the world, and, although they are now favourably disposed toward the all-conquering white, the element of mass-psychology has to be considered.

Even in peaceful England a crowd can be and often is inflamed to dangerous hatred by an ill-advised word or action. You can perhaps imagine, therefore, that handling childlike savages is in the same class as handling nitroglycerine, which must on no account be shaken before being taken!

And if anything did go wrong, who would be blamed! The location-manager, of course!

No, location-work is no parlour-game, even with Nature smiling on the movie-makers' efforts, and when temper, flood, and "sarpins" take a hand it can be even more arduous, as I hope to tell you next week.
Critics are continuously demanding that Marlene Dietrich be "humanised." LIONEL COLLIER gives you his reasons why he considers that Dietrich, as she is, is the Dietrich we really want.

"Marlene Dietrich has never been as good as she was in The Blue Angel"—that is the parrot cry that greets you whenever you open a discussion on the beautiful German star who has probably been more criticised and for less reason than any of her contemporaries.

It seems that in The Blue Angel Dietrich was "human," but that until recently she never achieved this somewhat debatable quality again. We are being treated to a series of articles and paragraphs explaining that Lubitsch has at last "humanised" her in Angel. Exactly of what this "humanising" process consists it is hard to say, because as far as I am concerned the human element in Marlene Dietrich has always been apparent—it lies in her intelligence.

This same tale of the "humanisation process" has been told about any productions which von Sternberg did not direct. But an important thing her critics always seem to overlook is that the director of The Blue Angel was von Sternberg. So we are in the curious paradoxical position of asserting that he, I suppose, both "humanised" and "dehumanised" her.

The idea seems to be that the star should be brought "down to earth" and given roles which could be equally well enacted by less strongly individualistic people than Dietrich. All of which, if true, serves to me to be an extraordinarily bad policy and, incidentally, one which has never been effected in spite of the publicity "blurs" that have accompanied them.

When Rouben Mamoulian was assigned to direct Song of Songs we were promised a more "human" Dietrich, and the same thing was said when the late Richard Boleslawski made The Garden of Allah, Frank Borzage Desire, Jacques Feyder Knight Without Armour, and finally Ernst Lubitsch Angel.

But actually we did not have a "down to earth" Dietrich in any of them, but simply a change in the directorial method and technique, and in three cases far better stories than those with which the star had been served before.

For when one comes to weigh the matter up it is not true that Marlene needs humanising—she is more eternally feminine than the majority of our screen stars—but that she wanted more human stories.

It is inevitable, when discussing the star, to link her with von Sternberg, who did so much to bring her to the forefront.

It seems generally agreed that in The Blue Angel he gave his then, newly-discovered, star all the qualities which in subsequent pictures he entirely neglected, but the real fact is that he had in that first picture a story that was down to earth; he did not attempt to present his leading actress as a consummate cabaret singer. Then, as now, she was slightly aloof, elusive if you will, strongly magnetic and confident in her unconscious use of sex appeal.

Later came her first American picture, Morocco, followed by Dishonoured, both of which were pitifully weak in plot value and lacking in opportunities.

Von Sternberg is an artist and, I am willing to concede, overloads his production with extravagant camera work and settings, but with the material at his command he could have made nothing more of those pictures.

Shanghai Express was a good deal better, The Blonde Venus poor, and The Scarlet Empress partly triumph and partly failure—but not a failure for Marlene Dietrich.

She gave an unforgettable picture of Catherine the Great in that baroque, fascinating production with its frequent lapses into the bana! Her acting in it was far finer than Elisabeth Bergner's conception of the same part, and she did, in my opinion, give it the human qualities closely following the necessary assumption of regality.

It is interesting to note that Marlene Dietrich always approved of her work with von Sternberg. She admired him and thought that he brought out her best.

I, too, believe he did, but he so laced his work with technical details that, too frequently, you could not see the wood for the trees.

Marlene has a theory and I subscribe to it, that when there is beauty it should be displayed. "It is the rarest thing in the world and the most difficult to achieve," she has said, and no one can deny that von Sternberg did show the artiste's beauty to the best advantage.

So, for that matter, did Jacques Feyder in Knight Without Armour, and the only way he brought her down to earth or "humanised" her was by introducing human elements into his story; the star retained, as she has always done, her elusive and unalterable personality.

And would you really have it otherwise? What is it that these critics who proclaim the aloofness of the star desire? Is it possible that her subtlety of expression is too deep for them, and they cannot see that in most of her pictures she has displayed a real grip on life and passion, but that she has not been blatant in the depiction of it?

Would they like to see her play the role of a shop girl or a secretary who marries her boss, or in any one of the sex comedies which litter the world's screens? Do they want her to break out into girlish laughter, indulge in hysteric, or play in one of the popular "nonsense" comedies with a little custard-pie knockabout thrown in?

No, Dietrich is human enough; it is the stories that are chosen for her that have too often failed to give her the opportunities she should have had. If you analyse her screen characterisations, you will find that they are really all good in themselves.

Her own favourite part is that of the voluptuous woman in The Devil is a Woman, a picture which was exceedingly poor in plot value, but if you were to concentrate on her performance, you would find that her own contribution to it is worth while and intensely human, although the flamboyance of the settings and elaborate camera work is apt to render it apparently artificial.

In Desire she was surely as human as the most fervid "humanise Dietrich" fan could wish, and in Angel, under Lubitsch's direction, she gives an admirable interpretation of a sex-starved woman.

On the whole, the cry to bring Dietrich "down to earth" would appear to resolve itself into an effort to get her to make herself commonplace, and if she did that she might as well be Sally Brown or Miss Green. The real Marlene Dietrich attracts is because she has the mental make-up and unusualness of a great artist.
There is romance in the lives of the producers, too. Meet Erich Pommer, who has not only discovered some of the screen’s most famous stars, but has helped to create the form of modern movie entertainment.

Working quietly at Elstree on the new Charles Laughton feature, Vessel of Wrath is a lean, nervous man, with a sly smile and a soft, quiet voice. He is as unlike the popular conception of a film producer as anyone can imagine and yet it is to him, probably more than any other, that we owe the sweeping changes in film technique that have happened since the war.

His name is Erich Pommer, producer of Metropolis, Vaudeville, The Last Laugh, Blue Angel, Congress Dances, Hotel Imperial and dozens of other film classics. He is the man under whom Germany became one of the world’s film leaders, threatening to outstrip Hollywood. Under him such stars as Emil Jannings, Marlene Dietrich, Lilian Harvey and Pola Negri first gained world fame.

But of all his records of achievement, and they have been many, probably the most fantastic and astonishing effort, The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari will stand out as having had more influence on modern film production than any other picture ever made.

Caligari was made a time when Germany was in a turmoil. The mark was worth thousands to the pound, it was the days of inflation, Germany was practically starving and bankrupt. Even electricity had to be rationed so that the film companies were not allowed enough “juice” to light a set.

Even so, company was permitted a certain number of units of electricity and while many producers threw up their hands and declared that film making under such conditions was practically impossible, Erich Pommer set to work to devise a technique that was to revolutionise all preconceived ideas on film production. He wanted to make a film so fantastic and bizarre as to force itself upon the attention of the world.

Pommer’s solution to the problem of insufficient lighting seems simple enough nowadays, but it was revolutionary at the time. Instead of flooding the set with a blaze of light, he set his few available watts to the best possible advantage so that they threw weird and strange shadows and telling highlights.

With such a light to achieve the effect he desired, he would have the shadow or the highlights painted on the back cloth, even going so far as to have his artist paint, to achieve the effect he required. This new lighting technique was to have far reaching results on all subsequent film production, not only in Germany, but throughout the world, for it was the forerunner of modern film production methods.

Pommer, too, where lighting and settings still did not give him the result he wanted, would set his camera at an angle that would give him the best possible view, so that if necessity arose, he would shoot from the floor or the ceiling, instead of as had previously been the case, setting his camera up by means of a spirit level and having everything dead centre.

Hitherto lighting had been used simply to expose a piece of negative and shadows had been ruthlessly eliminated. Pommer taught them to use lighting to create a mood while the shadows and highlights and the settings were used to get the atmosphere, emphasise a mood, or help tell the story. A new type of art direction resulted. Hollywood saw Caligari and immediately realised that here was the picture of the future.

The offshoot of this production was the modern film with its angle shots, its lighting effects, its moving cameras and its settings. It has been truly said, “Sweet are the uses of adversity,” but it took a man of Erich Pommer’s abilities to make the realisation.

Following Caligari, Pommer went to Ufa and built up the most tremendous producing organisation and plant in Europe, even threatening to overtake Hollywood.

Under him the amazing and still unequalled spectacular effects, Blue Angel, came into being. Pommer took an unknown writer out of the script department to direct this subject, his name was Fritz Lang, and he was to become world famous. He directed most of the pictures of the calibre of Fury, Vaudeville and The Last Laugh were two other outstanding subjects that came to life under him.

The success of Emil Jannings an international star and start Hollywood producers fighting to get his name to a contract.

The tragic Lya de Putti, was also to become internationally famous through the picture Vaudeville.

Beyond exceeding Pommer production was watched with tremendous interest by the entire film industry and each new one was an event, for he is the restless type and because some new idea in production had proved successful in a previous film he was not content to use the same method again. He had to be continually introducing new and more sensational ideas into his pictures, which himself would not trouble to copy again, but which other producers were only too eager to use.

With Germany now a tremendous influence in film production—and German film production meant Ufa and Ufa was Pommer, there came another revolution when the Warner Bros., who had been amusing the film business playing around with sound pictures, suddenly proved that talkies were the thing of the future.

The films ceased to be international from then on, and everyone making a talkie in anything but English was doomed to failure. America experimented with multi-linguals, but without success. The create for talkies looked like setting German pictures way back to the place they occupied in the world market just after the war, but Pommer, who had not been deterred by conditions in those days, was not perturbed, and then came The Blue Angel, which was to be hailed as the finest talking picture to date and, incidentally, gave the then unknown Marlene Dietrich her first film chance.

Notable too was the fact that a discontented Hollywood assistant director had left California for Germany, after an interview with Pommer had been allowed to direct this subject. His name was Josef von Sternberg. There are those that contend that the Pommer production

Erich Pommer at work on location for the new Charles Laughton picture, "Vessel of Wrath."

Blue Angel is still the best thing either Sternberg or Dietrich have ever done.

The brilliant, but rather sordid Blue Angel was followed by the gay romantic Congress Dances in which Lilian Harvey, long a star with British and Continental audiences, was to become a favourite with American picturegoers. Pommer’s arrival in this country was typical of this quiet retiring man and was accompanied by less ballyhoo, than that of any other producer reaching these shores.

Already British audiences have seen the first of the Pommer films to be produced here, Fire Over England was shown some weeks back and now comes Farewell Again, claimed by the critics to be one of the finest British films ever made.

Pommer’s scorn of the conventional is well illustrated in both these subjects for instead of engaging some expensive and world-famous Hollywood star, he has used an all-British cast in both subjects, depending on the story rather than the stars to make the pictures a success.

With such a record, who can doubt that Pommer’s influence on British films is going to be very great indeed? He recently, with Charles Laughton, formed his own company, Mayflower Pictures, and the result of this alliance is shortly to be seen when their first joint effort, Vessel of Wrath has its West End presentation, which should be about January or thereabouts.

This will be followed by another Laughton starring vehicle called St. Martin’s Lane, an original story written for Laughton by Clencence Dane, and by Jamaica Inn, a story of the smuggling that went around the British coast in the early 19th century.

Pommer, despite the fact that he has been responsible for probably more artistic successes, pictures, it should be noted that combine artistry and box-office and have the unique power of appealing equally to the popular and the highbrow audience, claims that he is not an artist but an organiser and a showman, and that the success of his pictures is due to his ability as an organiser, to his attention to detail and his insistence on running a studio on practically the same lines as any other business.
Mark Twain's near-classic of boyhood comes to the screen again in David Selznick's *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, this time with Tommy Kelly, a twelve-year-old unknown from Brooklyn, in the title role.

Above: The new Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn (Jackie Moran) discuss the relative attractions of school and fishing.

November 27, 1937

PICTUREGOER Weekly

Tatters and finery. A contrast, off set, between Jessie Matthews and Athene Seyler, who supports the star in "Sailing Along." Chess, by the way, is the latest between-scenes pastime at Pinewood.

Stars work hard. Kay Francis is supposed to be relaxing between scenes of "Women Are Like That," but she is busy having her dress repaired and studying fashion styles.

My hat! G. Howard Hodges, the famous designer, presented this cake to Tilly Losch at a Hollywood lunchon. It is a replica of one of his models. Left to right: June Clayworth, Tom Brown, Tillie, Mr. Hodges and Virginia Grey.

Gilding the lily. Carole Wendham has her shapely "Miss North America" figure enhanced with a coat of gilt paint for a scene in "Nothing Sacred."
Meet Danielle Darrieux. Her first Hollywood film will be "The Toast of Paris." That is just what she is.

"California, here I come." Annabella, the French star, arrives in America, to storm the Hollywood heights.

Glamour, Hollywood has discovered, talks with an accent. The result is the greatest foreign invasion in Hollywood history. Meet the Continental charmers who may be giving the Garbos and Dietrichs some severe competition in 1938. We have already introduced one, Sigrid Gurie, from Scandinavia, on our cover this week.

Georges Rigaud (seen here besieged by feminine fans) is the idol of a million women in France and the Argentine. He makes his Hollywood debut in "Lady of the Tropics."

Olympe Bradna, also from la Belle France, is already giving the Hollywood home town girls plenty to think about.
Above: Italy's gift to talkies, Isa Miranda. Isa, who was discovered in a modest Italian film, also makes her Hollywood bow in "Lady of the Tropics."

Franciska Gaal, from Hungary, is facing the double task of mastering English and making her first film "The Buccaneer." Here she is seen studying the script.
I ACCUSE

Freely adapted by Marjory Williams
from the film "The Life of Emile Zola" with permission of Warner-First National.

HAPPY to learn that I have induced my colleagues to consider your application for membership in the French Academy—highest honour France can give any living letter. You need not fear their decision. They know your imperishable works and noble accomplishments entitle you to be named among the immortals. With assurances of my deepest sincerity,—Francois Coppée.

Behind his gold-rimmed glasses, the eyes of Emile Zola, who could never witness injustice or suffer wrong without taking up the pen in their cause, noted every word of his friend's letter with immense satisfaction.

"The Academy at last!" Alexandreine echoed. He looked at her—the girl he had manœuvred twenty-five years ago and taken to a garret no better than the one he shared with the novelist of "Zola." All the rats in Paris would have failed to stuff the holes in the window panes of that cheerless attic. But here, in his Paris home of 1888, outcome of novel after novel's success, glass was sound and omnipresent. Every window behind the long velvet curtains was tight shut. Zola, the man of nearly sixty, had a fanatical hatred of daylight. The haters of the bright rainbows split the colours in the rainbow in the chandeliers, in which burned a regiment of candles, and formed the bowl of the ornamental table lamp.

"Yes, Emile Zola was rich and successful, well nourished, possessing reddish grey hair and a curve below the waistline. Alexandreine, with her silk dresses and pearls, attended masses, was painted by faithfully as she had done when bills went unpaid. And, to crown all, literary laurels were to be had for the asking."

"Let alone me, declared, removing his glasses and putting the letter aside, 'there's nothing more for me to desire.'"

"A lady to see you," announced a manservant. "Madame Dreyfus."

"Dreyfus! You didn't tell her I was at home, surely? You should have asked me first. You knew I was busy," Zola gave rein to his annoyance. Not only he, but all France were tired of hearing about the unfortunate Captain Alfred Dreyfus, whose hair was going white and flesh flaking on his bones in a hut on Devil's Island. All France knew that three years before Captain Alfred Dreyfus had been found guilty of treason, arrested and, without public trial, placed in the whole of France, too, was familiar with the border document containing details of French military guns and secret information, which had been sent to the German Military Attaché, and was supposedly in the hands of Captain Alfred Dreyfus.

Moreover, France knew, but could say little heed to the discovery that, chiefly through the statements of a Colonel Picquart, staff officer, it had been proved that Captain Dreyfus was innocent. The border document was not his, but the work of Major Walsin Esterhazy and his accomplice, Colonel Henry, facts of which the War Minister and General Staff were well aware.

But what if all France knew these things? How should, for the sake of one man, the Army, a sacrosanct Army, regarded by the common people, as something beyond reproach, be accused of making a mistake.

Wherefore Emile Zola fumed with annoyance that anyone connected with Alfred Dreyfus should come to bother him; fumed, indeed, so loudly that Alexandreine was obliged to say:

"Sh—sh! The lady will hear you, Emile."

"Well well, well—let her in," he conceded. Alexandreine tactfully retired. Madame Dreyfus, wearing black, at least came at once to the point, though Zola determinedly dashed cold water on her hopes of talking about her husband with her:

"But, madame, there is nothing I can do for him."

"Yet he is innocent, monsieur. I have absolute proof in this portfolio. But no one will listen to me."

"Naturally, as his wife, you believe him innocent! But, madame, he was lawfully convicted."

"Of a crime he never committed. Oh! Monsieur Zola, you've always stood for truth and justice! You've written so much—done so much..."

"No, no, I'm not the man to help you. I'm just an ordinary citizen with work enough in my books. I can't. Well, what is this new proof you say you have?"

"A certain Colonel Picquart..."

"Oh, that! It was all in the papers. Picquart came back from Africa and accused Esterhazy of writing the border document. But Esterhazy was acquitted."

"Of course; behind closed doors and by the same Army group which convicted my husband. But don't you see they had to acquit Esterhazy to save the face of the General Staff, and they'll stop at nothing to protect themselves, even to sacrificing one of their own class."

"That's fantastic—childish! The General Staff has more important work to do than—what do you mean, sacrificing one of their own class?"

"Colonel Picquart has been arrested and imprisoned in Mont Valérien."

"Arrested? What has he done?"

"Nothing; except speak the truth. I have all the facts in these papers, Monsieur Zola. These are copies of letters written to Colonel Picquart from the Assistant Chief of Staff, proving beyond doubt that the General Staff knows that my husband is innocent and Esterhazy is guilty. Naturally, these were not used at the court martial of Esterhazy. Colonel Picquart is a good soldier. His superiors forced him to obey."

"Monstrous! Monstrous!"

"Monsieur Zola, you will help, won't you?"

"How can any one man? Don't you see, your husband is regarded as a traitor? The public would hurl down and destroy anyone who tried to help a man like him."

"But there must be some way to right this terrible wrong. My husband went through the ghastly ordeal of having his uniform buttons torn off, his badges wrenched away in front of his regiment. Men and women, even his own family, shouted insults at him through the barrack railings. He was ordered about under marshall's baton as if he were an animal. Now he's on Devil's Island. They keep his prisoners there singly in huts, chaining, chaining, away from the land."

So far, Zola had steadily refused any response to emotionalism. He had tried to do his best, especially when reason was on his side.

"Your husband's case is officially closed, madame, he emphasized. "Nothing can be done—nothing. Unless some fool would publicly accuse the General Staff and get himself dragged into court on a charge of criminal libel—then possibly he might get a hearing. But I've lived my life, and I've had enough of fighting, struggling. I'm happy, contented."

"I was myself that he had convinced the woman. She got up, said something about her despair having caused her visit, and left hurrying away as fast as an animal. She could hardly have reached the hall when she saw that she had left her portfolio, and hurried back to the stairhead, calling her name. He heard the street door close. Lucie Dreyfus had gone.

A quiet hour with the portfolio's contents and the love of humanity which burned in the man, dashed down though it had been by material comfort and success, broke into renewed flame.

The letter of old days was back again, the youth who had lost his first job as a publisher's clerk because of his press attacks on politicians and civic authorities. Here was the Zola, who, lacking the price of the next meal, sat down to write literature. Yet the pathetic, police-hunted woman of easy virtue—but with this difference. At seventeen, the author of "Nana," a novel, which ultimately brought him fame and money, had nothing to do with politics.

At fifty-eight, fame, money, literary honours—all were to be won. But, he was asked in his lifetime an attack against the French Army with public opinion behind it. Yet the more, while fearing Franco-German tension in pieces and designing his hopes of election as a member of the Academy, to the fire, he ceased to think of Alfred Dreyfus, a sole victim of injustice. Dreyfus was by birth a Jew. But not one man, but the whole race of Jews, being cruelly attacked when Dreyfus, the scapegoat, was sent by accusers, well aware of his innocence, to Devil's Island.

Morning found Zola at the newspaper desk, with the paper. A distinguished gathering of personal friends, including the bearded author of "Romeo and Juliet," Labori, renowned for his pleadings in court, overflowed the editor's office into the machine-room.

With a shaggy head, his pince-nez, his energetic movements, Zola made a lion-like entry. "Thank you for being here, Labori," he said warmly. "Labori, you're going to be a very busy man. I'm about to explode a bomb. M. Clemenceau..."

(Continued on page 22.)
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I ACCUSE

Continued from page 20.

"You have said nothing to show, General," he addressed the Commander. "Not a single word to prove that Esterhazy was innocent. All I have heard from you is a semblance of the sentiment of the jury. I’ll say what I have to say if this trial lasts six months."

"Maitre Labori, address the court," the President conceded. "The President of the General Staff was summoned to speak, the Commander of Paris was allowed to speak, but the defence remained silent. Labori declared bitterly, "Never having a thing been seen, I must ask the question. What is Colonel Picquart’s present position? Is it possible for him to be exonerated?"

"You may put that question. The Dreyfus case is closed," interjected Delagorgue.

"Was Esterhazy informed that Colonel Picquart suspected him?" Labori inquired.

"The French government and the war ministry originared from a certain Intelligence Officer of the General Staff:"

"You are lying! A military officer with white face and black moustache, wearing medals and gold braid, sprang at Picquart’s throat and began shouting the shouts of the court and orders of the President for silence, Colonel Picquart raised his voice. I will tell why Colonel Henry, here, tried to attack me and make revolting accusations against me."

"He was shouted down. The Colonel sprang at me, his face rose and fulminated against the deplorable spectacle of an officer who trembled at the sight of his superiors. He furthermore fulminated against Zola for accusing those who shed their blood in the French battlefields. Maitre Labori was not to be diverted from his point.

"You shall leave anyone else. Reluctantly, orders were given for the gates to be opened. All the witnesses entered the court room for Zola’s cab to pass through. The mounted police succeeded in keeping order. I had to live for the court, for France, for ultimately the terms of his pleading."

One who was present in court remembered Zola’s speech, saw the, in effect, a thing unseen when called upon, they took the stand and took note of the words with which he was confronted. His language was wild but steady, overcame all other sounds. Lover of humanity, Zola had grown utterly as the shouting of men in uniform and mockery of the libels, unanswerable, coarse phrases, such as “the glory of France,” for the sake of his jealousy, hatreds and fears for their own skin.

In simple language he addressed the jury—twelve righteous citizens—told them of his own early strivings for truth, his embarkation of his own career, his fight for the liberty, the truth, of the need of saving France by letting truth conquer. His voice, when the case was called to every question of Labori’s, concerning his husband’s arrest and Zola’s go to the March. It was in the air against the General Staff, the President snapped out: "The Dreyfus case is closed. The question will not be put.

Esterhazy himself was next called. Confronted with Labori’s question directing the officer to write the bordereau, Esterhazy refused reply. When asked if he had dealings with a certain German minor who attacked him, Esterhazy refused permission of the question on the ground of its touching on foreign intelligence. Colonel Henry, requesting to speak, silenced the prevailing excitement by announcing that since the clearest indications had been produced by a new secret document written by a foreign attaché to another, containing the whole of his statements, the jury did not till a thing of connection with this officer “D’? It had come light. "There is nothing to be proved Dreyfus guilty," the Chief of Staff added. When allowed to speak, Maitre Labori pounced on him. There is that to him of "Your word should be sufficient."

"Henry declared, "But words are no longer good enough. Where is it?"

"It’s not in my power to produce it."

"I wish to recall Colonel Picquart to the stand."

Once more he had his way. Picquart produced another electrical shock in the crowded chamber. He sprang to his pitch of excitement by claiming that Colonel Henry and his superiors destroyed in the document in question into court.

"It’s a forgery," Colonel Picquart declared. "A forgery committed by an Attaché in a foreign room, to seal the fate of Dreyfus and to save the face of the General Staff."

The matter has nothing to do with the present trial," the President reminded.

"The court is adjourned."

An excited crowd shouting for Zola’s blood soared capable of hurling down the iron railing outside the building as Zola left. His words were to be heard by the Prefect of Police to leave by a side gate. "He’s right," Labori added.

"Thank you very much," Zola returned. "I shall leave anyone else."

PICTUREGOER Weekly

November 27, 1937
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ADDRESS

23
REVIEWS
by Lionel Collier

ANGEL
The subtlety of Ernst Lubitsch's direction has not deserted him. In this brilliantly directed comedy-drama he once again impresses one with the fact that he is the master of pictorial expressionism and one of the few directors who have succeeded in utilising the full scope of the screen as a medium for dramatic expression.

The story he has to handle is a commonplace one, basically the old, old theme of the neglected wife, but under his treatment it assumes a sense of novelty, sparkles with wit, and entertains most admirably.

He has also shown Marlene Dietrich at her best. As the wife of a prominent British politician who finds that her love for her husband is growing dangerously cool, and who has an affair with an attractive stranger in Paris, which comes to his ears and eventually leads, strangely enough, to a stronger resolution of the marriage tie, the star is exceedingly provocative and human.

There are times, however, when she does not seem to react as quickly as one could wish to her surroundings and circumstances, but on the whole her performance is a fascinating one, well in contrast to her earlier appearances under von Sternberg's banner. Herbert Marshall, acting better than I have seen him do for some little while, is excellently cast as her husband who, secure in his sense of possession of his wife, is apt to leave her too much to her own devices and treat her in a manner verging on sexlessness.

The attractive stranger whom Dietrich meets at a house of ill-repute is played over by a with friend of hers, a Russian grand duchess, is played with a wealth of subtlety and sincerity by Melvyn Douglas. He really falls in love with the mysterious woman with whom he has an affair lasting just one night, and when he meets her again in England and discovers she is the wife of a friend of his is still ready to take her from him.

The whole thing is played in a sophisticated manner, and the three principal artists attune themselves deliciously to the slightly satirical note that underlies their politely waged 'triangle' war.

This note of satire is amplified by the repercussions felt "below stairs" by the servants of the chief participants in it.

This, so to speak, outside commentary is admirably introduced by Edward Everett Horton as a confidential valet to the husband, and Ernest Cossart, as his butler; both fine character comedians.

As the Grand Duchess, Laura Hope Crews gives an excellent characterisation, and suggests the reputation of the place she manages with every intimation of her voice and gesture.

Development is exceedingly clever, the plot moves forward without a halt, and there is not a shot which one feels is superficial, while the dialogue is one of the most apt and polished that has been heard on the screen.

Finally, the atmosphere of the English country house where the major portion of the action takes place, and that of the house in Paris, are convincingly real.

It is seldom one comes across a picture whose workmanship is so free from blemish. It will prove an oasis in a desert of ballyhoo to the intelligent picturegoer.

THE BRIDE WORE RED
About three parts of this picture is very well conceived sophisticated comedy and definitely entertaining, but after that it starts to become conventionally sentimental and lets one down rather badly.

Joan Crawford, taking herself a little too seriously for the role she is playing, is cast as a cheap cabaret singer, Ann, whom a drunken wealthy man presents with enough money to stay at a very smart country hotel, where he knows a playboy friend of his, Rudolf Pal, is also stopping, for a fortnight.

Anni sets herself out to win Pal, who is engaged, and succeeds in doing so, but in the end it is a quizzical postman who had taken her at her face value who wins the marriage stakes.

The action takes place in Austria, and the scenic qualities are good, and Joan Crawford is given a chance to display a dazzling wardrobe.

Robert Young as Pal, who did not hold with his wealthy friend's dictum that we are all brothers and sisters under the skin, gives an ebullient characterisation which is quite convincing, but found Franchot Tone a bit heavy and unconvincing as the romantic postman.

Billie Burke scores as usual as a socialite, while Reginald Owen is excellent as an elderly Admiral who still has an eye for beauty.

Lynne Carver is distinctly attractive and natural as Pal's temporarily discarded fiancée, and May Phillips gives a clever little character study of a chambermaid who had been a friend of Anni's before she was given the money which took her out of her. The picture was directed by Dorothy Arzner, one of the very few female directors, and she has so far maintained an entirely feminine touch, but one feels that during part of the story she has let her heart run away with her head.

DR. SYN
I am afraid George Arliss has been miscast in this otherwise well conceived version of Russell Thorndike's well-known play and novel dealing with smugglers in the early nineteenth century. Dymen, a duchess, is

He has the role of a clergyman who is in reality an ex-pirate and who leads a band of smugglers, utilising his gains for the good of the village community.

Now I can imagine Arliss as a clergyman, perhaps a slightly sar-donic one, but an ex-pirate—never.

In one scene he has to knock out a burly co-partner in crime, and here again my imagination forsakes me.

As usual, his dictum is beyond question, and his 'good luck' is correct in every detail; it is just that legacy of a pirate past that sticks in his throat.

Apart from that I found it an entertaining, colourful picture, apt to slow up at times occasionally lack the full-blooded flavour that should accompany the running of contraband, but nevertheless satisfying.

The battle of wits between Dr. Syn and a Revenue officer who finally exposes him is intriguingly and not obviously developed, and the little romantic interlude between Syn's daughter (who does not know her parentage) and the Squire's son is pleasantly introduced.

The atmosphere in the village, too, is convincingly old-world, and the incidental characters well drawn.

Roy Elmont, for example, gives a fine impersonation of the Revenue inspector, and Frederick Hurtwell is good as the village schoolmaster, a confidante of Syn's who, against his leader's orders, murders a man, the local doctor, who is aiding the Revenue.

Sound character studies come from George Merritt as the late pirate's ex-corporate, and John D'Arcy, as Stewart the gouty gueze, Wilson Coleman as the doctor, Wally Patch as a bo'sun, and Muriel George as the innkeeper.

Mehinart Maur wears a terrifying make-up as a mulatto who, having escaped the pirate's vengeance for betraying his wife, arrives in the village and attempts to murder him.

Most of the light relief is in the hands of Graham Moffat who is excellent as a pot-boy, while Margaret Lockwood and John Loder look after the love interest very capably; the former has a great deal of natural charm.

THE SQUEAKER
A thoroughly workmanlike and competent production, technically very good, but somehow just missing the thrill and the punch you expect from an Edgar Wallace detective story.

Edmund Lowe, as an under-cover man working for Scotland Yard who runs to earth a notorious fence who had been in the habit of squeaking on the crooks who would not sell him their hauls at ridiculous prices, gives sound performances.

Ann Todd is quite effective as the heroine who falls for him and who shows the romantic element.

Sebastian Shaw turns in a good piece of acting as the Squeaker, and Robert Newton is well characterised as a thief who is murdered by the Squeaker after he has discovered his identity.

A touch of glamour is added by Tamara Desni as the victim's girl, a cabaret singer. She croons a song or two effectively and also dances alluringly.

For comedy relief there is Alastair Sim, somewhat starved of opportunities, but nevertheless making his presence felt as a very broad Scottish newspaper reporter.

Finally, Allan Jenkins is thoroughly convincing and natural as a Yard inspector, and Stewart Rome dignified as a Superintendent.

Settings are all very good

THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN
Sacha Guitry has attempted to screen rather too vast a subject, which mingles history with fiction and covers a period from Francis I of France to the present day.

It is, in fact, a pageant of fact, fancy, adventure and romance told (continued on page 26).
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5 Greaseless, stainless, soothing to the skin.

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At Boots and all leading chemists and department stores

DICCHAN BEAUTY PRODUCTS
Free!
"PURITY FOR BEAUTY"
The result of many years professional research
Night Beauty Cream, 4c; Rose Vanishing Cream, 2½;
Lotion Flower Vanishing Cream, 2½ ; Cleansing Cream,
2½ ; Skinfood, 3½ ; Astringent Lotion, 2½ ; Skin Tonic,
2½ ; Complexion Milk, 2½ ; Skinfood Oil, 2½ ;
Skin Refresher and Vitalizer, 2½. Post free. Add all beauty problems solved. Send now to:
"DICCHAN," 309, STAINBECK ROAD, LEEDS, 7

INNOCENT RELIEF FOR
ASTHMA SUFFERERS
A Remedy which Swiftly Ends Attacks
This famous old remedy has brought comfort and freedom to
thousands of sufferers, who are now able to enjoy life. The
letters continually received show that Potter's frequently suc-
ceds when everything else has failed. You simply inhale the
vapours. 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 from all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores, price
Is. 6d. or direct from makers, Is. 9d., post free. We will gladly
send you an explanatory booklet, "Are You Asthmatic?", post free.

POTTER & CLARK, LTD.,
61c, Artillery Lane, London, E.1

MAKE it a kiss that will thrill him... one
that will make him long for another... and another.
You can—tomorrow! You
can give yourself the mag-
netic allure of the glam-
orous Hollywood film-
stars—simply by using
their lipstick. The won-
derful Kissproof "Auto-
matic." Lipstick is obtain-
able at all Chemists,
Hairdressers, and Depart-
ment Stores for 1 .

See also the exotic new
Kissproof Baison at 6d.

Kissproof
NEW AUTOMATIC Indelible LIPSTICK

OOH that kiss!

MY NAILS ARE SIMPLY RUINED BY HOUSEWORK
USE L'ONGLEX, IT KEEPS THEM BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL WHATEVER YOU DO

ALL THAT HOUSEWORK!—AND STILL SUCH LOVELY NAILS

The 6d. bottle of L'onglex is as big
as the 1/- bottle of many other nail
polishes and lasts for months. L'onglex
keeps nails lovely without cracking,
peeling or fading. Sold everywhere.

L'ONGLEX
LIQUID NAIL POLISH
In eight shades including Natural, Rose and Old Rose
POLISH REMOVER 6d.
CUTICLE REMOVER
BRITISH MANUFACTURE

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keeps nails lovely without cracking,
peeling or fading. Sold everywhere.
SCREENS
Kenneth
Also
Otis
White
Virginia
Meg
Cutting
believes
Nina
sincerity
might
out
III.
war,
Empress
possession
becomes
rid
comes
made
While
death
other
its
the
Queen
and
Queen
is
lost,
Queen
is
the
Queen
has
his
his
hands
Stuart
while
Napoleon
as
the
workers
and
the
producers
on,
and
her
Middle-aged
making
herself
a
untouchable
K.

Sara
Hutchins
and
an
American
to
win
the
favour
of
and
in
France
and
on
her
height
is
a
beauty
of
Black
is
a
French
man
and
the
Queen
in
the
palaces
of
France,
and
in
the
palaces
of
France
the
Queen
is
a
beauty
of
black
man
and
the
Queen
is
a
beauty
of

crude
and
cheap
Bohsevich
propa-
ganda.
The
contrast
between
the
comics
of
Braille
and
the
propa-
ganda
is
glaring,
and
spoils
what
otherwise
would
have
been
first
class
entertainment.

While
listening
to
"Gulliver's
Travels"
being
read
aloud
a
boy
goes
to
sleep
and
dreams
he
is
ship-

puppets
actually
brilliantly.
A.
Putshko,
who
is
an
experi-
enced
in
tricks
from
making
with
puppets,
proves
himself
master
of
his
craft.
Most
of
the
little
figures
are
caricatures
of
humans.
That
is
the
idea
of
the
back
of
a
caricature
is
shown
as
sturdy,
muscular
little
men,
with
a
leader
bearing
a
K.
Marx;
they
are
duly
v and
mud-coloured.
The
facial
movements
of
these
dolls
are
brilliantly
clever,
and
since
about
three
thousand
play
a
part
in
the
film,
it
can
be
well
understood
why
it
took
three
years
to
make.

While
between
the
workers
and
the
capitalists
is
exceedingly
crude
and
staged,
and
allows
for
a
really
joyous
wholesale
massacre
for
the
advancement
of
the
capitalist
idea.

But,
the
whole,
the
it
is
non-
political
incidents,
such
as
the
feed-
ing
of
Gulliver
with
whole
oxen,
and
some
exposure
the
most
ingenu-
ously
contrived
parts
of
the
production.

SPANISH EARTH

Ernest
Hemingway,
who
wrote
"Farewell
to
Arms,"n
and
Jose
Ibarguren,
produced
by
Charles
Winningter,
which,
without
sentimentalism,
gives
a
vivid
and
forceful
idea
of
the
honour
and
mystery
of
the
war,
and
in
the
workers
tiring
the
grass
and
try
irrigating
fields
to
provide
fertile
rice
for
the
soldiers.

Shots
in
Madrid
show
the
damage
already
done
due
to
the
flying
bombs
that
kill
the
citizens
who
still
remain
in
their
homes.
Wifull
pro-
cessing
of
refugees
shows
them
in
all
its
grim
reality,
while
a
battle
for
a
bridge-head
debrates
the
spectacular
and
deadly
execution
of
modern
warfare.

Wisely
enough,"horror"
such
as
mutated
bodies
have
been
avoided,
but
the
former
imagery
"mad
in
real
time,
and
the
grim
undercurrent
of
death's
harvest
is
made
all
the
more
forible
by
the
painful
constratn.

The
picture
is
well
put
together,
and
Ernest
Hemingway's
com-
munication
free
from
watering
spins
with
sight
which
matches
the
lessen
the
war
scenes
bring.

It
is
being
shown
at
the
Academy
Cinema,
Oxford
Street

THE PICTOGRoER'S quick reference index

**MOUNTAIN JUSTICE**
Warner, American, "A" certificate, Psycholo-
gical Drama, Runs 81 minutes

JOSEPHINE HITCHCOCK as Rachel Harkins
GUY ROBBINS as Dog Barnard
GEORGE O'BRIEN as Bill Barnard
ROBERT BARRATT as Jeff Harkins
ROBERT WARE as Howard Hamber
EDWARD PAYLETT as Tod Miller
MARGARET JOHNSON as Martha Barnard
BETTY HARKINS as Rachel Harkins
RUSSELL SIMPSON as Mr. Turnbull
GEORGE CARLIN as Steve Crozwell
MONA BARRIE as Evelyn Wayne
MARK DAVIES as Paul Mullaney
ROBERT VON NOBEL as Wolf
FRANK M. THOMAS as Carey
DENNIS HOLLAND as Deputy
FRED R. WHITMORE as Judge Cramley
SIRDIE HARRIS as Mrs. Turnbull

**MEET THE MISSUS**
Radio, American, "U" certificate, Domestic
comedy, Runs 50 minutes

VICTOR MOORE as Otto Foster
HELEN BRODERICK as Emma Foster
ANN SHIRLEY as Louise Foster
ALAN BRUCE as William Booth
FRANK M. THOMAS as Barney Lott
WILLIAM BERTSCH as Paul Ray
LEONID KONSTANTINOV as Valery
EDWARD H. ROBIN as Sammy
MAURICE HALLIAD as Dan Darrow
JEROME ROBBINS as Ray Rayner
RAY NAYE as M. White
MIRA MCBRIDE as Mrs. White
Directed by Joseph Santel

Goddome comedy which has
its satirical touches and also
presents sound human charac-
terisation.
The
brunt
of
the
acting
is
borne
by
Victor
Moore,
who
is
an
excellent
as
a
small
town
barber
badly
hun-
pecked
by
his
wife,
who
has
a
mania
for
competitions
and
neglects
her
home
in
consequence.

Helen
Broderick
also
scores
in
this
latter
role.
She
enters
a
competition
for
"The
Perfect
Housewife"
and
succeeds
in
reaching
the
finals,
when
a
revel
of
husbands
causes
complications
and
plenty
of
amusement.

A
conventional
love
interest
is
introduced
by
Ann
Shirley
and
Alan
Bruce.

**WOMAN CHASES MAN**
United Artists, American, "U" certificate, "In
cence" comedy, Runs 70 minutes

MIRIAM HOPKINS as Virginia Travis
JULIA MCDONALD as Kathleen Nolan
CHARLES WINNINGER as B. J. Nolan
ERIK ROBBINS as Henry Saffron
ED LUCAS as Jeff
LEONA MARSHALL as Nina Tennyson
BROOKS CRANE as Hank Harkins
CHARLES HALTON as Mr. Judd
WILLIAM LAPP as Doctor
GEORGE CHANDLER as Taxi Driver
ALBERT LEE as Process Server
MONTE VANDERGRIFT as Process Server
KIRK BARKER as Process Server
WALTER E. SODERLING as Process Server
ALAN BRUCE as Subway Conductor
DICK CRAWFORD as Man in Subway
Directed by John Hytson

Another
addition
to
the
"non-
sense"
c谴责etary
which
is
perhaps
beginning
toecome
a
little
too
widespread.
However,
this
is
not
an
example
of
this
type
and
gives
Miriam
Hopkins
a
chance
to
show
how
effective
she
can
be
in
brilliant
roles.

Charles
Winningter,
too,
scoring
as
B.
J.
Nolan,
the
likeable
but
eccentric
middle-aged
man,
who
has
lost
so
much
money
on
crazy
enterprises
that
his
son
Kenneth,
the
millionaire
in
his
own
right,
refuses
to
advance
him
any
more
money.
The
latest
stunt
is
a
model
village,
and
Virginia
Travis,
an
attractive,
but
penetrating
architect,
thinks
she
might
get
good
use
when
he
goes
to
H.J.
for
a
job
and decides to collaborate with him in an attempt to wheedle back out of Kenneth's clutches. 

Nina,opcion digger, and her boy friend, Henry, are also after Kenneth's money, and then a battle of wits ensues, each trying to outwit the other in a most hilarious fashion. 

Knowledge of this is by no means the end of the story, for after all, it is a question of making a living, and the two men are only too well aware of the fact that the other is completely out of their league.

The result is that the two men are forced to keep up a pretence of friendship, and thus, the story reaches its climax.

**THE FRAME-UP**


Paul_tokaroff... Mark MacArthur

Jacqueline wells... Betty Lindale

George torn... Lew Ayres

Robert Emmett O'Connor... Larry Musu

Napoleon Brown... Stan Paterson

Wade bottomers... Captain Donovan

Ellery richards... C. Montague Shaw

James Wuster... John Tyrrell

Soppy Mr... Valde Greve

Henry murphy... Dr. Phillips

Directed by D. Ross Lendman from a story by

Richard E. Wornam.

Quite an entertaining race-course story in which a track detective, acting as a bookie, makes a dangerous enemy in the form of a bookmaker racketeer. During the course of the investigations his life is threatened by a
toup battle of wits in which he indulges to protect her is quite well

worked out and carries a fair amount of conviction.

Paul Kelly is virile and personable as the hero and Jacqueline wells makes an adequate heroine; she is given very little to do.

As the detective's assistant, George McKay supplies bright comedy moments.

Robert Emmett O'Connor, who is usually cast as a policeman, is a crook for a change here—the head of the racketeers—and a very good job he makes of it.

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PRIGS VERSUS LIBERTINES

Does a Star's Private Life Weigh With You?

WHAT would be the result of a vote on the appeal, or otherwise, of film stars' private lives? I have asked friends and get different answers.

Some say that good acting is the main thing, no matter how many times the star in question has been married, etc.; others say they never think of the actors' private lives at all; others say that no matter how good a film star, they would not patronise his films if they knew he led a questionable life.

I personally, though not a prig, prefer stars who lead dignified and clean lives. It cannot be necessary for our film stars to gain experience by "going through the mill," as the lives of Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, Ramon Novarro and dozens of other favorites show.

What is the good of stars looking like angels when a bug tells you they are anything but!—(Miss) Greta Hynes, "Rudge- dene," Claverham, Bristol.

"Wooden" Restraint

It seems to me that the word "restraint" has been considerably over-worked in reviews of pictures lately. I am always reading that such-and-such a star acts "with great restraint," and I go along to the cinema expecting to see a sensitive performance, full of subtle meaning. But, in nine cases out of ten, this "restraint" appears to be merely a shield to hide the fact that the player in question is incapable of any real acting.

If walking through a part with a woodenness of expression which remains unchanged in the face of all the varying emotions the character is supposed to experience be "restrained," give me the good, old-fashioned "hammy" actor any day.

I like to know what my screen characters are feeling; I like them to behave precisely as their real-life counterparts would do in similar circumstances, but this "restrained" acting (?) makes it difficult to know whether the player is in ecstasy or despair.

Restraint, in fact, is the bunk!—Ernest H. Jakin, 7 Garden Village, Cheshunt, Herts, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

Remember the Children

I wish producers would give a little more thought to the mind of the average child, when producing films which the majority of children have to see. I am referring to this instance to the film, Can This Be Dixie, featuring Jane Withers.

In the film there was one scene which I think children would have been all the better for not seeing, according to the number of them I noticed in the cinema who were greatly disturbed by it.

This was the "dentist" scene, in which the patient had to sit through a much too prolonged performance of having a tooth extracted with the most hideous instrument, to the accompaniment of the patient's loud squeals.

In my opinion it is bad enough coaxing a child for a visit to the dentist, without them having seen the above performance, for judging by the "heads in hands," and "clinging on to mothers," that went on during this scene, I'm afraid a very bad impression of the dentist was imprinted in the minds of those children. —(Miss) Daisy V. Berry, 54 Dunard Street, Glasgow, N.W., who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

To Producers

Remember the first hectic years of talkies, the resources of the new medium taxed to the utmost with disastrously cacophonous results. Hundred, per cent, all talking, singing and dancing. This phrase brings memories of unbelievably crude production, of a period when talkies were in the melting pot.

The agonies of the formative period can be avoided if you refuse to precipitate yourselves into a scramble to cash in while colour remains novel.

Do not overload films with colour. Use the soft pedal. Remember the elementary principles of cutting.

Avoid any sequence or scenery, however colourful, which is not absolutely essential. Treat colour as an adjunct.

Use it imaginatively to enhance the usual appeal of your production but keep it subsidiary to the main considerations of film-making, plot, acting, characterization and action.

These are necessary, colour is not.—William J. Dickson, 13 Beaconsfield Road, West Croydon, Surrey.

He-Man for Gracie

We read that Gracie Fields and Victor McLaglen are making a British Picture here in Denham, England.

Personally I'm pleased; British stars have been often starred with Gracie, without (in my opinion) success—John Loder and Stanley Holloway (Continued on page 50)
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 be sure of your 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, 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

Are you younger
than your face?

Must the bloom of youth fade from your face? Must wrinkles spread their network over it? Not if you entrust your complexion to the care of Crème Simon.

For Crème Simon is the different cream. It is the skin food that penetrates to where beauty's deep-secret lies—the inner tissues of your skin.
It is here that it does its marvellous work of preventing beauty from fading and wrinkles from forming.
And it is used a different way. You apply it when your face is damp. So it feels so much more refreshing, acts so much more effectively, is so much more economical.

FREE COFFRET containing Crème Simon, Crème Simon M.A.T. and B sachets of La Nouvelle Poudre Simon sent for 6d. in stamps. (For postage and packing see Crème Simon (Distributors) Ltd., Dent T.S., 65 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1)

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 have 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.
Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes these good old Carters 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 Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/4.

If I were you...

I'd find out more about Crichtons' simple way to dress smartly and economi-
ly! I'll find their confidential little secret plan so very con-
venient. You can try the latest made-to-
measure suits for 29s. 6d. per suit. It's a fantastic
monthly. There is a fantastic illustrated book with full
information, if you post the coupon now.

FREE BOOK
POST COUPON TO-DAY

IF P.O. 21/11/37.
Crichtons
'makers of good clothes'
W.1

NAIL BITING

NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK!

FREE booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, secretly and permanently cure yourself of this objectionable, health endangering habit! No slow, no auto-suggestion. New discovery. Send 6d. stamp for postage, FILTEX LTD. (Dept. P) 31, The Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8

When your throat is tired, overstrained, tickly, suck on Allenburys Pastille. They're delicious.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8° & ¾

Allenburys
GLYCERINE PASTILLES

FOR YOUR THROAT

Talks of "cleaning her teeth"... she should say wearing them away

She hasn't yet realised that cleaning teeth can do as much harm as good. Of course you must clean your teeth regularly. But do be careful what paste or powder you use. There are dentifrices so abrasive that they're bound to wear away that thin film of enamel which is Nature's only protection against decay.
Why run this risk? Test your present tooth paste by comparing it with one which dentists recognise as the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol today (or send the coupon below for a sample tube free). Put them both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present one seems to have the least sign of grittiness, don't take chances any longer;
It is just because it is so safe that dentists, recommend Odol.
Odol can be obtained at Tooth Paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouthwash and Odol Denture Powder.

FREE sample tube. Post this coupon in unsealed envelope (6d. stamp) to Crichtons Ltd. (Dept. P-32), Norwich, for a free tube of Odol. This applies to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland.

Name
Address

Odo! Ltd.
The Perfect Gift
at your fingertips!

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GLAMOUR often leads to AMOUR

GLAMOUR in the Hollywood sense is the goal of young womanhood. And why not? No young woman is too "ordinary" to achieve the glamour to which amour is so often and happily allied. Whatever a woman’s colouring, the loveliness of her lips is the open sesame to romance. Let her but make the most of them, enhance their beauty, their appeal, and she can achieve that enchanting glamour for which every woman yearns.

TANTEE is more than a lipstick, it’s a most enchanting discovery. You look at the TANTEE lipstick and wonder. For, as soon as you brush TANTEE across the lips the orange tint deepens, the lips take on the very colour to harmonise with your personality.

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TANTEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

What Do You Think?—Contd.

are only two of the very good actors whose efforts in her films were wasted.

So perhaps having an "American" He-Man Star, such as Victor, may turn the tide and give Gracie Fields a proper chance to show her screen ability.

Anyway we shall see, and if it’s a go I trust we shall get more of Hollywood’s mix ups with our British ones.—Elsie James, 45 The Grove, Gravesend, Kent.

(Thi will certainly be an important film in Gracie’s career.—"Thinker").

Kinemas in Japan

I have recently spent four months in Yokohama. During that time I frequently visited the kinema in both Tokyo and Yokohama, and saw English, American, French, German and modern Japanese films.

Tokyo possesses two very modern kinemas, as up-to-date as anything in London, seating respectively 2,000 and 3,000 people. One of these has a uniform charge of 50 sen (about 7d.). Also, there is one older converted theatre.

These three are largely patronised by "foreigners," as well as Japanese young and old, many of whom wear Western dress. The films have captions in Japanese for the native audience, who are tremendously interested in the latest films that we get over here.

Some American films reach there quite early. Coral Dell was there only a few weeks ago, about the same time that it was being shown over here.

Yokohama has two excellent kinemas, frequented by "foreigners" and Japanese, the films of the moment being shown.

Tokyo, Yokohama, Kyoto, etc., also possess innumerable small kinemas, which are only visited by the Japanese, and which only show Japanese films. Their film production is growing.

—Miss C. E. M. Later, 13 Clarence Drive, Glasgow, W.2.

Kinema Commandments

(1) Endeavour to go to the kinema in time for the beginning of a picture.

(2) If you are heavily parceled, think of the cloakroom.

(3) You should acquire a small flash light to enable you to find a seat.

(4) Move along cautiously, and avoid treading on the feet of others, as you go.

(5) Having attained your seat, do not make cracking noises with paper bags or parcels.

(6) Do not thrust your elbows into your intestines, or your knees into your neighbour’s chest, nor in safe-placing your umbrella, stab viciously at his ankles.

(7) Do not selfishly commandeer both arms of the chair.

(8) Remove your hat, especially if it be a tall one.

(9) Refrain from making obvious love to him or her at your side. It is not fair to your neighbour.

(10) Do not comment loudly or chew strong peppermints.

(11) Finally, when you rise to take your leave, go heedfully, and avoid sweeping your neighbour’s hat or gloves along as you go —L. Gell-Cotswold, 15 The Park, Trebarris, Glam.

(Now we may expect the Millennium — "Thinker").

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.3.
Margaret Lindsay
- The girl who fooled Hollywood and got an important role in Cavalcade by posing as an English actress. She subsequently confessed that she was "Izzy" Kies of Dubuque, Iowa. The actress was born there on September 19, 1910. Her parents were what the official biographies always describe as "prominent socially," but they did not stand in the way of her ambitions to go on the stage and immediately on leaving school she entered the American Academy of Dramatic Art. She graduated with honors, the New York stage was in the doldrums at the time and Margaret came to England in search of a job.

She appeared on the London stage in Escape, Death Takes a Holiday, and The Middle Watch, before returning to America to try her luck in Hollywood.

On the strength of her "English" accent she landed that job in Cavalcade and has been working steadily in the studios ever since.

Recent pictures include: Isle of Fury, Sinner Take All, The Green Light, Song of the City, Slim and Back in Circulation.

Margaret is 5 ft. 5 in. tall and has hazel eyes and brown hair.

Harold Lloyd
- Harold Lloyd's picture appearances are becoming almost as infrequent as Chaplin's, but the comedian will soon be back in Professor Beware.

Lloyd was born in Burchard, Nebraska, on April 20, 1893. When only a few weeks old he was posing for the camera—J. Darsie Lloyd, his father, was Burchard's star photographer. His family later moved to San Diego, California, and Harold attended school there, joined a local stock company and in his spare time worked as an extra for a film company.

When the company moved to Hollywood he went too. He became a comedian in the Hal Roach studio and starred in a series of comedies as "Willie Work."

Later he changed his make-up and became "Lonesome Luke"—he made one "Lonesome Luke" comedy a week, incidentally, for three years.

Then he hit on the idea of the horn-rimmed spectacles and the "Grandma's Boy" characterization and climbed to world fame under his own name.

Lloyd's last picture was The Milky Way. He is 5 ft. 10 in. tall and has black hair and brown eyes.

Margaret Lockwood
- It is strange how many British feminine film finds are born overseas. Margaret Lockwood first saw the light of day in India—on September 15, 1916. Her father was a railway superintendent.

However, she came to England as a child and was educated at the Sydenham High School, from which she went to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

Her first stage appearance was at the "G" Theatre in House on Fire, and it was while she was playing at this theatre that Sydney Carroll engaged her for a part in Family Affairs at the Ambassador's.

The play ran for ten months, giving the film talent scouts an opportunity to see her and the result was a talkie contract.

She appeared in The Case of Gabriel Perry, Midshipman Easy, Some Day, Water nymph and The Beloved Vagabond, in which she scored a hit.

Now as a reward for her work in Dr. Syn she has been given a handsome three-year contract.

Margaret is a brunette with grey-green eyes; 5 ft. 4 in tall.

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Taking no risks with INDIGESTION

How many people can say they never have "a touch of indigestion" after meals? Can you?

"Nothing to worry about," you may think. No, perhaps not—yet. But do not fall into careless negligence. Do something for that slight stomach pain before it becomes more than slight—before you get caught up in the web of pain and anguish that so many unhappy stomach sufferers endure.

To Doctors and Nurses, the dismal plight of the person who ignored pain's warning is all too clear. First, the nagging pain, then indigested foods, then food remaining in the stomach undigested, turning your, forming acid and evil gases. Then, serious pains that shoot through the body, that stab like a knife. Finally, sickness after meals—loss of appetite—restlessness—and at the end, the agony of the dread gastric or duodenal ulcer.

Let this be your warning. Don't wait for trouble. Strangle it at birth. Take a dose or two of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder after meals. This famous remedy masters pain at once. It soothes the inflamed stomach wall, neutralizes excess acid, expels poisons, unwelcome wind and gases. You feel at ease almost instantly in body and mind. Treat yourself immediately with the genuine MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder, the one with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle, that has brought lasting relief to thousands. Powder, 2/6; Tablets, 1/3, 2/1- and 7/-, Never sold loose.

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Here is the latest, cleverest, eye-cosmetical Pinaud "612" Creamy Mascara! With extra creaminess, to promote longer, lovelier lashes... naturally, without a trace of that "made-up" look. Non-smarting. Non-smudging. Non-running.

In convenient tubes. Black, blue or green for brunettes; brown or blue for blondes. Dainty vanity set 2/6. From chemists, hairdressers, stores.

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PINAUD 612 GENUINE MASCARA
THE VISCOUNTESS MORE

Even if I have got a new evening cloak, I can't go with a rough, patchy complexion!

"How well I remember saying that to a friend on the day I received an invitation to a 'first night' at a famous West End theatre.

"My friend was older and wiser than I. She took me along to a chemist's and bought me a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream. 'Cleanse your skin with it,' she advised. 'Do this faithfully every night.' I obeyed. And thank goodness I did! By the time the great night arrived I knew my skin was as soft and smooth as the velvet of my new cloak. Of course, I have never forgotten the beauty lesson I learnt from that first night.'

See how lovely you will be when you care for your skin as Lady Moore cares for hers. This is how Pond's Cold Cream works on your skin to make it so lovely:

The beauty of your skin depends on the under-skin—a network of glands, muscles and blood-vessels which lies beneath the skin you see when you look in your mirror. That under-skin must be active with the fine blood flowing briskly, and muscles and glands fail to work properly. Then dullness, roughness, lines, blackheads and enlarged pores appear.

Treat your under-skin and end skin faults

Even before you are 20 your under-skin begins to get sluggish. But when you put in Pond's Cold Cream, it cleanses the pores and stimulates your under-skin. The nourishing blood flows faster. Muscles are braced. Glands work properly again. Blackheads are softened— they press out easily. Enlarged pores close. And your skin is fine-textured, clear and radiant. Every night cleanse your face with Pond's Cold Cream.

Always before you powder use Pond's Vanishing Cream. It makes your powder go on beautifully and holds it on for hours. Also it puts into your skin one substance that softens and another that nourishes, keeping your skin without a line. Start using Pond's Creams to-morrow—they cost so little that every girl can afford them.

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BEAUTY ADVICE FREE: Write to Contessa Hoby, Pond's Beauty Expert, at the address above, for free advice on your skin problems.

LET GEORGE DO IT!

A. S. (Clapham)—John Darrow, b. July 11, 1907, yes. I've his real name. Harry Spurgeon, he is 5 ft. 11 in. tall and has dark hair and brown eyes.

J. L.—Harry Richman, b. Cincinnati, Oct. 14, 1905, his real name is Henry Richman. He was married. Yvonne Stapleton (mar, div.). His films include: The Song of Broadway, Party in the Lux and The Music Goes Round. Write to him c/o Columbia Studio. His photograph can be obtained from the Postcard Salon, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each. 2s. 6d. a doz.

D. R. S. (Bristol)—(4) Yet, Barbara Stanwyck and Otto Kruger appeared together, in the film called All the Way in M. (2) Greta Garbo, b. Aug. 19, 1906. (3) Yes, it is probable that Myrna Loy and William Powell will make another Thin Man story, but it will not be so little or as the first. As it is, they have several scheduled films to make before they can work together again. Myrna is making The Four Marys with Franchot Tone and then is to make Test Pilot with Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable. In the 'future' still is on holiday, at the moment and he is scheduled for Touch with Annabella for Twentieth Century Fox and I. Love You. (5) For Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on his return. (4) "I Hum a Wakeup Song from His Affair. It is published over here by Francis. Day and Hunter. It is also recorded on Real MR246 by Ted Mack and his orchestra.

LUCY (Edinburgh)—(9) The following films have been made from Alexander Dumas' La Dame aux Camelias besides the Metro-Gotham production under Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor made this year: Camille, Theda Bara, released Sept. 3, 1918, made by Fox Films. Camille, Nazimova and Rudolph Valentino, released Aug. 31, 1922, Jerry Co. film. Lady of the Camellias of Ted and Uno Henning, released Nov. 25, 1926, Western Import. Camilla, Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland, released Nov. 25, 1927, First National, La Dame aux Camelias, Yvonne Printemps, 1935, Film

ARINE (Leeds)—(2) Yet, The Magnificent Obsession is published in book form for 3s. 6d. The author is Lloyd C. Douglas. (2) We have not yet published a further edition of the "Who's Who and Encyclopedia."

SAME (Scotland)—Write to Gene Autry, c/o Republic Studios.

MUSIE—Jesse Matthews' latest film is Sailing Along for Gainsborough Studios.

ONE OF TWO MOHICANS (Southampton)—Philip Reed, h. New York, March 23, 19, Write to him c/o Warner. His last film was The Luckiest Girl in the World. The photograph can be obtained from the Postcard Saloon, address above. You can write to the star c/o his studio and ask him to let you have his autograph. The charge for a signed photograph is generally 1s. 6d., which you should inclose with your letter. And you can write to your local Post Office.

READER—Gloria Swanson is 5 ft. 2 in. tall.

MOLLY (Soton)—Jackie Cooper, b. Los Angeles, May 15, 1925, in New York, is now under contract to Radio Studios. (3) Mickey Rooney, b. number of mothers, name Joe Yule, and he played under the name of Mickey McGuire when first appearing on the screen. He has fair hair and blue eyes. Latest film Thoroughbreds Don't Cry, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

JANE AND ANNE (London)—Hugh Williams, b. Mar. 6, 1904, Bexhill on Sea, he is 5 ft. 10 in. tall, has dark hair and brown eyes and is married to Ethelwynne Whitney. They have two children. His films include: The Train, Silver Eyes, Calamity Business, All Men Are Enemies, A Woman of the Night, Caprice, Copperfield, "Let's Take Tonight, Lieut. Daniel R.N.," The Last Laugh, The Amateur Gentleman, The Happy Camer, Gay Fiddle, Side Street Angel, The Windmill, Perfect Crime, Prince and the Bank Holiday, . . .

MUSICAL (Emele)—(1) Patric Knowles did not appear in The Prince and the Pauper. (2) The song "Our Song" from For You Alone is recorded by Grace Moore on Bluebird. It was written by Chappell. (3) Greta Garbo played "Nocturne" by Chopin on the piano in Camille.

CURIOUS (Stretford)—Music in Swing High, Swing Low is composed by and "I Hear a Call to Arms" composed by Casenow and R. Siegel. "Then It Isn't Love" is composed by Ingmar and Ralph Ranger; and "Spring in the Air" and "Swing High, Swing Low" composed by Ralph Freed and Burton Lane.

BAND—Stamp Howard who makes the Joe Blokadia series is the brother of Joe and Curly Howard who with Larry Fine are the "Three Stooges."

PERPLEXED (Hull)—The race in Wings of the Morning was not an actual Derby, neither was the horse in the Derby winner. Steve Donoghue did ride the horse in the race in this Novelty Picture. "Stella Dallas" is Marie (Irma Vanbrugh's) great grandmother in Wings of the Morning.

K. M. P. (Kent)—Harriet Hilliard takes the part of Connie Martin, sister to Sherry Martin (Ginger Rogers) in Follow the Fleet.

TOOTS (Scotland)—(1) Jean Arthur has not made a film since Winged Victory. "Stella Dallas" is not, at the moment, scheduled for one. (2) The Astaire-Rogers partnership in Swing High, Swing Low is not definitely broken up. Both of them at the moment are engaged on films with different stars, but they are scheduled to make a film together later on. The date of Romance in Paris (The King and the Chorus Girl) is not yet fixed. Stella Dallas released Feb. 7, 1938. (4) Ann Sothern is making Don't Make It Too Lasting with Burgess Meredith for Radio Pictures.

FILM FAN (Devon)—Chief players in the Shadows of Silk Laces include Lois Ch逐年, Jane Darwell, and Evelyn Laye and the date of his return has not been set. Dada Shop and Grab will be released on March 21, 1938.

"Owing to limited space and the enormous number of questions received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of film fans in the U.K. In the future, if you want costs of films, release dates, or addresses of film clubs, please write addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Morton House, Morton Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

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9,810 to 12 p.m. On the second Saturday of each month. Full details can be obtained from the President, 58 Market Street, Maidhead, Berks.

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For Grey Hair

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NEW TATTOO

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HAWAIIAN, CORAL, EXOTIC, NATURAL, PASTEL.

At this Tattoo Colour Selector on the better cosmetic counters you can actually test on your own chin all the Tattoo Shades with the new devises!
Another lovely new hair style.

**LEAVE TO ANNE**

WITH Christmas near at hand, maybe you are considering the question of having some photographs taken. A photograph is a delightful personal gift for your intimate friends. But let it be really personal.

Too often a posed photograph is a pretty picture, but that is all. It misses the essential you.

The photographer may be at fault, but too often the fault lies with the sitter, who has donned her most expensive frock, had her hair set the morning before, and used her lipstick a trifling more heavily than usual. Moreover she has set out for the studio with a picture in her mind of the latest still of her favourite film star.

This, I may tell you is the surest way to photographic failure.

Your hair must be neat and recently shampooed and set, but by now, I really mean several days ago. Otherwise the outline is going to be too set and hard. Neither should you try any new tricks of hairdressing.

Your usual style will be the more becoming. Don’t worry about a few stray ends when you see the proofs.

Nowadays, re-touching is a great art and a few words to the photographer will ensure that the stray ends are banished in the finished pictures.

Make-up for photographs is an art in itself. Many of the really famous and expensive photographers have a department devoted to it, and use special panachromatic make-up that photographs well. But we will assume that you must rely on your own efforts.

You may think that the camera always tells the truth. But actually it can lie most alarmingly in the matter of colours.

For instance, it will transform vivid red hair black. Pinky powder comes out dull grey in the reproduction, and exaggeration is doubly exaggerated. The moral of all this is that your make-up should not only be restrained, but of the correct tints. Here are a few rules to avoid sunken cheeks, grey complexion and sick lips.

Avoid a tinted foundation cream for once and use a white vanishing cream as a base for the powder, and only a light dusting of the lightest creamy powdered powder.

Mould your lips into a becoming outline with a pale carmine tinted lip-stick. Don’t overdo it or you get too hard an edge. See that your eyebrows are tidy, and well-brushed. There should be no stray ends. But do not have them severely plucked, and only if they are really pale and insignificant, should they be lightly touched up. Use no other make-up.

Give very careful thought to the dress you will wear. The temptation will be to put on your newest and smartest evening gown. This is not the wisest choice. For one thing it will date the photograph, and for another, it may make you camera shy. If you are conscious of the camera you become ill at ease and a strained expression follows.

A dress that you have worn for some time, has somehow become part of you and is moulded to your figure. In the picture, too, it will be part of you and will not stand out so that it is more noticeable than your face.

Simple lines photograph more successfully than fussy trimmings. Neither should you wear a large hat or ring. If your hands are to be in the picture, and then only if it is of interesting design. Generally speaking, a hand looks better without any ornament at all.

Consider how the neckline of the particular dress agrees with your throat. If you have a round, fat face, and you frame it in a round collar the camera will turn your features into a positive full moon. But if you choose a V neck or a square outline, your face will take on more of the admired oval outline.

Conversely, if your cheeks incline to hollows, or your face is rather long, a round neck will be helpful and more becoming.

Having settled on the details of your dress and make-up, don’t forget. It is fatal to be in two minds about it, and arriving at the studio, to try to effect a last minute change in your hair or your make-up. You appear before the camera tired and ill at ease, and it is sure to show. Make your mind up days beforehand, and then stick to the decision.

There is no harm in practicing a few poses before the mirror at home. You can then give the photographer an idea of what you want and leave the operator to arrange the minor details.

Lastly, unless you are naturally the smiling kind, don’t force a smile. It invariably looks like a de luxe advertisement.

And now I hope that your Christmas photograph will be a great success.

...Blonde.—Try giving your hair a faint polish with a soft silk handkerchief. This, if done regularly, gives fair hair the most admired sheen.

Troubled (Chinook)—it is hardly worth the bother of making your own foot powder, when proprietary brands are so good and so cheap, but if you wish to do so, mix 3 parts powdered alum and 1 part powdered trichy, and you have a splendid substitute.

E. L. (Arden)—I can recommend Phillip’s Magnesium Texture Cream and Cleansing Cream, and suggest you try their trial size. Just as “Milk of Magnesia’ relieves an internal and external irritation, so these unique creams the promise of this brand of magnesium powder will relieve the external irritation and new regulations of the skin, leaving its texture refined and free from blemishes.

I enjoy answering reader’s queries. If you require a detailed reply by post, please send a stamped addressed envelope with your letter.

**Talkie Title Tales**

This week’s prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss Diana Webber, 25 Sherbenhill Avenue, London, W.1.

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**MRS. SMITH**

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"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 ACHES and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, those agonising leg wounds (known as "bad leg") become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the condition of skin and veins can be marvelled at; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

What other users of ELASTO say:

"No sign of varicose veins now"
"Elasto put new life into me"
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"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 ten 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."

Take Elasto for varicose veins, bad leg, eczema, phlebitis, heart trouble, gout, rheumatism, piles, hardened arteries (Artery-Sclerosis), and all disorders due to bad circulation.

Elasto saves its small cost over and over again!
Sixty De Reszke Minors — they stand out from the welter of foolish nick-nacks one gets at Christmas like a good deed in a naughty world. Grand cigarettes — each a full ten minutes of enjoyment — and only two shillings for 60. Tins packed ready for posting in a gaily decorated greetings carton.

De Reszke MINORS

YOU CAN’T GO WRONG IF YOU GIVE CIGARETTES
READERS of The Picturegoer are lovers of beautiful photographs, and here is something that will make a tremendous appeal to everyone. This week readers of The Picturegoer are invited to apply for a SUPERB PICTORIAL CALENDAR FOR 1938—yours at the astonishingly low privilege price of only 1/9 which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc. Everyone wants a Calendar and this is something extra special which you should not miss. Because the demand for the strictly limited supplies of these Calendars will be so great you must send in your Reservation Order Form (below) now together with 3d. (threepence). This guarantees your Calendar for you. You send your remittance AFTER you receive your Calendar. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. Post the Reservation Order Form together with your 3d. per one.

This superb Calendar contains 52 large-size pages—a page for every week of the year. On each page is a large photographic Art Plate of one of Britain’s most treasured beauty spots or a landmark of interest and romance. Each photograph is printed on ivory glazed art paper, in a rich deep brown tone. Under each picture are the dates for the days of the week, and miniature calendars for the whole month and the month following. This Calendar is bound at the top with a spiral thread of fine steel which enables each page to be turned over to the back of the Calendar. Actual size of each page is 11 in. wide by 8 1/2 in. deep and each picture measures 9 1/2 in. by 6 in. The Calendar comes to you with a cord attached, all ready to hang up.

DO THIS NOW. To secure your "PICTORIAL 1938 Calendar" you must fill in the Reservation Order Form and the "With Care" Label below as directed. Be sure to affix TWO 1 1/2d. (three-halfpenny) stamps as Reservation Fee to the Form. POST COMPLETED FORM AND LABEL AT ONCE. This reserves and guarantees your Calendar. As soon as it is off the press your Calendar will be dispatched to your home. With it will be sent your Privilege Invoice, which must be returned with your remittance of 1/9 (one shilling and niptence) within seven days AFTER receipt of your Calendar. This Special Privilege Offer is really too good to miss, so act at once to make sure of your Calendar. Everyone will want one. Remember, all Reservations will be dealt with in strict rotation. Post Form and Label TO-DAY.

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I am fully aware of the limitation of supplies and understand that I will return the Invoice together with my remittance of 1/9 (one shilling and niptence) when you turn this form over to the back of the Calendar. I understand that the Calendar will be dispatched to me as soon as it is off the press.

Your Signature: [signature]

Write Clearly Below in BLOCK LETTERS

Your Name:

Full Postal Address:

Date: [date]

The last day for receipt of Reservations from this announcement is Tuesday, December 14.

This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland or Irish Free State. S.B.—Applicants from Irish Free State will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.

IMPORTANT! On receipt of this Form and 3d. (threepence) in stamps as Reservation Fee from you, the Calendar will be dispatched to you as soon as it is off the press. In the bottom right-hand corner of this Form is a space provided for the "With Care" Label. You must affix two 1 1/2d. (three-halfpenny) stamps to the Form. The label is designed for your Sovereign Postage. Your name and full postal address should be clearly written in BLOCK LETTERS on the Label.

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Good Santas Give Parker!

The Joyful Gift - PARKER VACUMATIC

Parker’s Sacless Vacumatic — the Pen of Enthralling Beauty — Is the Gift This Year!

Good Santas - and that means you! - know just what to choose this Christmas! By popular selection Parker’s "millionaire" pen is FIRST GIFT OF THE YEAR - first because of its thrilling beauty and marvellous performance - first because it is by far the finest article of its kind that money can buy.

Its lovely appearance — a wholly exclusive styling in laminated rings of Pearl and Jet, as shimmering as velvet, has astounding utility value too. For when held to the light, the "jet" rings become transparent — make the whole ink supply visible! Add to this feature the fact that it holds 102% more ink than old style sac pens, and has a Scratch-proof gold nib which is guaranteed for 25 years of writing service, and you have the finest pen that money can buy. Parker brought these improvements into being — perfected them five years ago — and proved them with literally millions of sales the world over.

So be sure to put the words "Parker Vacumatic" against all the important names on your gift list. See and choose them at any good pen shop, stationer, jeweller or department store.

PARKER VACUMATIC PENS

MAXIMA (laminated barrel) 40/-.
SLENDER (laminated barrel) 25/-.
STANDARD (marbled effect barrel) 20/-.

Pencils to match 17/- 6/ & 12/6.

See also Parker Televisor 15/- 6 12/6. Moderne 12/6. Parkette 10/6 6 7/6.

One of Hollywood's official tips for future stardom, James Ellison is said to have scored a big success in "The Barrier." A former extra, he first made good in Westerns. He did well as Buffalo Bill in "The Plainsman."
Glamorous Gifts

EVENING IN PARIS
CHRISTMAS COFFRETS

Everything that lies nearest a woman's heart is symbolized in an “Evening in Paris” Christmas Coffret — elegance, sophistication, romance... not only will she welcome your present, but she'll love the subtle compliment in sending such a gift!

Whatever price you pay — 1/9 to 35/-, the same charm and distinction that marks all the “Evening in Paris” preparations will be found in their Christmas Coffrets for 1937.

BOURJOIS
DEAR IRENE DUNNE,

The first truth we have to tell you is not "awful," it is that your performances in crazy comedy have further proved your versatility and outstanding ability on the screen. Both in Theodora Goes Wild and The Awful Truth you showed us that it is possible to get human characterisation out of a fantastic part, and that is a good deal more than most of the stars recruited to the new cycle of "nonsense" farces are able to do.

Now, while we appreciate the fact that you have proved yourself an apt comedienne and given us two pictures which are at the top of their class, we do hope you will remember that it was as a dramatic actress that you first won the plaudits of the screen world.

We are the last people to put a premium on versatility, and we are glad to see that you have successfully avoided being typed during your career, but the "awful truth" is that the crazy comedy idea has played itself out.

Since My Man Godfrey, and your own contribution, Theodora Goes Wild, there have been a spate of nonsensical farces which have become less and less ingenious as they progressed until now we are being given what practically amounts to an elaboration of the old slapstick comedy combined with an element of sophistication.

People are getting tired of them, and we believe that they will also get tired of the artists who persist too long in appearing in them. It is for this reason that we hope you will remember your first picture, Cimarron, in which you said at the time you had learned to act.

I know there was another "first" appearance in a cheap musical comedy, Present Arms, but we have all agreed to forget that.

Anyway, before Cimarron, your activities had been confined to musical comedy and opera on the stage, and the way you handled the part of "Sabra" proved that you were a born actress—you made yourself a star in one picture.

Now, having proved that you can be equally good in drama, musical comedy—as witness Show Boat—straight comedy and farce, will you not return to a dramatic role?

The number of stars who are capable of strong dramatic characterisation are strictly limited. Many can give a very good rendering of them—lives being dramatic, but it is only a few who, like yourself, can get under the skin of a part and make us forget their own stellar personalities.

In your second favourite picture, Back Street, for instance, you gave an intensely human, down-to-earth study, and as a contrast you appeared youthful and full of vitality in the light comedy, This Man Is Mine.

At one period you considered interleaving dramatic roles with parts in musical comedy, which reminds us that you have not let us hear your vocal accomplishments for some time now.

We are to see you soon in a musical, The Joy of Living, which we are certainly looking forward to, and also in Hudla, Daughter of Parliament, a comedy-drama by a Finnish playwright, so it does look as if you had decided to rest temporarily on the laurels you have won in the field of crazy comedy.

You have proved that you can act in them better than most stars, and that is enough for the present. We have enjoyed them, but we do not want to lose one of our finest dramatic artists in a continued waltz of slapstick.

Please do not think we are being captious about your work. The fact is that, daily, we are seeing famous stars appearing in vehicles that have no relation to their abilities, and that is a thing we do not want to see happening to you.

We hope that the report of your appearing in the name part of a biography of Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium, is true, especially if it is to be made by John M. Stahl, who directed you so successfully in Back Street. We believe that your latest effort in "The Awful Truth" is about as good as anybody dare expect from an actress in that type of film.

In wishing you still further triumphs on the screen we hope you will not forget the "awful truth" that most crazy comedy has had its day.
O now Tyrone Power is, more or less, officially engaged to Janet Gaynor. The news will come as a relief to the gossip writers, who have had a hard time trying to keep up with the alleged romances of this apparently very susceptible young man.

The Gaynor-Power has a more impressive ring than most of them. Hitherto Tyrone has considerably kept his official love life within the studio family. Sonja Henie, Alice Faye and Loretta Young are all on the Twentieth Century-Fox pay-roll.

Indeed, it has been said that Power and Henie were first paired off by a sentimental and business-like publicity department in the days when both were comparatively unknown film quantities in need of headlines or, at any rate, mention in the chatter columns.

Janet is merely one of the company "old girls." They let her go a year or so back and she promptly proceeded to put herself right back at the top by her performance in "A Star is Born."

The romance is in the new tradition started by Mary Pickford and Barbara Stanwyck. Janet Gaynor, according to the reference books, is thirty-one. Tyrone Power is twenty-three.

Menjou's Colour Crusade

Women despairing of their drably-dressed men-folk may take heart, for according to Adolpho Menjou, Hollywood's leader of masculine fashion, the advent of colour films will result in a marked brightening of men's wear.

"Colour films will do more than anything else ever has to emancipate man from drab, sombre hues," predicts Menjou. "When men see coloured clothes on the screen they'll be jarred out of their hidebound conservatism. They'll realise that colours can be worn in perfect taste and they'll see how attractive they can be. The result will be the birth of colour-consciousness."

But Menjou is finding the leadership of the brighter clothes movement an expensive proposition. To uphold his long established reputation as the screen's best-dressed man, the actor has
discovered the necessity of acquiring a Technicolour wardrobe to supplement the extensive—and expensive—one he already possesses for black and white pictures.

Menjou, who claims never to wear a suit on the screen more than once, purchased fifteen new suits to appear in Samuel Goldwyn's new Technicolour musical, "The Goldwyn Follies."

"For my Technicolour roles I can't wear plain suits," Menjou explains. "If I choose grey, for example, it must have contrasting checks and stripes."

The only solution we can suggest is that Menjou demands a higher salary for his appearance in colour films.

Eddy Theme-Songs Hollywood Stars

At a dinner party the other night, Nelson Eddy introduced the new game of "themesong" the feminine Hollywood stars.

The idea of the game is to take into consideration the appearance, personality and character of the star and then identify the person by using the title of a song, without disclosing their names.

The singing star of "Rosalie" gave the following list:

1. Eleanor Powell, "Dancing Lady." Jeanette MacDonald, "With a Song in My Heart."

No More Beards, says Muni

Over on the First National lot, Paul Muni, having shed the beard and complicated make-up he has been wearing during the filming of "The Life of Emilie Zola," asserts that he is through with beards for a long time. His next picture, he insists, will present the fans the Muni countenance unadorned.

Muni's role in "The Life of Emilie Zola" was one of the most arduous he has ever played, from the standpoint of make-up.

He spent from three to five hours a day under the ministrations of Percy Westmore, First National's make-up expert, while his features were transformed daily to resemble those of the famous author.

He not only was called to wear three different sorts of beards, but to don about two and a half pounds of tissue, wax and other materials Westmore used to build up a facial representation of Zola.

How to be a Picturegoer,

by Benchley

1. Taking your girl. If you do, you will spend the night "shopping" for a show neither one has seen.
2. Ticket stubs. One invariably puts admission ticket stubs in the pocket and tries to get into the theatre on stubs for his car in the car park.
3. Finding a seat. When you do sit down, it is either on someone's lap or hat or baby.
4. Arriving in the middle of the picture you wanted to see. Then you sit through the other picture. Finally, you see the beginning of the picture you wanted to see, but by this time have forgotten the ending.
5. Sitting on the edge of the seat. This is not a tribute to the harrowing melodrama on the screen, but to the adhesive qualities of chewing gum.

Feminine Stars Are Taller

Feminine stars of 1937 have more curves, are four inches taller and ten pounds heavier on the average than their sisters of ten years ago, according to Donald Loomis, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer physical director, who has kept a height and weight chart of Hollywood stars for years.

"The stars of ten years ago," says Loomis, "averaged five feet one inch in height, and weighed from 108 to 110 pounds."

Loomis' chart shows that Mary Pickford, Dorothy Gil and Mae Murray were five feet in height. Renee Adoree and Bessie Love, five feet one, Gloria Swansou, five feet one and one-half, Bebe Daniels and Laura La Plante, five feet three and Norma Talmadge, the tallest, five feet four.
"PASHES" and PUBLICITY

- Muni forsweares Beards
- Cinema Hazards
- That new romance with Gaynor

"The average star to-day is five feet five inches tall, and weighs from 118 to 120 pounds." Stars who exactly fit these figures are Myrna Loy, Jeanette MacDonald, Marlene Dietrich and Rosalind Russell. Loomis credits the increase in curves to exercise, balanced diet and sunshine. "The day of the super-woman, as well as the super-man, is not far off," he declares.

Among the comparatively new stars and players, Virginia Bruce and Lynne Carver are five feet six and one-half inches in height. Eleanor Powell and Delia Lind, five feet six. Miliza Korjus, a newcomer, is five feet eight and perfectly proportioned. Betty Jaynes, schoolgirl opera singer, is five feet four and still growing.

"In the five feet four inches bracket are Joan Crawford, Uta Merkel, Maureen O'Sullivan and Midge Evans.

"Luise Rainer, Gladys George, Billie Burke and Bette Davis are five feet three."

Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot from Hollywood

**BING CROSBY'S TROUBLES**

**BING CROSBY** is a great admirer of John Montague, the "mystery golfer" who was recently acquitted of a charge of robbery in a New York court.

The star has a million-dollar contract ready for Montague, planning to display his uncanny skill on the golf course through a series of short films.

Mr. Hays, Czar of the movies, did not like it at all when Crosby announced that Montague would have a role in his next film, The Badge of Policeman O'Ryan. So Montague will not be seen in the picture.

To make matters even more hard, the State of California rules that Bing's Del Mar Turf Club, near San Diego, has not complied with laws covering pari-mutuel betting, so 12 1/2 per cent. of all bets over dollar amounts must be turned over to the state.

**Home, Sweet Home**

- Pat O'Brien has presented a home in Hollywood to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. O'Brien, who lived in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for many years, but are now going to live in California.

The star had the home completely furnished before he permitted his parents to see it. It is a modest little bungalow, but very comfortable.

**Off the Gold Standard**

- Mae West is playing a French girl in Every Day's a Holiday so her golden locks have been covered by a black wig, which changes her appearance greatly.

Mae has been so closely identified with blonde hair that it is possible that her fans will not like her in this new guise.

**The Hand of the Law**

- Edward G. Robinson was driving back late one night from location in the San Fernando Valley, accompanied by two other actors, and was halted by two policemen in a "prowl" car.

The officers were looking for gangsters who killed a noted underworld character, and as Eddie and his companions, dirty and tired, looked rather tough, the police forced the actors' car into the kerb.

Eddie had visions of spending the night in jail, but managed to satisfy the policemen that he was merely a film actor.

**Choir Singer**

- Evelyn Daw, young leading lady who is now on the road to fame since her performance in Something to Sing About, leads a very quiet existence.

Instead of spending her time around night clubs and restaurants, Evelyn stays at home, sings in the choir of the Melrose Park Methodist Church, and is active in church work.

**A Narrow Escape**

- Glenda Farrell narrowly escaped injury in a freak motor accident while she was en route to the Warner Studio. On Cahuenga Boulevard, near Highland Avenue, she was suddenly forced to swerve her car to avoid a speeding motorist who failed to stop at the intersection. Her low-slung car careened wildly, but did not overturn.

In struggling to keep control of the car, however, Glenda's arm was caught in the steering wheel and severely wounded. Refusing medical aid, she insisted upon continuing to the studio with her maid driving the car.

**Generosity**

- Alice Faye and Tony Martin, who were recently wed, were presented by the Twentieth Century-Fox studios with a trip to Europe, which starts as soon as they finish their next picture.

Douglas Fairbanks, jun., is a kindly soul, so when he was heard that Nate Barragar, former college football player, and now a "prop" man, who has married and was contemplating a honeymoon trip to Hawaii, Doug, suggested a journey to London, offering the use of his London apartment.
In his latest film, which was *Paradise for Two*, made by London Films, Jack had a Hollywood player opposite him—Patricia Ellis.

Now, in *Kate Plus Ten*, Jack has another. Genevieve Tobin, which suggests that he has got the habit—or else that Wainwright Productions, making the film, have become bitten with the current bug, which is that one must have a Hollywood name in the cast.

Well, the superstition is forgivable if it provides us with the services of the glamorous Genevieve.

**Carry Me Back**

- This title carries me back six years and more, to a time when the story was to be filmed at Beaconsfield by, if I remember rightly, Gaumont-British.
- I don’t know what happened to it, but I don’t believe it was ever made.
- Genevieve plays opposite Hubert in a more scenes than one, as she is the beautiful, efficient head of a criminal gang operating on a very large scale, while Hubert plays Detective-Inspector Mike Pemberton, out to clip her wings.
- The scale of her operations may be gauged by a line in the film. "Ten thousand pounds?" says Pemberton. "That wouldn’t interest Kate."
- She hides a gold bullion train on its way between Seafambton and London, which sounds so much like The Ghost Train that Hubert should feel very much at home.
- If it’s too much like, I shall expect Will Hay to pop his head out of a guard’s van and sing "Oh, Mr. Porter."
- This is Genevieve’s first visit to us since July of last year, when she played opposite Edward Everett Horton in *The Man in the Mirror*.
- She had hardly landed from the *Queen Mary* this time, when she was on her way to Somerset, to play in the location sequences.

**Smash!**

- They are doing some pretty heavy railway stuff for this film, such as driving a train at sixty miles an hour through level-crossing gates.
- They did this in a little wayside station near Bath, filming all night and using up an incredible number of gates, for four were smashed at each “take.”
- To get a full effect, one camera was placed on a parallel line, within a few feet of the smash, and the cameraman managed to make his getaway just in time, before the spot where he was standing was showered with splinters of gate, each weighing a hundredweight or so.
- The cast includes Edward Lexy as a detective-sargent (you saw him, I hope, as the ship’s quartermaster blessed with a daughter in *Farwell Again*), Noel Madison as Kate’s gang-adjutant, so to speak; Francis Sullivan, Gogge Withers, Felix Aylmer, Leo Genn, Oliver Johnston, Philip Leaver, Ronald Adam, and Arthur Brander.

Incidentally, I thought Ronald Adam would be bitten with the film bug once he took to it in *The Drum*.

Reginald Denham is directing, and the interiors will be made at Sound City.

**Watch for it!**

- *The Drum* is now “in the can.”
- I saw the last scene to be shot in this Technicolor production. It showed Regimental Guest Night in the mess of a Highland Regiment stationed in India, with the toast of the King-Emperor being proposed in English and Gaelic. In this scene, Sabu, hiding from the rebels,
Larry Crabe, Betty Grable, Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney in "Thrill of a Lifetime."

Robert Taylor, she was a little worried about the very slow progress she made, and at the end of three weeks she was very much surprised to be awarded a huge pewter loving-cup by instructor Benny Lee.

But she was still more surprised when she discovered on it the inscription, "To the girl who, of all my pupils, is least like Sonja Henie."

By the way, do you know the expression "to flog woo"? You will encounter it in this picture, anyway, so you might just as well have the benefit of it in advance.

It means to make love, pet, or neck. Like it? Neither do I much.

Tracy and Gracie

Here's the latest news of Arthur Tracy, "The Street Singer."

He's embarking on a new film down at Pine-wood, for Belgrade Films, a new title which fails to hide the generic identities of our old and trusted friends Sinclair Hill and Harcourt Temperley.

Tracy is emulating Gracie Fields in one respect—he has based the story of his new vehicle, Follow Your Star, on incidents from his own life. I wonder how many times Gracie has done that! Tracy has written this story himself, in collaboration with Sinclair Hill; and if you read the recent PICTUREGOER article about this popular singing actor you will have a pretty good idea of the plot.

Belle Chrystal is playing opposite Tracy in this (I hope you saw her comeback performance in Edge of the World), Nina Boucicault and Jimmy Godden are playing his father and mother, and James Harcourt is in the cast too.

Miss Boucicault, you may remember, was in This Week of Grace, with Gracie Fields—but you are probably too young to remember that she was also the original Peter Pan.

British production may have pretty big gaps in it at the moment—but you'll admit that some of the stop-gaps are pretty good, too.
IT’s bad enough for an actor or actress to look like a star. But to be a relative is worse. Of course there are the Barrymores, who have done all right in their respective fashions. Also the Brothers Beery and the Sisters Bennett. A year from now the Misses de Havilland, Olivia and Joan, probably can be added to the list.

Quite a few little sisters and younger brothers of established stars are scattered round Hollywood. Some sons and daughters, too. But most of them aren’t doing very well.

Some are less attractive than their celebrated relatives. Some are less talented. But one handicap besets them all: they’re regarded as satellites and as such are usually in partial eclipse. They suffer from inevitable comparisons. Moviegoers may say of some earnest youngster: “Huh!—trying to cash in on his brother’s reputation?”— Or, “She’ll never be the actress that her sister is.”

The fact is, of course, that no girl wants to be the actress that her sister is. She wants a different personality and appearance, a different type of roles, and usually a different name. Chances are that she tries to work at a different studio, moves in a different crowd socially, and does everything else possible to dissociate herself actually and in the minds of fans from her distinguished kinswoman.

One of Jeanette MacDonald’s two sisters is an actress whose professional name is Marie Blake. Her stage name is Blossom. She wants to be a dramatic player and not a musical star. She went to Broadway instead of Hollywood to get her start. This season she understudied an important role in Dead End, a successful play, and appeared in the part for a time.

Miss Blake’s performance attracted the attention of talent-hunters for M.G.M. where Miss MacDonald is under contract. The younger actress came to Hollywood in February and very quietly was put through some tests. The tests didn’t turn out especially well, and she returned to New York. But there is plenty of time for a second try.

Gloria Blondell is a sister of Joan. Looks a good bit like her, too. She is actress enough to have appeared this season in Iron Men, an ambitious but short-lived offering on Broadway. She also played in a road company of Three Men on a Horse, the comedy hit which, when filmed, had sister Joan Blondell in the feminine lead.

Gloria came to Hollywood after that, but not to Joan’s home studio—where she knew the starting would have been easy but progress difficult. As I am writing she has been tested for an R.K.O. production.

The success of Rosalind Russell in stepping into leading-woman roles doubtless prodded the acting ambitions of her younger sister, Mary Jane. But Sister Mary was attractive and competent enough to win screen tests at two studios. She is in Hollywood now, equipped with an agent, and is manoeuvring hopefully for a start.

It is sometimes thought that to be the relation of a star is more of a handicap than a help, but in this article Paul Harrison tells you of the sisters and relations of stars who are carving out a career for themselves.

So goes the story of most satellite sisters—plenty of hope, some prospects, little progress. But it isn’t like that with Joan Fontaine. Older Sister Olivia, a self-established leading lady at Warner Brothers, is by way of becoming a star. Miss Fontaine is Misses de Havilland’s older sister, who is destined for stardom and within a year.

Cliff Reid, the producer who so unceremoniously popped her into the major assignment, declared that opinion—and declared it right in front of Miss Fontaine herself.

“Let’s start with a better proposition,” he said. “I’ll give you odds of 99-to-1 that this youngest sister is a star by next season. She’s got something—sparkle, verve, ‘umph,’ freshness. I don’t know what it is exactly. But the photograph...”

“I’m surprised,” interrupted the correspondent, “that you dare to rave like this before Miss Fontaine, who should be blush ing...”

“—but isn’t,” chimed in the star, “Mr. Reid.”

He went on. “She doesn’t spoil easily. I wouldn’t dare talk like this in front of many players, but she finds it encouraging.

“I was sitting out on the lot one day—talking to Miss Hepburn when this brat came by. Katharine knows an actress when she sees one, and she told me what a good job Joan was doing in Quality Street. She called her over and introduced us, and she walked a minute and I went to look at some Fontaine tests. Right then I knew that here was something big. She’s the first completely natural young actress I’ve seen in quite a while...”

“What about this sister business? Do you think it will handicap her?”

“Her sister has never been mentioned,” said Reid. “It’s tough, being a relative. But Joan isn’t at all like Miss de Havilland, and perhaps it won’t hurt her.”

“But it may hurt Olivia,” said Miss Fontaine. “Maybe I won’t make good. Maybe movies aren’t what I ought to do. Maybe...”

“Don’t be so modest,” commanded the producer. He left then, and his protégé did the talking.

Few actresses of eighteen have much to talk about. Miss Fontaine has crammed a good deal of background and observation into her years. Some of the things she says bring grey hairs to her studio’s press agents, but the latter would do well to allow her to go right on saying what she thinks.

As a Hollywood glamour-girl, one of her faults is in being such a practical person. For some years she has determined to become a plumber. Also she used to help paint the family house at Saratoga, California, and did odd jobs of carpentry. At school she best liked mathematics, chemistry and history.

Her English father was a professor in a college in Japan, and later became a patent attorney. Because the de Havillands wanted to do a good deal, Joan attended several different denominational schools, and developed an interest in theology. In her spare time she paints, cooks and reads history.
As a child she was quite a tomboy, though a frail one. After captaining a school basketball team she'd be sick for six months. It was on account of her health that the family moved to California from Japan, where she was born. At Saratoga Joan distinguished herself by twice breaking into the local jail. She said, "I had all sorts of eccentric illnesses. When I was ten or twelve I was the only person in the United States with rheumatic fever. But I'm very well now." She looks it.

Her tastes, she insists, are very feminine, yet she deliberately suppresses them. Wears tailored suits by day and all her evening gowns are white. Shows perfume and high heels, never wears slacks.

When I came here," she recalled, "people would take me aside and say 'Maybe you'd get some movie assignments if you'd wear the frilly clothes of a girl of twenty-two.' But I won't."

Miss Fontaine doesn't have any dates at all. Stays at home in the evening, or goes out with her mother and Olivia. Says she won't give romances cutby-chance for a few years, anyway.

When she was fifteen, she went alone to the Orient and attended school for more than a year in Tokio. At seventeen she was in love with a young man in the foreign diplomatic service. Deciding that she ought to learn French in order to fit herself for being a diplomat's wife, she returned to the United States and studied for several months. But she just couldn't make a go of the language. So she gave up French, and her betrothal along with it.

Mrs. de Haviland never appeared professionally on the stage, but she did study under the great Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree and her daughters had lessons all their lives at home in acting and diction. So Joan had a good theoretical grounding in the theatrical arts when, while still visiting Hollywood, her mother asked to play the ingénue part in a West Coast production of Kind Lady, with May Robson. Her success in that brought a part in Call It a Day.

Mrs. Lasky and Mervyn LeRoy attended the opening performance. LeRoy reached her first after the curtain went down, but it was Lasky who got her signature on a contract. She refused LeRoy because she didn't want to work for the studio where her sister is employed.

Miss Fontaine says she'd like to play young girl parts while she's still young enough. But it isn't likely that Hollywood will permit this, for she is being launched as a romantic leading lady. Before the R.K.O. cameras she seems absolutely sure of herself. Nobody has accused her of being in the least temperamental, and she believes that temperament is only an ill-managed evidence of confusion.

She has the idea of being a plumber. However, she isn't quite sure but that some day she may be a scientist.

Two of Ruby Keeler's sisters are actresses in the Warner Brothers' stock company. A third sister, Marjorie, dances professionally and hopes literally to follow in Ruby's footsteps. She has been a protégé of Miss Keeler ever since the latter danced for Texas Guinan and used to introduce the tap dancer on the floors of eastern night clubs.

James Cagney has an actor-brother, Bill. And Hugh, Mabel's brother, Tom, appears in pictures. Loretta, Polly Ann and Betty Jane Young are three of a family who have done well on the screen. And Loretta, the star, to date is the only actress in Hollywood to have surpassed an elder sister in prominence. She broke into the movies by answering a studio call for Polly on a day when Polly was out of town. Betty Jane Young, known as Sally Blane, has appeared in scores of films, and now is under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox.

Of numerous sons and daughters of celebrities of the stage and the screen, Noah Beery, jr., seems to be giving the best account of himself. A contract player at Universal, he has appeared in the post-war epic, The Road Back. The same studio recently has employed Bryant Washburn, jr., Eric von Stroheim, jr., and Lon Chaney, jr. Julia Cabanne, daughter of the veteran actor-director, Christy Cabanne, is a busy young actress. And Patricia Walthall, daughter of Cabanne's contemporary, the late Henry B. Walthall, is a contract player at Warners. Tim Holt, son of Jack, has been signed by Walter Wanger.

Josephine Hutchinson reversed the usual order by preceding her mother in the movies. The latter, an actress of long experience in the theatre, now is in demand for character parts. They all agree, though, that it's pretty difficult, being the relative of a star. Lon Chaney, jr., says his father's name has been his greatest single handicap. No matter what sort of role he tries to play, audiences momentarily expect him to launch into some heebie-jeebie characterization—and are disappointed when he turns out to be merely another young leading man, no matter how talented a performance he may give.

Above: Joan Fontaine, who has recently signed a long-term contract, with Radio. Right: Fred Astaire and Joan Fontaine in "A Damsel in Distress."

The Beauty of England

The charm of England's most treasured beauty spots has been captured in a glorious Pictorial Calendar for 1938, that is now available to "Picturegoer" readers on special Privilege Terms. This calendar contains 52 magnificent photographs, one for each week of the year. At 1938 prices you will pay, week by week, in this calendar, such views as the Vale of the Severn, the bold landscape of the Highlands, the precious daintiness of thatched cottages in Oxfordshire, a spring dawn in Sussex, quaint mills and medieval houses, lakes and pools in idyllic surroundings which leave the beholder silent in wonderment admiration for the exquisite charm that is Britain's proud heritage.

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SOME day Andrea Leeds may star in a motion picture dramatisation of her own life story. When, and if, that picture is produced, it should be done in colour, with brown and gold and the bright red of courage as its predominant hues.

For brown hills, bare under a burning copper sun; brown-faced men with fierce brown eyes, golden light glinting from burned rifle barrels and blood flowing in scarlet streams are the fabrics from which Miss Leeds' memories are woven.

With such a background, it is small wonder that Miss Leeds to-day ranks as one of the screen's most promising young actresses, although she has been seen in only two pictures, and is currently playing her third role as the feminine lead of Samuel Goldwyn's The Goldwyn Follies.

Long before she ever faced a motion picture camera, before she had even seen or heard of one, Andrea Leeds had lived through grim drama, had watched sardonic comedy unfold before her startled young eyes.

For those experiences, so rare in the life of a modern American girl, Miss Leeds can thank the calling of her father, Charles Edward Leeds, a mining engineer.

Until a year ago, his work kept him in Mexico, where his interests still centre. Except for the winters, during which she attended grade and high schools and later the University of California at Los Angeles in the United States, Miss Leeds lived in the southern Republic with her parents. During her residence in mining camps below the border, Mexico went through some of the most troublous years of the nation's history.

The future actress was born in Butte, Montana, on August 18. She has no memories of that American mining city as her parents moved to Globe, Arizona, when she was a baby. There she attended school. And there, too, her earliest memories focus on the colour brown—brown sugar on golden brown bread, a brown burro on which she rode to and from her father's mine.

From Globe, the family moved to Cineguilla, in the Mexican state of Durango. Yaqui Indians in the district were warring with rebel soldiers who ravaged the countryside in periodic raids. As a dual matter of precaution and recreation, American members of the mining camp indulged in daily rifle target practice.

One day a deputation of Yaquis delivered an ultimatum. There was to be no more target practice. It made them nervous, wondering whether or not the shots heralded a rebel attack.

The Americans stood it a week, then enjoyed another brisk round of target practice. That night Miss Leeds was awakened by the soft patter of bare feet outside her window. She looked out to see the place surrounded by brown Yaquis, naked except for loin cloths. They were armed and apparently bent on mischief.

Charles Leeds went to the door, demanded the reason for the midnight invasion and was politely told that the Yaquis wanted no trouble. They merely wanted the camp's rifles as insurance there would be no more target practice. They got them, except for a few the miners were able to hide under their bed mattresses.

Rebel raids were rather a commonplace. Marauding bands would swoop down on the camp, demand that all the chickens and turkeys be killed and cooked for them. After eating and drinking their fill they would depart with all the canned goods and ammunition they could find. They did not, however, attempt to molest the few women of the camp.

Life below the border was not all raids, scares and nightmares. On the whole, it was so peaceful that Miss Leeds would not consider spending her summer vacations in the States, away from her parents. Except for her sophomore year, when she lived with an aunt in Chicago and studied piano at the Conservatory of Music as a sideline to her regular studies, Miss Leeds received her high school education in Long Beach, California.

Following her graduation from Long Beach High School, she enrolled at the University of California at Los Angeles, where she won honours in philosophy and English literature, with the idea of preparing for a writing career. She was also interested in amateur theatricals and appeared in several college productions, including a motion picture photographed with a 16 millimetre camera. This film was later to play an important part in her career.

There was, however, more practical training in drama in store for her. Following her junior year in college, she left for Mexico, and her annual vacation with her parents.

At three o'clock on a very dark morning, she was to change trains at the little town of Jimenez. On a train packed with soldiers
Andrea Leeds who is playing the lead in Samuel Goldwyn's £400,000 production, The Goldwyn Follies, has had a meteoric career. Her life story, of which a film may shortly be made, reads like fiction in its colourful adventurousness.

and officers, she was the only woman. When she arrived at Jimenez, she realised the reason for the soldiers. Rebels had raided and razed Jimenez that very day. She stepped from her railroad coach to a chaos of smouldering ruins, wounded soldiers and fear and hunger-crazed civilians. Besieged for food, besought for money, she endured three quarters of an hour of terror. Her bags were ripped open and her coat torn from her shoulders by the importunate beggars, but except for the fright, which she tried desperately not to show, she was unhurt.

Arrival of her father, who had heard of the trouble at Jimenez and driven there at mad speed, put an end to the second worst scare of her adventurous life.

The worst fright was to come later that summer. Her father was then superintendent of a mine in Parral. Trouble developed in the mill and there was an enforced shut-down. The labourers demanded full pay, instead of the customary three quarters, during the lay-off period.

While the Lees family was dining at the home of another mine executive, more than 100 drunken labourers came to their house seeking the superintendent. They trussed up the maid, ransacked the house, then went to the mill. There they tortured the mill superintendent by holding lighted matches beneath his bare feet, trying to worm from him Mr. Lees' whereabouts. They finally got the information they sought, from another source, and surrounded the house where Andrea and her parents were dining. Their first salvo was to break all of the windows with rocks. All were armed, but Lees went to face them and by sheer courage talked them to a faint semblance of reason. Not, however, until several of the men had been wounded by shots fired by drunken companions.

Lees was borne away by the mother crew for a conference. Andrea admits that she never expected to see her father again. He returned at four o'clock in the morning. And he had not given in to the demands made upon him.

After she received her Bachelor of Arts degree from U.C.L.A., Miss Lees went once more to Mexico, expecting to do some writing there. Her father was again at Cineguilla and unrest prevailed in the district. She had been there seven months when her father received several threats that she was to be kidnapped.

If he told her, she wanted to write, she could do it just as well in the United States. She was hustled aboard an aeroplane and flown to Los Angeles.

For some weeks Andrea Lees made the rounds of newspaper offices and motion picture studios, trying to get some sort of writing work, without success. Then that amateur picture she had made in college bobbed up again and changed the course of her career. Howard Hawkes, the director, saw it and believed Miss Lees had possibilities. He showed it to Samuel Goldwyn, who agreed to the extent of placing the girl under long term contract.

Even then, Miss Lees tried to convince the producer that she would make a better writer than actress. As her first screen role, and her initial professional acting experience, the former co-ed played Edward Arnold's daughter in Come and Get It. Her next opportunity was in the current success Stage Door and she emerged from that production with critical laurels equal to those bestowed upon Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers. Incidentally, her first day's work in the studio was an experience that might have shaken the resolution of any young actress. Three young men were being tested for the juvenile lead opposite her in Come and Get It, and, as the test included a kissing scene, Andrea was kissed 467 times.

Before she had even been loaned to Radio for Stage Door, Andrea had received her first tests for the romantic lead in Goldwyn's Technicolour musical The Goldwyn Follies. When she returned to her home studio she stepped immediately into the £500,000 production, an outstanding personality among such big names as Adolphe Menjou, the Ritz Brothers, Helen Jepson, Kenny Baker, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, Phil Baker, Bobby Clark and Ella Logan.

In The Goldwyn Follies Miss Lees plays a romantic role, spiced with comedy. It is the direct antithesis of the part that brought her such renown in Stage Door. This opportunity of demonstrating versatility delighted her, as she has no desire of being typecast as a heavy dramatic actress. She wants first to prove that she is a competent workwoman who knows the technique of her profession, and not a one-role 'morning glory.'

Miss Lees is five feet, four inches tall, weighs 112 pounds. Her eyes are brown and she has brown hair, which has been given a golden blonde tint for her role in the Technicolour Goldwyn Follies.

She lives with her parents, who left Mexico a year ago to be with her in the film capital, is unmarried, and says that to date the only romance in which she is interested is the absorbing one of succeeding as a screen actress.

Andrea Lees plays an important role in "Stage Door," the new Rogers-Hepburn vehicle. She is seen with Lucille Ball who is also featured.
What wiser way is there of sending Christmas salutations to a smoker friend than by a big handsome packing of the Cigarettes he buys daily himself—Player's Navy Cut? His appreciation will be sincere, his pleasure certain. Colourful cartons will, as usual, carry your message in seasonable fashion and remember 'Medium' are the favourite blend, but if your gift must be a 'Mild' Cigarette ask for 'Player's Mild Please.'

BOTH BRANDS ARE SUPPLIED CORK TIPPED OR PLAIN
The making of a film is often just as exciting as the film itself. Here are some further perils "on location," graphically described

By Max BRENN

AST week I told you about perils undergone by film-makers in the African jungle and veldt; but the Dark Continent has no monopoly of such affairs.

For instance, the Gaumont-British production-unit that went to the Canadian Rockies to make *The Great Divide* came up against some tough obstacles in securing the thrills that crowded thick in the finished film. One of the first objects was to obtain close-ups of a forest fire, and by great good fortune such a fire was reported to be raging at some distance from Revelstoke, British Columbia, the production headquarters.

Bundling actors, camera-crew and equipment into a special train, Director Milton Rosmer hurried as near the scene of the fire as possible; after that they did a further twelve-mile journey by lorry, and found themselves with the fire in full fury scarcely fifty yards away.

Foresters warned them that if the wind should change they would be trapped by the flames, which were already on three sides of them, and if that happened they were to make a dash for a river a quarter of a mile away, jump in, and crouch under the bank.

In terrible heat they filmed what scenes they could, keeping their arms across their face for protection, and nearly suffocated by the acrid smoke.

Then the wind began to change. The lorries were hastily driven out of danger, and the crew and players, who had lingered to the last moment, trying to get their pictures, scurried to comparative safety up a hillside.

On this summit was a fine wood, not yet touched by fire; they waited three hours for it to catch, and at last the foresters offered to set it alight, saying it was bound to be destroyed sooner or later, anyway. It wouldn't burn.

On the way back to camp Milton Rosmer heard something that chilled him to the marrow. The river there was ice-cold, perilously deep, and extremely swift, and had they rushed to it for safety as they had planned, all but the very strongest swimmers would certainly have been swept for miles down river, and ended up in a rock-bound pool where bodies have often been found battered and broken beyond recognition.

Another fire thriller in this film was the burning of the log cabin in which were imprisoned Roy Emerton and his screen-daughter, Antoinette Boothby.

The idea was to set the cabin alight with petrol-soaked straw, and then damp down the flames before they got a real hold, but a little miscalculation resulted in the whole edifice going up in flames before anyone could say "bucket."

Luckily the players managed to escape by a back door. Emerton suffered second degree and singed hair, but Antoinette was uninjured.

Donald Duncan, a local extra, injured both ankles through being forced to leap fifteen feet to the ground from the roof, but the unit was lucky to escape worse injury.

Other terrific risks were taken for this film. The cowboys engaged for the production, among them some of the country's finest horsemen who had won prizes at the famous Calgary Rodeo, plunged on horseback down a precipice into a railway-line in front of an oncoming train. One man and horse somersaulted, and the rider was in bed for a fortnight.

Another day a camera-crew shot perilous rapid in a canoe at the speed of an express train; a giant crane fell from its scaffolding within a few feet of a gang of labourers; and a thousand pounds of dynamite, owing to a mistake in signals, exploded prematurely and the crews of the five cameras in bomb-proof shelters had a narrow escape from being completely eliminated.

Yes, there were almost as many adventures in filming that picture as you saw on the screen.

Another picture with more than its fair share of difficulties is the London Film production *The Drum*, for which Geoffrey Boothby, who is becoming second only to Geoffrey Barkas as a location expert, took a unit into the territory north of the Khyber Pass to within about a hundred miles of the Russian border.

Here they had to travel by mule and pony, up mountain tracks three feet wide with a 500-foot drop down one side. This locale is not strictly speaking, in British India at all, but in Tribal Territory, and all sorts of official permis-
sion had to be secured to get up there.

You can imagine what would have happened to those £4,000 Technicolor cameras, to say nothing of the unit, if one of those periodical tribal upheavals had upheaved, so to speak.

Curiously enough, almost as many difficulties and dangers were encountered by the other unit, which was shooting the battle scenes in wildest Merionethshire, North Wales, at about the same time.

The enormous Gowland did some quick and effective work by hanging to Asther's coat, while someone else rescued Barr-Smith, but it was just touch-and-go.

A mad elephant and some particularly veno-
mous vipers provided other variations from the humdrum business of acting. I hope they managed to get all those thrills into the picture.

Country, whether it's in the Himalayas or the Berwyns, can't be much worse than steep and rough; and if you fall over a precipice, a few hundred feet more or less make little difference.

However, though the Gordon Highlanders repeatedly charged the wild tribesmen on precipitous hillsides, the only casualties were sprained ankles and sunburn... oh, yes, and one property-man.

He wasn't actually a total loss—but he might quite easily have been.

His job was to throw dummy bodies over the cliff, and it was a standing joke in the camp that it wasn't wise to fall asleep on the hillside—for fear of being thrown over by that over-zealous prop-man.

But in the end he turned the joke against himself, by falling asleep in the sun... and rolling over the edge!

One of the toughest location experiences of any British unit in recent times seems to have been enjoyed (?) by the *Tealeaves in the Wind* unit in Ceylon.

Nils Asker, Gibson Gowland, Eve Shelley and the rest struck a monsoon which laid complete villages under water, rendered hundreds of native families homeless, flooded the railway-line and interrupted the service—and all this to the accompaniment of a howling gale, which seemed likely at any moment to blow the houses clean out of the water.

Asher, Gowland, Ward Wing, the director and Barr-Smith, the associate producer, had a nerve-racking experience.

They went out to watch the gangs of labourers who were sandbagging the river to keep the floodwater within reasonable limits when suddenly the bank burst, and the flood was upon Asther and Barr-Smith before they had time to run.

The enormous Gowland did some quick and effective work by hanging to Asther's coat, while someone else rescued Barr-Smith, but it was just touch-and-go.

A mad elephant and some particularly veno-
mous vipers provided other variations from the humdrum business of acting. I hope they managed to get all those thrills into the picture.
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Above: Caught napping! Merle Oberon takes a photo of her new leading man, Rex Harrison, who is appearing opposite her in the technicolour picture "Over the Moon."

Right: Sheila, Maureen O'Sullivan's sister, watches her sister being got ready for a location scene in "A Yank at Oxford.

Shot with our CANDID CAMERA

Paul Schofield, part-author of "Wells Fargo," an epic of transportation, visits its two stars, Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, on the set.
CAROLE LOMBARD goes wild again in her craziest role since My Man Godfrey in this new comedy, which also reunites her to Fred MacMurray. John Barrymore, Una Merkel and Edgar Kennedy head the supporting cast.
Above: The film brings John Barrymore and Carole together again (remember them in "Twentieth Century")?

Left: Una Merkel causes a sensation in court. Barrymore, by the way, has the part of an eccentric but amiable burglar.

Lombard has such a reputation as a liar that even hubby Fred MacMurray won't believe her when she says that she is innocent of the killing.

Right: MacMurray's masterly tactics win the day. His wife is acquitted and his own name is made. How do you like MacMurray with a moustache, by the way?
In his latest picture Sydney Howard plays the role of a local photographer who aspires to do some public service. It is in the popular Howard tradition and is said to give him plenty of scope. The star, by the way, is shortly returning to the stage in *Oh You Letty* after two years absence from it.
Since you were a baby, things have happened to your skin—age, exposure, climate have robbed it inevitably of certain functional elements. First to go in all adult skins is probably the fine, non-greasy oil which keeps babies' skins clean and sweet. Cleansing and contracts their pores. This is particularly dried up by exposure to wind and sunshine. That is why your skin suffers especially after the summer, grows dry and wrinkled, or coarse and greasy. Under such conditions you cannot hope to have a beautiful skin unless you replace the functioning equivalent of that lost cleansing oil. Women everywhere are finding that this lovely Liquefying Cleansing Cream, developed for our Salon, supplies that natural replacement! It penetrates deep into the pores, where soap and water cannot go. It is not absorbed, but in a moment or two loosens and floats out all impurities, and may be easily wiped off. (You need more of it than a baby.) Whatever your type of skin, you will see remarkable improvement through using it every night. In good shops, 3/6 and 7/6. Follow the treatment below or write for the little volume "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street" and the name of your nearest dealer.

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Faith's face of agony, when her father's intended treachery was pointed out, Robert could not easily forgo.

You come with us, pretty quick, Captain Thorbecke. No talk now, Comrade.

Robert Herrick, aged 22, through a frame which the night before, had gone supperless, and this morning, without breakfast, experienced an unpleasant shiver. If the native police took off Captain Thorbecke, then he, Robert, would be left with Huish, third member of the trio who had semi-starved for the past two months. Captain Thorbecke, for all he had lost his ship and could show no papers, owned a heart behind his bushy eyebrows meeting in a frown. Whereas Huish, low-type Cockeye, with blue eyes full of cunning, had heart for little besides liquor.

Actually the scene was one of beauty only to be found at Tehua, island of the South Seas in the year 1890.

Blue water, creaming breakers, brown-skinned natives, young women with flowers in their black hair, the French flag fluttering among the palm trees, men in white linen, taking their ease at the cafes—all made up a picture of luxuriance and colour. Yet, much as the threemasted schooner, lying at anchor in the distance, haunted her beauty in dove-coloured sails and flew the yellow flag to denote permission on board, so Tehua beach had its ugly side.

Robert felt it acutely, as, ignoring Huish's suggestion of trekking elsewhere where Thorbecke had been marched away, they drifted back to the calaboose building, which was nothing more than a shelter from tropical storms apt to descend at a minute's notice.

"If you'd listened to me," Huish grumbled, "we'd have been half across the island by this time, and peraps some lovely native girl would have taken us in."

"No thanks; not for me."

"Oh, yes, my lord! And so are you to be so bloomin' particular? Coming the 'eavy swell over me. Wot did you get yourself kicked out of merry old England for? Ran off with your best pal's wife, dydu, or was it 'anky-panky with cards? Ere, don't lay a hand on me or I'll corpse yer."

Without the Captain to keep him sane, Robert went berserk. He was narrowly escaping being knifed by Huish, in return for an uncontrollable attempt to wring the Cockeye's neck, when a well-known voice was heard shouting: "Ahoy, the house! Ahoy, the house!" "Captain!" "It's me."

"Crikey, if it ain't beer, too!" Huish gasped.

"Beer it is. And sausage, and cheese. Boys, this is a celebration. I've got a ship." While Huish lost no time in uncorking one of the bottles, Thorbecke continued: "Those policeman took me to the Consul's office. The Consul asked me to sit down—sit down, mark you! He offered me a cigar. Then he said: 'I know you've lost your papers, but you can sail a ship and here's a ship that must go to Sydney, and not a skipper in Tehua to take her—the Golden State, out of Frisco for Sydney with a cargo of Californian champagne.'"

"What's a ship bound for Sydney doing off her course, down here?"

"Smallpox. It's the three-masted schooner out by the bar. Captain and her crew lost with no one to navigation them. Well, I'll navigate them. I'll pay you out."

"Then you're not afraid of smallpox?" Huish quivered.

"Not of the devil himself when I get a quarters deck under my feet. What's more, you're not going to be afraid, either. You're coming with me, as mate and cook. The steward. Now, don't start raising objections. It's all settled." His enthusiasm was infectious. Besides, what starving beachcomber, even though a land-lubber, could resist the chance of free food and passage to anywhere?

Within an hour Robert, on the schooner's deck well under weigh, took a lesson in navigating and confessed, after a successful turn at the wheel, to feeling as if he had won a naval battle.

Huish's appearance at the hatchway, displaying a silk stocking, rossed particular interest in Robert, not in Thorbecke, who also apparently had other things on his mind than the late Captain's souvenirs.

"What do you two plan to do when we get to Sydney?"

Thorbecke inquired.

"Goo, I have to remind you that we've got no pay coming to us. Had to draw on it—everthing—to settle our debts."

"Well, anyhow, it's another beach," Robert admitted.

"What's the good—changing beaches all the time? I've an idea, if we ran for Peru, not Sydney, we could sell the cargo off at his head and the schooner after her, and go straight to the mines and invest our money. We'd make the captain's end. Calling Huish to have a turn at the wheel, Robert took Thorbecke aside.

"Look here, you can't do that, Captain. You aren't a thief, and I won't have you. You're not the first man who lost his ship. Something will turn up in Sydney. It's bound to."

"But I still haven't any papers. No shipping office would give me a job. This is my last chance, I tell you, and I've got a wife and three kids."

"But you'll be caught."

"Not if you stand by me. I'm desperate. Say the word, back me up. I think we've stood long enough together for that."

Robert looked at the man with his bushy eyebrows meeting in a frown. He glanced kindly eyes, and pity overcame conscience. "Well, if you're not too good for it, I suppose I'm not," he said.

"I had shaken hands with Thorbecke. Robert was in a hurry. Huish was shouting orders to be ready for coming about, when a clear voice cried: "Hold your tongue! Don't change your course. You're not taking this ship into Sydney."

"Strike me pink!" Huish ejaculated.

The woman who was coming towards them, dressed in white print and holding a revolver in her right hand, was very young. In the bright light, her hair was like sunshine on autumn leaves, as she said—"Don't be foolish! Thorbecke warned, "What can you do? Nothing."

"You'll see. The crew is with me, and I'll have all the arms on the ship below. I can use them, if necessary. I warn you fairly: don't change your course!"

"Then you going to do?"

Robert asked, as Faith Wishart backed away.

"If I must," said Robert, "But what I said My youngest kid, or my Ada, means more to me than Captain Wishart's girl."

He shouted to the Kanaka coming up the hatch, "Happy birthday!" Once again the young woman came towards the wheel. "I warn you, Captain!"

"And I warn you, miss. I'm the only man aboard who can handle this ship. It's Peru or the bottom. Ready about. Boom tackle, Mr. Herrick."

Robert caught sight of Faith's face of agony as he faced Thorbecke for an instant let go the wheel, but remaining standing. "Take it!" he said to Huish. He turned towards Thorbecke. Thorbecke had carried them out at the main boom, he dashed below and kicked open the main cabin door, which was locked on the inside. Faith was lying face downwards on a bunk. "Is he dead?" she whispered, seeing what was going on.

"No. Don't you think you'd better give me that?" She saw her eyes, lovely through tears, as he gently took the gun firmly about it.

The incident renewed his belief in the ultimate good of life, though the Captain in the ensuing days showed flashes of his nature's more attractive side. Taking out his treasured sextant to give Robert a lesson in navigating, he had lovingly of his last ship and confessed with genuine feeling to having been drunk in his berth and having passed down. He spoke, too, of Ada and his pride in her above the other children. The friendship growing to Robert in need of human sympathy, was broken up by the report that Huish was in the hole.

The Captain descended there and found the Cockeye gorging champagne from the cargo. The Cockeye remonstrated, but the words died on his lips as he snatched the offender's bottle, frothing over with the precious navigating brandy. Later, in the cabin, was trying, not too successfully, to convince Faith that the underlying worthiness of character, when the door was flung open, Blind drunk, he and Huish, playing the concertina, and the next consecutive days the Captain was never sober. A distressing factor his lips just yesterday, when he took to the food served him, which resulted not only in its dismissal but also of the ship's stores into the bargain.

One day, warned by the darkening of the distant sky, the ominous blare of a whistle, and the forebodings of the Kanaka crew, Robert went down deck and (Continued on page 26.)
The Ultimate Note in Fashion

Helen Vinson in the new Technicolour Production "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1936"
The fashionable boxy jacket with an original rolled collar - in red, black and white check

In Cigarettes it's Ardath

10 for 6p
20 for £1-
Thorbecke taking his ease and carrying

“Look behind you, drunken son!” he shouted. “You lost your ship once; now you’re going to lose the Golden Axe, and I’ll drown you.”

“I don’t care.”

Neither do I. Only you’ve lost your client and your best client too. Your Ada will walk the streets.

That woke him. Thorbecke got to his feet, still half-falling. “You’re not

Herrick? Arms, once

The clouds

They swirled a cloud dark
darker, like a giant top spinning; the coming typhoon. Thorbecke saw, and came to his senses. “Down jib!” he shouted, and by 11, his hands over the mains’l. Man the down haws’l.

Evening brought a calm sea, and the Kona was first to get at the pumps to expel the flood which had been shipped. Watching them at work, Thorbecke took up the conversation almost where he had dropped it.

“I guess we were lucky to come through that dusting, Herrick; but you shouldn’t have come here as well. I warned your children—I mean about your Ada.”

“Well, it’s true that she’ll walk the streets if you aren’t careful.”

“No, she never will, because she’s dead. I’ve talked to her a dozen times to me about her, but she is dead. I can’t face it; so I pretend she’s alive. I got to, to keep peace. I tell you; and I’ll keep sober, I swear. Stand by me, boy. I suppose I can’t stand alone.”

Again Robert took the Captain’s out-stretched hand, fighting back the sentimental appeal; conscious, too, of his own weakness and dread of being one against Huss. Faith’s opinion of him must go by the board; but, by the strangest throw of fate, she not, he was made to suffer the pangs of inferiority.

In the hold, Huish, who had saved his skin during the storm by keeping close to the water tanks, and now in search of a pick-me-up, made an important discovery. Only a few cases of the legendarily cargo of champagne proved to be genuine. The remaining cases held bottles of spring water. Moreover, Huish, as a good sailor, knew how to cut the carboys of Pyrosulphuric acid, other-

Meanwhile, Captain Wishart’s intention of sinking the ship and claiming insurance on cargo which was making its money in some distant port.

Faith’s face of agony when these distressing facts were pointed out to her, precipitously by a gloating Hus, Robert could not easily forget.

“Don’t cry so; we’ll work out- something.”

The Captain’s recklessness in ordering stores to be thrown over-

board had resulted in a prospective food shortage so acute as to prevent the Groves’ meal on the main deck.

Faced with starvation, excitement on board rau Fever high, when an unhappy thought occurred to the Union Jack flying among its palm trees.

Like Thorbecke and Huish put off in a dinghy, leaving Faith in her cabin. Robert was relieved that she agreed to his going to school each day. The island, of luxuriant beauty, was also eerie and amply fulfilled the Captain’s expectations of being inhabited by an illicit

pearl trader, hoping, by keeping its situation a secret, to defraud the government. Suddenly he opened a door, in a sizeable house, having a deserted but not neglected air, also the common fashion, of the quarters, of a heap of empty oyster shells, proved too great a temptation for Huish.

He went in and at once started tampering with a wooden chest while sifting himself on the back board, which, with unusually outsize spiders and cobwebs, appeared to own the place.

His lover, appearing forth-

with, armed with a rifle and accompanied by two armed Kanakas,灰色 and grey, with Thorbecke as almost sole survivor of the recent smallpox epidemic. He was a middle-aged man, perfectly turned out in a tailor’s dress, filled with empty oyster shells and containing a diving suit.

“Try me, my dear. I am looking at Robert keenly. Robert confessed to a modelling, and

Well, then, I can picture a man going down into the sea of- wearing a diving suit of—what shall I say? I have been told such a one, and I am sure I have such a thing—oh, do you think it possible? he inquired, looking at Robert keenly. Robert confessed to a modelling, and

He was down the verandah steps and on the way to the beach when the Captain, who had felt for his gun more than once during the evening, caught up with him.

“Don’t be a fool, Herrick! We’ve got to get food before we put to sea,” he insisted.

But the chap’s a madman.

“Yeah, and we’ve a right to protect ourselves. He ain’t fit to live.”

But murder.

“Well, it’s either him or us. There’s no other way. You’ve got to back me up, boy, or I’ll do it alone.”

“No, no—I can’t! I won’t let you!”

Desperate at realising his helplessness to carry out his threat, and his imagination was a reality, even though it was the sight of Faith coming up from the beach. She had evidently swum the distance from the schooner, Water dripping from her frock. Her glorious hair hung limply.

“I’m going to see the owner of this place suit, declared Robert.

“You can’t. He’s mad,” Robert countered. “I won’t let you get near him.” She started to run.

He followed her into the under-

growth and seized her shoulders.

“It’s none of your business,” she panted. For the first time he saw how blue her eyes were. Long ago he had been convinced of her purity of heart. “It is my business,” he breathed. “Don’t you know it always been?”

His lips had barely touched hers when Robert heaved footsteps. Pushing Faith back into the undergrowth, he emerged in front of the house, and, seeing Attwater, came up to him as naturally as possible.

“You’re friends have just departed.”

Attwater observed. “Mr. Huish got beautifully drunk, and I told the Captain to remove him and neither of them to trouble to come back—ever. If you could arrange to have some stores, I should be very pleased to follow, Mr. Attwater.”

Robert had hardly tasted the alluring flavour of the mere prospect of leaving when, warned by one of the Kanakas, Attwater rapped out:

“You’re not alone here! Ah, a young lady! Don’t leave her standing in the jungle.”

With a falling heart, Faith’s confidence in forward coming did not to stimulate, Robert made the intro-

duction and was obliged to follow Attwater’s suggestion of going indoors. To spend the night became inevitable. At breakfast, Robert, in spite of Attwater’s Robert could see a gun, which was never out of reach, arrived by dinghy, coming up the beach, followed by the two Kanaka guards.

“Halt!” Attwater commanded.

He pointed to a huge wooden figurehead of Neptune holding a trident, which Robert had noticed on the morning before, and placed your head against that figure, Thorbecke, and stand fast!”

Attwater walked along. “You seem to be offering me that straw-

covered bottle you are carrying. But I am not going to stand first. That’s far enough. From that distance you can say whatever you have to say.

The Cockney came to a standstill morning. He was un-

kempt hair, his slouching figure, with cunning in the eyes. He began speaking, scattering letters and compliments broadcast, apologising to his host for trespassing, declaring that he had only come for the first. There, that’s far enough. From that distance you can say whatever you have to say.

“Stop!” he ordered. “Get back where you belong!” Huish for answer cracked open the bottle, and

“Drop that!” Attwater continued. “Huish facing the barrel of the gun, obeyed, staggered and fell. The Vitali, of which he had taken from the carboy in the schooner, and willed Huish to do murder, poured in dead-ly acid over him. Huish died in a few minutes, and

Twice purposely he missed the Captain, the shots plunging into the water. By the time Robert, running from the house, pushed the Captain away with the rifle, the time for the third time and hit Robert, raising the dying Thorbecke, and

“Herrick! Stand by me! I’m going out on the"EBB TIDE — continued from page 24

Dece

December 4, 1937

With a falling heart Robert made the introduction and was obliged to follow Attwater’s suggestion of going indoors.

reiterated his intention of putting to sea as soon as possible.

“I spent the night in meditation on your case,” the host answered smoothly. “You will have to stand or fall with your close confidants. And- and I think—yes, I am right in saying—they are now coming ashore, in spite of your Prudence, continue your meal.” He clapped on his broad-leaved hat and went out.

The widow. Robert could see the tone of Thorbecke and Huish, who had

Eating Faith in tears beside them, Robert tried to regain his footing where you are!” Attwater commanded. He was moving back where he had fallen over Huish’s body, dropping the rifle, which Robert snatched up.

“Show me your order.” The Kanakas remained passive.

“Now, you fall. You—not God. You can’t be anybody but me. I am the man,” he said.

“Get up!” Robert added, levelling the gun. Attwater rose.

“Want your life, Mr. Herrick?”


the excuse of his drunkenness or the Captain with his weaknesses of will, made Robert rear an arm around Faith, towards the schooner.

“But we’ve leaving you here, Mr. Attwater," said thewidow. Robert could see Thorbecke and Huish, who had
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The County Perfumery Co., North Circular Road, West Twyford, London, N.W.10
REVIEWS

by Lionel Collier

DEAD END
RUTHLESSLY realistic but intrinsically sor-
did this production enlists your attention for three
reasons. In the first place it gives you an unforgettable pic-
ture of New York slum life, secondly it is extremely well
directed and, thirdly, the acting is on a high level particularly
amongst the juvenile members of the cast. I recommend it to
all who appreciate strong human drama.

William Wyler, the director, has confined the action of his
story to one location—a "dead end" on the East Side of New
York where lavish modern flats abut on tumble down tenements.
It is in this environment, which breeds gangsters, that we are
introduced to a number of characters who give a cross section
of the life of the district.

There is Drina, a factory worker on strike, who is trying to bring
up her young brother, Tommy, de-
cently, and is in love with an out-of
work architect, Dave, who in his turn has taken more than a passing
fancy to Kay, a wealthy man's mistress who lives in the luxury flats.

Sylvia Sidney plays the role of
Drina with a full sense of its dramatic import as she makes the pathetic little figure live.

As Tommy, the leader of the
gang of boys, whose environment is tending to turn him towards
crime, Billy Halop is really brilliant as are the other members of his
circle.

Joel McCrea is sound, but rather
conventional as the architect hero
who has been brought up in the
slums, and Wendy Barrie puts over
the best performance I have ever
seen her give as Kay who would like
to change her protector for Dave
but who is deterred by the
thought and the sight of squaller.

One day "Baby Face" Martin, a
killer—acted in a manner which shows a complete understanding
of the psychology of the part he is playing by Humphrey Bogart—
arrives back in his birth place to see his mother. The girl who
hurt him on his trail and he has had his face altered to elude them.

It is around him that the dramatic
incidents which follow centre.
His mother curses him; the girl
he had once loved he discovers has
turned to prostitution in order
to get money to live. He is not above
leading Tommy and his gang how to
handle a knife and finally decides
to make a getaway after kidnapping a
boy who lives in the luxury apart-
ments.

However, his boyhood companion,
Dave, who had warned him to leave
and whom he attempts to murder,
finally shoots him down before he
can carry out his plans.

The development of the fates of
the other characters includes Dave's
realisation of love for Drina and
Tommy's decision to give himself
up for a misdemeanour he had com-
mitted.

All the action takes place in one
day and during that period a com-
plete visualisation of the life of these
people is achieved with a wealth of
detail and human understanding.

Apart from the performances I have
already mentioned there are
two brilliant characterisations by
Marjorie Main as the killer's duil-
ning mother and Allen Jenkins as his bodyguard. Another
perfect little cameo is contributed
by Victor McLaglen as Martin's girl friend; it is a study in ab-
decoriamalisation.

There is not a flaw in the
supporting cast, all of whom live up
to the high standard set by the
principals.

LIVE, LOVE AND LEARN

• Screen story number two, dealt
with in the same manner as the other, is a

pub successful, loses his head but
is finally restored to his wife, has been
jazzed up and played in a slapstick
way. It is a list of the ever growing list of "nonsense"
comedies which become more and more clichés as the quota of
them grows.

The action is set in a synthetic
Bohemian atmosphere with Robert
Montgomery as an impoverished
young artist who marries a wealthy
young lady after a whirlwind court-
ship—or perhaps I should say she
marries him and decides to do with-
out him.

They live in a garret and have a
protection in the shape of Robert
Benchley who makes up a care-
free ménage of three.

Then comes success and Robert is
taken in hand by his wife's school-
day friends, Lily, and both Marble
and Bohemia go by the board.
However, when his wife and his friends turn against him the artist
realises his senses and after a reunion a good slapstick time is had by all—but
that is excepting Lily.

Montgomery goes through his
paces creditably but adds nothing to
his reputation; Rosalind Russell
is hardly suited to this sort of crazy
comedy but does her best to be
sprightly; Robert Benchley makes
the most of his limited opportunities
and scores most of the laughs; but
Helen Vincent makes a conventional
husband to the former street musician adequately
played by Kenny Baker.

The two sisters are well charac-
terised by Dorothy Peterson and
Zasu Pitts.

The whole entertainment is served
up with a slapstick sauce.

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

• Jack Buchanan fans will pro-
bably not find their liking but
basically it is all rather thin and
obvious comedy.

The story is about as much
as an aeroplane designer who falls
in love with an opera star and suc-
ceeds in becoming famous and winning
the lady.

The latter is played by a new-
comer, Mara Luxe, who is fair and
sings tunefully.

David Hutcheson supplies some-
what laboured comedy as the star's fiancé.

The part has been written for
Jack Buchanan and seems intended
for his operatic conquest.

Two character studies are given by
Athena Seymore as a secretary
and Sara Allgood as an Irish lady
who becomes a millionaire. A
large portion of the film is taken
up with a cabaret to which the
engineer takes the opera star without
knowing how he is going to foot the
bill.

These sequences give an oppor-
tunity for Jack Buchanan to sing a
couple of songs and do some slow
motion tap dancing.

The acting is of good technical qualities and is well set and
photographed.

On the Screens Now

***TOPPER
M.-G.-M.

Casting: W. C. Fields, J. S. McCarthy, "Topper." The story, a
comedy, is written by Katharine 
Hepburn and Dorothy 
Fairbanks and directed by 
Roy Rowland.

ALAN MOWBRAY
William Gargan
Ralph Bellamy
ARTHUR LAKE
Elevator Boy

VIRGINIA SALE
Miss Johnson

JEFFREY TATUM
Zasu Pit

J. PARRELL McDONALD
Policeman

One of the biggest box office
stars of the day, W. C. Fields, is
unprofessional as "Topper," a man
who has become the accidental
owner of an old country house.

Harry, his best man, decides to
assist him, and the two main characters are, for the greater part of
the story, disembodied spirits.

It happens that "Topper," a banker, is compelled by the
straight-laced, social-conscious Mrs. Topper to make his will, and she
decide to teach Topper how to live.

Before they can really get going,
they are killed in a motor smash, but
they return from the infinite
and, with the capacity to make
the people around them laugh, will carry on with their good work.

Roland Young is excellent as the
hempeched and ghost-pursued hus-

252ND STREET
In spite of the efforts of Ian
Hunter and Leo Carrillo this
musical romance provides indifferent
entertainment. Its story, which pro-
vides material on which to build
is another addition to the number of "turns" deals with
Rondell, the scion of an old Ameri-
can family, who is the subject of
scandal because of his four sisters
living in 52nd Street by marrying an
actor. This is in 1912.

Tommy, the elder of his family,
sends him his little daughter to
school in England.

Gradually the character of 52nd
Street grows, and the events spring
up there. After the 1929 crash
Rondell opens up a night club
where success is his only aim.

He keeps this from his daughter
but eventually she too becomes an
actress and his. prim sisters also
open up a cabaret, and so the char-
acter of 52nd Street completes its
transformation.

The songwriting of these two
musicians is the main asset in this
production, with a few strong num-
bers, some of which are by the
composer and another, "Watch That
Girl," by Gershwin and Green.

The painting is all done by 
Thomas Smillie, and the story
is by Andrew Sondheimer. This
is a musical comedy which is at its
best when it is a musical.
Tyron Power... Steve Leyton
Loomis, Californian...
Toni Gatum
Don Ameche...
Martin J. Canavan
Judy Holliday...
Judy Holliday
Devereaux...
Cyrus Jeffrey
Walter Catlett...
Eddie Johnson
George Sanders...
Count Andre de Gouyon
Jane Darwell...
Mrs. Fiskberry
Steve Ely...
Steve Ely
Pauline Moore...
Lois Westcott
Elise Cook, Jr...
Egbert Elliot
Frank Conroy...
A. G. Pendlay
Edward Everett...
Nevyn
Charles Williams...
Joe Brady
Jeff Corey...
Logal
George Hurrell...
Mike Aligreth
Frederick Brisson...
D. J. Jones
Charles Coleman...
Hewitt
Panda...
Panda
Carole Teas...
Tensie
Ed Dwyer...
Motor Cycle Officer
George Ormsby, Jr...
Copy Boy
W. P. fibbers...
Police Officer
Max Miller, Turner...
Dowager
Dorothy Christy...
(Frank Leyton, who, in accordance with screen tradition, is always being fired and then being rehired.)
Martin Canavan, with whom he wages a perpetual feud, gets an exclusive interview with an heirress, Toni, without actually knowing that he is a newspaper man.

When she learns the truth she gets all kinds of flak from all his friends by giving the Press a story that she is engaged to him, and is presenting him with a million dollars.

In spite of all his endeavours, Steve is unable to convince his editor that he had not double-crossed him. The sequel is a story that Toni was going to marry a French count or that the engagement was never true.

Toni gets Steve into the headlines she hated so much herself, and proceeds to keep him there.

Later she is gasping for speed in a small country town. Glibly, Steve proceeds to telephone the newspaper editor, but before he can manage it, Toni gets him gasping, too, by a trick.

Result: he threatens to appear in a vaudeville act and hold Toni up to ridicule, but her millionaire uncle buys half interest in the paper for which her "flair" works and gets Steve appointed news editor without his knowing about the deal.

The new Editor is the Count, who offers to sell Toni's love letters for publication. Steve buys and destroys them, but Toni at first believes that he means to publish them.

Her uncle reveals himself, and Steve resigns in disgust, to be followed down the street by Toni, who has learnt the truth and wants to know who published the newspaper reporter in New York.

Reaching a telephone booth, he accepts Toni's apology so fully that the next minute he is telephoning a story of his engagement—not a false one this time—to the heiresse.

Don Ameche is brilliant to a hard-bitten city editor and Slim Summerville scores with a comedy characterisation of a sheriff.

THE *&* GOES MY GIRL

* FINE FEATHERS

* THE ANGELUS

THERE GOES MY GIRL

CRUCIAL comedy, made palatable by the polished and easygoing Raymond and Anne Sothorn, who form an attractive combination and get the most out of every nonsensical situation.

And that is a lot of dialogue, but it is so slickly put over that it does not become offensive.

The stars are cast as rival reporters who decide to get married, but are made to quarrel by the hand of an editor who does not want to loose his "ace" sub-sister.

Later they are rivals on a murder assignment, and from that, after several complications, comes a blissful reunion.

A grand contribution to the acting honours comes from Richard Lane as the editor, who causes all the troubles, and Dudley Page in a familiar gangster role.

The picture is a little slow in opening, but when it does, the pace is rapid and the humour hearty.

MACES: You choose the powder shade you now use because you were told that "a girl with dark hair should use a dark rachel" or "a fair girl should use a light rachel or natural".

But here are Lady Northesk and Lady Moon, both brunettes, using quite different powder shades—and, moreover, shades you'd expect blondes to choose! Yet the truth is that each shade is the shade exactly right for her.

Have you been as lucky as they in finding a shade that makes your skin always fresh and lovely? Probably not—no matter how many you have tried. For, until recently, powder shades were made without real knowledge of skin tones.

Now, however, Powder's Powder Free Natural, gives a blonde's transparent beauty.

Rachel 1 gives pearliness.

Rachel 2 adds a creamy tone.

Peach warms dull skin.

Dark Brunette gives a sunny glow.

AMAZING FACTS were revealed when 200 girls were questioned about the powder shades they used...

One of the most interesting—yet they need different powder shades...
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Society's smartest perfume inspires this gorgeous pack —

**SAVILLE'S Mischief**

the perfume of the smart set...

**HERE** is the perfume success of the century... dressed to take its proud place amongst the other treasures on the smartest dressing tables. Already world-famous in its swagger flat, black-and-chromium bottles, "Mischief" now comes arrayed in 'evening dress' too. Gorgeous ultra-modern flask with chromium cap and base. Set, as it seems for so great a treasure, amidst immaculate white silk in a brilliantly smart casket. Special Gift Sets, too, also containing a delightful (and efficient) scent spray. Now the world's most envied perfume is presented with a flourish indeed!

"Mischief" in 'Evening Dress' in four sizes:

- 7/6, 10/6, 15/-, 21/-
- With Scent Spray, in four sizes:
  - 10/6, 13/6, 18/6, 25/-

Of course, Mischief is still obtainable in the famous flat, black-and-chromium flasks at prices to suit every purse.

From all the better Chemists and Stores

Special Trial Size ideal for handling and travel

**1/3**

CVS-57

3'- 5'6' 12'6'

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**REVIEWS — by**

more and more lachrymose, and to a large extent negatives its homely detail work and character touches.

**ARMORED CAR**


Robert Wilcox... Larry Willis
Judith Barrett... Elia... Irving Peckham
Carson Romero... Petic... Tom Kennedy
Oliver White...... Pop Logan
Harry Davenport...... Paul Fyfe

Directed by Lewis R. Foster.

Very conventional gangster drama in which tough stuff plays the predominant part. Most of the entertainment is in the last two actionful reels.

As an armoured car driver who carries bullion and who pretends to cast in his lot with gangsters, so as to round them up, Robert Wilcox is quite good, and you could not want more competent villains than Irving Peckham and Carson Romero. Judith Barrett is attractive as the heroine, and good performances are given by Tom Kennedy, Richard Tucker, and Harry Davenport.

**COMMAND PERFORMANCE**

*General Film Distributors. British. "U" certificate.*

Arthur Tracy... The Street Singer
Lilli Palmer... Suzy
Mark Dale... Joe
Flew Currie... The Manager
Jack Morley... The Jovemanto
Stafford Hillard... Sam
Julian Vary... Bob
Peyton Stanley... Olga
Rae Colley... Betty

Directed by Sinclair Hill.

Arthur Tracy's rendering of sentimental ballads forms the main appeal of this ingenious product, which is quite well staged, but which lapses into such naif senti mentality towards the end that it almost ruins itself. However, it recovers sufficiently to put over popular tunes which give it as much an ending as it had beginning.

The story shows how The Street Singer, who flees to the country to avoid a nervous breakdown, teams up with a tramp and a gipsy with two daughters, aged seventeen and five.

The tramp becomes jealous of the Street Singer and reports his presence to the Sicilian police. The gipsy girl then becomes jealous of his leading lady. Eventually all ends well, but not before the Street Singer has asked and won permission at a Royal Command Performance, to sing over the wireless to the heroine's little sister, who has been knocked down by a car.

Lilli Palmer is pleasing as the gipsy girl and Rae Colley shows to advantage as her little sister.

**THE LAST TRAIN FROM MADRID**


Dorothy Lamour... Carmelita Castello
Lawrence... Bill Deskie
Gilbert Roland... Eduardo de Soto
Karen Morley... The Libertine
Lionel Atwill... Colonel Vigo
Heyde Mack...... His Engineer
Robert Cummings... Juan Ramon
Olive Bradley...... Anna
Anthony Quinn... Capt. Ricardo Alvarez
Lee Bowman... Jack Brooks
Dorothy Lamour... James Hogan, a story by Paul H. Fox and Elise Fox.

Utilising the civil war in Spain for a background, this picture introduces several varied characters who are depicted as leaving the
shell-wrecked city of Madrid. The idea is all right, but it fails emotionally because the continuity is far from ideal and the interplay of the characters is apt to be confusing. It fails, too, to be wholly convincing.

There are some little character cames that are telling, but, on the whole, the topicality of the theme is its main asset.

Dorothy Lamour has only a very small role and Lew Ayres is not too good as a wise-cracking American newspaper reporter.

The major supporting roles are well filled by Gilbert Roland as a rebel, and Tyrone Power as an adventurer, Lionel Atwill as a commandante. Helen Mack as the girl friend, and Richard Carlson, played by Robert Cummings, and Anthony Quinn as second in command to the commandante.

The production is technically well set.

**MOTOR MADNESS**

_

A scientific thriller and a romantic gangster element supply most of the entertainment in this somewhat tiresome story. There is also a small boy interested and, of course, the conventional romance.

Agreeable personally, Allen Brook does quite well as Joe, a mechanic in love with his employer's daughter, who is framed by racketeers and made to appear that he has thrown a race.

The girl turns against him, but when she is seriously ill, Joe accepts money from the racketeers to pay secretly, for her doctoring. He gets deeper and deeper in crime, but finally redeems himself by rounding up the gang.

Rosalind Keith makes an adequate heroine and the support is sound.

**THE MAN WHO MADE DIAMONDS**

_

Sensational thriller, fantastic in theme, and with little attempt at realism, yet it makes up for the lack in effect action and well-engineered thrills, what humour there is being artless.

The story deals with Calthrop, a scientist, who discovers, with the aid of Joseph, his assistant, how to manufacture diamonds. He determines to give the secret to the world, but Joseph has other ideas, and the story is carried on. Joseph then proceeds to market diamonds through a gang of crooks, but Horixon's superman, who is suspicions of the excuse for made for his uncle's absence and informs the family solicitor.

He puts Tony, a young Scotland Yard detective, on the job, but he discovers no serious cause for alarm. However, Joseph and his colleagues later quarrel among themselves, and then the sparks begin to fly. Helen's life is threatened, but Tony is every inch the hero when put to the test, and Joseph goes west, taking with him the formula.

Noel Madison is sufficiently villainous as Joseph, and James Stephenson and Wilfred Lawson make convincing crooks. The acting on the side of law and order is not too good.

**FRENCH LEAVE**


_Slight plot, dealing with alleged spies behind the lines, which serves as a thread on which to hang broad Cockney comedy and turns by the well-known concert party, "The Roosters."_ The picture's main asset is a polished performance by Edmund Brogan as General Root.

The story shows how, prevented from taking his leave from the arduous war and joining his wife in Paris, Captain Glenister is overjoyed when he discovers that the young girl he is putting up at a farmhouse behind the lines. He pretends that she is only a friend, and both General Root and Lieutenant Graham make love to her.

A brigade concert is held, in which Dorothy Glenister takes part, and soon after she is accused by a foreign interpreter of being a spy.

This is to cover up his own nefarious designs, as it is the who is sending messages to the Germans by pigeon post. Nobby, a Cockney private, is instrumental in unmasking the villain, and when his real identity is known the General relents and grants Glenister his French leave in company with his wife.

**LA VIOLETTE**

_A COIFFURE FROM THE SUPERMA HAIR STYLE GUIDE SUPERM A MACHINELESS PERMAWAVING_...  

**RELEAS E S FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS**

Number of stars awarded in brackets.

Behind the Headlines (1) Nov. 13

Call It a Day (4) Nov. 13

Charley Over the Olympics (2) Nov. 20

Devil is Drifting, The (2) Nov. 20

Dreaming Lisa (1) Nov. 13

Emperor's Candysticks, The (2) Nov. 27

Farewell Again (4) Nov. 4

Fateful Hour, The (2) Nov. 20

Fifty Roads to Town (2) Oct. 24

For You Alone (3) Oct. 2

Great Love Story, A (2) Oct. 23

History Made at Night (2) Oct. 23

I Met Him in Paris (3) Nov. 8

Interco (2) Oct. 24

Jump for Glory (2) Oct. 30

King of Gamblers (2) Nov. 13

Lost Horizon (3) Oct. 14

Make Way for To-morrow (3) Oct. 30

Maked Woman (2) Nov. 6

Maid Time (3) Nov. 13

Meet the Millionaire (2) Nov. 27

Mountain Jest (2) Nov. 27

Night Must Fall (2) Oct. 30

Outlaw of Poker Flat, The (2) Nov. 6

Parnell (2) Nov. 13

Quality Street (2) Dec. 18

Ready, Willing and Able (2) Oct. 16

Red River, The (2) Nov. 20

Sam Quinlan (2) Nov. 20

Seven Horses (2) Oct. 13

Shine Goes Up, The (2) Oct. 30

Sleep Liberty, Jones (2) Oct. 16

Show to a Fool, The (2) Nov. 13

Street Singer, The (2) Nov. 13

Take Him a Gift (2) Nov. 23

Think Fast, Mr. Moto (2) Nov. 27

Turn of the Moon, The (2) Oct. 13

Wake Up and Live (2) Oct. 13

Wife Over Housewife (2) Dec. 18

Woman Chosen Man (2) Nov. 27

You Only Live Once (3) Oct. 2

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_**Another lovely new hair style...**_

_**LA VIOLETTE**_

_**A COIFFURE FROM THE SUPERMA HAIR STYLE GUIDE SUPERMA MACHINELESS PERMAWAVING_...  

_**MR. B. N. FURMAN**_

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_Specialty designed for you!_

_SUPERMA_
WHY is it that every time I see new, good-looking young actors in British films I go home feeling annoyed?

The simple reason is that it’s ten to one I’ll never see them again—or only in small parts.

Yet if I see American films with new "finds" in them, I go home knowing that I’m almost certain of seeing them again, possibly as top-rank stars.

Why can’t something be done about this? After seeing the film His Lordship, I was "bowled over" by John Ford who, although only given a juvenile lead, could, if British producers liked to groom him and give him good publicity, be a British Robert Taylor. John Ford is only one example; there are numerous others who within a few months could be made as popular as were James Stewart, Michael Whalen, and Robert Kent. —(Miss) M. Allan, 2 Thorney Hedge Road, Gunnersbury, W. A.

(We seem to lack the machinery for exploiting our discoveries.—"Thinker.")

Realising Colour

• When colour films are shown as frequently as black and white films, picturegoers will become "colour-conscious." By this I do not mean film-colour-conscious, but more aware of the colours we are looking at every day. While viewing that beautiful film Wings of the Morning, I agreed with my companion that the colours were perhaps a little too bright. On second thoughts, I now think that it was the complete change from seeing the ordinary kind of films that prompted the feeling of "too much colour."

Let Picturegoer readers who have seen this film try to imagine that whatever scene lies before them is projected on the screen of their cinema hall, and they will be astonished by what I have termed colour-consciousness. Even a dismal outlook on old buildings, when viewed from this angle, will reveal that, after all, the drainpipe is green, however dirty perhaps, or that the old red roof tiles are a beautiful contrast to the blue of the sky above them.—C. Nenham, 50 Drakefield Road, Upper Tooting, London, S.W. 17, who is awarded the first prize of £1.

Right of Choice

• Since it seems to be agreed that fans have a right to share the lives of the stars, why not leave their private lives alone, which they themselves would probably prefer, and focus our attention more upon their public lives?

We hear on all sides how fans are responsible for placing stars in their present positions. Are we not therefore entitled once in a while to see some small share in the casting of a film if it happens to be a story that catches the public imagination?

I have in mind Gone With the Wind. Do not let us see a masterpiece ruined by miscasting. Let the really interested film public choose their own Scarlett O’Hara; let us not have a screen Rhett Butler so thoroughly misrepresented as was Parnell for instance—through no fault perhaps of unhappy-cast actors, but as they might shine in their own particular firmament.

I wonder how many of your readers appreciate what tremendous influence they could have on screen entertainment in this direction.—(Miss) E. Baker, 136 Vartry Road, Slatham Hill, N. 16, who was awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Novel Credit Titles

• Many people consider that too much time is taken up in showing the credit titles at the beginning of a film. The subject is definitely one to which too little attention is given.

My Man Godfrey was, however, an almost perfect object-lesson to producers in this respect. The titles were all placed in winking electric signs, on the buildings of a super-city composed almost entirely of skyscrapers and cinemas. Reflections of the names were thrown up by the ebony-black roadways where the camera moved across the sky-line, each name flashing forth when approached.

As the last name appeared, the music of "The Manhattan Serenade" gradually faded and the camera moved slowly across the river and worked its way down to William Powell—sitting among the ash-cans on the city dump.

This brief introduction epitomised the whole of the film—even down to the famous Powell epitaph—"F. Currall, White House, Gl. Waltham, Essex."

(‘I’ve noticed some other very ingenious variations lately.—"Thinker.")

Cut and Dried

• Can nothing be done about the excessive "cutting" which practically all films are subjected to before appearing in the smaller town cinemas?

It is indeed most disconcerting. All films can almost be classified as "Mystery Thrillers"; there is so very much left entirely to the imagination of the audience.

Camille was shown in Glasgow. I saw and enjoyed it there. So much so that I advised my contemporaries to make a point of visiting it when shown locally.

Was I sorry? Everyone decided to club together to purchase the novel Camille. Why? Because they had absolutely no idea of the sequence of the story.

Curiosity prompted me to visit the cinema myself. It was unbelievable! Give us, once in a while, one uncut film, and do away with the sketchy supporting programme which sometimes includes a cartoon.
“Cream” away
Superfluous Hair
Quick! Learn about the new cream which ends superfluous hair in 3 minutes. Never have you known anything so easy. This delightfully scented white cream is sold under the trade mark New VEET. Apply it straight from the tube—wash off. Hair falls away. Skin is left soft, smooth and white. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves, because the hair is removed below the skin surface.

The razor method is prehistoric—out of date. So are old-fashioned nasty-smelling depilatories. New VEET is the newest of the new. If you are not positively delighted with it, your money refunded in full. Prices 6d. and 1/3.

In Despair at Middle-Age
A REMARKABLE CHANGE TO-DAY

“My age is 54 and for the last five years my life has been a misery through illness,” states Mrs. C. M. Farr, of 8 Esther Road, Leytonstone, E. The change was largely responsible; the doctor said I was worn out and suffering from nervous debility. I had anemia and severe indigestion, and rheumatism in the knees and elbows. I despised life and was getting better.

“Last May, however, one of my married daughters persuaded me to try Dr. Williams pink pills, with results that seem almost miraculous. After the first box I began to show signs of new life. My nerves became stronger and I was able to eat and sleep well. Soon the indigestion and rheumatism vanished and depression gave way to happiness. I consider that Dr. Williams pink pills have saved my life.”

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FREE—No woman or girl should miss reading the booklet “Nature’s Warnings,” sent free to all who write to M.H. Dept., 36 Pitney Square, London W.3.

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POST COUPON AT ONCE!
What Do You Think?—Contd.

two comics, and a travel talk!—Jean Mcintosh,
4 Lemmon Street, Greenock, Scotland.
(I have had some distressing experiences myself
in this respect.—"Thinker.")

Kipling Screened

- Rudyard Kipling should be a fruitful source
  of screen material. Captains Courageous,
  Elephant Boy, and Ww Willie Winkie—the last
  slaughtered to make a Temple offering—must be
  followed up.

-Soldiers Three, the saga of a trio of tough
comrades—an Irishman, a Cockney, and a
Yorkshireman—is tailor-made for Victor Mc-
Laglen, Gordon Harker, and Ralph Richardson.
Stalky and Co., the finest school story of all, is
waiting to be filmed with Desmond Tester in the
title role.

The Village That Voted the Earth was Flat
would not look well in the electric lights, but
would make a rollicking British farce. Braggie-
smith, the story of a Scot's wild night out, is
a perfect Will Fyne vehicle.

-Paw of Pook's Hill is a pageant of English
history, giving infinite opportunities for spectacle.
Producers should discover that there is more
in Kipling than cowards and curry, Gunna Din
and the white man's burden.—A Thomas, 16
Heol Madoe, Whitchurch, Cardiff.

(And what a film "The Bushwood Boy" would
make.—"Thinker")

Joke Over

- I wonder how many times we have seen on
the screen the following allegedly funny
situation. Someone—generally a man—takes
a baby from its mother, or is given a baby to hold,
and very soon suggests that it is high time baby
was returned to mother's lap.

The inference is obvious and the joke still
raises a laugh, but it is not in the best of taste and
it is so ancient that it qualified for pensioning
off long ago.

The last picture in which I saw it was Saragossa
Jean Harlow and Clark Gable being involved
with twins, who were introduced apparently for
no other reason than the cracking of this hoary
chestnut.

Even in films where a baby or babies are
necessary to the story, the same old joke is
worked off nine times out of ten. It's about
time producers thought of something new.—
J. Ward, Bearsden, Glasgow.

(If it wasn't a very good joke even in '73, when it
was born.—"Thinker")

Let Him Come Back

- I've just seen a comedy short with Buster
Keaton.

It left quite sad. Why has this excellent
comedian been allowed to sink out of the lime-
light?

Years ago I remember queuing up four-deep
to see him; he held his own with Harold Lloyd
and even Charlie Chaplin.

It cannot be because of his voice, that is quite
good—and that frozen smile—that pathetic little
figure drew applause when the none-too-good
short was ended.

We haven't many talkie comedians to-day,
only the slapstick kind—he was and still is
original.

I wish some director would give him a real
start in a long reel film, worthy of him.—(Mrs)
Eveline James, 45 The Grove, Gravesend.

(Many of Buster's fans would be glad to see him
make a come-back.—"Thinker")

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House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.
John Lodge

- Was born in Washington, U.S.A., the son of an American poet, George Cabot Lodge. From his earliest boyhood he wanted to be an actor, but instead he was sent to Harvard University to study law. There he served as actor, stage-manager, and producer of the university dramatics, till he went to Paris to study French law for a year. On his return he put in two years with a law firm in New York before going into practice for himself.

Then he took a trip to Hollywood to visit his Italian wife, Francesca Braggiotti, who was Greta Garbo’s voice in “dubbed” foreign versions of American films, and Paramount offered him a test, which he accepted for a joke.


He followed that up with *The Little Colonel*, and then came to England where he has played in *Ourselves Alone*, *The Tenth Man*, *Sensation*, *Bulldog Drummond at Bay*, and now *Bank Holiday*. John is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, has brown eyes and black hair, and weighs 12 st. 12 lb.

Marie Lohr

- We have Australia to thank for Marie, who was born in Sydney on July 28, 1890.

She is one of the best-known British stage actresses with a long and honoursable record of West End successes, dating back to *Shockheaded Peter* in 1901, but she did not come into films until late age, her first being *Arent We All* in 1932. Since then she has played many mother roles with great charm and skill.

Her first experience was as a Mack Sennett bathing beauty, but very early in her career she decided to do more serious work, beginning with Radio’s *The Perfect Crime* in 1928.

Her work in *Me, Gangster* earned her a contract with Fox, but after a year she had a motor accident in which she sustained grave injuries to her face and head. However, clever plastic surgery put that right, and she played in a long series of films; but it is only recently that she has achieved stardom, in such comedies as *Hands Across the Table*, *Love Before Marriage*, *The Princess Comes Across*, *My Man Godfrey*, *Swing High Swing Low*, and now *True Confession*. Marie is 5 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 8 st., and has golden hair and blue eyes.

Carole Lombard

- Was born at Fort Wayne, Indiana, on October 6, 1898, her real name being Carole Jane Peters. She made her stage debut at the age of eleven, when she was still a student at a private drama school in Hollywood.

Her first experience was as a Mack Sennett bathing beauty, but very early in her career she decided to do more serious work, beginning with Radio’s *The Perfect Crime* in 1928.

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Peter Lorre

- Was born at Rosenberg, Hungary, on June 26, 1904, and made one false start with his stage career at the age of seventeen by running away from home and joining a “fit-up” company, but after a bitter experience, he was glad to accept a job as bank clerk.

But banking held no attractions for him, and he had an accident shot at the stage, this time graduating from Breslau, via Vienna, to Berlin. At last he attained stage stardom, and it was then that Fritz Lang cast him for the film role that was to make his name internationally known—the part of the child-murderer in *M*.

He played in several more films in Berlin and Paris before coming to England to play in Hitchcock’s *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, after which he went to Hollywood, where he played in *Mad Love*, *Hands of Orlac*, *Crime and Punishment*, *Crack Up*, *Nancy Steele is Missing*, and now the *Mr. Moto* detective series, in which he impersonates a Japanese. He has made one return trip to England, to play in Hitchcock’s *Secret Agent*. He is 5 ft. 5 in. tall, weighs 11 st. 6 lb., and was married in London to Cecile Lovsky, a Berlin stage actress.

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YOU SIMPLY MUST GET THIS ADORABLE “PARTNERS” POSTCARD—JUST ARRIVED!

H AVE you heard the big news? The new postcards from “The Picturegoer” Salon are amongst the most exquisite ever produced. Here are Fredric March and Janet Gaynor as “partners” in “A Star is Born,” to prove it! Look down the new list of postcards to-day and make your selection whilst the series is complete.

By joining “The Picturegoer” Postcard Club you obtain liberal discounts on your future orders and, in addition, you will receive a 3s. album FREE. This magnificent book, which holds 252 cards, is beautifully bound to resemble real makeskin and lettered in gold. If you wish, you can obtain a super De Luxe album in blue satin. Decide now to be a member of this happy Postcard Club. To join, send in an order for not less than one dozen postcards at the regular price of 2s. 6d. per dozen. Choose your cards from the list given on right or include the names of well-known stars. Real photos 3s. each, 2s. 6d. per dozen. On sale to members and non-members alike. The latest list sent free.
December should

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

D'o you adopt a style in hair-dressing merely because it is fashionable or because your favourite film star exploited it in her last film? Maybe you do but it is all wrong!

I know that Christmas with its parties and dances is ahead and that quite naturally you wish to experiment with hairdressing so that by the time the festive season is in full swing you will have adopted something that is smart and becoming.

First of all put yourself in front of a mirror in a really revealing light. Take off the pink shade and let the bare light reveal your bad points as well as your good ones.

Be candid about yourself and take notice of what you see. Large nose, ugly ears, high cheekbones, drooping mouth, large forehead, long face, square face. One of these may be your particular drawback. In which case, dress your hair to minimise the bad point and bring out another good one.

Suitable hairdressing can do much for the face that is too long. Don't take this face to a party with hair that is much too long or with plastic curls arranged around the forehead.

You can give the illusion of the much desired "oval" by a hair style which has width at the sides. This is achieved by keeping the hair flat on top, and fluffing it out softly at the sides. Leave half the ears uncovered. Conversely the round face that needs lengthening must avoid fullness at the sides as well as flanges and low side partings. The most becoming parting is just off centre. The forehead is left bare but some flat curls should be arranged low on the cheeks, and about the temples to make the forehead appear more narrow. If you can take it, a curl on the top of the head gives height.

Maybe your nose is the most prominent feature on your face. Both make-up and skillful hairdressing can cut the apparent size of a nose by half. Either a curl, or hair that dips on the forehead, comes first, and a dark shade of powder on the nose with a lighter tint on the chin is second. Use the darker shade below the feature, too, and avoid too bright a lipstick. Emphasise the eyes as a compensation. Shape to hold the head erect. A sunken chin emphasises a too large nose.

Now suppose you are the somewhat fortunate with a long neck, high cheekbones and a largish forehead. Curls are your standby. Severe styles are taboo. Keep your curls in line with your eyes or your ears. Experiment to discover which is the more -easing, distracting attention from the hollow cheeks. Keep a broad effect on the nape of the neck. This takes away from the length of the neck. If the hair is taken into a tight bunch or a knot, length is at once emphasised.

The pageboy style is much effected just from below the ears. I don't know, for it suits so few people. It has one advantage in that it lends itself well to extremely flat hair. It is usually much easier to make this type of hair curl under than over.

The upward trend in hair like the upward trend in hats is rather ageing. I can find nothing in favour of Edwardian bands except that they need hair.

What of the square face? Diagonal waves beautify these features. Avoid the horizontal. Let your curls or waves as the case may be come across the head from crown towards temples. Avoid flatness on top and crown. Let the soft curls down to the ears, just showing the tips of the latter. This minimises the squareness of the jaw.

It is possible to condense these suggestions into a few rules, rather one golden rule.

Aim at the effect of an oval face—the most perfect shape for human features. Comb the hair out and away from the sides of the head, where the head is narrow.

Where the head is too wide for beauty, keep the hair close and sleek.

Of course, if you have natural oval features, you are free to adopt almost any style of hairdressing that takes your fancy, providing you do nothing to mar that oval outline.

The choice of a good dressing or brillianising helps tremendously. It is always necessary when the hair has been permed. Many blondes and auburn with light brown, fair bristle to use brillianising because they fear it may darken the hair. It is possible to buy special brillianising for different shades of hair.

A camoufle brillianising is excellent for fair hair and there are also several varieties of henna brillianising.

Wanted! Elephants.—If your blemish is due to bone formation I am afraid it cannot be cured.

An-we-et.—You would do better with a liquid foundation.

E. M. Radd.—Try a reputable film agent.

S. S. (Wembly).—Shoes do become shabby-looking quickly. I agree, but there is something you can get which will not only improve the appearance of your shoes, but also prolong their life. For the small price of a bottle you can obtain a bottle of Radium Leather Dyes which will I test certain, solve your problem. It is sold at shoe shops, repairers and leather stores.

Bridge (Dublin).—Let me have your full address and a postal coupon. I should like to advise you at greater length than I can here.

If it is not everyone who can afford a personal dancing instructor, always at hand to help and advise. Yet this is what modern postal tuition offers you.

Learning by post is in many ways the most convenient method. Ballroom dancing is very easily learned by up-to-date correspondence lessons. If you would like an interesting illustrated booklet on the subject it will be sent to you by return post.

An extra adherence to Anne, c/o "The Picturegoer," Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope will bring a quick postal reply.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's pick of half a Guinea is awarded to Miss Alston, Co's Chin, Obel, near Bedford, for

Secret Between Two Women

After To-morrow

What Every Woman Knows

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to

Miss K. Bracey, 36 Blishtead Road, Abbey Wood, S.E.2, for

Heart of the West

Rode Hom, Cowley

Empty Saddles

The Limping Man

Miss D. Thompson, Lincoln House, Chamber Road W., The Park, Nottingham, for

Three Smart Girls

They Wanted a Merry Christmas

Three Wise Guys

Ready, Willing, and Able

Miss Diana Webber, 25 Shetland Avenue Hendon, N.W.9, for

The Crime Nobody Saw

The Most Important Witness

The Unlucky Man

Harold W. Koster, Holmewood, Holmer, Peterboro', Northants, for

I Dream Too Much

Star for a Night

Dreams Come True

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to list three or four talkie titles in order to make a sort of a quiz, so that you will be.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o Picturegoer, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

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

LUD BEACON

Let us explain—

Black Magic are the wonderful chocolates which Society is preferring to the most expensive kinds. They are even more popular than £1-a-pound chocolates! And there's a good reason why. They contain the twelve delicious "centres" that were proved by test to be the most popular. How can Rowntrees sell these really superb chocolates for only 2/10 a pound? The answer is — by packing them in simple black boxes without any extravagant decorations or tinfoil.
Hollywood's DANGEROUS WOMEN

Who are they? Read in "The Picturegoer" Xmas Annual what Cecil B. de Mille says about them... and test your "glamour essence" with his own 33-point star-finder chart.

MARRIAGE OR A CAREER?

MARLENE DIETRICH says... ? No, you're wrong. But you won't know how wrong until you read her own appealing revelations.

WHAT I'VE LEARNED FROM THE LADIES

By FRED MACMURRAY

AND when a he-man star like Fred starts talking... well—who knows? This is yet another great feature in "The Picturegoer" Xmas Annual.

I WOULD MAKE A ROTTEN HUSBAND

Says JAMES STEWART

BUT what do you think? Read his candid confessions in "The Picturegoer" Xmas Annual before you make up your mind.

TYRONE POWER'S GIRL FRIENDS

SOMETHING you've been wanting to hear—the true facts about the Hollywood rumours—told at last by... Guess whom?

A WORD IN YOUR EAR

By GRACE MOORE

HER own real life romance in "The Picturegoer" Xmas Annual. It's intimate...it's startling... it's called "The Man I Love."

PICTUREGOER CHRISTMAS ANNUAL 6p

NOW JANE'S ON THE ROAD TO SUCCESS

JANE WANTS TO BE AN ARTIST'S MODEL, CAN YOU GIVE HER A JOB SPENCER?

NOT WITH THAT COMPLEXION!

.... AND I THOUGHT HE LIKED ME

HE DOES MY DEAR, BUT YOU HAVE GOT 'TIRED SKIN'

WELL I CAN'T HELP THAT WHEN I'M IN THE CITY ALL DAY LONG

WHY NOT USE KNIGHT'S CASTILE IT'S SPECIALLY MADE TO PREVENT 'TIRED SKIN'

"Tired Skin" can't spoil your happiness if you guard your charm with Knight's Castile. Its stimulating freshness soon wakes up the beauty glands again, and brings back life and loveliness to your skin.

SPENCER WANTS ME TO POSE FOR HIM. ISN'T IT GRAND AND HE SAYS HE CAN GET ME LOTS OF OTHER WORK TOO

Don't let indoor air have a chance to give you "tired skin"—get a 41g tablet of Knight's Castile today.
GREETINGS

100 Craven A

Merry Xmas

Crayen 'A' quality is appreciated everywhere! That is why these cool, throat smooth cigarettes make such an acceptable Christmas Gift. There are six convenient sizes to choose from, all in gay gold, red and green boxes with Greetings Card on the back. You just sign your name and the most welcome of gifts is ready to post!

Sign your Christmas Card this year on the back of one of these Smart Craven 'A' boxes!

25 for 1/5 - 40 for 2/- - 50 for 2/6
100 for 3/- - 150 for 7/6 - 200 for 10/-

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS.

Craven 'A'

The Gift that is always welcome

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Free 16 PAGE SUPPLEMENT of Captains Courageous with Freddie BARTHOLOMEW and Spencer TRACY
A Gift SHE WILL ADORE

8 out of 10 women said “we want Cutex Manicure Sets for Christmas.”

A recent questionnaire to women all over the country revealed that eight out of ten would like a Cutex Manicure Set for Christmas. There's a set for every type of girl - some small in price though large in chic; others in every degree of luxury. But all contain every single thing necessary for a complete manicure plus the best nail polish money can buy. At all toilet goods counters - 2/6 to £3. 10. 0.

CUTEX MANICURE
Gift Sets

A book-shaped case in genuine leather. Packs neatly in a week-end bag and looks dainty on a dressing table. Black, pig-grain blue ... ... 8/6

Cutex Five-minute Set: This streamlined case is as practical as it is beautiful. Black, red or brown. Complete with every manicure need ... ... 5/-

Cutex Compact Set: Trial sizes of Cutex Polish, Oily Polish Remover, Oily Cuticle Remover and manicure instruments in an unusually good-looking box. White, black and gold ... 2/6
She'll say so many thanks for CARILLON adds gaiety and charm for many months to come

THE perfume that gives her added poise and charm and a lift to her spirits; that increases her confidence and enjoyment of life. That's Carillon—the perfume that does not cloy; that stays fresh and stimulating all day; that never grows stale.

A SEASONAL TOUCH! You can buy Carillon in a charming powder-blue box with a gramophone record of traditional old English and French Christmas carols played by Mr. Frank Wright on the famous carillon above Atkinsons Bond Street House. She will be enchanted by this entertaining gift. Price 3/9.

You can give it to her with CONFIDENCE

ATKINSONS Carillon

BREAD—far more surely and safely than any other food provides the energy demanded to do the exercises of the National Fitness Campaign...

BREAD—more rapidly than any other ordinary food restores the energy used up in your exercises.

BREAD FOR ENERGY
LADY ROSEMARY GRESHAM

"I returned to England after a childhood spent abroad, I noticed how much less attractive my skin was than that of most girls of my age.

"It was no wonder, then, when I received an invitation to a hunt ball, that I turned for aid to what my friends used—Pond's Cold Cream.

"I attended that hunt ball as I might have done an important beauty test... but I need not have feared. Thanks to Pond's Cold Cream my skin looked as nice as any girl's there. . . Since that day I've used Pond's Cold Cream faithfully—it's the best way I know of keeping the skin healthy, clear and free of little blemishes."

Wake Up Your Underskin

Your skin can be made lovely, as hers was. For skin faults start in your underskin: the glands, muscles and nerves lying under your top skin. When it gets sluggish, blackheads, big pores, lines and wrinkles appear.

But you can wake up a sleepy underskin and make it work. By using Pond's Cold Cream!

Smooth it on—to cleanse the pores completely. Wipe this dirt away. Then pat in more Pond's Cold Cream briskly to rouse the underskin. When you wipe it off, your skin will already be softer, smoother, clearer, fresher.

See Skin Faults Go

But do this faithfully every night—in the morning and to remove powder. Soon lines will be softened. Blackheads will be loosened—will go easily.

. Start using Pond's Cold Cream today. . . To hold powder on use Pond's Vanishing Cream. Pond's Creams are at chemists' and stores, sizes from 6d. But try both creams free—send the coupon below.

POND'S

FREE: For sample tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, write your name and address below, pin a s.d. stamp to this coupon and post in sealed envelope to Dept. 11253, Pond's, Perivale, Middlesex.

NAME ____________________________

ADDRESS _________________________

BEAUTY ADVICE FREE: Write to Constance Holt, Pond's Beauty Expert, at the address above, for free advice on your skin problems.
The co-stars of "Mademoiselle Docteur," which is now on exhibition at the London Pavilion. Dita Parlo, who was once a dancing teacher, is one of the most glamorous of Continental stars. She scored a big success in the French version of the film.
Give—and hope to receive!—the loveliest Christmas Gifts in the world: the exquisite Yardley Perfumes, Beauty Preparations, Toiletries . . . and magnificent Gift-Cases. Make your selection from among these aristocratic Christmas messengers—enough to fill your entire list—and even make men happy with them, too.
DEAR JOAN BLONDELL,

When we think of waste in connection with films we usually do so in terms of pounds, shillings and pence—dollars and cents, to you.

Aimless spending has become almost a tradition—and certainly a stock joke—of an industry that has yet to learn the difference between wild munificence and calculated magnificence.

Stories of Hollywood’s financial irresponsibility are legion. New ones contribute to the gaiety of nations every week.

Yet one sometimes wonders if the film world’s almost equally reckless squandering of talent, which is seldom mentioned, is not even more harmful.

Money, after all, has, in the past at any rate, always been plentiful enough to keep the movie moguls in the luxury to which they are unaccustomed and to ensure fantastic salaries to the few, very often third-rate, actors and actresses, who have been favoured by fortune. Talent is rare.

Year after year the film kings indulge in bigger and more frantic and expensive searches for new names while neglected talent, already on the pay-roll, cools its heels in their own overcrowded waiting rooms.

The failure to exploit at least half a dozen players, who come instantly to mind, who have all the qualifications for screen greatness, personality, charm and ability, is to us one of the inexplicable major mysteries of movieland. They will, I suppose, go on turning in good work for a few more years in inadequate parts in inadequate pictures until the public, wearying prematurely of their faces, will drive them into the outer darkness or else to new chances on the stage which will result in the studios clamouring for their services.

Occasionally a Carole Lombard can, after years of sound troup ing in supporting roles and the “B” class pictures, get an opportunity to show that she can shine with the best of them, but for the most part executives are too busy in the projection room scanning tests of “new faces” to notice the proved performers under their noses.

And occasionally a Joan Blondell can, after being a tower of strength to her studio in a score of unimportant pictures, get a chance in a film like Stand In and seize it neatly with both hands.

It must be something like seven years since we first saw you in Sinners’ Holiday. You had appeared in the Broadway stage version and were imported to Hollywood with it and James Cagney, its leading man.

The team was an immediate screen success and you proceeded to appear in a series of films with him, including The Steel Highway, Blonde Crazy and The Crowd Roars.

Jimmy Cagney, one of the most vital personalities to hit Hollywood in a decade, went on to the heights. It was almost inevitable. Nobody would have been surprised after Central Park, however, if you had followed him to major stardom. I don’t think there is any doubt that the public would have endorsed the promotion.

You had clearly demonstrated the possession of a versatility that combined a fine sense of comedy with the ability to win sympathy for a character no matter how hard-boiled, and a personality that was both attractive and different.

You had had, moreover, the sort of background, training and experience that goes to the making of the best stars. Cradled in a property trunk, you had tramped round the world in vaudeville in childhood and learned your job before struggling to success on the New York stage.

However, the powers that be let the opportunity slip and instead we saw Joan Blondell gradually sliding down the old familiar road in such unimportant and uninspired pictures as Her Reputation, Goodbye Again, Hit Me Again, Havana Widows, Convention City, I’ve Got Your Number, He Was Her Man, Kansas City Princess, Travelling Saleslady and, more recently, Broadway Gondolier, Stage Struck and the “Gold Diggers” series, none of which gave you a chance to do much more than fire off a few wisecracks.

I hope that your success in Stand In will make the Burbank authorities sit up and take notice.

If not we’ll know what to say to them next time the Messrs. Warner come to weep on our shoulders about the paucity of new stellar material.

JOAN BLONDELL

PREFER

• An Open Letter to

JOAN BLONDELL

THE SCREEN'S MOST POPULAR MAGAZINE

PICTUREGOER

December 11, 1937

THE EDITOR
HOLLYWOOD, after a twelve-month spending spree, is now suffering the hang-over. The year has been notable for the records it has set in production costs. More money has been spent than in any similar period in screen history and the £400,000 picture has become a commonplace.

There has, however, been no commensurate improvement in the entertainment quality of films and out of all this orgy of squander- mania has come nothing more important than the now fast dying crazy comedy cycle. That is why the film colony is nursing its worst morning-after headache for a long time. Some of the movie moguls don’t even know where their next million dollars is coming from.

The purse strings are being tightened at all the major studios, while the accountants are feverishly trimming the schedules.

One of the most disturbing elements of the situation, from the point of view of the film kings, is that the box-office has revealed a considerable decline in the individual drawing power of stars. You can almost count on the fingers of one hand the players who can to-day “carry” a picture on their own shoulders.

Garbo? Perhaps, but however violent the adulation she inspires among her partisans, Greta is teamed with a popular star. The same applies to Dietrich. Clark Cable, Robert Taylor and William Powell are invariably paired with one or other of the M.-G.-M. glamour queens. Mae West and most of the operatic stars are suffering a slump at the moment and that just about leaves Shirley Temple as the only performer whose name, alone and unaided, will cause the cash customers to line up at the ticket windows.

One reason is that the public has come to expect “all-star” casts. Another is that the prevailing fashion for two-hour talkies is shortening the lives of the stars. Seeing too much of a player in one picture is even worse than seeing that player in too many pictures.

Stardom for Olympia

- In the meanwhile, the studios are busy trying to find new personalities that will pay dividends. One of them may be Olympia Bradna, the little French girl who is getting all those raves for her work in Souls of Sea.

- Already the studio has begun grooming her for stardom, and Henry Hathaway, director of the Gary Cooper-George Raft salt-water saga, wants to direct a picture called End of the World, co-starring her with Raft.

Olympa, who had the romantic role opposite Raft in the sea picture, celebrated her seventeenth birthday three days after the preview, and of all the gifts she received she was most delighted with a bicycle. She won’t even get out of high school till next June.

Incidentally, it took the studio two years to find out that Olympia could act. She was “discovered” by Raft, who saw her on the studio lot and talked Hathaway into testing her for the coveted role of Babsie. And at the time neither of them so much as knew her name.

Approaching stardom has Olympia slightly bewildered, but unspoiled. The studio wanted to send her to New York for the premiere of Souls of Sea.

"But I have no evening dress," she protested. "I never had an evening dress in all my life."

"That’s all right," she was told. "You go shopping, pick out an evening dress you want, and charge it to the studio."

Now when a studio tells that to an actress it is the signal for her to do herself in. Consequently an executive almost fainted when Olympia called up the next afternoon and said:

"I am down town. I have found a lovely evening gown, but I am afraid it is too expensive. It is £4 10s."

That kind of money, she was informed, was "out of the question." Get a used one. Just charge it to the studio. But Olympia wanted the one she had found—a white thing of simple lines—and it was that one she wore at the premiere.

Freddie Bartholomew Cables:

- Under his new contract Freddie Bartholomew has a pocket money “rise” of a dollar. The Editor of PICTUROEGO asked him what he was going to do with it. He has cables the following reply.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I have delayed cabling you about what I did with the first weekly dollar I received from Mr. Mayer under the special clause in my new contract, because I wanted to use it to buy presents for my Aunt Cissie’s birthday, which is to-day. Now that she has received her presents I can tell you what I did.

Having been restricted to a nickel a day for so long, the sudden wealth of having my weekly allowance more than doubled was very exciting because of the many nice things I could get. At a drug store I got Aunt Cissie a little pink powder puff in a cellophone box for 35 cents. Then a little desk set of imitation books filled with thumb tacks, paper clips, sticky paper, key tags and book markers, respectively, for 54 cents, leaving 11 cents. I got a Sunday paper for 10 cents and two pieces of chewing gum for 1 cent, making a total of 1 dollar.

I may say that I have already planned what I’m going to do with my next two dollars.

Mary had a Little—Sleep

- Mary Carlisle, Paramount’s “pearl blonde” (whatever that may mean) learned the other day she must choose between a starring career in films and getting enough sleep.

The diminutive actress is Bing Crosby’s favourite dancing lady in the suppression of the crooner in Badge of Policeman O’Roon, an Emanuel Cohen production.

Mary, accustomed to at least nine hours of sleep each night, appeared on the set at Major Pictures one morning recently—looking as though she had just finished sleeping nine hours.

She was told by Chief Cinematographer Charles Lang that if she wishes to look her own beautiful self in the morning she must cut down on her sleep.

A slight puffiness about her eyes results from Mary sleeping as much as she likes to, she was told. Now she will rise two hours earlier each morning, to please the camera’s eye.

Simone Gets Rough

- For the first time in her American movie career Simone Feniex, the popular French comedienne recently for scenes in Love and Hisses, in which she is starring with Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie, has appeared.

She took a fall flat to the floor, messed up her hair in another spill, tried to bite Walter Winchell, and, scratched Bert Lahr’s face, and let Ben Bernie clow down through one of her songs.

Ever since she went to Hollywood, she has been begging to be allowed to play comedy roles, and Darryl F. Zanuck at last gave her a chance in Love and Hisses, in which she is also making her singing debut.
HAS A HANG-OVER

- Crisis Follows Spending Spree
- Stars Who Fail to Draw
- Olympe Headed for Stardom
- Simone Simon Goes Tough
- Scafe for Lombard and Gable

She convinced Zanuck that she could play comedy effectively after sending to France for the first picture she ever made—a two-reel slapstick film in which she played a patient in a dentist's chair.

What, No Hair Raiser!
- This is not an invitation to hair- tonic salesmen, but if anyone has a good idea for speeding up hair growth, George Sanders, handsome 20th Century-Fox leading man, would be interested.

His hair was cropped short for the leading role in Lawrence Stern's film, and now it's growing so slowly that the scheduled start of The Giant Swing, in which he is to star opposite Barbara Stanwyck, may have to be delayed.

He is, by the way, to be teamed with Dolores Del Rio again in Shanghai Deadline.

Cantor's Gesture to Rogers
- Last week a bouquet of flowers was placed on the desk where for so many years the greatest of the movie humorists worked.
- For Will Rogers, if he had lived, would have been 58.

In the vine-covered cottage at 20th Century-Fox where "Ambassador Bill" worked during the filming of his pictures, Eddie Cantor paid tribute to the memory of one of the greatest friendships in the history of the theatre by placing the roses—the favourite flowers of Rogers—on his desk.

Although Cantor to-day occupies the cottage that was Rogers', he has never changed a piece of furniture. It stands exactly as the great comedian left it when he soared away on his last flight.

The day also brought to mind another anniversary for Cantor. It was exactly 20 years ago that both Rogers and Cantor first became famous on Broadway, both being featured in their first Ziegfeld Follies.

Malcolm Phillips.

Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot from Hollywood

FRIGHT for CAROLE and CLARK

Clark Gable and Carole Lombard had quite a scare recently when they thought that gangsters were following them.

As the couple drove off from Carole's home they noticed that they were followed by a car which had been parked near the star's home.

The mysterious motorists several times drove by Gable's car, and the occupants, two young men, stared at the celebrities.

Gable stepped on the petrol, and outdistanced the strangers.

He had taken the precaution of noting the licence number of the other car, which was reported to the police.

The mystery was soon cleared up. The car was owned by a Glendale youth, of excellent reputation, who said that he and his friend merely desired to gaze upon the two celebrities.

The Wrong Feline
- Priscilla Lane's friends are chaffing her about a certain adventure, but Priscilla does not think the episode was funny.

It seems that Priscilla, who is the sister of Lola and Rosemary Lane, and quite a promising young actress, was strolling through the woods in Encino, in the San Fernando Valley, when she saw what she thought was a very kindly cat.

She stooped to pet the animal, which promptly tore its arm with its sharp claws, and then crouched back, snarling.

The creature was a cat—a wild cat. Priscilla was absent from the studio, holding up production for nearly a week.

She is still wild about cats—but not wild cats!

Frugal Garbo
- Greta Garbo will probably go down in history as a star who never wasted a single dollar or pound.

Someone told an automobile salesman that the Swedish actress was in the market for a car, so he drove up to her home in a brand new motor of one of the most expensive makes.

True to her economical reputation, Garbo did not buy the car, but purchased a used car, several years old, priced at a very reasonable figure.

A New Romance
- Virginia Bruce is different from the majority of film stars, for, instead of denying her engagement to J. Walter Ruben, who directed her in The Bad Man of Brimstone, she candidly admits that she and Ruben will be wed on Christmas Day.

Curiously enough, during the taking of the picture, I noticed that the name on Virginia's chair was "Virginia Bruce Gilbert!"

Lucky Lady
- Anna Sten has done so well in Hollywood that she is the proud owner of a new fifteen-room Colonial home, nearing completion in the exclusive Brentwood Heights district, which will cost approximately £17,000.

This amount excludes furnishings, a tennis court, swimming pool, orchard and flower garden.

Among her neighbours are Virginia Bruce, Cary Grant, Randolph Scott and other film celebrities.

Number One Hero
- Usually rescues from drowning are made by young men, but elderly Charley Grapewin, veteran character actor, proved that he was a hero despite his many years.

Grapewin was on working at location at Lake Arrowhead when thirteen-year-old Leatrice Joy Gilbert, appearing in the same film, fell from a speedboat. The actor dived into the water, rescued the child and handed her up to the boatman.

He disclaimed all credit, saying that he was originally a trapeze performer.

Happy Girl
- Deanna Durbin is well satisfied with life, and she certainly should be.

Her new contract with Universal stipulates (Continued on page 10)

Mother presents Leatrice—13-year-old Leatrice Joy Gilbert—with the screen test that won her her first role, in "Benefits Forgotten," at the studio where her father, John Gilbert, scored his greatest triumphs.
All the Gossip—continued

that she will receive from £300 to £600 a week over a period of seven years, with a bonus of £2,000 per picture.

Curiously enough this 14-year-old youngster will be 21 when the contract expires, an age when many girls are just starting out to make a living, and she will have earned a fortune.

Chaffing Kate

* Katharine Hepburn always insists upon working behind closed sets, with “Keep Out” signs prominently posted.

Of late many directors and stars at the Radio studio have been putting “Keep Out” placards outside their sets, worded in such a way that the inscriptions bring roars of laughter.

There is no more news, by the way, regarding the Hepburn-Hughes romance, if it is a romance.

Irate Fans

* Buddy Ebsen, elongated comedian, was speeding around Santa Monica Bay when two youths in another boat called to him. The actor did not hear what they said, but thought they were challenging him to a race, so he dashed down the harbour with the other boat trying to overhauls him.

The boats had gone five miles before Buddy was overtaken. He was surprised to hear that they were autograph hunters and were angry, because they felt that the rest of the boat, after the five mile race, would cost more than his autograph, and he himself was thinking of his own troubles.

Buddy gave his autograph, also sufficient money to pay for the hire of the boat.

Second-hand Home

* Film stars will spend prodigious sums to erect new houses, but a used home, like a used car is rarely in demand by the wealthy folk of the screen colony.

This undoubtedly is the reason why Chester Conklin, former comedy star, is unable to sell his French-Normandy house, built in the Hollywood hills, with a magnificent view of the city. It has swimming pools, a formal garden, and in the house is a pipe organ which Conklin loves to play.

The place is far superior to the average wealthy home, but the reason that it is not sold is that Conklin’s price is £17,000. He has declined all lesser offers, many at ridiculously low figures, as he has enough of the world’s goods to wait for the right buyer.

Fairy God-Mother

* It hardly seems appropriate to style little Anne Shirley as her mother’s “god-mother,” but she has certainly lived up to that title.

We all know that Anne would not marry until she had purchased a £12,000 annuity for her parent. Then she married young John Howard Payne, leaving her mother without a car, but only for a short time.

E.G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

ALL FAIRLY QUIET!

This week a friend of mine in a major studio said to me, “Well, there’s one thing I don’t mind betting. E.G.—you won’t find enough doing in British studios this week to fill more than half your usual space.”

That made me feel a bit solemn, because usually I find myself leaving to have most of the goast until next week because there isn’t room for it this week.

It’s also rather a grim thought that British production should have sunk so low an ebb that one has to go gunning for news, when one thinks of the way things were looking this time last year—floors busy, all hands to the pumps, and foreigners pouring in, which is always a sign of prosperity.

Still, knowing this industry as I do (well, I ought to after all this time!), I’m convinced it’s only a temporary set-back, and when all the political and economic of the businees are re-adjusted—for the umpteenth time—production will get into full swing again.

For all its findenings, it’s essentially a good industry, and you can’t keep a good industry down.

No Hole

* Anyway, in the meantime I don’t think we shall find any necessity to present you with a hole in the page where the British film notes ought to be.

The first thing we find, on crossing the borders of British Filmland, is The Strange Boarders of Palace Crescent, in which Tom Walls comes again in under the Gainsborough banner, from whose sheltered fields he has been absent for eighteen months or more.

Don’t worry, you’re not likely to have to use a worry, you’re not likely to have to use all that mouthful of words when you recommend the film to your friends. It is called Tom Walls and is a provisional title, which is the name of the book upon which the story is based, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. At the studio they just call it Boarders and have done with it.

Which studio? Pinewood.

And who is playing the lead opposite Tom Walls? Well, I’m afraid the name will be as unfamiliar to you as it was to me—Renée Saint-Cyr.

Of course, this is a very fine and honourable old French name, but Renée, I’m told, came by it in rather a roundabout way, by naming herself after a dog she was fond of.

Ma’moiselle

* Her father is French and her mother Italian, and she was born twenty-three years ago at Beaujolais (go on, you can translate that all right! Don’t be nervous) in the hills above Monte Carlo.

She’s played leads in a large number of French films, including one of Renée Clair’s Le Dernier Millionnaire, and a few weeks ago she made her stage-debut in Paris, in L’Opera de Quoi Sou, after the style of The Beggar’s Opera.

She rides, swims, skates, dances, and composes for the piano; personally I haven’t set eyes on her yet, but knowing Tom Wall’s taste in leading ladies I’m quite prepared to believe she’s an extra.

Of course, there may be a bit of a schemozzle about the correct pronunciation of her name; personally, I’m going about calling it something like “Sanje-Seer” unless somebody in authority tells me not to.

By the way, among her other occupations she’s had time to qualify for her air-pilot’s certificate.

Buttoned Up

* Another forthcoming Gainsborough production, to be made down at Islington, is the Alf’s Button film which I warned you about some weeks ago.

To tell you the truth I’ve been a little worried about this one, because the original Alf’s Button, in 1929, with
Leslie Henson as Alf, was such a landmark, that I feel it would be difficult to live up to.

Mind you, it has been made once since then, as a talkie, in 1929, with Tubby Edlin in the title-role, but that didn't cut much ice.

Incidentally, Nervo and Knox were in that, which was reasonable enough—just the two of them. But when I heard that the whole Crazy Gang was going to be in the new version, I trembled for what has come, with the passage of years, nothing less than a classic.

However, I now find that the full title is Alf's Button Afloat, which suggests that (a) the whole concern is transferred from the Army to the Navy, or (b) it's a cork story.

A Morsel for Marcel

- Alastair Sim, I hear, is to be the Genie, which seems to me the best bit of casting I've heard of for some time.
- Wally Patch and Peter Gawthorne are also in the cast, and Gennis Lorimer, whom you remember as one of the Gainsborough Baby Stars, is playing the feminine lead; I'm glad to see this talented young woman back in action again; I've kind of lost track of her for some months. However, with the recent boom in the theatre I find quite a number of my friends have been hiding themselves away in West End productions for months at a time.

One of the best bits of news I've heard about this Button one is that Marcel Varnel is directing it. After his last Crazy Gang picture, O-Kay for Sound, and the Will Hay picture Oh, Mr. Porter, there can be little doubt that Varnel is to be regarded as one of our foremost comedy directors.

A fly in the ointment is that he is not British, but French, but that fly is to be fished out very shortly, for he is in process of being naturalised.

A skillful exploiter of the bellylaugh, he also has a delightful sense of humour, which accounts for much of his popularity in the studios.

Jessie Through

- The new Jessie Matthews picture, Sailing Along, by the way, has now been finished, and is in the cutting-room.

This is likely to prove one of the most important films Jessie has had, for in addition to a good colourful story and imaginative treatment, she has five new songs to sing, specially written for her by Arthur Johnson (who wrote "Pennies from Heaven") and Maurice Siegel.

And she has a dancing partner worthy of her: that's an element that has been woefully lacking in her previous pictures. This time she has Jack Whiting, an American whom I have only seen on the stage and whom I think you're going to like very much.

Roland Young, Barry Mackay, and Noel Madison all figure in the film, which sounds to me like the nucleus of a very fine cast.

Complaint

- Speaking of casts, "The Thinker" has passed on to me a most indifferent letter from a

"THE GOOD EARTH"
Next Week's Gift to Readers

"It is difficult to know where to begin to write about this magnificent film," admitted a famous film critic of "The Good Earth," Irving Thalberg's greatest and best epic of life in China. Written by celebrated Pearl Buck, the story embraces in a grandiose sweep the record of China's farming community—the famine, revolution, plague and other trials which surged around them. Depicting scenes of moving beauty, this film plumbs the deepest emotions of the heart.

This is the film which The Picturegoer has selected for the wonderful 16-page souvenir Gift Book which will be included FREE inside every copy next week.

Printed in rich photogravure with glorious pictures taken in the studios during production, it brings you also special articles.

There will be—there always is!—an extra heavy demand for copies of The Picturegoer whenever one of the Famous Film Supplements is offered to readers.

In your own interests you are strongly advised to place an order with your newsagent for next week's issue—you will thus save yourself disappointment, and ensure having a real film thrill! The Picturegoer next week is 2d. as usual.

reader who complains that I am too enthusiastic about the casts of British films.

Well, after all, we can only be relative, not comparative, in our enthusiasms, because in England we don't go in for the star-building that they do in Hollywood.

I don't mind telling you one thing: that if a Hollywood production were made with a cast equal to that of, say, South Riding or Farewell Again or Action for Slander, that cast would be so publicised and ballyhooed that you'd think every member of it was worth going miles to see.

And so they are; but who'll believe it unless we say so, loud and long?

Speaking of casts, here is the personnel of the latest Fox British production at Wembley, called Agony Column: Frank Birch, Edward Ashley, Evelyn Ankers, Liam Gaffney, Leslie Harcourt, Margaret Davidge, Julie Sruolo, Sybil Brooke, and Billy Shaye.

Now, I'm not throwing my hat up in the air and shouting "Banazl! Banazl!" about that cast, because, as you will observe, there is not a single star name in it.

But on the other hand its perusal gives me profound satisfaction, because every member of it is a competent performer, and is admirably equipped to provide the kind of acting which, in the absence of big production values, has to be the attraction of these Quota pictures.

A Little Agony

- This film has a story based on an original by F. Wyndham Mallock entitled "The Trap." A collector of valuable stones invites a group of people to his country house, selecting his guests more or less at random from the "agony column" of a newspaper.

He then stages a robbery, intending to claim compensation from his insurance company, and to implicate one of his guests.

Well, that's a reasonably original idea. But do you suppose he is successful? Not, you can bet your boots, if the hero and heroine are among the guests, as presumably they are.

That's one disadvantage of the hero-and-heroine system of film-making; and that's only one.

By the way, I advised you recently to look out for Liam Gaffney and the beautiful Evelyn Ankers. Well, now they're both in one film, so you can polish 'em both off at one sitting.

Bernard Malmring (pronounced Manning) is directing the Agony one, and by the way, notice Leslie Harcourt in it. He's a clever character actor whom I've seen several times on the stage.

Booze

- He has also written a new play, called Under Suspicion, which was tried out at the Richmond Theatre recently and is going into the West End after Christmas.

He had his share of the agony during the first day's shooting on this picture. In a pub scene he was required to drink beer, and with all the rehearsals and several takes he accounted during the morning's work for seventeen glasses!

And at the end of that time he was as sober as he started; the worst sufferers were two of the electricians who were watching him from way up in the gallery where the heat is fiercest, and who both complained of inflamed throat.
THINK FIRST!
Mr. TAYLOR

Have you ever thought how much of a film-star's reputation and success depends upon his ability to be interviewed, his reaction to his publicity? You will gain an entirely new 'slant' on the matter from this illuminating article

by MAX BREEN

How would you like to be in Robert Taylor's shoes?

Oh, I know, you'd just love it. Publicity, fame, flattery, wealth, the ability to travel where you like between pictures, the consciousness of having achieved a phenomenal success for a man of that age. . . .

Well, if you should happen to be one of the envious who think along those lines, how drill using your imagination for a change?

Let me try to stimulate it.

Supposing you were the son of a country doctor in the Middle West—or anywhere else—and suddenly found you weren't going to be a country doctor or a small-town lawyer yourself, but a film-star—and then almost as suddenly discovered that you were an international figure, one of the twenty most-written-about men in the world.

And supposing you suddenly found that all this—as it was bound to do, although you didn't realise it—necessitated a complete change of values and of "front" . . . would you have the mental and moral equipment to cope with it?

Supposing you found, for instance, that every word you said in public was liable to be taken down and used in evidence against you by a legion of sensation-hungry reporters and gossip-writers.

A man charged with a crime is entitled by law to the assistance of a lawyer; but it's nobody's business to warn a youngster charged with the crime of being a newly-hatched film-star that his lightest remark is liable to be flung to the ends of the earth and compete for attention with the latest war or cabinet crisis.

Perhaps you've never been questioned by newspapermen—or women. Believe me, it may be a deadly peril!

In England we're not so ruthless as our American colleagues, but we're bad enough; to see a film-star bombarded by a battery of notebooks is to watch a man or woman in danger.

"Mr. Taylor, what's your opinion of British girls compared with American girls?" (Think fast, Mr. Taylor! Is it better to say they're all the same to you, and sound off-hand, or that they're marvellous, and offend American girls; or that you haven't noticed them, and offend British girls?)

"Mr. Taylor, is there anything in the stories about you and Miss So-and-So in Hollywood?" (Think fast, Mr. Taylor! Stall the questioner off for a moment).

"Just what stories are you referring to?"

"Oh, about a romance, attachment."

"Oh! That's fast, Mr. Taylor! Shall you say "Nothing in it at all," and appear unassuming; or "You know what Hollywood stories are;" and be quoted as implying that Hollywood is a backbiting, scandalmongering collection of backyard fences; or say "Why, we're very good friends, and have that magnified into Yuma, Reno, or what have you?"

"Mr. Taylor, what's your impression of British studios?" (Think fast, Mr. Taylor! Remember Denham's the only British studio of which you have any experience, and remember that was built by an American; and remember . . . and remember . . . and remember . . . )

"Mr. Taylor, your glass is empty. Let me . . . ." (Think fast, Mr. Taylor! Is this a dodge to secure a "candid camera" shot of you drinking?)

I hate these mass interviews, because they don't represent a star at his normal best, and they don't give him (especially a comparative newcomer) any opportunity to say what he means to—say and what he would say if he were given a moment or two to think.

I interviewed Bob Taylor sitting in half an inch of dust (they beat it off me in clouds afterwards) on the Hifey Road grandstand, Oxford . . . only it was in the studio at Denham, to which Oxford has been conveniently removed, lock, stock and bolt barrels, for purposes of filming it for A Yank at Oxford. Just as a test I loosed a barely one at him.

"What do you think of all this 'mass-hysteria' publicity you've been getting lately?" (Don't trouble to think fast, Mr. Taylor! Picturegoer isn't out yet.)

He shot a worried look at me—and my notebook.

"Take your time," I said, and proceeded to "contemplate the distance."

With a look of pensive meaning
As of ducks that die in tempests,
as Lewis Carroll lyrically phrased it.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said at last. "There are only three ways in which a film-star can gauge his own popularity—that is to say, the measure of his success."

"One is by box-office returns—most reliable, of course, but cold and impersonal and statistical; the second is fan mail, which gets a little nearer to personal contact but is mostly taken off his hands by secretaries . . . if there's enough of it, and thirdly there is personal contact itself, which is the only way he can really feel he has arrived, is liked, and is likely to go on and up."

"For that reason I love it—naturally; so does Clark Gable, so do Jim Stewart and Bob Young. If any star tells you he doesn't, that's hokey. It may be a little embarrassing at times, but so long as it means we're succeeding at what we're trying to do, it's okay by us."

"Yes . . . you said embarrassing; you mean when it grows hysterical?"

"Yes, but remember you have crowd psychology to blame for that, not the individual; and therefore the thing becomes impersonal, and it's only embarrassing because it may give offence to other people, and turn them against the object of the hysteria—the film-star."

Perhaps that is a danger. I agree. "Now there's another question I've been wanting to ask you. Previous films about Oxford have generally been effeminate; is this one going to be different?"

(Think fast, Mr. Taylor! Will it be better to say "No, it's all intensely masculine" and have yourself represented as a self-declared he-man, or say you don't know, and look like a nincompoop, or . . . )

"Listen," said Bob Taylor, rubbing his hefty frame tenderly and reminiscently. "The undergraduates in this film have been played by medical students on holiday. Effeminate? No . . . I haven't actually been to Oxford, so I can't say whether they've erred by going too far to the other extreme, but I should certainly say—not effeminate.

"You haven't been to Oxford?"

"No, they brought it here; but I don't think you'll be able to detect that on the screen. I'm disappointed at not having seen something of England, though. When I first arrived I rushed over to Paris thinking I'd have plenty of time to see England later, and ever since then the only bit I've seen lies between the student and the farmhouse that I've rented a few miles away! And now I have to go over to the Continent again, to prepare for my next film They Seek a Country. Part of it is laid on the Continent, part in England, quite a lot of it in South Africa . . . but I don't think I'll be going there," he added with a cheerful grin.

Pleasant youth, Mr. Taylor, when once his guard is down. He keeps it up perhaps a little longer than most people I've interviewed—but then, as I've tried to indicate, he's had to!

The only relaxation he has had during his few weeks' stay over here is an occasional visit to Wembley Stadium and elsewhere for "the fights."

At the Los Angeles Olympic and Hollywood legion stadiums he's a familiar figure at the ringside; and it was a pleasant surprise to him to find that at Wembley he was an unfamiliar figure—to the extent of being practically unrecognised!

"For once in a way I didn't object to this," he chuckled. "I was there to see the Neusel-Strickland clash, not to sign autograph-books. I did have a few to sign going in and coming out, but inside I could just relax. Incidentally, that stadium's much better than anything we've got at home."

"Another thing that struck me was that the fighters pay much more attention to the referee's
Above: a characteristic new portrait of the star, and (right) Maureen O’Sullivan pays a visit to Bob’s farm; no wonder he looks happy.

commands than they do in the States—and the spectators are a good deal more orderly.”

There was precious little attention paid to the referee or anyone else, however, when Bob Taylor and Griffith Jones fought a bare-fists scrap in an Oxford bar-room scene for the film on the following day.

Several quite knowledgeable friends of mine among the “sparks” and “props” tell me it was one of the best set-to’s they’d seen at Denham—a bit cleaner than the fight in the mud on the Gracie Fields set next door, but just as vigorous; and Darky Williams, old-time manager of prize-fighters, who has handled such men as Joe Beckett, and who supervised this scrap, said Bob should have been a boxer.

“The boy’s beautifully built,” he told me, “fast in his reactions, a smart fighter, and packs a terrific wallop.”

One of the sports at which he was not proficient when he came to England was rowing. Admittedly he has had a great advantage in being coached by Ted Phelps, who has three times been the world’s champion sculler; but Phelps himself told me “All I have to do is to walk round and watch him improve. I’ve trained hundreds of men, and no one’s picked it up faster. He’s a natural-born oarsman.” I shouldn’t mind betting that when you see Bob in action in the boat race scenes of the film you’ll find it difficult to believe that his training consisted principally of less than two hours’ instruction on the Thames from Champion Ted Phelps and another day with the Thames Rowing Club.

When he started his training for rowing he weighed 12 st. 4 lbs., and at the end of it he was three pounds heavier, which seems to suggest that he is a “natural” oarsman.

In running Bob has done equally well. I asked Syd Cannell, who provided the professional runners for the film, what he thought of Taylor’s action on the track.

“Oh, he’s a first-class runner—a beautiful condition and splendidly built. You could make a champion of him as easy as that!”

This is a pretty considerable weight of opinion from experts who have nothing to gain by praising him—and especially as Bob’s favourite sports are tennis and riding.

He raises thoroughbred Arabs at his ranch at Chatsworth, in the San Fernando Valley.

Curiously enough, the only new sport he has had trouble with is skating; he has to appear a rank beginner at it, and had to learn when and how to fall in order to look convincing.

By the way, I seem to remember a slight argument as to whether Bob is musical or not. Well, I can settle that. He has studied the piano for six or seven years, and is a very accomplished player, and also plays several other instruments including the cello and banjo.

Yes, he’s capable of thinking fast, and acting fast; and as a film-star spends so much of his life balanced precariously on the publicity tight rope, those two accomplishments have gone a long way towards placing him in the enviable position he’s in to-day.
“Give CALIFORNIAN POPPY this Christmas”
says Lady Bridgett Poulett

“I find it so different...and so acceptable”

HERE’S a gift she’ll be thrilled to receive, at a price that need not upset your Christmas-present budget. Californian Poppy Perfume is used by many society women, including the beautiful Lady Bridgett Poulett—who is famous alike for her elegance and exquisite dancing. These lovely ladies prefer it to perfumes that are far more costly. Its unique, alluring fragrance is not too heavy—discreet enough for daytime, yet sufficiently sophisticated for glamorous nights. A perfume that never shouts but subtly emphasises that air of feminine charm and daintiness so irresistible to men.

Give her Californian Poppy this Christmas and every time she uses it she’ll think of you! Californian Poppy is sold in most attractive cases at 1/-, 1/6, 3/- and upwards. Beautiful gift coffrets, specially designed for Christmas, containing Californian Poppy Perfume, Face Powder, Vanishing Cream, and Powder Puffs, are on sale at prices ranging from 1/6 to 5/-.

SPECIALY DESIGNED FOR CHRISTMAS

CALIFORNIAN POPPY
 Christmas Cases

Amami Wave Set, the miracle product of modern hairdressing, will give you a setting to be proud of. There are two varieties of Amami Wave Set to choose from: AMAMI Wave Set in the green pack, well-known to hundreds of thousands of girls, and AMAMI Spiritus Wave Set in the yellow pack, especially for fine hair and for girls who prefer a thinner wave set. All Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores sell

AMAMI WAVE SET 6d. & 1/3
Solved that Christmas present problem yet? Below the stars go shopping with Mary Whiter and give you some hints and tell you what they are buying this year.

CHRISTMAS, 1937, is just round the corner, and I expect you are all busy with long shopping lists filling in the blanks opposite the names of relations and friends. This year I hope you are following the stars’ admirable example and getting those lists completed in good time!

So let’s have an advance peep at the presents which the stars are buying for themselves and other people. I noticed that they are going all out for the luxury touch, not luxury, perhaps, ) but the sort of luxury that all girls like to get. Male belongings, please make a note of this! Beauty accessories are among the most popular items among perfumes, for instance, and this is an exciting experience, and it may be that among your Christmas presents you will find one exactly like this.

Coty have just brought out a new one called “Le Vertige,” a poetic and provocative French name which describes the perfume itself very well. It symbolises all the whirl and elation of the dance and the emotion one can feel when deeply stirred, as elusive and tantalising a perfume as one could wish for. Choose it especially for evening wear, and I may mention in passing that it holds its fragrance to the end and it never becomes stale.

The lovely crystal bottles in quilted satin-lined cases cost 21s., 35s., and 65s. each, but the practical perforated top bottle costs only 6d., 3s. 9d., 6s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each. Other Coty Christmas sets are being put up in boxes with enchanting paper covers in sunset pink, dawn blue, or in pink chiffon. I particularly liked a coffret containing a large compact and a “purser” bottle of Coty perfume for the handbag, all complete for 7s. 6d.

I am sure that you already know the smart black and chromium flask which holds that gayest of perfumes, “Mischief.” Well, for Christmas this year “Mischief” has gone into evening dress, and it can be bought in an ultra-modern flask with chromium cap and base, a really lovely addition to anyone’s dressing-table. This evening dress flask comes in four sizes, 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s. and 21s., and there’s a special gift set, complete with a scent spray, for 10s. 6d., 13s. 6d., 18s. 6d., and 25s., according to size. The spray is decorative and efficient. The little handbag size of this perfume, by the way, costs 1s. 3d., and is very good for testing.

Other novel ideas for the dressing-table figure largely among perfume gifts. If you already know the delicate fragrance and the sophisticated blue containers of “Evening in Paris” perfume, you will love the little turquoise or the blue and silver horseshoe, both containing single bottles and both symbols of good luck. The tortoise costs 4s. 6d., but there are also a little containing the “Evening in Paris” powder and cream as well. These cost from 1s. 9d. up to 3s. 6d., so you will see that they are anything but expensive.

Grossmith’s describe their Phul-Nana perfume as the “signature of the soignée,” and a signature certainly is what a good perfume ought to be, something entirely individual to the person who uses it. The secret, of course, of making a perfume your own is in having all the etcceteras to match, and I was interested to see that three of these—talcum, cream, soap, cachous and so on to match “Phul-Nana.” Prices of the perfume itself are 1s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 4s. 9d. and upwards.

Names of most of the Dubarry perfumes, “Heart of a Rose,” “Bunch of Violets,” “Golden Morn” and so on, are peculiarly English, and I was pleased to see that the gift cases consist often of a bottle of the perfume with matching bath cubes or talcum. The Dubarry perfume is perfect for the handbag, to take one example, and a sprinkler flask of talcum, together cost 4s. 9d., and a real advantage, for it has a leak-proof bottle. The new Dubarry flakjack, Vanessa face powder and soap and the perfume costs 11s. 9d.

The flakjack is charming, nearly three inches square and made in five different colours or black. The decoration is a basket of flowers in marcasite and coloured enamel. If you buy it alone it costs 6s. 6d. I need not stress the convenience of a leak-proof perfume bottle for one’s bag.

I was told that no less than eighteen exotic flower oils from all parts of the East and the shores of Africa go to the making of “Elysia,” a glamorous perfume by Rolle de Paris, and every drop of it matures in casks for more than seven years. The packs are attractive too, and the bottle as suitable for travelling as it is for wearing. For it has a leak-proof double cap. Cases are made in rose, green, black, brown, mist and mauve, and the prices 5s. 9d., 10s. 6d., and one guinea.

The phrase “The lovable fragrance” is almost as well known as Yardley’s Lavender itself. Indeed, a bottle of this famous lavender is often welcomed by people who ordinarily dislike other scent, and also by men, who often use it as a skin freshener after shaving. Prices are conveniently elastic; you may choose one of the modest sprinkler-top bottles, which cost from 2s. 6d. up to 10s. 6d., according to size, or go more ambitious and get a fancy-stoppered bottle at anything from 5s. 6d. up to 42s. A charming decanter of Yardley Lavender costs 21s., and wickered bottles are from 4s. up to a guinea.

And then there is the large range of Lavender perfume gift-cases; one comprehensive outfit contains lavender perfume, soap, face-powder, talcum, bath cubes and a compact, all for 10s. 6d., and there is an equally attractive 10s. 6d. gift containing shaving requisites for a man. By the way, this family size is known for other and equally appealling perfumes. “Orchis,” “Fragrance,” “April Violets” and “Freesia” are all delightful flower scents, priced from 2s. 6d. up to 4s. 5d. a bottle, and the newest Yardley creation, “Bond Street,” is a perfume of quite exceptional charm. This costs from 7s. 6d. up to 21s. a bottle.

One thing which I especially like about Californian Poppy perfume is the fact that it never strikes a discordant note, but will blend perfectly with any ensemble. This is a distinct advantage in any scent, and is probably the reason why it is used by so many society women. Prices start from 1s., 1s. 6d., and 3s., and upwards, and to go with it I can recommend the Californian Poppy powder, so fine that it allows light and air to filter through to the skin, keeping it smooth and clear, and with a glowing natural colour.

“Carillon” is the peculiarly appropriate name given to a new Atkinson perfume, for there is a famous carillon of bells above their Bond Street showrooms. And the perfume itself is as fresh and charming as a peal of bells; it stays fresh and stimulating all day and never cloy or grows stale. In attractive blue-capped bottles it starts at 1s. 6d., and so upwards to 4ls., and if you want to give a really original Christmas present you can buy it in a gift box containing a gramophone record of Christmas carols played on the famous Bond Street carillon. This costs 3s. 9d. complete.

Atkinson’s are also well-known for fine eau de Cologne and lavender water, and there are special Christmas packings of these, ranging in price from 2s. 3d. to 25s. A long flask of lavender water, six bath cubes and guest tablets of soap, costing 4s. 9d., would be a charming gift for a visitor to find on her dressing-table.

Perfumed eau de Cologne is actually a two-in-one gift, for after the eau de Cologne has done its refreshing work, the perfume fingers to give charm to your personality. There are three perfumes in the “4711” range of eau de Colognes—“Tosca,” which costs from 2s. 6d., “Rhinegold,” from 3s., and “Trolück” from 2s. 9d., and the well-known eau de Cologne itself comes in Christmas packlings at 5s. and 9s. The latter is a large size of the original bottle.

The bewitching fragrance of Mitcham lavender runs through all Potter and Moore’s toilet accessories, and among other gift suggestions I (continued on page 16)
made a special note of coffrets containing lavender water and soap, lavender water and smelling salts, and powder cream and blush cream.

Powder cream is a combination of cream and powder and it gives a matt finish to the face which lasts all day, and you may know that it is good because many film stars use it. The cream is a cream rouge which adapts itself equally well to blonde or brunette. Prices of the coffrets start at £1.50, as 1s., and men have not been forgotten either.

If you are looking for a gift for brother or fiancé, put these items down on your list: razor set, shaving soap casket, brilliantine and shaving brush, complete in a case for 10s. 6d. A shaving bowl and brush costs 3s. 9d., shaving stick and brilliantine 2s. 6d. He will be sure to like the fresh fragrance of the Mitcham lavender.

Some of the Piver gift cases are complete beauty outfits. Consider for instance, one containing a large box of "Tréfle Incarnat" powder and perfume, a bottle of double lavender water, and day and night creams. This would last you for weeks, and it costs only 1s. 6d. Piver's also have a new and original perfume creation called Mascarade, so I made another special note of a gift case containing a large bottle with a giant size box of matching powder, and double lavender water, a truly lovely gift. The price is 17s.

You probably already know that Knight's Castille soap is specially made for the face. If you would like to give it as a gift, for 1s. 6d. you can buy a soap casket with a Knight in golden armour on gold harnessed chargers tilting all over it, and inside four tablets of the Castile soap and a specially made Sea Foam sponge. This latter is a cross between a face cloth and a sponge, and I found that it produces a mild friction which pleasantly cleans and stimulates the skin. It is an idea which will appeal to men too.

Pond's are putting up the smartest green and gold caskets containing everything for skin care; a small one at 2s. 6d., contains a cross of the famous cleansing cold cream, vanishing cream, face powder in any one of the five Pond's shades and a bottle of skin freshener and cleansing tissues.

The luxury edition of this casket, costing 3s. 6d., has larger quantities of these five beauty aids. The caskets, by the way, are excellent for travelling, because you can pack everything needed to make you fresh and attractive at the end of the day. It contains a cross of the famous cleansing cold cream, vanishing cream, face powder in any one of the five Pond's shades and a bottle of skin freshener and cleansing tissues.

Hands are so much noticed and are so apt to get rough and chapped these bitter days that I was delighted to come across an idea for hand loveliness which was entirely new to me. The name is "Glories" and it consists of a pair of porous material gloves impregnated with a preparation which softens and whitens the hands. You wear the gloves while you sleep and the impregnation lasts for about a month. After this you wash the gloves and reimpregnate them from the bottle which comes with the outfit. This contains enough liquid for two applications, so the one outfit, costing 5s., lasts three months. Not a great deal to pay for really lovely hands.

Well-groomed nails, too, are one of a woman's greatest charms, and I can't imagine any nicer gift than a set of manicure requisites, even if the recipient already has a manicure set. There is everything for pretty finger tips in the Amami 2s. 6d. outfit—oil varnish remover, cuticle remover, varnish, nail white, file, orange stick and emery boards.

Cutex have a special set for the busy woman who has not much time for an elaborate manicure but likes her nails to look nice. It contains everything for a quick manicure and the streamlined case is most attractive. You can get it in black, brown and red, price 5s.

The Cutex outfit I personally fell for, however, was a book-shaped one in real leather, pretty for the dressing table but equally useful to slip into a week-end bag. It, too, contains everything for a complete manicure and a rest to put your fingers while you varnish the nail—a thoughtful touch.

While on the subject of nails, you will probably like to know about the Ne-Teb artificial fingernails, which have been popular with American film stars for some years and are now available over here. If you happen to break a nail, or if the nails are liable to split or are deformed in any way, you can fit these nails securely over them. They are non-inflammable and unbreakable and you can file them to any shape and varnish them if you wish. I was amazed at their natural appearance. They are sold in boxes containing enough nails for both hands, price 5s. 9d. a set.

Hair, too, is as important as well-groomed nails. If you are thinking of treating yourself to a perm, for Christmas, have a look at the Endura system of home permanent waving. This is another new idea from Hollywood, and its great advantage is that you can change your hair style from day to day.

The Endura waves last as long as any good machine perm.

This brings me to the important finishing beauty touches, the best make-up for your type. It is so easy to go wrong on rouge, lipstick and powder that I was particularly pleased to find that it is possible to get complete make-up outfits which are actually matched up to one's personality.

Richard Hudnut, for instance, have four distinct outfits, each consisting of rouge, powder, lipstick, mascara and eye shadow, every one of these items being keyed to the colour of your eyes, so you simply cannot go wrong. Choose Dresden if your eyes are blue, Parisian for brown eyes, Patrician for grey, or Continental for hazel. Coffrets containing all five cosmetics are 12s. 6d., but there is also a smaller Christmas coffret containing rouge, powder and lipstick only for 7s. 9d.

Max Factor originally created his colour harmony make-up for Hollywood stars, but it is much more than this. The Max Factor make-up is really individual, for you fill up a questionnaire with details of your personal appearance and send off 6d. in stamps for a personal complexion analysis, make-up chart and sample of rouge, powder and lipstick in your correct colour harmony.

Simple, isn't it, and how cheering to know that if you have the correct make-up for your own special colouring and type. For Christmas the Max Factor preparations are put up in charming presentation cases, which, by the way, cost no more than the price of the cosmetics themselves. They cost as little as 4s. 6d. for a case containing a large box of face powder, and go up to 21s. for a complete beauty outfit. Gifts for women seem to have been monopolising rather more than their fair share of this article, so what about some ideas for men?

One of the very nicest ideas for a special present for a fiancé is a camera, and if you want to make your choice from a good range, I can recommend the City Sale and Exchange (1929), Ltd.

Home movies, too, are a lovely family gift, so I made a special note at this shop of a Cine Kodak Eight movie camera at £10. Taking your own movies is a much less expensive business than you might think, for the roll of film for this camera costing 10s. is enough for two dozen or more complete scenes, each as long as the average news reel shot, and the cost of each works out at roughly sixpence, including developing. You can buy the projector for

Tamara Desni has chosen gifts ranging from luxury soaps to cigarettes, with perfumes and cameras in between.
The two-penny blocks of Nestlé's chocolate are excellent for filling up the corners in the children's stockings too. Delighted velvet chocolate thin, and as popular with grown-ups as it is with the younger generation.

And so to the sweets we shall choose to round off the Christmas dinner. Amid all the welter of rich things to eat, it is a very good plan to provide the children with something really wholesome — some sweets which they can eat to their hearts content and with no risk of disastrous after-effects. Rowntree's gums and pastilles, for example, are one suggestion for the Christmas stocking, and they are as wholesome as they are good, for they contain real fruit juice.

Some exciting new flavours and colours are included in the well-known Rowntree assortments. One unusual chocolate filling is Gooseberry cream, and so is Cherry in Cherry Brandy, Date paté steeped in Arc, and Pineapple in syrup. The containers are really lovely and make good handkerchief and glove boxes afterwards. Prices range from 6d. up to 25s.

There is a very handsome 1½ lb. casket of Black Magic chocolates, by the way, trimmed with scarlet ribbons and tassel, and the Black Magic 1 lb. and ½ lb. cartons have been given a really festive touch by a special silver and holly leaf wrapping.

And for the late-hour dinner, when everyone is in the mood for fun and games, do send for Elliott's list right away. There are all kinds of novelties and jokes for most of them costing only a few pence, and they will be sure to make your party go. Items which I specially noticed were the 'Ventrilo, a device to throw your voice,' and some most amusing wobbly match boxes and plate lifters. I can recommend these if you want an extra festive touch for the Christmas dinner!

Lastly, there is the "token" type of present which everyone always wants — the engraved "suggestion". When you are booking your own appointment for a "perm," why not book one for a friend as well, and send her the card with your Christmas wishes. Does your friend "know" your voice, and some most amusing wobbly match boxes and plate lifters. I can recommend these if you want an extra festive touch for the Christmas dinner!

Nearly everyone has their own pet system, but for sheer comfort and long-lasting waves and curls I can recommend the Superma machineless perm. This won the world's championship at Olympia in 1938, the Ed and tassel, and the Black Magic 1 lb. and ½ lb. cartons have been given a really festive touch by a special silver and holly leaf wrapping.

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Proud of her teeth... but she's beginning to wear them away

Nobody told her parents that some pastes and powders clean because they're abrasive. In fact they are, and so abrasive that dentists can tell at a glance what you've been using. If you use them regularly, they're bound to wear away that thin film of enamel which is Nature's only protection against decay.

It's quite simple to tell whether your present tooth paste is safe. Compare it with one which dentists recognise as the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day (or send the coupon below for a sample tube free). Put them both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present one seems to have the least sign of grittiness, don't take chances any longer.

It is just because it is so safe that dentists recommend Odol.

Odol can be obtained at Tooth Pastes or Solid Dentifrices. There is also Odol Mouthwash and Odol Denture Powder.

Free sample. Post or a sealed envelope (id. stamp) to

Copeham, Ltd., (Dept. P33), Norwich, free tube of Odol. (Post free to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland. BLOCK CAPITALS, please.)

Name. Address

If you are one of the thousands of women who feel that "Acid Skin" causes all those beauty worries—blackheads, blemishes, oily shine, roughness and a general loss of fresh tone and fine texture? Here is new hope for you, a remarkable new beauty treatment for "Acid Skin" which has been acclaimed by leading American Beauty Specialists: PHILLIPS' Magnesia Beauty Creams which contain 'Milk of Magnesia'.

Just as 'Milk of Magnesia' counteracts internal acidity so these unique Phillips' Magnesia Beauty Creams soothe away acidity of the skin externally and restore flawless skin texture.

PHILLIPS' MAGNESIA TEXTURE CREAM
Here at last is the perfect way to get all the beneficial, beauty-giving action of 'Milk of Magnesia' for your skin! This delightful milky-white, greaseless cream smooths away roughness, corrects oiliness and prepares your skin ideally for make-up and powder. And all the time the harsh, beauty-destroying effects of acid secretions are being soothed away by this remarkable cream, so that your skin is freed from blemishes, made velvety-smooth and delightfully clear in texture. You will be amazed at the way this new-type cream corrects those unsightly imperfections which cause so much worry and anxiety.

PHILLIPS' MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM liquefies instantly it touches the warm skin, seeping right into the pores. It cleanses more thoroughly because 'Milk of Magnesia' not only removes acid waste but gathers up all impurities, including dust and make-up, in an emulsion which can be readily and easily wiped away.

Generous TRIAL JAR of both creams sent on receipt of 6d. Instamps. Address: Clare Fenton, Proprietary Agencies Ltd. (Dept. 29 D.), 1 Warpie Way, London, W.3.

From all Chemists and Stores

PHILLIPS'

Magnesia

TEXTURE CREAM

CLEANSING CREAM

'**Milk of Magnesia' is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS' SOUTHSALLS

Original

"K"

SOUTHSALLS SOLUBLE "CELTEX"

PAIN IN THE STOMACH
Nature's Warning

Never disregard slight pain or discomfort after meals. That is Nature's warning of trouble in the offing. It starts in a small way—some minor digestive trouble. If you do nothing or take cheap "kill or cure" remedies, look out for trouble! Undigested food begins fermenting inside you, forming gas that gives you a bloated feeling, spreading poison throughout your body. That's why you feel so languid, so heavy, when your stomach isn't in good order. And that's why you feel fit for anything, a fine appetite, lively and marvelously alert when your stomach is clean, healthy and poison-free.

The problem is how to make the stomach clean safely. You dare not play tricks with your stomach. So-called remedies—even the once favoured bicarbonate and home remedies—might be positively dangerous, are certainly doubtful in their effects. But MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is a safe remedy for all stomach troubles, from slight indigestion to serious ulcers. It is a certain remedy. It is a remarkably quick remedy. Take it after meals—feel your stomach pains glide rapidly away! In a few minutes you are quite of them! But remember to look always for the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle—your assurance of genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and whole-hearted relief from stomach pain. 1/3d, 2d, 3½d. Powder or Tablets. Also in new handy-packet tins of Tablets, 9d.
Right: Jadwiga Jedrzejowska, the tennis star, who fractured her leg while in California, has the plaster cast autographed by the "True Confession" cast, including Carole Lombard.

Above: Sophie Tucker rehearses a scene for her new picture, "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry."

Above: An expert Director Sonne Hale shows Barry Machay ("L") how to make screen love to Mrs. Hale (Jeanne Matthews) for "Swelling Along."

Shot of a shot. The candid cameraman shoots Betty Grable while she is being shot in a scene for "Thrill of a Life-time."
Hollywood's make-up adviser to the screen's most famous stars for the past 30 years as he appeared at the age of 17, when embarking on his career as the ace creator of coiffures and make-up for the Court and the theatres of Moscow.

When he went to America, Max Factor compounded the pioneer make-up for the infant motion picture industry, in the back room of a small shop in a little Los Angeles suburb—Hollywood.

Mabel Normand was just starting on her way to becoming the world's premiere film comedienne. During the formative period Miss Normand played opposite Roscoe Arbuckle, Buster Keaton.

Then, too, the star of beautiful Co in its ascendancy, and Max Facto accentuate its brilli
PICTUREGOER presents the first instalment of a pictorial romance of thirty years of films seen through the eyes of Max Factor, the famous beauty expert. It will be continued next week.

One of the first stars to use Max Factor’s newly created make-up was the beautiful Anita Stewart, the heroine of so many early serials and film melodramas, and the most famous “glamour-girl” of her time.

busy in the rear of his diminutive etrich was the liberally frocked girl of the above picture.

The “star” system was getting into full swing. Mary Pickford, not in the grown-up lady coiffure of this portrait study but in the golden curls of a little girl, was the ace of them all.

Lionel Barrymore was at this time dividing his time between stage and screen. In the dull seasons of the theatre, he would appear in a few “thrillers” for the cinema.
Left: Jeanne de Casalis is an ex-chorus girl with a sporty fiancé, Fred Emney.

Above: Gertrude Michael plays a pearl buyer who falls in love with her rival, John Lodge.

Gertrude Michael makes her British screen debut in this comedy romance of rivalry in the pearl-buying game. John Lodge is her co-star and Jeanne de Casalis (of "Mrs. Feather" fame) heads the supporting cast.

Right: Going through a lady's handbag? Tch! tch! Mr. Lodge. But all's fair in love and pearl buying.

Below: John Lodge, Gertrude Michael, and Jeanne de Casalis in a more peaceful scene from the film.
Christmas is here once more and will not be denied of its gift-giving joys. Confess it! "What gifts will I have?" is very much in your mind just now—but there's another problem too.

**WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE?**

There's one gift which is so supremely RIGHT—so welcome for its feminine delicacy—so unmistakable in its chic—it is

**PARFUMERIE L.T. PIVER**

in fragrances especially created as a tribute to woman's loveliness. Even at "first sight" a girl will fall in love with one of these Perfume Coffrets. And they are well within your means. The prices—think of it—run from 2s. for a Coffret of REAL FRENCH PERFUMERY. If you wish to spend more you will find exquisite creations in the 24 different gift sets of L.T. Piver, ranging in price from 3s. to 17s. The Coffrets are worthy of the fragrant inspirations they contain—see, for instance, the four pictured on this page. MODERN settings for perfumes with 200 years' experience to ensure their subtlety. Here are indeed gifts to buy with confidence—and gifts which you are certain will delight your friends.

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**The Coffrets on left above contains:**
- 1 large box of Trifle Matt-Finish Powder.
- 1 tube of Trifle Day Cream.
- 1 tube of Trifle Night Cream. **2₇**

**Opposite, to left, is a Coffret holding:**
- 1 large box of Trifle Matt-Finish Powder.
- 1 bottle of Trifle Perfume. **3₆**

**Below this, the large Coffret contains:**
- 1 large box of Trifle Matt-Finish Powder.
- 1 jar of Trifle Day Cream.
- 1 large bottle of Trifle Perfume.
- 1 bottle Double Lavender Water. **1₆₇**

**On the right at bottom is:**
- 1 giant box of Masquerade Matt-Finish Powder.
- 1 large bottle of Masquerade Perfume.
- 1 large bottle of Double Lavender Water. **1₇₄**

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Sole Concessionaires for Great Britain and Ireland

**PARSCENT LTD.**

DUKE'S ROAD, WESTERN AVENUE
LONDON, W.3.
The Bride

B eing a cabaret singer in definitely the lowest, most decrepit bar on the way to Trieste, Anni had never heard the saying about the Colonel’s lady and Judy O’Grady. Nor did she hear Count Armalia, in conversation at a corner table with his young friend, Rudi Pal, express the opinion that under the skin women were very much alike.

“Take one of the wretched women here,” Count Armalia had said. “Have her properly washed, dressed and coiffed and you couldn’t tell her from your own fiancée, Rudi.”

To which Rudi had not so much agreed, as declared that the word fiancée struck a familiar chord and reminded him that he had better be gone. Thus Count Armalia, beneath the swinging oil-lamp, was left to his indifferent champagne and his reflections by the time Anni, wearing the cheap satin gown which she completed with a long bob and red finger nails, took the floor with her first number. Furthermore, not knowing that the Count had requested a girl, washed if possible, to be brought to his table, Anni, at the song’s conclusion, obeyed the proprietor’s instructions.

She noted at once that the Count wore evening dress, was middle aged and stood to receive her.

“Let’s just be two human souls in communion for to-night. Let’s just talk,” he said when she had rehearsed the formula of asking if he wished to dance or hear another song.

“Suppose you tell me all about yourself. Where you were born, and all that sort of thing,” he continued.

“Anni Pavlovitch,” she compiled, thankfully accepting a chair. “Born in Poland. Age, twenty-five. Mother, Austrian. I’m not going to tell you my father was an aristocrat.

“It wouldn’t surprise you. You talk well.”

“Oh yes, we breathe and sleep and are hungry, too—very much like human beings.” Indeed, hunger as much as an inborn resentment of her lot, caused Anni suddenly to flare up.

“Who was your father and mother? How did you happen to become a Count? What right have you to stare and ask me questions?”

“No right at all. It’s all a matter of luck. More, one is powerful to protest at one’s fate.” He ordered her key d’entrées and caviar from a passing waiter, but Anni struck in “Caviar for the Count. Bring me a dish of stew with plenty of meat in it.”

“What are you drinking?” the Count inquired. “Beer.”

“Champagne’s good enough for me.”

Where did you learn such charming ways?”

“I go to the pictures. I watch the ladies of your world. They’re all so simple and stupid and artificial.”

How would you like a little holiday?” he said, looking at her intently. “Stop at a fine hotel—have servants to wait on you, plenty of food, sunshine, beautiful clothes.

“I wouldn’t go, unless I could have a red evening dress. I’ve always wanted a red evening dress.”

“Of course. Anything you like. I think I’ll send you to the Casa Nobili, Terrano, a fashionable hotel in the Tyrol—filled with ladies and gentlemen of breeding. I’ll give you exactly two weeks of it. I’ll wire the hotel. And Galli’s. Don’t forget Galli’s for your dresses. We’ll change your name to Anni—Annie— as he glanced at a wall advertisement, and added “Vivaldi, daughter of my good friend, Lieutenant Vivaldi, a naval officer. Your mother lived in genteel poverty and you were brought up in—in—”

“A convent,” Anni supplemented.

“Well . . . well. All right, in a convent. I’ll send you a list of shops where I have notified them to take care of you, and here’s a little money for tips.”

“You’re sure you’re not joking.” she asked, diverted from the pleasant task of eating, by the sight of the crisp new notes on the table.

“I’m cheating, Anne.” he smiled. “I’m faking the wheel of fate so that you can win for a little while. Perhaps my friend Rudi would say I’m being a little cruel. I want to know what makes Rudi, Rudi and you, you, or whether you could be a lady. Remember, if our little scheme turns out badly, don’t come complaining to me, because to-morrow or the next day, I shall probably be sober. Good-bye, Anni, and good luck.”


The real thing to Anni during the ensuing days was possession of the coveted red evening dress which she ordered at Galli’s. Neither her ticket to Terrano nor the fur-collared coat and matching velvet cap in which she made the journey, nor the journey itself, appeared in the least subservient. Clean mountain air and the appearance of the wayside halt, which a porter was proclaiming to be her destination, had taken the world from everyday. She had expected a grand station and a car to meet her, driven by a uniformed chauffeur fastidiously. She saw a donkey cart and a young man in attendance wearing a peaked cap. When the hotel made its guest list at the station, she sent a telegram to say I was arriving,” she said.

“Certainly,” Signorina Vivaldi. “I’m Guilio, telegraph operator here any. I sent your telegram to the hotel by my cousin, Pietro. He is aged ten and very fond of black-berrys. They’re in season now. You may ride the four kilometres to the hotel with me and the mailbag if you wish.”

“Ladies don’t usually ride in donkey carts.”

“Truly, but great ladies can do unusual things. I’ll fetch your luggage. The Archduke of Austria once rode in this donkey cart.”

It was not the entry into Terrano for which she had hoped. Nevertheless, she found Galli’s simplicity entertaining. It appeared that his father and grandfather had been postmasters before him, and that his cousins occupied various positions of trust in the village.

“Don’t you ever think of getting away from here to some place where you can get rich, important, respected?” she asked as the road slipped away between the pine trees and above the lake.

“Ambitious, you mean. I used to think it would be wonderful to go to Vienna, Paris, Rome. But I got over it. I see so many at the hotel who come from those cities, who are rich and important. You’ve con-tented you must find your place in the world, and stay there.

Signor Nobili slipped successfully, to question this home truth, but Guilio was quite steadfast in unworthy ideas. Moreover, his appreciation of beauty as expressed in his daily surroundings of mountains and tall trees, convinced her that he was the sort that could beceptor and postman that she had ever met. Her arrival at Casa Nobili, with its spacious white-walled rooms, rewarded her for the earlier disappointment. Signor Nobili showed Signorina Anne Vivaldi a delightful suite, having a chintz-curtained window seat overlooking the lake, with due impressedness, and under-took to her over a picture table.

She arrived—of all people, Maria, once of the waterfront dive in Trieste. Embraces and explanations on both sides took up the place of an immediate unpacking. Maria confessed to having little agency and forged references to acquire the new post, to working hard from morning to night, yet never having been in such a situation.

“Maria, it’s good to have you here,” Anni enthused. “I have to be so careful. You can take a fat woman with her corsets off.”

But you mustn’t later on. Only the very finest people do.”

“Not too fine for Signorina Anne Vivaldi. Put out my red dress with beads. I’ll wear it for dinner to-night.”

Maria withdrew it from the trunk and shook her head. You can’t wear that, she objected. “Remember, you’re a lady. Thus in a majestically gowned—white lace with lace and a pearl necklace in her smooth hair—Anni dined on the terrace. At her table for one, a waiter stood to her, trying trusively helpful in directing her to the use of the correct knife and fork. But when an elderly gentleman, one of a party of tourists, took up the rose from his buttonhole with a request for the Signorina to join them at coffee, she knew better than to accept.

She would have liked to take a similar high lunch with Guilio, who, as a member of the local orchestra which had begun entertainingly to play in the distance, left his flute to talk to her over the terrace rail. But again his sincerity, his love of the countryside, intrigued her, though her heart told her that this was a remarkably good looking young man in evening dress, who had been sitting out this evening, as the donor of the rose, approached.

“Good evening, Guilio,” he said carelessly.

“Good evening. Signor Rudi Pal. Good-night, Signorina.”

“I’ve come to apologise,” Rudi said as Guilio, labeled what from the lawn and Anni’s mind. “My good friend, the retired Admiral Monti, thought at first we mightn’t. Won’t you join us for a liqueur?”

She temporized long enough not (continued on page 26)
Look at the colour of your eyes—there you have the key to nature's colour-plan for you, and there is the key to your flawless natural makeup. For in the colour of your eyes is the index to your type—and by planning a series of cosmetics keyed to the colour of the eyes. Richard Hudnut has produced the perfect makeup. Matching face powder, rouge and lipstick specially blended to suit you.

Never again 'mask' your face with an unplanned jumble of cosmetics. Prove for yourself how eye-matched makeup works with nature—glorifying and intensifying—but never deviating from nature's own colour-plan. If you would add to the lustre of your eyes there are related eye shadow and mascara, too.

The success of Richard Hudnut Eye-Matched Makeup has been proved over and over again. Prove it for yourself!
Wearing a peasant costume for which the bill had not been paid, aware that the hotel proprietor would be astonished if anyone were going to be married and would be vacate, Anni joined the Contessa's party. "You and your hero, and you, and what is your name?"

"It's not my name, it's the hotel's name," Rudi said.

"But your name is more beautiful," he added.

"You're the most beautiful peasant," Anni said.

"And I'm the most beautiful woman," Rudi replied.

As flowers patterned on her skirt and real flowers making a halo in her hair, she wandered with him through the fairground beneath the tall lanterns, away from Maddelena, inclined to be satirical and from the Contessa, frankly derivative at Anni's expense. At last, isolation of a hillock was reached and she heard the words for which she had waited.

"I love Maddelena..."

"But you're going to marry Maddelena..."

"And I love you..."

"And I love you, too..."

"And I love you..."

"And I love you..."

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"And I love you..."
Take care of your Lovely Woolies

with MUM

ONCE perspiration odour gets into a woollen frock, it never comes out. MUM does away with all this bother and worry, for although you may not perspire in winter, under-arm odour can occur without a trace of moisture. MUM is the Safe and Easy Deodorant which absolutely KILLS perspiration odour.

Instant Protection—lasts all day—Use MUM while dressing and you’re safe all day and evening.

You can use MUM after shaving the underarm—MUM has cool, soothing properties that are beneficial to sensitive skins.

No bother—no waiting for MUM to dry—MUM is a creamy paste, absorbed as quickly as vanishing cream. Smooth it in and put on your dress at once.

* Send for FREE Sample

MUM takes the odour out of
PERSPIRATION

Does not harm fabrics—MUM is harmless to the most delicate material and soothing to the skin.

Use MUM on Sanitary Towels—and be sure you are free from any possible embarrassment.

At all good Stores and Chemists 1/6d. and 3/- per jar.


Please send me a sample of MUM.

Name

Address

The Perfect Gift
at your fingertips!

What could make a more acceptable Christmas gift than an Amami Manicure Set? They are attractive, complete and lasting: all that a gift should be. See all sizes before you make your choice: 5/-, 2/6, 1/6 and the miniature 6d. set. Each size contains everything necessary for perfectly groomed fingernails. Amami is the ideal answer to your present problem.

Obtainable from
CHEMISTS, HAIRDRESSERS, STORES & CHAIN STORES.

AMAMI MANICURE SETS
REVIEWS
by Lionel Collier

W

H

 activated and

The third of the trio of midshipmen

men is Tom Brown, who presents

a good study of youthful enthusiasm.

He has a sister, quite attractively

played by Florence Rice, who

supplies the romantic interest. She

is wooed both by the cocksure

Roger and the self-effacing Track

Cross, and decides in favour of

the latter.

Lionel Barrymore appears at

infrequent intervals as an infirm,

retired, captain who had once been

a famous football player, and who

is also responsible for instilling a

love of the service into Roger Ash.

I had forgotten to mention that

a large part of the picture is taken

up with American football, which

still remains as incomprehensible to

me as it did when I first saw it.

The games are well staged, but

they can convey little to the average

English audience.

The big climax is a match between

the Army and the Navy. Of course,

all our heroes play in the game.

Ash, having reformed, plays like

one inspired—this time for the

Navy, and not for himself. Cross

arrives at the last moment, having

been acquitted on the charge of

having entered the academy under

a false name. He had done so because

he thought that his father's dismissal

might affect his chances of getting

in the match is in progress,

the old and very infirm captain is

dying of pneumonia, but he listens

on the wireless, and the inevitable

victory by the Navy restores him to

health. A hitherto unsuspected

use for wireless receivers.

The picture includes brief glimpses

of the training and customs of the

men at the college, all of which are

excellently photographed, and there

are some good comedy moments,

but the material is so trite and

over-emphasised that the appeal is

very limited.

STAND-IN

Leslie Howard makes his bow

in broad comedy in this "behind

the scenes" story and is

surprisingly well, which makes very good entertain-

ment, although one feels it would have been better to

omit the device as it had not been rather over-stated

at times. There are moments, however, when one could

imagine it was being a very good joke by Harold Lloyd,

and that type of farce is not quite up Leslie Howard's

street.

However, that is a minor criticism,

for, generally speaking, the whole

picture is excellent, with a swing and expose

the foibles and the rackets of pro-

duction with a good deal of truth

behind it. Howard's role is that of a brilliant

mathematician, Dodd, who is sent

by his firm of bankers to discover

whether the wise-owl stockholders

in the Colossal Film Company to a slick financier,

Nassau, at a knock-out price, or hold on to them.

When he arrives, he is taken in

by an attractive stand-in, Lester,

who offers to get him a part

into Hollywood production methods.

Dodd discovers that Nassau

has connived with Croome,

and Koslowski, the director, to

spoil the firm's last picture, which

is not, he claims, the fault of

its writer, but he tries to break

Cherie's contract by compromising her, but makes a

mess of it, and the studio is sold.

The first episode: Dodd from a timid mouse into a

lion, and to save thousands being turned out, he outsells Nassau,

with the help of Lester and another

dissillusioned director, Quintain.

Howard's timidity is a thought

over-emphasised, but, as usual,

he presents a sound character

study. Joan Blondell is in great

form as the wise-cracking

Dame and forms the requisite contrast.

An outstanding performance

is given by Humphrey Bogart, for

once in a sympathetic role, as the

director Quintain, whose work is

continually being ruined by studio

staffs.

Alan Mowbray is excellent, too,

as Koslowski and gives a brilliant

interpretation of a pseudo-temper-

mental director.

Henry C. Gordon is admirably

cast as the wily Nassau, and Cherie,

the film star, is cleverly interpreted by

Marla Shelton.

As a whole, the picture has a deal of

clever stuff in it, besides providing

plenty of fun for those who do not

want to look below the surface of

the foolish.

NON-STOP NEW YORK

In spite of a very good basic

Leslie Howard and Joan Blondell in "Stand-In," a new "behind the scenes" story of Hollywood.

script and some sound acting and

direction, this picture does not

score as much as it should have done.

It is quite entertaining but

the potentialities of being a first-rate

murder story.

Moreover, there is a lack of punch

and a certain raggedness about the

continuity which militates against

its complete success.

No, Lee is given the role of

every girl, Jennie, stranded in New

York, who unconsciously becomes

the witness who exposes an innocent

man on a murder charge.

The gangster responsible for the

joke," to keep her out of the way,

has one of his men follow her back

to England on the boat and plant

jewellery on her so that she is

arrested for theft and sent to

Holloway.

On her release, she learns from the

papers that she is being sought to

save an innocent man from the

electric chair.

She goes to Scotland Yard, where

her story is disbelieved, owing to

the machinations of another of the

gangster men.

She then decides to play a lone

hand and smuggles herself on board

a plane leaving for New York.

On the same 'plane are a Scotland

Yard inspector, who has orders to

keep his eye on Sam Pryor, a

notorious blackmailer, the gangster

who had come to England posing as

a South American general, and an

assorted list of passengers.

Then things really begin to

happen. Sam Pryor tries to black-

mail the "General"; in his turn, the

General tries to kill Jennie and

finally succeeds in murdering Pryor.

He then shoots the pilot, locks

the girl in the luggage compartment—the plane then being over-

Newfoundland.

Together with his efforts, the inspector

manages to get to the control cabin

and install the co-pilot, who takes

the ship down safely.

Later it is learned that the parachute

the gangster had taken had had a hole

in it—which successfully disposed of

Jennie's story is at last believed

by the inspector, and a wireless

message is sent in time to stay the

execution of the innocent man in

New York.

Romance? Why, of course, the

inspector gets the girl.

Anne Lee is fair as Jennie, but it

was a piece of bad casting to make her mother, played by

Drucilla Wills, such an uncompromising

Cockney! The parentage seemed

impossible.

John Loder acts pleasantly as

the inspector, but the acting

honours go to Frances L. Sullivan as the

gangster.

Frank Cellier is good as the

blackmailer, but inclined to be a little

theatrical.

Desmond Tester gives a clever

study of an infant prodigy who is

going to New York to play the

violin. It is one of the most amusing

things in the picture. As his aunt,
who is making her living out of him. Athens: Snyder is also exceedingly good.

**TOP OF THE TOWN**


Doris Nolan, .... Diana Boedde
George Murphy, ... Tod Long
Donald Meek, ... Hortense Huling
Gregory Ratoff, ... J. J. Steele
Ella Logan, ....... Doris Hare
Gertrude Kirschen, .... Samuel S. Hinds
Claude Gillingwater, ... William H. Doran
Richard Carle, ......... Richard Carle
Ernest Cossart, ........ Audobon Borden
Ray Mayer, ............. Ray Mayer
Joyce Compton, .......... Benita Hume
Mollie Ator, ............. Hamlet
Peggy Ryan, .............. Peg Ryan
Jack Smart, .......... Weinstock
Gerald Oliver Smith, .... Noor Executive
Henry Armer, .......... Nastro Pompino Baccagalloppi

**THE THREE SAILORS**

Directed by Ralph Murphy. Previewed July 10, 1937.

Although this plot to this picture is entirely negligible, it contains a lot of bright gags and a spectacular night-club sequence which is planned on a vast and exceedingly effective scale.

The basic idea is quite a bright one, concerning an heiress who wants to revolutionise cabaret by putting on classical shows and a dance-band leader who has other ideas and ambitions which clash with the former's.

There is a good deal of satire, but most of the plot is lost in the musical interludes.

Doris Nolan is fair as the heiress and George Murphy full of vitality as the dance-band leader; he taps dances excellently.

Hugh Herbert is rather starved of material as the hero's right-hand man, but Mischa Auer scores a minor success in a comedy interpretation of Hamlet, accompanied by a nigger chorus.

**THE COWBOY STAR**

*Columbia, American, "U" certificate. Western drama. Run: 80 minutes.*

Charles Starrett, ..... Spencer Yorke
Iris Meredith, ......... Mary Baker
St. John, ............... Glenda Farrell
Wally Albright, .......... Tommy Darrigan
Morgan Wallace, ........ Tommy Darrigan
H. B. Warner, .......... William Tabbert

There is a certain amount of novelty in this Western, which, while it contains the usual conventions of its type, has as its hero a cowboy film star. He goes to the country and rounds up some gangsters and then returns to the screen. Charles Starrett is quite good in the lead, and Iris Meredith makes a pleasing heroine.

**HILLS OF OLD WYOMING**

*Paramount, American, "U" certificate. Western drama. Run: 64 minutes.*

Edmund Hockridge, ......... John Meehan
Dorothy Granger, ............ Dorothy Granger
Richard Dix, ............ Richard Dix
William Boyd, .......... William Boyd
Dalehaus, ............ Dalehaus
Henry Morgan, ............ Henry Morgan
Dennis Moore, ............ Dennis Moore
Lawrence Dobkin, ......... Lawrence Dobkin

Too much footage is responsible for the failure of this otherwise admirably staged and characterised Western to take higher stellar billing.

It deals with Hopalong Cassidy's efforts to suppress rustlers and secure peace between ranchers and

(Continued on page 30)
The PICTUREGOER's quick reference index

**MARRIED BEFORE BREAKFAST**

**HOTEL HAYWIRE**

**TOP OF THE TOWN**

**FATHER STEPS OUT**

**CRIMINALS OF THE AIR**

**WE HAVE OUR MOMENTS**

**THAT I MAY LIVE**

**VICAR OF BRAY**

**HILLS OF OLD WYOMING**

**23½ HOURS LEAVE**

**SHADOWS OF SINGAPORE**

**PASSENGER TO LONDON**

**PUBLIC WEDDING**

What the asterisks mean—

**** An outstanding feature.

*** Very good.

** Good.

Average entertainment.

c Also suitable for children.

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What the asterisks mean—

**** An outstanding feature.

*** Very good.

** Good.

Average entertainment.

c Also suitable for children.
The plot is wholly theatrical, and the principal players are able to make very little of their respective roles.

**PERSONS ROLL**

*From Brit. 'U' certificate. Spy drama. 2 hours. 51 minutes.*

**JOW WARWICK**

Frank Clayton

**PAUL NEVILLE**

Vassil

**IVAN WILMET**

Audrey Pollock

**SIR JAMES GARDFORD**

VICTOR HAGEN

**CARLTON**

Nigel Barrie

**MRS. MURPHY**

Mr. Donald Frame

**COL. D. MCINTYRE**

Miss Park

**DOROTHY DENHURST**

Manageress

Directed by Lawrence Hamilton from a story by David Evans.

Too obvious a fight of a fateful story, between secret service agents and spies for the possession of valuable documents.

Some of the sequences are quite well done, notably the opening one on a Continental train, but the general development is so slow to be fully effective, and neither the characters nor the dialogue help matters much.

**Jow Warwick** is rather stilted but as virile as the hero and Audrey Pollock is good as his wife. The spies are played in a suitably sinister manner by Paul Neville and Ivan Wilmott.

**PUBLIC WEDDING**

*Warner, American. 'U' certificate. Romantic comedy drama. 2 hours.*

**JANE WYMAN**

Flip Lane

**DICK WOOD**

Joe Tayler

**BERNARD CHURCH**

Raymond Bayton

**THE DEACON**

William H. Clunie

**TESSIE**

Marie Wilson

**TONY BURK**

James Robbards

**WEDDING ANNIS**

Veda Ang Bourne

Directed by Nick Grinde.

A confused and confusing comedy drama which loses its plot in its multifarious side-situations, which is rather pity, because the premises act well within the limitations imposed by their material.

Berton Churchill is good as a fairground shark whose adopted daughter, Flip, played by Jane Wyman, is always getting the rough end of the stunts her father and his associates put over.

She finally, however, turns the tables on them, and finds happiness for herself and a struggling artist, whom she had married originally as a stunt, at the expense of the others.

**RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS**

Number of stars awarded in brackets —

**Behind the Headlines** (2) Nov. 13

**Call It a Day** (4) Nov. 13

**Charlie Chan at Alcatraz** (2) Nov. 20

**Devil is Drugging** (2) Nov. 20

**Dreaming Light (2)** Oct. 16

**Emperor's Cigarettes** (2) Nov. 27

**Forestal Age** (2) Oct. 16

**Foul Hour** (2) Oct. 20

**Fool Round the Clock** (2) Oct. 20

**Hit Affair** (2) Oct. 20

**History Made at Night** (2) Oct. 23

**I Met Him in Paris (3)** Nov. 6

**Jungle Boy** (2) Nov. 13

**Jump for Glory** (2) Nov. 13

**King of Giants (2)** Nov. 20

**Last Horizon** (2) Oct. 16

**Lemon Drop** (2) Oct. 23

**Make Way for Tomorrow** (2) Oct. 23

**Melodrama of the Century** (2) Oct. 20

**My Love From Home** (2) Oct. 23

**My Name Is Nobody** (2) Nov. 6

**Mountain Justice** (2) Nov. 27

**Navy's Full Sail** (2) Oct. 20

**Outlaw of Poker Flat** (2) Nov. 6

**Parrel** (2) Nov. 13

**Quality Street (2)** Oct. 16

**Ready, Willing and Able** (2) Nov. 16

**Road Back, The (2)** Nov. 20

**SAL CAPRICE** (2) Nov. 20

**Smuggled Heavens (2)** Oct. 16

**Show Goes On, The (2)** Oct. 23

**Step Lively, Jesse (2)** Oct. 16

**Storm in a Teacup (2)** Nov. 6

**Street Savages (2)** Nov. 13

**There Goes My Girl** (2) Dec. 1

**To the Honour of Her Country** (2) Oct. 23

**Think Fast, Mr. Moto** (2) Nov. 27

**Topper (2)** Dec. 1

**Turn Off the Moon (2)** Nov. 20

**Why Make Love to Me (2)** Nov. 6

**Wings Over Hollywood** (2) Nov. 13

**Women's Man (2)** Nov. 27

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**I USED TO HIDE MY HANDS—NOW MY FRIENDS ENVY THEM**
"NUDITY CRUDITY"

Do Women Picturegoers Like it?

I may be true that "Nudes are in the News", again, but I wonder how true it is that "strip-tease" exhibitions, or "nudity crudity," appeal to any substantial proportion of film patrons? A little thought, and even a casual analysis, might dispel such an illusion.

Women and girls, I understand, form the largest proportion of box-office patrons. Are we to understand that they are particularly fond of nude exhibitions on the part of female film stars? I doubt it.

Next, there is another and fairly large element in the average cinema audience which realises that "nudity" is but another name for "incompetency." No talented actor or actress needs to "cheapen" himself or herself by the public exposure of the body. Men and boys in the audience have mothers, wives, and sisters of their own, and they resent the slur cast upon their sex by the implications underlying the presentation of feminine nudity upon the screen.—(Mr.) H. J. Reynolds, 1 Central Buildings, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

(If hope we shall have replies to this letter.—"Thinker.")

Miscasting

- The miscasting boom has started—where will it end? Here is an imaginary conversation between a Casting Genius and an Accurate Mind:

  C.G. : Idea! Clark Gable as Parnell!
  A.M. : Irishman, stolid appearance, spade-shaped beard. Why Gable?
  C.G. : Why not? He has dimples. Idea! Leslie Howard as Lawrence of Arabia?
  A.M. : Lawrence was a wee sprite of a man; his pals called him "Imp." During his campaign he looked very like an insipid, mischievous schoolboy; very like Walter Hudd. Why Leslie How?—?
  C.G. : Why not? He looks like a dreamer. Idea! Jeannette MacDonald as Boadicea!
  A.M. : Boadicea was a sturdy-limbed Saxon. Why Jea—?
  C.G. : Why not? Boadicea falls for Nelson, and we give Jeannette a theme song: "You're the One-Eyed Care For." Idea! Bob Donat as Nelson?
  A.M. : Nelson was a small, worn-looking man. Why—?
  C.G. : Why not? Bob looks fine in a fur hat. When he goes to fight Paul of Russia—Idea! Fred Astaire as Paul of Russia!
  A.M. : Paul of Russia was a cunning maniac.
  C.G. : Why not? Fred can do a Russian ballet. Idea! Film about a Casting Genius. That's me. (Pause.) Hmm! Difficult. Naturally he must have plenty to say for himself, and it's important that, every time he speaks, you realise just the sort of sense he's talking.
  A.M. : I know the very star! Donald Duck!
  C.G. : Why—?
  A.M. : Why not?—Jill Merrick, 8 St. Paul's Road, N.W.1, who is awarded the first prize of £1 !

Shirley's Danger

- I threw up my hat in sheer jubilation when, in Shirley Temple, I found a screen child whom I neither wanted to shake out of a state of smug perfection nor kick into a respectful deference for mature years.

Manifesting amazing versatility and intelligence, she yet contrived to remain always a lovable and decidedly "human" child.

Then, some fool director decided that she should sing. He persuaded her to rehearse her song-and-dance acts until they attained a perfection far beyond the years of such a child.

I like to think of Shirley Temple as a child, yet I often see her now in the role of song-and-dance entertainer and find it hard indeed to imagine that Shirley is so young.

This over-emphasising of Shirley Temple's cleverness is one of the greatest mistakes which have occurred in films for years, to my way of thinking.—(Miss) Leslie Turvey, 12 Trennymon Road, Portiswood, Southampton, who is awarded the second prize of £10. 6d.
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Partners—Sepia Glossy Only Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour, Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck.

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Are you one of those girls who attract men by your charm and personality, only to find that they lose interest in a short while? Why should they do this? The truth may easily be unsuspected by yourself. Perhaps you haven’t realised that you do persist in winter-time. In fact it is even more noticeable in a stuffy room than in the summer out-of-doors. Guard your sweetness—and save your money by using Odo-ro-no. You can prove how good it is by sending the coupon below together with 3d. in stamps for two trial bottles before you purchase any at the chemist.

Norham Warren Ltd. (Dept. D.9106)
215 Blackfriars Road, London S.E.1.

Name
Address

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1. Instant (or clear) gives protection for two or three days.
2. Regular (or red) is stronger. One application keeps you free from perspiration for a week.

Try both kinds of ODO-RO-NO Send 3d. in stamps for trial bottles of both Instant (clear) and Regular (red) Odo-ro-no. Use Coupon.

THIS new cream was first devised for H.R.H. Princess Marguerite (Princess René de Bourbon de Parme). It contains the element now known to make skin beautiful. But it is more than a remarkable skin food. It is also a splendid cleansing cream. It refines the pores and protects the skin, too. And a very little makes a perfect powder-base. Yet it takes only one minute to use. Jars at £3, 6d. Tubes at 1½, 6d. at chemists and stores everywhere.

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TRY IT FREE: Post coupon for Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream

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Please send me, by return of post, without any expense to me, a 4 days’ supply of Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream.

December 11, 1937

PICTUREGOER Weekly

33
**John Loder**

- Was born in London on January 3, 1898, the son of Major-General Lowe, and was intended for an Army career. He was educated to the age of 11 at Eltham School. In the Great War he was taken prisoner and interned in Germany. After the Armistice he joined the Military Mission at the Berlin Embassy.

- In 1924, however, he resigned his commission to devote his energies to running a picket factory of all things. The fall of the mark ruined the business. A chance visit to an East End studio resulted in a small part and a number of other roles followed.

- In 1925 he came to England to appear in *The First Born*, and in the following year he went to Hollywood, where he scored a considerable success in the early days of the talkies. He returned to Britain for *Wedding Rehearsal* and has since been probably the most sought-after leading man in our studios.

- Recent pictures: *Sabotage*, *King Solomon's Mines*, *Dr. Syn* and *Non-Stop New York.

- John Loder is 5 ft. 3 in. tall and has light brown hair and blue eyes. He is married to the French actress Micheline Cheirel.

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**Anita Louise**

- At twenty Anita is a veteran of stage and screen. She has grown up in the theatre.

- Her parents were natives of Alsace, but emigrated to America where they were married in New York on January 9, 1915. She was educated at the famous Professional Children’s School in that city and began her theatrical career at the age of seven in *Peter Ibbetson*.

- In the same year she made her screen debut as the little girl with the long, golden curls with Alec B. Francis in *The Magic Master*.

- Her other earlier films include *Are These Our Children? Madame Julie* and *Judge Priest*.

- Since achieving adult status, or rather, more recently married. *The Story of Louis Pasteur*, *Brides Are Like That*, *Anthony Adverse*, *The Green Light*, *Call It A Day*, *The Go Getter* and *That Certain Woman*.

- Anita is 5 ft. 3 in. tall and has fair hair and blue eyes. She believes that youth is the time for work and has an ambition to retire at thirty-

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**What Do You Think?—Contd.**

in front of me, when I discovered it was an ornithologist, I wrote to him at once. Many of this kind would be impossible if the trays were luminous. — Roy Galsworthy, 46 Rolle Street, Exmouth.

*(But you haven’t told us what the lady said! — “Thinker.”)*

**A Fruitful Subject**

- What a grand film the incidents in the lives of the A.A. and R.A.C. men who patrol our roads would make. These men must experience tragedy, comedy and thrills in plenty.

- There can be no excuse for producers in the matter of location and production. These patrols are all over England. The ingredients of a good film—speed, lovely scenery, and human interest—are here. — (Miss) M. Chedeville, 24 Hurst, Westminster, S.W. 7.

*(Way not, indeed? — “Thinker.”)*

**Loud Laughter**

- The following is, in my opinion, a reasonable and useful suggestion.

- Nearly everyone likes a good laugh, but how many times has a good laugh spoiled, to some extent, one’s enjoyment?

- This sounds contradictory, but it’s true.

- When any incident in a picture brings forth hearty laughs from the audience, the next few lines are often missed by the majority of the audience, until the hilarity has died down. Therefore I make the following suggestion:

- **Why not have an automatic hit box?**

- This could be worked on the same principle as an applause indicator, such as used in auditions, and talent contests.

- Such a device could be fixed to the film’s sound apparatus for a standard volume, and when some applause or other noise is made, it would react in same and thereby gradually increase the volume of the talkie, and also gradually decrease as the hilarity dies down. — H. L. Warmuth, 80 Winch Street, Kennington, S.E. 11.

*(Well, it’s an idea. — “Thinker.”)*

---

**WHO'S WHO**

**Montague Love**

- Was born at Portsmouth and educated at the Portsmouth Grammar School and Cambridge. After leaving the University he spent seven years as an artist (it is still his hobby) and war correspondent for London newspapers.

- He was subsequently engaged in the stage and established a reputation on both sides of the Atlantic. His first film appearance was as far back as 1917, when he played the title role in *Rasputin*, *The Mad Monk*.

- He has never been busier, however, than in the last few years. In the past twelve months he has been in New York, where he worked on *Hears in Reunion*, *Loyds of London*, *The Prince* and *The Last of the Pasha*, *Parnell*, *London By Night* and *The Life of Emile Zola*. The actor is 6 ft. 2 in. tall and has red hair and blue eyes.

---

**Edmund Lowe**

- Is one of California’s native sons. He was born at San Jose on March 3, 1892, and won scholastic honours at the Santa Clara University, near that city, graduating with a B.A. degree at the age of 18. He subsequently took his M.A. degree and at 19 was a professor of mathematics, Colloquium. He then got interested in a theatrical career and he made his professional bow with a Los Angeles stock company in *The Brat*.

- After six successful years on Broadway, he returned to the stage and fairly his greatest success and led to the popular “Plagued and Quiet” series. The actor has, however, demonstrated his versatility in a number of widely differing roles and has maintained his popularity better than most of his contemporaries.

- Latest pictures: *Mad Holiday*, *Doomed Cargo*, *The Great Gatsby*, *Under Cover of Night*, *Espionage* and *The Squatter*. Next he will be seen as Mac West’s leading man in *Every Day’s a Holiday*.

- Lowe is six feet tall and has brown hair and blue eyes.

---

**What do you think about the stars and films?**

Let us have your opinion briefly.

- £1 Is. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only, and not exceed 150 words. Address to “Thinker,” “The Picturegoer Weekly,” Martlet House, Martlet Court, Bow Street, W.C. 2.
PERMANENTLY WAVE
YOUR HAIR YOURSELF
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Any woman can give herself a permanent wave at home with this amazing scientific discovery. Just three simple operations and, while you read, work or sleep, your hair can be transformed into fascinating curls so lustrous and so beautiful as naturally curly hair. This priceless secret process is so efficient that an Endura Permanent Wave will last as long as the most expensive permanent. Natural, bleached, dyed, grey, white and even children's hair can all be given a beautiful permanent wave with Endura.

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Discovered by Hollywood scientists, the Endura permanent wave is used by film stars in the leading studios. Even in their case, where cost is secondary, famous film stars find it the next best thing to naturally curly hair. Try this new sensational permanent wave tonight and join the parade of smart, shrewd women. The Endura outfit consists of 50 curlers, bottle of curling lotion, bottle of strengthening lotion, packet of tin foil and complete instructions. Endura gives you lovely lasting waves, unaffected by wind, rain, sea water or atmospheric conditions. Saves you time and money and is actually good for the hair. Send today, Now. Complete outfit—nothing else to buy—7/6, post free. USED BY 200,000 WOMEN IN THE U.S.A.

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Is it etching crow's-feet round your eyes, drawing lines at the corners of your mouth, multiplying wrinkles under your chin? Or is yours a Peter Pan complexion? If it is, you can keep it so. If it isn't, you can make it so. Simply by doing what thousands of wise and beautiful women have done for eighty-five years. Use Grime Simon, the different skin food used the different way. You gently rub it in when your face is damp. It is so refreshing. It is so economical. And it penetrates deep into the inner tissues of the skin... nourishing, toning, vitilifying the very roots of beauty, of which the lovely bloom upon your cheek is the fadless flower.


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1. Wash hair with water and soap.
2. Rinse thoroughly.
3. Apply Bellin's Wonderstone.
4. Leave on for 15 minutes.
5. Rinse again thoroughly.
6. Allow to dry natural.

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ROLFE STREET W.1

35
LET GEORGE DO IT!

L. W. K. (Atherton).—(1) Carole Lombard, b. Oct. 6, 1908, ... to do. (3) The usual charge for an autographed photograph is 1s. 6d. which should enclose in your letter to the stars by means of an International Postal Order obtainable from your local Post Office. (4) Photographs of Carole Lombard and Joseph Calleia can be obtained from the Postcard Salon, 83 Lang Lane, London, W.C. 3, 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

DURBIN'S FAV. — (1) Universal announced a little while ago that Deanna Durbin, Nan Gray, Barbara Read and Charles Winninger would be making a film 'Three Smart Girls Go to Town.' At the moment Deanna Durbin is making 'Mad About Music and Barbara Read and Nan Gray are scheduled to appear in Youth March On, a film with a cast almost entirely of unknown or little-known players. (2) The songs 'My Heart is Singing,' 'Someone To Care For,' and 'Il Baccio' from the film 'Three Smart Girls' are published by Francis Day & Hunter.

A. B. M. (Northampton).—Yes, Charles Boyer uses his own name for screen purposes, his latest film is 'Tarzan with Claudette Colbert' for Warner Bros. You can obtain his photographs from the Postcard Salon, address above for 3d. each. (2) Write to the Publishing Dept., 6 Catherine Street, London, W.C. 2, for a copy of PICTUREGOER, Sept. 26, 1936, containing a centre spread of 'The Garden of Allah.' (3) We have no details of a fan club for Charles Boyer.

A. M. F.—The Masks Twins are at present making a series of pictures based on the stories of Margaret Warner, 'Tiger.'

INTERESTED (Grantham).—(1) The late Sam Livsey appeared in the following films: 'Happy Tangled Petticoats,' 'Defender,' 'The Trojan,' 'Tens, Too,' 'Rooftops,' 'Royal Canoe,' 'Trainman,' 'Where's the Governor?' 'The Men of Yesterday,' 'Calliope in Two Tunes,' 'The Women of America,' 'The Affair in the Flower,' 'Wings of the Morning,' and 'Dark Journey.' He also directed the films 'Irene,' 'Partners,' and 'Farewell Artist,' 1914, 1916. (2) Barrymore's films include 'Lady of Glengarry,' 'Paris Plunge,' 'Monte Carlo,' 'His Great Greet Notice,' 'Matinee Idol,' 'Brothers Ahead' and 'Vivatrice.' (3) The latest film 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back,' It's A'right for Me,' 'Nothing But A Man,' 'Your Town,' 'The Hard Case,' 'The Song of the South,' 'Rheuma of Africa, Rembrandt and the Sycamores,' and 'The Rhymester' appeared in Blind Justice, Laura Denne, 'The Prince,' 'Miss Midsummer Night,' 'John and Rembrandt.' (5) We have not published any articles on these players in this magazine.

FREDDIE FAN (Golders Green).—(1) When The Buccaneer is finished, Freddie March is going to appear in a play on Broadway, 'Christian Hero,' with his wife, Florence Eldridge.

I. H. R. S. (Edinburgh).—'Ah! fort' la vie che la canina' from Verdi's 'Traviata' was played by the orchestra at the beginning, and during emotional scenes in Cavalleria, it is recorded on H.M.V., DB464 and DB451.

V. D. (Walhamstow).—(1) Annabels, b. Paris, she has blond hair and blue eyes and is scheduled to make Jeann with Yeen William for Twentieth Century-Fox Studio. (2) Fred MacMurray, b. Aug. 30, 1912, Kankakee, Illinois. He is 6 ft. 3 in. tall, has brown hair and eyes and is married to Lilian Jeanette. His latest film is True Confessions with Carole Lombard. (3) Natalie Toinon, b. Marseilles, France, April 23, 1914, She is 5 ft. 3 in. tall, weighs 114 lb., and has brown hair and blue eyes, her latest film is Love in London. (4) Fredric March's latest film is The Lady in White, with Joan Crawford and Robert Taylor. He is at present working in The Four Mary's with Myrna Loy and is scheduled for his new version of Beau Geste, with Gary Cooper and Bette Davis. He is coming over here after Christmas to make The Night of the Hunter. (5) British. (2) Write to Leonard Williams, 342 Mincing Lane, London, E.C. 3, Glamorgan, for details of a fan club for this star.

NELSON EDDY CRAY (Wolverhampton).—(1) Birthdates as follows: Tyrone Power, May 5, 1914; Madeleine Carroll, Feb. 26, 1906, Ken Maynard, July 21, 1893; Tim McCoy, April 8, 1903; Tom Flynn, Aug. 8, 1903; Bing Crosby, Mar. 20, 1904; James Dunn, May 30, 1896; Gene Autry, Aug. 7, 1907; Yes, your request has been passed on to the Editor.

COMING (Dagenham).—These players you mention are supplied by the film companies through dealers and it is doubtful whether they would be willing to supply you with them.

J. R. (Kent).—Preston Foster is married, and his latest film is You Can't Cheat Love with Joan Blondell.

FILM LOVER (Kent).—Jean Arthur, b. Oct. 17, 1908, New York. Her real name is Gladys Green and she is 5 ft. 2 in. tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. Married Frank Ross. She has appeared in Easy Living, which will be released Jan. 17, 1938, and is not scheduled for one at the moment.


M. H. (Leeds).—Yes, the late Ross Alexander sang himself in Ready, Willing and Able, which is his last film. His photograph is not obtainable from the Postcard Salon.

L. R. S. (Dorset).—We published a centre spread of photographs of Barbara Stanwyck under the heading 'Fashion of the Week,' March 6, 1937 issue, of 'The White Angel' in the Aug. 16, 1938 issue of PICTUREGOER, in which Miss Stanwyck was featured in the role of Jean Dole, Edward G. Robinson in 'Slade and the Leader.' The photograph is not obtainable from the Postcard Salon.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

THE BILLY COTTON CLUB big Christmas Party is being held in Northumberland Rooms, Trafalgar Square, London, on Wednesday, Dec. 29. All are welcome and full particulars can be obtained from the secretary, David H. Hayes, c/o 24 Chandos Street, London, W.C. 2. Billy Cotton and his band will be present and a jolly time will be had by all.

THE SONJA HENIE FAN CLUB welcomes new members. An autographed photograph of Sonja, who is the President, and a copy of the club's news, published every month, are given to all members. Write to Miss Jarvis, 19 Rosaline Street, Brookfields, Birmingham, 18, for further particulars.

On December 24, the FILM STAR FAN CLUB are having a social evening at the Rosebridge Bungalow, Bridge Street, West Hockley, Birmingham, from 8 p.m. until 11 p.m. All readers of the PICTUREGOER are invited and tickets can be obtained from Miss Keene Montara, 30 William Street, Lough, Birmingham, 19, or the secretary of your Fan Club. Tickets are 1s. each, which includes refreshments. There is only room for a limited number of guests so you are advised to apply for your tickets early.

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.

FAN CLUB NOTICES


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LEAVE IT TO ANNE

Experimenting in make-up is rather fun at party time. You have the time and the opportunity and, best of all, the party spirit to urge you on. By experiment in make-up I do not mean that you should aim at highly artificial effects, but rather at a natural effect that enhances your good points and camouflage your not-so-good features.

Many girls hesitate about eye make-up. In a way they are right, for there is nothing more ageing than badly applied eye cosmetics. On the other hand, cleverly applied, you can do much with your eyes generally to beautify your appearance.

Few of us have those really large and lustrous eyes, and some of us have—if we told the truth—little piggy eyes. The simplest and most effective means of giving an appearance of size is by drawing a fine line underneath the lashes of the lower lids. The line is filled in with the eyebrow pencil and it should be darkest at the corners and faintest in the middle. But do not continue the line right into the corners of the eyes nearest to the nose. Stop short of this, or the effect becomes obvious and artificial.

It is a safe rule to apply that nothing about eye make-up should be heavy or pronounced. It should all be mere suggestion, blended so that there is neither beginning nor end.

This applies to mascara, too. If you apply mascara so heavily that the lashes are beaded and stuck together, the effect is not only ugly and unnatural but adds years to your age.

After damping the eyelash brush and applying it to the cosmetic, apply it carefully to the upper lashes. Use upward strokes so that you encourage the lashes to curl. The make-up should be emphasised slightly towards the ends of the lashes. In this way they appear thicker and longer. With your brush see that every lash is separate. Personally I think make-up is best applied to the upper lashes only. If you do apply it to the lower ones as well, it must be to the tips only.

Finally, eyeshadow. It is often stated in print that eyeshadow should match the eyes. But that needs modification, particularly for day-time. If you match blue eyes with blue eyeshadow for day-time use, the effect is thoroughly theatrical. Whereas blue eyes with grey shadow look charming, reserving the blue shadow for the evening, taking on a thrill of a little light. It is often from its brightness. Brown eyes need brown shadow day and night. In all cases, the application of eye shadow needs very greatest care and the lightest of touch. If using a compact powder, take a little on the tip of a finger and lightly apply it to the lids. If using any other type, touch one shade with a trace of skin food first so that the shadow may be properly blended. Never use shadow under the eyes, but only on the lids.

Begin at the corner of the eye nearest the nose and blend out so lightly towards the other corner that the colour has no beginning and no ending. It should be a smooth, even colour tone from eyelashes to eyebrows.

There is one exception to the rule of no shadow beneath the eyes. If you are rather heavily lined beneath the eyes or have a tendency to bagginess, a smoothly blended mauve shadow cream will camouflage the defects.

Eyebrows are important, too. Please avoid those pencilled arches. Film stars, plus clever lighting and still more clever photography, get away with it and still remain charming. But the average girl merely looks vacuous and bored, with a thin sooty line instead of a natural brow.

Besides there is another reason. There is some truth in the story that eyesight and eyebrows are connected. Some girls pluck their eyebrows too much and have been known to induce short sight.

This doesn't mean that you are to go around unnatural with bushy brows that struggle, or that you are not slightly to improve the shape of your brows by judicious plucking. But pluck your plucking on the natural arc of your brows. Naturally, I know what she was doing this time, and if you destroy the shape to introduce something entirely different, you probably destroy the symmetry of your features at the same time.

If you care to give the slightest lift to your brows at the ends, that is permissible and improves most faces. But leave it at that. Some eyebrows are too thin and they can be improved with a mixture of one part castor oil to two parts vaseline. Put a spot on the brush and brush it well in. If you use an eyebrow pencil be sure it is the same colour of a slightly lighter tone than your hair.

So much for the eyes. Next week we will have a chat about the nose and the various devices that may be applied to faces round and faces thin.

When you leave school and start to be really grown-up, there are many little beauty problems that occur to you. I shall be delighted to help you if you will send your query, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, to ANYNE, c/o THE PICTUREGOER, Martell House, 31 Fleet Street, London, W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss F. E. Short, 94 Highbury Road, Green Lane, Dagenham, Essex, for her entry:

Husbands

Rebellion

Dinner at Eight

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to Miss R. North, 28 Maitrey Street, Ormond Street, London, W., for his entry:

His Wife's Mother

The Dominant Sex

They Gave Him a Gun

We're on the Jury

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to Mrs. W. B. Garrett, 34 Martlet House, Kenton, Middlesex, for his entry:

Dancing Feet

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Miss Patricia Hardwick, 35 Gilec Crescent, Kenton, Middlesex, for his entry:

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YOU CAN'T GO WRONG IF YOU GIVE CIGARETTES
AN OPEN LETTER to THE BRITISH FILM INDUSTRY

THE OLD GANG MUST GO

GENTLEMEN.

There is probably quite enough controversy about the Cinematograph Films Bill in the trade itself without our joining the fray on the detailed points at issue.

The main object of the Bill, and one in which we have every right to be interested, however, is, one imagines, the protection of British production.

In this respect we would have been much happier to see some provision made for the building up of British acting, directorial, writing, and executive talent.

Particularly directorial, writing and executive talent. The acting talent is already available if the others were here to exploit it.

In other words, there has been a great deal of talk about money and markets and nothing about men—the men, who, with the aid of the new Bill, are supposed to be going to produce the British movie millennium out of the wreckage of the recent slump.

The original Quota Act was introduced at a time when British film production was in a bad way.

To-day, after ten years during which it has had a measure of market mollycoddling enjoyed by few British industries and has dissipated millions of pounds on incompetently made pictures the industry is still in a bad way. The only difference, indeed, is that by now the name of British film production has left an almost permanent odour in City financial circles.

The point is that however seriously you may take the new Bill and however bitterly you may battle over its individual clauses, you cannot make good pictures out of it.

As a matter of practical politics, you can protect British product in the home market only to a certain extent. If the Quota Act saved British films, incidentally, it also gave a charter to ineptitude.

The only real remedy lies in finding and giving encouragement to men—and women—who can guide the destinies of British films more surely in the future.

If the now expiring Quota Act and the industry had nothing else to answer for in the last ten years their failure to develop new British film brains would be enough to condemn them.

After a decade of Government protection, which included a financial boom that made as much money available for British pictures as Hollywood spends, you can still almost count on the fingers of one hand the directors and writers who have emerged, who are capable of meeting the requirements of competition in the world film market.

At the period when we had ample opportunity to create movie manpower in our studios we preferred to take the easier way of importing foreign directors, writers and technicians—and in far too many cases they, were Hollywood has-beens and never-wasers.

In the light of history, by the way, we have fears at the moment that the current Hollywood slump, with its inevitable drastic pruning of pay-rolls, may mean that production operations in Britain under the new Act may actually be launched by a new battalion of assorted Californian throw-outs.

Mr. Alexander Korda, one of our few producers, was at considerable pains to defend the industry at the time of the collapse of the boom.

British studios, he declared, had "under the circumstances achieved results to be proud of." Among other things we had trained up technicians as good as any other country possesses.

Then with a magnificent flourish he added, "in the last few years several young English directors have shown good promise." Of writers he said nothing at all—which is perhaps just as well.

Ten years, the Quota Act and the expenditure of unlimited money have thus, on the admission of a leader of the industry, produced only "several young English directors who have shown good promise." What we want is a number of English executives who will show, not merely good promise, but the Old Gang how to make good pictures.

In the meanwhile, we must, we suppose, be content to hope that aided by a new Act the inefficiency which got the industry into its present mess will get it out of it again and that the men who have resolutely declined to take advantage of their opportunities or learn anything in the past will miraculously blossom forth as geniuses under the benign protection of Mr. Oliver Stanley’s measure.

We can only hope further that whatever form of quota is finally adopted, the Act will encourage British production without giving a new mandate to mediocrity.

The Editor...
Love has apparently bloomed while they have been co-starring in *Rosalie*. The affair has more of the first rosy raptures than most film colony romances. Neither has been married previously and both their names have been kept singularly free of the gossip columns.

Mr. Eddy, indeed, has sometimes been suspected of being a woman-hater. He always barred questions about love in his interviews. Miss Powell has always said previously that she has been too busy for romance.

She has made one radical step into these days of stellar secrecy. She tells the world quite frankly: "I'm in love with Nelson." It's almost like the good old days of Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper.

At any rate it's helping along the *Rosalie* publicity very nicely.

**Re-make of "Journey's End"**

- News of three interesting re-makes comes from Hollywood this week. One will be *Madame Pompadour*, which Dorothy Gish starred in way back in 1927. Iona Massey, one of the studio's recent Continental importations, will have the title role this time.

- Another is *Journey's End*. Robert Montgomery is being mentioned for the role of Captain Stanhope, which brought world fame to the late Colin Clive.

And Jack London's adventure story, *The Sea Wolf*, is due for another trip to the cameras, under the banner of Art Movil. Clark Gable is being sought from Metro for the lead, last played by the late Milton Sills.

**Hollywood's Sherwood Forest**

- I hear that a perfect setting for Sherwood Forest for *The Adventures of Robin Hood* has been found in a park near Chico in Northern California.

- A substantial grove of oaks stretched along a river bank but, unfortunately, sycamores interspersed the other growth and they would provide a jarring note.

- The scenic department was consulted and old trunks made of plaster were built around the slender sycamores as high as camera range.

**All Good Pals . . .**

- This is kiss-and-make-up month in movieland. The Christmas spirit, perhaps.

Frank Coghlan, Junior, president of Columbus, has, it is announced, settled their differences and the director is now back at work.

His next assignment will probably be *You Can't Take It With You*, the Pulitzer prize play, for which the studio recently paid $50,000.

The film world is also looking forward to an early settlement of the two-year war between James Cagney and the Warner Brothers.

Unofficial word is that studio representatives have met the actor and discussed peace terms. It is understood the Warners would settle for two pictures a year and permit Cagney to make one other picture a year for an outside studio should he so desire.

Meanwhile the actor is going over scripts for his third Grand National picture, the latest under consideration being *Angel WithThirty Faces*.

**Starting at the Bottom**

- Erich Von Stroheim, jun., 21-year-old son of the famous director and actor, is one of the messenger boys in the mailroom at Twentieth Century-Fox, and from that lowly position he hopes to work himself up to a position equal to that which his father holds in the film world.

In the meantime, Erich, jun., delivers mail to such new stars as Sonja Henie, who is currently filming her third picture, *Hot and Happy*. He has a chance to watch how things are done in pictures, to get helpful hints in the right direction and prepare himself for his chosen career.

"I started out a few years ago to try to be an actor," Erich, jun., says, "but it didn't seem to lead anywhere. I played small parts in a few pictures, but acting isn't exactly the thing I want."

"I decided to finish school and then aim for a creative career behind the cameras. The best way to start is to get into a studio somehow and learn the business from the ground up, so I got the mail room job as soon as school was over."

**She Chose a Tomato**

- Gladys Swarthout, grand opera and screen star, the other day selected from thousands of tomatoes the one which will be thrown in her face in a scene in her next picture, *Romance in the Dark*.

In the scene, a hostile audience hisses Miss Swarthout and members of her supporting cast on a European operatic stage, hurling vegetables at the singers and striking Miss Swarthout with a tomato.

Studio officials broadcast a request for the most luscious and softest-skinned tomatoes in the land and received an unexpected and enthusiastic response from chambers of commerce in a dozen American cities.

From the many crates of tomatoes expressed to the studio, Miss Swarthout selected a tomato grown in Miami, Florida, which will be squashed against her face when the scene in *Romance in the Dark* is filmed.

**What's in a Name?**

- To be or not to be a Blondell? That was the problem faced by Joan Blondell's younger sister, Gloria, now embarking on a screen career.

"I'd like to change my name to Kitty Scott," says Gloria, "Because I like the name and don't want to trade on Joan's reputation. I bought hard in Hollywood and managed to make a creditable showing. I'm ready to work my little head off in pictures, but I don't want folks to give me knowing looks every time I get a part. Hollywood is too full of relatives already—so I'd like to get as far away from being a Hollywood relative as possible."

- The studio had other ideas though. They realized she didn't get her chance because of the relationship to Joan. And if there's any chance of crashing in on a famous family name, they think they would be silly to change it.

Barrymore was good enough for John, Lionel and Ethel, and Blondell will do for Joan and Gloria.

By the way, Jeanette MacDonald has a sister, Blossom, who has been given a test at M-G-M and may soon be seen in a picture.

**NEXT WEEK**

For some time past Walt Disney has been engaged on his ambitious scheme of making a full-length feature cartoon, *Walt Disney's Fantasia*. In next week's issue we present an article which takes you behind the scenes of the production and shows you what difficulties had to be overcome by the world's most famous cartoonist. In addition there is a poignant article on William Wellman, the famous director whose motto is "Treat 'Em Rough"—and does the stars like it? We will tell you in next week's issue.
NEW STAR

- Watch Alan Curtis
- Hollywood's Latest Romance
- "Journey's End" Revived
- Kiss-and-Make-up Month

She is well known on the American stage as Marie Blake.

Short Shots
- William Gargan has purchased the house occupied by Jean Harlow just before her death—Gene Markey, Joan Bennett’s ex, is now being seen about with Simone Simon—Humphrey Bogart is the only film gangster not afraid of firearms; Edward G. Robinson and James Cagney are scared to death of the guns they handle—Frances Farmer only owns one evening gown—the stock is expected again at the Bing Crosby home—Bette Davis has bought a print of Of Human Bondage—Patricia Ellis has so fallen in love with rural England that she intends building a home in Hollywood exactly like the cottage she rented in Bucks during her stay here—Loretta Young breaks out in a rash whenever she eats strawberries, and in her two last pictures she had to consume handfuls of the fruit—There was an awkward moment at the tennis matches in Hollywood the other day when Clark Gable and Carole Lombard found themselves in the next box to Mrs. Rhea Gable.

Malcolm Phillips.

Phil Lonergan sends it Hot from Hollywood

GARBO BUYS A BATHING SUIT

When Garbo goes shopping, it’s news. But when Garbo goes bathing-suit shopping it’s headlines!

Garbo mingled with the customers of a fashionable store in Hollywood searching for the kind of a bathing suit she wanted.

After due consideration she decided upon a one-piece suit made of satin lastex in blue, forming a very low-cut back.

The size was a thirty-eight and the garment was understood to have been purchased in connection with a vacation trip to a pleasure resort.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star was accompanied by her secretary and wasn’t recognised by anyone other than the one salogirl who has taken care of her dress needs ever since she came to Hollywood. Garbo has been stepping out. The other day she made her first telephone call on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios lot, although she has been associated with that studio for more than ten years.

The call was put through to the office of Louis B. Mayer from the stage where Garbo was making added scenes for her current picture, Conquest. She has never made an outside call.

Her only other historical contribution to the telephone record of the studio was entered upon the operator’s log when she refused to accept a call from Stockholm, Sweden, because she did not recognise the name of the caller.

Brave Lady
- Ginger Rogers can “take it” and still smile. This was proved during the filming of her current Radio picture, Having Wonderful Time, in which she co-stars with Douglas Fairbanks, jun.

With the water down to forty degrees, Miss Rogers had to swim across Barratt Lake in the San Bernardino mountains for important scenes in the film. Refusing a double, she elected to do all of the “takes” personally, and as a result was in and out of the icy water for two entire days.

Between shots she was wrapped in warm blankets and given hot chocolate. She emerged from the ordeal without any ill effects.

Charlie Chan Outwitted
- Mrs. Warner Oland does not like her husband, but evidently she has no reason to worry, for she asks the Court to award her 3,500 dollars a month separate maintenance allowance.

Mr. Oland, who won fame as the screen detective Charlie Chan, is believed as might be expected, because he was served with papers by a Santa Barbara undersheriff, who recognised his car.

Generous Playboy
- Tommy Manville, jun., a young millionaire, is very kind to his ex-wives. His fourth wife, who received every generous settlement from her husband, recently declined an offer from a leading studio and departed for New York.

The offer was for Bluebeard’s Eighth Wife, and Mrs. Manville did not care to play the part of one of the wives.

Broken Fenders
- One thousand dollars’ worth of car fenders were smashed into shapeless, twisted metal recently by Katharine Hepburn.

The script of Bringing Up Baby calls for four collisions in as many minutes between Hepburn’s roadster and Cary Grant’s car, each impact demolishing another fender on his car, leaving hers unharmed.

Ordinary fenders couldn’t be relied on to crumble convincingly for the cameras, so the property department turned out sixteen fenders made of quarter-inch soft lead at total cost of 1,000 dollars. The three extra sets of “crushable” fenders were needed for additional shots of the collisions from various camera angles.

Economical Lass
- Paper-hangers, one-armed or otherwise, can keep their trade to themselves, as far as Ella Logan is concerned.

The Scottish comedienne wants no more part of it, after a disastrous attempt to paint a room in the home of her boy friend, Cully Richards.

With several hours of hard work she got the walls in such shape that a profession had to go to undo what she has done and start from scratch.

Yesterday Miss Logan spent her spare time between scenes of Samuel Goldwyn’s The Goldwyn Follies looking at paper samples she had sent in.

A Perplexing Problem
- Edward G. Robinson tells me that every time he is working in London he wants to get right back to Hollywood, and when he is in California he gets a terrific itch to return to England.

He likes California sunshine and London fog, but cannot have both at the same time.

Happy Kiddies
- The kids at the Vista Del Mar Orphanage, Hollywood, have had a lot of pleasure as the result of Fred Astaire’s latest picture, A Damsel in Distress.

One of Astaire’s dance routines with George Burns and Gracie Allen occurs in a large fun fair, and the set included all

(Continued on page 8)
of the gadgets found in such a place, slides, chute-the-chutes, rolling barrels, distorting mirrors, revolving floor wheels, etc.

When work on the set was concluded, a circular slide was sent to the orphanage with the compliments of the Radio studio, and it is now a permanent piece of play equipment in their recreation yard.

"Star" Business

Charlie Farrell and Ralph Bellamy, a year or two ago, established the Racquet Club, in Palm Springs, frequented by film celebrities, and did so well that the place is clear of debt and paying a handsome profit.

So the astute Mr. Farrell, who has not been seen in the movies very much of late, is planning with Melville Burke to establish a little theatre stock company at the desert resort, similar to many which flourish in the eastern states.

Burke is a little theatre director, whilst Farrell knows the film colony and can secure any number of stars to appear in the plays. The idea looks as though it would be a success.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

They Died Laughing

A ND if I may say so, there's still precious little in the British studios for E. G. Cousins or anyone else to cover. Still, the determined rover among the sets is seldom turned away empty, however little there is doing.

Odd, the adventures that befall a film player! The other day I was roaming round Pinewood, when I came on to Tom Walls's new production for Gainsborough, The Strange Boarders of Palace Crescent, or whatever they ultimately decide to shorten that unwieldy title to.

A woman was busy dying in a hospital bed when I got there (I do like a bit of fun!), and just as she was about to tell the detective and the reporter and a couple of doctors where she had obtained the photographs that were found on her when she was run over, she burst into a strident cackle of laughter and inconveniently died, and nurses put a screen round the bed.

Incidentally, one of the props men remarked to me that the screen ought to have been put round the British Film Industry, but I think that's just a little pessimistic.

Out of the Rut

One of the grave-faced men standing by the bed was George Curzon; and I remembered having seen him literally "die laughing," in Hitchcock's new picture Young and Innocent, a few nights before.

I'm pleased to see that Tom Walls isn't attempting to direct himself in this picture; with all due respect to Mr. Walls's capabilities, I don't think any actor can successfully direct himself on the screen.

Tom is fortunate in having the services of Herbert Mason as director; the enormous Mr. Mason has a reputation for firmness combined with tact, which is probably why he is put on to directing people who have formerly directed themselves—as for instance Jack Hubbert and Cicely Courtneidge in Take My Tip, and George Arliss in East Meets West and His Lordship.

This one is certainly a long way out of the usual run of Tom Walls pictures, as you may have gathered from the scene I have just described.

Frances Dee goes "high hat"—but only in a fashion sense. She is appearing opposite hubby Joel McCrea in "Wells Fargo."

Tom plays a Secret Service man who is on the trail of a gang of international malefactors of some kind (I wouldn't do for me to give away what kind, and anyway I don't know) and he traces them to a house in Palace Crescent, and then . . .

And his young wife (played by Renee Saint-Cyr) is with him, but they have to pretend not to know each other, and so . . .

You can fill in some of the gaps for yourself.

The Moon-kickers

Doesn't the poor old Moon have a bad time in the studios!

Three Cornered Moon, The Moon's Own Home, Turn of the Moon, all are recent titles; and not content with pushing the poor old thing out of shape, turning it off, and making it a home for lost arrows to crow in, the film-producers are now hardening it (in Over the Moon at Denham) and actually kicking it around.

This last indignity takes place in Kicking the Moon Over; Vogue Productions are making at Pinewood.

I understand Vogue is a new company, and that may be why not a murmur of their activities has reached me officially; but what puzzles me is that Walter Forde, directing the new film, is by no manner of means new to the game, being one of our most illustrious pioneers; and it certainly isn't his usual custom to work under the seal of secrecy. Even if the company doesn't know the ropes well enough to get itself better known, Walter does.

I hear from strictly unofficial sources that among the chief protagonists are Ambrose and his Island, Harry Rand, Richard A Templates, and Evelyn Dal; and with a cast like that it doesn't require a Sherlock Holmes to discover that it's a musical, and I don't mind betting that the title is also the name of the theme-song. However, come away; it's rude to peep.

No Hush Here

The other current Pinewood film, Follow Your Star, is by no means a hush-hush production; in fact, Belgrave Films, its sponsors, seem quite proud of it.

Sinclair Hill, the director, tells me it's going even better than he had hoped—and goodness knows he's usually optimistic enough.

By the way, rather an unusual method has been employed in the casting of this picture.

As it's based on the life-story of Arthur Tracy ("The Street Singer") he has selected people to play with him who are like his actual relations and friends.

For instance, Nina Bouicault and Jimmy Godden, have been cast as his mother and father because of their likeness to his real parents (and also, I imagine, because they are both able players), and the role of his girl-friend is being played by Claire Chrysta, because she is so like a girl who once acted as his guide, philosopher, and friend.

Luckily she is also a clever little actress, as you will agree if you saw her in Edge of the World.

Busy Belle

Belle told me she had been completely ignored by the film world since Edge of the World was completed, and had just accepted an important role in Chi the Sinner, a new play at the Embassy Theatre, London, when, just to prove that it matters what it pours, the studio telephoned for her to come down and be the heroine of Follow Your Star.

She declined with thanks, saying that she was already working, but the next day Arthur Tracy himself rang her up, and wouldn't take no for an answer.

Presumably the dulcet Tracy tones over the telephone were sufficiently persuasive, because now she is telling about the country to get both jobs in.

She has to report at the studios at eight o'clock every morning, work until 6.30 p.m., then dash from Pinewood to Swinging London (a matter of twenty miles or so) to be made-up and ready to take her cue by 8.15.
It's also interesting for another reason—that Nora Swinburne is playing the lead. I've wondered for some time past why this lovely person was not given more chances in the film world; she's always putting up excellent acting performances on the stage.

The last time I saw her on the screen was in quite a small, but very important, part in the Annabella picture *Dinner at the Ritz*. She was so charming in that that I would have expected a perfect rush of producers to sign her up.

Anyway, here she is in this *Laguna* one, and with her are Richard Ainley, Jenny Laird, G. H. Mulcaster, Desmond Roberts, Richard Newton, Talbot O'Farrell, Edgar Driver (who is regarded as a kind of mascot for Butcher pictures), and Claire Arnold.

I hope Jenny Laird will have better luck with the camera than last time I saw her, which was in Fox British's *Passenger to London*, in which she was far from happy.

**In Father's Footsteps**

- Richard Ainley is the son of the famous stage actor Henry Ainley, who in his heyday was one of the finest actors, as well as one of the handsomest men, I have ever seen.

The story of this film covers twenty years, and in it we shall hear a number of songs which were popular more years ago than I care to think—"Charmaine," "If you could only care for me," and "Mighty Like a Rose." Also an almost-forgotten Leslie Stuart number, "The Banshee," will be sung by a Negro choir.

And to swing over rather suddenly from the Deep South to the Frozen North, at Ealing Green we have George Formby on a pair of skates.

Also—prepare for a shock—he will wear a beard in his new picture, which is called *I See Ice*. And why, you may ask, should George wear a beard?

"Because Cossacks wear beards, and George is a Cossack," explains director Anthony Kimmins.

"Because it helps to cover up some of that face," his friends explain. But he had better not overdo it, because that face, as it happens, is growing extremely popular with the picture-going public.

**They Fall Down**

- He has one hilarious sequence in this production in which his beard is frozen to the ice when he falls down... and the amount of falling down in this picture is said to be unprecedented even in the annals of British films.

But he doesn't wear the beard throughout—only for one sequence. In addition to being a Cossack he appears as a charwoman, a sleuth photographer, a Tiller girl, a theatre property-man, and a Volga boatman (clean-shaven).

I don't think I've given you the full cast of this one: it includes Kay Walsh, Betty Stockfeld, Cyril Ritchard, Garry Marsh, Frederick Burtwell, Ernest Selton, Laura Smithson, Andrea Malandrinos, Gordon McLeod, Esma Cannan, R. Meadows White, Jack Vyvan, and Frank Lighton.

I'm glad to see Garry Marsh playing continuously in the studios again. He walked straight out of *Bank Holiday* (in which he plays an ascending cinema manager) into this one.

**La Diva**

- I seldom meet Garry without his having some hilarious experience to tell me; this week it was about an incident that occurred on location in the South of France in the autumn of last year.

"We had in our company a very beautiful girl," said Garry, "who was engaged to perform an extremely high dive in a swimming-pool scene, but she was on the payroll for five weeks before they came to it."

"At last they reached her big scene. There were no rehearsals, but the girl was to dive from her forty-foot perch at the same moment that a long line of swimmers plunged into the pool."

"At the signal they all plunged except the diver, who stood shivering and clinging nervously to her perch."

"'Oy!' shouted the director. 'Why the sod-and-so didn't you dive?'"

"'Dive?' said the girl. 'I can't dive! I'm a singer!'"

"The unfortunate girl had been described as a diva!"
SIXTEEN months ago I wrote in PICTUREGGEO Weeky an article with the title, “Britain’s First World Woman Star.”

In it I discussed the respective claims of Jessie Matthews and Anna Neagle to that proud title.

“I’m told please don’t all shout “Madeleine Carroll!” at me; I know Madeleine has a greater international reputation than either of these two young women, but she won it in Hollywood films, and that means that, although still a British girl, she’s not a British star any more.

So there still remain two contenders for the title; ex-chorus-girls Jessie and Anna.

Sixteen months ago there was no doubt at all as to which way the decision would go. Jessie was then working on Head Over Heels, under the direction of husband Sonnie Hale—his first assignment as full-fledged director; not yet had she accomplished the nervous collapse that interrupted work on that production for months when all but a few days’ shooting was “in the can.”

Anna Neagle had recently completed work on The Three Maxims, which stands out in British film history as a waste of good material, and was just about to start shooting on London Melody, which didn’t even contain very good material.

Definitely, Jessie was in a strong position. She had been hailed beyond the Atlantic as “a female Fred Astaire” or “the dancing queen” of her dancing had been compared favourably with Eleanor Powell’s, Ginger Rogers’, Ruby Keeler’s.

She was, as at that time, a definite box-office proposition in the U.S.A.—and that spells SUCCESS in large letters, especially for a player who has neither the glamour nor the prestige of Hollywood to back her up.

As I pointed out then, Anna Neagle’s two most successful films, Nell Gwyn and Peg of Old Denby, had gone down well in America, and Anna had been accepted there because of her presence in those films; Limelight, The Three Maxims, and London Melody had meant very little beyond the Atlantic.

Jessie, on the other hand, had established herself in America as well as here as a personality that must be seen whatever the vehicle in which she appeared... and that is the true inner meaning of what we know as the star system.

The only snag is that producers are inclined to lose sight of the fact that no star on earth is good enough or in a strong enough position to survive a succession of box-office failures.

Not that Jessie had anything to fear on that score; she weathered her breakdown and came back to Robertsonian success and finished Head Over Heels, and it was very well received.

Perhaps there wasn’t quite the light-weighted abandon in her that had marked her earlier successes, but that was understandable and a good many allowances were made.

She wisely took a long convalescent trip to Rome, with Sonnie, Hale, and returned fighting-fit to play in her next film, Ganguay.

I remember a Press party I attended, which was held to welcome her back; eighty or ninety times she had to repeat, “Oh, I’m quite well now, thanks!” when anyone with half an eye could see she was bursting with health, and anyone with less patience would have snapped, “Oh, I’m very ill in bed with a hot-water bottle!”

And she sailed into the making of Ganguay, which, when completed, showed her to be as gay, as young, as light-hearted as she had been in, for instance, Evergreen and First a Girl.

But there were three little clouds, each quite a bit bigger than a man’s hand, which made me wonder...

The first was the fact that Gaumont-British had decided to shut down the studios at Shepherd’s Bush and discontinue production, except for a few films which had already been contracted for and which would be made at Pinewood.

This meant that there would not be a sufficient supply of films to keep open the Gaumont-British distribution organisation through which her recent films had been circulated in the United States.

The second and third clouds are bracketed together.

A very large mailbag reaches this office every day, a considerable portion of which consists of readers’ opinions of the stars; and a familiar plaint about Jessie began to reassert itself.

Readers declare that she doesn’t know how to dress.

Well, a dress-sense is born in some women and may be acquired by others, but, at the risk of being charged with presumption, I, a mere male, am inclined to the opinion that neither is the case with Jessie Matthews.

She seems to succeed in spite of her clothes rather than because of them; the melancholy fact is that she received more assistance from her dresses at sixteen, when her career began, than she does at thirty, when she may be expected to have mastered the art of dressing.

The other cause for murmuring is her dancing. Jessie sings, of course, but her worst enemy could not accuse her of being a Tetrazzini; her dancing is her mainstay, and that, together with her sense of comedy, is what has chiefly brought her to fame.

And PICTUREGGEO readers are not satisfied with her dancing in her last two or three pictures; they say it is skilful and graceful, but uninspired; they demand new routines, something glamorous and exciting like the stuff she gave us in Evergreen.

Well, we need not worry too much about that. Jessie’s chief drawback in all her pictures has been lack of an adequate dancing partner.

As leading men she has had some very distinguished and able players—Owen Nares, Ian Hunter, Basil Sydney, Griffith Jones, John Gielgud, Barry Mackay... but they share one peculiarity. They can’t dance.

If you saw Ganguay you may have been impressed, as I was, by Jessie’s extremely snappy dance in the newspaper office with the man she has libelled. Here were two experts doing a job they knew supremely well, and obviously enjoying it.

Later in the film she danced on the ship’s deck with Barry Mackay, and it was graceful, and expert, and just didn’t mean a thing...

Well, this is a disadvantage that has now been overcome; as you know, Jessie has the American dancing star Jack Whiting opposite her in her new picture, Sailing Along, as well as Barry Mackay, who has teamed so well with her before in the comedy and romantic sequences and the singing.

Sailing Along is not to restore our delight in Jessie’s thistledown dancing.

And after that? Let it be said immediately that Jessie Matthews has no cause to worry about the future; both she and her husband are “in the big money,” and Jessie’s services are sought by most of the major companies in the English-speaking world.

In fact, so many rumours have been current as to what she does and does not intend to do, that I sought her out at Pinewood and asked her point-blank about her future.

She doesn’t know.

I found her locked in a close embrace on a sofa with Barry Mackay; but, dash it, a film-star gets no privacy—there were some thousands of candle-power shining on them, and Sasha, the portraitist, bizarre and brilliant in a violent red and blue checked Canadian lumber-jacket, was fusing over them like an artistic nurse.

They knocked off the portrait-taking for a few minutes so that I could put Jessie through a third-degree examination; and Jessie came unclipped.

“What about all these reports of a broadcast contract in America?” I suggested. “Twenty-six weeks at $700 a week, and a further twenty-six at $800, and all for about ten minutes’ broadcast a week?”

“Oh, that all fell through,” she explained.

“There was a little too much studio politics mixed up in it, and it came unstocked.”

“And what about the school of dancing that you were reported to be founding, to discover and foster talent among young dancers?”

“Is there a business in that?” she asked me.

“I was being interviewed, and I happened to mention, casually, that that might be a good thing to do in a few years’ time, when I retire. And next morning there was a whole column about it in the paper, as detailed as if the building...”
JESSIE

were chosen and everything—and after that I was simply snowed-under with applications for membership."

"And what about your contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer?" I asked.

"There isn't one," she assured me. "I'm still on contract to Gaumont-British—and that doesn't end until September of next year."

"And Sonnie?"

"Oh, his ends in June, I believe."

"And are you going to make another film for Gaumont-British?"

"Yes, one at least. At present we're calling it Asking for Trouble, but I don't know whether that title will be permanent."

Knowing the current craze for one-line reviews in the newspapers, I should say myself that to keep that title would be asking for trouble; but that's a matter for Gaumont-British to worry over.

Jessie isn't doing any worrying.

"The Rio trip was so successful last year," she told me, "that Sonnie and I are going off for a long holiday again—this time to Florida. Sonnie has worked without a break since February—he badly needs a rest."

I could see Sasha beginning to grow a little restless in the background.

"Just before you go into another cuddle, Jessie," I said, "will you tell me if there's any truth in the rumour that you've declined to make a film in Hollywood without Sonnie Hale to direct you?"

"Not a bit of truth in it," she declared. "I don't want to go there without him, that's all."

I think she's wise in that attitude. Sonnie has made a swell job of directing her in her last two or three pictures, but they do take their studio troubles home and have them for supper—and they make darned indigestible fare.

But the fact remains that beyond this one film to come, Asking for Trouble, Jessie's future is entirely in the air. She should be with a company that is steadily and studiously building up her star value; it isn't in the nature of things for Gaumont-British to want to do that so that some other company may reap the harvest.

She makes no stage appearances nowadays, doesn't broadcast, shuns "personal publicity" . . . and meanwhile a girl named Anna Neagle has achieved a terrific international success in Victoria the Great, and has just concluded a triumphal personal tour in Canada and the United States . . . where we want our films to be shown.

Jessie Matthews, still Britain's First World Woman Star, has a pair of the shapeliest legs in filmland. I should like to see them just a little more firmly planted on the steep stairway of Success.

(Above) Jessie snapped at her home at Old Hampton. (Right) Jack Whiting, Roland Young, Jessie, Barry Mackay, and Noel Madison—what a party!

(Left) Mr. and Mrs. Sonnie Hale at home; it looks like a mutual admiration society.

(Right) Do you remember how delightful Jessie was in "Evergreen"?
DRAMATISING history can best be done by playing the pages of history itself. Great events and characters are so dramatic in themselves that, with a little guidance into modern dramatic form, no great licence needs be taken by the screen playwright in bringing them to the screen.

This was demonstrated in the filming of *Marie Walewska*, with Garbo as the tragic Polish Countess who was the great love of Napoleon Bonaparte, the role played by Charles Boyer.

With only a few dramatic liberties taken, and after intensive research, the characters are recreated cinematically, to relive their lives of more than a century ago.

The story opens with the meeting, in 1806, of Napoleon and Marie Walewska, youthful wife of an octogenarian statesman, at the ball given by Prince Joseph Poniatowski in Warsaw to welcome the French Emperor, Poland’s one hope of independence.

The ballroom was duplicated. Through make-up based on actual portraits, the faces of Napoleon, of Talleyrand, played by Reginald Owen, of Poniatowski, played by C. Henry Gordon, and the rest of the historical personages, were reproduced.

While research could not provide the exact words spoken at the ball, the sequence of events was known, which provided a basis for dialogue.

One dramatic liberty was taken at the opening of the picture, where Marie Walewska, as played by Garbo, went to Brione, a village near her ancestral castle of Walewice, to watch Napoleon pass on his way to Moscow, and where the screen playwright had them briefly meet.

History tells of the meeting at the ball and Napoleon’s infatuation; how he laid siege to the

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(Above) Make-up expert Jack Dawn at work on a mask for “Marie Walewska.”

(Below) Charles Boyer shares before a mirror faithfully copied from the genuine Napoleonic article. On the right is the “Warrocks plot” for the picture. Costumes had to be authentic to the smallest detail.
That history is a great screen scenarist is the argument of the author of this article, who tells you the story behind Garbo's new picture, "Marie Walewska."

Garbo studied memoirs and intimate details of Walewska's life. The devotion she showed in the character is based on the memoirs of one of Napoleon's friends, in which he states that Walewska was the second creature in the world who asked nothing of the Emperor. "The first," the memoir said, "was his mother."

After her divorce, Josephine and Walewska met, and Josephine displays "sympathetic" understanding of the love of the couple.

This is not shown in the picture, but the meeting of Garbo and Dame May Whitty, playing Letizia, Napoleon's mother, is one in which Garbo explains, and the older woman understands, this love. The meeting closely parallels the Walewska-Josephine meeting in Paris.

In the retreat from Moscow, Boyer as Napoleon has a scene with a dying soldier, who tells the Emperor that, in his dream of power and grandeur, he has lost the love of humanity that once actuated him.

This incident is based on a letter from a soldier in the Retreat, now in the possession of Director Clarence Brown, describing the incident, almost exactly as it was filmed.

Throughout the picture all the players had authentic research as guidance. Many unusual facts were turned up. For instance, Boyer avoided the traditional gesture of Napoleon's hand in his vest.

It was not a mannerism, but a symptom, research disclosed. Napoleon so placed his hand only when suffering from dyspepsia, of which he was frequently a victim.

Similarly, Reginald Owen always carried his head a little on one side. Talleyrand developed this habit, because his left leg was slightly shorter than his right, and in standing, assumed this posture as a result.

Another odd fact, unearthed by Boyer in his reading was, that though the world's greatest soldier, Napoleon was awkward in handling a gun. Having always been an officer, he never carried a musket.

Also, the retreat from Moscow led to the invention of the cigarette. Their pipes lost, the soldiers used to empty powder from their paper cartridges and fill them with tobacco.

Later, when they returned to Paris, they rolled paper tubes for their smokes.

"Would they say it this way?" was the constant question before Garbo and Boyer while rehearsing scenes. Often they discussed the characters as they envisioned them. Often Boyer would take "the down" a speech, but it was too melodramatic as he saw Napoleon.

In the scenes at Elba, where Walewska visited Napoleon with their four-year-old son, played by Scotty Beckett, each was careful to show affection, but with a constrained dignity, as they decided must have been from history's telling of the incident.

The mechanical side of the making of Walewska was as carefully carried out as the dramatic. Walewska, Poniatowski Palace, Finckenstein, Russia, Elba, and Napoleon's quarters at Vienna were reproduced from research.

The new Jack Dawn facial inlay system was used to reproduce historical characters from portraits, and in the case of Boyer, from Napoleon's death-mask.

Costumes, including the gowns designed by Adrian for Garbo, those of the court ladies, uniforms of soldiers and officers, were all carefully checked.

Months of research preceded the duplication of all historic settings, make-up of historic characters, building of numerous military uniforms according to originals.

Materials could be changed, if the graphic effect was the same. Where gold-plated door-knobs were used in Poniatowski Palace in Warsaw, brass could be used. But the carving and designs had to be authentic.

Similarly, the replica of Castle Walewska in Poland, home of the heroine, was true in detail, but California redwood, photographing the same as mahogany, was used for the panelling. It was also used in the replica of the Finkenstein Castle in Prussia, where Garbo as Marie Walewska and Charles Boyer as Napoleon enacted their love scenes and where Napoleon's historic intrigues with foreign powers were re-enacted.

Hundreds of square feet of hand-carving, copied from pictures of original buildings, especially made hardware and fixtures duplicating the originals, locations matching Elba and the scene of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, were worked out with painstaking care. Even the dishes on the dinner-table at Elba were copied.

Research experts had to find out how many buttons Napoleon wore on his vest; exactly what insignia and medals he wore, and similar details for the costumes of Reginald Owen, playing Talleyrand, and of others re-enacting historical characters. Two technical experts, Charles Whitaker and Philipppe Heriat, were constantly on the set, also George Richelieu, expert on military uniforms and deportment.

Finally, New York jewel craftsmen furnished a detail of authenticity, in the jewels Garbo wears in the Vienna sequence. They are the stones presented by Napoleon to Marie Louise following the birth of their son. For a century the gems remained in royal hands, to be exhibited publicly for the first time at the Barcelona Exposition, in 1929. They were purchased by Messrs. Trabert and Hoefer, of New York, and Bernard Hyman, producer of the picture borrowed them.
Give — and hope to receive! — the loveliest Christmas Gifts in the world; the exquisite Yardley Perfumery. Make your selection from among these aristocratic Christmas messengers — enough to fill your entire list — and even make men happy with them, too. Besides those Gifts illustrated here, there are many others equally desirable, including many for men, at prices from 2/6 to 60/-.
J O U R N A L I S T I C A L L Y speaking, Gregory Ratoff can be the most irritating man in Hollywood.

He was the reporter who goes out to the studio to have lunch with the gentleman. He goes because he has been invited, and therefore he expects the gentleman to be there.

Poor deluded creature. He arrives to find that Mr. Ratoff has calmly gone off to lunch with someone else.

Perhaps the second appointment will be on the set. Once there, the reporter sits and waits. Three or four hours later That Man will approach. With elaborate gestures he will lament thusly: "There will be no time. I work too hard—twelfth, maybe sixteen hours a day. I am not tired—I'm dead. Please forgive—"

He looks so distraught about it that the reporter "forgives" in spite of his deadline.

So it goes. But just as the correspondent has it definitely settled that he's an old run-around, Mr. Ratoff will protest that he'll be "seemingly charmed, positively delighted—come along on Tuesday."

Well, all right.

In his vexation, the reporter begins making polite but pointed remarks about Terribly Important People who can't be reached. He ends, as they all do, both male and female, by falling madly in love with Mr. Ratoff. Gregory makes him laugh—and how can a man stay mad when he's amused?

It would take a more experienced pen than this to sojourn in the infinite number of facts in the make-up of this boisterous Russian. You knew him as that effusive comedian who mugged the English for such hysteric-
al artistry. Hollywood knows him as an executive of versatile brilliance. Local hostesses know him as the number one asset to any party.

Although he didn't make a very auspicious start, Mr. Ratoff has a list of solid accomplish-
ments to his credit.

He was born in Samara, Russia, April 29, 1897. He studied law at St. Petersburg University and graduated with honors. While a student, he made his theatrical debut as a member of the St. Petersburg Dramatic School—as a butcher in Ostrovsky's Mad Money.

I t wasn't much of a part. He had no lines. It was the first and last role he ever interrupted without an accent. But it was enough to make him yearn after the footsteps of Thespian glory.

He resumed his dramatic studies after leaving the university, only to have them interrupted by the war. He enlisted in the Russian army as a private. When the soldiers threw down their rifles for the revolution, he was a captain.

After the war he spent two years with the Harkoff stock company. Then he went to Berlin, where his first job was that of an entertainer in a café. He sang, if you please, and danced. It was one way of eating, but it wasn't his idea of a theatrical career—so he organised his own company—a company of varied accomplish-
ments. They could put on singing and dancing acts, humorous skits and dramatic plays. But no matter what kind of an act it was, it was always written by Mr. Ratoff. He was the director, the producer, the stage manager and the main character.

Wavering back and forth between moneved engage-
ments and penniless flops, the company played Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, London and Paris.

It was in Paris, in 1922, that two "wonderful things" happened to Mr. Ratoff. First, he met and fell in love with the beautiful Russian actress, Eugenie Leontovitch. After a week's courtship she became Mrs. Ratoff.

The second wonderful thing (pardon), the second wonderful thing happened a week after he was married. The Schuberts, then in Paris, offered Gregory a contract to appear in New York. But Mr. Ratoff wouldn't go without his beloved Eugenie. So the Broadway producers wrote her a contract—for 65 dollars a week. It was really just an inducement for Gregory because no stage roles came.

At the time, Gregory couldn't speak a word of English. The Schuberts put him in a Broad-
way musical, and he might have been awfully good, had anyone been able to understand him. The Schuberts deleted his act and told him to learn English. He did—in a week. Then they put him in Blossom Time and he played in that production for three years. After a series of successes the producer urge got the best of him. With the help of his wife he staged eight plays in New York, and he was one of them.

I n 1931 David Selznick brought him to Holly-
wood to play Ricardo Cortez' father in Symphony of Six Million.

Mr. Ratoff isn't likely to forget his first day inside a Hollywood studio, nor the first motion-
picture sequence in which he ever appeared. The scene took place in an operating room and Gregory was the patient.

They rehearsed. Just as Gregory was wheeled into the room on a stretcher, a nurse was to pat his hand and say, "Don't worry. Everything's going to be all right." An hour later they were still rehearsing because the director couldn't get the nurse to speak the line as if she meant it. Meanwhile, Mr. Ratoff, the soul of martyred patience, slowly chilled on his unresisting couch. At the end of two hours, with rehearsals still going on, Gregory stuck his head out from under the sheet. Addressing the director, he said: "Pardon, how much you pay dig girl?"

"Six-and-five dollars a day," responded the director.

"Veel, please," begged Mr. Ratoff, "von't you consider a girl for 100 dollars a day who can talk?"

Following his first picture, Mr. Ratoff enjoyed considerable Hollywood success. He became a highly paid man as featured comedians go. He earned $750 a week.

Then he went to England for a film. Returning, he continued to draw $250 a week—but could get nothing but "bit" parts.

So a year and half ago he went to Darryl Zanuck and asked what was the matter.

Mr. Zanuck smiled and said, "All right, Gregory, you can begin here—at a cut."

Within fifteen minutes Mr. Ratoff walked out of Zanuck's office with a contract, and what a contract!

Once in a while a Hollywood producer writes a contract such as that—and usually he's sorry for it. Considering that, Gregory Ratoff turned out to be a very remarkable fellow. In fact, he's just short of being cataclysmic. In his year and half with 20th Century-Fox he prepared the scenario for, and co-directed Sins of Man; he wrote the original stories for Cafe Metropole; You Can't Have Everything and Winter Garden, the latter not yet in production. He also acted in Cafe Metropole and in Sing, Baby, Sing; Road to Glory and Seventh Heaven. In the meantime he found enough spare time to direct a picture called Lancer Spy.

Gregory Ratoff turned out to be the kind of a director that the average layman expects a Hollywood director to be. Certain it is that as the director of Lancer Spy, Mr. Ratoff gave the performance of his career. During rehearsals he took all the parts himself. He wore an admiral's cap, dark glasses, and carried a whistle.

He had a way with the cast. He kept them in a constant flurrie between despair and elation. At 12 noon he'd promise to stop work at 6 p.m. At 7 p.m. they'd still be making pictures. At 9 p.m., which was about the time Director Ratoff would sense a definite revolt, he'd pull his coup. He'd throw out his arms in a supplicating gesture, and with a suspicion of mist in his eyes, he'd say—"Pleese, I vant thee picture to be magneefeesant. You aare my fraands—pleese, my dear, kind noble fraands, we make just von more little sanashunal scene—for Gregory..."

Whereupon the cast would practically burst into tears and do it again—for Gregory.
December 18, 1937

Left: Milton Sills was one of the screen's most popular leading men. Max Factor is seen here trying a new make-up effect.

Stage artistes began to come to the screen. One of the first was Olga Baclanova. She had to learn the difference between stage and film make-up.

Left: The famous "Cupid's bow" of a newcomer at the time, Madge Ballamy.

Continuing "Beauty and the Stars," a romance of thirty years of films seen through the eyes of Max Factor, the famous beauty expert. To be continued next week.

Glamour had come to the screen to stay, and one of its foremost exponents was Joan Crawford.

Stars in the Making
Ann Rutherford shows you what the well-dressed winter sports girl will wear this season. Note the new "Red Robin" Snow Cap.

Edward G. Robinson enjoys his coffee and doughnuts in his portable dressing-room between scenes.

Errol Flynn is busy practising archery these days, for his role in "The Adventures of Robin Hood."
Sam Goldwyn, who never does things by halves, breaks into the movie revue field with a £400,000 Technicolor spectacle. The cast includes Helen Jepson, the operatic star, Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, the Ritz Brothers and Vera Zorina.

Jazz versus ballet. Left: A shape-ly representative of the modern school makes out her case and above is the exponent of the modern style. Who wins? You tell us.

Vera Zorina, the Norwegian star, makes her Hollywood bow in the film. London audiences remember her in "On Your Toes."
A striking example of the artistic backgrounds against which the dance numbers are staged. Having gone in for screen revue, Goldwyn is spending with his usual lavish hand.

The famous George Balanchine Ballet girls were specially imported to Hollywood for the dance sequences.

Left: Andrea Leeds (below) gets her first big screen break in the picture. After seeing her work in "Stage Door" for another studio the producer gave her the feminine lead in the "Follies."
So Daddy hadn’t got a job with Leopold Stokowski’s orchestra, after all. It was all wrong his letting her think, last night and this morning, that he had been paid in advance for a three months’ engagement.

Tears rose in 15-year-old Patsy’s eyes, and mingled with the steam from the simmering saucepan in the apartment kitchen. If, less than an hour ago, Patsy hadn’t sneaked past the portly doorkeeper into the Manhattan concert-hall where Stokowski was rehearsing a full symphony orchestra; if she hadn’t seen for herself that father wasn’t among the trombones, where he should have been, she never would have believed it of him. Yet she had to believe that father was still without work, and Mrs. Tyler, the landlady, would have to believe it, too, in spite of the fifty-two dollars John Cardwell had paid her last night on account of rent.

Footsteps reminded Patsy that father and Michael, jobless flutist, who completed the family circle, were coming. She made no attempt to hide her feelings when father, hanging up his shabby overcoat, bluffed hard about how well he had played at rehearsal. “Daddy, I was there,” she cried, and sobbed against his shirt front. “Why did you have to do it? You never led me before.”

“It started with your thinking, because I had some money. I must have got a job. And then you seemed so happy. I—”

“Daddy, where did the money you paid Mrs. Tyler come from?”

“Last night, outside the concert-hall, I picked up a purse. At first I tried to find the owner, but couldn’t. Then, when I came home and Mrs. Tyler demanded the rent, I couldn’t have put you in the street.”

“The money all gone?”

John Cardwell brought the purse from the drawer, a dainty, pearl-studded affair. Several dollar bills were still inside, and something else which made Patsy pop a short jacket over her flowered cotton frock and run out of the room, pursued by father’s—

“Patsy, where are you going?”

“To return this. I’ve found the address.”

“But you haven’t had supper. You’ll be hungry.”

True, she felt extremely hungry by the time she had left New York’s East side and was admitted into an ultra-modern home on Riverside Drive.

A woman wearing white, with her hair in Grecian curls, detached herself from a chromium and leather sofa and came a long way across a polished floor to greet her.

“I hear you’ve found my bag,” she gushed in a high-pitched voice. “How perfectly charming!”

“Do you know what was in it, Mrs. Frost?”

Now let’s see. This sort of makes it a guessing game, doesn’t it? Now, there must have been a cigarette case—you see I’m smoking now, and a compact, and—”

It was clear that Mrs. Frost had no idea how much, or if indeed any, money had been among her possessions. Patsy, however, was not to be daunted. When a reward was suggested, she said promptly: “Yes, May I have fifty-two dollars and ten cents?”

“But why such an odd figure?”

The cigarette case was worth four times as much.”

“Yes, but fifty-two dollars and ten cents is what I’d like.”

None of the guests who had gathered round appeared to have exactly that sum, but the butler compiled. Patsy smiled and handed it to Mrs. Frost. “Now, we’re square, are we?”

“We used that amount of money in your purse for rent and the ten cents for car fare.” She would have gone, but Mrs. Frost, putting an arm round her and calling her “so original and charming,” made her stay.

The buffet, with its variety of unusual and tempting foods to Patsy in her hungry state, was as intriguing as the guests, who, uniformly kind, filled her plate. Mrs. Frost, hearing that she could sing, however, hurried her to the grand piano.

Singing had always been second nature to Patsy, who could manage operatic cadenzas and trills without effort. She sang: “It’s My Heart that’s Free” with one eye between the stanzas on the longed-for supper.

“Who taught you to sing like that?” Mrs. Frost inquired as Patsy, having finished the song, started eating without more ado.

“My father; he’s a trombone player, but he’s out of work. It’s not peculiar. There are at least a hundred musicians as good as he is who are out of work, too. It’s a shame.”

“Praps there aren’t enough orchestras,” a guest suggested.

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of Universal.
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ARDATH CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES
Patsy introduced to John Cardwell as a benefactor, denied the compliment.

"I understand what I definitely refuse to call him," said Patsy, "on your orchestra, the air, on tour, or in any other place!" he shouted when Patsy, full of the spirit of such enterprising and enterprising, had been dispatched to sit down quietly. "I'm a business man, Mr. Cardwell, and can't afford to invest in children's scarves," he roared.

You have no prestige, no name. A hundred men, however good their play, had no son, no brother, no conductor, or being known all over the world.

"Then I'll know who you are," John Cardwell protested.

"That's what they all say, but people wouldn't even listen to you. Get yourself a famous conductor, at least, for one night to establish yourselves as an orchestra; then you've got something, anyway.

Patsy stayed to hear no more.

Another idea had held of her active brain. Within the hour, a famous, having taken the same taxi as before, she was on hands and knees trying to steal past the counter of the stage entrance to the Manhattan concert hall without being seen by the door.

She might have done so but for the guilty look in her eye, which nestled among her thick, dark curls. But by the time the doorman had given chase, Patsy was in the box. For, as the stage was the great Stokowski was conducting. Music from Lowenstein, which Patsy knew, loved, soared into the roof.

She crouched among the orchestra stalls, avoiding the doorman until the intermission. She risked a quick glance and dared not escape. Stokowski, stepping down from his stand, was facing her. She was struck with his white hair, the gentle expression. Surely he would be kind.

"How did you get here?" he said quietly, and in a raised tone; "Marshall, I thought I told you no one was to get in at rehearsals!"

"I've come to hear the orchestra, Mr. Stokowski," Patsy said. "I'm sure you have.

He's a marvelous musician, and there are a hundred more like him. They're my orchestra, and I wanted to know if you could conduct them just for one night!"

"Me? But, you see, I have my own orchestra."

"Yes, I know, but if you only give them one audition. They're all out of work, and a garage is all they have to play in. Won't you listen to them?"

"You see we've got a sponsor if."

"I'm sorry, I'd like to, but I'm leaving the city tomorrow after my next concert. When I come back, in six months, we'll meet and talk it over."

"In six months! You can't come now?"

"I'm sorry, I can't."

She had said her say. She had tried everything, done everything. She had appealed to authority, and authority had refused. So close as Patsy left the concert hall to find her taxman waiting. When she asked her: Where to? She couldn't answer.

"What's wrong?" he demanded. "You ought to be the happiest kid alive with that!"

"Well, I'm slipping in just now and heard you. Holy smoke! When you swung up to me, C, I nearly lost a shoe of my shoes trying to get up there with you. You're going to be a plague myself before the day. All you need is patience."

"Have you got patience?" Patsy asked chokingly. "Because, you see, I've got no money for my cab fare. You can arrest me if you want, take me to the police."

"What's the idea, giving me a run-around setting? I'll take you home. Don't worry about the money. Practice your singing, and don't forget I've got eight dollars and forty cents invested in your voice instead of in the clock."

But, in spite of the philosophic cab driver's advice, in spite of being deposited safely at East Eighty-Seventh Street, Patsy refused to be comforted. Face pressed between the iron railings of the bed in the cramped room off the kitchen, she sobbed out her heart to John Cardwell and Michael, who would have loaned her his handkerchief for consolation if it had not been at the laundry.

She agreed, however, to go with them to the Musicians' Club for a game of pinochle. A trombone player, passing their table with the evening paper, delivered a shock.

"What's all this about? Stokowski getting into performing an employed orchestra. Does it mean we've got a job?" he inquired. Other orchestra members gathered round to see the news for themselves.

"Patsy, you saw Stokowski this afternoon?" John Cardwell said.

Yes, but he said he was too busy, that he was going to Europe. Perhaps Mr. Frost put the notice in.

"I don't think so, Patsy. We had quite a conversation, and you, going to the garage, and I punched him in the face. Let's call up the news-editor. Surrounded by excited musicians, Patsy dialled and spoke to Mr. Westing, who declared that the story was entirely concocted by its having come from Mr. Stokowski's office. Even then truth didn't dawn on Patsy. Not until she was being congratulated on all sides on having pulled off a stupendous deal, after all, did she remember her telephone conversation. She was trying to convince someone of the trick she had half-consciously played, not even her father would listen, for Mr. Frost had arrived. Moreover, Mr. Frost was handing out a cheque for a thousand dollars and reminding to sign a six months' contract with the new orchestra, not because he liked the voices of Patsy, or their music. Oh, no. But Mr. Frost had heard of the Stokowski undertaking, and Mr. Frost wasn't being behindhand in the world of business.

To say that Patsy tried her best to prove that the contract was being signed, or that the cheque was passed over, is tantamount to saying she had made it herself. After all, she'd no idea that in talking over Mr. Stokowski's telephone to one man she was talking to a whole network of people.

"Well," Michael declared, "we've got the money, we've got a sponsor, and we all ain't Patsy. Patsy, you've got to see him."

"I can't, Michael. He'll have nothing to do with our orchestra."

In response to which challenge that evening, Patsy's hat with its gay feather might have been seen moving behind a statue in the lofty hall rising, surrounded by tiers of a grand staircase, to the roof of Stokowski's private house. It might have been seen with the dark hair and youthful face of a conductor, reflected in the lid of the grand piano in an upstairs room where he was playing, giving orders not to be disturbed.

"How do you get into places like that?" asked Patsy, who inquired, turning on the stool.

"I don't know. My Daddy says it's a gift. Mr. Stokowski, I've come to speak about the newspaper story. I gave it."

"Do you realise how much trouble you have given me? Why? You must have come here for nothing."

"Yes. A hundred reasons. Would you like to hear them?"

Walking with him to the door, she threw it open. Massed on the grand staircase, awaiting their audience, stood her hundred musicians, who, as she did on entering, had known the art of when and how to be silent. But now Stokowski, his face, the music. With Patsy's one, two, three, four" music began. From double basses, from French horn, from violins, cellos and trombones, Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody" broke forth.

"There are many reasons. You said you were not going to the rehearsal, Mr. Stokowski said. The "Hungarian Rhapsody" was being played as Stokowski had never heard it, of being played by men who, snatching at last desperate chance of everything that made music while, would forget themselves in the concerted rendering of a master's music. Stokowski looked over the balustrade at those faces of boys and girls, those earnest faces, and intuitively raised his right hand. Quietly at first, then with taxi-driver's expression as he felt the weight of the orchestra's eager response, he conducted the movement to a finish.

Too happy when asked to speak at the close of Stokowski's first public performance as conductor of Patsy's orchestra, Patsy faced the crowded auditorium of the Manhattan Concert Hall and found herself asking about singing? someone shouted from the gallery. It was the taxi-driver in question. Patsy called, "May we, Mr. Stokowski?"

To the playing of a hundred men, "Taxi" rose in pure triumphant notes of the drinking song from Tristana.
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Plain or Cork Tipped

December 18, 1937

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WALTER WANGER’S VOGUES OF 1938

If it does nothing else, this fashion pageant does demonstrate the near-uniformity of contemporary color. Its appeal lies in the lavishly staged fashion shows which are both ingenious and a feast for the eye.

Unfortunately the lack of story values tends to allow the attention to wander and one suffers a surfeit of magnificence.

Wanger’s pet project is an engaging nonchalance as George of the head of a fashionable dress establishment who gives a job as a model to Vandy van Kettering, a debutante who had jilted her fiancé on her wedding eve. In a fary of fiancé finances a rival dress establishment, George gets into financial difficulties, his wife divorces him, but finally he roars back to work. This wins back his public and, of course, his mannequin’s love.

Joan Bennett is beautifully tailored and crepe and utterly attractive. Helen Vinson is suitably provocative as George’s wife. Misha Yاخter who supplies some clever comedy but generally technical qualifications are allowed to swamp acting ability.

On the Screens Now

**SAID O’REILLY TO McNAB**
F.D. (Gatbyronchi) Britich, "U" certificate, Domestic Feature, Runs 64 minutes.

William Marchand, Timothy O’Reilyn, Wall Feife, McKinlay McNab, Eilen James, Mary McNab, Eliza Cuthbert, Terry Carty, Hattie Dowt, Ronald Gall, McNab’s small son, Jock Directed by William Marchand. Written by William Marchand. Produced Preceding October 9, 1937.

Will Fyffe as a canny Scotch gir公诉, and Wall Feife as an Irishman who makes a living in America by bogus company ownership. Marchand has created two really good comedy characterisations in this brightly written and slyly presented farce.

The main argument of the plot is that Tim O’Reily, running from the police in America, takes up his abode with the McNab’s, with whose daughter his son Terry is in love.

Tim, with the help of his woman secretary, decides to make money out of old McNab by selling him a patent slimming formula which they succeed in doing after each has tried hard to outwit the other in every way possible. They even cheat each other at a game of golf, which makes one of the funniest sequences in the film.

However, the climax comes when the story comes to a happy conclusion. He takes his punishment in good part, but a last-minute rescue is engineered by McNab, who turns out to be a real sporting chap and unpalatial for Tim in which he is being extradited.

The deployment of character is well brought out, and the settings are simple and effective.

As a screen while contribution comes from Robert Gall as McNab’s son, who blackmails Tim and generally makes himself a terrible nuisance.

SLIM

Warner, American, "U" certificate, Triangle drama, Runs 80 minutes.

Henny Fonda, Slim Summerville, Joe McDonald, Pierre Catelli, Morris Howson.

John Lott, Wilco, H. C. Anthony, Comic Star, Irricana, Tilly Tebora, Carl Forbes, Al Richardson.

James Golden, Al Madison, D.D. Sorenson, Burke /2.

Seward, directed by Ray Enright.

Henry Fonda and Pat O’Brien make a very good team in this triangle drama, which is approached from a sly angle. Both create the characterisations as well as wine-cracking most effectively.

They are both lissom in the sense that their comic contrivance is putting cables on pythons, and when Red (Pat O’Brien) gets fished, Slim (Henny Fonda) goes with him. Before signing up again they take a holiday in Chicago, and later Slim and Red have the misfortune of a nun (whom Red has flirted, but whom he will not marry because of the danger of his occupation.

Slim also decides he must carry on with his work alone, and the subsequent death of Red through an accident brings to her accepts to the men’s point of view scenes of a nature to humanity if placed in unscrupulous hands. Raglan, a villainous rival exploiter is played by Bert Erwin and J. Farrell MacDonald.

**MOUNTAIN MUSIC**
Paramount, American, "U" certificate, Musical farce, Runs 72 minutes.


Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Written by Robert Florey. Based on a story by Kelly_cos.

An absurdist of the mountain family feud drama, with Bob Burns as the son of a clan, who is betrothed to the daughter of a rival family.

However, he does not last long, and suffering from a sense of loss of memory meets up with a small-town entertainer.

Shows that bring him back to his mountain home in time to save his brother, who has been accused of killing the man.

The feud is ended by the brother marrying the rival clanswoman. Bob Burns is amusing, but Martha Raye is not quite witticised leaves me particularly cold.

Hill-billy melodies are introduced, and one can be beaten even if you appreciate a hundred-per-cent American humour.

**THE LILAC DOMINO**
United Artists, British, "U" certificate, Musical comedy, Runs 70 minutes.


I t will always remain a mystery how come, having cast Michael Bartlett who has a fairly fine leading role of this adaptation of a famous pre-war musical comedy, his character development is left to a minimum, and the bulk of the vocalisation handed to June Knight.

The production as a whole lacks co-ordination. It is spectacularly and expensive set, but its story value is negligible, and its humorous content is exceptionally weak.

There remains only the tunesiness of the original operetta music to provide any amusement.

Michael Bartlett sings excellently when he allows, but he makes a rather stilted hero. June Knight looks attractive when the heroine, but her voice is not particularly strong.

Richard Dolman, Szocke Szakall, Fred Tomlinson, Miss Morse.

Directed by Ray Enright.

**TARZAN AND THE GREEN GODDESS**
Associated British, American, "U" certificate, Domestic drama, Runs 71 minutes.


Produced in an artless serial-like manner, this picture introduces us to Tarzan, Major Martinson, and Ula Dale, who explore the Guatemalan jungle and succeed in capturing possession of the Green Goddess, an ancient Mayan relic containing a priceless ornament of immense value to humanity if placed in unscrupulous hands. Raglan, a villainous rival exploiter is played by Bert Erwin and J. Farrell MacDonald.

Choosing his time, Raglan steals the code, but he soon has Tarzan on his track. Many exciting adventures ensue, in a lion’s den, and on a board a windjammer caught in a storm; but in the end, Tarzan and Major Martinson sees the Green Goddess and its secret are delivered worthily.

Herman Bils makes a suitable Tarzan, and the rest of the cast is adequate.

It is good stuff for juveniles.

**THE HOLY TERROR**
Twentieth-Century-Fox, American, "U" certificate, Natural comedy-drama, Runs 70 minutes.


A very unsatisfactory mixture of spy melodrama and musical comedy, in which Jane Withers and Anthony Martin are rather beaten by the material at her command.

She plays the role of Corky, a rich, scheming motherless daughter of Lieut.-Col. Martin who is ratcheted to a naval air base, who gets into so much hot water that the authorities themselves send her away.

Her favourite friends are Danny Walker, a seaman, and his fiancee, Marjorie Dean, proprietress of the local cafe; and when spies, eager to photograph a secret aeroplane, discover that the view is perfect from a hillside restaurant, they start trouble, involving Corky and her friends, so the cafe is placed out of bounds.

Taking advantage of the cafe’s desertion, the crooks then get down to business, but Corky beats them in a hit-and-run job and with, and by interrupting an aerial review, brings about their capture. He then goes high with the authorities, and wipes out their troublesome past.

This may be weak, and it is not helped by aidses and irrelevances which render it even more unintelligible.

**WHISPERING SMITH SPEAKS**
RKO, American, "U" certificate, Radio melodrama, Runs 67 minutes.


George O’Brien gives a good performance as a somewhat novel melodrama melodrama.

He plays the role of the son of a wealthy rancher, who is expected to live easily. However, the (Continued on page 26)
Let Nature nurse Your Beauty

Every night’s sleep will be a beauty sleep for you if you let Nature nurse your skin to new loveliness. It has always been known that the skin consists of several layers and that Nature meant the outer one, exposed to dirt and wind and weather, gradually to give place to the fresh, clear one underneath. But it has only recently been realised that the cause of all the “muddy” and dull complexions is due to minute particles of the worn-out, dried-up outer cuticle remaining to clog up the pores and stifle the young skin underneath.

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SEPIA GLOSSY—Elisabeth Berger, Anton Walbrook, Salve the Elephant Boy, Bill Boyd, Merle Oberon.

COLOURGRAPH—Jeanette MacDonald, Joan Crawford

PARTNERS—Sepia Glossy and Colourgraph—Brian Aherne and Merle Oberon; Fredric March and Janet Gaynor; Robert Taylor and Jean Harlow; Patric Knowles and Olivia de Havilland; Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald; Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland.

PARTNERS—Sepia Glossy only.—Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour; Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck.

Lambert and Butler

MAKE THESE FILTER TIPPED CIGARETTES

So you won’t be surprised to discover you are getting a good cool tobacco as well as a filter tip.
young man revolts and decides to make his own way. He fetches up at a small-town station belonging to the antiquated Blake line, where the girl manager, Nan Roberts, employs him as a track walker.

He discovers that interested parties are trying to buy the Blake line, and also Nan's home, where tungsten ore deposits have been found. Having fallen in love with her, he tries to prevent the sale, and finally discovers it is his father who is trying to put the deal through. He out-smarts him and wins the girl.

The production is unpretentious, but the little story is worked out credibly, and a last-minute dash in a stolen engine by the hero to save the heroine's property proves suspense values.

Helen Ware is good as Nan, and Kenneth Thomson sound as a family lawyer.

**THE LEAGUE OF FRIGHTENED MEN**


Walter Connolly...Nero Wolfe
Lionel Stander...Arch Goodwin
Edward Charioti...Paul Chapin
Iraka Hervey...Evelyn Hoobler
Victor Kilian...Pitney Scott
Nana Bryant...Ages Burton
Allen Brooks...Mark Chapin
Walter Kingsford...Franklin Bowren
Leonard Mudway...Professor Hubberd
Kenneth Hunter...Dr. Burton
Charles Irwin...Augustus Farrell
Rafaela Ottiano...Dee's Chapin
Edward McPherson...Inspector Crusing
Jawson Thomas...Michael Ayres
Jen Wolfe...Nicholas Costes
Jonathan Hale...Alexander Drummond
Hansford Ashley...Prize James Flaylin...Joe

Directed by Alfred E. Green, from a story by Joe Stilin.

Another of the "Nero Wolfe" stories which runs rather to verbiage, and introduces an excessive number of characters. It is played in a facetious rather than a thrilling manner, but has a surprise or two which will please the lovers of detective fiction.

Walter Connolly, for once in a way, is not too well cast, and he does not make a great deal of the role of the famous criminologist who in this instance is investigating a series of murders, which are at first put down to a motive of revenge on the part of a man who had been lamed through the horseplay of undergraduates when he was at college.

As a tough henchman of the detective, Lionel Stander scores a laugh or two, but the interest is so thin that neither Irene Hervey nor Allen Brook, who supply it, get much chance to shine.

**NIGHT RIDE**


Julie Veedy...Tony Spinelli
Jimmy Hanley...Alf Higgins
Wally Patch...Jas Mortley
Frank Feely...Mr. Wilson
Edward Kent...Ruth Wilson
Blake Dorn...Abner
Kenneth Buckley...Claude
Cecilia Matana...Lucia Spinelli
Mose Markoff...A Miner

Directed by John Faddy Carttars, from a story by Julius Veedy.

Jimmy Hanley and Wally Patch give good accounts of themselves in this picture as a couple of lorry drivers who eventually found a company of their own.

Jimmy Hanley is cast as Dick Benson who, having been sacked, finds financial backing to start a trucking business. His late employer gets his daughter, Ruth, to make him help to work for nothing, but even with a little force play on the part of paid thugs, nearly ruins him.

However, he gets his opportunity to make good when an urgent call to a flooded mine is sent out.

The staging of the impending mine disaster is not too good, but the rest of the picture is up to standard.

The love interest is supplied by Joan Pensford, as Dick's secretary, while Elizabeth Kent puts over the "vamp" act.

An exceedingly good performance comes from Julian Veedy as Dick's financial backer, an Italian restaurant proprietor.

**THE CASE OF THE STUTTERING BISHOP**


Donald Woods...Perry Mason
Ann Duval...Della Street
Anna Nagel...Janice Allen Brownery
Linda Perry...Janice Seaton
Craig Reynolds...Gordon Bistley
Gordon Clutter...Phillip Brownery
Joseph Crehan...Paul Drake
Helen McSkirr...Sandra Tweedy
Edward McWade...Bishop Maltorry
Tom Saunders...Myron Magagages
Mirah McKinnon...Ida Gilbert
Franz Feely...Charlie Downey
Douglas Wood...Ronald C. Brownery
Veda ANN Bono...Gladys
George Lloyd...Peter Sacks
Selma Jackson...Victor Stockton
Gordon Mac...Judge Knox
Charles Wilson...Hamilton Bistley
Eddie Chandler...Detective
Jack Richardson...Tony Driver

Directed by William Clemens, from a story by Erle Stanley Gardner.

An involved mystery melodrama with quite a neat piece of detective work in it. There is the usual abundance of "red herring" trails, but it all leads eventually to a popularly sensational climax.

Donald Woods is sufficiently good as Perry Mason, a criminal lawyer, to be convincing. He is engaged by a Bishop to try and find the whereabouts of his daughter, Janice, a woman who had married a man of a millionaire against his father's wishes.

She had fled to Australia after a motor accident in which a man was killed, because she feared the millionaire would bring a charge of manslaughter against her. Her daughter had been left-in the care of relatives.

**REVIEWS** — by

Let us explain:

Black Magic are the wonderful chocolates which Society is preferring even to 5/- a pound chocolates! One reason is, they contain the twelve delicious "centres" which were proved by test to be the most popular. How can Rowntrees sell these superb chocolates for only 2/10 a pound? The answer is—by packing them in simple black boxes without any extravagant decorations or tinfoil.

Choice almonds hidden in creamy magarine, and topped by three crispily roasted hazel nuts; Hazel Cluster is just one of the twelve delicious fillings in Black Magic Chocolates.

The PICTUROGOER'S quick reference index

**HOLLYWOOD:**

**COWBOY**
**SAID O'REILLY TO MENAB**
**SLIM**
**THE HOLY TERROR**
**TARZAN AND THE GREEN GODDESS**
**MOUNTAIN MUSIC**
**THE LILAC DOMINO**
**WHISPERING SMITH SPEAKS**
**THE LEAGUE OF FRIGHTENED MEN**
**THE CASE OF THE STUTTERING BISHOP**
**NIGHT RIDE**
**PARADISE EXPRESS**
**MIDNIGHT MENACE**
**SONG OF THE CITY**

What the asterisks mean—

**An outstanding feature.**
**Very good.**
**Good.**
**Average entertainment.**
**Also suitable for children.**
The Bishop had learned that a speech he had been expected to make, and he wanted the real one.

In the course of Perry's investigations, the millionaire is murdered, and Perry himself unearths a plot to rob him of his millions.

Good support comes from Ann Dvorak and the rest of the cast.

**MIDNIGHT MENACE**

M.R.D. - A British "U" certificate feature, directed by Mark Robson. Runs 87 minutes.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Charles Farrell</td>
<td>Brian Gant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grace peggy</td>
<td>Mary Stevens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dave Greig</td>
<td>Socks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wallace Everett</td>
<td>Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Louis Smith</td>
<td>Torry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Terence O'Brien</td>
<td>Feers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arthur Penn</td>
<td>Mack</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lawrence Harvey</td>
<td>Sir George</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anna Malagonos</td>
<td>Zadi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neville brown</td>
<td>President</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arthur Gome</td>
<td>Kierieck</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Billy Bray</td>
<td>Banks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evan Johnson</td>
<td>March</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert Fraser</td>
<td>Harris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Victor Taylor</td>
<td>Groves</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sydney Stevens</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Directed by Sinclair Hill.

Quite good thriller dealing with the sinister activities of an armament expert, who mask their real intentions by attending a peace conference in London.

It is a little confusing at times, and not quite consistent, but builds up to a sound climax in which electronically-controlled 'planes bomb the city.

The hero of the piece is a cartoonist who, having got wind of the operations of an international armament syndicate, decides to investigate. His life is attempted, but he discovers behind an innocent-looking paper a perfectly contrived device to control aeroplanes by wireless, and he is able to stop those interested in armaments starting a major war, and break up the scheme before too much damage has been done to the metropolis.

Fritz Kortner is very good as M. Peters, a foreign minister, who whilst posing as a leading advocate of international peace is in reality trying to stir up war. It is a good study in suave villainy.

Charles Farrell has not a lot to do but looks virile and handsome as the cartoonist hero, and Margaret Vyner makes the most of her limited opportunities in the role of the heroine.

**PARADISE EXPRESS**

British Lion, American, "U" certificate, railroad melodrama. Runs 87 minutes.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Character</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Granger Winters</td>
<td>Larry Doyle</td>
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<tr>
<td>David Eyre</td>
<td>Ray Carson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Arthur Hoyte</td>
<td>Tipter</td>
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<tr>
<td>Maude Davis</td>
<td>Maggie Casey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harry Davidson</td>
<td>Ted Carson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donald Keith</td>
<td>Armstrong</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eustace Glover</td>
<td>Tom Winton</td>
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<tr>
<td>Larry Keiley</td>
<td>Armstrong, Jr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perry Emery</td>
<td>Proprietress</td>
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<tr>
<td>John Howard</td>
<td>Gordon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bob McClung</td>
<td>Harmonies Player</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Directed by Victor Kaye, from a story by John V. Atkinsons
drawn on Paul Press.

The main object of this picture is to provide railroad thrills, and it makes few pretensions to do anything else. It is all very obvious, but the track sequences are well done and realistic.

The story shows how, unable to compete with the Armstrong Road Transport Line, the Moon Valley Railway Company finds itself in the hands of Larry Doyle, Government receiver. Jed Carson, elderly manager of the line, at first resents the coming of Doyle, so does his granddaughter, Kay; but Doyle soon convinces them that he is on their side. Doyle then sets out to regain the farmers' business, but meanwhile Armstrong wrecks one of Doyle's trains and things look blacker than ever for the railroad.

Doyle, however, is not deterred by Armstrong's villainy, and eventually the farmers agree to give the contract to the winner of a race between the rival companies. Again Armstrong resorts to dirty work, but this time Doyle is too much for him, and the Moon Valley Line comes into its own again. Victory is followed by romance between Larry and Kay.

Grant Withers makes an acceptable hero, and Dorothy Appleby gives a spirited rendering of Kay.

Sound character studies are given by Harry Davenport and Donald Kirke as Armstrong.

**SONG OF THE CITY**

M.G.M. - American, "U" certificate, romantic drama. Runs 68 minutes.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Character</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Margaret Lindsay</td>
<td>Angeline</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jeffrey Dean</td>
<td>Helen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Carroll Naish</td>
<td>Marie</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nat Pendleton</td>
<td>Betty Unauthorized</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stanley Morgan</td>
<td>Tommy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martha Shelton</td>
<td>Miss Long</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeff Palange</td>
<td>Mrs. Ramondi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles Jewell</td>
<td>Mr. Ramondi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward Norris</td>
<td>Guido</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frank Foggia</td>
<td>Tony</td>
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</table>

Directed by Errol Toppart from a story by Michael Ferrara.

Ingenious story of a man who falls in love with the daughter of an Italian fisherman in a small village, although she is being chased by a rich divorcée.

The bulk of the action takes place in the fisherman's home, where the girl's brother takes a hand in trying to manage the family affairs, which causes untold trouble.

Atkinsons' gifts are very good in this latter role, and the lovers are suitably acted by Margaret Lindsay and J. Carroll Naish.

Dorothy is interludes are human and pleasant, but there is little real grip in the plot or in a mild thrill staged on a liner in the concluding reels.

![December 18, 1937](PICTUREGOER_Weekly)

**RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS**

Number of stars awarded in brackets:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Film Title</th>
<th>Stars</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Behind the Headlines (2)</td>
<td>Nov. 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Call It a Day (1)</td>
<td>Nov. 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charlie Chan at the Olympic (2)</td>
<td>Nov. 30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Devil Is Driving (2)</td>
<td>Nov. 27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emperor's Candlesticks (2)</td>
<td>Nov. 27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farrell Again (4)</td>
<td>Nov. 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fatal Hour (2)</td>
<td>Oct. 26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forty Roads to Town (2)</td>
<td>Oct. 30</td>
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<tr>
<td>His Affair (2)</td>
<td>Oct. 29</td>
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<tr>
<td>History Made at Night (2)</td>
<td>Nov. 23</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hotel Haywire (2)</td>
<td>Dec. 11</td>
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<tr>
<td>I Met Him in Paris (3)</td>
<td>Nov. 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeeves (3)</td>
<td>Dec. 13</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jump for Glory (2)</td>
<td>Oct. 30</td>
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<tr>
<td>King of Gamblers (2)</td>
<td>Nov. 13</td>
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<tr>
<td>Last Horizon (2)</td>
<td>May 18 (3)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Love Is News (3)</td>
<td>Dec. 4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Make Way for Tomorrow (3)</td>
<td>Nov. 27</td>
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<tr>
<td>Marked Woman (2)</td>
<td>Nov. 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Married Before Breakfast (2)</td>
<td>Dec. 14</td>
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<tr>
<td>May Time (3)</td>
<td>Dec. 18</td>
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<tr>
<td>Meet the Mormons (2)</td>
<td>Nov. 27</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mountain Justice (2)</td>
<td>Oct. 30</td>
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<tr>
<td>Night Must Fall (2)</td>
<td>Oct. 30</td>
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<tr>
<td>Outings of Poker Pat (2)</td>
<td>Nov. 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farrell (2)</td>
<td>Oct. 31</td>
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<tr>
<td>Quality Street (2)</td>
<td>Oct. 16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ready, Willing and Able (2)</td>
<td>Oct. 16</td>
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<tr>
<td>Road Block, The (2)</td>
<td>Oct. 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sam Queery (2)</td>
<td>Oct. 20</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shame Goes On, The (2)</td>
<td>Oct. 30</td>
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<tr>
<td>Step Lively, Loves (2)</td>
<td>Oct. 16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Star in a Teacup (2)</td>
<td>Oct. 16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Street Singer, The (2)</td>
<td>Nov. 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three Goes My Girl (2)</td>
<td>Dec. 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They Came Here a Gun (2)</td>
<td>Oct. 23</td>
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<tr>
<td>This Is Mr. Moto (2)</td>
<td>Nov. 28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Top of the Town (2)</td>
<td>Dec. 11</td>
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<tr>
<td>Turn Off the Moon (2)</td>
<td>Nov. 20</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wake Up and Live (2)</td>
<td>Dec. 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wings Over Homestead (2)</td>
<td>Nov. 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woman Chases Man (2)</td>
<td>Nov. 27</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

There's always a big thrill in opening Christmas parcels! And so when you're choosing your gift for Christmas see that it gives the biggest thrill of all! When those tantalizing wrappings are removed, let them reveal the attractive and seasonable colour of an Atkinsons Gift Case—a gift obviously chosen with care—a gift that complements the giver as well as the lucky recipient!

Atkinsons' gifts are awaiting your choice in great variety at all good-class chemists and stores. From that splendid selection it's easy to find exactly the right gift for everybody on the Christmas list. And remember—Atkinsons Eau de Cologne is a soothing, refreshing restorative for which your friends will return you thanks long after Christmas is forgotten. The name of Atkinsons means fine quality—a quality that is not too startlingly reflected in the price.

**ATKINSONS EAU DE COLOGNE**

Gold Medal.

**Lavender Water 3/3**

**Rhubarb Cubes, and Gingered Toffee Soup 4/9**

Beautifully polished and engraved glass designer of Atkinsons Eau de Cologne 25/1

Atkinsons Eau de Cologne 2/6, 4/6, 6/7/6 and upwards

Large bottles Atkinsons Eau de Colonge, large bottle Atkinsons Lavender Water, Toilet Soaps, and Bath Cubes 12/-
HEPBURN—PRO and CON!

Readers Take Up The Cudgels

A 

N inferiority complex makes a black sheep. Katharine Hepburn possesses the defiant, thumb-on- 

nose tricks of a person whose vanity is hurt. 

She has nothing noticeable in looks or 

ability. On her arrival in Hollywood, her 
siren voice, wearing of dungarees, kerstbone 

reading of mail, etc., proved she realised that. 

Conscious of being a nonentity, she deter-

mined to attract attention somehow, so that 

she would develop and become a somebody 

laughable yet 

Pathetic.

There is Hepburn's mystery laid bare. 

She and Alice Adams are akin. In the film, 

love gave her confidence,dispelling her 

peculiarities. 

I believe if she could similarly understand 

that her affected eccentricities are cheap she 

would emerge a big personality.—(Miss) 

Betty Hazellon, Frognal, SS The Chase, 

Coulson, Surrey, who is awarded the first 

prize of £1.

Making Hollywood Think

• My theory of Katharine Hepburn is that she 

has made herself, in Hollywood's eyes, an 

unfathomable and different personality, and 

that herein lies the reason why Hollywood wants to 

keep a grip of her. 

They have fondled someone who sets them 

thinking. They know she can act, and also 

that she has the power of being able to drop a heavy 

brick or two without making them rise 

in rebellion.

She makes them tolerant, because she has 

exercised that certain personal power of hers which, 

when wielded as only "La Hepburn" knows how, can make those in Hollywood 

succumb to her monkey wrenches and forget it. 

I put her antics down to a certain trait in her 

character which, in getting an outlet, has made of 

her a puzzling and severe personality, and with 

her acting as a backbone, lures Hollywood to 

tolerate her and also to keep hold of her, as 

they know her as a type of which there is not 

another exactly similar in Hollywood.—(Miss) 

Daisy V. Burry, 54 Dunard Street, Glasgow, 

N.W.

The Real Mystery

• Far from there being any mystery behind 

the personality "La Hepburn", the real mystery seems to surround the management, 

who not only countenance her doubtful 

behaviour, but persist in exhibiting her as a 

"star" to a long-suffering and increasingly 

restive public. 

I know very little about box-office receipts, 

but I do know that among a fairly wide and 

representative circle of acquaintances I do not 

know one who looks forward to a new Hepburn 

release, to give that enjoyment and entertain-

ment they have learned to expect from modern 

films. 

It is difficult to follow her rapid and indistinct 

diction, and her posturing and gaucherie serve 

only to add to the irritation. 

Possibly the fact that those who sponsored 

her so greatly to confess failure by dispensing 

with her services may account for her continued 

position as a "star".—M. Berry, 40 Heathcote 

Road, Twickenham.

Nice to Know

• So many bricks have been hurled at 

the Hepburn that I think it only fair for someone to 

give her champion a helping hand. Better still, why not 

let her answer for herself? 

Why, if the Hepburn is so temperamentally 

shy, should her fellow workers rush to be with her in 

another film? 

Should she, when a child requested an auto-

graph, give it her with a hug and a kiss? 

Then once you accept an addition, are you 

willing to move heaven and earth for her? 

I believe that Katharine Hepburn has built 

an impermeable wall around her own private 

life, and that only under moments of great stress 

(Continued on page 30)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Max Factor • Hollywood &amp; London</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **THE PERFECT ROUGE** you will see how beautifully your Colour Harmony 

Shade is reflected from your Powder and Lipstick. Note how soft and fine it is. It is the 

most delicate skin texture. |
| **THE EXPERT FACTOR** to impart 

**THE PERFECT FACTOR’S COLOUR HARMONY** for your own Skin Colour and Hair. |
| **POST FOR POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOUR HARMONY.** This section applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only. |
| **COMPLEXION** | **EYES** | **HAIR** |
| Very Light | Light | Blonde |
| Fair | Light | Brown |
| Creamy | Light | Brown |
| Medium | Light | Redhead |
| Sallow | Light | Black |
| Olive | Light | Brunette |
| Deep | Light | Black |
| Pale | Dark | Brunette |
| Normal | Dark | Black |
| **SKIN AGE** | **ONION** | **NORMAL** |
| 18-35 | 90% | 10% |
| Over 35 | 70% | 30% |
| Under 18 | 80% | 20% |

Max Factor's Make-up Studio (Dept. A.), 16 Old Bond Street, London, W.1. Send this together with 6d. in stamps or P.O. in Max Factor (Dept. A.), 16 Old Bond Street, London, W.1., for your personal complexion analysis, make-up and a colour picture of powder, rouge and lipstick in your correct colour harmony, and a copy booklet on the New Art of Beauty Make-up, by Max Factor. 

P4

The caricature of Clark Gable is the seventh of a series by a reader, Mr. Arrigo Polillo.

Being Herself

• There are some people born with the unhappy knack of saying: "the wrong thing" at "the wrong time," and Katharine Hepburn is one of these.

The reason that Katharine "gets away" with her gaucheries is that she has the courage to be herself.

That takes courage when gaucheries are so much a part of one's nature, as in the case of Katharine.

She might disguise her gauche behaviour with polite demeanour, or her outspoken words with polite conversation, but no; for to Katharine the outspoken word is not intentionally rude, but a means of self-expression.

A control of the expression would be to mask the real Katharine, and so disguise the outstanding personality which, whether loved or hated, has always been deemed to be different—I (Miss) Eileen Burnett, High Cliff, Nevilliedale, Durham City, who is awarded the second prize of £10. 6d.
Can you count on keeping regular?

Regular as the clock? It's the regular people who keep fit, healthy-looking, worry-free and youthful. Perfect regularity means constant good health. That's why Beechams Pills find their finest advertisement in the folk who take them. Get some Beechams Pills and find regular fitness yourself! Purley Vegetable. Sold Everywhere.

Keep REGULAR with

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INSTANT RELIEF FOR

ASTHMA SUFFERERS

A Remedy which Swiftly Ends Attacks

This famous old remedy has brought comfort and freedom to thousands of sufferers, who are now able to enjoy life. The letters continually received show that Potter's frequently succeeds when everything else has failed. You simply inhale the vapours. 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.

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POTTER & CLARK, LTD.,
61c, Artillery Lane, London, E.I

MEN

dislike unsightly

HAIR...

Bella's WONDERSTOEN

is invaluable. From all

scratches, cuts and

burns, including burns

from hot water, and

dressers. For cold, chills and upper lip itch. For

arms and ears 1d. For

any difficulty in shaving send

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Drying

Method.

For Remove Hair from Face and Body.

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Those GREY STEAKS

that prematurely age you, can be safely restored to their natural colour with...

EvAN WILLIAMS

TUNISIAN henna

A FAIR SIZE CUTTING FROM THE

GREYEST PART OF YOUR HAIR

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For Remove Hair from Face and Body.

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that prematurely age you, can be safely restored to their natural colour with...

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What Do You Think?—Contd.

are we allowed to catch a glance of the genuine woman.
Perhaps one day she will herself smash this barrier, showing us the sincere, unaffected, nice-to-know girl that I am sure she is.—Daphne Oake, Hillside, Yewminster, Sherborne, Dorset.

Mystery His Foot!
• About this Katharine Hepburn "mystery," as Mr. Breen informs us, Mystery my foot! What Katy needs is a waking up to bring her down to earth again.

Of course, it makes good publicity for the temperamental Miss Hepburn to shock Hollywood occasionally, but it's not worth the effort as regards her position as a star.

She seems to have done a lot of playing about in Hollywood since her arrival, and the fact that she can act when she wants to (e.g., Morning Glory) makes it even worse.

Mr. Breen wonders if she has a mystery to hide from us. Well, Miss Hepburn's private affairs are her own business, but whatever the "mystery" there is no cause to defend it so fiercely by giving reporters black eyes and smashing their camera.

It's their job to ask questions just as much as it is Hepburn's duty to the public, as a star, to answer them politely, even if she does not agree entirely with their views.—B. Fiddy, Merrist House, Exmouth, Devon.

Compelling
• In my opinion the reason Katharine Hepburn has retained her pre-eminence is her magical compelling personality.

With the possible exceptions of Bergner and Rainer there is no one who radiates such dynamic vitality on the Silver Screen. This is my considered judgment after having studied her in all her films.

True, her recent choice of parts has been rather injudicious, nor has the male lead usually been able to help much, owing to his inability adequately to support the star, a fault that is common with most of Greta Garbo's pictures.

All the stories of her boorishness and lack of tact with pressmen and others do not interest me in the least—the true admirer should be concerned only with her acting ability.

Thus it is that her wonderfully consistent screen record has kept her in the forefront, in spite of all else.—R. C. Odgers, 80 Fydar Street, Truro, Cornwall.

Irritation
• Hepburn gets the publicity she demands by her actions.

She is clever, realises that she has but a limited appeal and knows that but for publicity she would soon drop out of sight. So, mistakenly or otherwise, she contrives to keep herself in the public eye by putting on an act away from the camera.

The real mystery of Katie is that she cannot reproduce her talent on the screen. She does not "take" well and always strikes the studious patron as a screen novice.

If Katie dropped the show she puts on when away from the lens and allowed those who matter to pass on advice, she would prosper. At present she spends far too much time getting in the public eye by being an irritation instead of a real actress.—Imman Race, 46 Southey Crescent, Sheffield, S.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED
• What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1.5s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.
WHO'S WHO

Myrna Loy
- Ranches in Montana were the childhood playgrounds of Myrna Loy. She was born in Helena, Montana, where her father operated large ranch properties, on August 2, 1905. When at high-school age her parents took her to Los Angeles, where she attended the Westlake School for Girls and later an art school, as she showed definite ability as a sculptress.

Some of her work attracted the attention of the late Rudolph Valentino, with the result that she played a small part in What Price Beauty, of which Natasha Rambova (Mrs. Rudolph Valen-
tino) was the producer and Nita Naldi the star. This was followed by small roles that steadily grew bigger though she got typecast in vamp roles.

She was then placed under contract by M-G-M. and her first role for them was in Marie Dressler's Emma, followed by roles in The Wet Parade, New Morals for Old, The Mask of Fu Manchu, A Night in Cairo, When Ladies Meet and Crooks in Clover.

She was featured in all these, scoring increas-
ingly great successes, and from then on she was starred—in Everywoman's Man, Night Flight, Men in White, The Thin Man, Manhattan Melodrama, Stamboul Quest and Evelyn Prentice.

She has auburn hair and light blue eyes, weighs 7 st. 12 lb. and is 5 ft. 6 in. tall. Her birthdate was August 2, 1905. She is married to Arthur Hornblow, the producer.

Recent pictures are Petticoat Fever, The Great Ziegfeld, Labeled Lady, After the Thin Man and Parnell.

Claire Luce
- Was born in Syracuse, New York, on October 15, 1901. She early developed an ambition to be a dancer, and earned her tuition fees by doing odd jobs, such as minding other people's babies. At thirteen she ran away with a ballet troupe, but was brought back. She made her Broadway début at sixteen as a speciality dancer in Little Jessie James. This led to an engagement as première danseuse in The Music Box Revue. After a successful appearance in Paris she was featured by the late Flo Ziegfeld in the famous Folies,

Her film début was not auspicious. She appeared in a "straight ingenue" role in Up the River, with Spencer Tracy. On its completion she asked to be let off her contract.

She did not appear before a camera again until she came to England and made Lazybones. Since then, Vintage Wine, Let's Make A Night of It, Over She Goes and Mile. Doctor.

Claire Luce is 5 ft. 3 in. tall and has blonde hair and blue eyes.

Bela Lugosi
- Bela Lugosi was born in the city of Lugos, Hungary, on October 20, 1888; after

elementary education in his native town, he went to school and the Academy of Theatrical Art in Budapest. He is the son of Baron Lugosi, banker, and is of a family of two boys and one girl.

But twenty he made his stage début as "Romeo" in a Hungarian production of Romeo and Juliet, and followed it with three years of Shakespearean repertoire. Ibsen and other classics. He played Armand in a modern Hungarian version of Camille, and became such a favourite in Budapest that he was an idol of the Royal National Theatre for ten years.

Following the war and the political revolution in Hungary, Lugosi went to New York and soon after he appeared in Dracula, in which he was a sensation. He repeated the success on the screen, and has been one of Hollywood's leading horror stars for the last few years.

Lugosi is 6 ft. 1 in. tall, has dark blue eyes which seem to peer right through one, and dark brown hair. The actor is an accomplished musician and dancer, and has a lyric baritone voice. He has been twice married.

Recent pictures: The Invisible Ray, Postal Inspector, Shadow of Chinatown.

'4711' Gifts

4711 GENUINE EAU DE COLOGNE
Original bottle (left) 8/9, half-size 4/9, Wicker bottle (centre) 14/1, others at 3/7, 2/16 and 5/1.
Watch-shaped bottle (right) for the hands 2/14, double size 4/9. Many bottles are available in special Christmas Coffrets from 5/1 to £2

4711 BEAUTY AIDS
Coffret containing Face Powder, Cold Cream and "Matt-Creme" (the 4711 Varnishing Cream) 2/9
Other Coffrets containing "4711" Beauty Aids at 3/6 at 5/-

RHINEGOLD* PERFUMED EAU DE COLOGNE as shown
Other sizes at 3/1, 7/6 and 10/-
Larger bottles at 41 and 251-oz. in golden Gift Boxes.

TOSCA* PERFUMED EAU DE COLOGNE 1/12 and 1/21-
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"4711" Eau de Cologne, Soap, Talcum Powder and Bath Cubes, 15/- all in a lovely Gift Box.
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A safe, sensible present — "Sir" Shaving Cream, After-Shaving Lotion, and Talc in an all-in Gift Box 6/3

"4711" is not only a gift—it is the kind of compliment you would wish to pay

If you have any difficulty in obtaining the gift you want, write to "4711" Snow, Buckinghamshire, for the name of the nearest dealer stocking it.

For Xmas, Prices for U.K. only
Allenburys Pastilles keep the throat free from winter troubles, and children love the blackcurrant flavour.

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GUILTIERLY
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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 perform its duty everyday. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up in your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes these good old Carters 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. Stalisborniv refuse anything else, 1/3 and 3d.

NAIL BITING

Free booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily secretly and permanently cure yourself of this Nibbling, health-endangering habit. No risk, no auto-suggestion. New discovery. Send 1d. postage for postage. FITTEX LTD. (Dept. P.J. 31), The Broadway, Cruch End, London, N.8

3 guineas re-styles your old fur coat


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Should be in every home.

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Smart Woman's Wardrobe

Now you can enjoy the smartness and freedom of a fashionably pleated skirt and, by choosing a "GOR-RAY" be absolutely confident that the pleats simply cannot come out. The unique design of the "GOR-RAY" prevents this even when the skirt is crushed, twisted or knotted. Ideal for general wear, with perfectly-fitting waist and hipline ensured by fourteen rows. See the "GOR-RAY" at your Drapers or Stores in delightful patterns from 12/11. Here is the label by which you will know it.

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Let Glymier Jelly make your hands romantically white and soft! Overnight, Glymier Jelly works miracles of beauty on rough red hands. Glymier Jelly, made by a secret process impossible to copy, is still the finest preparation for the hands. It is non-sticky, non-greasy, and sinks deeply in, closing cracks, smoothing out chaps, whitenining the skin. Get a tube of Glymier Jelly today.

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Tubes, 3s. 6d
Decorative Jar, 2s. 6d

Just as Glymier Jelly beautifies your hands, GLYMIER VANISHING CREAM gives charm and beauty to your complexion. Tube 6d.; Jar 1s. 6d. Also have you tried GLYMIER Cleansing COLD CREAM? Tube 6d.; Jar 1s. 6d.

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The best invisible nose. Medical in the world. Remedy ugly noses of all kinds. Worn during sleep. Stamped envelope for full particulars.

RED NOSES:

Medically approved. Non-irritating, abso-

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"Remedy outstanding err, 7/6, year free. Forever 1 s. extra.

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To prove to you how easily you can perfect your teeth we will send you a sample Zepo pencil in coloured case for 6d. only. Fill in the coupon below.

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To Thos. Christy & Co., Ltd. (Dept. P.3),
4-12 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4.

Please send me one trial size Zepo pencil for which I enclose 6d. in stamps.

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She'll say
so many thanks-
for CARILLON adds
gaiety and charm for many months to come

THE perfume that gives her added poise and charm and a lift to her spirits; that increases her confidence and enjoyment of life. That's Carillon—the perfume that does not cloy; that stays fresh and stimulating all day; that never grows stale.

A SEASONAL TOUCH!
You can buy Carillon in a charming powder-blue box with a gramophone record of traditional Old English and French Christmas carols played by Mr. Frank Wright on the famous carillon above Atkinsons Bond Street House. She will be enchanted by this entertaining gift. Price 3/9.

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

If your colour is obviously out of a pot, you have not been successful in the application of rouge. Hectic-looking colour on the cheeks are neither becoming nor youthful.

Let me say of rouge, as I said of eyeshadow last week, it should have either beginning or ending.

Whether you use a paste or a compact rouge, depends upon the type of skin you have. If it is dry, choose cream rouge, if it is normal or or very, a compact rouge is best. Generally speaking a cream rouge is more lasting in effect than a powder rouge.

Use the finger-tips to spread and blend the rouge into the cheeks. Rub out the hard edges of the colour till it merges imperceptibly into nothing. This way, the colour will seem to suffice the cheeks with a natural glow instead of being obviously put on.

Extend a very faint tint of colour from the cheekbone to the lower eyelid. This elimination of the white tone between cheekbones and eyes, adds to the natural effect of the rouging.

The method is slightly different with a cream rouge, though we are aiming at a similar effect. Use the finger-tips for applying the colour and place three or four small dots of rouge on the cheeks. Blend lightly with the finger-tips as before till the colour merges, and the edges have faded away into the natural tint of the cheeks. Cream rouge is a little more difficult to apply than compact rouge and more care needs to be taken.

Be sure that you apply the same amount to each cheek and that the colour is merged to match. The colour should appear in the same position on both cheeks. Needless to point out, the blending under the eyes must be so faint to be almost a mere nothing, but by that tiny trace of colour, an appearance of youth and animation is given.

As you are making up in the daytime, avoid doing it by artificial light, and make a point of using less colour than you think you really need. Rouging should never amount to much more than a slight deepening of your natural skin tone.

Do not use rouge just to make your cheeks look red.

Rouge can be made to do more than just give colour value to your skin. You may use it to create illusions about the lines of your face.

Supposing your face is thin and you wish to give it apparent width, then the instructions given above about placing must be modified. Place your rouge on the outer curve of each cheek, thus increasing the whole space in the centre and so adding apparent width.

If the face is too broad for beauty, narrow it with a slight inclination of colour on the inner curve of the cheek, close in towards the nose. A touch of rouge lightly blended at this point of the chin will also take away from a face that is too long. But never put rouge on the chin of a short fat face.

A hint of rouge on the lobes of the ears is also helpful to a thin face, and the merest suggestion of rouge below the end of a long nose will also help to shorten its apparent length.

Wherever the artificial colour is placed try to copy Nature's remem-bering that natural colour usually occurs in the shape of a triangle with indefinite outlines, with the highest point fading out towards the temples, another going in the direction of the nose, and the lowest one downward under the cheekbone towards the jaw.

Although you may apply rouge high on your cheeks, it should never be carried below the line of the nostrils.

Liqueur the lower, the older and heavier the face.

O'course you will choose lipstick and rouge in the same tint. That presents no difficulties, but be sure that the tint chosen agrees with the tone of your skin. Very many of the big stores employ make-up experts at their cosmetic counters to advise intending purchasers, and those who live away from towns are often offered make-up charts by cosmetic manufacturers.

Roughly speaking these are the colour rules: a skin with a yellowish tint—and so many skins have this pink, purplish, mandarin, and the more orange shades of red. Clear pale skins of every or creamy tint, look best with the clear shades of pure red, for these are the vivid shades of cherry and geranium. The rose and bluish pink shades agree with a skin that is a pinkish tint, and older skins that sometimes take on a slightly purplish hue, look best with the raspberry tones.

Even those using foundation according to the colour of the clothes that are being worn. Green, blue and grey seem to detract from the warmth of skin colour, and so bright cosmetics are required to make good the loss.

The warmer tones that reflect warm tints on the skin, need paler and cooler tints of rouge and lipstick. Finally you need a little more and a little brighter make-up for evening wear as artificial light takes several tones from the brightness of any tint.

If you have a beauty problem that you need solved, please let me help you. Send your letter, with a stamped addressed envelope for reply, and address it to THE PICTUREGOER, Marriott House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss Diana Webster, 33 Sheaveshill Avenue, West Worthing, Sussex, for:

Fifty Shilling Boxer

"Mother and Child"

Double or Nothing

The 35 Man

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:

Miss Marjory Symons (aged 12), Ashford, George V Avenue, West Worthing, Sussex, for:

Three Men on a Horse

Keep Your Seats, Please

Empty Saddles

Miss C. Peace, 31 Halkistone Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham, for:

Love Before Breakfast

Makeover

Call It a Day

V. Ellin, 97 Pippin's Cafe, Aldwick Road, Bognor Regis, for:

The Walking Dead

Death Takes a Holiday

We Live Again

Miss B. Wixey, Trinity Hall, Duke Street, Southport, Lancs., for:

The Invisible Man

Go West, Yesteryear

The Ghost Goes West

Dark Journey

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, Marriott House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is an entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that you must write on your "titles" being solved. La lettre postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.
What wiser way is there of sending Christmas salutations to a smoker friend than by a big handsome packing of the Cigarettes he buys daily himself—Player's Navy Cut? His appreciation will be sincere, his pleasure certain. Colourful cartons will, as usual, carry your message in seasonable fashion and remember 'Medium' are the favourite blend, but if your gift must be a 'Mild' Cigarette ask for "Player's Mild Please.

BOTH BRANDS ARE SUPPLIED CORK TIPPED OR PLAIN

Player's

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES & TOBACCO

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.
How does she keep so Happy Healthy and Slim

YOU can be healthy, happy and attractively slim; you can keep gloriously fit and get full enjoyment out of life, if you just follow her lead and take Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, purify the blood and daily remove all food residue; thus improving your health, clearing your complexion and keeping you slim and youthful.

So, if you want to look and feel your best at all times, remember to take Bile Beans regularly every night.

"Since I have been taking Bile Beans people often comment on my youthful appearance and clear complexion. Although forty-eight I look ten years younger. Bile Beans have also reduced my weight by eighteen pounds. I never felt better in my life than I do to-day."—Mrs. D. W., Saltburn.

* * *

"Bile Beans have made me feel active and youthful again. The irritability and depression have given way to a cheerful outlook and I sleep well and feel fresh and bright in the morning. Bile Beans are also steadily but surely removing my surplus fat."—Mrs. B. T., Bournemouth.

BILE BEANS WILL KEEP YOU AT YOUR BEST THIS CHRISTMAS
Secrets of DISNEY'S Million-dollar FAIRY-TALE

Deanna DURBIN
Bing Crosby

Bing usually says it with music, but here's the next best thing. The crooner king will be seen next in "Doctor Rhythm," the O. Henry story, which was previously titled "The Badge of Policeman O'Roan."
DEAR SANTA CLAUS,

We've been pretty good little boys all the year and we hope you won't think we are being greedy now. After all we are not really asking for very much.

Of course, we badly need a high-powered shot-gun to enable us adequately to perform our painful, critical functions when called upon to review the crooning of Mr. . . . but, oh well, we suppose that's aiming a bit too high.

And we suppose, too, that it's not much use asking you to do something about that guileful young lady, Shirley Temple. With all those Shirley Temple toys and dolls she's almost one of your subsidiary industries, isn't she?

However, there are some other infant prodigies we've got on the list. Christmas is the children's festival? Peace on earth, goodwill. . . .? Perhaps you're right. We'll just have to content ourselves with hoping that the ill-mannered little horrors will over-eat themselves as usual on Christmas Day and get a nasty little pain in their unlovely little Mary's.

We would be grateful to you, while we are on the subject, if you could, just for once, give Hollywood a child star who doesn't have to qualify officially for the title in the law courts.

And you might, if it is not asking too much, do us a favour regarding the older problem children of the film city. Now we're not one to tell tales, but we hope because Simone Simon was a very naughty girl, when the great big boat brought her to England, that you won't give her that nice "Mama" doll she's been asking for.

You could, however, give the gentle and refined Miss Katharine Hepburn a good, stout pair of football boots. She'd be delighted. Don't tell her we told you, but she likes to kick sob sisters in the pants, you know. Then there's Frances Farmer, who, boosted from obscurity to fame and fortune by the films, feels that the stage is the only worthy medium for her art. You don't happen to have a role in a play that will run for ten years or so on Broadway in that knapsack of yours, do you?

It must be pretty empty, by the way, on the return trip to the North Pole. There's a whole lot of crazy comedy scripts cluttering up the studios at the moment, which we'd be grateful if you'd take back with you.

While you're passing through you might make Marlene Dietrich as good an actress as she is beautiful a woman, or perhaps you have no jurisdiction now that the Fearless Fraulein has again placed her Destiny in the artistic hands of the Herr Von Sternberg.

You might also save Clark Gable, who is really quite a good fellow and not nearly such a ham as most of the Hollywood matinee idols, from tackling any more roles like "Parnell." At the same time you could give Carole Lombard some new ideas for crazy parties. It would keep the dear, playful little thing happy all the year round.

There's nothing much we can ask for Greta Garbo, we imagine. Greta knows what she wants and sees that she gets it. But if you do happen to be visiting the hallowed precincts on the Night, you could put another role like "Marie Walewska" in the ample stocking that usually houses the world's most famous tooties.

Are we being too importunate in asking you to find a good role for Joan Crawford? The poor girl hasn't been getting very much in the way of breaks lately. You might even be really big-hearted and include hubby Franchot Tone in your benevolence.

We hope you will be extra nice to Paul Muni, for Zola, to Spencer Tracy for acting everybody off the screen, to Bette Davis for taking a legal licking like a good sport, going back to work and immediately turning in such good jobs as Kid Galahad and Marked Woman, and to Barbara Stanwyck for Stella Dallas.

And to Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne, Gary Cooper, and Ginger Rogers just on general principles.

Finally, while you are over here you might give some of our studios some new executives, directors, actors and writers.

In the event of this visit, however, we think it only fair to advise you to take the precaution of having the sweeps see to the chimney before you make your descent.

The Editor
Christmas Greetings

PICTUREGOER and its staff take pleasure in wishing readers a Merry Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year.

LET'S BE FAIR

- He Needs a Break
- A New Mae West Story
- Virginia Announces Engagement
- Donat for "The Citadel"?

likeable young man, thrilled by success but not changed by it, who takes himself far less seriously than most of the matinée idols we have encountered.

Taylor deserves a break; I hope you and M.G.M. will put it in his Christmas stocking.

Mae West Story

- It's so long since I heard a Mae West story that I make no apologies for passing on this one.

Mae, usually generous, and perhaps imbued by the Christmas spirit in this instance gave presents to the value of $800 to the minor players on the completion of shooting of Every Day's a Holiday.

To her director, Edward Sutherland, she gave a magnificent gold watch.

On closer inspection it turned out to be only the case. And it was inscribed: "Come up and see me sometime and I'll give you the works."

Passing of Pickfair

- For the first time in years the gates of Pickfair, which enshrines so much of Hollywood tradition and was once its Buckingham Palace, are closed.

Mrs. Bushy Rogers, who has completed the sale of the house, always left the grounds wide open when she was in residence.

"The public helped build Pickfair," she explained, "and I feel it partially belongs to it."

She has left the old home without any great pangs of regret. Its memories for her have been unhappy as well as happy.

"And I've never allowed this house to possess me," says the ex-Mary Pickford.

Movie Melting Pot

- Hollywood has the most cosmopolitan population in the world. There are representatives of nearly all races and creeds, and nearly all get their living from films.

They are registered with the various studio casting directors who can call them up at a moment's notice. But sometimes the demand exceeds the supply, as recently when Samuel Goldwyn required 700 Chinese for scenes in The Adventures of Marco Polo, starring Gary Cooper.

His casting department had only 298 Chinese men and 312 women on its books, but they were able to make up the deficiency with the 67 Koreans and 112 Chinese listed as available for extra work. Later in the picture the casting department were asked to supply 100 Italians. This was easy as anyone's size in the world.


According to Goldwyn's casting chief there are few Germans and Englishmen regularly on call, as neither of these nationalities stay in extra work long enough to be permanently listed.

Famous Last Words

- It was the fifth "take" of a difficult scene for Bluebeard's Eighth Wife at Paramount. Everybody hoped it would be the last "take."

HAS the meteoric career of Robert Taylor reached a crisis? That is the question that everyone in the film world is asking at the moment.

We have yet to see the results of his work here, but his trip to England, accompanied as it was by that orgy of mass hysteria, following immediately on a Hollywood picture that could not have enhanced his prestige, has done him no good.

In America, where such reactions are always quicker than here, they are talking quite openly of a slump in Robert Taylor's stock and advising M.G.M. that only astute handling of the star by the studio can revive it.

Not for the first time in films great fame is threatened by a newspaper phrase. The headline "John Gilbert's Voice Squeaks" virtually swept that star out of pictures. That label "The beautiful Mr. Taylor," hung on the new matinee idol by the irreverent writers, may be equally fatal.

To some extent the blame must lie with those in authority at Calver City. It has been known for some time that the publicity department had been fighting against the policy of the production division and demanding that at least two pictures be made with him in real "tough guy" roles in which he could appear for once unhaven and swap his immaculate attire for overalls or something similarly he-mannish.

The production chiefs considered the suggestion, thought about the possible effect on his feminine followers and vetoed it.

That recent trip across America, too, might have been more fortunately stage-managed. It is customary nowadays whenever big stars travel to provide them with an accompanying press agent.

The reason is not necessarily that the stars are too dumb to handle the inevitable publicity themselves, but that the publicity man is always a good scapegoat. That is to say, if anything goes wrong, if a player is rude to the press, doesn't say the right thing or is inaccessible, the blame is always put on his adviser.

Taylor had to take all the criticism on his own handsome head. In New York, particularly, he was the target for a storm of cheap witticisms. Reporters asked him if he thought himself Metro's gift to the world's womanhood, if he thought he was beautiful and even if he had hair on his chest.

Taylor is a victim of his own phenomenal popularity. It has always been an axiom in films that the more spectacular the success the more bitter the prejudice of the critics. If it is any satisfaction to Bob he can reflect that all his stellar life Valentino was subjected to violent abuse by the press-men. Once in Chicago he was accused of encouraging, by his example, a nation of "powder-puff and brilliantine heroes." He offered to fight the writer concerned, but nothing ever came of it.

It is difficult to explain the prejudice against Taylor (even in the studio students engaged for A Yank at Oxford took pleasure in treating him far more roughly than was necessary in those scenes where he had to be manhandled) otherwise. Those who have met him here, and in Hollywood for that matter, have found him a modest.
TO BOB TAYLOR

Director Ernst Lubitsch was leaning forward in his chair, listening intently to Claudette Colbert and another player going through their lines. When it was over, Lubitsch's face was wreathed with smiles. He turned to the sound man. "How was it for you?" he asked.

"Somebody coughed," the sound man announced morosely.

Lubitsch's face fell. "Who coughed?" he demanded indignantly.

"You did!" said the script girl.

School for Stars

- M.G.M. has been importing so many foreign players lately and has invested so much money in them that they are not taking any chances and W. P. Hendry, the studio Chief-of-Police, has had to start a traffic school on the lot to make them familiar with the American motor regulations.

Hendry is using model sets of streets and cars to demonstrate safety measures. The idea received immediate response and his pupils attend the school for an hour each morning, three times a week.

In the class are Hedy Lamarr, Ilena Massey, Miliza Korjus, Rose Stradner, Stevan Bekassy, Gilbert Russell and Lionel Royce.

If the school proves of value, Hendry plans to extend its scope to include younger studio players.

New Tunes from the Films

- One of the best of the month's H.M.V. film recordings is Roy Fox's rendering of "Whispers in the Dark" and "Stop, You're Breaking My Heart," from Artists and Models (BD5277). He orchestrates both very well. "You Can't Have Everything" is represented by "Aframed to Dream," played by Benny Goodman in swing time on B8831, and the same number sung tunefully by Jean Sablon on B8835.

Roy Fox scores again with a tune that is calculated to make you dance from Toast of New York, "The First Time I Saw You," and another, the theme-song from Gone With the Wind (BD5279). The former is also played by G. Henry Jacques on BD5276.

- On BD5275 there are two very good numbers, "Old Man Moon," from Tapper, and "The Lullaby of You, You Can't Have Everything." The first is sung by George Hamilton and the other by Hal Kemp.

Roy Fox, whose popularity can be judged by the number of his contributions, pleases us again with "Can I Forget You" and "Folk Who Live on the Hill," both from High, Wide and Handsome (BD5270).

A record not connected with pictures but which should find a place in all music lovers' collections is Jussi Björling's, the new tenor's, rendering of "Ch'ella Mi Creda Libero" and "E Lucevan le Stelle," from Tosca. They are brilliantly sung and support the contention that here, at last, is a new Caruso.

Annabella Knew Best

- After two strenuous days of film testing for make-up and hairdressing, Annabella, about to make her Hollywood bow, asked to be granted one request. "May I have just one test of myself as I like to look, please be asked.

In less than fifteen minutes the French star, with the aid of her own comb and her small vanity case, stepped before the cameras. The other styles required two hours to do.

When the tests were being shown next day, Darryl F. Zanuck, studio projection chief, had the film stopped on Annabella's own make-up.

"That's what we want," he exclaimed. "It's perfect."

So Annabella will enjoy the rare privilege of making herself up according to her own ideas for her first Hollywood film role in Jean, opposite William Powell.

Short Shots

- James Stewart has been given a new contract—Carole Lombard is to have the role in Midnight originally intended for Marlene Dietrich; it will be strong drama for a change, and her leading man will be Georges Rigaud—Holiday, in which Ann Harding scored one of her biggest hits, is being dusted off as a come-back piece for Gloria Swanson under the title of Vacation Bound—Nelson Eddy and Ilena Massey will be featured in the Hollywood version of Balaikha.

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

- Virginia Bruce's Romance

HER marriage to J. Walter Ruben, the director, will have no immediate effect on the career of Virginia Bruce.

She was chosen to play the lead in Arsenic and Old Lace, for Metro-Goldwyn Mayer, where she is under long-term contract. The picture is now in production, with George Fitzmaurice as director.

Announcing her engagement to Ruben, Miss Bruce said the actual date of the wedding had not been fixed. Instead of a Christmas ceremony, as was reported, the marriage will not take place until next spring, the actress said.

Miss Brill recently completed the feminine lead in Bad Man of Brimstone, starring Wallace Beery, which Ruben directed. Their romance developed during the filming of that picture on location in the mountain region near Kanab, Utah.

A Ghost Walks

- Mysterious sounds were heard in Jane Withers' home in the wee small hours. Search after search failed to explain the reason, and the frightened cook threatened to leave. Finally the mystery was solved. The ghost was Jane's cat, who, like all felines, likes to prowl around.

Bells were placed on the cat and all is serene.

Society Lady

- Many young Hollywood actresses are chuckling over the fate of Mary Brill, a member of New York's society set, who was recently signed by Universal as a possible future star, and placed in the studio training school to learn the art of acting.

Miss Brill angrily said that she could not go on with the school's director, so was dropped from the studio payroll.

Universal executives say that the young lady made an unsuccessful screen test, hence the reason for her departure from the studio.

Actresses who depend upon the films for a (Continued on page 6)
admitted he receives letters of this type every now and then.

**Movie Chisellers**
- Among the most contemptible persons in Hollywood are those who secure money from unsuspecting people by promising them opportunities in the movies.
- Police recently arrested a man, charged by a 26-year-old woman with securing 200 dollars and a 78-dollar ring upon promising her to get her into the films. The promise was not kept and arrest followed.

**Dangerous Devotion**
- A wealthy non-professional recently married a minor film actress, pretty, but hardly likely to achieve stardom. The lady had been married before, divorced her first husband, and was the proud mother of a little daughter.
- The new husband legally adopted the child, and possibly is facing future grief.
- Adopting children of film actresses is rather risky. One instance is that of an actress who had a child by her first husband, divorced him, married again, and induced 
  Mate No. 2, a wealthy business man, to adopt her offspring. When she freed herself from No. 2, in addition to heavy alimony to his former mate, he had to provide handsomely for “her child.”
- Husband No. 3 also made the juvenile his own, and had to pay well for the privilege.

**Imitation is Flattery**
- Ralph Bellamy and Charley Farrell established the Racquet Club in Palm Springs, where many of the stars play tennis and enjoy the rays of the desert sun.
- This swanky rendezvous will have competition shortly, for ground has just been broken for the new Palm Springs Tennis Club, limited to a membership of seventy-five and promising to be one of the smartest of Palm Springs' exclusive clubs.
- It will be opened shortly and will be devoted to tennis and swimming only.
- Gene Raymondi, Johnny Mack Brown, William Gargan, Frank Shields, and Lew Ayres are among the charter members.

**Tribute From the Wilds**
- When Irene Dunne returned from her holiday in the North West forests, from which she was driven by bad weather and a narrow escape from a bush fire, she found a fair-sized package in the waiting mail.
- It turned out that she was the recipient of a pair of logger's boots, made to her size—exact replicas of those worn by the river log-rollers.
- The explanatory letter was from the official shoe-maker in one of the larger lumber camps, who said he wanted the gift to be a surprise.
- He had ascertained Irene's shoe size by making a plaster cast of her footprint, which she had left in the mud by the camp's dining hall.

**Hollywood Says That**
- Only two thoroughfares in Hollywood bear the names of screen celebrities: Pickford Street and De Mille Drive.
- Stuart Erwin raises thoroughbred dogs, and his animals have won several championship cups.

Tom Walls has a new leading lady in Saint-Cyr, the French actress, in his new picture, “The Strange Boarers of Palace Crescent.”

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**All The Gossip - Continued**

livelihood bitterly resent the competition of wealthy socialites.

**A Modern Diana**
- Stately Rosalind Russell walked into a Hollywood sporting goods store and asked for a shotgun! This statement sounds as if Rosalind might be on the warpath for some errant male, but such is not the case.
- The actress lost ten pounds during her last picture, so her physician suggested she spend her coming holiday in a climate that has the tang of autumn.
- Robert Montgomery and his wife have invited her to spend their vacation on their 2000-acre, Putnam County farm in New York, which is privately stocked with game, where Rosalind can shoot to her heart's content.
- And that, incidentally, seems to settle the story of a Montgomery-Russell feud.

**Sad Prisoner**
- Roman Merritt of Albuquerque, New Mexico, languishes in jail, bitterly regretting the folly which caused him to send a letter to Cecil B. de Mille demanding 300 dollars under threat of bodily harm.
- Merritt declares he over-imbibed, otherwise would not have committed the stupid act. As his communication was sent through the mails, he faces the swift and sure prosecution of the Federal government, which is far more merciless than local authorities.
- De Mille expressed sympathy for the man, but...
been wondering what would happen to that production; now we know.

It's to be the next M.G.M. British venture, taking the floor some time next month, with Victor Saville producing. No announcement has been made as to which studios are to be used, but I can't see M.G.M. leaving Denham for a while, where they have dug themselves in so nicely.

Elizabeth Allan is to play the feminine lead; so far no male star has been fixed, but knowing Saville as I do, for Ralph Richardson I shouldn't be at all surprised to see him grabbed for this if he's available; or it may be Donat.

Another production will run almost neck-and-neck with this one—"Finishing School," by Tennyson Jesse.

This is to have an all-star British cast. Well, I've heard of these all-star casts, and in general my main objection to them is that they don't contain any stars. I hope I shall be able to report in due course that this is an exception.

Chips—and Chips

Another forthcoming M.G.M. British production is a novel by Vaughan Wilkins, *And So—Victoria*, which has become a bestseller in all English-speaking countries.

An epic of the R.A.F., *Shadow of the Wing* is another among the definite announcements, and in the summer a screen version of James Hilton's *Good-bye, Mr. Chips* will be made.

Charles Laughton was spoken of originally in connection with this one, but whether that will stand or not is entirely a matter for conjecture.

Meanwhile, while we are waiting for *Mr. Chips*, we have *Chips* without the Mister, at Cricklewood.

This is being made by Messrs. British Fine Arts Productions, Ltd., a company whose name is unfamiliar to me, though I seem to remember the name of the producer and director, E. Godal, from the days of silent films.

However, we have the famous figures of Dave Burnaby, Billy Merson (not so familiar of late), and Rob Wilton, together with a lady whose acquaintance I have not the pleasure of having made, as we used to say in the Courtly Eighties—Valerie East.

Scouts Win

Also there is a bunch of Sea Scouts in this picture, opposed to a gang of international crooks. And will you be overcome with surprise to hear that the Sea Scouts, by pluck, ingenuity, and sheer force of numbers, are able to defeat their sinister adversaries? No! Next you'll be telling me you don't believe in Santa Claus.

However, with three comedians in the cast I don't suppose the drummer is supposed to be taken too seriously.

Speaking of drama, the unit which has been making *The Challenge* is back in the studios at Denham from location in the Swiss Alps.

They certainly seem to have had a dramatic time there. It was the first time a motion picture camera had ever been taken to the summit of the Matterhorn, which is 14,782 feet high.

The unit had its base of operations at the Belvedere rest-hut half-way up, and spent several weeks there, rising at 4 a.m. as soon as it began to grow light, and doing two hours hard climbing to reach the scene of shooting.

And when they knocked off for lunch it consisted of bread, raw bacon, and coffee, which the guides consider to be the ideal diet for mountain-climbers.

Dizzy

Personally I'm just as pleased it was Robert Douglas, and not E. G. Cousins, who played the character as Edward Whynper, the famous mountaineer. The very first shot they took showed him lying on his back partly hanging over a sheer drop of 2,000 feet.

No good to me.

By the way, it has now been made manifest what a fool Whynper was supposed to have done, from which he had to be vindicated.

It appears that when he conquered the Matterhorn his companions, Lord Francis Douglas, and Hadow were killed during the descent, and Whynper was suspected of having cut the rope to save himself.

It looks as if Simone Simon is going to be glamorous in her new picture, *'Love and Hisses'!*

He was vindicated by the action of a guide, Carrel, who volunteered to climb the mountain and find the broken end of the rope.

Carrel is played by Luis Tenner, a fine mountaineer (he began life as a guide in the Dolomites) and a natural actor. If you saw his work in *The Doomed Battalion* you are not likely to have forgotten it.

Ah! Love!

Trenker also supplies the heart-throbbery in the story, by his romance with Felicita, the inn-keeper's daughter, played by Joan Gardner. The excellent actress Mary Clare plays Madame Carrel, and the cast also includes Frank Birch, Geoffrey Wardwell, Morton Caplat, Ralph Trueman, Lawrence Bascombe, Tony Simpson, and Fred Groves.

Also, if you are any good at foreign languages, Max Holzboer as "Taugwaldt." Max is an ice-hockey champion who has played against England, and who, I'm told (though I didn't actually see him doing it), also carried out some brilliant exploration work in the Arctic a short time ago.

Milton Kosner, who is good at films made on mountains, directs. I hope you saw the job he made of *The Great Barrier*.

By the way, even the continuity girl who went out with them repeatedly climbed to the summit of the Matterhorn; and twenty-four guides were continuously engaged in the work of bumping the heavy cameras and sound-equipment up and down.

It had better be good!

Singing Santa

And now, just because it's Christmas, let me get all sentimental for once.

Here is the inside story of the making of the film *Follow Your Star* at Pinewood, which is now completed.

On the day shooting was supposed to begin, the employees were warned that the production might have to be abandoned; none of them knew why.

Now it has transferred that, owing to the unsettled state of the industry, the financial backers of the company decided to postpone production; and this would have meant indefinitely, because Arthur Tracy, the star ("The Street Singer"), had to return to America to fulfill radio engagements.

Not A Word!

To cut a long story short, Tracy, realising that nearly four hundred people would be thrown out of work right in the Christmas season, decided to raise the necessary finance himself, which he did by Transatlantic cable; and the situation was saved. But he didn't breathe a word to the vastly-relied upon four hundred, and no one knew the truth until he had sailed for America.

*Follow Your Star?* Seems to me that's a star worth following.

It isn't every artiste from beyond the Atlantic who wins the approval of the studio staff; but Tracy, with his genial personality and unaffected manner, has certainly made himself very popular at Pinewood.

We shall look forward to his him with all the more interest, knowing that it's been the means of ensuring 400 British families having a Merry Christmas.

And the same to you!
THERE were a number of reasons why Walt Disney decided on *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* for his first full-length production. It was a folk tale known and beloved in practically every country in the world. The seven dwarfs were natural Disney characters. In them he could put all the piquant humour for which he is famous. With most of the action taking place in and around the dwarfs' cottage in the woods, there was plenty of opportunity for the introduction of appealing little bird and animal characters. Lastly, the human characters were fanciful enough for Walt's taste.

The idea crystallised in 1933 although no one — least of all Walt himself — can quite say how long the seed of the plan to make *Snow White* had been planted in his mind.

Some of his co-workers believe that the overwhelming success of *The Three Little Pigs* was what convinced him that the time was ripe to embark upon his first feature.

He didn't call his staff together and announce, "Boys, we're going to make a feature." He introduced the idea by the method of slow infiltration. He dropped it on everyone individually in the midst of casual conversations.

Most of his staff were a little afraid of the venture but were finally won over, not only by Walt's magnificent enthusiasm, but because they had to admit that he had always been right in the past. As a matter of fact, none of his staff liked the idea of *The Three Little Pigs*. It was Walt who battled for it and put it across.

By 1934 Walt's writers had worked out a fairly complete adaptation of the fairy tale — except for detailed action — and thousands of preliminary sketches, gags, backgrounds, character models, and stage settings had been drawn.

Most of them were discarded. The staff's ultimate decisions as to how the feature should be done were arrived at by the long and frequently discouraging trial and error method, for they had no previous experience upon which to draw. They were pioneering in every sense of the word.

A vast quantity of dialogue was written. Some of it was discarded, some of it kept. Scores of voices were tried out for the character of Snow White, the wicked Queen, the prince and the seven dwarfs. One of the most difficult pieces of casting was the voice for the mirror.

Those well-versed in their folk lore will remember how Snow White's vitriolic stepmother consulted her magic mirror whenever she wanted to know the truth about anything. Most people would agree that a mirror is decidedly a feminine object. In spite of this, the first mirror ever to have a speaking role in films will have a deep masculine voice.

There was much discussion among members of the casting department as to what sort of a voice it should have. Men's and women's voices both were tested, but a male voice was finally decided upon because it could more ably attain the mysterious sepulchral tone desired.

The same painstaking care was lavished on the sound effects and the men in charge of the department did doughty deeds in the cause of their "art."

They washed their faces all morning long, drank countless thick malted milks, and blew into water-filled bottles, all for the sake of their "art."

In one sequence of the picture, the dwarfs are shown going out to the water trough at the back of their woodland cottage, and washing their hands and faces with an unusual amount of gusto.

Although a piece of cellophane crushed between the fingers can generally be used to produce a perfect celery crunching noise and so on it was found that the only way to get the sound of shushing water over a face was to do just that.

There was also a soup-eating sequence where perfect sound effects were obtained by recording the process of noisily drinking a thick malt through a straw. None of the sound effects crew has any taste left for mashed milk.

"Hi-Ho," in the character of Dopey, was a song that by the time of shooting was practically impossible to keep in mind. With the coming of the "full" rhythm, a new character had to be created, and the lyrics of the song had to be completely and frequently changed.

The results of their labours included eight songs which will be heard in the picture, several of which are of such popular appeal that they should easily fall into the "hit" class.

The titles of the numbers are "The Wishing Well Song," "One Song," "With a Smile and a Song," "Whistle While You Work," "Hi-Ho," "The Wishing Song," "Some Day My Prince Will Come," and "Isn't This a Silly Song."

"Some Day My Prince Will Come" is the theme number of the entire production. Not only does Snow White sing it, but its haunting melody is used as a background for many of the romantic scenes. "One Song" is a tuneful ballad, is the prince's love song to Snow White.

"Whistle While You Work" and "Isn't This a Silly Song" are catchy nonsense tunes destined for high popular favour.

"Hi-Ho" is the theme song for the dwarfs. It is a lusty marching tune which they sing in going to and from their work.

"The Wishing Well Song" and "With a Smile and a Song" are ballads.

All of the numbers were written by Frank Churchill and Larry Morey of the Disney music department.

It wasn't until well into 1935 that the voices for Snow White and the dwarfs were finally decided upon and the detailed preparation of the story was in full swing. Models of the characters, also, were agreed upon — which made possible the beginning of experimental animation.

Over a quarter of a million dollars went into all this preliminary experimental work. The animators had to draw, discard, and re-draw until they arrived at a definite feeling for what actions were right for their characters. Background artists had to experiment until the right effects were evolved.

Actual animation began in 1936, and the cream of Disney's staff were taken off the short subjects and put to work on *Snow White*. These included directors, gag men, animators, layout men and background artists.

From the outset Disney and his staff realised that colour in the feature would have to be radically different from colour in the ten-minute *Silly Symphonies* and *Mickey's Mouses*. Thus, colour in *Snow White* will be subdued and subtle.

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We take you behind the scenes of the production of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, Walt Disney's first full-length cartoon feature in Technicolor, and show you the difficulties that had to be overcome. On the left you see Doc, Snow White, Happy and Sneezy, and on the right, Grumpy, Bashful, Sleepy and Dopey.

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Above: A scene modelled from Disney's cartoon figures and, right, models of *Snow White* and the seven dwarfs who will make one screen debut and then disappear for ever.
by contrast to the bright pure tones of the short subjects.

There is also a scope for a much wider range of emotions in a feature than there is in a short subject, which naturally means a wider colour range, as colours play an integral part in building up emotional reactions.

In *Snow White* Disney will not only use colour to explain his characters, but to explain points of the story as well. For instance, Doc and Grumpy, the two most dominant characters among the dwarfs, wear a rusted coloured jerkin and a dull magenta one respectively, in contrast to the grey and tan garments of the others. Doc wears the warm russet shade because he is a cherub-like individual, while the magenta definitely brands Grumpy as an irritable "wet blanket." Dopey, the slightly nit-wit member of the little band, wears a "dopey" colour scheme of saffron yellow doublet and greyed-lavender cap.

Because Snow White is the star of the piece, she is done in lighter colour values in order that she may stand out against any background. Her skin colouring is light, and the skirt of her gown is cream-coloured.

An example of the past colour plays in the action of the picture is seen in the sequence where the dwarfs discover that someone strange is in their little woodland house. As they cautiously mount the steps to their bedroom, eerie shadow masses of deep blues and blue-greens help to convey to the audience that the little men are sure there is some sort of a monster in the cottage.

When you see the picture in the early part of next year, you will find that, but for a few minor changes, the story clings closely to the Grimm's fairy tale.

Because of the demands of the motion picture medium, and also because Disney likes to eliminate the gruesome element as much as possible in his productions, the princess Snow White will not have to suffer quite so much at the hands of her wicked stepmother.

In the original tale, she almost died of being laced too tightly by the bad queen, and of having a poisoned comb run through her hair before she finally took a bite of the poisoned apple which finally put her into a bewitched sleep. In the Disney version, the queen only does one dastardly deed in this respect—and that is when she persuades Snow White to bite the apple.

In the original story, the ending finds the wicked queen dying a prolonged death by dancing at the princess's wedding in red hot iron shoes, all of which is not only blood-curdling reading, but doesn't make the princess out to be such a "nice" girl to permit such things!

In the picture, Snow White isn't in at the killing and the queen dies more neatly and quickly. The seven dwarfs chase her up and down a hill and dale or two and she topples over a precipice.

And talking of the dwarfs, people who know the famous cartoonist will find something about them that is very familiar—for six of them have his eyebrows. The Disney eyebrows have fascinated all of his co-workers who have ever sat in story conferences with him, for they wander about—shooting up or cascading down toward the bridge of his nose, helping to create more perfectly any expression Walt may choose to convey.

Therefore, when the dwarfs were being evolved all the artists working on them agreed that no more perfect eyebrows could be wished on them than those resembling Walt's. Thus, Doc, Sleepy, Dopey, Grumpy, Bashful all have black brows which swoop down or slant up with their varying moods. Happy is the only one who is different. His are white and bushy.

The artists responsible for these quaint and droll little men have become so attached to their brain children that they do not want to see them go into the discard following the making of *Snow White*.

Although the dwarfs are so likeable and funny that Disney almost weakened for a time, he has come to the definite conclusion that all of the characters in *Snow White* will have their hour in that picture and never appear again.

"I sincerely believe," Disney declares, "that it would be an anti-climax to put them in anything other than the production for which they were created."

Disney is already beginning work on his second feature, which will be a picturisation of the widely-read book, *Bambi*, by Felix Salten. It is the story of a deer.

Present plans call for one feature every two years. Walt feels that one a year would be possible but unwise because the quality might suffer.
HE bigger they are the harder they fall victim to the merciless ribbing of Wild Bill Wellman. Stars, celebrated comedians, producers, they all feel the lash of the director's words, and sometimes the sting of a well-placed shot from the air pistol he carries on the set. Some of them don't like it. But there are few, very few, who don't pretend to like it.

He talks this way: "Now Miss Chatterton—or may I call you Ruth?—let's try to put our little minds on this scene just once.

"Miss Stanwyck, why don't you bring your scrapbooks around some time? I'd like to see who it was that called you an actress.

"Please, please, Miss Stanwyck— every time you see a scene developing ask too much to do or scene like zees? Try to get your thoughts away from ze stock market, Miss Stanwyck! We have got some—ah—what in my country we call acting.

"Charlie (to Winninger) you old & $%^ja! snap out of it! Is your memory going back on you? Directing you is like trying to train a dog.

"Ah, you are magnificent, Miss Garbo—I mean Miss Bennett. Absolutely terrific. I might, if I were quite crazy, say that you are perfect. But let's try it again.

"Janet, darling—that scene smells.

"Bob (to Robert Taylor) you wrung my heart that time. Look—I'm weeping! What a scene! Why, you took me clear back to my days in the Brookline, Mass., high school dramatic club. If I had a fiddle, I would have played 'Hearts and Flowers,' if I could play a fiddle. Also if I had some bread I would have had a ham sandwich.

"Miss Lombard, I know it must be tough for any women to look into Freddie March's frozen puss and pretend to be in love with him. But close your eyes or something and let's do it just once more.

Now, a little private exposition is one thing, but a sarcastic bawling-out in front of an entire company, including technicians and visitors, is another. Stars do not like to lose face before lesser players. So they have only two courses: they can quit the picture or they can rib him right back.

It should be said here that none of the above-mentioned actors ever gave any indication of wanting to quit a Wellman picture. They can take it. Said the director: "They're practically all swell sports. Oh, I used to have a little trouble with a few... But don't mention their names, will you? They're washed up in pictures now.

"I've handled most of the people who are supposed to be difficult. We get along fine. Maybe they know by this time that anybody who isn't willing to check his dignity at the studio gate has no business in a Wellman picture. If they get in anyway, and don't like being kidded, we all just ignore 'em.

"By this time you have gathered that Wellman's treatment of players is a deliberate, routine procedure. He believes that formality and routine silences between scenes can result only in a certain stiffness and coolness in the scenes themselves. He wants to keep his actors on edge, stimulated and, if possible, cheerful. But he would rather have an actor keyed up by indignation than have him placid in an atmosphere of boredom. He says: "A little fun is the best possible tonic between scenes. These people are under plenty of tension once they face a camera.

Wellman is best known as a specialist in two types of films—stark, violent dramas and crazy comedies. A notable in-between, though, was A Man Marries, a Technicolor portrait of Hollywood which made its first million dollars in 74 days.

Wild Bill Wellman's first big success was Wings, in 1927. It started a cycle. So did Public Enemy, in 1931, still one of the best of all gangster pictures. He made other crime pictures, some comedies, dipped into near-obscenity in 1934-35, emerged into prominence in 1936 with Small Town Girl, a well-dressed piece of trivia, and zoomed to new fame—carrying Janet Gaynor with him—in A Star Is Born.

Soon to be released is Nothing Sacred, an item of film frivolity which, during production, was by all odds the best show in town. Wellman now is at work on Mem With Wings, which will be an epic or nothing, because it deals with the entire history of aviation.

The director is a combination tough-guy and softie. He says he hates all producers, although he himself wants to produce as well as direct. "When that time comes," he said, "I'll have a swell time hating myself.

However frazzled or busy, he always is pleasantly approachable. Never flares into genuine rages. He is idolized by all the lesser folk of Hollywood because he treats them as well, and in many cases better, than he treats the stars.

Treat 'Em Rough

"Wild Bill" Wellman's motto. He insults the screen's big stars—once kicked Carole Lombard not so gently—but he says it is all for their good and no one can say that he does not get results.

Sassy little extra curls trade banter with him. On Nothing Sacred, scenes sometimes were delayed by a ghastly chorus of electricians who'd hide in the catwalks and harmonise on derivative ditties about the boss, or the picture.

Instead of nagging at a jittery cast, he provides long rests and plenty of entertainment. On the last picture he hired a full-time piano player to help amuse the company. Wellman tells risqué stories, recites dubious poetry, ribs everybody, shoots out scores of incandescent lights
played a juvenile role in The Knickerbocker Buckaroo, with Douglas Fairbanks. As soon as he saw himself on the screen he determined to be a director. The road to a directorship led through jobs as messenger boy, property boy and several assistant directorships.

He has worked for almost every company. Public Enemy was made for Darryl Zanuck at Warner Brothers. When Zanuck went to Twentieth Century he hired Wellman to make Call of the Wild. The two quarrelled bitterly and Wellman never went back to that lot until about a year ago, when he had to direct a few scenes for A Star Is Born on a rented set at the studio.

When he reached the lot, Wellman picked up a rock and hurled it through a plate glass window. "That," he said, "is to let Zanuck know I'm back!"

Under contract to Metro, Wellman was asked to fill in on the direction of a troublesome Tarzan. He corrected but soon was embroiled in battles with Producer Phil Goldstone. The feud developed to the point where the director would leave if the producer appeared on the set.

Goldstone finally agreed to stay away, but Wellman found a way to rib him. Just before or just after a scene, while the camera was turning, Wellman would make barbed remarks which he knew would be heard by Goldstone when the latter saw the rushes. In one sequence Wellman pretended to be directing some crocodiles in a pool. He shouted: "Wake up, you lazy so-and-so! Show some animation! Appear horrified! Pretend you're looking at Goldstone!"

Two over-stuffed wrestlers repeatedly were tossed out of a ring into her lap. For an entire day, she and March wagered a stand-up knock-down fight. Came a time when March demurred at giving her a lusty kick. Said Wellman: "Aw, go on, Freddie. Boot her clear over on to the bed. Like this—" And Wellman, who often has said that he'll ask no player to do what he won't do himself, proceeded to demonstrate. The hoyden Lombard only whooped.

There's a good deal of silver in his curly black hair. Has been for years. But he'll shoot at a star: "Why do you keep on in this business? Why do you accept money for what you do, and continue to impose on good, conscientious actors and directors? Look at me! Look! I never had a grey hair until I started working with you three weeks ago!"

Wellman has been a fighter ever since he ran away from home and high school to join an ambulance corps when the war began in Europe. From there he went into the French Foreign Legion, then into the French Flying Corps. He was a combat pilot with the Black Cat squadron. He received a Croix de Guerre with four gold palms, five citations, numerous bullet wounds and a broken back. Invalided home, he recovered sufficiently to accept a commission and help teach Americans to fly.

In 1919, Wellman came to Hollywood and

A GREAT ROMANCE

One of the greatest romances in screen history has been the rise of Anna Neagle from chorus girl to Britain's most popular star, and also Herbert Wilcox's amazing success with the first picture of Queen Victoria to be made—"Victoria the Great."

Next week we publish an exclusive story which not only gives you an insight into the career of Anna Neagle, but also takes you on the recent triumphant tour of Canada and America with the star and producer.

It has been especially written for Picturegoer by Richard Haustier, the well-known film critic and writer, who accompanied Herbert Wilcox on his journey and was present at the various receptions, banquets and premières of the picture which took place.

It is a story of great interest, intimate and fully descriptive, and helps you to appreciate the success achieved by both the picture and its star.
YOU always want to look your best; that's natural. But if there is one time of year when it is more important than any other, it's at Christmas-time, when parties and dances and theatricals give you a chance to show off your attractions in a way that the rest of the year can't rival.

To begin with a few general hints; ordinary make-up is very much the same all the year round; but common-sense suggests that you allow in the winter for a little harsher weather; it's no use expecting to look your best suddenly at a Christmas party if your skin is chapped and roughened.

No amount of make-up slapped on to a scaly skin will hide its blemishes; the proper thing, therefore, is to prepare the ground by taking a little more care in advance than you would at other times of the year.

If you must drive about in an open car or on a motor-cycle pillon, or otherwise expose your face to strong cold winds, at least take this precaution.

On going to bed at night, clean your face thoroughly with a good cleansing cream; next warm-up a little almond-oil, pat it on your face, and leave it on for about fifteen minutes.

Then clean it off with the cleansing cream; you will find it very efficacious in preventing chapping.

As to your actual make-up, there are certain general rules for making the most of your good qualities and minimizing your drawbacks, and it might be timely to go over some of them now.

First as to the colour of your powder; if you are a natural blonde, you would be well advised to avoid a mauvish tint; under a strong light, such as you may encounter at a dance, use an orchid shade or pale green.

If, on the other hand, you have a creamy tinted skin, use "banana" powder or "lettuce green"; and this applies also to those whose skin is sallow.

Those with dark skin should use a dark rose or apricot shade. For evening a pale mauve-coloured powder is excellent.

In the matter of cheek rouge, this should be somewhat accentuated for brighter lighting—but it should still be blended with great care if it is to be at all convincing.

In fact, the more you put on, the more careful you have to be to avoid that "painted" look.

Rouge, besides lending an attractive colour, is useful in altering the apparent proportions of the face; and here are some general rules for its application.

The girl with a wide face should bring her rouge well in towards the nose, and a tiny touch of rouge on the tip of her chin will have the effect of lengthening her face.

If your nose is larger than you think the rest of your face warrants, keep your rouge well away from it and towards the sides of your face, and the same applies to the long-faced girl, who will find this handicap largely discounted if she keeps her rouge well back towards her ears.

Are your cheek-bones high? If so, bring the rouge a little less far back, and if, as often happens, your high cheekbones are accompanied by a corresponding hollowness of the cheeks, keep your rouge well out of the hollows, for under artificial light the rouge will resemble shadows, and make you look gaunt.

If your face is oval in shape, start with your rouge at the corner of the eye and bring it downward and if you have natural dark shadows under the eyes, bring your rouge well up towards the eye.

Now a word as to the choice of rouge.

Blondes should use a light, pale shade, with a faint touch of orange in it, whereas mauvish tints are better for the brunette.

If your skin is sallow, use a tangerine shade, or, under artificial lights, geranium.

The brown-haired girl also may use a geranium rouge, but coral is better for the red-head.

A safe general rule for lipstick is to choose one matching the cheek-rouge, or at least harmonising with it.

Now for a few hints that are more particularly "Christmasy".

A great many people find some of their best fun in parties, where dressing-up games, such as charades, are played, and the fun is greatly increased if a certain amount of theatrical make-up is used.

Some hostesses have a "dressing-up room" in which all the available materials for hastily improvised fancy-dress are placed beforehand, and quite frequently some make-up is provided.

Nowadays, in the film world, we do not use the old-fashioned type of grease-paint stick; we use either Max Factor preparations, or, if we do use grease-paint, it comes in tubes and is put on "dry"—that is to say, on a dry skin, free from grease.

However, at a Christmas party you are likely to find only the old-fashioned sticks, which are available at the sixpenny stores, and these require a little care in handling.

Unless there are two other things handy—cold cream and a soft towel or rag—give the grease-paint a wide berth.

A large tin of theatrical cold cream of reputable make costs very little; spread a thin layer of cream over the face and rub lightly in before applying the grease-paint, and when it is time to remove it, apply another liberal coating of cold cream and wipe the whole mess off with the towel or soft rag I mentioned.

As you value your Christmas happiness, and your skin, do not use soap and water to wash off your make-up. I have known enthusiastic revellers to try this, with disastrous results.

As to the actual use of the make-up, if you are really seriously interested, you will find that the toy-and-games departments of most of the large stores, where make-up is sold, have an inexpensive booklet giving general rules.

As the essence of such Christmas make-up is usually speed, however, you are unlikely to require more than a red nose for a topaz-yellow skin and slant-eyes for a Chinaman, and so forth; the subtleties of the art would be completely wasted and you must not hold up the festivities while you put on an elaborate make-up.

When you come to the use of crepe-hair, be careful. Use a good spirit gum, but not too much of it, and keep it off your fingers. The sight of an "old man" struggling to disconnect his fingernail scissors, or serious theatricals from the end of his beard while the rest of the cast are impatiently urging him to "hurry up" is one of the most pathetic I know.

And here are two tips; in using spirit-gum, have some sort of contraption that will prevent it upsetting, and, if you want to remain friends with your husband, don’t drop bits of greasepaint on her carpets!

All the foregoing refers to a Christmas "rag"; when we come to serious theatricals, we are on somewhat different ground.

If you are playing a "character" part, take the trouble to study make-up; it will be worth it. Unfortunately, I have no space to descant upon it here.

But if you are playing a "straight" part, use your ordinary street make-up, somewhat exaggerated. It is unlikely that the lighting employed will necessitate more than this.

Good luck to your parties! I hope you will have a good time!
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Thank you and the same to you, Miss Colbert. Claudette hopes to enjoy a Christmas holiday after completing "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," in which she is co-starred with Gary Cooper. She will also be seen shortly in "Tovarich."

Wishing my friend in England through "Picturegoer" - a veryHappy Holiday Season
Claudette Colbert
Robert Douglas and Joan Gardner are featured in this drama of mountaineering, which is based on a true-life tragedy.

Above: Director Milton Rosner took a unit to the Swiss Alps to shoot the mountain scenes. Right: Robert Douglas as Ed. Wyner, the man who first climbed the Matterhorn.

Above: The camera crew fortify themselves at a wayside tavern before climbing the mountain.

Right: The unit returns to its base after shooting on the lower slopes of the Matterhorn.

Story conference: Milton Rosner discusses the script with an assistant.
We don't know whether Nelson Eddy is being greedy, or if he's just a believer in safety in numbers, but, either way, he seems quite happy about it as he strolls in the studio grounds, between scenes, with this bevy of beauty.

Regal sophistication is the keynote of this gown worn by Joan Fontaine in “Damsel in Distress.”

Left: Rosalind Russell is one of Hollywood’s champion draughts players. She seems to have Walter Pidgeon on the ropes here.

How it’s done. Anna May Wong is prepared for a scene in which she has to appear as if she has been caught in the rain.
Marie Walewska, though she subsequently comes to love Napoleon, at first resents his advances.

Right: The Emperor's life is not all love making—Napoleon plans his escape from Elba.

Above: After the debacle the faithful Countess Walewska joins her lover in exile in Elba, with their son.

Right: In order to further the political interests of her native Poland, Marie consents to become the Emperor's mistress.
Greta Garbo adds another to the growing list of her portrayals of the classic female fatales of history and literature as the Polish Countess Walewska, who captivated the great Napoleon and became his mistress. Charles Boyer achieves the ambition of many film actors by playing the Emperor. The film was directed by Clarence Brown—the seventh he has made with Garbo.
NEW FACES for OLD

Continuing “Beauty and the Stars,” a romance of thirty years of films seen through the eyes of Max Factor, the famous beauty expert. To be continued next week.

Dorothy Mackail was one of the feminine stars for whom the make-up artist designed a bobbed coiffure, far in advance of the general adoption of this style of hairdress.

Max Factor’s daily routine was to call at the make-up rooms of every picture studio. He is seen here on one of the latter calls, doing the make-up for that glamour girl of yesterday, Betty Compson.

Monte Blue was a ranking star among the masculine players. He is seen here, complete with a Max Factor scar, in a role greatly similar to the one so sensationally played many years later by Paul Muni in his terrifying portrayal of the great American gangster, “Scarface.”

Ann Pennington joined the exodus from the stage to the cinema, and brought her refreshing dance routines and comedienne portrayals to several pictures between her Broadway appearances.

Press agents made the public conscious of the cute lip-puckerin g mannerism of Mae Murray by labelling them “bee-stung”—but it was Max Factor, and not a bee, who was really responsible for this eye-catching feminine foible.

Bessie Love enters the cinematic scene, and captures the fancy of the film-going public with her sweetly naive charm. Factor created, not only the studio and society make-up of Miss Love, but was the designer of the distinctive bobbed coiffure which was such a novelty at the time.
George Formby has come to the fore among British film funsters in the last year or so. His new picture, an ice-skating comedy, seems certain at least to possess the merit of novelty.

Kay Walsh, the star’s leading lady, looks as if she might give Sonja Henie a little healthy competition.
who looks as though she has been brought up on milk baths, millionaires' yachts and moonshine, has a background of orthodox and unromantic as any girl of good middle-class family who has ever been brought up in a provincial town.

Her road to success has been built on hard, hard work and two very lucky breaks. There is no romance "starving in a garret" or "running away from home" in Linden's life.

She was born in Newcastle twenty-three years ago. As a tiny child she would insist on reciting long poems to all the Travers' family parties. As she grew older she would write and play short plays for her sisters and herself to act in.

But this interest in acting was no more developed than in any imaginative girl who likes to express herself in this way. There was no thought of a stage or screen career for Linden then.

She went to school at a Newcastle convent where she became a model pupil, excelling at games and working studiously hard. She was a great favorite with her schoolmates, and at thirteen even dallied with the idea of taking the veil herself. She was a leading light in the school dramatic society and played many parts herself, coaching the younger girls painstakingly.

As she grew older she had to think about choosing a career. And here she didn't hesitate. She knew that she had a great gift for teaching and a very sincere love for children. A school teacher would become.

And then she had the idea of opening her own school for acting, elocution and drawing, all subjects in which she excelled.

After becoming head girl of the Convent, and walking off with a number of prizes, Florence Linden Travers (she has dropped the Florence now) left to open her school.

So there she was at seventeen with a school and thirty pupils, working so hard that she had no time for the relaxations that most "buds" of that age indulge in.

If it hadn't been for the big music festival, which is held yearly in Newcastle, Linden might still have been teaching small children how to broaden their "a's" and the glamorous film actress might never have existed. She thought that it would be good for her school if one of the pupils entered for the dramatic recitation section of the contest but could find no pupil willing to face the ordeal. So Linden had no alternative but to enter herself.

She gave a piece of dialogue from Barrie's Quality Street, playing the part of Phoebe, and walked off with the first prize right before the eyes of two hundred judges.

While she was telling me about this, she surprised me by saying that she would rather play a Barrie heroine role than any other. It amazed me to think of this exotic beauty, who is essentially modern and sophisticated, owning a vast theatrical and whimsical heroine of Barrie's plays.

After her triumph in this competition, Linden's friends begged her to consider her time in a school of elocution and suggested that she took up the stage as a career.

And then Linden realised that this must be what she had been waiting for all these years. All that hard work in elocution and acting classes, all the producing and acting in plays at school and home. It had only been to help her in her real career.

So she joined the Newcastle Repertory Theatre. And although she never played in repertory knows what hard work it is and how little spare time it allows the players. And was it until she had been with the theatre for twelve months that she got a free week up to play the ingenue lead in Ivor Novello's Murder in Mayfair.

So the little nineteen-year-old girl from Newcastle stepped into a leading role in a big West End show. It sounds almost like a fairy story. But it was really true. Linden, although she had been a tremendous success, felt dissatisfied with herself. Always as critical of herself as of any of her pupils, she felt that she needed more experience to really make good in London.

So, forgetting for the time that she was now a West End star, she joined a Birmingham repertory company and had a vigorous six months there.

When she returned, her agent found her work in one or two quota pictures. But she didn't set the Thames on fire in any of them, simply because they didn't offer her sufficient scope.

These folk, however, did lead to a Hollywood offer, but Linden said that she would prefer to postpone her Hollywood trip until she was really established in English films.

Her big chance came when she met Edmund Greville, the clever young English director of the continental success Renowned, at a party. He was just going to start work on Brief Encounter with Paul Lukas, and he offered the leading role opposite the Hollywood star to Linden Travers.

Lucky... I'll say she is. But there is something behind all that luck. Directly you meet her you know that she has got something that the general run of young actresses have never heard of. And it is not sex appeal either, although she has loads of that, too. It is an intelligence and an understanding which I can only assume she gained when she was a school teacher in Newcastle.

Lovely Linden, the local girl who had made good in a big way... and in a short time...
Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of United Artists.

Ed admired the baby and hung a gold and turquoise locket round her neck.

The mere idea was frightening, heartrending. Seizing Laurel, who, reacting to the raised voices, had begun to cry from her father's arms, Stella hugged her, murmuring fiercely: "No one in the whole world shall take you away from Mummy; no one!"

Nevertheless, as the years went by and Stephen spent more and more time in New York, she found that she had to spare Laurel to spend school vacations with him. She must give something up for the handsome allowance Stephen made his wife. But she did see that Laurel in character was growing like her father. Laurel was fond of study and picture galleries, fastidious about her clothes, which she liked without the garish touches which Stella considered essential.

None of the less, the child was completely satisfied, on her thirteenth birthday, with the blue party frock with handkerchief of which Stella had made, with an iced cake for the dozen children who were expected to tea.

The table was set, the coloured maid instructed to announce the guests, and Stella and her mother waited. Twice the front-door bell rang, twice the telephone. Finally it proved to be a message from guests, starting with Miss Phillibrown, Laurel's favourite tipster, and one who regretted their inability to come.

An hour passed. Still no one had arrived. Gradually the truth, but not the whole truth, dawned upon her. Laurel was coming, but Stella's self-confidence would not admit the real reason. Had she stopped to think that, a few days ago, she and Ed Munn, travelling together on a local train, had met the respectable society of Millhampost which would have criticised as a thoroughly vulgar manner, Stella might have reined in her expression, in their eyes as children's hostess.

Gradually her loudness of costume, untidiness in the house, and lack of interest in most things except clothes, steadily continued to cause others to shut their eyes. Not that Stella would have minded for herself, but she could see that Laurel was growing away from her. Stephen was friendly with a family named Morrison in New York, where the eldest boy, one of three, was Laurel's age. One Easter he took her to the Morrison home at Beacon Hill for a visit. Stella packed a frock, a riding helmet and riding kit in the smart new trunk, and uneasily waited for the girl's return.

Ed, owing to a run of bad luck, had taken to turning up frequentiy at Stephen's club, and when Laurel came in, obviously disappointed not to find Stella alone. He took her to the window, promising to come back later to "tie on the nosebag," as he expressed it. "Blodys has gone," Stella explained, to the empty kitchen. "I've been saving enough out of her wages to pay a deposit on a small place, "

(Continued on page 22)
Stella Dallas—Continued

Darling! You shouldn't have. You must have it all back. I don't need a fur coat. Besides, none of the girls I met at Mrs. Morrison's are allowed to have them yet."

"Oh! Tell me about Mrs. Morrison. What's she like?"

"She's lovely. She reminds me of a flower I once saw—pale and delicate, and strong, too. I don't know what you call it."

"Gracious, Lollie! I don't care what kind of a flower she looks like. Is she tall or short, dark or light, fat or thin? How old is she?"

"She doesn't seem any special age. She's like one of those goddesses in my mythology book that way."

"Well I never! And how did your father happen to meet this goddess? Has she a husband?"

"No, he died. Didn't I write you?"

"A little, but I couldn't be sure, he didn't read, is he? Well, that's convenient."

"No, it isn't a bit convenient, because when Mr. Morrison died he left lots of houses and horses and money, and Mrs. Morrison has to look after them all by herself. She said she wouldn't know what to do without father to help and advise her."

So that was how the land lay? Stephen had never told her that, before his father's financial crash, he had intended to marry Helen. But Stella knew quite enough to feel anxious. Self-satisfaction was pierced. She saw that if she wanted to hold Stephen at all and keep Laurel, the wedding must improve. Helen was missing Stephen. Going Christmas Eve the house was shining with cleanliness and polish and the decorated tree in the living-room. Just that, just as Laurel was expected, Ed should come in literally replete with the Christmas spirit and carrying an enormous turkey which he would insist on putting into the lighted gas-o ven head, feet and all. She managed to keep him out of Laurel's way, when Stephen also appeared, very charming and rather apologetic. Could he take Laurel to the music room for Christmas? His train left in an hour. While Laurel ecstatically packed a suitcase, Stephen said:

"The place looks awfully nice, Stella, and the tree. I'm afraid you had plans."

"I didn't like to write about them, but I did think we'll all three be together for once in a while. You see, I knew you'd be coming to see Laurel. . . ."

"Of course. I'm awfully sorry now I see all you've done. It didn't occur to me before; but why should you spend Christmas alone just because I've been acting so selfishly? There must be a later train to Beacon Hill. I'll phone and see."

His hand was on the telephone book and Stella's heart quickened faster than it had done in years when a too familiar voice was followed by the too familiar figure of Ed at the rolling stage of inertia. She thought to have successfully pushed him out of the back door but just there he was stuttering out his satisfaction at having come back and declaring he wished he'd never brought the turkey.

Stephen said he was going to take Laurel out, when Ed had staggered out, seeing he was not wanted, he said quietly: "I'm sorry, Stella, but if you take the next train would it be too late?"

Bitterness ate into her when Stephen and Laurel had gone. Later, when Stephen's solicitor tentatively suggested divorce proceedings in case either Stella or her husband wished to re-marry, she said to her mother, which Stella was still making her a good allowance. On it she intended, now Laurel had left school, to give her a good time at an expensive hotel. Stephen was not to be the only person to launch Laurel in good society.

The hotel was chosen, but an ill-timed chill kept Stella in bed for the first week of the stay.

"And me with a trunk full of new clothes. That's just itching to get next to," she moaned when Laurel, looking delightful in tennis kit, came into the bedroom. "And I bet Richard Grosvenor's mother, who wanted so much to meet Mrs. Dallas. "She says she would love to come and see you while I'm at the polo this afternoon with Richard," Laurel said.

What? Mrs. Grosvenor see me for the first time in my nightgown! No, Lollie, I couldn't; but you go to the polo. No sense in us being both cooped up. Yes, you see, with your sweet blue jacket. I love you in that. And when I'm up again we'll have Mrs. Grosvenor and her Richard to dinner."

An overwhelming wish to meet the mother of the boy who was obviously attracted to her, overtook Mrs. Grosvenor dressed with the intention of finding Mrs. Grosvenor somewhere in the hotel grounds. For the meeting she let imagination run riot over her favourite combination of patterned voile and white fox. An upstanding cat crouching to the back of peroxidized curls, heavy make-up, bangs, kid gloves, chocolate lips, sandals completed the effect as she strolled into the gardens, having tentatively tipped a bellboy for the tennis courts. Laurel in character was growing like her mother and the fond study of picture galleries . . . fascinations about her clothes. . . .

Flattered at the glance of more than one guest, she covered the entire hotel premises in a fruitless search. Spending by the bar, she failed to notice Laurel among the returned cycling party, who suspended chatter over sundries and when whips of wits discovered another and look at the woman they didn't know was Laurel's mother. Stephen couldn't have been more surprised as she entered the bedroom, that something was seriously wrong.

"From Lollie? Why on earth?"

"Mother, we're going home."

"What's the matter? What happened? Ah, I know! You had a quarrel with your young man."

"Mother—please!"

Stella pleaded, coaxed, cajoled, but finally, as all to no avail, she said, Lying awake in the lower bank of the sleeper that evening, Stella heard feminine voices. Two young women from the hotel who had boarded the train at the last moment, could be heard in the adjoining compartment discussing a late fellow-guest. "Paint an inch thick," the derisive voice pursued. "She's such a snob and can't even comb her hair! What a fright! Know who she was? Laurel Dallas's mother."

"Laurel Dallas! It's that pretty little girl Dick Grosvenor's been running after? How weird for her to have such a common-looking parent among them. She was not one to think Dick Grosvenor's father long. I'm afraid."

"Then when Mrs. Grosvenor hears about it."

Tears welled from Stella's eyes deeper welling tears, Stella, in her nightgown, slipped down from the bunk above. "It's only up here, Mum. I want to have a little talk here and cuddle with you," she entreated.

The following week, Stella, for the first time since her marriage, and a little awed of smoothness, stood in the dignified hall of the Morrison home. She was not kept long waiting. A woman who might have answered to Laurel's description of a flower—slender, quietly dressed with smooth, undulationswards her.

"I'm Mrs. Morrison. Won't you come in, Mrs. Dallas?"

"No, I don't feel too bother you, but what I have to say won't take long I needn't sit down, really."

"That may sound as if you're not very comfortable. This is my snuggery. We shan't be disturbed. It's very stylish."

"Just a bit too stuffy. Don't."

"But for once Stella was not interested in revealing the result of her elaborate handwork. Fidgeting between her and the sofa, she hurried to the point: "I wanted to ask if—Stephen were free—and I got a divorce with my lawyer wanted —would you two get married?"

"Mrs. Dallas, we would, I'm sorry it's unpleasant, but I'd rather tell you the truth."

"And Laurel would you take her, too?"

"Of course I'm going to! I'm married, no! I'm a mother. I could never even think of asking a woman to part from her little girl."

"I'm not, if it was unkind of you to her mother to have her. I mean, there's so much Lollie should be doing just now.—Going to parties, getting to know the right people. You see, if you married Stephen your name would be Mrs. Dallas, too, and when you were brought out, Dick might think Lollie was your child You're a mother! She might be proud of you."

"Of course we'll have her, but I never knew anyone so unsellish," Helen Morrison said gently. The words comforted Stella, though they could not enable her to break the news to Laurel. When ultimately the child left home, it was ostensibly for a visit to an old school friend. Helen and Stephen, now married, had promised to do the explaining.

Alas! after Laurel had gone, Stella, over the pages of her magazine in the midst of a thorough discussion of the latest fashions, she quite refused to tidy, pictured the child and tried to imagine her replacing Stella. It was a bit of a struggle to humbly now, and secretly admiring Laurel's innate refinement, never imagined for one moment that the idea should occur to her. Stella. She read it a pain which would allow no alleviating sweetness in the knowledge that she would succeed.

"Laurel decided she would rather live with you. Expect her this afternoon." The message held only anxiety for Stella, determined as she had never been before upon the child's good. Dressing hurriedly for the street, she rang and knocked at the door of Ed Mann's apartment and asked to see him. The landlady looked thoroughly concerned as she opened the door to the drunken woman where her eyes, still half opened his eyes. Heavily.

"Look, I still live in the same flat. Take this cash. Get yourself a Turkish bath and a shave, and come and see me again?"

"I get it, Stell." She re-entered the apartment, flowed and flashed of sprightliness as well as paint on her face as she felt herself being hugged. "My yarnummy darling! Oh mother!"

"Why, Lollie! Well, whatever brought you here?"

"If I could ever live without you," Stella disengaged herself from the clinging arms. Well, now, I show you're right. I'll have the child back rather been with your father. Put these in water for me. You Remember Ed Mann. He gave them. Fix them nicely now, before he gets here."

"Mother, you don't mean that you don't mean that you lover's eyes, from which the brightness had faded, stared out on her flats on the cheap photo of Ed, above the fireplace. Stella had supposed the poor girl and not the least piece in expectation of this moment. Laurel went into the scullery and was seen to be washing dishes. Stella, in the armchair, was pretending to read. "Mother," the girl began, "are you going to see me?"

"Don't."

"I've remembered, a long time ago, we said—and you promised that—Lollie, all right. I know what you want. I'm sorry, but I tell you something. I've spent the best years of my life on you, and a woman wants to have a mother, you know—or you will know when you're grown up. You can't expect anything to a child. Now run along."

The harsh words told. When Stella dared to raise her head from the book, Laurel was gently closing the door. Under a policeman to go, a woman still lingering by the raisings beneath the kindly uncertain, Stephen, once more. Mr. Richard Grosvenor was being married to Miss Laurel Dallas. "Let me see them kiss," she entreated. The guards, standing around were spoken. Beneath the flimsy cloud of her veil, the bride received the greetings. "You've seen enough. Clear the pavement," the policeman commanded. With tears in her eyes she touched at her heart, Stella, the mother, moved on.
REVIEWS
by Lionel Collier

100 MEN AND A GIRL
NE of the most enter-
ingering and one which combines music and comedy with a good degree of conviction and human interest.

Deanna Durbin shows to even better advantage than she did in her first feature Three Smart Girls. Her acting ability has strengthened and she is in excellent voice.

The part of a young girl, daughter of an out of work musician who succeeds in getting an orchestra of unemployed men conducted by a famous conductor, suits her and she makes the character human and natural. Adolphe Menjou has not a great deal to do as her father but he, too, turns in a sound character study.

As a young flautist, Mischa Auer is noticeably good and some excellent comedy is supplied by Alice Brady, the brainless socialite and Eugene Palette as her husband who is tricked into sponsoring the unemployed orchestra.

The comedy moments are exceedingly good and while full dramatic licence has been exercised in the credibility of the plot, it has real human feeling behind it and well drawn recognisable characters.

The film is mainly classical and well rendered. Deanna Durbin sings Mozart’s “Hallelujah” excellently and Leopold Stokowski, the famous conductor who appears in person and makes quite a hit as an actor, conducts brilliantly.

This is a film I can strongly recommend to all picturegoers.

THE LAST GASTNER

- Edward G. Robinson is seen again in a gangster role in this melodrama which is rather heavy handed in treatment and contains some unnecessary cruelty such as the torturing of a child by ruthless gangmen.

The picture, mostly hackneyed in situation, is held together mainly by the acting of the star who can always be relied upon to turn in a sound characterisation.

He is cast as a gangster who is imprisoned for evasion of the income tax laws just after he had learnt that his wife was going to have a baby. He had married an innocent girl, ignorant of his career, solely for the protection of his son.

He has to serve a ten-year “stretch” and when his wife discovers about his past she refuses to bring the baby to the prison. She is helped to find a job by a reporter who eventually marries her.

At the end of the ten years the gangster comes out of prison eager for revenge on his wife but he is trapped by his fellow gangsters who torture him to try and make him confess where he had hidden his hoard of money. They kidnap his child and by ill-treating the boy gain the knowledge they want.

Having collected it they turn the pair loose. The gangster fails to convince the boy that he is his father but takes him back home where he is reunited with the man he believes to be his parent.

The gangster, all thoughts of vengeance gone, walks out into the night. He is held up by a man whose brother he had murdered and who threatens to inform the world who his son really is if he will not shoot it out with guns and both are killed.

James Stewart is sympathetic as the reporter and a newcomer from Vienna, Rose Stradner makes a strong impression as the gangster’s wife.

Lionel Stander is extremely good as a gunman who turns on his chief when he comes out of prison.

Some of the characters are poorly drawn and the scenes in prison are realistic.

UN CARNET DE BAL

- A new French picture, appearing at Studio No. 1, Oxford Street, which should prove as big a success as did La Rermesse Héroïque, although it is of a totally different type.

Basically it is a series of little dramatised scenes introduced in an ingenious manner and enacted by an all star cast.

Marie Bell acts brilliantly as a middle-aged woman who is left friendless on her wealthy husband’s death and on looking at an old dance programme and seeing the names on it determines to travel and find out what has happened to the owners. She had attended this first ball, when she was only sixteen and looked back on it as a vision of all that was beautiful; actually it had been a very ordinary dance in a provincial town hall.

The first man she visits she discovers is dead and that his mother is mad, still believing him to be alive.

This role is brilliantly played by Marie Bell.

Her next visit is to a man who has become the proprietor of a fast cabaret, and a thief. He is arrested as a result of old times with his visitor. Louis Jouvet gives a fine rendering of this character.

He is a great and gentle host who had once loved the widow and Pierre Blanchere is brilliant as an immoral doctor and helps her get back to the depths in a Chinese port.

In lighter vein there is Raimu as a prosperous provincial mayor who when his wife finds he is about to marry her cook. A delightful piece of comedy this.

Delon also supplies a lighter motif as a hairdresser in the widow’s birthplace. It is he who takes her to a ball, and the ball scene which sent her on her wanderings.

Thoroughly disillusioned she returns home and is persuaded by a friend to visit the last named man on the dance programme—the man with whom she felt she had been in love.

She goes and finds he has been a dead week and left a penniless son. She has him as the boy and the widow closes on a scene in which she is about to take him to his first ball—a very important occasion.

James Stewart’s direction is masterly. The human touches he introduces and his brilliance of his pictorial development make him one of the most notable pictures of the year.

On the Screens Now

- VICTORIA THE GREAT

Radio, British U. Historical drama, Run: 112 minutes.

Anna Neagle....Queena Victoria
Anton Walbrook....Prince Consort
Walter Pigeon...Mary Morris
H. B. Warner....Duchess of Kent
Eugene Pallette....Lesbian
Orson Welles....Charles
Jean Piatie...a Consolatore Libero
C. V. France...Archbishop of Canterbury
James Cagney....Charles Carson
Dirty Ray....Sir Robert Peel
Hervéủy....Lord Wellington
Felix Aylmer....Lord Palmerston
Arthur Young....Glade.png
Debbie Durkin....Margaret
Henry O'Neill....Horace
Paul Lettsom....Baron Stockmer
Peter Coates....Prince Leopold
Directed by Herbert Wilcox. Premier March 28, 1937.

This brilliant historical production adds greatly to the prestige of British pictures as well as providing an outstanding film of the story of a great queen and a great era in our history.

The screen cast is exceedingly good and Herbert Wilcox has succeeded in getting a degree of intimacy which is especially pleasing. The work has at times forced his artists to understate, but that is a minor fault in an otherwise entirely laudable piece of production.

Anna Neagle manages to bring out the woman in the Queen and so enhance her sympathy in her character.

We first see her being called upon to be Queen by Lord Melbourne, and there follows the scene of her Coronation, which is a brilliant piece of spectacular stagecraft.

Then comes her romance with her cousin Prince Albert.

Coburg and Gotha.

It is the unfolding of this romance and culminating in the early death of the Prince Consort which lifts the picture above the purely documentary and makes it a story charming in every act.

More domestic in character are the sequences which show how Albert, at first prevented from helping the Queen in any of her State affairs, gradually becomes her co-partner and works with her for the benefit of her people and the country as a whole.

One of the most dramatic episodes occur when the royal couple defy Lord Palmerston, and he is ordered to send a note to the Americans which would probably have meant war.

Albert re-drafts the note, and later, worn out with his labours, collapses and dies. The film ends with the coronation of his son and the jubilee and reception of the Indian Princes are exceedingly well done.

- CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS


Spencer Tracy....Captain Hornblower
Lionel Barrymore....Dicko
Melvyn Douglas....Bobby
Charlie Grapewin....Uncle Salliers
Charles Winninger....Jason
John Carradine....Long Jack
Wallace Beery....Jack La Rue
John Miljan. Freund
Donald Crisp. Surveyor
Sam McDaniel. Boy

For Spencer Tracy’s performance and for this brilliant sea setting, this picture fully deserves the highest stellar marking.

Spencer Tracy draws an unforgettable character study as a Portuguese fisherman, and the picture, directed with its letter, of Rudyard Kipling’s work.

Freddie Bartholomew also gives one of his best performances to date as Harpo, and another financial magnate who believes that money can buy everything.

Realising at last that the boy is well on the way to be a pig, liar, and a snob, his father resolves to take him back to school which is the way to Europe, Harvey falls into the Atlantic.

Lucky enough, however, by Manuel, a fisherman, and taken aboard Disko’s schooner, We’re Here. Many members of the crew feel kindly towards him, and sets an example in fortitude, courage, which makes an indelible impression on Harvey’s receptive mind.

Later, Manuel is killed during a race with Disko and another schooner, but Harvey, although severely shaken up at the loss of his hero, determines to get on life on the same lofty lines, following his reunion with his father.

Filmed as the skipper of the We’re Here, and John Carradine is very good as Long Jack. Another excellent characterisation is given by the finely cast Melvyn Douglas is well cast as the too indulgent father who nearly swamps his son, Mickey Rooney is seen to advantage.

- WEE WILLIE WINKIE

TELEPHOTO, “U” certificate, Romantic drama. Run: 97 minutes.

Shirley Temple....Wee Willie Winkie
Victor McLaglen....Sergeant MacDuff
C. Aubrey Smith....General
Joyce Williams....Lady
Michael Whalen....Copy (Lion, Branston)
Cesar Romero....Commander
Constance Collier....Mrs. Allardyce
Humphrey Bogart....Hooton
Gavin Muir....Captain Biddleborough

(Continued on page 24)
I have given this picture two stars solely on the strength of Shirley Temple's performance, which is definitely good, but the subject matter and plot development generally is entirely weak and unbelievable.

Briefly, the plot shows how a little girl, grand-daughter of the colonel of a Scottish regiment, is instrumental in making him and a Pathan chieftain, Khoda Khan, give up making war on each other.

While this is the main theme, most of the picture is taken up with the heroine's friendship for Sergeant MacMuffin, who is eventually killed in a border scrap.

There is an attempt to introduce a Scottish regiment, having the colonel's widowed daughter-in-law fall in love with one of his officers, but it never comes to anything. Emlyn Williams and Kirk Douglas, Kipling left in this puerile picturisation, which has some sound spectacular sequences, but not enough to recommend it.

The best performance is given by Cesar Romero as Khan; a dignified and well-thought-out characterization.

Victor McLaglen is suitably tough and rough as the sergeant, and his Scottish accent is, to say the least, of that uncertainty.

**WHO'S YOUR LADY FRIEND?**


CAST

Frances Day, Lulu
Vic Oliver, Dr. Mangold
Betty Stockfield, Mrs. Mangold
Ronald Brent, Fred
Felion, Mimi
Frederick Rawalow, The Cabby
Harold Goodwin, the QC
Sarah Churchill, the Maid
Melville Gracen, the QC
Directed by Carol Reed from a story by Julius Hold.

Brezzy, Viennia-type farce which skates successfully over thin ice and manages to be provocative in its inept situations.

Romney Brent, who appears capable of filling any part he is called on to play with equal equanimity and success, is excellent as Fred, secretary to Dr. Mangold, famous plastic surgeon, who is sent by his employer to meet Yvonne Fatigue, a wealthy new patient. Fred mistakes Lulu, a cabaret star, for the young woman and proceeds to fall in love. Yvonne, suitably reserved by the doctor for his patient.

When Fred's fiancée, sees him with Yvonne and thinks the worst, and later Mrs. Mangold thinks like-wise, Fred's former spouse Bosco blames Fred for the trouble, and Fred, in a temper, visits all the wine gardens, gets drunk, and walks off with Bosco's fiancée in her arms.

He ends up in the doctor's flat, and is found in Mrs. Mangold's bedroom. Fred tells of his conversations with Bosco, but in the end Fred wiggles out of the tangle and is reconciled to Mimi. So Lulu also plays a part as Lulu. She makes the character of the skittish French cabaret star convincing and amusing.

Fred is the cast up play in excellent team spirit and help to provide good light entertainment.

**BLAZING SIXES**


Directed by Roy Del Ruth.

Myra McFadden
Glen Strange
Henry O. Odom
Burt Meredith
Ben Corbett
Helen Valley
Barbara Morgan
Mike Kirby
Steve Edwards
Keith Harper
Malcolm Waite
Jack Nowak
With Faro Agent

Directed by Noel Smith.

The old Western formula is again exploited here, and will appeal more particularly to juveniles. The story deals with Red, a government agent, who is sent by the authorities to round up bandits operating on the border. He suspects Jim Hess, proprietor of the small-town saloon, of being the brains behind the gang, and in order to secure the evidence by posing as a masked bandit.

Unexpected complications arise when Barbara Morgan, a lovely young girl, and her chummy Aunt Sarah, arrive on the scene to take over a ranch, which, incidentally, is the property of the agents of the law. But a spot of quick thinking on the part of Red soon sees the end of Hess' activities and brings a dawn of romance.

Dick Foran both sings and fights as Red, with rather more success in the latter than the former.

**YOU CAN'T BEAT LOVE**


Directed by John Loder.

Preston Foster.

Directed by John Loder.

Tommy Douglas.

Directed by John Loder.

Herbert Mundin
William Brandman
Clem actors
Chesney Hawkes
Paul Hurst
Butch Meathay
Barton MacLane
Bert McClory
Chapman Thomas
Jackie Cooper
Pretty Boy Jones
Paul Langdown
Barbara Pepper
Mya Smith
Directed by David Silvers' of Ceylon. Staged by David Silversi and Maxwell Shae.

Somewhat hackneyed story of a playboy fighting an election and falling in love with his rival's daughter. It plays safe and supplies fair entertainment of its type.

Preston Foster is quite good, but perhaps not too well cast as Jimmy Hughes, a playboy lawyer who always takes a dare, and finds himself standing for election against Mayor Olson, who, though honest himself, is determined to see Satur's administration be dominated by a corrupt chief of police and a crooked politician, Dwight Parsons. He falls in love with Olsen's daughter, Trudy, but under the circumstances the romance does not prosper.

Herbert Mundin, with the aid of a sympathetic gangster, is able to trap the police chief and Parsons in a classic courtroom scene, and exposes them and established the innocence of Olson, he withdraws his candidature and leaves the field clear for his prospective father-in-law.

Joan Fontaine, Olivia de Havilland, John Hodiak, and Berton Churchill as the crook police captain, and Paul Hurst as a gangster.

As well as being a gangster's moll, a role she plays in an exaggerated Mae West vein.

**WHITE BONDAGE**


Directed by John Ford.

Jean Muir
Betsy Ann
Howard Phillips
Cal Sanders
Frank Davis
Harry Davenport
"Pop" Craig
Barbara Stanwyk
Addison Richards
Kip Collins
Mary Beth Hughes
Joe Towney
Eugene Anderson
Grayler
David Gregory
Herbert Peck
Roberta Haywood
Malcolm Waite
Jammion
Jack Nowak
With Faro Agent

Directed by Noel Smith.

The social conditions which form the background of this melodrama have no parallel in the country, so that their significance will not be fully appreciated. Neither has the picture strong enough emotional appeal nor dramatic force to carry it over.

The high spots are a man-hunt and a gangster party scene.

The story deals with Trent Talcott, an unscrupulous landowner, and his equally unscrupulous wife, who are reducing their cotton "share crops" tenants to the status of mere peons, who more often than not are treated and farmed like cattle.

In debt at the end of a season's hard work, instead of receiving any money from their labors they are required to save their cotton in order to pay off the mortgage. Their tenants are "Pop" Craig, his granddaughter Betsy, and her boyfriend, Cal Sanders.

Posing as an itinerant mechanic, David Graydon, a Federal investigator, secures a job with Talcott. In the meantime the state of cotton has been so low provoked beyond endurence, decide to steal back their cotton and burn the Talcott warehouse where they have stored it. Graydon traces the stolen bales to Cal Sanders, but is followed by Talcott, Cal Sanders, who informs his chief. Cal is arrested, and Talcott, who realises that Graydon is learning too much, spreads the story among the Talcott tenants that he was he who "tipped" off the police.

Enraged that the stranger has double-crossed them, they wish to lynch him. Betsy rushes off to warn him, and finds him at Talcott's home where he plays some ploy to secure the secrets of the account which reveal how the landowner has been cheating his tenants. He leaves for a neighbouring town. Betsy tries to head-off the mob, but is prevented by Sarah, who knows his uncom-
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RINGSIDE COMMENTARY
Round-by-Round Description of the Fight

The battle of the century is now in progress—for the title of "The man of the moment." For the first time we introduce the contestants. On my right, ladies and gentlemen, is your old favourite and hero of many battles, Clark Gable; and on my left, the most-talked-of man in films to-day, the one and only Robert Taylor.

At the sound of the gong, Taylor advances steadily from his corner, he seems to be gaining confidence, however, he lets drive a right, Broadway Melody of 1926, which makes Gable wince; Gable, however, comes back with a terrific wallop, Mutiny on the Bounty, which stagers Taylor; Gable follows up with a real beauty, San Francisco.

Taylor does not look too well after those two, but he quickly recovers and retaliates with a beauty, Magnificent Obsession, which makes Gable reel.

Taylor follows up with Armand in Camille; Gable is down now, but not for the count.

The honours are about even now, both men are punching weekly, Gable with Love on the Run and Taylor with Personal Property.

Both are getting a little stronger now, Gable with Parnell and Taylor with His Affair. There goes the gong, the fight is over (for the present).

Every man wants to know who is the winner. Why, none other than Tyrone Power, who knocked them all flat with his performance in Lloyds of London.—Paddy Flannery, O'Rahilly Street, Nenagh, Co. Tipperary, Ireland, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Seasonable

- Christmas is here again, yet still no sign of a "talkie" pantomime, or Christmas film. Are companies afraid to risk a seasonable film for financial reasons?

I think a fine investment would be in an all-star coloured Christmas "musical," built around a jolly family, bringing in Christmas Eve with its snow, carols, shopping, etc. Then Christmas Day, with a gigantic festive party.

Just take Paramount; what a stupendous seasonable film they could give us, with Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles as "Ma and Pa," some talented juveniles as the children!

The guests could include : Martha Raye, Jack Oakie, Bing Crosby, Burns and Allen, Frances Langford, Noel Sparks and a host of others, who would do their "turns" at the party, making it a colossal variety show.

We would enjoy such a film any time. So let us see Paramount on (Christmas) Parade.—(Mrs.) L. Dixon, Hat's Yard, North Dock, Swansea, Glam., who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

All Seasons, Please!

- I think that cinema proprietors and managers might, with profit to themselves and pleasure to their patrons, greatly extend the use of "season" and "privilege" tickets during the winter.

I have in mind (1) the issuing of blocks of tickets entitling patrons to a seat in a special (not necessarily "reserved") part of the cinema which are also transferable under certain conditions.

Such tickets would safeguard the purchaser from loss through inability to attend and would ensure the presence of a substitute member of the audience.

What is of greater importance, it would give every week's show the nucleus of a regular patronage.

Then (2) the issuing of similar blocks of tickets for the guests of persons "throwing a party" at home or elsewhere.

I believe thousands of relieved hosts and hostesses would welcome this method of entertaining their visitors at moderate cost after an hour or so of hospitality and "getting together" in the home.—(Mrs.) Gertrude A. Rogers, 35 Villiers Road, Southall, Middlesex (Sounds all right to me! —"Thinker").

One to Watch

- It was with very great pleasure that I read that E. G. Coopman considers Liam O'Flaherty one of the most promising young fellows he has seen for a long time. I have been watching this young man's progress with interest. I saw him for the first time in Irish and Proud Of It, and I was so impressed by his acting that I wrote to him. He replied personally and sent me two stools, one of himself as he really is and one as he appeared in Londonerry Air.

I am now waiting eagerly to see him again, but the British studios do not seem to be in a very great hurry to make use of this talented young fellow.—Winnie Brenner, 21 West Banks Terrace, With, Caithness (Is it surprising that we lose them to Hollywood?—"Thinker").

The Real Scotland

- A film-conscious Scot, I suffered untold agonies when America butchered Mary of Scotland to provide a Roman holiday for Hepburn and March, while the English studio conception of Scottish character and sentiment has almost driven me to advocate Home Rule. However, all is forgiven, and I whole-heartedly applaud The Edge of the World as the first screen story with a realistic Scottish background.
After a surfeit of streamlined Hollywood superficiality, how refreshing to find something essentially British theme providing out-of-the-ordinary.The film may prove too rich in human values to satisfy glamour addicts, but discriminating picturegoers will acclaim it.

Michael Powell's sympathetic direction merits unstinted praise. Characterisation and atmosphere are completely right that I actually felt kinship with the island community. Niall MacGinnis gives an outstanding performance. I hope so much that Miss Lupino is committed to Hollywood, for we have few actors capable of portraying rugged heroines convincingly.—David D. Jolly, 12 Lily-

bank Crescent, Forfar, Angus, Scotland.

Listen!

• Among film players, Garbo is unique in that she listens when being spoken to. In dialogue her quiet attentiveness gives the impression that she is hearing a lecture. For instance, in her first picture, she never asks a question. Neither she nor the audience knows what her answer will be until she speaks it.

Of how many other stars can one affirm this? Don't they all, by facial expression or gesture, relay their interpretation of what is going to be said just before it is actually uttered? They act, whereas Garbo lives an experience.

Joan Crawford is a notable offender in this respect.

• Maybe listening is part of Garbo's technique? But it must be worth a lot to the rest of the cast. They get their share of the limelight.

Nobility of conception is the chief appeal Garbo possesses to the eyes of an audience that is watching the speaker. Garbo pays her fellow-players the supreme compliment of—just listening.—Student, Camberwell.

(Thinker.)

Bad Casting

• We hear much of the huge supplies of feminine extras that are available in Hollywood—yet I have long noted that whenever a film has negligible sex interest, the actresses playing the minor parts are exceedingly ill-chosen.

It is exactly as if the producer had gone to the door of his studio, surveyed the long queue of extras waiting, and yelled, "two pretty girls—forward please!"—and taken the first two.

I am thinking of Emile Zola.

Who's Who

Paul Lukas

Paul Lukas was born, of all places, on a railway train. Just as the train was arriving in Budapest, the capital of Hungary, Lukas looked out into the world. That was on May 26, 1891.

At the end of the war, Lukas gave up his commission in the Hungarian air corps and studied at the Actors' Academy of Budapest for two years, and then made his stage debut in the title role of Molnar's Little Moon. He appeared in leading roles at the Comedy Theatre, Budapest, for many years; did screen work, and was cast in the starring role of Anatole which Adolph Zukor saw and took him to America.

His first screen role was opposite Pola Negri in Love of an Actress, and he quickly established himself as one of the leading stars of the silent screen. When sound came in he was forced out of pictures for six months while he learned to speak English. However, he soon came successfully to the talkies—Ladies in Love, Espionage, Brief Ecstasy and Nutmeg of the Elsinore.

Ida Lupino

• A member of the famous theatrical family that goes back 250 years, it is not surprising that Ida's training turned to acting in her early childhood.

Her father, Stanley Lupino, began to train her for the stage when she was seven—in a small but fully equipped theatre in the Lupino garden. At the age of ten she knew the roles of all Shakespeare's heroines by heart. Later she studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. When she was fifteen she made her screen debut in a crowd scene in The Love Race. Her first important role was in Her First Affair. After she had appeared in Money for Nothing, and The Prodigal, Hollywood signed her and, at the age of sixteen she was the possess of a contract calling for $120 a week and the training of all women.

Her recent Hollywood films include The Gay Desperado, Sea Devils, Let's Get Married and Aristocrats and两者 alike for $500. Ida will be twenty-one on New Year's day. She is 5 ft. 5 in. tall and violet eyes and fair hair.

Stanley Lupino

• He can do better than Paul Lukas—he was born in a four-wheel "growler" in Petticoat Lane—on May 15, 1893.

When he was nineteen he made his stage debut in pantomime at the Theatere Royal, Croydon, playing the dog in Robinson Crusoe. Then followed many ups and downs in the next few years, but mostly downs, and his first real success came when he was understudying his brother Barry at the Empire, Leicester Square. He was the love interest in a show made by the company named Jack Buchanan both got their chances then. A Drury Lane pantomime and fame followed. Within a few years he was one of the West End's most successful comedians. LPino's first actual screen appearance was in an experimental Warner talkie, Bill's Day Out, but his full-dress debut was in the screen version of the stage success Love Lies. Subsequently he made The Love Race, Sleepless Nights, King of the Ring, Cupid and Me, Love You, Sporting Life and Over She Goes.

He is 5 ft. 6 in. tall and has brown hair and hazel eyes.
FREE Write to Superma Ltd., Radnor House, 97, Regent Street, W.1, for free Hair Style Guide for your handbag. Insist upon " SUPERMA " no other "perm" is 'just as good'.

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PEN PUSHER—So far as we know the fan club for boys run by Glen Bamber, Voltaire, Blackpool Rd, Lea, Preston, is still in existence.
A.R.C. (Middlesex) (1)—Grennway will be released on Jan. 31, 1938. (2) Fred Ansirke, b. Omaha, Nebraska, May 19, 1900, married Mrs. Phyllis Potter, (3) Preston Flowers, b. Oct. 2, 1902, Ocean City, New Jersey, (4) William Powell, b. July 29, 1892, Pittsburgh, he is 6 ft. tall and has brown hair and eyes, married Carol Lombard (mar. dis.).
K.C. (Swansea) — Write to Gertrude Riley, 1495 7th Street, New Castle, Indiana, U.S.A. for details of a fan club for Jeanette MacDonald.

REGULAR READER (Dover).—Details as follows: Charles Norton, b. 1906, Vallejo, California, he is 6 ft. tall and has fair hair and fine figure, Bruce Gordon, b. New South Africa of British parents. Cullen Landia, b. July 26, 1900, Hagerstown, Md., tall, dark hair, 5 ft. 7 in. tall and has black hair and blue eyes, married Edna Homze, (b. 1902, Jean Hubler, 5 ft. 8 in. tall, brown hair and blue eyes. Jack Lodner, b. Reading, Penn, 6 ft. tall, brown hair and eyes. Leroy Mason, b. Lambertville, N. J., 5 ft. 11 in. tall, dark brown and grey eyes. Oliver Borden, b. July 14, 1906, Norwalk, Ct., 5 ft. 11 in. tall, dark brown hair and eyes. Lawrence Gray, b. July 27, 1906, the Rink, 6 ft. 10 in. tall, brown hair and green-grey eyes.

GARBO FAN.—(1) Lilian Harvey is making films in Germany. (2) No, Raymond Massey did not play the violin himself in Dreamtime. (3) There was a clever piece of photography and the violinist's name was Brown. (4) The first photograph of Garbo from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, is for 3d., each, 2d. a dozen. The release date of Marie Walewska's new film is Dec. 15.

ROBERT TAYLOR FAN (Bridgewater).—(1) Art pieces of Robert Taylor as follows: Senorita, Oct. 3, 1920, Rolaide, c/o Marcus Starwack; July 17, 1937; Dec. 11, 1937; and Dec. 6, 1938, Avon, Aug. 27, 1938; Nov. 28, 1938, with Gretta Garbo; March 13, 1937. (2) Black members of this magazine can obtain from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catherine Street, London, W.C.2, for 3d., each, post free. (3) It is impossible for a star to cope with his fans in conjuncture with his work, so most of them employ secretaries to deal with it for them. They will, however, sign photographs, etc., when requested to do so. (4) Mrs. George Meyr is at present making The Four Marys with Freddie Moore, and will be scheduled for June with Annabels for Twentieth-Century-Fox Studios on his return from his holiday.

THE ROY FOX FAN CLUB welcomes new members. This club publishes a magazine, "Fame and Fortune" which contains details of Roy Fox and particulars of his future engagements, etc. Write to the secretary, 5 Weymouth Street, Letchworth, Herts, for full particulars.

THE COSMOPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE CLUB invites applications for membership. Write to the Secretary, 29 Cartington Road, N.W.I., for full particulars.

THOS. CHRISTY & CO., LTD. (Dept. P.103), 4-12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4.

W. S. GOLDSMITH, 54, W. 1. (Kilmarnock),—Raymond Massey, b. Aug. 30, 1890, Toronto, Canada, 6 ft. 2 in., brown hair, bushy beard, married (1) Peggy Freemantle in 1915, and (2) Maureen Allen. Making The Drum and is scheduled for The Two Mrs. Carrolls with Mary Astor: (2) Elizabeth Bergner scheduled for St. Joan and John Lodge making Sweetheart of the Galaxy.

HAYWARD FAN.—(1) Yes, Lloyd Hayward will also part in John most popular with Miriam Hopkins and Paul Muni. He is 5 ft. 6 in. tall, and has dark hair and eyes and was born March 30, 1900, in Cesar Romero, b. New York, Feb. 15, 1907, of Cuban parentage.

RAIS FAN.—(1) Claud Raines, b. Nov. 10, 1899, London, England, has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Latest film They Won't Forget and is scheduled for Romance Come, (2) Yes, Olivia de Havilland sang herself in Anthony Adverse.

FAN.—(1) Norma Shearer, b. Aug. 10, 1901, (2) Robert Taylor's father was a doctor, (3) Gary Cooper has a daughter b. Sept. 15 this year.

OPTIMIST—(1) Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, (2) Music in Champagne at Call and "The Mystery of History" at the Sutton Theatre-Palace. (3) The Technicolor awards three asterisks to Tiger Shark and one to Tabarin in our review of the film section. (4) Marjorie Meeks does not appear in the film as you stated, (5) Your letter asking for "SUPERMA" was autographed by Tim O’Harar, (6) When you ask for this magazine, it will be impossible for either Lionel Barrymore or Clark Gable to have appeared in the Crowd scenes in the films you mention.

WANT TO KNOW (Sheffield) .—Latest film, Nelson Eddy and Martha aspects of Goldwyn-Mayer. Gary Cooper, the Adventurer, and Paul Taggart, London, W.C.2, for a copy of the supplement November-Sunday. (1) Clark Gable scheduled for Test Pilot. Grace Moore, who has not made a film since Lights and Brown Sugar, (2) B. C. (Glasgow),—Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, Rose Hobart, Colin Clive, Herbert and Hallidwell Hobbes took the chief roles in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Lionel Atwill, Fay Wray, Mylyn Davis, Maude Eburne, George E. Stone, Lionel Barrymore, and Rita Hale took the chief roles in The Vampire Bat.

FILMS (Saloon)—You can obtain photographs of Freddie Bartholomew and Bobby Breen from the Postcard Salon, address above for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen. (2) You can obtain a copy of the supplement November-Sunday, published in the March 27, 1937 issue of this magazine, from the Public Library, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

CALLIE FAAN (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Joseph Callas is a local actor. Barry Smart, Edward Bromstone, and Eduardo Cianelli, On Such a Night.

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only answers given on this page will be of general interest to all fans. In future, if you write Fan Clubs, please give their names or titles, addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope. You only answer will be in the name of "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, MUM, Hurst House, New Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.

POWELL MOVIE FAN CLUB. This club publishes a magazine Dick Powell News, and members are invited to correspond with one another.


ON SALE EVERY THURSDAY, 2d.

P"
Next week's "PICTUREGOER" will contain a fascinating record of Herbert Wilcox's wonderful screen triumph—"Victoria the Great." In absorbing articles and beautiful pictures you will learn of the making of the film—the amazing story of its reception in America—specially written by the man who toured America with Herbert Wilcox and Anna Neagle. Here is a Souvenir—a story of British film enterprise and achievement you won't want to miss. The demand for next week's "PICTUREGOER" will be great. Order it early. Price Twopence.
Apply it carefully to the end of that red nose, and the edges of those sore nostrils. Gently smooth it in until it is even and provides a good, strong base for the most foundation for your powder. Then take a paper tissue and blot it.

Your skin is already dry so the rouge must be of the cream variety. Use a very little. A bit of shimmering powder, brighter perhaps than you generally use, will be more successful than a pale one.

There will be less contrast between your reddish rimmed eyes and your pale skin. If you have several tints to hand, use a peach tint first and top the latter with a slightly lighter powder.

After patting in liberally with your puff, remove the surplus with the powder brush. Lipstick is particularly difficult to pat in and apply, and it is best if you use a special continuous use of the handkerchief. Preferably it should be of the indelible kind, and top the lipstick with a good pad of cotton rather drying for already feverish lips, so it must be applied over a base of cold cream or a colourless lip salve.

If the lips have cracked, then use a cream by a dermatologist, and if it may need renewal during the evening. It will feel more comfortable anyway.

If your eyes persist in running even yet, do not attempt much in the way of makeup. Leave out mascara but a cleverly applied eyeshadow will keep the corners from running. Use your eyelash brush and a trace of vaseline on the lashes, and if you have a eyeshadow, a slight smear of vaseline on the lids as well.

The lowering of vitality induced by a bad cold generally makes the eyes look rather more noticeable too. It is too easy to damp it, but the next thing is to give it a good refreshing. It won’t hurt what wave is there, indeed it will deepen it and give some gloss to the hair. Finish by applying some your usual lotion or apply a trace of brilliantine, and linger wave the hair in position.

Finally attend to that running nose. Into the nostrils, a little mixture you bought on the way home. It doesn’t cure your cold but it helps keep us dry for a few hours.

Pass by that barbecued dress; choose the warmest party rig you have. Fortunately in these days it is not difficult to find, since so many evening dresses have covered, or even high neck and sleeves. Before you leave take a hot drink.

Maybe this isn’t your special trouble, but whatever it is, let us have a line, accom­panied by a stampd and postmark, and I shall be delighted to let you have a reply by post. Send your letter to ANNE, c/o THE PICTUREGOER, 31 Marlborough Row, Bow Street, W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

This week’s prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss Eileen Burnett, High Church, Neville Street, Birmingham. 31, The Thirty-ninth Steps, Head Over Heels, The Man Who Found Himself.

Prices of half a crown each are awarded to Miss Margaret C. McComber, 22 Maynard Street, Glasgow, N.W. for — Girls’ Dormitory, Flying Fish, Caught.

By Mutual Consent, John V. Manoukian, 9 Reynolds Close, Hampstead, W.11., for — All the Luminaries, Thunder in the City, The Diamond.

Underneath the Arches, Miss Woods, 199 Roker Avenue, Sunderland, J. A. Perry, 14 Morton Road, Exmouth, S. Devon, for — A Man and a Woman, The Man Who Changed His Mind, The Tattered Tales.

Patrick Gets Her Man, Theodoros Goes Wild, Theo, Marked Woman.

As you can see, the idea of “Talkie Title Tales” is to give the reader a change of pace in order to make a short, short story.

Just write your name on your post, c/o Picturegoer, Marlborough House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2 and give your name and address.

There is no entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that you can enter as many times as you like, but only one entry each week.好好好
—and to think how she might have wasted her money!"

What a relief to find something sensible among all the useless rubbish one gets at Christmas. You'll find it difficult to think of a better two-shilling gift than sixty De Reszke Minors—ten minutes enjoyment in each. Tins are packed in gaily decorated greetings cartons ready for the post.

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The latest reports show that this year's "The Picturegoer Xmas Annual," now on sale, is one of the most popular ever published, and that it will very shortly be sold out. If you have not yet secured your copy of this brilliant 100-page record of all that is best, interesting and beautiful in filmland, you are earnestly advised to do so at once, before it is too late. Go or send for your copy to your nearest bookstall or newsagent now—price sixpence.