

25 Keswick

Picture Show

and FILM PICTORIAL
September 20th, 1947
Vol. 51 No. 1324
TUESDAY
FORTNIGHTLY
THREEPENCE

MARGARET LOCKWOOD
& DERMOT WALSH in
"JASSY"



Coming Shortly



William Powell, Myrna Loy and Asta in "Song of the Thin Man"



COPACABANA (directed by Alfred E. Green). *United Artists.*

THIS new comedy musical takes its name from a popular New York night club. It stars Groucho Marx and Carmen Miranda, a good combination for the particular kind of humour we expect from a film with even one of the celebrated Marx Brothers taking part. It also has more of a story than usual, with Groucho Marx as Carmen's manager who sells her as Brazilian Carmen Novarro, and Fifi, a Parisian artiste, to the Copacabana night club, this causing complications for his versatile but harassed client. Also in this bright picture is Kate Gorcey, in private life Mrs. Groucho, in some effective song and dance numbers, and grown-up Gloria Jean playing her first romantic role and contributing to the song numbers assisted by Andy Russell. My behind-the-scenes gossip tells me that Carmen Miranda dyed her hair blonde for the role of the Parisienne, preferring that to spending two hours daily fitting a golden wig. It was also during the making of this film that assistant producer Dave Sebastian wooed the fiery Carmen with daily bouquets, proposed, was accepted, and married La Miranda.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS (directed by Peter Godfrey). *Warner Bros.*

HUMPHREY BOGART is a murderer in this film. Cursed with one of those complex nerve diseases we are hearing so much about on the films these days, he has the urge to paint terrifying portraits, using his wife as a model. We make his acquaintance in this film after he has met Barbara Stanwyck. She is very much in love with him, but is heart-

broken when he tells her that he has a wife. However, his wife dies and Barbara marries him. For a while she is happy, then Alexis Smith comes along. At first Barbara is merely a little jealous, but the chatter of Humphrey Bogart's little daughter by his first wife soon turns jealousy into terror. She learns that the child's mother, like herself, suffered with headaches and faintness before she died. She learns that her husband had always insisted on giving the first Mrs. Carroll her nightly glass of hot milk, just as he has also prescribed one for herself. More terrifying still, because she is still very much in love, she realises that it is not so much that he wants to get rid of her that he is contemplating murder, but that it is the urge of his supposed genius to get to a new model for a portrait now that his picture of herself is finished.

A forbidden glimpse of this picture tells her the truth, and the climax is a real thrill. Well directed and photographed, you will be able to keep your liking for Humphrey Bogart in spite of his unpleasant characterisation as Mr. Carroll, and a light touch in the drama is provided by Nigel Bruce as a well-meaning but incompetent doctor.

SONG OF THE THIN MAN (directed by Edward Buzzell). *M.-G.-M.*

NICK and Nora Charles are back with us in the sixth "Thin Man" film after an absence of two years that has made Nick a little fatter and Nora a little thinner, both of them a little more mature and a little less lively, but they are as delightfully inconsequential and light-hearted as they probe into murder as ever they were. Murder on a gambling ship of a well-disliked dance band leader involves Nick, at Nora's behest, with a series of suspects who are all tall, dark and more or less handsome, and all are connected in some way with the gambling ship, which doesn't make it any easier for the spectator to decide which is which of the suspects. At least one can be glad that the ladies in the film are well contrasted. The title refers to a piece of manuscript music written by one of the band, known as "The Reed," on the back of which is a receipt for a large sum of money that plays an important part in the development.

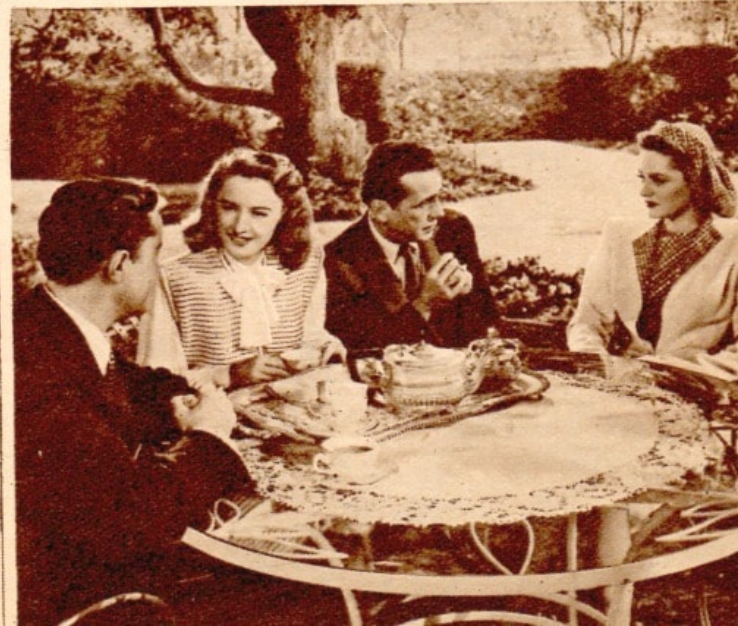
The situations are well contrived and the dialogue is bright, one of the best gems being Nick's remark, "Give me my pipe, my slippers and a beautiful woman—and you can have my pipe and slippers." He puts this precept into practice.

Nick, in fact, spends the next couple of nights with Nora on a conducted tour of night haunts to which jive experts retire to continue their musical frenzies after their professional hours are over, the conductor being "Clinker," one of the band members. With Nick's persistence and reasoning and Nora's occasional flashes of brilliance, the real murderer is tracked down and is himself murdered in an exciting climax.

The cast supporting the stars is well picked, with Asta, the dog, and Dean Stockwell as Nick Jr. well to the fore in the fun, Keenan Wynn as "Clinker," the bandsman who speaks "jive talk" that is incomprehensible to the layman, and a large number of others who all add mysteriously or cheerfully to the fun and confusion.

MAUD HUGHES

Pat O'Moore, Barbara Stanwyck, Humphrey Bogart and Alexis Smith in "The Two Mrs. Carrolls"



FROM THE SAVAGE GRANDEUR
OF THE WEST'S SUN SWEEP
HORIZONS COMES
THE FIRST
EPIC ROMANCE
OF THE DESERT
TODAY!



LIZABETH SCOTT
JOHN HODIAK
BURT LANCASTER

in **HAL WALLIS'** production

"Desert Fury"
Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

FROM **SEPT. 17**

PLAZA

PICC. CIRCUS WHI. B944

with **MARY ASTOR**
and introducing **WENDELL COREY**

Directed by **LEWIS ALLEN**
A Paramount Picture

PICTURE SHOW

Gossip

(Right) Frank Sinatra, on the set of "The Kissing Bandit," is visited by his seven-year-old daughter, Nancy, and his three-and-a-half-year-old son, Frank, Jr. It is a Technicolor musical of early California, and he co-stars with Kathryn Grayson



Van Johnson visits Gene Kelly and Judy Garland on the set of "The Pirate." Van and Gene have been friends since the days when they appeared together on Broadway in the musical show "Pal Joey." Gene and Judy are next to be teamed in "Easter Parade"



Romance in Filmland. Macdonald Carey and his wife (with their young daughter, Lynn Carey, who was born on October 29th, 1946). They met when she was Betty Hecksher, and both were pursuing stage careers in New York. You recently saw Macdonald Carey in "Suddenly it's Spring," his first picture for three years, which he spent as a marine



Jack Warner takes an extra look at the figure who appears to be none other than Field-Marshal Montgomery. Actually, it is M. E. Clifton-James, the actor who has a part in the new Gainsborough film "Holiday Camp." The actor does not, however, appear in the film as the Field-Marshal—he just wore the uniform to surprise the production crew one day

REX HARRISON, now back in this country from Hollywood, having finished his role in "The Foxes of Harrow," says he was bothered by his two-hour daily make-up needed to apply the beard he wore in 20th Century-Fox's "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir," but his co-star **GENE TIERNEY**, really suffered through a three-hour daily make-up for her old age sequences. While it took only two hours to apply Gene's liquid rubber facial wrinkles and another to get that crepe-like effect on the smooth skin of her hands, the make-up stopped the star's pores so completely that she could not wear it for more than three hours at a time.

If it had been put on so that it would not stop up her pores, it would have made the star so warm that beads of perspiration forming under the make-up would have caused it to expand into a myriad of little bumps which would have been disfiguring rather than ageing.

Although Gene has played mothers in several previous pictures, including "The Razor's Edge," the old-age sequence of "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir" marked the first time the glamorous feminine star has portrayed the grandmother of a grown-up grandchild.

She knows just what is meant by "suffering for your art."

SIX excited schoolboys from the East End of London had the most interesting holidays they could have wished for. They had been chosen to play the boys of Fagin's gang in Cineguild's screen version of Charles Dickens' "Oliver Twist." Each day they went to Pinewood Studios to be made up, dressed in ragged clothes and appear before the camera. Needless to say, all the boys—who came from the Shaftesbury Society's Ragged School and the Arbour Youth Club, Stepney—had the time of their young lives at the studios.

EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD Continental actor **ALBERT BASSERMAN** is on his first visit to England since pre-war days. He appears in the coming Archers production of "The Red Shoes." Albert Basserman left Germany for Austria when Hitler assumed power; and left Austria for America after its annexation. His Hollywood films include "Madame Curie," "Reuters," "The Magic Bullet" and "The Moon and Sixpence."

DIRECTOR-PRODUCER Clarence Brown, in M.G.M.'s "Song of Love" has started something different in musical themes for the screen—he dispenses with one. The only music heard in the picture is when one of its stars, **KATHARINE HEPBURN**, **PAUL HENREID** or **ROBERT WALKER** actually plays the piano, with or without orchestral accompaniment. There

is neither musical score, incidental music nor a background theme.

Audiences are in this way given a chance to hear and appreciate the simplicity and complete authenticity of the works of such composers as Schumann, Brahms, and Liszt. Their compositions come to the screen as they were actually. This should prove a treat to real music-lovers.

JOSEPH COTTEN and **JENNIFER JONES**, now to be seen in "Duel in the Sun," are together again and, with **CECIL KELLAWAY**, will appear in the screen version of the Robert Nathan best-seller, "Portrait of Jenny."

ETHEL BARRYMORE will join them to play the important role of Miss Spinney, a sentimental art dealer. This makes the second David O. Selznick film for Ethel Barrymore in the short space of six months, since she played a leading role in his production of the famous novel by Robert Hichens, "The Paradine Case." In "The Paradine Case," Ethel Barrymore plays the wife of Judge Horfield, played in this screen version by **CHARLES LAUGHTON**.

AS you may know, **BOB HOPE** will next start work on "The Paleface," a big Technicolor comedy of the Wild West, with **JANE RUSSELL** as his leading lady in the important role of Calamity Jane.

Jane Russell will make her screen debut as a romantic comedienne—a radical departure from her previous screen appearances, and one that will introduce her flair for comedy. Howard Hughes, who holds Jane Russell's personal contract first presented her to motion-picture audiences in "The Outlaw," and she followed this with a starring role in "Young Widow."

As the straight-shooting, fast-riding heroine of the eighteen-seventies in the typical laughter-filled Bob Hope picture, Jane Russell, as a government agent, is instrumental in uncovering and erasing a gang of villains who are smuggling guns to the Indians. Bob Hope, as her dentist husband, is the paleface bait used to expose the gang.

FROM the trend, it looks as if many of the big stars will appear in a Western this year. So far, **BARBARA STANWYCK** has been in "California," **JANE WYMAN** in "Cheyenne," **VERONICA LAKE** in "Ramrod," **KATHARINE HEPBURN** in "Sea of Grass," **GAIL RUSSELL** in "Angel and the Badman," and **CATHERINE McLEOD** has started "The Fabulous Texan."

ALTHOUGH she has portrayed screen "wives" throughout most of her film career, **MYRNA LOY** is wearing her own plain gold wedding ring for the first time in a film entitled "The Red Pony," now being made at Republic Studios. In her previous screen portrayals, Myrna Loy has been an ultra-modern type of wife, and has worn expensive-looking wedding rings. But in "The Red Pony" she is a ranch wife, and so is able to wear in the film the old-fashioned, wide gold band which Gene Markey placed on her finger when they were married.

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE has, I hear, been given the role of King Arthur in Paramount's "A Connecticut Yankee," the Technicolor musical starring **BING CROSBY**.

ROBERT STERLING has no illusions about what being a successful screen star means.

He says: "As far as I'm concerned, there's no truer saying than the one about perspiration coming before inspiration. Maybe there are some actors who can just glance over their lines on the set and then step before the camera and give a perfect interpretation, but not me. The way I see it, building a role is like constructing a house. First you have to put the foundations in before you can decorate the rooms. In acting you lay your groundwork at home learning your lines (which is the easiest step of all) and studying your character until you know just how he would act in any situation. When you've progressed that far, the decoration is simple—the gestures, the tempo of speech, the walk and other physical characteristics. I don't believe in that theory of waiting for an inspiration to strike at the last moment. I like to know what I'm doing."

ONE of the simplest questions in the world for anyone to answer is "How old are you?"

But the query just confuses the young star, **BARBARA BEL GEDDES**, who's spending her time shuttling between the ages of fourteen, eighteen and twenty-four. In real life she is twenty-four, a happily married woman and a devoted mother. In "I Remember Mama," her current starring picture at RKO Radio, she starts the film at the age of fourteen, gradually adding the years until she's eighteen. She spends most of each day in her adolescent costume—a middy blouse and skirt worn by schoolgirls at the turn of the century in San Francisco.

Set visitors can hardly believe she is old enough to be married and have a daughter; her friends, watching her handle the household work at night, find it difficult to think of her playing a child.

Barbara, caught in the middle, admits to some confusion, but happily has found a way out of the chaos. "I just look down at my dress," she says, "and then I know exactly what age, and which me, I'm supposed to be."

KIRK DOUGLAS escapes death for the first time during his two years' screen career in RKO Radio's "Mourning Becomes Electra." In his three previous pictures, "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers," "I Walk Alone" and "Out of the Past," he met a violent end.

COLUMBIA'S film version of Robert Louis Stevenson's classic, "The Black Arrow," is now in production with **LOUIS HAYWARD**.

JANET BLAIR, GEORGE MACREADY and **EDGAR BUCHANAN** heading the cast.

Edward Small, noted for his "Monte Cristo" productions (the latest being Columbia's "Monte Cristo's Revenge," which is now showing in this country) is producing "The Black Arrow."

THE twenty-first "Blondie" film has just been filmed. It's called "Blondie in the Dough," and, of course, it stars **PENNY SINGLETON** and **ARTHUR LAKE**. It is eight and a half years since we saw the first "Blondie."

From the start, **Arthur Lake, Penny Singleton** and **LARRY SIMMS**—first as Baby Dumpling and now as Alexander—have never missed a film, while it is no mean record for **MARJORIE KENT**, as Cookie, the Bumstead's daughter, to have started at the age of one and to have held her role for six years. Daisy, the famous Bumstead dog, missed one picture because of a conflicting commitment at M.-G.-M., and has been inconsolable ever since.

During its successful career, this series also has turned out more stars than any other. **RITA HAYWORTH, GLENN FORD, LARRY PARKS** and **JANET BLAIR** all had roles in "Blondie" pictures early in their climb to the heights.

The "Blondie" stories and the characters are those of any suburban community, and in spite of the hilarious gags, even the standard minor characters are kept human and believable. Dagwood's two successive bosses, Mr. Dithers and Mr. Radcliffe, have been played by such well-known character actors as **JONATHAN HALE** and **JEROME COWAN**. **EDDIE ACUFF** has been the postman as long as anyone can remember, while **DANY MUMMERT** for several years has played the role of Alexander's next-door neighbour and bosom friend, Alvin Fuddle. To indicate progress, four years ago, "Daisy" had puppies. These same frisky little animals have been in the series ever since and have come to rate among its most welcome assets.

IVOR NOVELLO is back in the world of films.

Josef Somlo, managing director of Two Cities Films, Ltd., announces that by arrangement with the J. Arthur Rank Organisation, Ivor Novello has joined his company as producer. He is to bring to the screen a number of large-scale musicals, the first of which will be in Technicolor at Denham Studios. Ivor Novello ranks to-day as one of the most outstanding figures in the theatre and his musical stage productions with their tuneful melodies have brought him world fame.

JOAN BLONDELL tells this one on herself. She was leaving Twentieth Century-Fox after having finished a day's work with **TYRONE POWER** in "Nightmare Alley" when an autograph hunter stopped her.

"Oh, Miss Blondell," said the girl, "could I get you to sign this book?" And then she added apologetically, "I'm just like all the other dopes. I think you're marvellous."

FOLLOWING her latest film, "Desire Me," **GREER GARSON** has, I hear, signed another long-term contract with M.-G.-M. Included in the list of coming productions for her are "Speak to Me of Love," a sequel to "Mrs. Miniver," and "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony."

JACK WARNER and **KATHLEEN HARRISON** in "Holiday Camp" made so delightful a comedy team that a special film script is being written for them by Mabel and Dennis Constanturos, who were responsible for the dialogue in "Holiday Camp." The new story will be about a Cockney couple with an eccentric Scottish uncle, to be played by **ALASTAIR SIM**.

ADMIRERS of **MARTHA SCOTT** have now an opportunity of comparing her work in a present-day picture and one she made many years ago. The new RKO Radio production, "So Well Remembered," is now in the cinemas, while "Cheers for Miss Bishop" has also been revived. In "Miss Bishop," Martha had one of her finest acting parts—that of an American schoolmistress loved by three men over a span of some sixty years.

THE first publicity ever afforded to **CECIL PARKER**, who plays the name role in Columbia's initial 1947 British production, "The First Gentleman," was in—of all papers—the leading British medical journal, "The Lancet." Wounded three times while serving in the Tank Corps in World War I, Cecil Parker's third injury proved to be a broken neck. The skill of the doctor who rigged up an impromptu operating-table, manipulated his neck and enclosed it in plaster for twelve months, resulted in Cecil Parker's life being saved. So unique in medical history was the case that the "Lancet" gave him a double-page editorial "spread"—with photographs.

HERBERT MARSHALL will make a distinct break with his screen past when he steps into his next film. He will play the role of a murderer in "The High Wall." He has been cast as Willard Whitcombe, the suave editor of religious periodicals, in the suspenseful mystery drama which will star **ROBERT TAYLOR**. It is a role that will permit Herbert Marshall to present a Jekyll-Hyde characterisation—that of a man who is a law-abiding citizen one day and a diabolical killer the next. Herbert Marshall, whose last appearance at the M.-G.-M. studio was in "Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble" four years ago, appeared most recently in "The Razor's Edge," in which he impersonated the author, Somerset Maugham, and in "Duel in the Sun."

ESTHER WILLIAMS, I hear, is definitely to do the life story of Annette Kellermann after "Neptune's Daughter." As Annette, Esther will wear long black silk tights—from the tips of her toes to the top of her neck!

PICTURE QUIZ

3. (Below) Here is a twelve-year-old who was born in Dallas, Texas, and entered films as a beauty contest winner, back in 1931, abandoning her original intention of becoming a teacher. Born in 1915, she is hazel-eyed, and at one time was known as the "Oomph Girl." Who is she?



3. Ann Sheridan.
of Joanna Godden.
Bond in "The Loves
of George White and Derek
the.
1. Czechoslovakian. Sm.
ANSWERS

2. (Below) She was a lady farmer and he was the squire's son, tragically drowned on their wedding eve, in the British film version of a novel of the Romney Marshes by Sheila Kaye-Smith. Can you name the players and the film?



1. Vera Hruba Ralston was very happy on the day that she received her American citizenship—so were her mother and brother Rudy, seen here with her. What was her original nationality—Rumanian, Greek, Czechoslovakian, Hungarian, Polish? What championship did she hold when she began her screen career?

ONE of **NORMA TALMADGE'S** best-remembered screen plays, "Secrets," has been taken out of the vault, rewritten, considerably changed, and made ready for the cast of Samuel Goldwyn's "The Best Years of Our Lives." The entire cast, with the exception of Fredric March, will be used.

TERESA WRIGHT, DANA ANDREWS, MYRNA LOY will appear, and, I hear, the handsome boy, **HAROLD RUSSELL**, will have a part, although, of course, in the original picture, there was no such role.

DICK HAYMES will play the male lead opposite **DEANNA DURBIN** in a lavish U-I Technicolor musical, so we should have some tuneful duets in "Up in Central Park."

JAMES STEWART says that his next picture for RKO Radio will be a Western—a tongue-in-the-cheek Western, but with the usual stampeding cattle. His first and only Western to date was "Destry Rides Again," with **MARLENE DIETRICH**. It was very successful. I understand that a Western has to be really bad to lose money at the box-office.

JOAN CAULFIELD, so I hear, has been chosen to star with **ALAN LADD** in "The Long Grey Line." This will be the blonde star's first part with Alan Ladd and her eighth film. She went to Hollywood three years ago after a Broadway success in "Kiss and Tell." Joan Caulfield has now worked with **BING CROSBY, FRED ASTAIRE, BOB HOPE** and **WILLIAM HOLDEN** in a series of top-flight productions. "Welcome Stranger" was the last film in which she was seen over here, and she will shortly be seen in "Dear Ruth."

ONE striking feature in the coming **INGRID BERGMAN** picture, "Joan of Lorraine," is the use of a magnesium type of armour with knitted hoods as worn by soldiers in fifteenth century France. Previously, in costume pictures of the mediaeval days that required armour, the players' movements were awkward to the point of grotesqueness. They sweated beneath the steel coverings and often were badly bruised in battle scenes. Material used for "Joan of Lorraine" is light and flexible, giving the actors opportunity for much greater body movement. Instead of going into battle wearing two hundred pounds and more of iron or tin, impractical for mobility, or of easily destructible papier mache armour, the actors will be comparatively comfortable in their twenty-five-pound magnesium suits.

PHILIP FRIEND, now in America, has begun his featured role in "My Own True Love," which stars **PHYLLIS CALVERT** and **MELVYN DOUGLAS** at Paramount Studios. This marks Philip Friend's debut in American films. He plays the part of a sergeant pilot in the Royal Air Force, who is forced down in the Malay jungle. When he returns home, he becomes innocently involved in the romance springing up between Phyllis Calvert and Melvyn Douglas, his father.

BING CROSBY'S four boys earned their holiday money as "hired hands" on Bing's Elko ranch in Nevada. Gary received two dollars a week for working in the stables, Lindsay got one dollar for filling the water troughs, and the twins earned one and a half dollars for odd jobs. Now they are busy spending their hard-earned wages on fun.

YOU may have your theory on who make up the ideal screen couple for love scenes in pictures; so, too, have directors, cameramen and producers. But they aren't so definite in their choice as the film fan—all they specify is big man, petite girl. Raoul Walsh, who directed the forthcoming **TERESA WRIGHT-ROBERT MITCHUM** picture, "Pursued," cites his stars as one perfect couple. "A chap like Mitchum, six feet and several inches tall, with wide shoulders and long arms, offers an ideal background for a partner as small as Teresa Wright, who couldn't hide him from the camera even though she was, out of custom and courtesy, allowed to occupy the foreground in every clinch.

"Someone as relatively tall as Mitchum was very necessary in 'Pursued,'" Walsh added. "There's a scene in which Teresa Wright first has to try to shoot Mitchum, then succumb to his steady, unfrightened approach. A little man couldn't have played it well, no matter how good an actor he might have been. You don't forgive a girl for shooting at you when she's big enough to whip you with her bare hands."

FAY FILMER

Holiday Camp

THE holiday camp, after a few hours' desertion, was full again. The new batch of holiday-makers had arrived by the afternoon train, been transported to the camp by buses, and now, having refreshed themselves with a nice cup of tea in the reception-room, had sorted themselves out, collected their keys, and were unpacking in the rows of picturesque huts which were to be their bedrooms for the next few days.

In the little chalet occupied by Joe Huggett and his wife utter confusion reigned. Joe, sitting on the end of one of the beds, was nursing one foot, while Mrs. Huggett rummaged frantically through their suitcases, the contents of which, together with the crumpled sheets of newspaper in which various odds and ends had been wrapped, were strewn all round her in a rough circle whose boundary was the limit of her stretch. She knew she had packed Joe's other shoes, but where she had packed them she had no idea. Nor had Joe, who had long since given up taking any notice of the inevitable muddle and fuss that attended whatever his wife set out to do, having found from experience that any attempt he made to straighten things out always ended in him floundering as deep in the muddle and almost as fussed as she was.

On the floor, hidden behind the uplifted lid of a suitcase, sat their granddaughter, Jennifer, happily absorbed in scrubbing a shoe with Joe's toothbrush. Joe had not wanted Jennifer's company in their chalet. It was the first holiday he and his wife had had since their first baby, Joan, was born. Now they were grandparents, for Joan was twenty-one, and three-year-old Jennifer was her daughter. But Mrs. Huggett had insisted. Joan's young husband had been killed only a few months after their marriage, and as Mrs. Huggett tartly pointed out, it wasn't natural for a girl as young and pretty as Joan not to be married, and she wouldn't get a husband moping round with the kid.

Their son Harry, who at sixteen had no time for women and was beginning to fancy himself a man of the world, looked in to demand his hair oil, followed by Joan to see if she could take the baby or help unpack, and the confusion increased. The last straw was Joe's demand for his binoculars—Mrs. Huggett had not yet forgiven him for swapping the pram for them. Her demands to be left alone so that she could find everything in her own good time rose shrill and hysterical. The family recognised the danger note and discreetly obeyed.

Joan returned to her own chalet, which she was sharing with Angela, her ex-WAAF girl friend. To Angela, masculine admiration was as necessary as her ration book, and while her sweetheart Ronnie was with the B.A.O.R., she made the most of any opportunities for gaiety that came her way—and there were plenty. Joan, although she knew that under her flightiness Angela was thoroughly good-hearted, was sometimes worried, nevertheless, and wished that her friend would not talk so glibly and loosely, as if she wanted to give the impression that she had no morals or principles. She found that Angela, no believer in wasting time, had already decked herself in a suntop and shorts, and was providing her legs with a veneer of bottled sun-tan until the sun provided it for her.

"I'm putting on the wolf-bait straight away," said Angela.

Joan frowned a little when she heard that the "wolf" was the "R.A.F. type," as Angela described him, who had tried to sit beside her in the bus. She had disliked the look of him on sight, and she refused Angela's invitation to join them at the swimming-pool.

"Snap out of it, Joan," said Angela. "You didn't come here to spend your time knitting, did you? We all know you took a bad knock when Bill was killed, but that was ages ago."

"Only two years," said Joan.

"Look," said Angela, earnest for once, "Bill was a grand type, but you can't spend the rest of your life carrying a torch for him. He wouldn't want you to."

"I'm just not interested in anyone else," returned Joan, but Angela waved her pad of cotton-wool airily.

"Come on, get into your swim suit and let's give the locals an eyeful," she chuckled.

Joan smiled. Angela's light-hearted approach

to everything was irresistible—and she felt also that what she had said was true. So a few minutes later two "eyefuls" went along to the swimming-pool to meet the "wolf"—Squadron-Leader "Binky" Hardwicke. After swimming came dinner and then dancing, and during the evening it became plain to Joan that the gallant squadron-leader was one of the most barefaced "line-shooters" she had ever heard. The only thing he liked better than a pretty girl for audience was as many pretty girls as could be crowded within earshot. He was too smooth, too familiar, too glib. In fact, he seemed a little dangerous—and though she knew that Angela liked playing with fire, Binky was just the fire to burn her fingers.

Most of the holiday-makers went straight to their chalets and to bed when the dance finished, tired out by the journey and the excitement of arrival. But harmony did not prevail everywhere as the voice of the radio announcer, which came through loud-speakers to every chalet in the camp, wished all campers good-night and sweet dreams of a happy holiday to come.

"Leave all your cares and worries behind because we're going to see that you have a wonderful time," the voice promised. "And so we come to the end of a perfect day. Good-night again—good-night to you all."

Another spot of trouble had arisen in the Huggett chalet. During the dance the M.C. had bidden every "lad" on the dance floor to kiss the "lass" on his left. On Joe's left there had happened to be a luscious blonde—and the way that Joe had obeyed the M.C.'s order had scandalised Mrs. Huggett, particularly as she was on the left of a bald-headed little man who had only dared to give her a timid and unenthusiastic peck on the cheek. She had started to give Joe her views on the matter as soon as the dancing had started, was still giving them when the announcer's voice interrupted her. She resumed as soon as he had said good-night. And her voice came out of the darkness when Joe switched off the light.

In the little chalet shared by Esther Harman and Elsie Dawson the announcer's benediction was entirely unappreciated also. Elsie was already asleep—and Esther put her hands to her ears to shut out the sound, wondering, appalled, if this voice was going to punctuate her entire stay there, streaking her present carefree mood with painful reminders of the past. For it was a voice from the dead—a long-remembered, beloved voice that had once whispered tender, caressing words in her ear.

Twenty years had passed since the war in which she had lost her lover. And yet through all those dull, dreary years of lonely bondage to the whims and fancies of her invalid, fretful mother, there had been just that glimmer of hope and faith that would not be quenched. He had been posted as "missing"—his name had never been officially listed among the dead. Now, the hope glowed with new vigour, despite herself. How strange it was, she mused. Since her mother's death had released her to enjoy the first real holiday she had had for twenty years, she had come to the holiday camp for two reasons. One was her desire to plunge into the midst of people and feel their emotions surging round her—lively, fighting, cheerful, noisy, sorrowful, quarrelling, loving, hating, laughing people. Robbed of the chance of being one of them—loved and loving, with her children growing up round her, sharing their troubles and joys with her—she wanted to savour that life, if only second-hand. The second reason was that here, long ago, had been a military camp, and here she had come to say good-bye to her lover—her last good-bye.

Angrily Esther told herself that she was a fool—it was a ridiculous fancy about the voice, but she lay there with thudding heart and wide eyes staring into the darkness, listening again to the voice of her memory, long after sleep had silenced Mrs. Huggett's nagging.

"Bright Lights and Lovely Grub"

NEXT morning the voice awakened the "lads and lasses" to a new day of sunshine and grand fun—and a before-breakfast course of physical jerks in the open air. Mr. and Mrs. Huggett, determined to get their money's worth, groaned and creaked as they tried to touch their



Jimmy decided that a girl like Joan was just the girl to mend his broken heart
Jimmy (Jimmy Hanley). Joan (Hazel Court)



"Hey—d'you mind shoving off, you two? This isn't a reception area—and it's booked," said Binky Hardwicke
Binky Hardwicke (Dennis Price). Angela (Yvonne Owen)



"Don't play the innocent with me, Joe Huggett," said Mrs. Huggett. "I can see through you"
Joe Huggett (Jack Warner). Mrs. Huggett (Kathleen Harrison). Harry (Dennis Harkin)

"We've just had a terrible scene with Valerie's aunt," said Michael miserably to Esther
Esther (Flora Robson). Valerie (Jeannette Tregearth). Michael (Emrys Jones)



toes, fling their arms and swing their bodies. Harry enjoyed it. But his chalet companion did not. He was a disillusioned young sailor who had expected his girl friend but instead had been dealt a nasty blow by a letter which jilted him.

Furious with all women, he had gone back to the chalet and doggedly eaten his way through the forty bars of chocolate—four months' ration—which he had been devotedly saving for her. His persistence had been more than his stomach could stand, and the holiday camp was more than his disillusionment could stand. So while Harry was doing his physical jerks, Jimmy the sailor dressed and packed. He left the chalet dragging his kitbag in one hand, a large and untidy brown parcel in the other. He had not gone more than a few feet when the paper burst open. Joan, who was coming from her chalet at that moment, picked up a shoe and tucked it under his arm. As he began to thank her, he recognised her as the girl who had come to the chalet the previous night as he was rushing out of it, feeling ill after his chocolate gorge.

"I'm terribly sorry about last night—the fact is, I was feeling like death," he said in some embarrassment.

"What do you expect if you stuff yourself with chocolate?" inquired Joan unsympathetically.

"Who told you that?" demanded Jimmy.
 "Your chalet mate—my brother," said Joan.
 "Oh!" Jimmy reddened. "Then you know about—"

She nodded and eyed him with interest.
 "You're packing it up, aren't you? Why?"
 "What have I got to stay for?" retorted Jimmy bitterly. "Six months I've been kicking my heels at Scapa looking forward to Bright Lights and Lovely Grub—and what do I find when I get here?"

"There's plenty of both," Joan reminded him, but he looked at her loftily.

"Bright lights and lovely grub's not what you think. It's sailor talk for going on leave, meeting your girl and having a good time."

"You won't get them by running away," she said.

He looked at her with respectful surprise. For the first time it occurred to him that he was running away, instead of staying to fight his disappointment. And this girl had hit it straight away.

"I suppose not," he said slowly. Then he brightened. "Look—if I stay, will you have a drink with me?"

"I don't drink," said Joan.
 "Well, what do you do?" he asked. She smiled shyly.

"I was just going for a swim. You can come if you like," she added.

"It's a date," he said promptly.
 "Only—no strings," she warned.
 "What do you mean?"

"I don't want you to get the wrong impression," she said. "I'm just going to be someone you know—the girl who lives next door—nothing else. O.K.?"

"O.K.," he said equally seriously, and, turning, began to run back to his chalet. The strain was too much for the string and brown paper, which promptly shed the rest of their contents. And as they retrieved the things together, Jimmy decided that a girl like Joan was just the girl to mend his broken heart, and Joan decided that a sailor with a merry grin, like Jimmy, was just the companion for a holiday.

They spent the whole day together, roller skating, swimming, romping like two children, and they slipped out of the after-dinner concert to sit and talk in the moonlight instead of joining the crowd, rocking and bumping on their seats with great gusto to a spirited rendering of "Sons of the Sea" that the composer would have been surprised to hear. Jimmy escorted Joan back to her chalet, and was just persuading her to spend the next day with him, while she was putting up a weak resistance, when a masculine voice suddenly interrupted.

"Hey—d'you mind shoving off, you two? This isn't a reception area—and it's booked!"

There was no mistaking those tones of amused condescension—and Jimmy and Joan saw Binky Hardwicke and Angela sitting on the chalet doorstep, obviously enjoying a flirtation. Joan apologised, said good-night and stepped past them into the chalet.

"Hey!" called Jimmy. "Where shall I meet you?"

"Outside the hall-room—eleven o'clock," said Joan, and shut the door.

Binky waved a reproving finger at Jimmy.
 "Bad staff work, old boy. Shouldn't have let her get away."

Jimmy flushed, gave him an indignant glare and

(Continued in third column)

BIRTHDAY FORECASTS

By MADAME FRANCESCA

Birthdays from Sept. 12th to Sept. 26th (both dates inclusive)

Sept. 12th. It will be useless to dig yourself into a rut. Your plans may have to be altered and your family affairs are almost certain to undergo sudden and unexpected changes. The stars are propitious for travel, change, and the beginning of new enterprises.

Sept. 13th. This is an excellent period for promoting your plans. Good news can be expected shortly and someone in whom you are very interested will make life much happier for you.

Sept. 14th. You aren't getting things all your own way, but if you persevere and carry on with existing plans you will gradually benefit from the favourable planetary influences which will govern your life in the near future.

Sept. 15th. The middle of next month should prove a particularly fortunate time for you. Go all out for what you want most, and don't forget that a little determination will unquestionably strengthen your position. Don't let the opinion of a comparative stranger poison your trust in an old friend.

Sept. 16th. A good time is promised, but don't rush into new ventures before you have formed a complete programme. Avoid quarrels with the family and try to be as tactful as you can when dealing with relations. Romantic adventures are more than likely.

Sept. 17th. Don't hesitate to discuss your affairs with somebody you can trust. You are apt to keep too much to yourself. Developments in your present plans will bring you the opportunity for which you have been waiting, but before you achieve some final goal you may have to break with someone whose friendship you value.

Sept. 18th. Those born today are under particularly favourable influences and, if eligible, an important love affair is more than likely. Hidden snags may crop up in connection with business plans, but you should be able to overcome these providing you remain faithful to your own judgment.

Sept. 19th. Be careful whom you trust. You'll have reason to remember that old saying which says "Old friends are best." Don't get involved in matters about which you know little and care less. Concentrate on your own efforts and you'll discover that personal effort will be met with success.

Sept. 20th. You should accept an opportunity to make a change in your home life. New interests are indicated and you are almost certain to form at least one very important new friendship. Accept an invitation to stay with a friend. Don't be afraid to get out of a rut.

Sept. 21st. You'll get what you want but you will first have to bide your time. All the determination in the world won't overcome certain obstacles in five minutes—better be tactful than tenacious. Try to get round your difficulties instead of forcing your way through them.

Sept. 22nd. Extra effort is needed if you mean to achieve what you have set out to do. More security is promised in the future and you will enjoy far more benefits during the next twelve months than you have experienced for a considerable time. But you must stick to your plans and concentrate on the job in hand.

Sept. 23rd. You'll find it hard to explain the behaviour of a friend, but providing you continue to have faith in this person your affairs will straighten themselves out. Financial matters improve, but not before a slight disappointment has been experienced.

Sept. 24th. Promotion of some kind seems more than likely and you will receive more than one opportunity to make progress. The future demands some hard work, but it also offers some dazzling opportunities for improving your position. A stroke of luck is indicated within the next few weeks.

Sept. 25th. A relation will prove surprisingly helpful and this may involve a change of residence or a change of occupation. To avoid complications you should make your plans carefully and stick to a disciplined programme. Your success will depend on your ability to ignore a number of distractions.

Sept. 26th. You will make headway during the next twelve months, but there is the indication of a great deal of opposition from one direction—future outlook, headway plus headaches! Don't expect too much co-operation from others, but carry on quietly on your own.

BIRTHDAYS IN SCREENLAND

Sept. 13th. Claudette Colbert, 1905.

Sept. 15th. Tom Conway, 1904; Margaret Lockwood, 1916; Penny Singleton, 1912.

Sept. 16th. Jackie Cooper, 1923; Isabel Jeans, 1891.

Sept. 17th. Roddy McDowall, 1928; Helen Vinson.

Sept. 18th. Geraldine Fitzgerald, 1914.

Sept. 19th. Margaret Lindsay, 1910.

Sept. 20th. Barbara Britton.

Sept. 21st. Derrick de Marney, 1906.

Sept. 22nd. Paul Muni, 1897; Rene Ray, 1914; Martha Scott, 1916; Erich Von Stroheim, 1885; Allan Lane.

Sept. 23rd. Walter Pidgeon, 1897; Mickey Rooney, 1921.

Sept. 24th. Don Porter, 1912.

Sept. 26th. Donald Cook, 1902; Edmund Gwenn, 1875; Fay Holden, 1895; Wally Patch, 1888.



MARTHA SCOTT

Pidgeon, 1897; Mickey Rooney, 1921.
 Sept. 24th. Don Porter, 1912.
 Sept. 26th. Donald Cook, 1902; Edmund Gwenn, 1875; Fay Holden, 1895; Wally Patch, 1888.

stalked off with as much dignity as he could muster, while Binky turned his attention to Angela once more.

Romance Goes Awry

IT was unfortunate that neither Joan nor Jimmy knew that there were two ballrooms in the camp. For over half an hour they waited at different doorways, and departed huffily, each suspecting the other of false play. Joan put on her swimming suit and joined Binky and Angela at the swimming pool. Mr. and Mrs. Huggett were seated just behind them on the raised terrace, ostensibly reading the newspapers as they sat in deckchairs, secretly eyeing the crowds round the pool. Joe, having read the headlines about the Mannequin Murder, a crime committed by a murderer who was still at large, abandoned all pretence at interest and got busy with his binoculars, as the blonde he had kissed in the ballroom passed by with a smile and a lingering look. His pleasure was short lived. Mrs. Huggett not only could not get used to seeing such undressed girls so close, but she strongly disapproved of the appreciation with which Joe used the binoculars to bring the distant ones nearer. Unfortunately, when Joe reminded Mrs. Huggett that the beauty competition started in five minutes, he overstepped the mark, and she promptly confiscated the binoculars. Yet despite Mrs. Huggett's offended sense of decency, nobody was prouder than she was when Joan won the bathing beauty contest. Joan, though pleased, was upset by Jimmy's failure to turn up, which had taken the fun from the day, and when Binky promptly transferred his masterful affections to Joan as a result of her local fame, this upset Angela. The rest of the day was spoiled for the four of them, while for a change, Joe and Mrs. Huggett, who had walked along the cliff and were sitting all alone for the first time since their honeymoon, found the day becoming more and more pleasant after its unpromising start. The golden stillness softened Mrs. Huggett's sharp tongue and soothed their senses. It even led Mrs. Huggett to unlock her heart enough to voice a fear that had been growing since her husband had kissed the blonde and shown such interest in the smartly dressed girls who surrounded them in the camp—the fear that she was getting dowdy and unattractive to him. Joe's hearty, if tactless, reassurance that women who went round in a pair of panties and a brassiere were all right on holiday, but he liked something plain at home, set her fears at rest, and renewed a comforting sense of understanding and appreciation—the tolerant affection of those who know each other well enough to have no illusions.

WITHIN twenty-four hours Joan and Angela had ironed out all their own troubles but their romantic interests were still encountering difficulties. Angela was far too impulsive and outspoken to let any resentment rankle when the cause could be tackled, and she believed Joan's version of the previous day's mishaps. She also knew that Binky was an experienced philanderer—in fact, that helped to attract her, for it flattered her vanity to know that he appreciated her above all the other pretty girls and she lapped up his stories of Monte Carlo, his ancestral home, heroic exploits in the R.A.F., and all his mock-modest bragging, exulting in the fact that here was a real man of the world, who had picked her from hundreds of other girls. Even the streak of cruelty which he occasionally revealed was an added thrill—she despised a man who would do as she wanted merely because she wanted it. But she did not trust Binky, and for that reason, when friendliness was restored, she sent him to meet Joan in the cafe while she went to get her tennis things.

On the way she ran into Jimmy. Until then he had spent the beautiful morning brooding darkly on the fickleness of the female sex. Angela's explanation of Joan's failure to keep her appointment brightened him up considerably and he also set off for the cafe without delay.

Binky, however, had not gone to the cafe. Joan had a trick of making him feel very small and he did not like it. He went to the lounge instead and here he was buttonholed by Elsie, a confirmed holiday-camper, who came each year solely to seek romance, started each holiday with the firm conviction that she would find it, and left with the firm conviction that next year must be the lucky one. She was a quaint little thing, with a mass of frizzy hair and big, pale eyes. Binky had won her heart immediately; he had talked to her, been polite and charming, and he had even kissed her—she had been his lot at the dance at which Joe Huggett had kissed the blonde. Ever since his first polite smile Elsie had had a feeling that she had seen him before.

(Continued on page 14)

Round the British Studios

WITH
Edith Mepean

MARGARET LOCKWOOD was at work on honeymoon sequences in the John Corfield production "The White Unicorn," when I visited the studios at Walton-on-Thames. Margaret was looking very lovely. Her dark hair was worn loose to her shoulders, which made her look extremely youthful; (and, by the way, how many years that so called sophisticated fashion of piled up hair on the top of the head style adds to the youngest!). Margaret was amused that chance brought me to the studios on that particular day, for in her previous John Corfield film, she was also on her honeymoon when I went to the Ealing Studios.

This was in the picture "Bedelia" with Ian Hunter as her husband and strangely enough Ian Hunter, as Philip Templar, is again Margaret's film husband in her latest picture, where Margaret as "Lucy Madden" marries Ian Hunter, a rising young barrister. But the marriage is not a success and there is trouble over their child. Eventually she falls in love with "Dick Glover" played by Dennis Price, and marries him, her former husband refusing the custody of her little girl.

For this honeymoon sequence their villa "in Finland" was built in the studio.

Outside the villa it was real winter, the grounds and scenery white with deep snow! All this in the studio! As I arrived Dennis Price was planning a party to which all the "locals" would be invited. Margaret was examining the model of a unicorn supposed to be carved in the rarest ivory. "Happiness is a milk-white unicorn" Dennis remarks, "it is worth waiting for and worth all the heartbreaks afterwards," he adds.

Margaret was wearing a long, tightly fitting jumper which perfectly moulded her slim figure. It was striped navy and red and it was worn over a finely pleated skirt of woollen material. In her ears were lovely pearls, "I wear them as often as I can," she confided, "they are so pretty."

I had tea on the set with Harold Huth who is co-producer of the film. "There are lovely shots of Finland in the picture," he was telling me.

In "White Unicorn" you will also see Margaret as warden of the Midland Mission Home for Girls, and she has some strong dramatic sequences with "Lottie," played by Joan Greenwood. Paul Dupuis is Joan Greenwood's lover in the film.

JOAN GREENWOOD, who is playing "Lottie" in "The White Unicorn," is achieving remarkable success on the screen. She has clear-cut features, and she is extremely slight and graceful. She was telling me one day that her greatest ambition was to become a ballet dancer. "I might have achieved that ambition if I hadn't fallen ill," she smiled. And so Joan took up acting instead and studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Stage successes quickly followed—"The Gentle Sex," "Heartbreak House," "The Doll's House" and other

stage shows. "If 'The Gentle Sex' had not been turned into a film," Joan told me, "I might never have thought about the screen, but in the picture I played my original stage role." And Joan found the screen just as thrilling as the stage. She gave a notable performance, you may remember, in "Latin Quarter"; in "The Man Within" she was with Michael Redgrave and Richard Attenborough and she has starred in "The October Man" with John Mills. Shortly to be released, her next film is "Saraband for Dead Lovers" in which Stewart Granger has a starring role for Ealing Studios

WHEN, at the close of "A Canterbury Tale," Dennis Price played Bach's dramatic Toccata and Fugue in F on the cathedral organ, it was in effect a triumphant fanfare heralding the arrival of a new British star. This was in 1944. Up to date he has been seen in nine films. His tenth is "Master of Bankdam," coming shortly to the cinemas. "The White Unicorn" is his eleventh. I hope in his next film he will be able to live throughout the story.

You may remember he sank to his death in a bog in "Caravan"; he died of typhoid in "Hungry Hill"; he was murdered by gas in "Dear Murderer"; in "Jassy" he is killed early in the picture; he is heading for the gallows at the end of "Holiday Camp"; in "Master of Bankdam" you'll see him crushed by the fall of masonry; and in "The White Unicorn" he is killed in a skiing accident.

IN answer to many inquiries from you for news of Douglass Montgomery, he recently completed his latest picture, "When in Rome." After that he went to Cairo for a holiday. Douglass, Canadian-born actor, is always bright, ever enthusiastic about his work. He was telling me that he flew back from Egypt to star in a B.B.C. radio serial, "North-West Passage." He also starred for the B.B.C. in "Saturday Night Theatre."

When I met him he looked tanned and fit after his Egyptian adventures.

"I spent part of my time with a camel caravan in the desert," he told me. "I am making plans to return to the stage in a new West End show, another American play."

His ambition at present is to get away from "soft" roles, for which film producers inevitably cast him, and play a "tough" part.

Scenes from "The White Unicorn." (Left) Margaret Lockwood as the warden and Byrl Wakeley as the matron of a Midland Remand Home. (Below) Margaret Lockwood dressed as the ghost Charlotte Fontenelle meets Richard Glover (played by Dennis Price). (Right) Joan Greenwood as Lottie Smith and Paul Dupuis as Paul



STARS AND THEIR PETS. Valerie Hobson has made friends with many of the wild birds near her country cottage. This one flies through the window of the breakfast room and helps himself to crumbs. Valerie was born in Larne, Ireland, on April 4th, 1917. She has light brown hair, dark grey eyes and is 5 ft. 6 ins. in height. After training at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and studying ballet and other dancing with Espinosa, she had her first stage engagement as understudy at Drury Lane Theatre. "Two Hearts in Waltz Time" was her first film, and "Great Expectations" one of her latest. She is married to Anthony Havelock-Allen and they have a son who was born in 1944

A LETTER from Herbert Wilcox tells me that his next production will again star Anna Neagle and Michael Wilding, in a modern comedy, set in London, 1947, entitled "Spring in Park Lane." The script is by Alice Duer Miller, author of "The White Cliffs of Dover" and "Roberta" and screen play writer of "Irene"—Anna Neagle's most successful musical film in Hollywood, in which she starred with Ray Milland.

"Spring in Park Lane" is to be a romantic comedy with music and will be in sharp contrast to the style of "Piccadilly Incident" and "The Courtneys of Curzon Street."

THE title of "They Walk Alone," which stars Anne Crawford, Maxwell Reed and also provides Siobhan McKenna with a strong role, has been changed to "Daughter of Darkness."

Anne Crawford and Maxwell Reed have been in Cornwall on location. Sequences for an Irish village were also shot at Veryan and a sixteenth-century farmhouse in Liskeard will also be in the picture.

British exteriors are certainly strong winning features in many of our latest and most successful films.

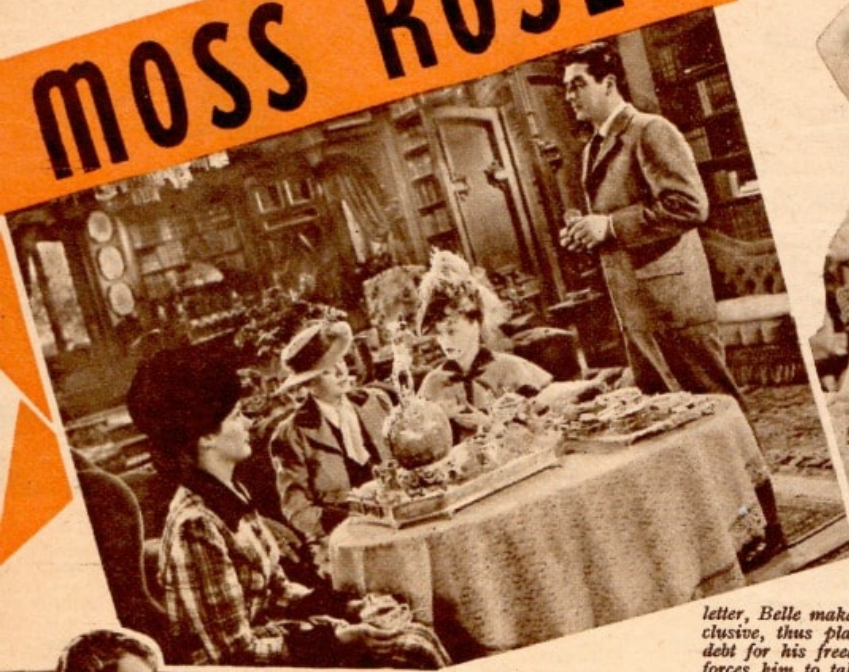
John Galsworthy's "Escape," the 20th Century-Fox British production now being made starring Rex Harrison, will have most of its important scenes filmed on the Devonshire moors.



(20th Century-Fox)
 Director: Gregory Ratoff
 American. Certificate "A"
 Running time 82 minutes
 From the novel by
 Joseph Shearing

MOSS ROSE

Belle Adair envies her friend Daisy Arrow her aristocratic admirer. Belle catches a glimpse of Michael one morning. Then she finds that Daisy has been murdered.



After implicating Michael in the murder by means of an anonymous letter, Belle makes her evidence inconclusive, thus placing Michael in her debt for his freedom. In return, she forces him to take her to his country home so that she can live like a lady for two weeks. She meets his mother, Lady Margaret Drego, and his fiancée, Audrey.

- | | | |
|------------------------|-----|-----------------|
| Belle Adair | ... | Peggy Cummins |
| Michael Drego | ... | Victor Mature |
| Lady Margaret Drego | ... | Ethel Barrymore |
| Inspector Clinner | ... | Vincent Price |
| Daisy Arrow | ... | Margo Woode |
| Craxton | ... | George Zucco |
| Audrey Ashton | ... | Patricia Medina |
| Deputy Inspector Evans | ... | Rhys Williams |
| Liza | ... | Felippa Rock |
| Harriet | ... | Carol Savage |
| George Gilby | ... | Patrick O'Moore |
| White Horse Cabby | ... | Billy Bevan |
| Assist. Hotel Manager | ... | Michael Dyne |
| Footmen | ... | Gilbert Wilson |
| Pub Owner | ... | Stanley Mann |
| | | Paul England |

Murder mystery melodrama of a London chorus girl in the Edwardian days, and how she blackmails a well-connected young man into presenting her at his country home as a "lady," but finds herself involved in a series of sinister events. Peggy Cummins is delightful as the heroine, and there is a good cast, with outstanding work by Ethel Barrymore and Vincent Price.

Inspector Clinner and his assistant Evans arrive at Charnleigh Manor and question Lady Margaret

(Right) Michael and Belle fall in love, and when Michael breaks his engagement, Audrey accuses Belle of stealing Michael from her. Next morning Audrey is found murdered in her bed. On the table beside her is an open Bible, a moss rose in it—as there was beside Daisy's body



Michael confesses to both murders and leaves Belle in his mother's care, saying that he loves her. Belle, certain that Michael is not the murderer, has proof of this when she almost becomes the murderer's third victim. This, however, leads to the detection of the real murderer and leaves the way clear for her happiness with Michael

Superb
 Autographed
 Coloured

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Picture Show STARS Picture Show ST



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(M.-G.-M.)
 Director: Clarence Brown
 American Certificate "U"
 Running time 127 minutes.
 Based on the Pulitzer Prize Novel by
 Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings
 Photographed in
 Technicolor

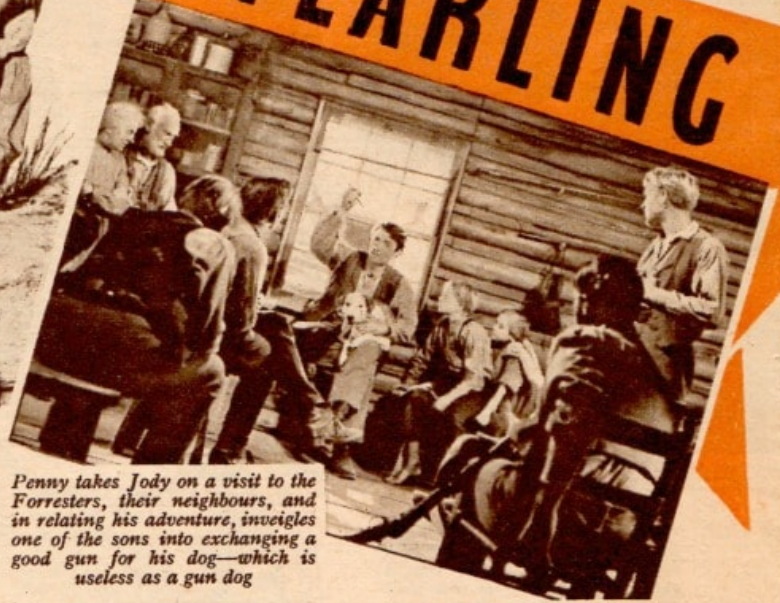
The YEARLING



(Left) In Florida's wilds live the Baxters, wresting a living from the soil. A bear kills the family's calf and piglet. Penny Baxter fails to kill the bear when his old gun misfires



Jody and his pet fawn, which he is allowed to keep as Penny took it's mother's life to save his own



Penny takes Jody on a visit to the Forresters, their neighbours, and in relating his adventure, inveigles one of the sons into exchanging a good gun for his dog—which is useless as a gun dog

LIFE PORTRAITS
 N'S LEADING STARS

SPECIAL OFFER
To Readers of
PICTURE SHOW

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| Penny Baxter .. | Gregory Peck |
| Ma Baxter .. | Jane Wyman |
| Jody .. | Claude Jarman, Jr. |
| Buck Forrester .. | Chill Wills |
| Pa Forrester .. | Clem Bevans |
| Ma Forrester .. | Margaret Wycherly |
| Mr. Boyles .. | Henry Travers |
| Lem Forrester .. | Forrest Tucker |
| Fodderwing .. | Donn Gift |
| Gabby Forrester .. | Matt Willis |
| Millwheel Forrester .. | Dan White |
| Pack Forrester .. | George Mann |
| Arch Forrester .. | Arthur Hohl |
| Eulalie Boyles .. | Joan Wells |
| Oliver .. | Jeff York |
| Twink Weatherby .. | June Lockhart |
| Doc Wilson .. | B. M. "Chick" York |

Here is one of the loveliest films of the year, a tender story of a boy's love for a baby deer, and its conflict with his family's fight to live. It is set in the backwoods of Florida, sincerely acted, photographed with rare beauty and finely directed



Ma Baxter, grim and hard through years of heartbreaking toil and loss, complains about the extra food that the fawn will eat, as they dry the maize that they have managed to save from a violent storm. Penny, however, sides with Jody

ACTUAL SIZE OF EACH PORTRAIT
 8½ ins. x 6 ins.

Four of these
 RE SHOW STARS FOLDERS
 are now ready as under

MES MASON and INGRID BERGMAN
 AN JOHNSON and ESTHER WILLIAMS
 NG CROSBY and RITA HAYWORTH
 EWART CRANGER
 and MARGARET LOCKWOOD

Cut Here
 send folders No.....
 which I enclose P.O. value ..
LABEL



(Left) Jody helps Penny plant the corn. Flag, however, despite Jody's desperate building of a high fence to keep him out, twice eats the new green corn shoots, and at length Penny reluctantly decrees that Flag must be shot

(Right) Jody runs away, but after facing death in the swamps, is rescued. He returns home, however, and Penny realises that his son has grown up within the space of a few months. He's a yearling no longer





In 1830, Sir Christopher Hatton, an inveterate gambler, loses his ancestral home, Mordelaine, to Nick Helmar. With his wife and son, Barney, he retires to a small farmhouse, leaving his home to the Helmars and their daughter Dilys

In the Centre Section:
*** JASSY**
*** MOSS ROSE**
***** THE YEARLING**



Glenn Ford, Janis Carter and Barry Sullivan in

*** PAULA** (Columbia)
 Director: Richard Wallace
 American. Certificate "A"
 Running time 82 minutes

- | | | | |
|-----------------|----|----|-----------------|
| Mike Lambert | .. | .. | Glenn Ford |
| Paula Craig | .. | .. | Janis Carter |
| Stephen Price | .. | .. | Barry Sullivan |
| Jeff Cunningham | .. | .. | Edgar Buchanan |
| Mrs. Price | .. | .. | Karen Morley |
| Jack Woodworth | .. | .. | Jim Bannon |
| Bartender | .. | .. | Sid Tomack |
| Jane Woodworth | .. | .. | Barbara Woodell |
| Assay Clerk | .. | .. | Paul E. Burns |

First-rate thriller, taut, tense and smooth, with crisp dialogue and splendid characterisation. It is the story of a blonde waitress who helps an out-of-work mining engineer, planning to use his trust and gratitude to make him the scapegoat in a robbery she and her bank official boy friend are planning, events instead leading her to murder her accomplice and half-convince the engineer that he is the guilty one. You need to follow it closely to comprehend its intricacies, but it compels you to do so



Ron Randall and Muriel Steinbeck in

**** SOUTHERN CROSS** (Columbia)
 Director: Ken G. Hall
 Australian. Certificate "U"
 Running time 95 minutes

- | | | | |
|------------------------|----|----|------------------------|
| Sir Charles Kingsford | .. | .. | Ron Randall |
| Smith | .. | .. | Muriel Steinbeck |
| Lady Mary Kingsford | .. | .. | John Tate |
| Charles Ulm | .. | .. | Joy Nicholls |
| Kay Sutton | .. | .. | Nan Taylor |
| Nan Kingsford | .. | .. | Capt. G. Allan Hancock |
| Capt. G. Allan Hancock | .. | .. | Alec Kellaway |
| Sir Hubert Wilkins | .. | .. | John Dease |
| Stringer | .. | .. | Joe Valli |
| Arthur Powell | .. | .. | Marshall Crosby |
| Harold Kingsford | .. | .. | John Dunne |
| Smith | .. | .. | Edward Smith |
| Beau Shell | .. | .. | Alan Herbert |
| Tommy Pethybridge | .. | .. | Hughes |
| Rt. Hon. W. M. | .. | .. | Capt. F. G. Taylor |
| Hughes | .. | .. | Himself |
| Capt. F. G. Taylor | .. | .. | John Stannage |
| John Stannage | .. | .. | Himself |

Out-of-the-rut biographical drama of the famous Australian aerial pioneer who lost his life in flying from England to Australia. Beginning during the First World War, when "Smithy" won the M.C., it shows his unending endeavours to inspire others with his belief in the future of air transport. Woven into this are glimpses of his romance and home life. It is well directed, with a most agreeable performance by Ron Randall, who is well supported. A fine tribute to one of the really great men of the air

JASSY

Barney saves Jassy Woodroffe from villagers who are tormenting her because her mother was a gypsy. Jassy falls in love with Barney, but Mrs. Hatton gets her a job as maid in the school to which Dilys has been sent after her mother's death

(Below) When Dilys is expelled from school, she takes Jassy home with her and Jassy becomes housekeeper at Mordelaine. Still deeply in love with Barney, she agrees to marry the infatuated Helmar on condition that the house is given back to Barney before the wedding



(Below, left) Helmar has a riding accident. Lindy, Jassy's dumb and devoted servant, poisons him when she realises how much Jassy hates him. Jassy and Lindy are both accused of murder, but Lindy manages to clear Jassy before she dies, and Jassy goes back to her gypsy life



(Gainsborough G.F.D.)
 Director: Bernard Knowles
 British. Certificate "A"
 Running time 102 minutes
 Photographed in Technicolor
 From the novel by Norah Lofts

- | | | | |
|-----------------------|----|----|-------------------|
| Jassy | .. | .. | Margaret Lockwood |
| Dilys | .. | .. | Patricia Roc |
| Christopher Hatton | .. | .. | Dennis Price |
| Nick Helmar | .. | .. | Basil Sydney |
| Barney Hatton | .. | .. | Dermot Walsh |
| Lindy | .. | .. | Esme Cannon |
| Elizabeth Twisdale | .. | .. | Cathleen Nesbitt |
| Mrs. Helmar | .. | .. | Linden Travers |
| Mrs. Hatton | .. | .. | Nora Swinburne |
| Sir Edward Follesmark | .. | .. | Ernest Thesiger |
| Meggie | .. | .. | Jean Cadell |
| Housemaid | .. | .. | Grace Arnold |
| Woodroffe | .. | .. | John Laurie |
| Stephen Fennell | .. | .. | Grey Blake |
| Sedley | .. | .. | Bryan Coleman |
| Sir William Fennell | .. | .. | Clive Morton |
| Bob Wicks | .. | .. | Torin Thatcher |
| Mrs. Wicks | .. | .. | Beatrice Varley |
| Moult | .. | .. | Eliot Makeham |
| Jim Stoner | .. | .. | Maurice Denham |
| Kathleen Hamilton | .. | .. | Joan Haythorne |
| Sir Edward Walker | .. | .. | Alan Wheatley |
| Sir John Penty | .. | .. | Hugh Pryse |

Period melodrama dealing with the love of a gypsy girl, possessed of second sight, for an aristocratic young man who loves his ancestral home (gambled away by his father) more than anything else in life. None too convincing, but lavishly set



Fortnight's Films

*** Excellent

** Very Good

* Good

*** HOLIDAY CAMP

(Gainsborough-G.F.D.)

Director: Ken Annakin

British. Certificate "A"

Running time 97 minutes

Based on an original story by Godfrey Winn

Esther Harman	Flora Robson
Squadron-Ldr. Hardwicke	Dennis Price
Joe Huggett	Jack Warner
Joan Martin	Hazel Court
Michael Halliday	Emrys Jones
Mrs. Huggett	Kathleen Harrison
Angela Kirby	Yvonne Owen
Camp Announcer	Esmond Knight
Jimmy Gardner	Jimmy Hanley
Harry Huggett	Peter Hammond
Elsie Dawson	Esme Cannon
Steve	John Blythe
Valerie Thompson	Jeannette Tregarthen
Valerie's Aunt	Beatrice Varley
Charlie	Dennis Harkin
Patsy Crawford	Susan Shaw
Camp Doctor	Maurice Denham
Receptionist	Jane Hylton
Beauty Queen	Pamela Bramah
Detectives	Jack Raine and John Stone

Redcoats	Reginald Purdell, Alfie Bass, Phil Fowler, Jack Ellis
----------	---

and
Patricia Roc—Cheerful Charlie Chester—Gerry Wilmot as themselves

Human, humorous and sentimental story of the actions and reactions of a group of holiday-makers at a holiday camp. Thoroughly convincing characterization, first-class acting, authentic backgrounds and neat direction make it grand entertainment

IDEA GIRL

(Universal International G.F.D.)

Director: Will Jason

American. Certificate "U"

Running time 60 minutes

Music: "I Don't Care if I never Dream Again," "I Can't get you Out of My Mind," "Xango"

Pat O'Rourke	Julie Bishop
Larry Brewster	Jess Barker
J. C. Crow	Alan Mowbray
Potts	George Dolenz
Mabel	Joan Fulton
Cynthia	Laura Dean Dutton

Charlie Barnett and his Orchestra

Comedy-drama with song, of the results attending a girl who thinks up stunts to improve song-publishing business. Dull stuff that even the cast can't help



Louis Hayward, Una O'Connor and Barbara Britton in

*MONTE CRISTO'S REVENGE

(Columbia)

Director: Henry Levin

American. Certificate "A"

Running time 91 minutes

Edmond Dantes	Louis Hayward
Angele Picard	Barbara Britton
Henri de la Roche	George Macready
Miss Beedle	Una O'Connor
Professor Duval	Henry Stephenson
Bombelles	Steven Geray
Emil Blanchard	Ray Collins
Judge Lafitte	Ludwig Donath
Major Chavet	Ivan Triesault
Pinot	Jean del Val
Jacques	Eugene Borden
Durec	Crane Whitley
Guard	John Cory

Lusty melodrama whose hero is the grand-nephew of the original Count of Monte Cristo. The story deals with his suffering at the hands of three villains who plan to secure the family fortune, and his revenge on them. The general grimness is relieved by the dash of the hero and attractive romantic moments

DOWN CUBA WAY

(Universal International G.F.D.)

Director: Jean Yarbrough

American. Certificate "U"

Running time 61 minutes

Desi Arnaz	Desi Arnaz
Ethel Smith	Ethel Smith
Ann	Joan Fulton
Theresa Lindsay	Jacqueline de Wit
Brownie	Beverly Simmons
George Roberts	Don Porter
Consuelo El Rey	Yvonne King
Juanita El Rey	Luise King
Lita El Rey	Donna King
Maria El Rey	Alyce King
Perez	Pedro de Cordoba
Dancers	Igor and Yvette

Sketchy story of a girl's efforts to sign up a Cuban dance band leader for a radio show, with the music the best of the picture



Madge Meredith, Tom Conway and Edward Brophy in

THE FALCON'S ADVENTURE

(RKO Radio)

Director: William Berke

American. Certificate "A"

Running time 62 minutes

Falcon	Tom Conway
Luisa	Madge Meredith
Goldie	Edward S. Brophy
Sutton	Robert Warwick
Doris	Myrna Dell
Benny	Steve Brodie
Denison	Ian Wolfe
Helen	Carol Forman
Inspector Cavanaugh	Joseph Crehan
Geary	Phil Warren
Paolo	Tony Barrett
Duncan	Harry Harvey
Lieutenant Evans	Jason Robards

Typical Falcon melodrama, in which the suave, lady-loving hero outwits a gang of crooks in quest of a formula for making industrial diamonds. A couple of murders and a kidnapping liven the action. Attractive work by Tom Conway, who is well supported, makes the best of the cut-to-pattern material

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI

(Monogram Pathé)

Director: Jack Bernhard

American. Certificate "U"

Running time 71 minutes

Betty Allan	Elyse Knox
Lucky Ryan	Phil Regan
Phil Howard	Phil Brito
Ted Sloan	Ross Hunter
Sue	Anne Gillis
Coach	Tom Harmon
Bill Ryan	Fred Coby
Tommy Carr	David Holt
Harry Townsend	Robert Arthur
Frankie	Paul Guilfoyle
Arty	Edward Brophy
Mike Mitchell	Alan Hale, Jr.
Margie	Margorie Hoerner
Charlie	William Beaudine, Jr.
Mauzy	Mauzy Dexter
Fitz	Bob Fitzgerald
Fred	Fred Datig, Jr.
Bob	Robert J. Bacon
Michael	Michael Kostrick
Emmett	Emmett Vogan, Jr.
Jane	Denise Kay
Mary	Bonnie Nolan
Pat	Adele Eaton
Helen	Beverly Johns
Joyce	Jean Cronin
Ruth	Ruth Allen
Evelyn	Evelyn Reed
Pat	Pat Kennedy

Rowing and romantic prowess are the main features of this lively presentation of college co-educational capers, which is brightly acted, with one or two dashes of swing music



Charles Winninger, Spring Byington, Gene Kelly and Marie McDonald in

*LIVING IN A BIG WAY (M.-G.-M.)

Director: Gregory LaCava

American. Certificate "A"

Running time 103 minutes

Music: "It had to be You," "Fido and Me"

Leo Gogarty	Gene Kelly
Margaud Morgan	Marie McDonald
D. Rutherford	
Morgan	Charles Winninger
Peggy Randall	Phyllis Thaxter
Mrs. Morgan	Spring Byington
Abigail Morgan	Jean Adair
Everett Hanover	
Smythe	Clinton Sundberg
Stuart	John Warburton
Schultz	William "Bill" Phillips
Dolly	Bernadene Hayes
Attorney Ambridge	John Alexander
Annie Pearl	Phyllis Kennedy

Musical romantic drama of an ex-serviceman's return to the bride of his hasty war wedding, and the trouble he has to endure before she mends her selfish ways. It is rather an odd mixture, with Gene Kelly dancing through it all with his usual agility, Charles Winninger and Spring Byington as the wealthy couple who are extremely surprised to have a son-in-law, Marie McDonald as the bride who doesn't want her husband, and Phyllis Thaxter as a war widow who helps her to change her mind

*BLIND SPOT (Columbia)

Director: Robert Gordon

American. Certificate "A"

Running time 73 minutes

Jeffery Andrews	Chester Morris
Evelyn Green	Constance Dowling
Lloyd Harrison	Steven Geray
Bartender	Sid Tomack
Lieut. Applegate	James Bell
Elevator Operator	Paul E. Burns
Henry Small	William Forrest

Thoroughly entertaining murder mystery melodrama of an author who, while tipsy, tells several people of the plot of his next novel, a murder story, and is naturally suspected when the publisher with whom he had had several battles, is later killed by the method he had devised. Deftly directed and well acted

*THE MILLERSON CASE (Columbia)

Director: George Archainbaud

American. Certificate "A"

Running time 72 minutes

Dr. Robert Ordway	Warner Baxter
Belle Englehart	Nancy Saunders
Sheriff Akers	Clem Bevans
Dr. Sam Millerson	Griff Barnett
Jud Rookstool	Paul Guilfoyle
Ezra Minnich	James Bell
Dr. Wickersham	Addison Richards
Bije Minnich	Mark Dennis
Dr. Prescott	Robert Stevens
Lieut. Callahan	Eddie Parker
Hank Nixon	Vic Potel
Squireiah Dobbs	Eddy Waller
Jessie Tuttle	Russell Simpson
Emma Millerson	Sarah Padden
Mort Crowell	Jack Davis
Harley Rumford	Paul Bryar
Ella Minnich	Frances Morris
Eddie Rookstool	Barbara Pepper
Ward Beachey	Trevor Bardette

This crime doctor melodrama is well acted and characterised, but is a little slow getting into its stride. It deals with the doctor's holiday in a little one-eyed village and how he finds himself combating a typhoid epidemic and solving a murder committed under cover of the epidemic

**BUSH CHRISTMAS (G.B.I.-G.F.D.)

Director: Ralph Smart

Australian. Certificate "U"

Running time 78 minutes

"Long" Bill	Chips Rafferty
Jim	John Fernside
Blue	Stan Tolshurst
Father	Pat Penny
Mother	Thelma Grigg
Old Jack	Clyde Combo
Narrator	John McCallum

The Children

Helen	Helen Grieve
Snow	Nicky Yardley
John	Morris Unicombe
Michael	Michael Yardley
Neza	Neza Sanders

Refreshing and thoroughly enjoyable is this delightful film set in the Blue Mountains in New South Wales, which deals with the adventures of some high spirited Australian youngsters who spend their Christmas holidays chasing and capturing a couple of thieves to whom they have given information about a valuable mare and foal



James Lydon, Mary Astor and Elisabeth Taylor in

THE RICH, FULL LIFE (M.-G.-M.)

Director: Robert Z. Leonard

American. Certificate "U"

Running time 98 minutes

Based on the play by Vina Delmar

Cynthia Bishop	Elisabeth Taylor
Larry Bishop	George Murphy
Prof. Rosenkrantz	S. Z. Sakall
Louise Bishop	Mary Astor
Dr. Fred I. Jannings	Gene Lockhart
Carrie Jannings	Spring Byington
Ricky Latham	James Lydon
Will Parker	Scotty Beckett
Fredonia Jannings	Carol Brannan
Miss Brady	Anna Q. Nilsson
Mr. Phillips	Morris Ankrum
McQuillan	Kathleen Howard
Stella Regan	Shirley Johns
Alice	Barbara Challis
J. M. Dingle	Harlan Briggs
Gus Wood	Will Wright

This sentimental story of adolescents deals with the yearning of a sickly school-girl for a normal life and a little light romance with any other co-ed of the opposite sex, but is frustrated almost until the end by her over-cherishing father and stuffy uncle, a doctor. Elisabeth Taylor's delicate charm is wasted in dull doldrums

THE LIFE STORY OF Robert HUTTON

A FILM fan who became a film star—that is the story of Robert Hutton. As a small child he looked on film folk as super-mortals and collected all the information he could about his particular favourites. At school, when the other boys talked about all kinds of careers they would like to follow, his own ambition never wavered. All the time he dreamed of acting in films one day.

He is the only one in his family who has ever had any connection whatsoever with the theatre. He was born in Kingston, New York, on July 11th, 1920, the son of a hardware merchant. It is strange that he should dream of becoming an actor for he has always been one of the shyest persons imaginable. He will tell you that he was a terrible flop when he appeared before his first audience. He was only five years old at the time, and he was chosen to recite a poem in Sunday school at Easter time. For weeks beforehand his mother coached him, and when Easter came around he knew his little poem perfectly, but when the time arrived for him to recite it and he stood up in front of the other little children, he opened his mouth but not a sound would come out of it!

When he went to school, Bob realised that if ever he wanted to achieve his ambition to become a film actor, he would have to overcome his shyness. He forced himself to talk to people. Often he realised that his voice sounded jerky and he felt that what he was saying sounded silly, but he persevered even though he suffered acutely every time he forced himself to talk. He is still very shy, but it is this shyness which makes him such an attractive person both on and off the screen.

While at school Robert Hutton showed considerable ability in the athletic field, excelling in running, wrestling and in playing tennis and hockey. He took part in the school theatricals for two reasons—firstly because of his ambition, and secondly in an endeavour still further to cure his shyness. As he grew older he summoned up sufficient courage to join the Woodstock Playhouse stock company during the summer vacations. His shyness still persisted and every time before he went on the stage he would say a little prayer that he might not forget his lines, miss a cue or spoil anyone else's performance. None of these things ever happened, but he still continued to worry.

When he was twenty, Bob set off for Hollywood, full of ambition and high hopes of starting the career of his choice. A veteran performer in a dozen high school and college plays, as well as his stock company experience, he hoped his conquest of casting directors would be easy. In three months, however, he had made personal contact with only one casting director's third assistant, plus two agents, six studio gatemen, an out-of-work producer, and a waiter at the Brown Derby restaurant. None of them could help him to get a job.

At last, with all his money gone, he had to return home to Kingston.

He got jobs with several small stock companies, playing everything from juveniles to tottering old men.

He was playing leads once more with the Woodstock Playhouse stock company when he was "discovered" by a Warner Brothers' talent scout.

"How would you like to play in pictures?" asked the scout.

"I don't mind trying," replied Bob, which was a decided under-statement.

That was in 1943. So three years after his first attempt to get on the screen, he arrived in Hollywood in comfort, was met at the station by a studio representative, driven by car to the front entrance of the studio—which by-passes the casting director—and ushered right into a producer's inner sanctum.

Bob had a brief course of training in camera technique and was then assigned his first film role in *Destination Tokyo*. This led to bigger roles in *Janie, Hollywood Canteen, Roughly Speaking, Too Young to Know, and Janie Gets Married*. In his latest film which has just been released, *Time Out of Mind*, he has his most important screen role, that of Chris Fortune, a weak-willed musician.

Soon after going to Hollywood, Robert Hutton met Natalie Thompson, a non-professional, and the couple were married on December 18th, 1943. The marriage lasted only eighteen months. A month after the divorce became final in September 1946, Bob married actress Cleatus Caldwell, ex-wife of Ken Murray. The couple now reside in an English style home in the San Fernando Valley with Mrs. Hutton's two sons by her previous marriage, Kenneth and Court. They live quietly. Bob's hobbies are wood carving and making miniature furniture. He is still keen on tennis and he and his wife like to ski. In a few years' time Bob would like to change from acting to directing. He had a little experience of the latter when he was with the Woodstock Playhouse company.



Our Postcard
Series

Robert Hutton

This picture can be cut out and pasted on a postcard

'PICTURE SHOW' STAR FAN CLUB

Special Notice : Owing to long waiting list no new members can be enrolled until a coupon appears in this column, so PLEASE DO NOT ASK

Abbreviations : P.-I., pen-friends ; F.I., film favourites ; I., interests ; O.a., own age ; P.a., photograph appreciated.

J. Andrews, West Molesey, J. Lavers Torquay, R. Agar, London, J. Massey, Llandudno, A. Deering, Co. Dublin, regret they are unable to answer all letters received.

Joan Askham, 59, Clarkgrove Road, Sheffield 10, Yorks, wants p.-f. all over world, especially America. I.: films. O.a. 15.

Ivy Lomax, 26, Warrington Road, Ashton-in-Makerfield, Lancs, wants p.-f. in America and South Africa. I.: varied. O.a. 21.

Pamela Jones, 16, Houlder Crescent, Waddon, Croydon, Surrey, wants p.-f. (18-21), especially in America and Canada. I.: sport, dancing, films.

William Ford, 171, Passfield Avenue, Eastleigh, Hants, wants p.-f. anywhere. I.: football, boxing, swimming, Joan Leslie. O.a. 17.

Miss D. Land, 71, Monoga Road, Forest Gate, London, E.7, wants p.-f. anywhere. F.I., Laurence Olivier, James Mason, Dana Andrews.

Joan Sims, 16, Jerdan Place, Walham Green, London, S.W.6, wants p.-f. in America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand. O.a. 18½.

Gloria Goddard, 15, Reading Road, Henley-on-Thames, Oxon, wants p.-f. anywhere, especially America. I.: reading, music, films. O.a. 16.

Bernice Scott, 2, Ramsgate Street, Hanson Lane, Halifax, Yorks, wants p.-f. (20-31). I.: swimming, dancing, walking. O.a. 31.

Yvonne Bradley, 2, Sleaford Road, Bracebridge Heath, Lincoln, wants p.-f. anywhere. I.: dancing, sport, Gene Kelly. O.a. 20.

Edna Homer, 39, Hayes Lane, Lye, Worcestershire, wants p.-f. abroad. I.: all sport, music, dancing, films. O.a. 17.

Daphne Brennan, 3, Valley Road, Shortlands, Kent, wants p.-f. (21-25) anywhere. F.I., Bing Crosby, Van Johnson.

Gloria Brice, 88, Courtman Road, Tottenham, London, N.17, wants p.-f. (16-18) all over world. I.: sport, films, reading.

Elaine Wood, 27, Nine Elms Lane, Park Village, Wolverhampton, Staffs, wants p.-f. in Canada, America, Australia. O.a. 16.

Daphne Cecchi, 20, St. John's Grove, Upper Holloway, London, N.19, wants p.-f. (18-21) anywhere, especially New Zealand, Australia, America.

Hazel Brookes, "Brooklands," Ferndale Road, Llandudno Junction, Caernarvonshire, North Wales, wants p.-f. in America and Dominions. Also American film magazines.

Mary Williams, 24, Pen-y-Dre, Rhiwbina, Cardiff, South Wales, wants p.-f. all over world. I.: music, dancing, films. O.a. 18.

Roy Fugh, Bradford House, Rhayader, Radnorshire, wants p.-f. I.: films, swing music, dancing, football, swimming, boxing. O.a. 20.

Margaret Bett, 248, Broad Street, Cowdenbeath, Fifeshire, Scotland, wants p.-f. all over world. I.: any subject. O.a. 20.

Rosemary Kerr, A. Ward, Cleaver Sanatorium, Heswall, Cheshire, wants p.-f. (22-27), especially abroad.

Doris Knock, 186, Bournemouth Park Road, Southend-on-Sea, Essex, wants p.-f. all over world. I.: dancing, films, music. O.a. 18.

Margaret Cox, 26, Park View Road, Tottenham, London, N.17, wants p.-f. anywhere. F.I., Van Johnson, Alan Ladd. O.a. 18.

Josephine Gomm, 5, Station Row, Great Missenden, Bucks, wants p.-f. in Canada and America. I.: sport, films, dancing. O.a. 17.

Pamela Howe, 116, Orston Drive, Wollaton Park, Nottingham, wants p.-f. in Great Britain and overseas. O.a. 23.

Connie Barrett, 66, Cartwright Road, Dagenham, Essex, wants p.-f. anywhere. I.: dancing, skating, Ronald Reagan. O.a. 17½.

Miss M. Kirkland, 498, Elswick Road, Benwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne 4, Northumberland, has magazine photographs for disposal. Please enclose 2½d. stamp.

Marie Turton, 19, Westfield Street, Barnsley, Yorkshire, wants p.-f. in America. I.: all sport, Van Johnson. O.a. 17½.

William Arthur, 180, Hook Road, Surbiton, Surrey, wants p.-f. (15-24) in Canada and South Africa. I.: operatic and dramatic art.

Miss E. Nickerson, Elvaston, Bridgnorth Road, Stourton, nr. Stourbridge, Worcestershire, wants p.-f. (31-36) any country. I.: films, music, sport.

Betty Settle, 25, East Orchard Lane, Moor Park, Fazakerley, Liverpool 9, wants p.-f. (18-21) all over world. I.: sport, films.

Margaret Yule, 55, High Street, Hawick, Roxburghshire, Scotland, wants p.-f. (18-21) outside British Isles, especially America, Canada, South Africa.

Helen Fraser, 1, Lawrence Street, Dundee, Angus, Scotland, wants p.-f. in Australia and Canada. I.: music, reading, films. O.a. 22.

Betty Cave, Ashbury Road, Shrivensham, Berks, wants p.-f. (19-22) anywhere. I.: films, dancing, sport. P.a.

Lydia Kettell, 53, Holne Chase, Morden, Surrey, wants p.-f. (17-22) in any country. I.: most topics. All letters answered.

Doris Shepherd, 75, Malvern Road, Dalston, London, E.8, wants p.-f. in California and Ireland. Also photographs of Bing Crosby.

Anne Jeffrey, 136, Gourlay Street, Glasgow North, Scotland, wants p.-f. anywhere. O.a. 20. P.a.

Patricia Ineson, 13, The Gardens, Heath Road, Halifax, Yorks, wants p.-f. anywhere. O.a. 19.

Keith Mason, Brampton Mill, nr. Appleby, Westmorland, wants p.-f. anywhere, especially France and America. I.: films, music. O.a. 18½.

Margaret Hillcox, 244, Walsall Road, Perry Barr, Birmingham 22b, requires PICTURE SHOW Nos. 1250, 1252, 1253, 1254, 1255, 1256, 1257, 1258, 1259, 1260.

The Blouse Beautiful

THE blouse is one of the greatest assets to any woman's wardrobe in these days of coupon restrictions. It can brighten up an old suit so effectively that you don't notice its shabbiness (the suit, of course!), it can add an outfit to your sparse wardrobe when worn with an odd skirt, and, more vital still, it can be obtained on a minimum of coupon expenditure. Remnants of some of the lovely new silks and chiffons obtainable to-day are sold by weight; which means you can purchase enough for a simple magyar blouse for as little as one coupon!

A Gay Quartette

AS you will be getting out your costumes for autumn wear quite soon, I thought you would be specially interested in this pictured quartette of film star blouses that recently arrived from Hollywood. Each blouse has some special little detail of appeal. I must, before I



Phyllis Thaxter's magyar of grey, white and yellow silk has the patterning on neck and shoulder bow picked out in sequins for gaiety

go any farther, explain that I cannot supply you with patterns of any of these blouses, but their styles are so simple that I feel sure you'll be able to pick up similar patterns at the pattern counters and adapt them to these models. And any dress-maker would find them quite easy to copy.

The magyar blouses—which I remember to have been fashionable many years ago—are again fashionable to-day, and two very excellent versions are worn by Phyllis Thaxter in her pictures on this page.

The one above in this column is a "partyish" affair. In prettily patterned silk, it is caught up on the left shoulder and here provided with a big, floppy bow of the same material. The patterning on the bow, and around the neck is picked out with sparkling sequins. Both blouse and trimming would be very easy to carry out and, added to a plain crepe skirt, the garment would make a festive outfit for a party or theatre outing.

On Phyllis's simple white blouse (right-hand column) the plain severity of the magyar is minimised by a slit at either end of the high neck. The centre piece thus left is gathered into the neck piping which fits on to the rest of the blouse after it has left a gap at either side. The actual making of either of Phyllis's blouses would take little more than a few hours, and the same pattern would suffice for both.

Cowboy Blouse

JUDY GARLAND'S blouse is reminiscent, intentionally, of the cowboy blouse. It's a cold-weather style, with its high neck and long sleeves. Fashioned in big checked delaine, it has a scarf triangle added at the throat, set with the central point at the front and the

ends tied behind the neck. You might well have an old "too-tight" frock that would make into this blouse.

Novel Notion

SO far as the foundation pattern is concerned, there is nothing particularly new or intriguing about Jane Harker's blouse, yet it is rendered both new and intriguing by the simple addition of a little stitching. A vestee is simulated by straight bands of machining in contrast silk on the bodice front, and this decoration is repeated all down the long sleeves and on the collar. This trimming could be copied in straight-stitch embroidery or even fine braid, and would be most effective in lines of varied colour. No need even for a new blouse here. You could work the stripes on an old blouse, and if you had dyed the latter a new colour before doing the work, everybody would think you had a new blouse altogether! The art of camouflage did not die out with the end of the war, you see!

Glove Story

THERE'S an old saying that "the Frenchwoman puts on her gloves before leaving the house, the Englishwoman as she opens the door, and the American woman as she walks down the street." Not having mixed with French or American women in numbers recently, I cannot say if it is true about them. So far as the Englishwoman is concerned, she does not appear to wear gloves at all in the summer—except on special occasions when they are a definite part



Actually the plainest of styles, Janè Harker's blouse is given a suggestion of design by simple contrast machine stitching

of her smart outfit. In the winter her gloves become gay and varied—and preferably knitted or crocheted in wool for warmth.

Of course, glove wearing in England is ruled by coupon control. Many girls find their coupons simply will not run to them, and, prior to this year, they were also ruled by shortage.

One of my first shopping expeditions when I went to Sweden last year was to the glove counter to buy all the lovely gloves I could not get over here. To-day there are just as many gloves and just as varied styles in the British shops—but, oh dear, their price! Before the war one could buy a nice dress for to-day's price of a pair of kid or suede gloves, which is anything between two or three pounds.

Whether the old saying is true or not, the fact remains that Frenchwomen do fully realise that gloves are no mere hand coverings, but accessories which put the finishing touches to attractive ensembles. An American screen star who heartily agrees with them is Martha Vickers, who has her own ideas on glove styles. To give an example of her choice, for a tailored suit, she



Reminiscent of the cowboy style is Judy Garland's blouse in checked delaine

suggests natural pigskin gloves—hand-sewn for preference. As an alternative, chamois leather, preferably with cuff trim. For special occasions, Martha's choice is a long suede glove that extends to the elbow or wrinkles on the forearm according to the outfit it accompanies. Miss Vickers considers this type of glove invaluable to any wardrobe—in fabric or silk if suede is prohibitive. Another of her preferences is a high-coloured gauntlet which offers stunning contrast to a dark ensemble, matching hat or hat trimming or scarf. While for evening she loves nothing better than sequin-studded gloves to add a touch of glitter—black is her favourite, with jet trim.

If glove prices cut too large a hole in your clothes budget and much-needed coupons from your ration, you should make your own. You'll get two or three pairs for the cost of one with the aid of a nice fine suede or chamois skin, and a good pattern. You'll find it quite easy to make up the same pattern in material if you work finely and carefully. Experiment with a piece of material that is not very important, and gradually work up to better things. A touch of embroidery or stitchery on glove backs can be most attractive.

And, let me remind you, to start now to knit your woollen gloves for the winter. There are many good Bestway leaflets to help you.

GILLIAN

There's novelty in the neckline of Phyllis Thaxter's pretty magyar blouse



Holiday Camp

(Continued from page 6)

And now, when he offered her a cigarette from his case, at last she remembered. She had been working at a Hendon hotel when Binky had stayed there. He had left his cigarette-case behind, and because she had taken care of it when she found it, he had rewarded her with a pound note.

"I didn't often get a tip like that," she said, reminding him of the episode. "I remember thinking that's a real gentleman, that Mr. Baker." She broke off and stared at him, wide-eyed. "That's what you were called then—Mr. Geoffrey Baker!" she exclaimed. "I remember your letters!"

Binky gripped her wrist so tightly that she winced with pain. "Not so loud!" he warned in a low voice, glancing round uneasily. He was silent for a moment, then, leaning towards her, he continued mysteriously: "You're a smart girl. I'm going to take you into my confidence."

And to Elsie's excitement she heard that he was a member of Scotland Yard's Special Branch, using a false name because he was on the look out for the Mannequin Murderer. Her frizzy hair nearly straightened out and her big eyes bulged when he warned her that they thought he might be hiding in the holiday camp. "It's our secret," he finished. "Just you and me." She looked at him with excited adoration. "Just you and me!" she echoed. "Oh, doesn't it sound romantic!" She gave a little giggle and squeezed his arm playfully. And just at that moment Binky saw Angela standing in the doorway, looking at them angrily. He jumped to his feet, but she put her nose in the air and, turning, hurried away. Her place was taken by Jimmy, who had failed to find Joan in the cafe, and whose dislike of Binky made him think the worst immediately. Striding over to Binky, he demanded to know what he had done with Joan.

"I haven't done anything with her!" snapped Binky, and the next moment he was reeling backwards from a hearty punch on the jaw. "That's for what you would have done if you'd got the chance!" Jimmy shouted fiercely. Binky, an ugly look in his eye, rushed at him—and the fight began. Several minutes later a battered, bloodstained and dishevelled Jimmy, breathing heavily but with a triumphant grin of victory on his face, presented himself before Joan and Angela at their chalet, and announced that he had won. But when Angela learned whom he had thrashed, she rushed away to console the loser, and Joan angrily told Jimmy to wash his face because he looked dreadful. And Jimmy, crestfallen, went, wondering now about the injustice of Fate and the strangeness of women.

Harry Learns a Lesson from Dad

THAT night, indeed, black despair and despondent gloom filled the chalet that Jimmy and Harry Huggett shared. Harry was suffering from adolescent growing pains. In his eagerness to become a man of the world, he had forgotten that such a transition is usually paid for by bitter experience—a couple of card-sharps reminded him. Morning came and Harry, toying with the thought of ending it all in the swimming pool, decided instead to go and tell mum. To his relief she was alone, but his request for a loan of ten pounds met with flat refusal. Mum hadn't got it, and Harry, with a sinking heart, heard that he'd have to ask his dad. Just then Joe came in from an early morning swim, and mum told him the bad news. "Well, blow me over!" Joe stopped his vigorous towelling of his head to stare at his son. "There's one born every minute! What've you been playing?"

"Pontoon," confessed Harry. "You must've been potty!" Joe's contempt seared the soul of the would-be man of the world. "Come on, how much?"

"Ten quid," quavered Harry. This really shock Joe, for he knew that Harry had nine pounds of his own as spending money.

"Blimey! What were you playing for—gold bricks? Do you know how long ten quid takes to earn?"

"Course I do. Could you—could you lend it to me?"

"Oh, no, my lad," said Joe emphatically. "You got yourself into this mess—you get yourself out of it."

"But what am I going to do?" Harry's voice cracked miserably.

"Don't ask me. You should've thought of that last night. You'll have to learn your lesson, same as others do!"

And with that cold consolation Harry went out, slamming the door behind him.

That evening, however, Harry went to see mum again—but this time for another reason—to tell her that dad was playing pontoon in the very same chalet with the very same two chaps and the blonde who had cleaned him out.

"I saw it with my own eyes!" he insisted when Mrs. Huggett stoutly refused to believe him. He had, in fact, played Peeping Tom through the chalet windows. "And after the way he led off at me, too!" he added with agrieved indignation. "Pot calling the kettle black, I'd say!"

"I can't believe it of Joe!" Mrs. Huggett was tearful. "Oh dear!" She sat down on the bed, feeling that her knees were wobbling. "First you and now Joe—what am I going to do?" she finished despairingly.

They sat there together until Joe came in. Their two miserable and accusing faces confronted him, and their four eyes searched his face, but it was cheerfully blank.

"Hallo, mother—not gone to bed yet?" he said blandly.

Mrs. Huggett took a deep breath and rose to her feet.

"I wonder you dare to speak to me, Joe Huggett!" she said shrilly.

"What's up?" asked Joe, and, sitting on the bed, began to undo his shoes.

"You ought to know," said Harry, and was promptly quelled, while Mrs. Huggett continued.

"Don't play the innocent with me, Joe Huggett. I can see through you! If you think I'm going on slaving me fingers to the bone while you chuck your money away like the Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Cristo"—Mrs. Huggett was a little confused by her excitement—"you can think again. I'm going to me sister Daisy, and you can get one of your lady friends to queue and clean and cook for you. I've had enough!"

"Blimey!" Joe sounded properly impressed as he stared at her in amazement. "What's all this in aid of?"

"Harry saw everything!" snapped Mrs. Huggett.

"Found out!" Joe was apparently too shamefaced to meet Mrs. Huggett's accusing eye.

"There you are, mum!" Harry was triumphant. "He admits it!"

Joe stood up, outwardly the picture of dejection, and neither knew how much he was enjoying the scene.

"Well, before I go, maybe you'd take these—as a farewell gift, like," he said sadly. And from his inside pocket he handed Harry his IO Us. Harry gasped.

"Where'd you get 'em?"

"I won 'em," said Joe modestly. "And a bit more." He pulled out a wad of notes from his pocket. "Here's your nine quid, Harry. And, mother, there's four quid for you!"

"Joe!" Mrs. Huggett's eyes were shining and she gazed at him in admiration.

"How'd you do it, dad?" asked Harry respectfully.

"The two lads are just beginners, son," said Joe.

"They liked to play with five aces—see? So I went one better and played with six."

Voice from the Past

FOR the second time in three days Esther entered the hall of the administration building and walked up the stairs leading to the control tower from which the radio announcements were broadcast to the camp. The first time she had been frightened off by a notice saying that visitors were not allowed. This time she was not. Opening the door at the top of the stairs, she went inside the control tower. At a large desk a man was seated, talking into the microphone to remind campers that the dance that night was the last one of their holiday—the man whose voice had drawn her there. As he finished he realised that someone was in the room. He swung round, facing her, and stood up, staring at her with sightless eyes.

"Who's there?" he asked.

There was silence. Esther was struggling for her self-control. She had found him—after all these years.

"Who is it?" he repeated. "Did you want me to something?"

The polite, impersonal tone helped her to master her emotions. She hesitated, torn between a desire to run away and longing to hold him in her arms again.

"It was your voice," she said haltingly. "It reminded me of someone I used to know—a long time ago. I'm afraid that must sound very foolish," she added.

"It often happens," he returned. "It's strange how easily the tone of a voice can bring back the past." He paused.

"You know, yours sounds vaguely familiar to me."

"Does it?" She spoke in little more than a whisper. "Vaguely familiar"—how cruel can be the ordinary phrase when it is dropped into unknown depths.

"Yes; go on talking and let me see if I can place it," he said interestedly. "You know, since I lost my sight voices mean a great deal to me," he continued.

"I suppose they would." Her eyes were on him, noting all the changes that time and suffering and the scars of war had wrought in the face whose young image she had carried in her heart, as she had carried his young photograph in a little case in her handbag.

"You'd be surprised how much people reveal through the voice," he went on. "You can almost tell what they're thinking."

"Oh! That must be very embarrassing sometimes."

He was listening intently.

"It's odd. Your voice does strike a chord in my memory, yet I can't quite place it. Have we met before?"

"If we did," she said, "it was years and years ago."

"Ah! There you have me," he said cheerfully. "You see, I was blown up by a mine in 1918. Lost my sight and my memory, too. But I've been very lucky; it was at St. Dunstan's that I met my wife. She used to come and read to me."

"You're married, then?"

"Oh, yes—and very happy! We've got two bouncing boys." He took a wallet from his pocket and, opening it, handed a photograph to her.

She looked at the laughing faces through a mist of tears. His sons—the sons who should have been hers also, but were not.

"There's only one thing troubles me," he said. "I can't help thinking there may be people who were fond of me who are unhappy because they think I'm dead. That's why I was interested when you said you thought you knew my voice. Am I the man you thought you knew?"

There was a warmth and compassion in his voice that tore at her heartstrings. She clenched her hands together fiercely and closed her eyes for a moment to shut out the sight of that alertly tilted head, the face so dear and yet so strange.

"No," she said steadily at last; "you're not the man I knew."

AS Esther reached the bottom of the control tower stairs she stopped, her eyes fixed anxiously on a little group of four people at the far end of the main hall. Two of them she knew—they were Michael Halliday, a young musician who was working in the camp orchestra, and Valerie Thompson. They had run away together. They were deeply in love, but so far it had brought them little but misery. Michael's life was wrapped up in his music—he was a scholarship student, and his widowed mother was penniless. Valerie's aunt would not consent to their marriage. Esther had tried to help them, but their pride and despair were twin barriers. It was Valerie for whom she feared—she had, it seemed, had the courage to break away from the tyrannical domination of her aunt, yet the future held no gleam of hope for her so far. If she returned, Esther knew only too well that she would be doomed to the same long, lonely, bitter years that she herself had endured. Valerie, too, it seemed, was determined not to go back, for Esther was pretty certain that she had on one occasion just saved them from suicide.

As she looked, the camp official, who was one of the group, ushered Michael, Valerie and the other—a strange woman—into a room, shutting the door behind them, and Esther was pretty certain that the strange woman was Valerie's aunt. She sat down in a chair in the hall and waited. It was a long wait, but at last the door opened, and Valerie and Michael came out. The girl was deathly pale and her face was tear-stained. Relief came into Michael's eyes as Esther approached them.

"We've just had a terrible scene with Valerie's aunt," he said miserably. "She turned Valerie out of the house."

"I know it's my fault," sobbed Valerie, "and I shouldn't have done it, but I just don't know what to do now."

"We'll see about that," said Esther comfortingly. And telling Michael to take Valerie into her chalet, she went to interview aunty herself. She got nowhere. Valerie's aunt was a hard-faced woman with a mean mouth and a cold, calculating eye. Her niece had repaid her by bringing dishonour on a decent family, and she no longer considered that she had any responsibility for the girl; she could go to the man who was the cause of the trouble.

As she went back to the chalet Esther pondered deeply. By the time she reached it she knew what she was going to do. They could be married now and live in part of her big house—it was too lonely for one. And Michael must decide whether he had it in him to be a really great musician—he loved music enough to know. If so, they would find a way of coping with the situation. If not, then he must get a job of some kind.

The Last Night

IT was the last night—the last dance was nearing its end. Joan and Jimmy were still looking down their noses at each other when they were thrust into each other's arms and told to dance by one of the officials. And then both of them admitted that they did not want to keep the tiff going any longer.

Arm-in-arm they left the ballroom, and were sitting happily on the step of Joan's chalet when they heard Binky and Angela coming towards them. They also had forgiven each other on the last night, and Binky was trying to persuade Angela to go for a walk beside the sea. It seemed to them that he was a little too insistent and over-annoyed by Angela's refusal. There seemed to be a hint of fear in Angela's voice as well. Jimmy recalled the previous occasion when Angela and Binky had been sitting on the chalet step, and used Binky's technique.

"Move on, you two," he said suddenly. "This isn't a reception area—and this seat's occupied."

Angela and Binky sprang apart. And then, with a brief "See you in the morning," Angela was inside the chalet.

"Sorry, chum," said Jimmy cheerfully. "You should've kept walking."

But there was no answer from Binky, who began to walk away, a strange gleam in his eyes. Fate decreed that a few yards farther on Elsie should excitedly demand to know if he had had any news of the chap he was watching for. Even more excitedly she agreed to walk by the sea with him, where he could speak undisturbed. And, seeking romance, she found death—for she walked with a homicidal maniac, whose lust to kill was growing at that moment—the murderer himself.

When the camp bus took the campers to the station next morning Angela was seated by herself, for it went without either Binky or Elsie. Esther had missed her quaint little chatterbox of a chalet mate, who had not been in her bed that morning, and she had gone to the desk to make inquiries. A couple of strangers standing beside the desk had been most interested in her inquiries. They were detectives who had just picked up the trail of the mannequin murderer. And by the time the bus left, Binky was heading for prison.

Angela was sitting by herself, little suspecting that but for Jimmy's intervention the previous evening her seat and not Elsie's would have been empty. The others were all very happy people—Joe and Mrs. Huggett were watching Joan and Jimmy as they played with baby Jennifer, and Esther was happily watching Valerie and Michael sitting very close together.

Behind them the deserted camp silently awaited the next batch of tired and troubled people, ready to make them forget their worries for one week's glorious fun—another crowd of Huggetts and Valeries, Esthers and Jimmies and Elsies.

Adapted by permission from the Gainsborough Film released by G.F.D. (Cast on page 11.)



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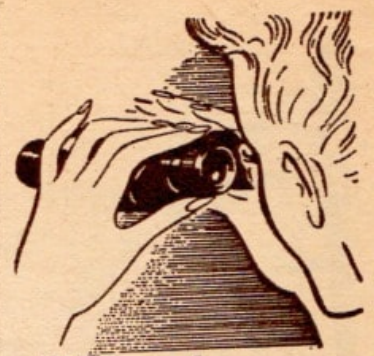
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