

Week ending December 17, 1949

EVERY THURSDAY THREEPENCE

Picturegoer

THE NATIONAL FILM WEEKLY



VIRGINIA MAYO

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING WITH MARGARET LOCKWOOD

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centre pages

"..... it's DEFINITELY
the kind of make-up that
DOES things for you!"



Evening in Paris

BY BOURJOIS

FACE POWDER · ROUGE · PERFUME · LIPSTICK



"his best film for YEARS"
G.A. LEJEUNE, THE OBSERVER

IT'S A 'Dilly-Dilly' (LAVENDER BLUE) DELIGHT!

**WALT DISNEY'S
'SO DEAR TO MY HEART'**

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

starring
BURL IVES BEULAH BONDI
HARRY CAREY BOBBY DRISCOLL
LUANA PATTEN

Directed by HAROLD SCHUSTER
Released through
RKO RADIO PICTURES

SEE THIS BIG HIT AT YOUR LOCAL CINEMA

Hiltone

As light as you like — and no lighter



BE FAIR TO OFF-COLOUR HAIR

Hair that has lost its lustre and life can be transformed to radiant beauty with Hiltone. A brief application is all that is necessary to infuse your hair with sparkle and sheen; or a full application will make it perfectly fair. Hiltone never alters the hair's basic colour — so you can Hiltone your hair as light as you like, confident that it will always look natural. Hiltone your hair — it's a beautiful idea. For home users 5/10d. from chemists and hairdressers.

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LAST-MINUTE GIFT CRISIS SOLVED

STEP into any good chemist's, hairdresser's or store and order Addis Beauty Brushes for the ladies on your list. You'll save hours of shop-roaming and score a certain hit.

THEY'LL LIKE ITS LOOKS Here's grace and sparkle no woman can resist. Three gem-like colours — moon-stone blue, pink topaz, zircon green.

THEY'LL LIKE ITS RESULTS Eight rows of springy tufts with a rotary action that gives deep-brushing — makes even difficult hair easy to manage.



12/6
(incl. tax)

Get an Addis Beauty Comb to match, sold separately PRICE 1/6

Addis BEAUTY BRUSH

MADE BY ADDIS LIMITED OF HERTFORD. MAKERS OF FINE BRUSHES SINCE 1780

FOCUS ON FILMS

Break up the big producing organizations and we'll have better pictures, is reader F. Weston's solution to the big studio crisis. Have you any views on this or other topics concerning stars or film affairs? If so send them to "Picturegoer," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Please enclose stamped, addressed envelope if you require a postal reply

THE dispersal of the large organization of film producers would be the best thing that could happen to the studios. Since the war, we film-goers have been paying more and more money to see bigger and bigger flops, made by huge organizations of "yes-men" with no idea of film techniques. What we need is a number of small independent units, working on a shoestring as regards cash, but unlimited in enthusiasm. This has been the postwar set-up in Italy, and a high percentage of the best American pictures has been made by small companies, working on a limited budget. F. Weston, 12 Crofton Road, Orpington, who receives first prize of £15.

There's a great deal of truth in this contention. Brains, enthusiasm and imagination make good films. In Britain, we've been forgetting this far too often. Doesn't anyone check? The following are a few misspellings recently seen on cinema posters: Corinne Calvert in *Rope of Sand*; Bing Crosby in *Top of the Morning*; Frederick March in *Wildmark in Down to the Sea in Ships*; Valerie Hopson in *Kind Hearts and Coronets*; May Zetterling in *The Lost People*; John Greenwood in *Whisky Galore*; James Garland, *Savoy Cafe*, *Queen Street*, *Rhyl*, *N. Wales*, who receives second prize of 10s 6d.

Can this be a seasonal disease? We've had several letters in this strain—with examples—recently from all over the country. Many "poorly acted" films are the fault of the ex-camera-man-director, who is invariably much more concerned with angles and perfect lighting than in getting the best performance from his artists. Directors should realize that a good performance in front of a drop sheet is a far, far better thing than an unconvincing one in a perfectly lit set.—"Film Worker," 48 Bolton Road, Chessington.

"Straight from the horse's mouth" corroboration of what we said a couple of weeks ago. I would like to see Danny Kaye in more serious parts. He is a good-looking man with a good personality. He would make a very good actor, but at present he just seems to play the fool.—P. Willilove (Miss), Drums, Harrow-on-the-Hill.

Why do English film companies picture American distributors of their pictures put out such trashy and misleading advertising material? Take *The Blue Lagoon*, for instance. Why do English film companies picture American distributors of their pictures put out such trashy and misleading advertising material? Take *The Blue Lagoon*, for instance.

This charming picture was advertised by sexy posters which gave the moviegoer the idea that he would see a semi-obscene saga of illicit love.—Paul and Edna Brand, 31 Howard Avenue, Burlingame, near San Francisco, California, U.S.A.

The Editor asks what is wrong with films today? In my opinion the answer is—top-line stars and the most up-to-date technical devices are repeatedly being wasted on stories which are below the standard of a penny dreadful.—Hazel Eiza-beth, 29 Carlisle Road, Hampstead, London, N.W.3.

Nothing will make a bad story good. At best, it can be only thinly disguised. After reading the letters, I always turn to "Sally and I," by Harris Deans. Sally is a girl after my own heart, and her comments are always shrewd, forcible and invariably amusing. She always rings the "bell."—Lily Wintrop (Miss), Flat 2, 148 Randolph Avenue, London, W.9.

Surely *Adam and Evelyn* and "Daddy Longlegs" are one and the same. And your reader (Miss L. Wilkinson-Thorp) is distinctly up a gum tree when she suggests a film version of "Daddy Longlegs"—a part which she has already performed very creditably, as stated. Really, Picturegoer, such ignorance!—R. T. P. Ellington, "Spadwick," 110 Well Hall Road, Eltham, S.E.9.

DANNY KAYE'S film girl friend—that's the label Virginia Mayo has been carrying because of her long series of pictures with the comedian. But times are changing, picturegoers everywhere are tearing up that label. Like the studio people, they are discovering that Virginia can act as well as look outstandingly pretty. She's scheduled to make a nap hand of films without her erstwhile partner, the current being The Hawk and the Arrow. Incidentally, our cover picture doesn't tell the full Mayo story—did you know that her legs have been voted by a hosiery association as the best in Hollywood? We're inclined to endorse that opinion.

COVER POINT



VIRGINIA MAYO

Picture Saver

A line or two of appreciation for the many hours of entertainment given me by J. Carroll Nash. Since 1931 in *World Gone Mad* up to the present day he has dug

More From Ida

I cannot understand why that great little actress Ida Lupino doesn't get more recognition. I recently saw the old *Road House*; she moved me intensely. Intelligent looks—she has everything. —E. James (Mrs.), 45 The Grove, Gravesend, Kent.

Could Be

If all British films were to equal *The Children Hundreds* and *The Hasty Heart*, two films entirely different in appeal, but equally brilliant, and all performances were up to the standard set by A. E. Matthews and Richard Todd, then the film future of Britain would be assured.—James H. Smith, 57 Hawthorn Avenue, Rainham, Essex.

Loyal Down Under

Evelyn is an original story by Noel Langley. And not "Evelyn," but "Evelyn," please. Margaret Lockwood, Portman, Granger, Mills, Price and new-Greenwood, I'll go to see *English Pictures*. To my mind, they are far more natural and true to life than the American.—Shirley Tuendale (Miss), 10 Nan Street, Box Hill, E.11, Victoria, Australia.

No Glamour Boy

I have seen Montgomery Clift in both *Red River* and *The Search*, and if he is any glamour boy, as termed by one reader, then I would say he's done very well in only two films. Perhaps because he's strictly Montgomery Clift—actor.—L. Matthews, 13 Arundel Gardens, Kensington, W.11.

Support for Deanna

Deanna is a courageous person. Although she has had her divorce and her contract has been stopped, she states she is not giving up.—Den Congdon, 1 Tregarth Terrace, Mount Ambrose, Redruth, Cornwall. I still have faith in Deanna. Given the right opportunity, script and "right" leading men she can again bewitch the world.—Mary Ball, 134 Westmorland Avenue, Blackpool.

Charming

After seeing *Mother Knows Best*, I came out happy after enjoying lovely performances by Loretta Young—who, incidentally, looked beautiful in the film—and Betty Lynn.—T. Watson, 97 Cowland Street, London, S.W.8.

They Wash

How heartily I endorse Kate Quinan's objection to what seems to be a growing tendency to show us male actors in their baths. Please, producers, let us take it clean.—M. Rawson (Miss), 117 Park Lane, South Harrow.

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● There's a great deal of truth in this contention. Brains, enthusiasm and imagination make good films. In Britain we've been forgetting this far too often.

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The following are a few misspellings recently seen on cinema posters: Corinne Calvert in *Rope of Sand*; Bing Crosby in *Top of the Morning*; Frederick March in *Christopher Columbus*; Richard Wildmark in *Down to the Sea in Ships*; Valerie Hopson in *Kind Hearts and Coronets*; May Zetterling in *The Lost People*; John Greenwood in *Whisky Galore!*—James Garland, *Savoy Café, Queen Street, Rhyl, N. Wales, who receives second prize of 10s 6d.*

● Can this be a seasonal disease? We've had several letters in this strain—with examples—recently from all over the country.

Too Perfect?

Many "poorly acted" films are the fault of the ex-cameraman-director, who is invariably much more concerned with angles and perfect lighting than in getting the best performance from his artists.

Directors should realize that a good performance in front of a drop sheet is a far, far better thing than an unconvincing one in a perfectly lit set.—"Film Worker," 48 Bolton Road, Chessington.

● "Straight from the horse's mouth" corroboration of what we said a couple of weeks ago.

Seriously Dan

I would like to see Danny Kaye in more serious parts. He is a good-looking man with a good personality.

He would make a very good actor, but at present he just seems to play the fool.—P. Willilove (Miss), *Drunis, Harrow-on-the-Hill.*

● Yes—but what a perfect fool!

Misleading

Why do English film companies let American distributors of their pictures put out such trashy and misleading advertising material?

Take *The Blue Lagoon*, for

instance. This charming picture was advertised by sexy posters which gave the moviegoer the idea that he would see a semi-obscure saga of illicit love.—Paul and Edna Brand, 31 Howard Avenue, Burlingame, near San Francisco, California, U.S.A.

● To each country its own methods—and the salesman has the last word.

Story Trouble

The Editor asks what is wrong with films today?

In my opinion the answer is—the story. First-class producers, top-line stars and the most up-to-date technical devices are repeatedly being wasted on stories which are below the standard of a "penny dreadful."—Hazel Elizabeth, 29 Carlingford Road, Hampstead, London, N.W.3.

● True enough. Nothing will make a bad story good. At best, it can be only thinly disguised.

Good For Sally

After reading the letters, I always turn to "Sally and I," by Harris Deans. Sally is a girl after my own heart, and her comments are always shrewd, forcible and invariably amusing. She always rings the "bell."—Lily Winthrop (Miss), Flat 2, 148 Randolph Avenue, London, W.9.

● Modestly hiding behind Sally's skirts, Harris takes a bow.

Correction, Please

Surely *Adam and Evelyn* and "Daddy Longlegs" are one and the same. And your reader (Miss L. Wilkinson-Thorpe) is distinctly up a gum tree when she suggests Jean Simmons as the schoolgirl in a film version of "Daddy Longlegs"—a part which she has already performed very creditably, as stated.

Really, PICTUREGOER, such ignorance!—R. T. P. Ellington, "Spaldwick," 110 Well Hall Road, Eltham, S.E.9.

● Not ignorance. Despite coincidental similarity, "Adam and

Evelyn" is an original story by Noel Langley. And not "Evelyn," but "Evelyne," please.

Loyal Down Under

What a pity English films take so long to appear out here! So long as there are stars like lovely Margaret Lockwood, Portman, Granger, Mills, Price and newcomers like sweet little Joan Greenwood, I'll go to see English pictures.

To my mind, they are far more natural and true to life than the American. — Shirley Tivendale (Miss), 10 Nan Street, Box Hill, E.11, Victoria, Australia.

● We notice that the great majority of our Dominion readers are faithful champions of British films. Thanks, lads and lassies!

Could Be

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● You have something there!

More From Ida

I cannot understand why that great little actress Ida Lupino doesn't get more recognition. I recently saw the old *Road House*: she moved me intensely. Intelligence, looks—she has everything.—E. James (Mrs.), 45 The Grove, Gravesend, Kent.

● Just now, Ida's producing films. You may be able to see her first effort, *Not Wanted*, very soon. It certainly shows intelligence and introduces some clever newcomers.

Picture Saver

A line or two of appreciation for the many hours of entertainment given me by J. Carrol Naish.

Since 1931 in *World Gone Mad* up to the present day he has dug

many a mediocre film out of the rut.—Henry D. Kewley, 78 Henderson Row, Edinburgh, 3.

● Naish is one of the many character men who are the backbone of screen entertainment.

No Glamour Boy

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● Monty Clift, we've always considered, can be regarded as one of the newcomers who are bringing a new vitality to the screen.

Rogers's Restraint

Has any other picturegoer noticed that Roy Rogers on the screen never seems to fall in love with anyone, never kisses anyone?—Rita McCready (Miss), 511 Scotswood Road, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 4.

● This is part of the screen cowboy's code. Like our Dick Barton, the regular Western hero mustn't indulge in love affairs, mustn't kiss the heroine.

Support For Deanna

Deanna is a courageous person. Although she has had her divorce and her contract has been stopped, she states she is not giving up.—Den Congdon, 1 Tregarth Terrace, Mount Ambrose, Redruth, Cornwall.

... I still have faith in Deanna. Given the right opportunities, script and "right" leading men she can again bewitch the world.—Mary Ball, 134 Westmorland Avenue, Blackpool.

... I am absolutely convinced that given the right script and plenty of singing to do, Miss Durbin can return to her old form.—R. C. Davis, *Anglesea Lawn Tennis Club, Ballsbridge, Dublin.*

● General feeling of readers is: Deanna should be given another chance—she's capable of taking it.

Charming

After seeing *Mother Knows Best*, I came out happy after enjoying lovely performances by Loretta Young—who, incidentally, looked beautiful in the film—and Betty Lynn.—T. Watson 97 Courland Street, London, S.W.8.

● This happy quality is something you nearly always find in a Loretta Young picture.

They Wash

How heartily I endorse Kate Quinlan's objection to what seems to be a growing tendency to show us male actors in their baths.

Please, producers, let us take it for granted: all these actors are clean.—M. Rawson (Miss), 117 Park Lane, South Harrow.

COVER POINT

DANNY KAYE'S film girl friend—that's the label Virginia Mayo has been carrying because of her long series of pictures with the comedian. But times are changing, picturegoers everywhere are tearing up that label.

Like the studio people, they are discovering that Virginia can act as well as look outstandingly pretty. She's scheduled to make a nap hand of films without her erstwhile partner, the current being *The Hawk and the Arrow*.

Incidentally, our cover picture doesn't tell the full Mayo story—did you know that her legs have been voted by a hosiery association as the best in Hollywood? We're inclined to endorse that opinion.



VIRGINIA MAYO

SENSATIONAL WASHING DISCOVERY!

Now! even matted woollens
look soft as new again!

FAMOUS FASHION MODEL

Dorothy Cuff

tells how DREFT "washed newness"
into this once-discarded jumper!

DOROTHY CUFF—fashion model and housewife, says, "Now I've seen for myself how wonderful DREFT is, I'd never trust my dainty things to anything else. A regular dip in gentle DREFT is my home fashion rule now. And honestly, my own woollens, silks and stockings stay as lovely-looking as any I show in fashion salons. Another thing I've found—regular DREFT washing makes my dainty fabrics last longer! DREFT's a real wardrobe-saver!"

"This jumper had gradually got matted and thickened by ordinary washing, you see. One day I rescued it and washed it the new, safe way—in DREFT. See the difference! DREFT actually brought back its fleecy softness! Now it's DREFT always—especially for Baby's woollies!"



★ A REGULAR DIP WITH **dreft** MAKES DAINTY FABRICS LAST LONGER!



all set
**FOR A
HAPPY DAY**

Tonight, comb into your hair a little AMAMI WAVE SET. Press and pin waves into position. Roll the little curls. Then go to sleep. In the morning remove pins and you'll be all set—for a happy day. AMAMI WAVE SET is non-sticky, non-oily, non-powdery. It dries quickly. Quite invisible when applied. Get a bottle now and look your best tomorrow!

Obtainable everywhere —
1/1½ d. and 2/6½ d.

AMAMI Wave Set

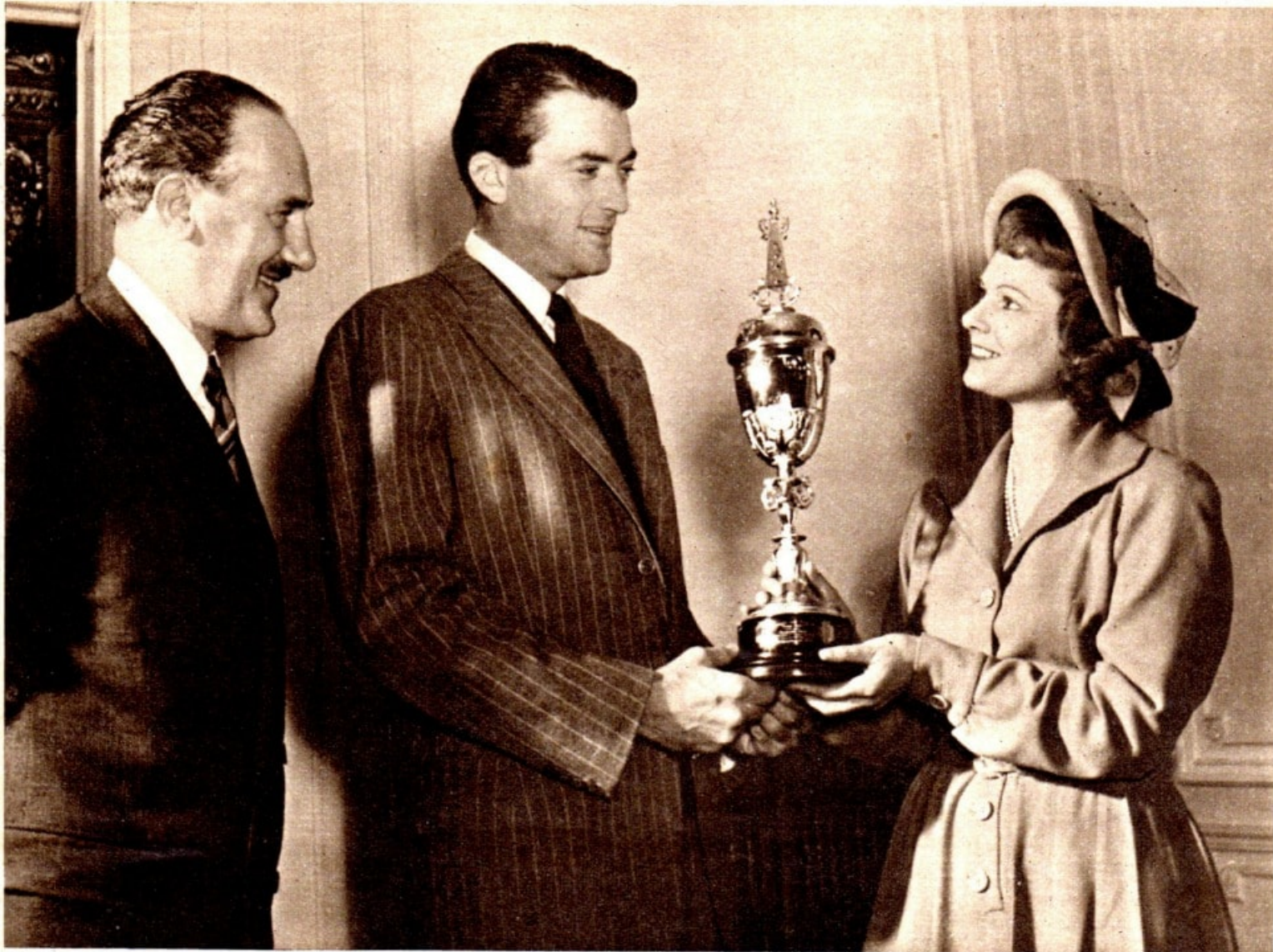
Amami GREEN Wave Set for hair of normal texture. Amami SPIRITOUS Wave Set for easy-to-manage hair.

Live your dreams
WITH
CALIFORNIAN POPPY

The perfect party and the perfect partner—a moment in which he tells you how lovely you are, how alluring your perfume. This is the moment you are living your dreams under the spell of the enchanting fragrance of Californian Poppy Perfume.

Handbag Size 2/4
Boudoir Size 3/8
Presentation Size 7/3

CAL 101-760



When he won "Picturegoer's" Gold Medal Award three years ago, Gregory Peck's expressed wish was that the presentation be delayed until he could attend personally. On his recent visit to Britain, Greg was presented with the Award by Anna Neagle and Editor Connery Chappell

THE CRITICS GET THE GUN

Filmdom's bigwigs can ignore the critics but the fact remains that Press reviewers have a knack of being right :—says Chappell

WHILE thousands cheer, some old friends of mine have been holding a public competition to see who can dispense the greatest amount of public wisdom on the subject of critics.

The protagonists were Roy Boulting, A. T. L. Watkins, who in private life is secretary to the British Board of Film Censors, S. K. Lewis, who is an official of the Associated British circuit of cinemas, and his namesake, Wyndham Lewis, who owns a group of cinemas in South Wales.

The occasion was a Saturday evening broadcast over the B.B.C. a few weeks ago. Very likely you heard it.

Briefly, Boulting represents the inside left of the film production business. He is intelligent, creative, young, explosive and bold. He is an iconoclast who shocks people by propounding platitudes.

Mr. Watkins has an academic background. He launched himself into the film scene shortly after the British film censors had passed *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*, and has been walking a tightrope ever since.

Syd Lewis, whose views of this subject are as familiar to me as is

the palm of my own hand, represents big business in the cinema told in good-humoured fashion.

The surprise packet in the collection was Wyndham Lewis, who has enough experience to know that some of the things he did say would hardly stand up to argument.

When it comes to talking about entertainment tax, about art and the box office, and about all the other clichés with which the film business is shackled, the lads were excellent. There were no surprises. If a man who makes a fortune decorating chocolate boxes tells me that Leonardo is a bad artist, I merely grin. I don't expect him to say anything else.

But where these lads, Wyndham in particular, are to be criticized is in their attitude towards Press criticism.

Asked what effect critics had on the success of pictures, Lewis, who ought to know better, replied: "If the critics praise them, we don't book them. If the critics pan them, we make sure we play them."

Fine.

I hope for the sake of his pocket book that Mr. Lewis didn't really put this remark into practice.

Did he show *Caesar and Cleo-*

patra? Did he book *The Bad Lord Byron*? Did he show *Christopher Columbus*? Did he play *Private Angelo*?

What of the other pictures which were bashed by the critics? Did he, in fact, deliberately buy them to show to his public?

It is possible that there are in this country a number of fledgeling critics who make the elementary mistake of condemning films like *Spring in Park Lane* for being bad art, whereas they are, in fact, merely artless.

This, to any experienced viewer, is the elementary critical mistake of condemning *Charley's Aunt* because it doesn't happen to be as good a play as *Hamlet*.

Such critics aside, the fact remains that in the main the much criticized critics are merely saying over the weekend that which the picturegoer will in turn say two or three weeks later.

A great wail went up over Wardour Street when the Press first viewed *Caesar and Cleopatra*. An eminent trade jurist, who has since died, said that its reception was disgraceful.

The half empty cinema, which later yawned at it proved that his

remarks were completely wrong.

I suggest that Wyndham Lewis, who is a sensible fellow, given to much more intelligent thinking than he allowed himself in this bright programme, would do much better if he concentrated on giving South Wales the best films.

The truth about the critic in his relations to the box office is quite simple: no critic worth his salt is remotely interested in whether Wyndham Lewis will go bankrupt or make a fortune in showing *Getting Gertie's Garter*.

The function of the critic is something far more subtle. The significant thing is that the Wardour Street view, as represented by Uncle Syd Lewis and all, is often so very wrong.

There comes a time, after the public has seen it, when a lemon is still a lemon. And the odd thing is that the critics, in retrospect, turn out to be mainly right.

Old Maestro

At a time when Hollywood is getting all steamed up over *Samson and Delilah*, made by the old maestro, Cecil B. de Mille, I have just received a line from America

to the effect that the old showman is anxious to come over to London.

He is apparently quite seriously thinking of making a film in Britain. I wish him joy.

His work is flamboyant, opulent and disarming. It defies serious criticism; it is tastefully tasteless; it has the greatest disregard for the ordinary rules.

De Mille is a strange mixture of showman and pedlar of rather lurid dreams.

His company, Paramount, has a few million dollars on ice in this country and they can no doubt help him to dream with it.

Odds And Odds

Ginger Rogers is expected to co-star with Ronald Reagan in *Storm Centre*; it is the film Lauren Bacall refused to make—and was suspended. . . .

Eddie Cantor has written his life story—"Cantor's Life"—and it is coming out soon. It may be filmed. . . .

Robert Mitchum's next will probably be *Smiler With a Gun*, to be made by John Cromwell. . . .

Jessica Tandy, London actress who took Broadway by the ears for her work in "A Streetcar Named Desire," is now in Hollywood. She is making *September* for Hal Wallis. In it Joseph Cotten plays her film husband. Joan Fontaine is the other woman. . . .

Golden Wedding

Remember Monte Blue? He was a big star in silent days, and some of his Lubitsch comedies were really brilliant. What wit the screen had in those days.

Give him a hand, for he has just celebrated his twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

And news like that comes all too seldom from Hollywood.

"Macbeth"

Here's some more news about the famous Orson Welles opus, *Macbeth*, based on the Shakespeare tragedy.

As you know it has had all sorts of trouble.

First of all Columbia decided to record chunks of it all over again in order to cut out the Scottish dialogue.

Now they are cutting it for a second time.

I hear it may be shown in Hollywood by the end of the year.

Rabbit In The Bag

Latest news about Harvey, the theatrical rabbit. . . . Jimmy Stewart is now hot favourite for



the lead in the film, which has been played by so many people, including Sid Field.

Mervyn Leroy is likely to direct it.

Picture People

Alan Ladd's next Western for Paramount will be *Montana Rides*. . . .

Montgomery Clift will make one film for Paramount next year. . . .

Alexis Smith, who was suspended by Warners for refusing to be loaned out to Universal for *The Shop Lifter*, has now split with the Brothers altogether. She will freelance. . . .

Valli, the Italian star who went to Hollywood and appeared here in *The Third Man*, expects her second child in March. . . .

Best Face Forward

Hollywood, determined to present its best face to the world, has now gone to the fountainhead of much of its scandal news. It is asking the editors of the Los Angeles newspapers to play down on stories of Hollywood people who get into trouble.

The film studios argue that much damage is caused to films generally by the way in which nonentities describe themselves as "film actresses."

This, of course, is common elsewhere than in Hollywood. The police court charge sheets in London are littered with the names of unknowns who describe themselves as "actors" or "journalists." These, for some extraordinary reason, are the two glamour professions.

But Hollywood's cure for this bad publicity lies a good deal higher.

It's a case where only the doctor can cure himself.

Not True

The American papers, who get hold of anything, have jazzed up a rumour that Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is switching to British nationality.

It is not true, of course. And he is not becoming an Eskimo, either.

Lost Weight

Back in Hollywood, after making *Night and the City* in London, Richard Widmark has hit the local headlines.

He has reported the loss of twenty pounds in weight on his British assignment.

Well, it should give some of our visiting stars furiously to think.

MUSICALS
TRAGEDIES
CARTOONS

FILM MENU

DRAMAS COMEDIES

THRILLERS
SHORTS
WESTERNS

Custard Pies

by GEORGE BARTHAM

Slapstick comedy is rocking provincial Britain again—a sure sign that laughter is the favourite dish on the film menu

CUSTARD pies are on the film menu again. While Wardour Street bigwigs are wrestling with economics involved in the making of "austerity" films costing anything from £150,000 upwards, a few old hands at the production game are cleaning up box offices with low budget slapsticks designed to give audiences real laughter for their money.

Mention the films of John E. Blakeley of Manchester or Arthur Dent of London, to West End critics and you will be given a look which would stand comparison with the heroine's horror-stricken face in a Frankenstein thriller. The films these sage backroom lads are making, complete the cycle of screen comedy back to knock-about. They are being made for the bread and butter provincial audiences—and they love 'em.

Latest film to prove the back-to-slapstick point is *Bless 'Em All*, an Army comedy made by Arthur Dent's Advance Film Company. It stars music hall comedian Hal Monty. It is patchy and incoherent in places. It defies criticism as a work of art. But in certain towns it has packed in bigger audiences than many highly praised films.

In the character of "Skimpy," Hal Monty has, I think, created for himself a niche in British screen comedy. We see him in *Bless 'Em All* as this type, a soldier (one calculated to break the heart of any sergeant-major). He'll be a sailor in the follow-up film, *Skimpy in the Navy* and a secret service agent in *Skimpy in the Secret Service*.

"Skimpy" is the type of character who automatically gets into trouble. He is good-humoured and happy-go-lucky—in real life the kind of person who is always a friend.

When Arthur Dent decided to make a comedy of British Army life in the midst of the perennial film crisis, he knew exactly who he wanted to play the leading rôle. "I remembered seeing Hal Monty do his 'soldier' act on the halls," he said. "He impressed me then as being very funny and, naturally, he was the first comedian I thought of when the rôle of 'Skimpy' was being created."

Gags Off The Hook

Arthur Dent himself devised the outline of *Bless 'Em All*. He engaged two scriptwriters to work on the shooting script and two gag men whose job it was to include *ad lib* situations that lent themselves for laughs. This was actually done while the film was being shot. In addition, many of the comedy routines were devised by Monty.

It took four weeks to make the film, which cost less than £30,000.

But the financial side of the film business could easily have prevented this film from being made. Carrying out the courage of his convictions, Arthur Dent backed *Bless 'Em All* with his own money—against the advice of many

experts. Once completed, Dent offered his film to several distributing companies, but, without exception, they refused to handle it—so Dent became his own distributor.

Two cinema circuits rejected the film completely, and a third was only interested in it as a second feature. Eventually, however, a pre-release booking was obtained at a cinema in Dartford, and such was its success that the film was immediately booked extensively.

Bless 'Em All has now been booked for over 1,200 cinemas. Considering that there are approximately 5,000 cinemas in the country, it means that practically every district will be showing the film sooner or later. In many cases, too, cinemas have booked a return showing—an unusual practice.

The Fun They Want

So the enterprise of men like Arthur Dent has meant a return to slapstick. It proves that funny British films can be made. It proves that audiences like screen comedy in the Hal Monty fashion.

I met Hal Monty in his dressing-room at a typical suburban music hall when he was topping the bill in variety. But it was his new career in films that was the main topic of conversation. "I'm convinced that these slapstick films are what the British public wants," he said.

Hal has been brought up in the hard school of show business. He indulges in ventriloquism and miming interspersed with broad comedy.

Although of typical Cockney make-up, Hal Monty—his real name is Albert Sutton—was born in Glasgow. There were six children in the family and young Hal had to start working at a very early



Audiences expect it, of course, but when Hal Monty stops the custard pie in "*Bless 'Em All*," it's a cue for hearty laughter in the provinces

age. He entered local dancing competitions and became such a good dancer that he decided to go on the stage.

He teamed up with a young man called Bernard Delfont—now a theatrical impresario—and toured the world. When the team disbanded, Hal Monty went into the managerial side of show business until, in 1939, he joined the Army.

After a short Army career, Monty was invalidated out. Back in civilian life, he decided to return to the stage; he built up his well-known

"soldier" act and went on tour.

It was a "Music Hall" broadcast in 1941 that rocketed Hal Monty to fame. At one stage during the turn, he got the audience to stand to attention—and then the orchestra played "Colonel Bogey." As a result of this broadcast, offers came in by the score and he rose immediately from a £30-a-week comedian to a £500-a-week star.

Hal Monty had at last hit the big time. He became the first resident comedian in "Variety Bandbox" and toured the country in his own show. Then came the crash and he found himself broke.

"I was earning large sums of money, which meant I had many friends," he said. "They asked me to invest here, put something there. Eventually, I was the owner of a club which I was forced to close." After his reversal, Monty sailed for Australia, where he worked in variety for a time.

When he did return to this country, Hal Monty found that he had to make his name all over again. Today, Hal Monty is philosophical about his success. He realizes that he has a long way to go in the film world. He doesn't intend to make the same financial mistakes again, but he is still a friendly character.

Yes, men like Hal Monty and Arthur Dent are bringing a continuous wave of laughter into our cinemas. Their films are not arty or superficial, neither are they ever likely to make the over-lauded West End. But they are honest and simple films, which prove that the art of making cheap, quick British films is not dead.

And, best of all, it's good to hear the provinces laughing again.



"Ices . . . Smelling Salts . . ."



Good news about the husband-and-wife team of Dulcie Gray and Michael Denison—they are to make "The Franchise Affair" in the new year

STUDIO ROUND-UP

by PEGGY PEREGRINE

Listen:—did you hear something new?: Studio time is Guinness time: Four young ladies take life seriously—as factory hands

LISTEN for more originality and novelty in musical accompaniments to new films. Carol Reed and his *The Third Man* are giving directors ideas—at least, that's how I interpret the wave of new thought on background tracks.

You won't have the zither served up in every reel—at least I hope not—but it does look as if there'll be some interesting effects in pictures coming from our studios.

The latest sincere attempt to hit at originality is being recorded at the Associated British Studios in Welwyn. On to the set of J. B. Priestley's *Last Holiday* starring Alec Guinness, recently, walked a grey haired and bearded "street musician."

THIS "extra" was none other than David McCallum, leader of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, and the violin he carried was a Stradivarius worth £3,000.

For his first screen rôle, Mr. McCallum plays the part of a rather whimsical street musician, who, although he has no real part in the story, turns up at critical moments in Alec Guinness's life to play a charming little melody around which is being built up the incidental music for the whole film.

It was the violinist's first day on the set, and as the whole film was a little ahead of schedule no one

had brought along a copy of the music. However, the composer, Francis Chagrin, hummed the melody to David over the telephone. Later, David was able to delight everyone by playing it. By the end of the day, the whole studio was whistling it.

Incidentally, it was David McCallum who instructed Stewart Granger for his part in *The Magic Bow*, though, of course, it was Yehudi Menuhin's playing that you actually heard over the soundtrack.

BEST attraction of *Last Holiday* as far as Alec Guinness is concerned—so he tells me—is that he can get to the studio the same time as everyone else—it's very seldom that he's been able to do this. During his long series of character rôles, Alec has been getting to the scene of operations at five or six in the morning in order to get his make-up on ready for work at eight.

"During *Oliver Twist*, I sometimes wondered if it was worth going to bed at all," he admitted. His make-up for the rôle of Fagin took between three and four hours.

In *Last Holiday* we shall see Alec Guinness as he really is—without so much as a moustache to mar his youthful features. He plays the part of a young man, who, having been told that he has only a short while to live, decides to take himself off on a last holiday.

At the hotel, he meets two

women, played by Beatrice Campbell and Kay Walsh. But in case you think that you can see the whole plot opening up, let me assure you that Mr. Priestley has taken a great deal of pains in order to keep you guessing.

ALEC told me that this picture gave him one of his most frightening experiences—two solid days of washing up, without a break.

Visitors to the set were amazed at the spectacle of Alec Guinness, up to the elbows in washing up water—dirty plates towering above him on one side and greasy saucers on the other. Meanwhile, actors Ernest Thesiger, Wilfred Hyde-White and Moultrie Kelsall were standing-by as wipers-up.

"In the script," Alec explained, "it states that the hotel staff goes on strike and leaves the guests to cope with the cooking and washing-up. By the time we had done the scene efficiently enough to satisfy director Henry Cass, two days had passed, and I must have washed at least two hundred dinner plates, as many soup plates, and I'd hate to say how many saucers. I'm also suffering from dishpan hands.

"As a last straw my wife is threatening to turn my experience to good account—her account, of course!"

BACKSTAGE at the Strand Theatre the other evening, Michael Denison and Dulcie Gray—who are appearing in "Queen Elizabeth Slept Here"—gave me some good news: they are to make another film together in the new year. It is for Associated British, and will be called *The Franchise Affair*.

I believe I've mentioned before how keen this husband and wife team are to work together.

"I think that at last we've got producers thinking along the same lines as us," Dulcie told me. "But at first we encountered a lot of distinct hostility to the idea of a husband and wife working together. It seems that producers considered it would make each of us less attractive to the public if too strong a hint of domesticity surrounded us.

"Personally I don't think it

makes any difference," she added, "but perhaps you would care to get your readers' opinions on the subject. Michael and I would be most interested to hear what they have to say."

Well, that gives everyone a chance to say their piece and I'll see that the information gets to the Denisons.

FOUR young actresses taking life very seriously at the moment are Jane Hylton, Petula Clark, Diana Dors and Natasha Parry.

All have rôles in Ealing's current production, *Dance Hall*, and so that sequences showing them at work in a factory will look convincing even to the most critical audiences, they have been doing a training course in a local factory. Later, scenes were shot on location in the same factory.

PET celebrated her seventeenth birthday on location with a cake shared among her workmates—actresses and genuine variety included. Although they may find it hard to understand, many of the girls at the factory have more spending money each week than their film star colleagues.

When she was twelve, Pet's father-manager allocated her 2s. 6d. a week pocket money; at fourteen, he increased it to five shillings. Now, at seventeen she is to have 10s. a week. But at eighteen, her father will give her a free rein and the very considerable sum which has accumulated in the bank since Pet began her stage and screen career will be hers to do what she likes with.

HAD a letter from Mark Milo recently—remember the George Medal fireman in *The Twenty Questions Murder Mystery?*—in which he tells a sad story of frustrated ambition.

He says: "I am a great admirer of La Dietrich, ever since I worked with her, before the war, on *Knight Without Armour*. Some time ago, I was called to work on *Stage Fright*, and learned that I was to be Marlene's husband. I went on to the set, highly delighted, and then learned that the husband is murdered just before the story really starts."

Never mind Mark, it's all part of the actor's lot.



Fair shares, Pet! During scenes for "Dance Hall," Pet Clark cuts her birthday cake for "mates" Jane Hylton, Diana Dors and Natasha Parry

WHAT PRICE

GLAMOUR?

by W. H. MOORING

Out goes the paint-pot glamour girl from Hollywood.
In comes the talented miss with a touch of sleek streamlining

WHENEVER critics are at a loss to find a new excuse for attacking Hollywood, they turn to their favourite brick-hurling topic, glamour. It looks like the slack season for new ideas is with us right now because poor old glamour is under fire again.

One of the leaders in this attack is over your side in Britain—Lady Astor. She's gone down in print in Celluloid City as having deplored "the Hollywood influence in this modern striptease world," and proposing a fund to resist low forms of entertainment insofar as they affect public thinking.

Here we go again, then. But don't the critics know that Hollywood has changed its approach to the controversial subject of glamour?

Gone are the days of the synthetic blonde who was supposed to give off sex appeal like radiations after an atomic explosion. In its place is a sophisticated smoothness which is nothing more than streamlining the gals with a degree of acting ability.

The critics have some grounds for attack, of course. There are exceptions to prove the new rule and there are certain subsidiary lines to film-making where Hollywood has overstepped the mark.

Only this summer, when a big conference was held in Chicago, the different branches of movie-making decided that Hollywood has been using too much sex bait in publicising films and the film stars. But advertising is one angle and the actual films it sells is another.

Hollywood, of course, has itself to blame for this surging row over glamour. It all started when a dear, giddy Jean Harlow was discovered and instantly tagged with the selling label of Hollywood's "first platinum blonde." After that, every new star had to be branded just as if she were a special make of soup or Friday night shampoo.

There was no escape once Clara Bow earned the label of "It" girl. I know Clara Bow hated it. So did poor Jean Harlow, who, though no intellectual, was not a "dumb" blonde either.

Nothing Like Anything

Right up to the end of the war, there was a firm Hollywood belief in the box office appeal of "the slick chick." Some even insisted that the boys who were away from home just had to have movies in which S.A. (sex appeal) was simply smeared across the screen.

No one can argue that the standard Hollywood glamour girl of the 1930-1945 era bore any relationship to reality. She was for the most part a peroxidized, rhascaraed, swollen-lipped, nude-eyebrowed, flint-visaged monstrosity and let's admit it.

She lacked warmth, individuality, colour and character. She

was, in fact, nothing like the girl any man had ever met anywhere.

Even in those days, however, we had some actresses in our Hollywood movies whose faces were more or less their own. Take Margaret Sullavan; Mae Clarke (who wouldn't let them monkey about with her make-up and even lost out entirely because of it!); Bette Davis (she leaned backwards against glamorization to play ugly duckling rôles); Katharine Hepburn (who couldn't have been beautified anyhow); Garbo (much the same problem); Deanna Durbin (who lost out at once when they put the glamour mask on her), and Judy Garland.

After her first Astaire successes, Ginger Rogers rebelled against the glamour treatment, and in her first "natural" part as *Kitty Foyle*, won her first Academy Oscar.

Significant Shift

In the past three years, gradually but surely, for the Hollywood show mind learns slowly, there has been a significant shift from the synthetic towards the real.

Today the Hollywood sex and striptease nonsense of which critics now belatedly complain, has all but disappeared. It certainly is not any part of the bigger and better films of the day. Nor, thank Hollywood, is there quite the same emphasis upon so-called glamour art in the publicity pictures and advertising matter.

The best proof of my contention that this sort of thing no longer excites Hollywood favour, is the fact that almost every star, once she has made her name here, insists upon a provision in her contract that she be not required to pose for bathing suit pictures and the like.

You don't see much of that sort of thing featuring stars like Olivia de Havilland (who uses little make-up on the screen); Ingrid Bergman (who never would go for it); Joan Fontaine (she hasn't had any time for bathing suits since she first started with R-K-O); Joan Crawford (who gave up the glamour poses as soon as her dancing daughter days were over), and many others I could mention.

Today, only the rising young actresses are available for striking publicity poses and as soon as they make the grade they are through with it. Most of them look forward to success as a means of escape from this aspect of exploitation. This is not guesswork. It is fact.

Review this year's biggest films and where can you find any outstanding example of the old-fashioned "platinum blonde" type of glamour exploitation? I cannot think of one.

Look at the new crop of stars and coming stars: Ruth Roman, Joanne Dru, Joan Evans and Jane Greer for example. These, surely, are not, in the original sense of



Janis Paige illustrates the new line of Hollywood glamour. In place of the artificial "beauty" is naturalness plus a little deft streamlining

the term, "Hollywood glamour girls." Even Doris Day, whose natural flair for cabaret type entertainment is given only a minimum touch of the old brush.

The kind of young actress Hollywood casting experts are looking for today, is the girl who, besides having talent, is graced with the natural charm of a Teresa Wright, a Dorothy Maguire, a Martha Scott, or a Margaret Lockwood.

This thought brings me back with a bang, all the way from Hollywood to Britain. We all recall that Margaret came to Hollywood before she had become

anything like the star she is today.

At the time, a complete absence in her character of what Hollywood then regarded as "box office sex stuff," cooled the film people's ardour. She didn't have to worry. Nor did she have long to wait.

Success was hers because she could act. Britain, then, for once in a while, led the way.

It is only fair, however, to admit that Hollywood has followed. Cautiously perhaps, and certainly by gradual stages, the Hollywood emphasis upon glamour in the old sense is on its way out—and I don't think we will mind.

ALAN ARNOLD'S FIRST ARTICLE IN A NEW SERIES ON

GETTING TO KNOW YOUR FILMS

What is a film? The answer to this question supplies the key to the fascinating subject of film appreciation

FILM appreciation." Tough words. They are enough to put anyone off. But really they are behind the whole pleasure and charm of the picturegoing habit. If we blindly go along and pay one and ninepence merely because we have nothing better to do, or because we follow some particular star, we are not really getting the best out of the screen.

No, it is a good thing to get to know films, sense them, to understand what the clever director or the talented player is driving at. In so doing, we are not just widening our knowledge of a subject, we are widening our knowledge of life.

So I propose, in this series of articles, to break down films and film making, avoiding all the technical and highbrow jargon, and to explain what it is that makes this film good and that film bad.

When I say "explain," I am not for one second suggesting that I have more film appreciation than anyone else. On the contrary. I think that millions of people who go to the cinema appreciate its good points without actually being aware of them. They get restless at its mediocrity, again without analysing it.

Well, here goes. We are off in

quest together, to exchange ideas about the most exciting and most powerful means of expression in the world.

Let us start right at the beginning. What is a film? Is it just a story told in pictures? Of course not. That would be mistake number one. No, it's much more than that. You can have most beautiful and satisfying pictures telling no story at all, so although story is part of a film, it is only the structure on which to hang the pictures together.

We should go deeper. A film is a projection of light and shadow in movement. If there is no movement we have only a magic lantern show. If there is no shadow we have only an empty screen.

Secondly, a film is a synthesis. It is a deliberate putting together of things which may be far separated.

A Case Of Suicide

Let me give an example. A director takes a shot of the Eiffel Tower. He then takes another of a man standing on a chair. The camera is tilted up from underneath so that the man appears to be outlined against the sky. He then takes a third shot of a dummy fall-

ing through space. Fourthly he takes a scene of a crowd rushing round a crumpled body on the pavement, and calling for the police. Some of the crowd are looking upwards from whence the man fell.

Finally the director gets a shot of the Eiffel Tower again with a tilted camera, as though someone on the ground were looking up at it.

He strings the five shots together in the cutting room. What do you get? Why, a man hurling himself to death from the top of the Eiffel Tower. A simple case of suicide.

Actually, it was a simple case of synthesis. The shots of the Eiffel Tower come from the library; that of the man was done outside the studio; the shot of the crowd was done in a suburb. But by assembling the film in continuity the audience is given the impression of continuous flowing action.

That, in essence, is the thing that makes a film different from all other forms of art. It is the cinema's power of synthesis that gives it its artistic sweep and its great potentialities.

Now let us stop using words like synthesis. It has enabled us to see that from entirely unrelated pieces of film, the true film artist can

string together pictures to develop a new emotional value. Thus it is the cinema's power of suggestion once again that gives it such great force.

So it is that when we come to consider the abiding influence of the cinema we must not always expect—in fact we very seldom find—a very important story line. The story is no more than the theme on which the director hangs his photographic pattern.

Thus it comes about that in the old silent days stories were frequently so simple that they did not even need subtitles. Many of us with long memories can recall enthralling pictures of great emotional power like *New Year's Eve* by Lupu Pick, in which there was not a single title.

Entertaining Trimmings

So that certainly proves that smart dialogue, and artfully contrived theatrical settings, while no doubt entertaining as far as they go, are certainly not essential to the making of great films.

No, a film can have dignity and maturity with none of the trimmings. Its dialogue can be sparse; its story slight; it need not be in a blaze of Technicolor; it does not

MUSIC FROM THE MOVIES

by LAURIE HENSHAW

Introducing a new "Picturegoer" service—a guide to the records of soundtrack scores

WERE you one of the 350,000 people who queued at record counters for the zither music from *The Third Man*?

The unprecedented success of the theme music in Carol Reed's film is, perhaps, the most striking current example of the public's interest in film music.

Nowadays the demand for recordings of music heard on the screen is greater than ever—whether background music, feature music—a good example is "The Warsaw Concerto"—or the songs and production numbers of the spectacular Hollywood musicals.

British record firms realized the full sales' potentialities for film music when they were deluged by requests for a recording of the concerto "played" by Anton Wallbrook in *Dangerous Moonlight*. They were a bit slow off the mark; but when they issued "The Warsaw Concerto" some six months later the record proved a best seller.

Naturally enough, the record companies try to anticipate public reaction to film music in order to have a recording on sale by the time the film is generally released. The recordings of music from *Scott of the Antarctic*, *Henry V* and *Hamlet* are recent examples. In each case the records were issued in time to coincide with the film's release.

As instanced by "The Warsaw Concerto," firms are sometimes caught unprepared. A piece of music makes an unexpected hit with filmgoers, and records have to be rushed out to meet public demand.

The popularity of the "Harry Lime Theme" from *The Third Man* illustrates the unpredictable taste of the British public.

Here was background music played solo on an instrument practically unknown in this country. Yet within a few days of the film's general release, the Decca factories were working full pressure to turn out records of what

will probably be the music sensation of the year—from the sales angle.

Other film music recorded through public request is that from *The Red Shoes*, *Whispering City* ("The Quebec Concerto") and *The Glass Mountain*.

In general, recordings of feature music enjoy bigger sales than those of background music. "The Warsaw Concerto" and "The Dream of Olwen" (from *While I Live*) are just two examples of feature music. In each instance, the music formed an integral part of the film story and was thus forced on filmgoers' attention.

Background music, if it is to fulfil its proper function as an atmospheric medium, should be as unobtrusive as possible. Thus it is less likely to capture the attention of audiences.

The zither music in *The Third Man* is, of course, an exception; but this can hardly be considered background music in the accepted sense of the word. It is far too compelling to be ranked with the general run of incidental music.

Other exceptions are when standard works—like Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 2 in *Brief Encounter*—are employed as background music. This commands the attention of all lovers of legitimate music and thousands more who are normally indifferent to the works of the masters find their interest awakened. In this way, recordings of several serious works have suddenly become "best sellers."

The hit songs featured in Hollywood musicals are always assured of a ready sale; particularly when recorded by the stars themselves—artists like Bing Crosby, Judy Garland, Frank Sinatra, Allan Jones, Tony Martin and Danny Kaye.

It can, therefore, be appreciated that films

provide record companies with a large proportion of their popular song material; conversely, the recordings are a valuable publicity medium for the films themselves.

It was to meet the growing demand for records of songs featured by film stars that the Gramophone Company (the firm that issues H.M.V., Columbia, Parlophone and Regal-Zonophone records) last year launched their new M-G-M label.

Here are a few recent film music recordings to suit different tastes:

The Third Man—Anton Karas (zither solos). "The Harry Lime Theme"/"The Café Mozart Waltz." Decca F9235.

It's Magic—Doris Day (with orchestra). "It's Magic"/"Put 'Em in a Box, Tie 'Em with a Ribbon." Columbia DB2493.

Words and Music—The Melachrino Orchestra (selection from the film). Titles include "With a Song in My Heart," "The Lady is a Tramp," "Where or When," "Blue Moon," "There's a Small Hotel," "On Your Toes," "Cover," "Down by the River," "This Can't be Love," "Mountain Greenery." H.M.V. C3909.

Look For the Silver Lining—Peter Yorke and his Concert Orchestra (selection from the film). Introducing "Look for the Silver Lining," "A Kiss in the Dark," "Who," "Time On My Hands," "Sunny." Columbia DB2615.

In the Good Old Summertime—Judy Garland (with orchestra). "Put Your Arms Around Me Honey"/"Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland," "Play That Barber Shop Chord"/"I Don't Care." M-G-M 242 and 243.

The Glass Mountain—The Melachrino Orchestra. "The Legend of the Glass Mountain"/"Song of the Mountains." H.M.V. B9765.

need symphonic musical backgrounds; it does not even need professional actors. Indeed, some of the world's greatest films have been made without actors at all.

Let us continue digging under the surface. It is a fundamental with this as with other forms of serious work, that a film should be properly unified. It cannot kick off in one plane and dive about in several others—a tendency too often found in British films. It must be true to itself.

It must start, make progress, build up logically and end properly. It must be so assembled that when you have seen it, you feel that not one scene could have been left out and that nothing happened that didn't absolutely have to happen.

Of all forms of modern art, the cinema is the most ruthlessly logical. If you don't believe this ask any scriptwriter who has to turn a clumsily written best seller, full of awkward gaps and jumps, into a movie. The screen magnifies the construction faults a hundred times.

There, in a few paragraphs, we have sketched—rather clumsily and all too briefly—a little of the fundamentals of films. From these rather simple basic statements there is erected an expensive, laborious and immensely complicated edifice which makes the business of film production the costliest and most hazardous of all artistic enterprises.

Army Of Contributors

For between the dreamer of film dreams and the audience there is an army of technicians, players and craftsmen, some exceedingly highly paid, some lowly. Each and every one of them has his or her contribution to make.

Usually, the member of a film unit with most responsibilities is the producer. His creative function is to bring together with efficiency, tact and understanding players and technicians who will

Jean Simmons invites you to a Christmas Party

HOW would you like to join this star-spangled Christmas party? Your guide will be Jean Simmons and the guests include most of the top stars from Pinewood and Denham studios.

In next week's PICTUREGOER, there's an invitation to share in the fun—with three full pages of exclusive pictures of the stars in festive trim.

And, of course, you'll find all your favourite features in the issue—Peggy Peregrine's "Studio Round Up," W. H. Mooring's "Hollywood Once Over," fashion chat (on making up for the party), between Enid O'Neill and Valerie Hobson, and plenty of other attractions.

In the excitement of Christmas Eve, the bookstall visit might slip your memory so—

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work together. He must supervise production as the team's skipper.

Not all films are made with producers of this ideal temperament; perhaps few are; but then, relatively speaking, few films reach the screen possessing all-round brilliance.

Acting is the creative contribution to a film easiest to appreciate. No film can succeed without good acting, yet fine acting by itself is seldom sufficient to make a film a winner. In spite of Bette Davis, *Winter Meeting* was a bore; in spite of Vivien Leigh, *Anna Karenina* did not satisfy. Very rarely can a player "carry" a film in face of technical weaknesses.

The music composer and set designer are contributors to the film. They deal specifically in mood and atmosphere and, at their best, contribute to the total effect. But neither is indispensable.

The Naked City, for instance, was shot in the streets of New York because in no other way could it so

successfully have underlined its moral. The fact that it was made outside a studio proves that artificial settings are not essential.

The absence of music in *Gentleman's Agreement* helped us to appreciate the seriousness of the film's subject—anti-Semitism. The zither music in *The Third Man* was sprung at moments of stress, but was absent in more tender moods—remember how the soundtrack held its tongue when Anna (Valli) walked past Holly Martins (Joseph Cotten) and out of the world we had been watching?

Conducting An Orchestra

The other creative elements? There is the cameraman, whose film frames really tell the story; the writer, who produces the original story on which the film hangs; the editor, concerned with the film's rhythm, the timing of each shot, the precise moment of cut; and, of course, the director, who,

like the conductor of an orchestra should be in a position to get the best results from the combination of effort around him.

No wonder the performance is seldom, if ever, perfect. Sometimes, it seems, we reach nearest to perfection when the conductor plays all, or nearly all, the instruments—as when Noel Coward wrote, produced, directed, composed and acted in *In Which We Serve*; as when Chaplin combined the five functions for *Monsieur Verdoux*; or as when writer-producer-director teams like Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger or Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat work as one.

The moving picture is an uneven creation at the best of times. It is sure to overbalance here, to fall short there and, until the perfect film comes along, we must be content with near perfection.

In his next article on *Film Appreciation*, the author will deal mainly with screen acting.



A film has a good chance of reaching near perfection when one artist combines many functions—such as Chaplin in "Monsieur Verdoux"



Artificial settings are, of course, by no means essential in a film. "The Naked City" was photographed in the streets of New York



What about this one? Margaret Lockwood picks a curly-headed cherub, but it looks as if young Toots is too attached to the "Little Women" type doll



It's in miniature as the enthralled youngsters test their skill on the model cricket pitch. It's got Margaret, too

PICTUREGOER GO

MARGARET

Christmas again. Tinsel, toffee and toys

IT'S the thrill of the year for the youngsters—and let's be honest, it gets the grown-ups, too. Yes, Christmas shopping, despite the hustle and the bustle, the neck craning and the tired feet, has a perennial fascination for young and old.

Film stars are no exception—they love to mingle with the crowds and join in the sizzling excitement. During the course of a year it's odds on that they've had to partake in Christmas festivities for a scene in a film, but in December it's the real thing—no plaster cakes and dummy shops.

So out they go to the bright lights of the West End shopping centre. Of course, if the star is fortunate enough to have a youngster to pilot the way around the stores then the fun is trebled.

That's what Margaret Lockwood thinks, anyhow. Look at the pictures on these pages and see how much Margaret is enjoying herself. Not since *Cardboard Cavalier* has she had such a frolic, we'd say.

PICTUREGOER caught up on Margaret's eight-year-old daughter Toots



You've got to look after a doll. Whoever heard of a mother who didn't dote over baby's hair? Good enough argument for a set of doll's hairbrushes!

SHOPPING WITH AND TOOTS

Oh, what a thrill it is to visit those stores

taking her mother around the West End stores, at Hamley's, in Regent Street. Photographer James Jarché was with us, so, of course, the stage was set for candid camera shots of the expedition. But was it?

You try photographing an excited young miss when there are such important attractions as giant dolls, huge teddy bears, doll's prams nearly as big as auntie's, racing cars that look like the real thing and, of course, those wonderful toy houses. Yes, you just try.

Undaunted by giant pandas, fairy queens and Christmas trees, Jarché followed Toots as she wandered through the wonderland. Many times he lost track of Toots as she darted in and out of different departments and linked forces with other young store-gazers. But he succeeded.

He brought back these pictures of a little girl and the spirit of Christmas—a picture of happiness similar to that which will be relived in every town, village and hamlet of Britain in the exciting seven days before Santa's visit.



Obliging archery enthusiast demonstrates to Margaret and Toots—he doesn't know he's being "shot" himself

LIONEL COLLIER

INVITES YOU TO THIS WEEK'S
PREVIEWS and REVIEWS

COME TO THE STABLE. Two nuns provide delightful entertainment
LES AMANTS DE VÉRONE. Sordid tragedy with lovely settings
THE GREAT SINNER. Gambler's luck and the stakes are love
LES MAUDITS. Mission by submarine, a girl and a kidnapped doctor
THE GREAT LOVER. Bob Hope makes the most of his chances
SHAMROCK HILL. Whimsical. Wants more of the song and dance act

(Cast lists of British and U.S. films reviewed in this issue appear on page 22)

★★★★ OUTSTANDING ★★★ VERY GOOD ★★ GOOD ★ AVERAGE C CHILDREN

Come To The Stable★★★★

Loretta Young Celeste Holm

IN spite of its ingenuousness and naïveté, this story is delightful entertainment with the added virtue of novelty of approach.

It introduces you to two nuns from France, Sister Margaret and Sister Scolastica, who vow to build a hospital in America. They arrive at the small village of Bethlehem in New England with faith, but nothing else.

The picture then shows how they fulfil their vow, and combines sentimentality, religious feeling and comedy in a way seldom seen on the screen.

Their first triumph is to obtain a site for the hospital from a tough—and crooked—business man, Rossi, who lost his son in the war. Trouble comes when they find themselves up against Robert Mason, a composer of popular music, but they win through.

Both Loretta Young, as Sister Margaret, and Celeste Holm are delightful as the two nuns whose faith and devotion bring the scheme to a happy fulfilment.

Hugh Marlowe is rather dour and stilted as the composer who uses a Gregorian chant for a popular song number. Thomas Gomez is well in character as the shady business man Rossi.—*Twentieth Century-Fox. American. "U" certificate. Runs 95 minutes. Directed by Henry Kostner. Screenplay by Oscar Millard and Sally Benson, based on a story by Clare Booth Luce. Release date not fixed.*

Les Amants De Vérone★★★

Anouk Reggiani

BEAUTIFUL Venetian and Veronese backgrounds for a story which, at times, is almost too sordid to bear.

It's a tale of two young people, Georgia, the daughter of a decayed but once noble Venetian family, and Angelo, a glass blower whose ancestry is, to say the least of it, dubious. An odd sort of business.

Georgia gets a job as a stand-in for the glamorous film actress Bettina Verdi, who is appearing in a version of "Romeo and Juliet." Angelo takes a job as stand-in for Romeo. They fall in love on sight.

Unfortunately, Georgia is betrothed to a slick business man, Raffaele, who has been supporting her family of neurotics. No wonder that she wants to escape from this entourage. But the pattern of her love for Angelo is moulded in much the same design as was that of Juliet for Romeo.

The conception is clever, but I feel that it is basically too melodramatic for its tragic

ending; a happier one would have been more bearable. Anouk is absolutely right as the repressed Georgia and Reggiani is live and fresh as Angelo. The rest of the cast gives good character studies.—*Blue Ribbon Films. French. "A" certificate. Runs 100 minutes. Directed by André Cayatte. Scenario by André Cayatte and Jacques Prevert. No fixed release date.*

The Great Sinner★★

Ava Gardner Gregory Peck

IT looks as if we are in for a cycle of gambling stories in American films. This addition to the growing chain concerns a young author, Fedja, who meets an attractive young lady, Pauline, on the train to Paris. He discovers that she and her father, General Ostrovsky, are inveterate gamblers.

He pits his love for her against her love for gambling. But later the positions are reversed. Pauline gives up gambling for love, but Fedja sacrifices his love for gaming and comes to a tragic end.

It's all rather dull, with seemingly endless sequences at the roulette tables.

Gregory Peck is satisfactory as the author who becomes gambler, but Ava Gardner is not convincing as Pauline.

Melvyn Douglas is well in character as a casino owner and Walter Huston is excellent as Pauline's improvident father.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. American. "A" certificate. Runs 100 minutes. Directed by Robert Siodmak. Screenplay by Ladislav Fodor and Christopher Isherwood. Story by Ladislav Fodor and René Fuellep-Müller. Released December 12.*

Les Maudits★★★

Florence Marly Henri Vidal

HERE'S a new slant on the second World War—novel and entertaining, but with a grim vein.

The action opens just towards the close of hostilities when a German submarine is sent on a mysterious mission. In addition to the crew, there is a mixed bag of Nazi agents who are to contact operators in South America.

The submarine is attacked by English destroyers, and Hilde, one of the female agents who is having an affair with a German officer, is seriously injured. As there is no doctor on board they make for a small port on the French coast and kidnap one. The story is told by the doctor after his rescue.

It's a tale of intrigue and counter-intrigue, of love and hate with all the action taking

place in the confined space of the submarine. Its ending is inevitably brutal and tragic.

Henri Vidal scores as the doctor, and Florence Marly puts over an effective "Marlene Dietrich" act as Hilde. But Jo Dest, I feel, steals the picture as a Gestapo agent.—*Films de France. French. "A" certificate. Runs 100 minutes. Directed by René Clément. Story by J. Compañeez and V. Alexandrov. Adaptation by René Clément and Jacques Rémy. No fixed release date.*

The Great Lover★★

Rhonda Fleming Bob Hope

AN unhappy guardian of seven small French boys takes a cruise, has amorous adventures with a beautiful duchess and is nearly arrested for murder. It's hardly up to the Hope standard.

Amusing at times, but generally forced in its situations, the farce tends to rely on ingenuous slapstick rather than on well-contrived comedy situations. Nevertheless, it has its moments.

In fact, Bob Hope makes the most of his chances and is ably backed up by Roland Young as a murderous gambler and Roland Culver as an impecunious grand duke, the father of the glamorous duchess, played admirably by Rhonda Fleming.—*Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Runs 80 minutes. Directed by Alexander Hall. Written by Edmund Beloin, Melville Shavelson and Jack Rose. Release date December 26.*

Shamrock Hill★★

Peggy Ryan Ray MacDonald

THE stars of this picture made their appearance recently on the stage of the London Palladium. But in the film, their song-and-dance act, which is essentially good, has been given very little chance to shine.

A whimsical story of a young girl's fight to find a playground for small children, it has an Irish-American flavour.

It's just the song-and-dance numbers which supply what there is of entertainment.—*Associated British-Pathé-P.R.C. American. "U" certificate. Runs 71 minutes. Directed by Arthur Dreifuss. Screenplay by Arthur Hoerl and McElbert Moore. Original story by Arthur Hoerl. Released November 28.*

Bomba, The Jungle Boy★★

Peggy Ann Garner Johnny Sheffield

IF you have a liking for the "Tarzan" type of films, you will find this story of a photographer and his daughter in Darkest Africa quite to your taste.

It is ingenious in construction if ingenuous in outlook, and for your hero you have Johnny Sheffield, famous for his portrayal of "Boy," Tarzan's son.

He is good as Bomba, a white boy who has spent all his life in the jungle, and saves the cameraman's daughter from death in various forms well known to serial pictures.

Peggy Ann Garner is unaffected as the little heroine.—*Associated British-Pathé-Monogram. American. "U" certificate. Runs 70 minutes. Directed by Ford Beebe. Screenplay by Jack DeWitt. Adapted from "Bomba, the Jungle Boy" by Roy Rockwell. Released December 5.*

A Stranger Walked In★

Sylvia Sidney John Hodiak

IF you saw the British screen version of Frank Vosper's Victorian thriller, I think you'll agree that this effort has not the mobility of the 1937 success. However, it is a technically efficient thriller.

Sylvia Sidney is sound as Cecily, an attractive young woman who wins a fortune in the Calcutta Sweep and falls in love with Manuel Cortez, a stranger.

As Manuel, who obviously wants to get the girl's fortune, John Hodiak acts in too suspicious a manner—even to fool a girl of Cecily's mental calibre.

There is good suspense at the end, but treatment is unimaginative.—*Renown.*

American. "A" certificate. Runs 81 minutes. Directed by Richard Whorf. Screenplay by Philip MacDonald, from a play by Frank Vosper. Original story by Agatha Christie. Released November 28.

Ride, Ryder, Ride**

Peggy Steward Jim Bannon

HOW many crooked saloonkeepers have you seen brought to book by a fearless, straight-riding and shooting cowboy? Well, make the score one more because here is another of the tribe well and truly rounded up by Jim Bannon, who comes out fighting all through the rounds—or reels.

Peggy Steward makes a pleasant heroine, but there is little to say about the rest of the cast. — *Associated British-Pathé-P.R.C. American. "U" certificate. Runs 58 minutes. Colour by Cinecolor. Directed by Lewis D. Collins. Screenplay by Paul Franklin, based on the McNaught comic, "Red Ryder," by special arrangement with Stephen Slesinger. Released December 12.*

Trouble Makers*

Leo Gorcey The Bowery Boys

JUST one of those workmanlike comedy-melodramas about a gang of boys who are responsible for the downfall of crooks.

Leo Gorcey once again murders the King's English and the rest of the gang plays up to the slapstick fooling and knockabout.

Taking it all by and large, it is as good an example of this series that has yet been produced. — *Associated British-Pathé-Monogram American. "A" certificate. Runs 66 minutes. Directed by Reginald le Borg. Screenplay by Edmond Seward, Tim Ryan and Gerald Schnitzer. Story by Gerald Schnitzer. Released November 21.*

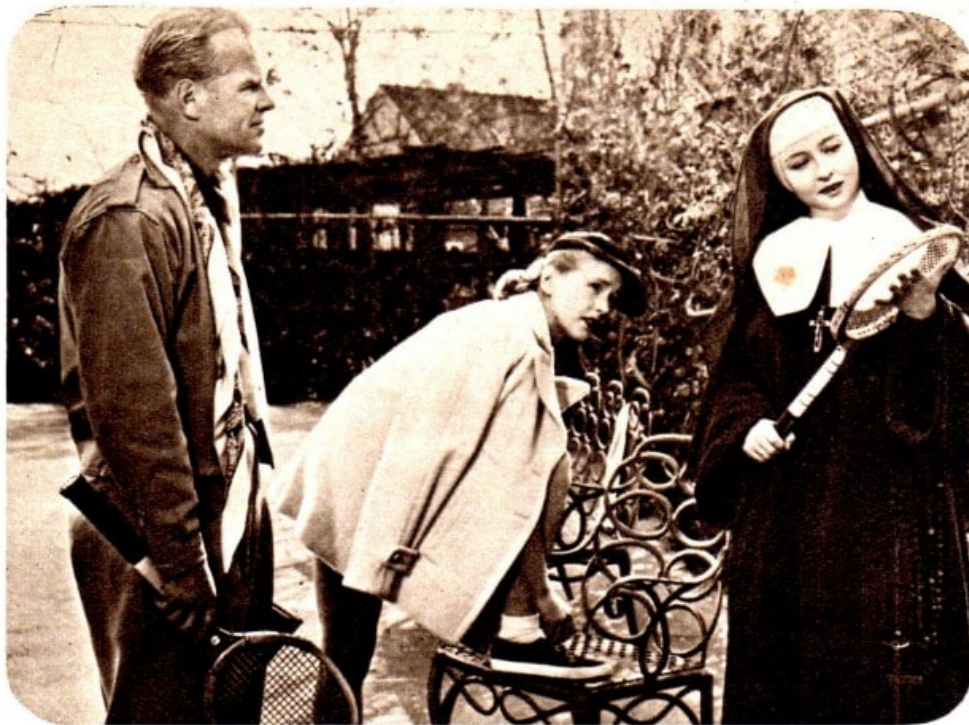
Crime And Punishment**

Gunn Wallgren Hampe Faustman

SWEDEN has made an acceptable effort of adapting Dostoiievsky's novel for the screen. You will recall that the story concerns a student who murders a moneylender in the belief that he is ridding the world of a parasite. He is hunted down by an astute chief of police who uses psychological methods.

It's all rather verbose, but the sense of inevitability of the crime being certain to merit its-punishment, is driven home.

Hampe Faustman intrigues as the hunted student, but Gunn Wallgren is apt to be very



Tim Huntley, Dorothy Patrick and Celeste Holm in "Come to the Stable"—it has sincerity plus a novelty of approach seldom seen on the screen, says Lionel Collier

stagey at times as the prostitute who falls in love with him.—*Film Traders. Swedish. "A" certificate. Runs 80 minutes. Directed by Hampe Faustman. Scenario by Bertil Malmberg and Sven Stolpe, based on the book by Dostoiievsky. No fixed release date.*

Written by Eric Taylor. Released November 14.

Mary Lou**

Joan Barton Robert Lowery

A ROMANTIC comedy-musical dealing with an ex-air hostess's bid for fame. While wholly conventional, it packs some tuneful musical numbers.—*Columbia. American. "U" certificate. Runs 65 minutes. Directed by Arthur Dreifuss. Original screenplay by M. Coates Webster. Released December 5.*

Wallflower*

Joyce Reynolds Janis Paige Robert Hutton

THE title gives the game away—there are two stepsisters; Jackie with brains, Joy with glamour. Jackie, at first proposed to by a local boy, is sidetracked by Joy, but—brains will tell.

Joyce Reynolds has spirit as Jackie, and there is glamour in Janis Paige as Joy.

Robert Hutton is weak as the suitor.—*Warner Brothers. American. "A" certificate. Runs 77 minutes. Directed by Frederick de Cordova. Screenplay by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, from the stage play by Reginald Denham and Mary Orr. Release date December 19.*

Other Releases

So Dear To My Heart****

A DELIGHTFUL and charming fantasy concerning a small boy and his pet lamb. Disney almost discards cartoon work for an essay into childhood simplicity. Both Luana Patten and Bobby Driscoll are excellent as the child stars. (Reviewed PICTUREGOER, October 22.)

Colorado Territory**

GOOD entertainment for Western fans. A conventional film, but one packed with action. Joel McCrea is good, but Virginia Mayo is indifferent. (Reviewed PICTUREGOER, August 13.)

Kidnapped***

BASED on Robert Louis Stevenson's well-known book, this picture gives Roddy McDowall a chance to show what a considerable juvenile artist he is. (Reviewed PICTUREGOER, September 3.)



Rhonda Fleming is Bob Hope's amorous adventure in "The Great Lover," a farce which falls short of the usual Hope standards but contains a generous helping of slapstick

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY



NADIA GRAY, who is the mystery woman of the story

Why is it that a Portman film is always something of a phenomenon?

THE storm of applause, especially from women of all ages, which greeted Eric Portman's performance in *49th Parallel* early in 1942 has never quite died down.

Every time Portman makes a film, the faint echo of that first burst of acclaim swells to a determined roar for more of Portman in bigger and better parts.

Every time he appears in a picture he gives a significant performance, and then either "rests" or goes back to his first love, the theatre. Somehow, no film producer has found the way to win him over entirely to films. And so he remains one of the problem figures of British pictures, regularly doing work of distinction in them, never quite belonging to them.

Yet, in spite of the fact that he will not capitulate wholeheartedly to the studios, he has a feminine following probably stronger than that of any actor, excepting perhaps Michael Wilding, in this country.

This is a pretty striking phenomenon, considering that by far the major proportion of Eric's screen characterizations have been murderers and other dirty dogs.

A Nazi on the run—and a very vicious one, too—in his first outstanding hit, *49th Parallel*, he has been a killer in *Wanted for Murder* and *Dear Murderer* and a sinister figure in *The Mark of Cain*.

Yet he has also been quite a decent chap, as in *Men of Two Worlds* and *The Blind Goddess*; and in his latest picture *The Spider and the Fly* he is strongly on the side of the law as a police inspector who relentlessly, yet with a saving touch of wry humour, pursues and gets his man.

This part is possibly the most interesting one Portman has yet landed.

It presents him with the sympathy that so often in the past he has had to win out of some strange inner quality that has shone through even his most black-hearted villains. Undoubtedly, women once again will enthuse over his performance. Let's see

if we can discover a reason why.

I think the quality that women admire in Portman is his suggestion of strength of character. Something of his own Yorkshire toughness of spirit seeps through into all his characterizations, even into his psychopathic murderers.

But strength is not enough to claim feminine affection. It is strength being harried and tested by circumstances that really gets the girls suffering for him.

In *Daybreak*, for instance, as the hangman husband, devoted to a weak and faithless wife, you saw him as a strong character being battered by bitter circumstances.

In the most extreme instance, *Wanted for Murder*, the strength was there again, but warped, sapped and finally overthrown by insanity.

Price Of Emotion

In *The Spider and the Fly* the strength is menaced by unrequited love. Quietly, stubbornly, with dignity, Portman suffers—and the ladies in the audience thrill.

No one is better than Portman at expressing with a haunted, tortured expression of the eyes in a face otherwise taut and immobile, the inner bitterness in a strong man's soul.

He didn't get that gift of winning sympathy by accident. Years of hard work in the theatre, a long apprenticeship which included plenty of Shakespeare and touring, have given him an assured technique that is second nature.

There is ease and authority in his acting these days; and that rare instinct for planting an outburst of emotion in a quiet and controlled performance so that it blazes like an ignited flare with dramatic suddenness.

Portman is most certainly an artist; and that being so, he will probably remain the problem boy of British pictures. For as an artist he will please himself, and will not be tied by normal film contracts.

That will be very good for his work—although a little hard on the ladies who want their Portman unrationed. LEONARD WALLACE



1. Safecracker Philippe de Ledocq (Guy Rolfe) is arrested by Fernand Maubert (Eric Portman) on the day France declares war on Germany



2. Portman, a relentless officer of the Sûreté, hears that the War Minister wants someone for a dangerous safbreaking task in an enemy legation



3. He offers the Minister (Edward Chapman) and one of his aides, the foppish Colonel de la Roche (Maurice Denham), his recent catch



4. Ledocq is released from jail for the mission. Both he and Portman are in love with the mysterious Madeleine Saincaize (Nadia Gray)



5. On the safbreaking job, Ledocq scans the Nazi documents and finds . . . well "The Spider and the Fly" must hold its secret until the end

GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS

PARTY PIECES

Valerie Hobson and Enid O'Neill reveal the secrets of trimming your dress for that belle of the ball look

MR. JOHN — requests the pleasure of — at a Christmas party to be. . . What a thrill those gilt-edged invitation cards contain.

Of all the social functions of the year surely the Christmas party is the most exciting—even the tennis club annual, the midsummer treasure hunt and the first dance of autumn pale into insignificance during the festive season.

For Christmas is the time of goodwill, when a party really is a party. The time for dressing up and becoming, perhaps, the belle of the ball.

Dressing up. To many of us—in fact, I suppose, to most—the actual preparations for a big date are almost as much fun as the party itself.

And so for a fortnight—this week and next—Valerie and I are going to talk about getting ready for that party of parties. By now, of course, you will have chosen your frock for the occasion, but remember that it is not only having a new dress that is vital—the trimmings are equally important.

Here, then, are some ideas for adding these finishing touches to your ensemble. They are based on the favourite practices of stars.

First comes your hair and out-of-the-ordinary head-dress. Here I suggest you might copy Sally Ann Howes, who adores the new craze for skull caps and has one in net the same colour as her hair sewn all over with coloured beads and tiny pearls.

Valerie Hobson—But only if your hair is styled not to leave a long "gap" between "end-of-skull-cap" and "start-of-curl" at the back!

I think one of the prettiest and most easy-to-wear fashions—and certainly one of the cheapest—is the kerchief of fine net or tulle. It frames the face at all times, keeps the hair wonderfully tidy and gives that pretty, party look to any girl!

Buy enough of it as it mustn't look skimpy—a yard and a half is about right—sprinkle with sequins sewn here and there to give a "frosted" look! Wear either draped round your face and caught on one shoulder, or gipsy fashion and tied loosely under your hair at the back. Best colours: Pastel shades for dark hair, the reverse for light heads.

And if you are clever enough to make yourself a pair of gloves

to match, with a frill round the wrist and few sequins on the back, the enchantment will be complete.

Or if you have one of the new, short haircuts, try clipping a diamanté brooch along the full length of the centre parting.

V. H. — Experimenting with jewellery is well worth while. Try out new ways of wearing old necklaces and bracelets and don't be afraid of being original.

Off-set the sculptured look of short hair with pendant ear-rings, they look so graceful and take away from the bare look of shorn locks. If you have bewailed your collection of odd ear-rings, now is your chance to make use of some of them.

I noticed Vivien Leigh at a party looking very chic with an almost shoulder-length grey pearl ear-ring on one ear and a grey button style on the other.

And don't forget what a help flowers can be in working wonders with an old dress. They may be expensive at Christmas time, but in most cases you can get the effect you want for a couple of shillings.

At the same party was Susan Shaw wearing real flower ear-rings of tiny orchids.

V. H. — Firm, rather waxy blossoms are best. If you haven't any old ear-rings, the bases are back in the shops again for under two shillings.

Patricia Roc has a charming idea which also features flowers. She is wearing her hair in a new style drawn away from her face and coiled down the crown of her head into the nape. A long, delicate spray of flowers follows the length of the coil of hair.

Jean Kent has adopted an idea from the Edwardian film *Trottie True*. She ties a slender band of black velvet around her neck and pulls a flower through the knot.

Lovely Irene Dunne also uses flowers for evening. She twists real flowers through her belt and up diagonally to one shoulder.

If you find real flowers too expensive, try the artificial variety—but be careful. At a recent dress show I saw a model wearing a formal evening gown in royal and cerise shot faille which had tiny cerise carnations forming one shoulder strap. An ear-ring on the opposite side was of the same motif.

V. H.—Careful here! Many



A striking effect for the short hair style is shown by Associated British star Beatrice Campbell in this specially posed portrait for "Picturegoer"

artificial flowers are awful, so unless you are prepared to pay quite a lot don't, please don't, buy them at all. Is there anything quite so ugly as a flower that resembles nothing any of us have ever seen growing in a garden—and looks as if it were made of stiffened paper?

If you must wear anything artificial, I suggest you choose simple things like leaves or berries, which depend on "line" rather than fine materials and workmanship.

Balmain, of Paris, displays white débutante dresses worn by young girls who have wreaths of ivy leaves, or holly berries and leaves, entwined in their hair.

Another attractive fashion of his is the chiffon handkerchief bordered with violets. He uses the handkerchiefs as head-squares or at the wrist tucked through a bracelet.

If you have a strapless evening dress why not give it tiny shoulder straps of pearls or coloured beads? Make the straps on the double and knot at the top.

I am glad to say that sequins have made an important comeback. They can give an uplift to the drabest of plain dresses.

In Paris, they scatter sequins on the revers and sleeve cuffs of a dress and add embroidery beads to achieve Oriental magnificence at a small cost.

Did you notice that dress which Margaret Lockwood wore at the Royal Command Film Performance? It was strapless and the bodice was covered with sequins. The dress was worn with a sequin

necklace, on both sides of which were attached separate chiffon stoles.

The stole was scattered with coloured sequins and the result was particularly effective.

Margaret also wears sequined gloves for the evening. She buys them in a matching colour to her frock and sews sequins over the backs. The gloves come to above the elbow and she pulls them so tight that they look like a second skin. Very elegant!

Honor Blackman is another star who likes long gloves for evening wear. She also has a pair of long black lace mittens which she wears with a strapless dress. They should be a cinch to copy.

Jean Simmons, on the other hand, prefers those clipped-off-at-the-wrist "shortie" gloves and has them made in materials to match all her evening dresses. If, in spite of all beauty treatments, your hands are still not your best point, try this cover-up idea.

V. H.—And just a final suggestion: have you ever tried the simplest—and surely the cheapest—way of prettifying yourself up? Buy a quantity of satin ribbon (double-sided if possible, and all the same colour), tie round your neck, both wrists and even one ankle if they're pretty, and finish off with perkily tied bows.

In a pretty pink with a dark dress, or red with a pale-coloured one, the effect is original and takes only a few seconds to achieve. But, mind, this is only for the feminine type of girl who is slimly made!

PICTUREGOER FOUR STAR READERS' SERVICE

ENID O'NEILL

our fashion writer and adviser, is an expert on all aspects of dress. She's at your service if it's a fashion problem that's got you bothered.

GEORGE

is our expert on all film and star matters. Any tangle you are in on any screen matter is just the ticket for George's acute screen knowledge.

ANN BOURN

will come to your rescue if it's a home or beauty problem that's defying solution. She's the expert for the trickiest domestic questions.

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GISELE PREVILLE

Watch for her in "The Dancing Years"—she's a runner for the Stardom Stakes

SPOTTING new stars is an exciting business, but sometimes it's just too easy. A personality of the Montgomery Clift calibre stands out like a bright light at its first appearance. One such bright light you'll be seeing soon is Gisele Preville, the French actress who plays the part of Maria in *The Dancing Years*, soon to be released.

Judging by what I've seen of Gisele in the studios, and by the unusual enthusiasm of the cautious types down at Elstree, you'll have no difficulty in making up your minds that an interesting personality has arrived.

The charming Gisele, who is good star value in France already, has everything it takes to win your affections with one electric performance. Green-grey eyes, hair that has been variously described as titian and strawberry blonde, a beautiful figure and—most important of all—the quality that is labelled by a number of unsatisfactory words ranging from "glamour" to "oomph."

Add to that the fact that she has learned her acting in the hard, uncompromising French school, and you have the prospect of a memorable performance before you.

Acute observers of film matters will realize that Gisele is not entirely new to British films. She appeared, they'll remember, in Ealing's *Against the Wind*, as the saboteur girl who was killed.

I remember being at Ealing on the day that Gisele was due to make her first appearance before the cameras. Already the word had gone around the "boys" that she was the sort of girl to be greeted with that two-note whistle wherever she goes.

Although her part in the film was a com-

paratively small one, she became an instant favourite with all the technical crew. They recognized that she was an intelligent actress and liked her unassuming manner and the way she mixed well with all the types who make up a studio production team.

The Ealing people thought a lot of her performance: so, too, did certain wise men of Associated British. Thus when an actress was needed for the Continental rôle of the opera singer, Maria, in *The Dancing Years*, they remembered Gisele's striking little performance in *Against the Wind*, and hastened to sign her up.

Gisele has an interesting story. For most of her early youth she lived in Hollywood.

When she was fifteen, her family returned to France, and she finished her education in Paris. Then came consideration of the future. Her parents favoured one of the professions, medicine or teaching. Gisele startled them by suggesting the stage. Not too gracefully, they gave in.

But before she could get a start as an actress, Gisele had to work as a dress model, a career which ended summarily when she tried to borrow a frock in which to appear in a national beauty contest. Her employer fired her for her temerity, but another model lent a dress and Gisele became "Miss France."

Even this distinction did not lead to stage work; and it was eventually as a small-part player in films that Gisele started her career as an actress. Gradually her parts increased in size, until not long before the war she was firmly in the featured-player class. Then the war halted her climb to success.

She was in the United States when hos-

tilities broke out and, although she had enlisted the interest of Helen Hayes in the theatre on Broadway, she returned to France to do what she could.

As one of the enthusiastic band who set about recreating the French studios after the war, she gradually regained her former status, and she was on the verge of stardom when the offer came from Ealing to appear in *Against the Wind*.

That picture gave her a small international reputation. *The Dancing Years* will, I think, enhance it considerably.

DUNCAN BLAIR



QUIZ TIME

CAN YOU HIT THE RIGHT NOTE?

YOU'LL have to face up to it. This time next week the household will be resounding to trumpet calls, drum beats and piano pieces which the youngsters term music. And don't kid yourself—you'll be joining in the Christmas Eve singsong and liking it.

So why not take this opportunity to brush up your knowledge of music? Linked with your favourite subject—films—it will be fun.

Pencil ready? O.K. The answers are on page 22. And you may find it easier if you've read Laurie Henshaw's article on page 10.

1. This should be an easy one. What instrument, and in what film, recently brought fame to an Austrian named Anton Karas? (One point for each).

2. Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 2 was the theme music played throughout one of the following pictures: *The Upturned Glass*, *They Were Sisters*, *Brief Encounter*, *The Halfway House*. Which? (One point.)

3. For which James Mason film did William Alwyn compose a special number known as "Johnny's Walk"? (One point.)

4. Noted musical conductors are frequently featured in films. One, in particular, has gained added fame by appearing in pictures under his own name. He was born in Spain, and first attracted attention in *Thousands Cheer*. Who is he? (One point.)

5. One of the most famous compositions in the world has been featured more than any other musical piece on the screen. The films in which you have heard it include *The Great Lie*, *Song*

of *Russia*, *The Common Touch* and *Music for Millions*. What composition is it? (One point.)

6. A special electronic instrument, the Ondes Musicales, was used for a ballet in a British picture which won the American "Oscar" for the best dramatic music in films during 1948. What was the title of the picture? (One point.)

7. British films have introduced the music of some of our most distinguished composers. Four of them are John Greenwood, Lord Berners, Vaughan Williams and Arthur Benjamin. These four have written music for the following pictures: *Master of Bankdam*, *Scott of the Antarctic*, *Frieda*, *Nicholas Nickleby*. Match up composers and films. (One point for each correct answer.)

8. Which number, sung by Bob Hope, won the Academy Award for the best original song in 1948, and in which picture was it sung? (Two points.)

9. What was the British film which, with Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting and commenting, started off as a documentary for schools, and turned out to be so interesting that it was distributed to the cinemas? (One point.)

10. In which film did Stanley Holloway pretend to be a singer but in actual fact did not sing a note? And who was the famous tenor who *did* sing in the picture? (One point for each correct answer.)

11. One of the biggest-ever collections of jazz kings, including Tommy Dorsey, Louis Armstrong, Benny Goodman, Mel Powell, Lionel Hampton and the Golden Gate Quartet were seen together in one picture. Title? (One point.)

12. Who is the French composer whose distinctive style has made him a hotly sought-after writer for British films, including *Hue and Cry* and *It Always Rains on Sunday*? (One point.)

13. Who composed the music for *Hamlet*? (One point.)

14. What was the famous Jack Strachey tune featured throughout one of the sequences in *Train of Events*? (One point.)

WHICH BAND?

Which well-known band is this, and from which film is this photograph taken? (Two points.)



"PICTUREGOER" CAST LIST

The complete who's who of the films reviewed by Lionel Collier on pages 14 and 15 of this issue

COME TO THE STABLE—Sister Margaret, Loretta Young; Sister Scolastica, Celeste Holm; Robert Mason, Hugh Marlowe; Miss Potts, Elsa Lanchester; Luigi Rossi, Thomas Gomez; Kitty, Dorothy Patrick; Bishop, Basil Ruysdael; Anthony James, Dooley Wilson; Monsignor, Regis Toomey; Heavy Man, Mike Mazurki; Father Barraud, Henri Letondal; Jarman, Walter Baldwin; Mr. Thompson, Tim Huntley; Mrs. Thompson, Virginia Keiley; Mr. Newman, Louis Jean Heydt; Nuns, Patti Behrs, Nan Boardman, Louise Colombet, Georgette Duane, Yvette Reynard, Loulette Sablon; Mr. Matthews, Ian MacDonald; Mrs. Matthews, Jean Prescott; Willie, Gordon Gebert; Johnnie, Gary Pagett; Stationmaster, Nolan Leary; Sheldon, Wallace Brown; George, Danny Jackson; Whitey, Edwin Max; Policemen, Russ Clark, Robert Falk; Manicurist, Marion Martin.

THE GREAT SINNER — Fedja, Gregory Peck; Pauline Ostrovsky, Ava Gardner; Armand de Glasse, Melvyn Douglas; General Ostrovsky, Walter Huston; Grandmother, Ethel Barrymore; Aristide Pitard, Frank Morgan; Emma Getzel, Agnes Moorehead; Secretary, Frederick Ledebur; Doctor, Ludwig Donath; Jeweller, Curt Bois; Manager, Ludwig Stossel; Valet, Erno Verebes.

THE GREAT LOVER — Freddie Hunter, Bob Hope; Duchess Alexandria, Rhonda Fleming; C. J. Dabney, Roland Young; Grand Duke Maximilian, Roland Culver; Stanley, Richard Lyon; Tommy, Gary Gray; Herbie, Jerry Hunter; Joe, Jackie Jackson; Steve, Karl Wright Esser; Bill, Orley Lindgren; Humphrey, Curtis Loys Jackson, jr.; Wilhams, George Reeves; Higgins, Jim Backus; Attendant, Sig Arno.

SHAMROCK HILL—Eileen Rogan, Peggy Ryan; Larry Hadden, Ray McDonald; Carol Judson, Trudy Marshall; Oliver Matthews, Rick Vallin; Ralph Judson, John Littel; Grandma Rogan, Mary Gordon; Uncle, Tim Ryan; Michael Rogan, James Burke; Joey Rogan, Lanny Simpson; Judge Mayer, Douglas Wood; Patsy, Patsy Bolton; Doris, Barbara Brier; Officer Merrick, Tim Graham.

BOMBA, THE JUNGLE BOY — Bomba, Johnny Sheffield; Patricia Harland, Peggy Ann Garner; George Harland, Onslow Stevens; Andy Barnes, Charles Irwin; Eli, Smoki Whitfield; Mufti, Martin Wilkins.

A STRANGER WALKED IN — Cecily Harrington, Sylvia Sydney; Manuel Cortez, John Hodiak; Mavis Wilson, Ann Richards; Nigel Lawrence, John Howard; Aunt Loo-Loo, Isabel Elsom; Billings, Ernest Cossart; Ethel, Anita Sharp-Bolster; Dr. Gribble, Philip Tonge; Hobday, Frederic Worlock.

RIDE, RYDER, RIDE!—Red Ryder, Jim Bannon; Little Beaver, Don Kay "Little Brown Jug" Reynolds; Buckskin, Emmett Lynn; Libby Brooks, Peggy Stewart; Gerry, Gaylord Pendleton; Keno, Jack O'Shea; Marge, Jean Budinger; Duchess, Marin Sais; Sheriff, Stan Blystone; Judge, Bill Fawcett; Pinto, Billy Hammond; Frenchy, Edwin Max.

MARY LOU — Steve Roberts, Robert Lowery; Ann Parker, Joan Barton; Winnie Winford, Glenda Farrell; Mary Lou, Abigail Adams; Mike Connors, Frank Jenks; Murry Harris, Emmett Vogan; Eve Summers, Thelma White; Airlines President, Pierre Watkin; Mortimer Cripps, Charles Jordan; Mrs. Harris, Leshie Turner; Cheever Chesney, Chester Clute; and pianist, Frankie Carle.

TROUBLE MAKERS — Slip, Leo Gorcey; Sach, Huntz Hall; Gabe Morino, Gabriel Dell; Feathers, Frankie Darro; Hatchet Moran, Lionel Stander; Silky, John Ridgely; Ann Prescott, Helen Parrish; Hennessy, Fritz Feld; Whitey, Billy Benedict; Chuck, David Gorcey; Butch, Benny Bartlett; Louie, Bernard Gorcey; Capt. Madison, Cliff Clark; Jones, William Ruhl; Lefty, John Indrisano; Taylor, Charles LaTorre; Morgue Keeper, David Hoffman; Gimpy, Pat Moran; Sam, Herman Cantor; Newsboy, Buddy Gorman; Hotel Clerk, Maynard Holmes; Doorman, Charles Coleman.

PRISON WARDEN—Victor Burnell, Warner Baxter; Elisa Burnell, Anna Lee; Pete Butler, James Flavin; Al Gardner, Harlan Ward; Bill Radford, Charles Cane; English Charlie, Reginald Sheffield; Dr. Stark, Harry Antrim; William "Bill" Phillips; Cory, Frank Richards; Henly, Jack Overman; Governor, Charles Evans; Greene, Harry Hayden; Webb, John R. Hamilton; McCall, Clancy Cooper; Lieut. Davis, Edgar Dearing.

WALLFLOWER — Warren James, Robert Hutton; Jackie, Joyce Reynolds; Joy, Janis Paige; Mr. Linnett, Edward Arnold; Mrs. Linnett, Barbara Brown; Mr. James, Jerome Cowan; Stevie, Don McGuire; Mrs. James, Ann Shoemaker; Minna (maid), Lotte Stein.



SALLY AND I

by HARRIS DEANS

WHEN I met Sally, at our usual rendezvous, she had a mutinous look on her face.

"I don't want to," she protested, wriggling her shoulders as if she were wearing wool next the skin.

"Don't want to what?" I inquired in surprise.

"See Betty Grable."

"How did you know I was going to suggest it?" I asked.

"Don't be silly, you always do when there's a film of hers. You men! You'd think all the other women in the world were mermaids, you make such a fuss about her legs."

"I never look at them," I said virtuously. "Or if I do," I added consolingly, "it is only to make comparisons and sneer."

"Well, anyhow," persisted Sally, "I don't want to see her. I want to enjoy myself. I want to laugh."

"But, darling," I cried, my eyes popping like champagne corks in surprise, "When My Baby Smiles at Me is a musical."

"Misery," suggested Sally. "It's a back-stage musical, and they always give me the willies."

"Betty Grable will be singing with a breaking heart, Dan Dailey

Sally contemplates the ingredients for a back-stage musical

will be dancing with a broken leg, and if it's an old-time film and they have a baby, it will be dying of consumption in a fireless garret."

She shook an aggressive forefinger under my nose. "Now tell me," she demanded, "did you ever see a jolly back-stage film?"

"We-el," I hummed, and "Er" I ha'ad, "now you mention it, I don't think I ever have."

"But then," I pointed out, "one must have a happy ending to a musical film. So unless the husband takes to drink halfway through or the wife runs off with the manager, how can you have! Dash it, you can't have a happy ending if the film's been jolly all the time."

Dragging her feet, like a reluctant schoolgirl on the way to class, Sally allowed me to propel her into the cinema.

But frankly, her company wasn't worth the one-and-nine I'd paid for it.

She just sat there, sulkily, making no response even when I—taking a quick glance round to see there was no attendant within torchlight distance—pinched her arm.

When we came out she ad-

mitted that the film was musical, colourful, and in fact everything she had expected it to be.

That was her complaint. It was exactly what she had expected.

"Darling," she pleaded, "surely even twenty years ago, comedians weren't thought funny just because they wore false noses, and fell down to a clash of cymbals?"

"My own father and mother, who are quite intelligent when you allow for their age, surely couldn't have laughed when a comic said that was no lady he was with last night, it was his wife?"

"Well," I suggested, "I guess twenty years ago when you could get a large Scotch for about a shilling, and a good cigar for ninepence, the world seemed a brighter place to live in. So you laughed more easily."

"You may have something there," Sally admitted. "Thing I couldn't understand was Dan Dailey leaving Betty Grable for a night club queen."

"I'm no fan of Betty's, because honestly I do think you can see as nice legs as hers in any stocking shop that displays fully-fashioned in the window."

"Now I could appreciate Betty getting herself engaged to Richard Arlen. A dull sort of man, admittedly, but a nice change from a husband who was always waking one up in the middle of the night wondering where he'd hidden a bottle of Scotch."

QUIZ ANSWERS

1. The zither in *The Third Man*. 2. *Brief Encounter*. 3. *Odd Man Out*. 4. José Iturbi. 5. Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1. 6. *The Red Shoes*. 7. Vaughan Williams—*Scott of the Antarctic*; Arthur Benjamin—*Master of Bankdam*; John Greenwood—*Frieda*; Lord Berners—*Nicholas Nickleby*. 8. "Buttoms and Bows" in *The Paleface*. 9. *Instruments of the Orchestra*. 10. *One Night with You*; Nino Martini. 11. *A Song is Born*. 12. Georges Auric. 13. Dr. William Walton. 14. "These Foolish Things".

WHICH BAND? Kay Kyser's; *Carolina Blues*. Possible points: 22. Score of 19-22, excellent—you can consider yourself very music-conscious. 15-18, good—you take an obvious interest in music. 11-14, fair—you like music. But you could pay more attention to the music provided by films. Under 11—you're not very music-conscious, are you?

YOU ASKED FOR IT!

so GEORGE REPLIES

To Margaret McNally, Bromsgrove, Birmingham.

MACDONALD CAREY, whom you admired in *East of Java*, might have been a major star years ago, had it not been for the war. He had just begun a promising career with Paramount when he joined up with the Marines for the duration. Oddly enough, his last picture before enlisting, *Wake Island*, gave him the rôle of a marine. Paramount signed Macdonald after his first major stage hit—in "Lady in the Dark," with Gertrude Lawrence—in 1941. He had time only to make two or three modest pictures before he volunteered. He re-established himself after the war in *Suddenly It's Spring* opposite Paulette Goddard, and was promoted to stardom in Betty Hutton's *Dream Girl*.

This is a typical example of the kind of reply which George sends every week all over the British Isles and overseas. If you desire information about your favourite star—or any other subject—write to "George," "Picturegoer," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

No. 6 Macdonald Carey



Give Toni this Christmas



WHICH TWIN HAS THE TONI—
and which has the expensive perm?

See answer below

Hairstyles created by Robert Fielding

What more acceptable Christmas gift can there be for any woman than a Toni Home Permanent Kit? She will be charmed with this present, for Toni gives soft, graceful curls that look natural from the very first day.

Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a perm—including grey, dyed or baby-fine hair—and is so easy to do at home. And remember that millions of regular Toni users throughout the world have proved that a Toni looks as

lovely and lasts as long as the most expensive perm.

Buy her a Toni Home Permanent Kit—it's the ideal Christmas gift. If she's already a Toni user, why not give her a Refill?

Which Twin has the Toni? Ada and Betty Fairclough of Eltham, London, are identical twins. Ada, on the left, asks: "Can you tell the difference between my Toni and Betty's expensive perm? Our closest friends can't!"



"her"
Give yourself
a lovely

Toni

—used by 25 million
American women!

Kit with Curlers
12/6
Refill Kit
8/4
(Prices incl. tax)

IT'S DIFFERENT — IT CAN'T LEAVE
DULLING SOAP-SCUM IN YOUR HAIR!

NEW IMPROVED DRENE SHAMPOO NOW GIVES YOUR HAIR AN EXCITING NEW SHINE!



BRIGHTER!
MORE
SHINING GLAMOROUS
HIGHLIGHTS
CLEANER!
EVERY STRAND
OF HAIR
SPARKLING CLEAN

Valerie Hobson
SAYS

"What a wonderful new shine New Improved Drene has given my hair!"



NEWS TO THRILL YOU! Now your hair can shine with more exciting highlights than ever you've seen before! You'll see them dancing in your hair right after your first shampoo with New Improved Drene, the up-to-the-minute shampoo that gets hair cleaner without removing natural oils. New Improved Drene Shampoo cannot leave on your hair that dulling soap-scum you see in the basin after washing your hair the ordinary way. It is this soap-scum that clings to each separate strand of hair, hiding and dulling its natural shine. New Improved Drene gives by actual test 5 1/2 times more lather than ordinary shampoos, goes up to 3 times further. The thrilling



Poor girl. Her hair always looked messy. "No wonder I never get any dates," she said.

new perfume is fresh, exclusive and bang-up-to-date. Try New Improved Drene for yourself. It's smashing! It's waiting for you in the attractive blue and cream cartons at your favourite shampoo counter. 1/3d. size for at least 2 luxurious shampoos, and the new, low-price 2/11d. size saves you even more money. (Prices include Pur. Tax.)



She saw a picture of Valerie Hobson. "Her hair shines so" she thought, "and she uses Drene."



Next evening she tried New Improved Drene for herself. What a wonderful lather it gave!



"Your hair looks smashing" her partner said. "Thanks to wonderful New Drene," she thought.