

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 Moreno. "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:

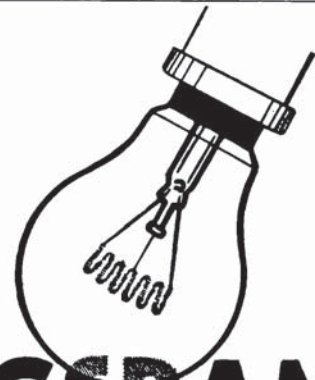
"I was on location in the South of France about a year ago, and we had in our company a very beautiful young lady who had been engaged to perform an extremely high dive in a swimming pool scene. She was being paid a fabulous amount for her services which for some five weeks were never utilized. It was 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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