



Most popular of English actresses: Jessie Matthews, shown above with Barry Mackay. (Courtesy, I-Star Film Exchange).

They Make Movies Also In England

Teaching French By Film

Six hundred and ninety London school children between the ages of twelve and seventeen thoroughly enjoyed and understood the equivalent of a French lesson at a London news-reel theatre when a new educational film programme was shown by Gaumont-British Instructional. Miss Margery Locket, who sponsored the idea, is delighted with the success of the innovation. The programme consisted of two films, "La Gare" produced by Gaumont-British Instructional with the co-operation of Monsieur Stephan, the well-known B. B. C. lecturer on French, and "Merlusse" directed by Marcel Pagnol.

Occasional English subtitles appeared to be unnecessary, although the standard of French in both films was considerably higher than the "La plume de ma tante" grade of the older generation's French lessons.

More Educational Film Matinees

Glasgow, Newcastle and Bristol are the important centres in which GBI matinees were given. The programme dealt with "Coasts and Country" (Glasgow), "Coal and Railways" (Newcastle) and "19th Century History" (Bristol).

Following the great success of the French programme at the London matinee similar language programmes are to be given in other cities, including the above, at an early date.

British Actors, Also Superstitious

Superstition seems to be part of an actor's business. Noel Madison's lucky charm is his three-year-old battered trilby. He has done it, doffed it and been shot at in it in his last forty films. Now he refuses to be without it.

His current part as Jessie Matthews' press agent in "Sailing Along" allows him to wear his hat. In a recent

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part he could only get it in the picture by squaring the "prop" man to slip it in unostentatiously on a hat peg in someone's else's hall.

Dance Without Music

A smartly-dressed crowd of two hundred and fifty extras swarmed on to Stage One in the Gainsborough Studios at Islington to appear in the ballroom sequence in "Bank Holiday" now in production under the direction of Carol Reed.

A group of these were instructed to take partners and proceed on to the parquet dance floor. A fourteen-piece orchestra led by the well-known West End conductor Lew Rose, sat alert on the rostrum with instruments ready.

Cameras were in position and all was prepared for the big scene.

"Action", cried Director Reed.

The dancers swirled round and round. The sound of gliding feet filled the air. Gaily coloured dresses and light summer suits flitted to and fro. All very grand. But where was the music?

The saxophonists were obviously blowing for all they were worth; the percussionist appeared to be thumping out a steady rhythm; the trumpeters' valves were being continually pressed and Lew Rose's conducting was decidedly impressive. But still no music was heard.

When "cut" was called, a little bewildered I made my

way across to Carol Reed.

"Why no music, Mr. Reed?" I questioned.

"What music?"

"The music those people were supposed to be dancing to."

"Oh!", he laughed. "We couldn't possibly have the band playing when we take a scene like that. You see," he explained, "Wally Patch and Kathleen Harrison have some dialogue in the sequence and it would never be heard if we had the orchestra playing dance music during the "take". When the film goes into the cutting room the music is synchronized with the action so that the dialogue is clear and precise while music provides a quietly effective background.

"Barry, Get Your Hair Cut"

chant the members of the "Sailing Along" unit whenever Barry Mackay appears on the set nowadays. Long hair is part of the character he is playing. The picture (and the long hair) started as long ago as last August.

Barry is looking for the wit who stuck a hair tonic advertisement on his dressing-room door.

Queen Mary To See "Secrets Of Life" Film

One of the popular Gaumont-British Instructional "Secrets of Life" films, entitled "Home Life on the Marshes", will be shown on Wednesday next when Queen Mary attends the charity premiere of "Doctor Syn", the

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THEY MAKE MOVIES...

(Continued from page 21)

new George Arliss picture, at the New Gallery Kinema.

Swans, crested grebes, bitterns (among the rarest of English birds), harrier hawks, yellow wagtails and tawny owls all appear in beautiful scenes photographed by Oliver Pyke.

Soaked In Beer

Rene Ray had an uncomfortable session at the Gainsborough Studios the other day when a scene in which she is appearing in Gainsborough's current production "Bank Holiday" was being shot.

Carol Reed was directing the American Bar scene in which Hugh Williams and Rene appear.

Hugh "accidentally" knocks over a glass of beer with his elbow, thereby soaking Rene Ray who is clad in a very smart and very scanty sun suit; whereupon Rene lets out a piercing scream.

Four times the scene had to be shot; four times Rene had a half-point of lager drenched over her.

Wet through and beer-stained Rene afterwards asked me: "Did that last scream sound realistic?" I assured her that it did.

"It ought to have done," she replied. "It was well and truly meant!"

But Hugh Williams, with a thirsty look about him, said "It hurt me more than it hurt you!"

Hollywood In London

A visitor strolling on to Stage One of the Gainsborough Studios yesterday thought he saw Mary Brian, Gary Cooper, H.B. Warner and—yes, surely that is Gracie Fields.

"Doubles", all of them—not there because of their likeness to the stars, but as participants in an ordinary crowd scene with some two hundred and forty-five other extras.

Ann Boulton, who bears a striking resemblance in both face and figure to Mary Brian, was my first victim of inquiry. She finds most embarrassing to be continually

SUMMER SONG

By JOSE LAVILLA TIERRA

*When things go right or when things go wrong,
I'll face the world with a smile and a song;
I'll labor and wait though the waiting be long—
And forget that I in silence have sorrowed.*

*I'll hold up my chin in the face of despair,
Forget that yesterday there were anguish and care;
I'll abide in faith through dark days and fair—
And forget that I in silence have sorrowed.*

*There will be no sadness and no sighs for me,
For life with its laughter, its song, and its glee,
Will tune to the music of summer on the sea—
And I'll forget that I in silence have sorrowed.*

taken for Mary. "Why only last week", she exclaimed, "I was in Selfridge's restaurant and the waitress asked for my autograph instead of my order! I protested that I was not the Hollywood star but the girl refused to believe me. And then, of course, people started looking round and pointing at me."

The likeness Blair bears to Gary Cooper is amazing—and uncomfortable. "I'm always being taken for Gary", he told me. "When Adolf Zukor visited England recently, I impersonated Cooper in a tableaux cabaret in a London hotel. But I'd rather be myself, thank you!"

Lean, moustached Major Keer-Smiley admitted his facial resemblance to H.B. Warner. "We both have to grin and bear it!" he said.

I approached Zetta Morento. "Oh, yes", she confessed,

"I know I'm like Gracie. As a matter of fact I was standing in for her for three years. Once I went up North with a unit during the making of a film featuring Miss Fields, and I was besieged by no less than five hundred of Gracie's fans who nearly ripped the dress off my back."

So you see, it's not all fun being like a film star.

Taking The Dive

In "Bank Holiday", Gainsborough's latest picture, Garry Marsh is playing yet another of those villainous roles with which he is usually identified. This time he is an absconding cinema manager with a crooked little smile on the corner of his crooked mouth.

In real life Garry's smile is by no means crooked. He is a hearty laughter, and a

hearty laughter-maker. This is a story tells:

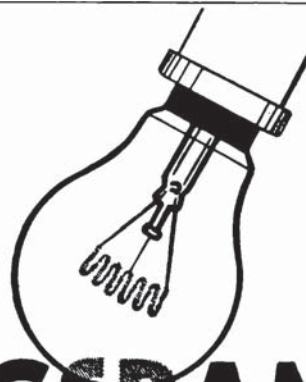
"I was on location in the South of France about a year ago, and we had in our company a very beautiful young lady who had been engaged to perform an extremely high dive in a swimming pool scene. She was being paid a fabulous amount for her services which for some five weeks were never utilized. It was during the last days of our stay that it was decided to film her brief sequence, and everything was accordingly prepared. A long line of swimmers were to plunge into the water at the moment she left the diving board. The director omitted all rehearsals but detailed instructions were given to the young lady and the others appearing in the scene. When the diver reached the top board which was about forty feet up, the cameras started rolling. "Let's go!" called the director.

"Well", continued Garry, "all the swimmers on the side of the pool plunged in at this signal. All but the girl on the high diving board. She just stood perilously up there shivering and crying.

"Naturally the director asked her why she didn't follow his instructions and dive.

"Dive?" cried the frightened girl, "I can't dive; I'm a singer!"

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