

# SCREEN STARS

STUDIO REVIEW



SCREEN STARS FILM SERIES No. 1



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**"A MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE"**



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# SCREEN STARS

FILM SERIES No. 1

## STUDIO REVIEW



EDITOR: JACK KUTCHER

ASSISTANT EDITOR: KENNETH HOPKINS

## EDITORIAL

We have great pleasure in presenting the first volume of our SCREEN STARS FILM SERIES. For the benefit of new readers let me explain briefly why we call this number *Studio Review*.

Screen Stars Studio Review was originally published as a club magazine for members of Screen Stars Book Club, and the first issue was distributed in April of this year. To our delight it was received with a great deal of enthusiasm and praise, and with this encouragement, plus the fact that many non-members were seeking to buy copies from us, we decided to transform it completely into this new series, which would be made available to the general public. For sentimental reasons we retain the old name.

We do not make any pretentious claims for the new series. We have two ideals in mind—to present maximum value, and to fulfil our obligations to the Book Club members. New numbers will be issued at irregular intervals, as paper supplies permit, and we hope the day is not too far distant when we may produce the series as a regular film magazine.

The main feature in each issue will be a STORY OF THE FILM, fully illustrated, based on one of the best of the new films. In the present issue Warwick Mannon, author of many popular novels, writes the story of London Films', *A Man About the House*, the new film introducing Kieron Moore, about which everyone is talking.

In addition to this main feature there will be articles covering every aspect of the film world, taking the reader behind the scenes to meet the Stars and their makers, some of whom we hope to bring forward to speak for themselves. We shall also give the latest authentic news of films in production or planned, and up-to-the-minute notes on trends in fashion and beauty culture.

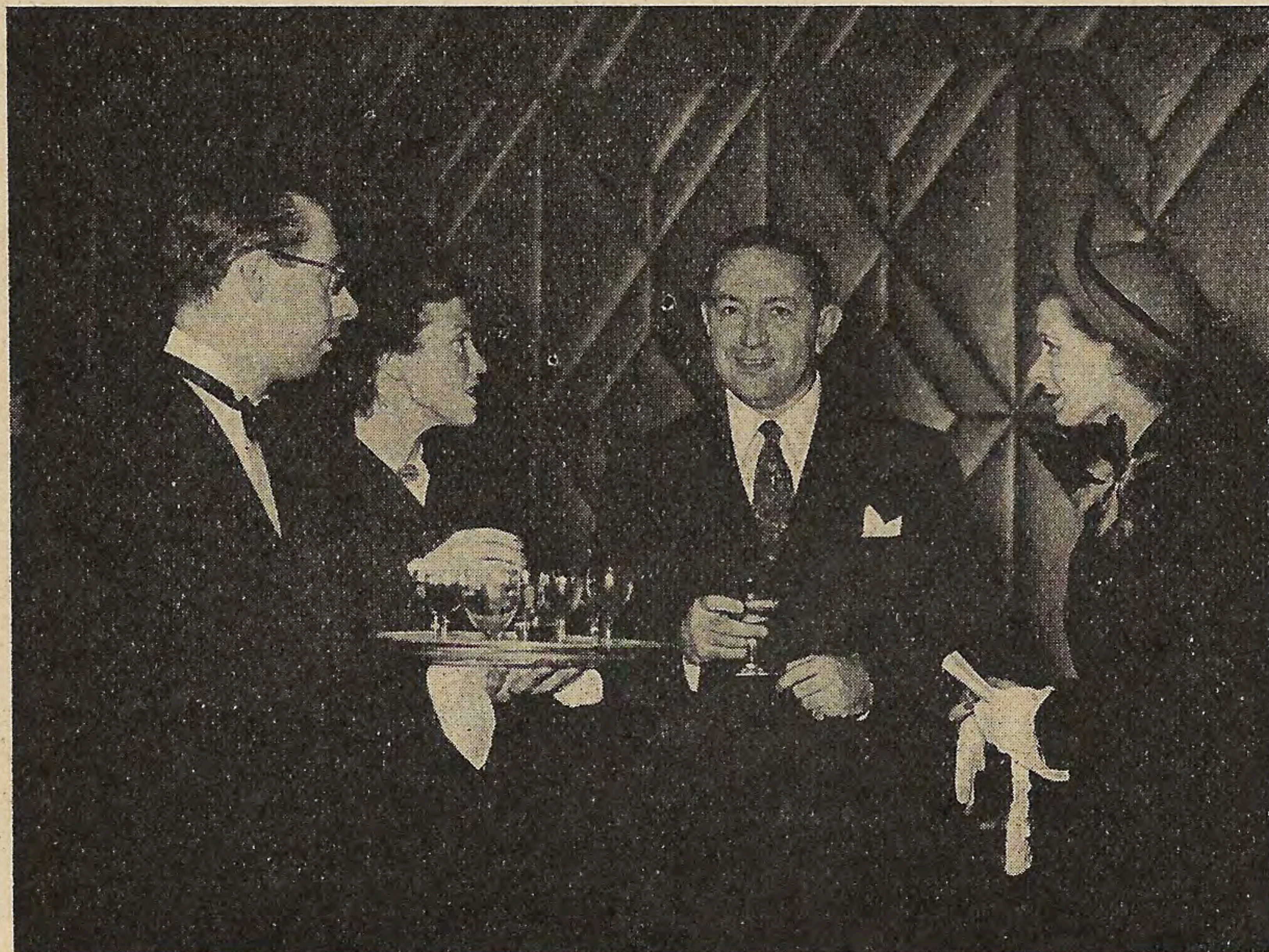
Readers' suggestions and comments will be welcomed, and we will do our best to improve the series with each succeeding number. Send your letters to:

THE EDITOR, SCREEN STARS FILM SERIES,  
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And now let's go!

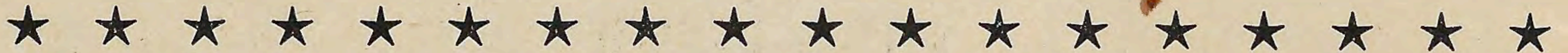
THE EDITOR.



Phyllis Lewis (left) chats with Davis Factor, Jr., and Vera Clark, publicity representative for Max Factor Ltd.



# A FILM IS BORN



**T**HE *First Gentleman*, starring Cecil Parker in the title rôle of Prince Regent, Jean-Pierre Aumont as Prince Leopold, and Joan Hopkins as Princess Charlotte. Originally produced by the late Marcel Varnel. Directed by Cavalcanti.

The creation of a film is a fascinating subject and one which has rarely been told in full. It is the purpose of this article, therefore, to explain how the efforts of hundreds of highly skilled technicians are welded together to make the finished product which will be shown to millions of people all over the world.

To illustrate the article more intimately I have built it up around the production of *The First Gentleman*, which is the most ambitious film yet made by Columbia British Pictures Limited, and I am deeply grateful to all concerned who have afforded me every possible assistance.

Different film companies have slightly varied methods of production, but generally speaking they are all on the same lines as those described here.

Columbia British, like all major film Companies, has its own *Reading Department*, and this is situated in National House, Wardour Street. The staff there are employed solely in reading every conceivable type of story, particularly new publications, with the view to a film production. Very often, particularly nowadays, a story is specially written for the screen, and Directors are encouraged to write and direct their own screen story, for it is felt and known from experience that they will have a more intimate and sensitive grip on the requirements of the story whilst directing it. A notable example of this is to be found in *A Matter of Life and Death*, written, produced and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger.

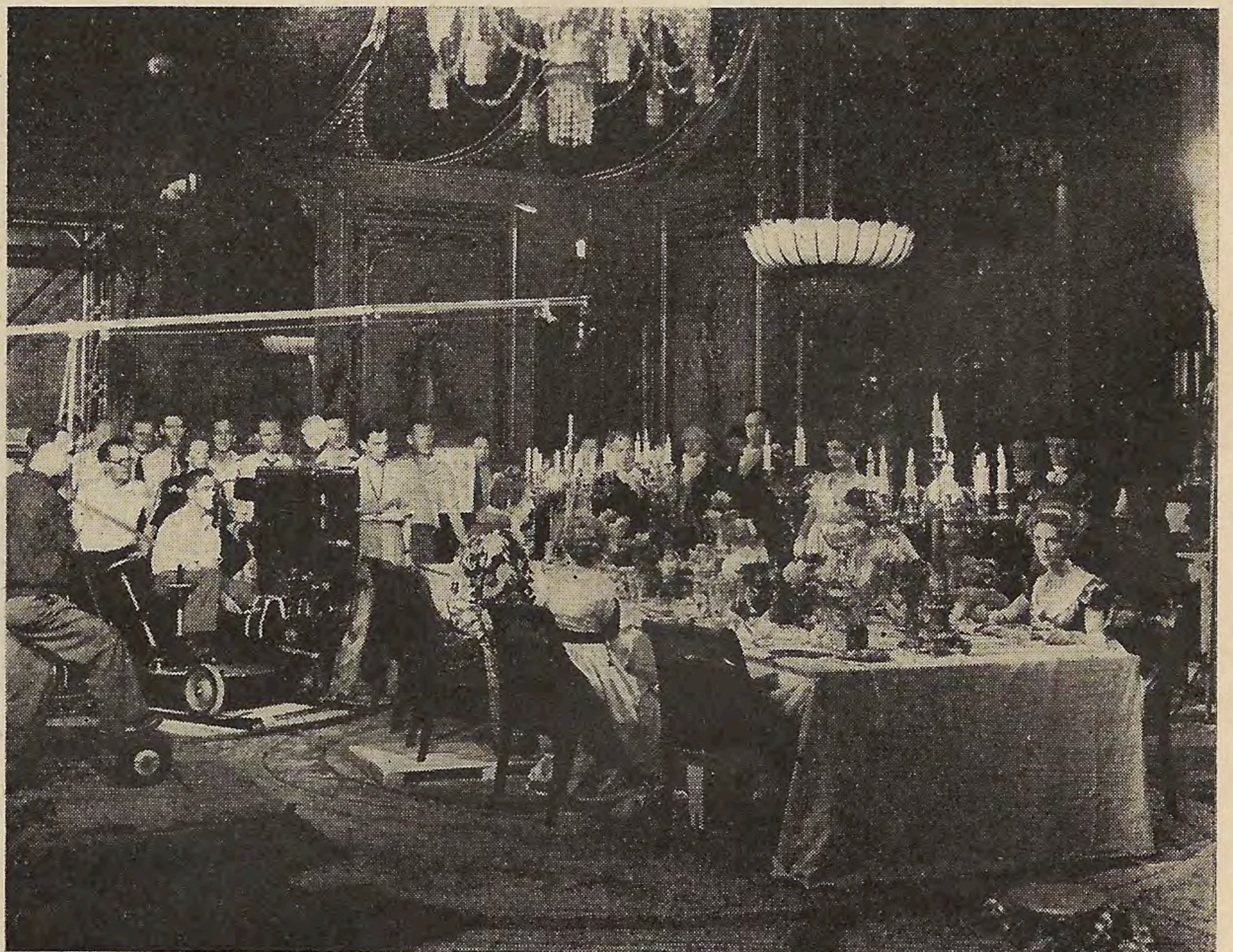
*The First Gentleman*, however, is a story written originally for stage production by Norman Ginsbury, and as a stage play it had a long successful run with Robert Morley and Wendy Hiller. Towards the end of its run Joan Hopkins replaced Wendy Hiller, who had other commitments. However, to return to our story—the Reading Department made a “treatment” or synopsis of the novel which was submitted to Marcel Varnel as Columbia’s Producer.

Here is the synopsis as it was written:

by the EDITOR

“June, 1814 . . . Napoleon has been imprisoned on Elba, and George, Prince of Wales and Regent of England (owing to the insanity of his father, George III), is entertaining the leaders of the Allies at Carlton House, his London residence. Because of his immorality and his unkind treatment of his wife, the Regent is an unpopular figure, and there is an unpleasant demonstration in favour of Charlotte, his eighteen-year-old daughter, during the celebrations. So he decides to marry her off to the Prince of Orange and get her out of the country. Charlotte, however, is in love with the penniless Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. When her father puts pressure on her she runs away to her mother. But the Princess of Wales is preparing to leave England and she advises Charlotte to return to her father. Charlotte can always refuse to marry the Prince of Orange.

For some months Charlotte is a virtual prisoner at Windsor. Her first public appearance is at the opening of the Regent’s Pavilion at Brighton. Again there is a popular demonstration in her favour, and the Regent decides to let her marry Leopold. He hopes then to be able to get rid of her. But Charlotte refuses to leave England, and with Leopold she settles down at Claremont House, Surrey, and for a while is ideally happy. But through the incompetence of her doctor she dies in childbirth, and the Regent’s hopes of her producing an heir to the throne of England are shattered. It is with bitterness and



*Shooting the impressive banqueting scene in the Regent’s Pavilion, Brighton.*



frustration in his heart that the Regent later attends the baptism of his brother's baby daughter—Victoria, the future Queen of England."

After preliminary discussion between the Directors of Columbia Pictures and Marcel Varnel, its possibilities for a film production were approved, and the film copyrights of the author were obtained. A screen-writer was then selected to write the scenario or film script in conjunction with the author. This meant re-writing the story in such a way that each scene would be depicted with its full action and dialogue. (More often than not the result of this may take on a slightly different aspect from the original novel, in order to appear as a smooth sequence on the screen.)

A great deal of information was added, for example, sound effects required, expressions of different characters, etc., so as to assist the Director when actual filming began.

Whilst the scenario was being prepared, Cavalcanti, who had recently completed the successful direction of *Nicholas Nickleby* and *They Made Me a Fugitive* was selected as the most suitable director.

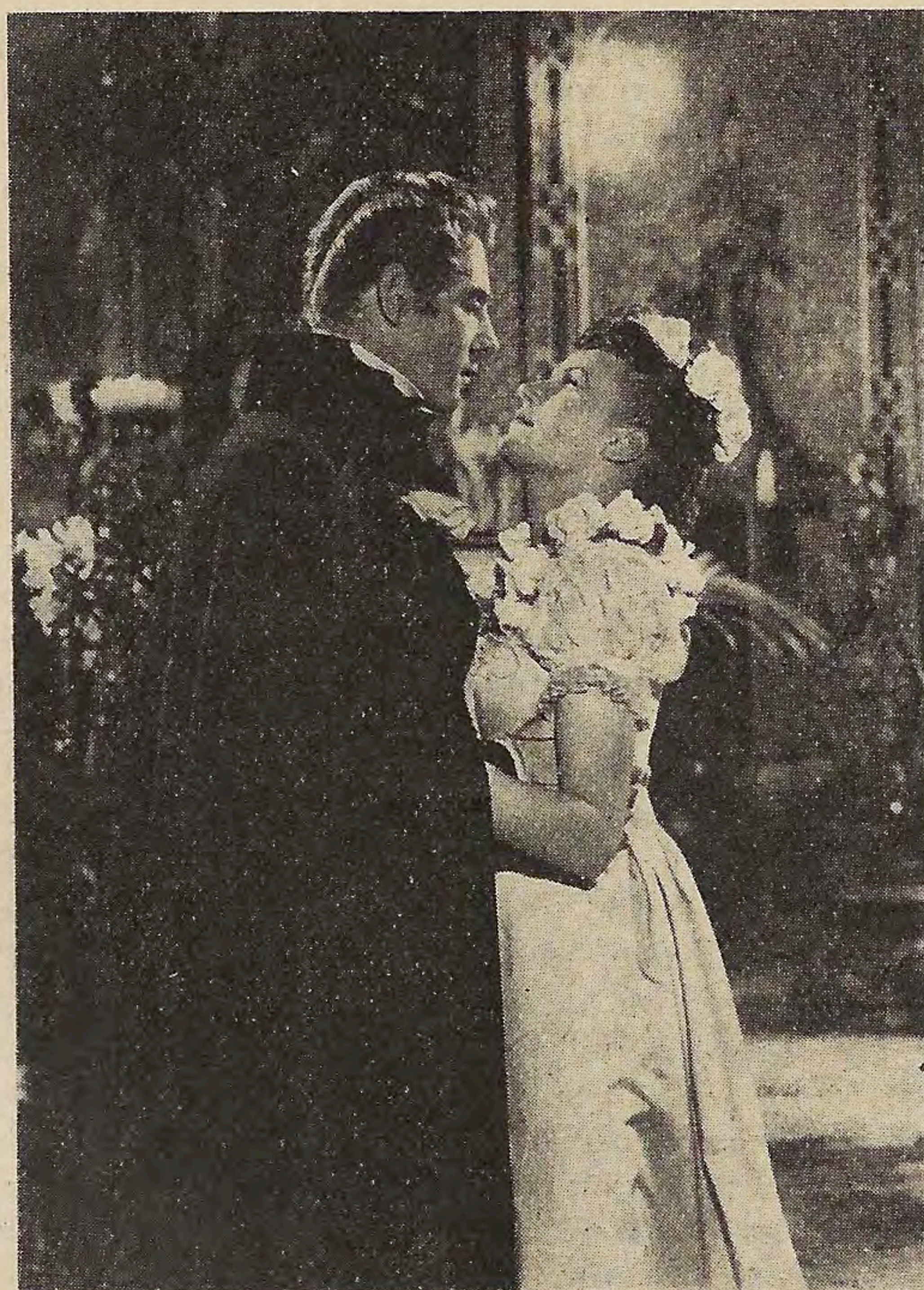
The scenario was now complete, and Marcel Varnel called together for conference his Director and heads of all departments concerned (it should be explained here that the Producer is responsible for the executive or business side of the film, and supervises production costs and all technical necessities so that the actual filming is made possible. From that stage the Director takes over full responsibility).

At this conference the different requirements were fully discussed in addition to the script (which may occasionally have to be slightly altered to suit the convenience of a particular Department). The Producer made his final decisions and everyone set about their own particular job.

Jean-Pierre Aumont (he had completed *Song of Scheherezade*) was considered admirably suited to the part of Prince Leopold, and the Managing Director of Columbia had arranged with him to come to England.

There could be no finer character actor than Cecil Parker for the title rôle of Prince Regent, and Joan Hopkins was considered ideal, not only for her beauty, but also for her general acting ability and experience in the part already played in the stage production. The other players were chosen in conjunction with the Casting Director, Harry Barnes, who also arranged for the necessary extras to be hired from the different agencies. The Casting Director arranges and pays the salaries.

Costumes for the extras were hired from specialised companies by the Wardrobe Department headed by Goff Price, and special costumes had to be made for the leading actors. The Property Department scoured the country for furniture, drapings and fittings of the correct period, and had to make those "props" which they were unable to hire. It was in all these difficulties that Eric Capon proved to be invaluable. Mr. Capon is well known as a Stage Producer, and has produced for one or two seasons at the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park, London, and also for the Old Vic Repertory Company at Liverpool Playhouse and Glasgow Citizens' Theatre. He joined the production for the purpose of advertising on all period detail, and all types of questions were fired at him,



*Jean-Pierre Aumont and Joan Hopkins in a scene from "The First Gentleman."*

such as whether bishops wore crosses, the type of artists' easels which was used at that time, and so on.

The film had only been in production for two or three weeks when Marcel Varnel was unfortunately killed in a car accident, and so his duties were taken over by Ivan Lassgallner and Ernest Gartside.

Location scenes for the film were filmed in the Regent's Pavilion, Brighton, Claremont House, in Esher, Surrey, and other places and, of course, this meant that transport arrangements had to be made and accommodation fixed for the players. I visited the production set on one occasion at Claremont House. This magnificent mansion was originally built for Clive of India, and later Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold took up residence there after they were married. Later still Queen Victoria used it as a country house and eventually it was made into a Girls' College—as it is today.

It was necessary to reproduce in the Nettlefolds Studios several rooms, including Charlotte's bedroom (where she died), the hall and drawing room, and as the interior of the house has hardly been changed since it was built, the Art Department were kept busy taking hundreds of photos and making sketches of the elaborate decorations, friezes and tapestries, so that replica sets could be reconstructed in the studios. From then it was the task of the carpenters and plasterers to complete the painstaking work of reconstruction. The present headmistress of the school, who kindly showed me around the house, expressed her admiration at the finished results in the studio, which she stated "were exact down to the smallest detail."

Everything was now ready for the actual filming to begin, so the Director called his rehearsals. The artistic effect and reality of the film now largely depend upon him. Consequently he was kept busy, not only



approving and criticising the sets and costumes, but also by rehearsing and coaching the players in their parts. The cameraman, under the Director of Photography, Jack Hildyard, were kept busy setting their cameras in place and preparing the arrangement of the trolley which carried the cameras to and from the subject during filming, and generally measuring and setting the focus and apertures of the lenses. In discussion with the Director it was Hildyard who decided which camera angle was to be used in each shot. As Lighting Director he supervised the placing of arc lamps, reflectors and diffusing screens, so as to regulate the lighting effects. The actors had their make-up and costumes adjusted by the respective Departments, and so everybody was ready for the Director to cry "Shoot."

During a chat with Cavalcanti, or "Cav" as he is popularly known, he mentioned that he believed in shooting his scenes from the minimum number of angles necessary, so that each "take" can follow straight on from the previous one. This, of course, saves a great deal of unnecessary work on the part of the technical crews on the spot, although it does not give the Cutting and Editing Departments quite so much scope when the film eventually reaches them. "Cav" relies upon his judgment as to the moment when the players have produced their best "take" for a particular scene. "After that," he said, "I find that they rarely manage to repeat that best shot, as the strain of the work has already begun to tell on them. A good actor knows, too, when that time has come."

"Would you have preferred the filming of the story in technicolour," I asked, to which he replied, "Firstly there are only four technicolour cameras in the country, and they are already being used by other film companies! But secondly, I prefer to make period films in black and white for various reasons, the chief of which is that technicolour to my mind decidedly over-exaggerates the colour effect of period films. One cannot imagine that bright, gaudy costumes were worn in the nineteenth century, particularly some of the new dyes used today. I do feel that a more natural balance of tone is obtained through a black and white medium." "Frankly," he continued, "I have never, as yet, made a film in technicolour, but if I had to do so I would prefer to 'experiment' on one with a modern setting!"

Whilst "Cav" was supervising the arrangement of each scene ready for filming Daphne Heathcote, his "Continuity Girl," was to be seen invariably perched on a stool by the camera. The continuity girl is, in fact, the liaison between the "set" and the Cutting and Editing Department, and her job is to check that the film is followed as accurately as possible from the script—if any alterations are ordered by the Director, to record accurately the dialogue or motions, etc., that are used. Particular emphasis

is paid to the *speed* of movement in any one scene, to any special arranging of the actors' costumes and to the exact position in relation to each other of the different props used. The reason for this is that any scene which follows on from that one will be synchronised to the points mentioned above, and also it is a record in case the same scene is to be "shot" again at a later date. Her notebook was covered with sketches and notes giving all these details, and after each scene this information was typed on a continuity sheet. Here is a summary from one of her sheets.

The sheet is headed with full information of a technical nature, followed by the number of "takes" shot of the scene. In this particular case it was four, and from the comments against each it had been decided that "take" number four was the best and should be printed. Sometimes more than one "take" is printed.

Charlotte. *"With your Majesty's leave, I feel that my absence would spare the company a display of (York looks out to the Queen over next two words) indoor fireworks. (She curtseys, York looks back to her—she rises and turns and sweeps u.s. (upstage) towards doorway—waiter steps aside as she passes left of him—as she almost reaches doorway), etc., etc."*

The work of a continuity girl is extremely responsible, and requires an observant and alert mind.

The day's shooting has been completed and the film sent to the laboratory for processing. A positive print is made from the original negative, and "rushes" are projected on to the screen the following day for the Director's approval and selection of where there is more than one "take" printed. If there are no flaws present which necessitate a retake the film will be sent to the cutting room together with the continuity sheets. I should clear up one point before proceeding, and that is that when a film is being made the sound track is recorded on a separate film to the "visual" one. This is to assist the Editor and staff when it is in its

(Continued on page 24.)



On location (left to right) Jack Hildyard, Joan Hopkins, The Editor, Cavalcanti, Maria Montez and Jean-Pierre Aumont.



# BRITISH STUDIO NEWS

by Jack Kutcher

TO follow their successful teamwork in *Piccadilly Incident* and *The Courtneys of Curzon Street*, admirers of Anna Neagle (whose portrait adorns our front cover) and Michael Wilding will be pleased to hear that Herbert Wilcox has teamed them together again in his latest production, *Spring in Park Lane*, from the story by Alice Duer Miller. This film is a modern romantic comedy with music. Location scenes have already been shot and work has begun in the M.G.M. Studios at Elstree. This film is scheduled for release around April, 1948. You will also be interested to know that Tom Walls, whose brilliant acting in *Master of Bankdam* was praised by all, is joining the cast.

Michael Wilding, who recently signed a seven-year contract with Herbert Wilcox, is scheduled for several more films with Anna Neagle, but to fill the gap between these productions Herbert Wilcox has arranged to loan him to M.G.M. (and Anna Neagle for that part) in exchange for an actor of similar calibre. Anna is proposing to produce a film of her own, but no further details are available as yet.

GAINSBOROUGH PRODUCTIONS are really getting down to it at Shepherd's Bush Studios. I popped in recently to have a look at Edgar Wallace's *The Calendar* and *Easy Money* sets. In *Easy Money*, which stars Greta Gynt (who replaced Jean Kent, recovering from her recent illness), Dennis Price, Jack Warner and Yvonne Owen, a complete interior of a typical middle-class home has been constructed. To

walk through the set was just like going into a friend's house—with the exception that there was no roof directly above! This film is a comedy drama about the personal worries of football pool followers (who has not had them!), with Jack Warner combining his humorous and semi-dramatic abilities. Young Petula Clark plays the part of his daughter, and Mabel Constanduros is Grandma. The family are jubilant as Phillip Stafford (Jack Warner) checks the football results with his son Dennis (Jack Watling) and visualises the prospect of several thousands of pounds. However, they all register consternation and gloom when the younger daughter (Petula Clark) reveals that she has not posted the football coupon!! This film should appeal to the public as much as "Holiday Camp" did. Dennis Price, incidentally, is in Venice at the moment doing location scenes for *Byron*, and joins the cast of *Easy Money* when he returns.

Similarly with Greta Gynt, who joins the production when she has finished her current film, *The Calendar*. She was acting in a wedding reception scene when I was there, wearing her beautiful wedding dress specially made for the film. Directed by Arthur Crabtree, this film co-stars John McCallum, with Sonia Holm, Raymond Lovell, Sydney King and Charles Victor supporting.

An interesting feature from Gainsborough Studios is the announcement that Sydney Box has signed Frederic March (who won the Academy Award of 1946 for his performance in *The Best Years of our Lives*) to play the name part in *Christopher Columbus*, which Mr. Box will be producing in technicolour.



Robert Newton and Guy Middleton, starring in Gainsborough's "Snowbound," share a joke on the set.

A LOT of interesting things are going on at London Films these days. Kieron Moore, fresh from his success in *A Man About the House* is busy now playing opposite Vivien Leigh in *Anna Karenina*. From Tzarist Russia the scene shifts to Venice, and after spending some weeks in furs and snow boots the cast at the moment is enjoying the comparative comfort of Shepperton's accurate replica of the lovely Italian city. A newcomer to the cast of *Anna Karenina* is the famous Italian actor, Gino Cervi. As he speaks hardly any English and very strange French, Cervi is something of a headache for his fellow players. In the film itself he chatters away happily in his native language!

London Films are also busy with *Bonnie Prince Charlie*, in which a distinguished cast includes David Niven, Margaret Leighton, Will Fyfe and John Laurie. There are enough other Scotsmen in the cast to ensure that the film is authentic, and part of the Director's



business is to see that the various clans do not too clearly remember old differences! There are enough of claymores being flourished in fun without any revival of the feuds of long ago.

Scottish dress, one might think, is a matter only for the natives. Not a bit of it. Parisian-born Georges Benda, the distinguished costume designer, has dressed the film magnificently, and a year's careful research ensures that accuracy has been maintained.

PETER USTINOV'S wild Victorian frolic, *Vice Versa*, is off the floor, and *Two Cities* are busy with *Hamlet* and *One Night With You*. *Hamlet* is Laurence Olivier's careful adaptation of Shakespeare's sombre masterpiece, and unlike *Henry V*, it is in black and white. Sir Laurence explains that he sees *Hamlet* as an engraving, rather than as a painting, and whereas the former film was a great patriotic spectacle, with brave flags, brave men and flashing swords, the emphasis in *Hamlet* is on character and the mind of man. The grim tragedy of the Prince of Denmark provides unrivalled opportunities for fine acting, and the impressive cast, including besides Olivier, Felix Aylmer, Esmond Knight, John Laurie and Harcourt Williams, with Jean Simmons as Ophelia, suggests that here will be a memorable film.

*One Night With You*, starring Patricia Roc and the famous Italian tenor, Nino Martini, is a gay romantic musical, with lovely dresses, perfect settings and the glorious melodies that have made Italian opera famous.

In direct contrast is the new Eric Portman—Sally Gray film, *The Mark of Cain*. A psychological poisoning mystery, set in the year 1900, this story gives dramatic opportunities to Patrick Holt, who "dies of arsenic," and Eric Portman, who "does the deed."

A GREAT DAY down at Pinewood recently. The cameras began to turn on the first British ballet conceived for the screen and filmed in its entirety. Thousands of ballet fans all over the country have had *The Red Shoes* on their list of films to see ever since it was announced that the Archers were screening a ballet story, with Robert Helpmann, Alexis Massine, Moira Shearer and other top-line dancers, and now the film is well on the way.

The ballet runs nearly quarter of an hour dancing time to music by Brian Easdale, recorded by Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Choreography is by Helpmann, decor by Hein Heckroth, and the Corps de Ballet is over fifty strong.

These ballet folk are a superstitious lot!—but perhaps not without cause. Who can say that Massine's antique Russian cane mascot has not helped him to the top of the tree, or that Helpmann's St. Christopher Ring does not know a thing or two about his success? Certainly Moira Shearer's two photographs of Pavlova, which accompany her wherever she goes and stand in her dressing room, must look out with proud approval at their owner's unmatched grace.



"The play's the thing . . . . ." Laurence Olivier as Hamlet and Jean Simmons as the fair Ophelia.

CINEGUILD'S *Oliver Twist* looks like being one of the best films of the year; it has a grand story, the delightful Dickens' London background, and a cast of actors who know their job inside out. Robert Newton, Francis L. Sullivan, Alec Guinness, Kay Walsh—to name a few of them—will do Dickens proud! And the work of Ronald Neame, as Producer, and David Lean as Director, will ensure accuracy in detail and presentation.

Here is an example of care in research: a set was built at Pinewood to represent an interior, and winter sunlight was filtering through the grimy window—so the script said. To get this effect cameraman Guy Green had net curtains hung over the glass, and shooting was about to begin, when forth stepped research director Peter Hunt. "No net curtains in Dickens' day!" he announced inexorably. So down came the curtains, and the winter sunshine was produced by some method not out of keeping with the nineteenth century.

Peter Hunt spent months studying the period before he was able to say offhand the answer to such knotty problems as the date of the invention of net curtains.

That London was not a pleasant place—unless one was "rich and high"—Kay Walsh has discovered. Much of the film's action takes place in the slums of Seven Dials and the dark back streets around Saffron Hill—ten times more wretched even than they are today, and here in a back room she is beaten to death by Bill Sykes (Robert Newton) in her rôle as Nancy. After five takes Kay was black and blue all over. Still some of us want to be film stars!



# The SET SET-UP

by Christopher Adams

MUCH time, money and ingenuity is expended every year by the film studios in building sets on which to film the exciting, romantic or amusing adventures of the stars. Why? After all, there can be nothing so good as the real thing, and with so many castles dotted about the country it seems unnecessary to build one of cardboard and canvas in the studio.

But as Mohammed knew, the cost and inconvenience of going to the mountain was considerable, and so the studios have found it. To shoot even a little scene in a film costs hundreds of pounds, and necessitates the use of equipment, cameras, spot and arc lights, sound recorders and a dozen things worth hundreds of thousands of pounds and all to hand in the studio. To take these delicate instruments into the Welsh mountains in order to get a couple of shots of Harlech Castle by moonlight when the same can be secured by photographing a black cloth and a few sticks of plaster-board would be absurd. Of course, more and more scenes are being shot on location, but a careful balance is kept between the cost and the achievement, and every case is judged on its merits.

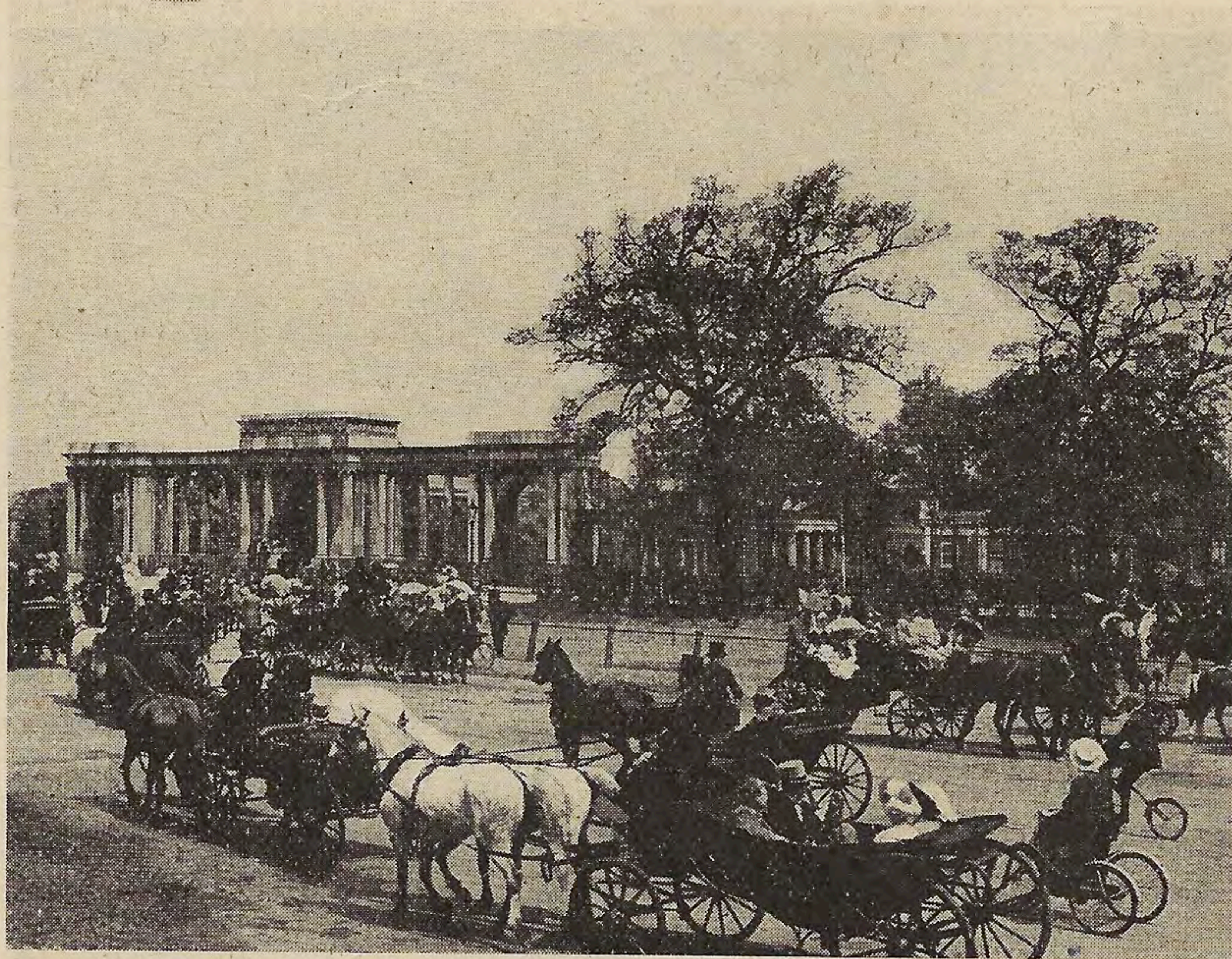
For example, in *Black Narcissus* much of the action takes place in the convent, and it was not necessary to go to India at great expense when such a convent could be built at Pinewood. The remaining difficulty was the Himalaya mountains. A satisfactory range of these was built with the aid of tubular scaffolding—120,000 feet of it—rather on the principle of a grand-stand, which is all front and no back. On this framework a thin layer of gravel—no more than thirty tons—some trees in tubs, and a number of large rocks produced an illusion which is completely satisfying to the film-goer and yet could only otherwise have been obtained by an arduous 12,000-mile location journey.

Apart from expense, there is another good reason why sets are sometimes built, even when the original scene is on the studios' doorstep, as indeed it was when London Films came to make *An Ideal Husband*. London Films' office is actually at Hyde Park Corner and one might have expected them to push the nose of a camera out of the window to take their scenes for the film. But alas! Wilde's play is set in the 'nineties, when there were no motor-buses, the Artillery Monument did not exist and electric traffic lights were undreamed of. So, to begin with, today's Hyde Park Corner would not look right in the film, and secondly there would be even worse

confusion than usual if a film unit with two hundred actors in costume, horses, cameras and equipment, make-up men, loud hailer, directors, technicians, etc., etc., began to operate on the pavement outside Apsley House. And so Sir Alexander Korda had a site at Shepperton, nearly 500 feet each way, cleared, rolled and levelled, and there constructed as pretty a replica of Hyde Park Corner and Rotten Row as you could wish to see where, undeterred by alien traffic, interested bystanders and other distractions the film went merrily forward.

There is yet another good reason for making sets in the studios instead of going to the real thing. You cannot film a fight in a tramcar, even if the authorities will lend you a tram. There is not room. Besides the people fighting, and the actor who plays the tram conductor, or the old lady in the corner, you have to get the camera, lights and microphones and a few other odds and ends into your tram. So you build a tram that has a front but no back, and the fight goes on very realistically in the front, and the cameras roll and the director directs from the non-existent back.

Because no trouble is spared, studio sets are frequently more realistic than the real thing. The great "Cosmopolitan" Hotel set in *Brighton Rock* depicted a luxury hotel to end luxury hotels; in these days of shortages of staffs and materials any hotelier might envy the fortunate proprietor of the "Cosmopolitan," with so many page boys, so much cutlery, so many full bottles behind the bar! In fact, it was so large that 200 extras were needed merely to make the place look inhabited.



Part of the realistic set constructed at Shepperton for "*An Ideal Husband*."



But one of the differences between the set "hotel" and a real one was explained by a small page boy, hired from one of London's first-class hotels, when asked to give his opinion of the "Cosmopolitan" as a hotel.

"Smashing effort," he blurted, but his face clouded over as he looked up at the three towering floors above him. "But it's not like a *real* hotel though"—"Why not?" he was asked. "Well," he explained with an exhausted expression on his face, "there's no lift and I have to climb all those stairs . . . . !!!!!"

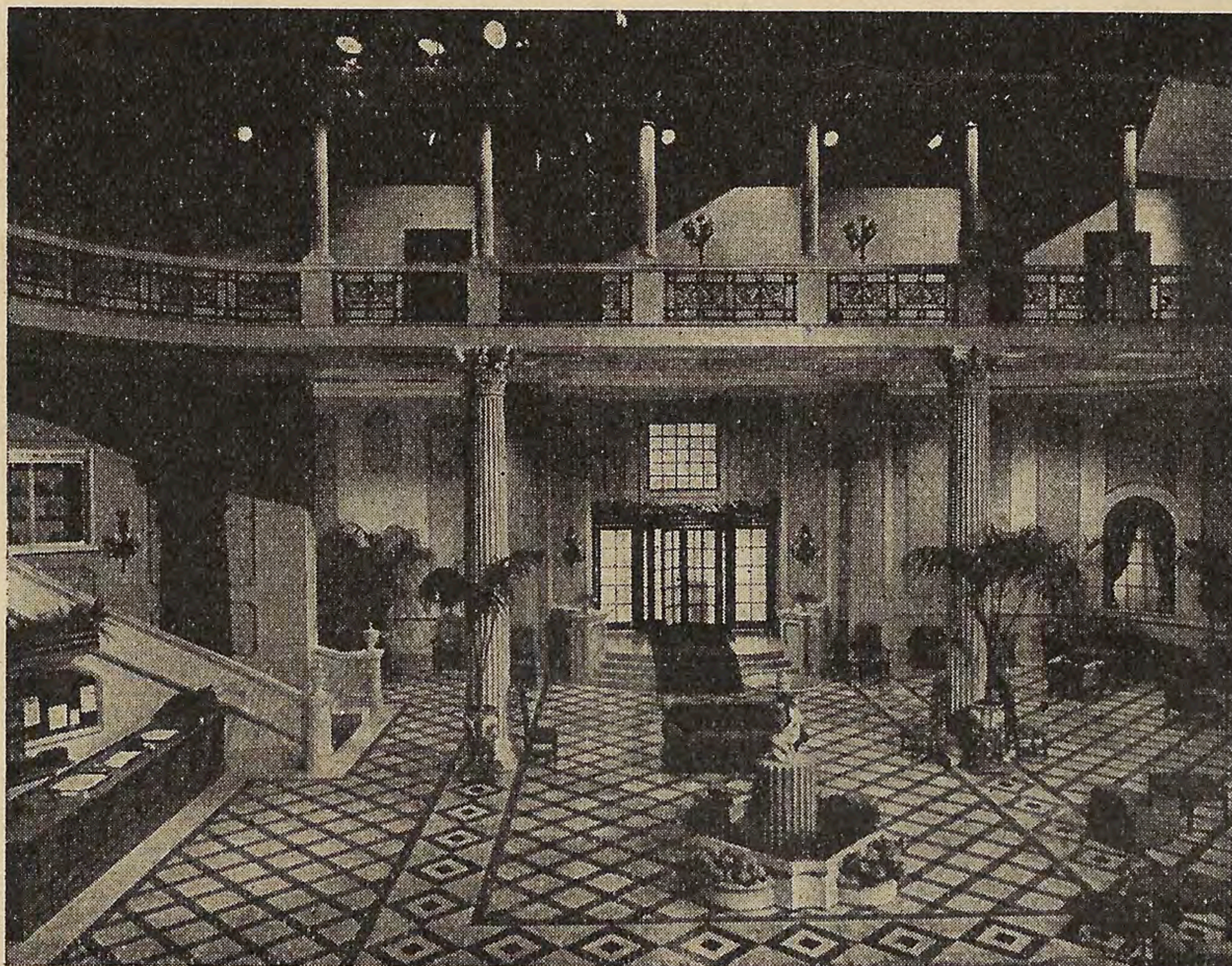
And so we see that studio sets are not used as make-shifts, but because often enough they are superior for their purpose to the thing they counterfeit, and it is a skilful blending of the real and the unreal that makes the high standard we have come to expect in even an unpretentious, everyday film.

#### NEW BOOKS.—Continued from column 2.

great fun in this story of a father who magically becomes a schoolboy again, and so will every reader who follows their incredible adventures.

Lastly, I must not forget Peter Noble's *British Film Year Book* (British Year Books, 21s.), which is now firmly established as the principal source of everyday information about the industry. In addition to all the usual features—addresses of studios, Who's Who of the leading actors and technicians, etc.—this year's edition contains contributions by Thorold Dickinson, Paul Rotha, Anthony Asquith and others, and a masterly survey of the year's work by the Editor—and over seventy full-page photographs.

★ ★ ★



The Foyer of the "Cosmopolitan Hotel" constructed for "Brighton Rock."

## NEW BOOKS

Reviewed by Kenneth Hopkins

Most of us know what a Producer does (unless we happen to get him mixed up with the Director), but what about all the other busy people whose united efforts go to the making of a film? A fascinating account of every aspect of the industry is given in Oswald Blakeston's new book, *Working for the Films* (Focal Press, 10s. 6d.). Besides a wealth of information about working conditions, rates of pay and most other things a recruit might want to know, the book contains articles written by the leading technicians on their own jobs; David Lean writes on the business of a Director, Cavalcanti on that of a Producer, Roger Burford on Script-writing, Eric Portman on Acting, Al Parker (who represents James Mason) on how to be an Agent—and so on. R. J. Minney, in *Talking of Films* (Home and Van Thal, 6s.), covers part of the same ground—but does all the talking himself. As he made the record-breaking *Wicked Lady*, and a few more films as good, he is worth hearing; he discusses the history and the future of films, taking in topics like "Why Films Cost So Much" and "Finding New Stars" on the way. These are both books for people whose interest in films doesn't stop at going to the cinema once a week.

Once more it is a pleasure to greet *Preview of 1948* (World Film Publications, 12s. 6d.), the best of the annuals. Looking forward, *Preview* gives us a satisfying foretaste of the best of the coming films, with a generous allowance of stills and an article of interesting facts about the making of the film. In addition to this foremost feature of *Preview*, it contains a fascinating photobiography of Margaret Lockwood, with intimate glimpses of the star's childhood, and of her private life, and articles about the *Daily Mail* National Film

Award, and the American counterpart. A long complete story of the popular Award winner, *Piccadilly Incident*, and many full-page portraits complete a substantial and delightful volume.

Latest titles being prepared in the Book of the Film Series are *When The Bough Breaks*, by Warwick Mannon (World Film Publications, 2s.) and *Vice Versa*, also by Warwick Mannon. The story of Gainsborough's *When The Bough Breaks*, starring Pat Roc, Rosamund John and Patrick Holt, concerns the regrets of a young mother whose baby is adopted and grows up, and the difficulties she meets with when she tries to get him back. It is a moving story, well told. The other book is a very different affair, a mad frolic based on Peter Ustinov's film of the famous Victorian novel, *Vice Versa*, by F. Anstey. Roger Livesey and Kay Walsh have



# "A MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE"

SCREEN ADAPTATION OF THE NOVEL BY FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG  
AS DRAMATISED BY JOHN PERRY

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## THE CAST

|                            |                   |                       |                    |
|----------------------------|-------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Agnes Isit . . . .         | MARGARET JOHNSTON | Salvatore . . . . .   | KIERON MOORE       |
| Ellen Isit . . . . .       | DULCIE GRAY       | Sir Benjamin Dench .. | GUY MIDDLETON      |
| Ronald Sanctuary . . . . . | FELIX AYLMER      | Mrs. Armitage ..      | LILIAN BRAITHWAITE |
| Maria . . . . .            | JONE SALINAS      | Assunta . . . . .     | MARIA FIMIANI      |
| Gita . . . . .             | FULVIA DE PRIAMO  | Antonio . . . . .     | NICOLA ESPOSITO    |
| Higgs . . . . .            | REGINALD PURDELL  | Solicitor . . . . .   | WILFRED CAITHNESS  |

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|                        |               |                      |                     |
|------------------------|---------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| Producer . . . . .     | EDWARD BLACK  | Director . . . . .   | LESLIE ARLISS       |
| Art Director . . . . . | A. ANDREJEV   | Continuity . . . . . | PEGGY McCLAFFERTY   |
| Editor . . . . .       | RUSSELL LLOYD | Technical Adviser .  | DR. MAURIZO LODIVFE |

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*The Story of the Film*  
by WARWICK MANNON

THE closed carriage jolted and rocked through the rain-drenched streets of Naples and out into the open country. As the two sisters gazed into the gathering darkness outside, the whole panorama of the past few weeks was in their minds. Ellen Isit, the younger sister, remembered vividly that afternoon at home in North Bromwich when they had decided to sell more furniture rather than close the school, and how the dealer had asked, casually, if they were not the Misses Isit the London lawyer was advertising for, and Agnes had answered bleakly, "No." But they were; and Ellen remembered the visit to London, the gloomy office in Lincoln's Inn, and the old lawyer who had told them they had inherited Uncle Ludovic's house and fortune in Italy. Of course, Papa had forbidden them ever to speak of Uncle Ludovic; but now he was dead, and dear Papa too, and only the vineyards, the olive groves and the white villa remained. They would sell the estate, Agnes decided, and with the money put the school on its feet again. Could they not see it first, just once, Ellen had pleaded, for even the dusty old lawyer had said it was beautiful. To Agnes this seemed quite unnecessary; a good estate agent would do the whole thing and remit the money. Yet, marvellously, here they were driving up to the Castello Inglese, under the shadow of Vesuvius.

A faint gleam lightened for a moment Agnes's rather severe expression, as she felt Ellen's suppressed excitement. After all, the child had never been to Italy, and even at twenty-five she seemed very young. Perhaps the ten years difference in their ages influenced her own outlook too much, Agnes thought. "'Napoli!' why can't they call it Naples, as we do?" Agnes had said at the station. And now, as with a little wriggle of delight, "Isn't it marvellous?" Ellen said, she replied, "If we had wanted rain we could have stayed in North Bromwich." But even Agnes felt a little thrill of curiosity now, for the carriage had turned into a courtyard, and was stopping. Salvatore, their late uncle's butler and factotum, had met them at the station, sweeping aside the porters and guides, and now, leaping from the driving seat, he opened the door with a flourish, saying, "Welcome to the Castello Inglese, Signore!"

"A somewhat damp welcome," said Agnes, as she stepped out under the wide umbrella he held for them. "Ah, but you come at the time of the Libeccio, the west wind that brings rain. But always it stay two-three days only. Tonight it finish—you see." They could see little in the darkness and the rain, except the welcome light from the open door, only an impression of white walls and statuary, of terraces disappearing into the mist, and against the wind a faint sound of the distant sea. In the hall the servants were assembled, and Salvatore introduced them one by one: Caroline the cook, Antonio the gardener, Bianca the kitchen maid, and Assunta.

"Assunta, she help with ever'thing," he said, looking possessively at the lovely dark-eyed girl. "Don Ludovico, he like her ver' much."



"Oh," said Agnes coldly, already considering what changes ought to be made. "Now I show you the house," said Salvatore, but Agnes stopped him. "We are tired after travelling, we will retire now." "Sure, Signorina, I take you to bed," said Salvatore. Ellen looked confused, and Agnes's lips were compressed to a thin, hard line. Unconscious of their disapproval, Salvatore picked up the suitcases and led the way up the lofty staircase, still chattering good-humouredly. "The wine-making, it is in September: you will see corking good fun."

"We shall not be here in September. I am merely looking over the property before selling it," said Agnes coldly. Salvatore stopped dead, and his pleasant expression faded. "Sell?" he said. "As soon as I can arrange it," answered Agnes. "I see," said Salvatore quietly, moving on again. He led them into a magnificent bedroom, which, he said, had been their uncle's; the gilt and satin furniture, the painted walls, and the voluptuous great bed, revealed a taste steeped in the passionate traditions of the Italian renaissance. Such a bedroom could not exist in North Bromwich.

As they gazed in wonder at so much luxury, Salvatore set down the cases and began to unpack Agnes's things. She made a movement to stop him, but in a moment he was shaking out the folds of her nightdress and setting it ready for her. "Which is my sister's room?" said Agnes.

Salvatore led the way through the adjoining bathroom, pointing out its most intimate conveniences loudly and cheerfully as he passed into another luxurious bedroom. "My sister can manage that," said Agnes sharply, as he began opening Ellen's suitcase. "No, no, Salvatore he do ever'thing!" he answered, finding Ellen's nightdress and setting it ready, and unpacking her underwear. Ellen, to cover her embarrassment, began to release the cat from its basket. "I think Waifie should have a breath of air," she said. "Stewart, too," said Agnes, thinking of the little Scottie dog.

"I will attend to the little animals," said Salvatore, "and when they have performed their little duty, I bring them right back!"

"Tell one of the women to bring them," said Agnes. When he had gone, she looked about her, noting the unrestrained luxury and the frank voluptuousness of the apartment, finally letting her gaze reach a little nude statuette. "Now I know why Papa disapproved of Uncle Ludovic," she said.

"Yes, Agnes," said Ellen, understanding the thoughts behind his sister's words. "And this Salvatore," Agnes went on, "one would hardly call him the soul of modesty."

For a moment the sisters were silent, thinking of the tall black-haired figure, the frank eyes, the laughing full lips, and the disturbing bare throat of their new servant.

"Still," Agnes finished, "it may be an advantage to have a man about the house. Good night, Ellen."

Somewhere, hundreds of birds were singing, and Waifie the cat opened her eyes and stretched; the movement wakened Ellen, who lay with her slight little body almost engulfed in the big bed. Through the half-open shutter the bright sun was pouring, as though rain and darkness were unknown, as Ellen jumped out of bed, picking up Waifie in the process, and threw open the shutters, giving a gasp of delight and amazement. Then she advanced on to the balcony. Below lay the terraced gardens, alive with flowers, and, beyond and below—a thousand feet, it seemed—lay the plain of Naples, the distant city shivering in the heat-haze, and behind it the smoke-plumed mountain and the sea an unimaginable blue.

"Buon' giorno, Signorina!" cried a voice, as the old gardener looked up from the terrace. "Oh!" said Ellen, pulling her nightdress about her and hurrying back into the bedroom, and "Oh!" again as the door opened to admit Salvatore with a breakfast tray. Ashamed to be seen undressed, Ellen hastened back into bed as he bent over the tray, chattering cheerfully about the breakfast, the fine weather, and the scenery. As he moved to the window she tried to hide her underclothes, but he returned and began folding them for her. "You no eat," he said, as she sat huddled under the sheets.

"Oh . . . er . . . thanks," Ellen stammered, blushing furiously as he stood unconcernedly rolling her corsets. "Now I give you a bath," Salvatore announced, going into the bathroom. At the sound of the taps, Agnes's door opened. Agnes was fully dressed already in her severe school-mistress black, buttoned to the throat, with her pretty hair in heavy, disciplined coils. She halted in amazement as she saw Ellen eating her breakfast in bed, and Salvatore moving about the room. Her voice was icy, but she gave her orders quietly enough. The maids would do the bedrooms and bathroom in future; breakfast would be served in the loggia exactly at eight-thirty daily; there would be bacon and eggs—

Salvatore was aghast. "For breakfast? But consider the stomach!" He was anxious to please, but he began to realise that this was to be an entirely new way of life. Agnes, too, as she watched him leave the rooms, was conscious that there were new and disturbing elements in



*"Welcome to the Castello Inglese!"*



which her life could not go on as usual, no matter how much she might insist on bacon for breakfast and a settled order. With a half sigh she turned into Ellen's room and the two sisters went out on to the balcony.

"To think that we've lived all these years in the drabness and the rain of North Bromwich, when all the time this was here," Ellen said, looking again at the breath-taking beauty spread below them. Agnes said nothing. "Remember you nearly came here for your honeymoon?" Ellen rattled on, "years and years ago when Ben Dench proposed to you in India. I could never understand why Papa wouldn't allow you to marry him."

"Papa did not consider Ben socially suitable," Agnes said.

Ellen said, "He's made the name of Dench important since then, anyhow. And think of it, Agnes, you'd have been married years and had a family round you. . . ." Her sister's expression of calm severity softened a moment to reveal the girl of ten or twelve years ago, but she only answered, "Papa's judgment was never at fault. I put all such thoughts behind me. . . . Now come and have your breakfast."

"But I've had it," said Ellen. "In bed? Ellen, Papa would never have countenanced anything so slovenly. As Englishwomen we must set an example, and not succumb to these lax foreign ways; please remember this."

And Agnes went out. With a last glance at the garden below, Ellen followed.

Later in the morning Agnes made a round of the house and began planning necessary changes. In the long kitchen she found most of the staff busy preparing lunch, Salvatore superintending. He had just swung Assunta off her feet, kissed her soundly, and left her sitting on the table edge with her little bare feet dangling. There was a busy chatter, a rattle of pots, and a strong smell of garlic, as Agnes came in. Taking in the scene with a comprehensive glance, she began at once issuing orders. "You will please serve luncheon promptly at half past one. Each morning I shall come at nine to give the cook her orders—does she speak English?"

"No, signorina," answered Salvatore.

"She will have to learn; and tell her at once that garlic is *never* to be used in future." Salvatore's face fell.

"Has Assunta no shoes?" said Agnes.

"Yes, Signorina," smiled Assunta, proudly, "I wear them on Sundays."

"In future you will wear them every day. And let me see your hands . . . filthy! Salvatore, see that the kitchen staff keep a high standard of cleanliness!"

"Si, Signorina." Salvatore turned to Assunta and said, angrily, "Va! Lavaie le mabi, sporcaccione!" And he gave her a wink.

"And now I will see your accounts," said Agnes.

Meanwhile Ellen, in a white dress decorated with a little black, was slowly exploring the house, coming from room to room with a wondering air, as the beauty and extent of the great house became clear to her. At last she reached the studio, which ran almost the whole length of the house, and looked over the terraces. Some of the sculpture shocked her a little in its naked realism, and she turned with a slight blush from a colossal statue, moving past the grand piano to a draped picture on an easel. She lifted the covering, and it fell away.

As Ellen stood before the picture she heard Agnes come into the room.

"Ah, there you are, Ellen—where on earth did you get that dress," said Agnes sharply.

"Don't you remember? At the garden party," said Ellen, guiltily.

"We are still supposed to be in mourning for Papa. And what have you done to your hair?"

Ellen's bright hair was free of the schoolmistress style, and the dainty curls made her small face gayer than it had been for a long time.

"I felt like doing it differently," she said lamely.

"You've merely made yourself look ridiculous. We shall have you going native if you don't take care," Agnes said, quite seriously. But now they were interrupted by Salvatore, who was bringing his household accounts. His face lighted up as he saw them, apparently interested in the picture.

"Ah, Signorina, you like the picture? It is I, Salvatore!"

For the first time Agnes looked at the picture. It was indeed Salvatore, with a wreath of vine leaves on his head, and his laughing face looking full at them from the canvas. Apart from the wreath, he was naked to the waist.

"Don Ludovico always say it is his best picture. I think him right, eh?" Salvatore cried, delighted.



"Now I give you a bath!"



What Agnes thought her face did not reveal. She said, "Are those the accounts?" Puzzled, Salvatore handed her the accounts. "We must make many changes here," Agnes said, firmly. "Have this picture removed at once. And be ready to accompany me to do the household shopping in half an hour."

After the sisters left the room, Salvatore stood still for a moment, thinking. These changes upset him, they were not good. His eyes were angry, his mouth hard, as he moved across to take up the picture.

Outside the Pension Balmoral, Ronnie Sanctuary sat, as he did most days, watching the life of the village flow past, and listening to the gossip of the market; an elderly bachelor of precise habits and a malicious tongue, he was ready for his friend the waiter to bring him the latest news with his wine. "Old Don Ludovico's nieces have arrived . . . the eldest is thirty-five and the other about twenty-five. They wore black clothes of not very good material. They had only eight pieces of luggage between them. . . ."

"Miriam! Miriam!" Ronnie called, as he saw Mrs. Armitage crossing the Piazza. "Dear lady, I've just heard all the latest about the new owners of the Castello Inglese. . . ." Mrs. Armitage listened eagerly. She was an elderly lady, untidily dressed, rather vague in her manner. Like Sanctuary, an inveterate gossip. The little English colony in the village had little to do but talk all day. "Salvatore's nose will be out of joint," remarked Mrs. Armitage, "Ludovico practically promised to leave him the house."

"Well, after all, it belonged to his family for generations before Ludovico got hold of it, but never mind about Salvatore, I'm more interested in the girls."

"Hardly girls, I heard," said Mrs. Armitage. An excited Italian urchin rushed up. "Barone! La piu grand sorella a preso prosciutto er la collazione!" he shouted. "Did you hear that? The eldest sister had bacon and eggs for breakfast!" cried Sanctuary. He turned and told the waiter, who ran off at once to tell the other servants. But now another servant cried, "The English lady is coming!" and everyone looked eagerly as Agnes, in her stiff black dress, and Salvatore in his black butler's coat came in sight, with Assunta behind with a shopping basket, very conscious of her new shoes. And the waiter ran up again, whispering to Sanctuary, "She has questioned Salvatore's accounts! She will do all her own buying!"



*"Six Lire? I will give you four."*

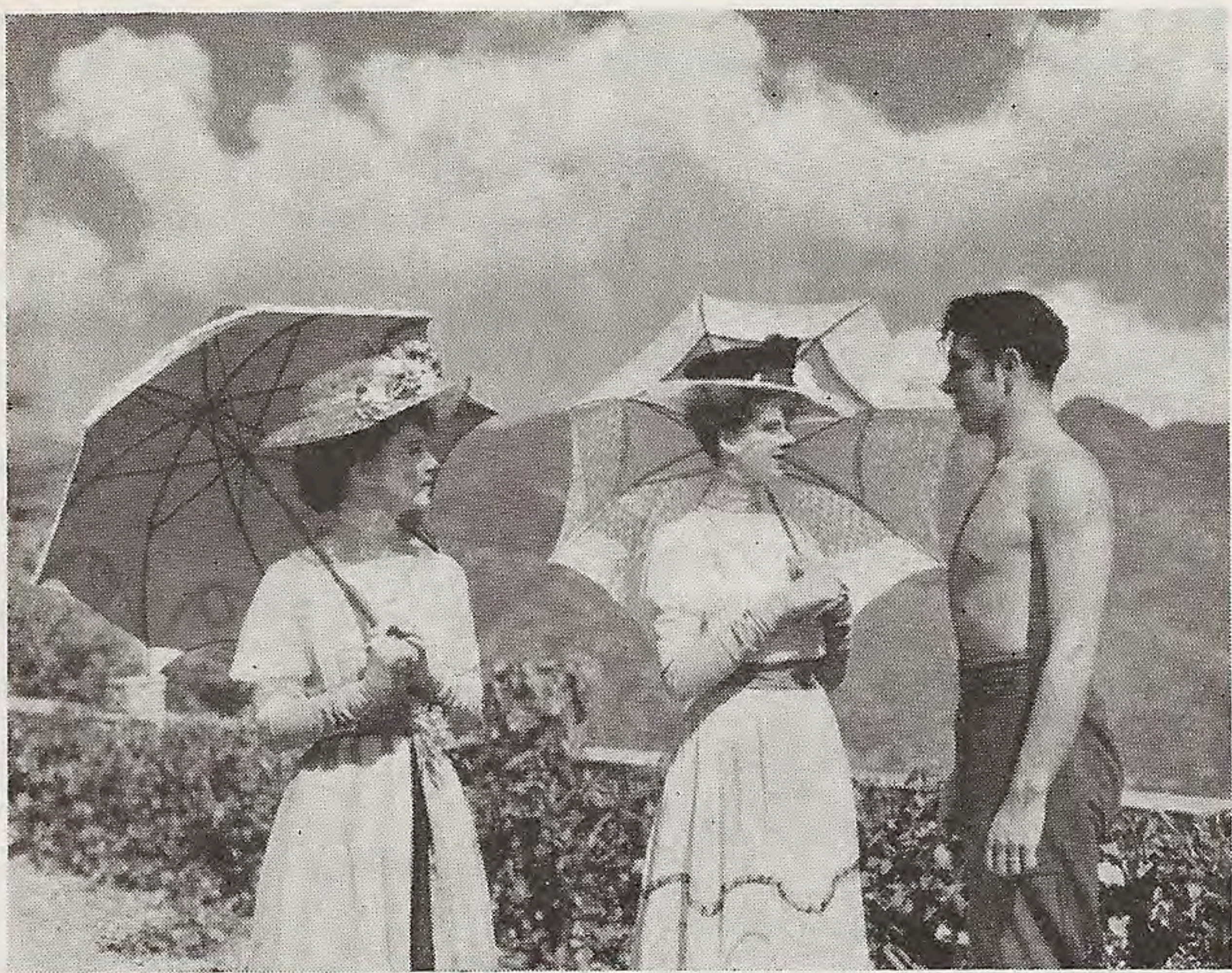


*"We will tread the grapes together."*



*"Of course it has been fun," she said.*

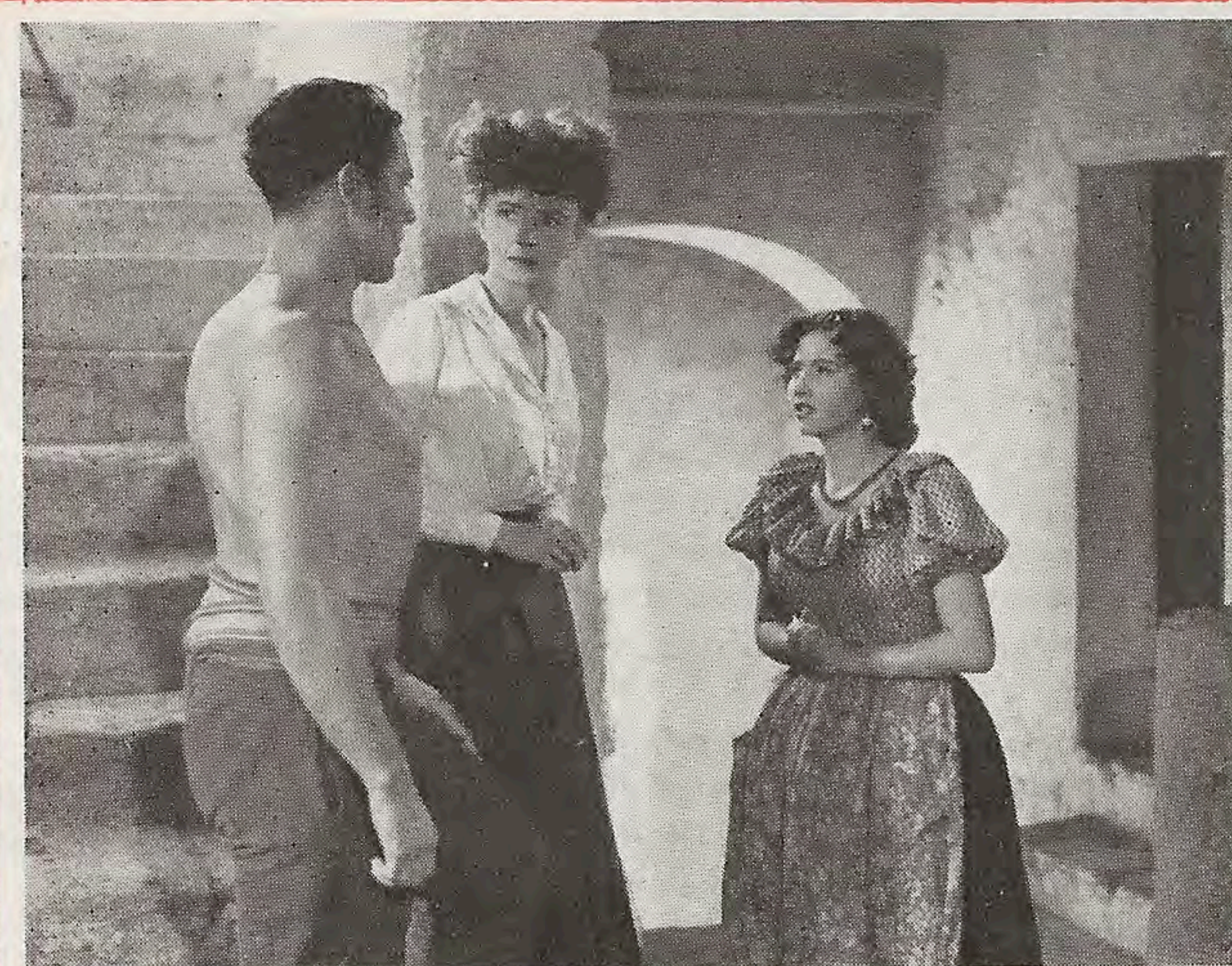




*"For generations it was my family's land."*



*The medicine was taking effect.*



*"The little dog is dying."*

Seemingly unconscious of the interest she was arousing, Agnes made her purchases, here and there, carefully giving each shopkeeper a few pence less than he demanded, triumphantly saying to Salvatore, "You see? Never give what they ask. He wanted eight lire, but he took six."

"Si, Signorina. I would have paid him four," answered Salvatore. But Agnes was hurrying on to the next stall. As she crossed the busy market place she ran into Ronnie Sanctuary, who at once introduced himself and Mrs. Armitage. Agnes was polite and non-committal.

"Settlin' down here for good?" asked Ronnie, after the introductions.

"Indeed no," said Agnes firmly. "We're only staying for a few weeks."

"A few weeks!" laughed Ronnie. "In Torquorolla! My dear lady, I came to lunch . . . and I've stayed all my life!"

"Indeed," said Agnes. And then, "If you will excuse me, I must continue my shopping."

Salvatore chattered away about the English residents: Sanctuary, who was a remittance man, for all his pretensions to an earldom; the rich Mrs. Armitage, who tempted Salvatore with the offer of higher wages—"But I am loyal to the Castello Inglese!" said Salvatore proudly. Suddenly there was a clatter of hoofs, and a runaway donkey swept past them, almost knocking Agnes over; but, with a sweep of his arm, Salvatore lifted her clear, and for a moment they stood so, with his arms tightly about her; then, slowly, he let her go. Breathless and embarrassed, Agnes said, "Thank you, Salvatore."

As they returned to the house, Agnes was silent, answering Salvatore briefly when he spoke. She was very conscious of his strong masculine presence, and disturbed by it; for the first time she felt unsure of herself. It was only a day or two later that Ellen, walking in the gardens near the cliff edge, found a living quail that Salvatore was using as a decoy for his traps. As she released it he came up, and protested, but Ellen said the traps were cruel, and then, thinking such an argument with a servant undignified, she hurried back to the house. The irregular stones of the terrace paving caught at her feet, and but for Salvatore's arm she would have fallen. As they stood so for a moment, with his arm still tightly about her, her sister came on to the terrace, and for a long minute they stood silent before one another; then Salvatore released Ellen, and Agnes led the way in to breakfast.



The weeks passed, and Agnes made no move to sell the house, or to return to England. Ellen threw herself into the life of the house, enjoying to the full the strange customs and the unfamiliar scenes. But the more reticent Agnes accepted their new way of life more slowly, and retired into herself. One day they received a letter from Ben Dench, whom Agnes had hoped to marry, those many years ago.

"It's funny he should write after all these years," Agnes said, as she gave Ellen the letter.

"I don't think it's funny," answered Ellen, "I think it's thrilling. He must still be in love with you."

"Nonsense," Agnes said, "for a woman of my age to think of love it's . . . it's indecent! Of course, Ben has forgotten me. But in her own mind she wondered if this were true; and the thought of his visit disturbed her. On the morning Ben was expected Agnes went to Naples, taking the butler with her. There had been a curious incident the evening before. Ellen was watching the annual ceremony of "treading the grapes" when, amid music and laughter, everyone helped in the first stages of the wine-making. The girls and men were dancing barefoot in the great vat among the green grapes, and the wild peasant music of fiddle and flute, and the screams and laughter, came clearing into Agnes's room where she was playing a solitary game of patience.



## KIERON MOORE



*Born at Skibereen, Co. Cork, on October 5th, 1925, Kieron O'Hanrahan grew up there, and in Dublin, and in due course began training as a doctor; here, during some amateur dramatics, he was seen by Frank Dermody of the Abbey Theatre. A little later, when Dermody wanted a young actor, he remembered the dark, handsome young student, and offered him a part at the Abbey.*

*Doctoring receded into the background; Kieron became too interested in acting—and too good at it—ever to go back.*

*He played in London when he was nineteen, in the famous production of Desert Rats, and after this in two O'Casey plays, Red Roses for Me and Purple Dust. Then London Films signed him for seven years.*

*He was cast opposite Margaret Johnston and Dulcie Gray for A Man About the House, and for his film debut he took the name of Moore. His latest films are Mine Own Executioner and Anna Karenina.*



Suddenly she could stand it no longer; sweeping the cards to the floor, she rushed to the window and, flinging wide the shutters, "Salvatore!" she cried.

A complete silence fell on the company. Salvatore slowly released the girl he had been kissing, and in silence approached the house. Then, "Ah, Signorina, you come down to honour our little festival?" But Agnes remained silent, looking down. After a moment the dancers began again, and the music; but Salvatore moved on into the house, and only Ellen watched him go, with troubled eyes.

In the morning the long sunbeams were filling the studio with golden light as Ellen sat playing Chopin softly to herself. She was wondering why Agnes had gone out so early, when a shadow fell across the piano. "You must be Ben!" Ellen jumped up with delight. "Agnes showed me your letter."

They looked at one another with interest; Ellen saw a very distinguished-looking man in his early forties, with an air of kindly authority and eyes that smiled. He saw a lovely woman when he had half expected time to stand still with the little girl of ten or twelve in pigtailed. "Agnes isn't here!" said Ellen, breathlessly. "She went off early to Naples. It isn't like her to forget."

"I'm the kind of man women always forget," laughed Ben. The next two days were like a dream to Ellen; she and Ben swam, talked, went for expeditions into the hills, and enjoyed every minute of the long Italian days. But Agnes did not return, and the time came when Ben had to leave. The cab was waiting to take him to the ship, as they sat in the little water-front café. "Must you really go today," she said.

"Tell me, Ellen, have you enjoyed these last three days?"



"Oh, yes! I have never been so happy."

"Neither have I. . . . Couldn't we go on being happy together?"

Ellen looked at him in dismay. Surely it was Agnes whom he loved! But Ben began to press her, saying he had forgotten Agnes years ago. And Ellen, frightened of her own feelings, shrank from him, until at last, angry and hurt, he had to go off to the ship. And Ellen returned in tears to the Castello Inglese. Here she found Agnes—an Agnes transformed. Instead of the severe black schoolmistress frock she wore a wonderful gown of glittering satin, and her calm, finely-chiselled beauty shone like the sun. Full of her decision to come out of mourning, full of her wonderful shopping expedition, and her intention to make a sensation at Mrs. Armitage's party, Agnes paid little attention to Ellen's news of Ben . . . and that evening when she returned in a furious burst of anger against the malicious gossip of the English colony, and its innuendos and whispering, Agnes announced that she would marry Salvatore.

As the first weeks passed after the quiet wedding it became apparent that Agnes had given herself up completely to her husband, and her whole happiness lay only in pleasing him. But Ellen, lonely now, and

## MARGARET JOHNSTON



*Of Scottish parentage, Margaret Johnston was born in Australia. She wanted to be an actress from an early age, but at first her parents were against it. In the end, however, when her talents were so apparent, they let her come to England and study at R.A.D.A. After this she was with repertory at Bromley, Hull and Coventry.*

*After several understudying jobs (and once, during a 'flu epidemic, playing seven different parts in Saloon Bar in one evening—luckily the seven people never appeared all at once!) Margaret appeared in Murder Without Crime, where her performance greatly impressed Michael Powell, who gave her a part in Fifth Column, but this was never produced.*

*One of Margaret's best films was The Rake's Progress, when she appeared opposite Rex Harrison, and she gives another convincing performance in Edward Black's A Man About the House.*



puzzled by the swift tide of events, looked sadly at the changes Salvatore introduced. The old servants were dismissed, and replaced by some of his kinsmen. The flowers on the terrace were swept away and the vines planted right up to the house; every grape and olive the land would yield must be gathered and turned into money, and with this, Salvatore exulted, he would buy more land, and next year more again.

Very subtly—too subtly for Ellen to understand—the estate began to acknowledge a new master, and Agnes, acquiescing, did not see Salvatore's face as he lay relaxed under her caresses. But sometimes, unaccountably and increasingly, she had a persistent pain under her ribs, which she could not shake off.

One evening when the weather broke Ellen watched the brilliant lightning playing over the plain of Naples, and ran to call Agnes, but she found her already in bed. "You've come to bed very early, Agnes," Ellen said, concerned at her sister's drawn face. "You mustn't tell Salvatore—husbands hate a sick wife!" Agnes smiled, but her eyes were full of pain. At this moment Salvatore came in with a tray.

"Ah," he said, "I make some tea for my tired one," and he bent over Agnes; but his eyes grew wary as Ellen said, "Agnes should have a doctor."

"Local doctor no good," Salvatore answered, and Agnes said, "Run along, Ellen, and don't fuss."

"Drink!" said Salvatore, tenderly. "It is the egg flip made from the gull's egg, very nourishing."

"He is sweet," Agnes thought. The egg flip tasted sour, but of course this was the taste of the gulls!

As Ellen went to her room, she heard very softly the music of Salvatore's guitar, soothing Agnes to sleep. On the dark terrace below, as Salvatore stood at the window playing, a shadow moved, and he saw



Assunta smiling. It was almost as if it were to her that he was playing.

Despite her fears for Agnes, and her dislike of the changes he introduced, Ellen had to admit to herself that Salvatore worked hard. The estate prospered as never before. And as the new vineyards were laid out, and the new olive groves planted, Salvatore was everywhere, helping, supervising, encouraging. He would stoop and pick up the light, dry soil, letting it run through his fingers, his face alight with love of the land as though it were his own. One morning Salvatore lingered by Agnes, for whom he had made up a couch in the studio, so that she could look out at the work in progress. These days she could hardly walk. Salvatore said, "My dear. . . You know I am fond of the little Ellen. But she fuss because you not get well, and this make you worse. I think she go, I think perhaps we give her the house in the North Bromwich, eh?"

"That's the last thing Ellen would consent to," Agnes smiled. "Consent! I not *talk* of consent. I say she go from here!" Salvatore answered.

"But I can't talk of turning her out of her own house, Salvatore. She inherited an equal share."

"But you are the oldest; you give the orders; in the English law the house is yours. . . ."

"Only in the case of sons. Ellen has a full half share in the house and estate."

"I see," said Salvatore, and the blood drained from his face at the information. He became very thoughtful. He tried to win Ellen's confidence again, and planted flowers to please her. Ellen hardly knew when first she began to think Agnes was being poisoned. All day Agnes lay listless, smiling only when Salvatore brought her food, or softly played his guitar. One morning the maid found Stewart, the little dog, lying dead. "It is a fit," Salvatore said. "He no like the hot sun. We no upset Agnes by telling her. . . ." But Ellen saw one of Agnes's drinks that had spilt on the floor, and the dog had been licking the thick liquid.

She hurried into the village; she could find no one to help her, only Ronnie Sanctuary, who knew of no doctor and seemed, despite her urgency, unaware of the gravity of Agnes's condition. All he could say was, "When I want vettin' I pop off to London, dear lady . . . Wilkinson of Harley Street . . ." and Ellen hurried on. In the only hotel, in halting Italian, she asked breathlessly, "Signora, per favore. . . . C'e 'up medico inglesi en Napoli?"

"Why Naples? There's a doctor in Torquorolla!" said a remembered voice, and, turning, Ellen almost fell into Ben's arms. "Ellen, Ellen, my darling," he said, and half to himself he said, "How right I was to come back!" To Ben, as they returned to the villa, Ellen poured out all her fears. Already, before seeing Agnes, his experience as a doctor was telling him a good deal, and his frank eyes betrayed no laughter now.

When they came into the studio Agnes lay asleep, with a strange expression on her face. She opened her eyes, taking a long time to recover consciousness, and she smiled foolishly. "You've a visitor, Agnes," said Ellen gently. "Hullo, Agnes," said Ben, taking her hand. "Why, Ben!" said Agnes, "how nice to see you!" And then, "Why are you taking my pulse?" she said. "Oh, habit, I suppose," laughed Ben, releasing it. But he watched her closely, and took up her medicine bottle, putting the tip of his finger to the mixture, and to his tongue. Leaving one or two private instructions with Ellen, and a reassuring smile for Agnes, soon after Sir Ben Dench was walking towards the cliff top, where Salvatore was gathering gulls' eggs. Far down the cliff, Salvatore dangled on his rope, collecting the eggs. And at the top, quietly waiting, Ben looked out over the Bay of Naples, hundreds of feet below. No prospect, perhaps, could have been more innocent or more peaceful. He watched grimly as Salvatore's hand, and his head, and his shoulders, appeared above the cliff edge. Salvatore rose to his feet: "Who are you?" he said. "An old friend of your wife. I have just come from seeing her. I happen to be a doctor, too. Your wife is very ill—but she can be cured," Ben said gravely. "You make me very happy," said Salvatore, his hands trembling. "In diagnosing her condition I have considered a number of possibilities that might have caused it. Nearly all of them I can dismiss—alcoholism, diphtheria, lead poisoning . . . but I cannot dismiss the possibility of arsenic poisoning." Ben took a medicine bottle from his pocket, and sniffed at it. He moved towards the cliff edge as he continued talking, Salvatore watching every step he took. Suddenly wheeling, "Mr. Ferraro," Ben said, "I know you have been coldly and deliberately poisoning your wife." For a long minute neither man moved or spoke. Then Salvatore hurled himself forward, and, taking Ben by surprise, forced him with a terrific blow to the cliff edge, where for a moment he hung poised between sky and sea. As Salvatore followed the blow Ben turned aside, moving back towards the path, and taking off his coat as he did so. "I've tackled bigger men than you, and better," he said, through the trickle of blood at his lips.

Now, regardless of the terrifying drop beside them, the two men stood and exchanged blow for blow, the great fists of the Italian and the scientific precision of the Englishman pitted in a fight that seemed to be equal. And then Salvatore began to fall back. Two terrific blows threw his head with devastating force against the olive tree, and he fell so close to the cliff edge that his foot hung loose in space. And so Dench left him. He lay, sobbing. He clutched the soil in his fingers, crying, "It was my land, it was my land," over and over again. After a little while he allowed himself to fall, and there was nothing at the cliff top but the trampled earth, the basket, and the broken gulls' eggs.

In the following weeks, despite the tragedy, Ellen was happy again. There was the funeral, and Agnes's terrible grief; her slow return to complete health, and her recovered serenity. It seemed obvious that Salvatore had slipped while gathering the gulls' eggs, and she remembered him, and his love for her, as the most precious thing in her life. Ellen pressed her to come with them to India, now that she and Ben were married. "Ben, you never knew my husband, did you?" Agnes said. "Er . . . no," Ben answered. "There was nobody in the world like him. So loving, yet so gentle and so strong. He was a wonderful man, and a perfect husband," she said. "I'm sure he was," Ben said, as he kissed her good-bye. Ellen was already in the carriage. Looking back, they could see Agnes standing a long time, lonely and yet serene. At last she turned back into the house—her husband's house—and the estate which she would administer always in the way he would have wished.



# AMERICAN STUDIO NEWS

by Jack Kutcher

IT is rather difficult these days to write anything about forthcoming films from Hollywood, because with the present 75 per cent tax imposed by the British Government, American plans for future productions have gone slightly haywire, to say the least of it. At the time of going to press, however, discussions are being proposed between both sides to try to find a compromise which will allow a fuller showing of British films in the United States in return for a greatly reduced tax on American films imported here. We hope these discussions will prove successful, not only for the benefit of both industries, but also for our own future entertainment.

Fortunately at the time of the Government's decision to impose the tax, the American Companies already had a fair-sized stock of films in cold storage over here, and these are being released in a conservative manner to make them go a long way.

ONE of them is *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now*, which will be released before the end of the year. Starring June Haver and Mark Stevens, this is yet another lavish technicolour musical put out by Twentieth Century Fox. This Company has produced technicolour films in a really big way this year, and of those completed we may yet see *Forever Amber*, with Linda Darnell, and *Captain from Castile*, starring Tyrone Power. These two films, which have cost well over £2,000,000 between them, are now completed and are

being edited. Twentieth Century have at least five other technicolour films scheduled for this year, but. . . .

NINE OUT OF TEN of the leading stars complain that they are always cast in the same type of rôle in each of their films, and wish that they could vary their characters. But Claude Rains wants to be quite different! He has complained to Warner Bros. that he has had too wide a variety of screen rôles in the past and would now "like to be cast in 'type' rôles for at least a couple of years." "What about making me into a villain, or even a noble, heroic type?" he asks. In the past he has played such diverse parts as Cæsar in *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, a Nazi villain in *Notorious*, and a temperamental composer in *Deception*.

DO YOU REMEMBER when Miss Sophie Rosenstein, Warner Bros.' talent scout, was over here earlier this year and "discovered" Canadian-born Lois Maxwell and Robert Douglas? Well, you will be interested to know that since returning to Hollywood with them Lois Maxwell has completed *That Hagan Girl* with Ronald Reagan and Shirley Temple. Lois (pronounced as "Lewis") plays the part of an American school teacher in this film. Now both she and Robert Douglas have been given major rôles in *Christopher Blake*, a new film starring Alexis Smith.



Edmund Gwenn, Maureen O'Hara and John Payne form a happy group in 20th Century Fox's "The Big Heart."

WHILST ON LOCATION in Mexico for his latest film, *The Treasure of Sierra Madre*, Humphrey Bogart and wife Lauren Bacall purchased stocks of Mexican pottery, silverware, clothes and curios so as to furnish completely the Mexican wing of their new house. Bogart suggested including a couple of burros (donkeys) in their collection, but Lauren put her foot down firmly. Finally her husband finished up with a bull instead! It appears that the local toreadors and suchlike wanted to kill this animal at a bullfight in Bogart's honour, but his heartstrings were torn at the thought of it and so he bought the animal for 500 pesos. If Lauren would not let you keep those burros, Mr. Bogart, I am sure she will not tolerate your bull!!



ling, and a lot of the work done by members of the department might well make the average camouflage expert envious. Often, however, it is the simplest methods that are the most effective, as witness the time when Russian newspapers of 1870 and Russian children's books were required for *Anna Karenina*.

Thanks to the remarkably complete list of contacts available, it was possible to acquire the newspapers, but the kiddies' books presented great difficulties. However, a way out was found by acquiring books printed in English and superimposing Russian titles on their covers. This simple device proved most effective and saved many hours of fruitless search among the bookshops of Charing Cross Road and Bloomsbury.

There are certain recognised sources of supply for various props, and the property buyer keeps up-to-date his list of individuals and firms from whom articles may be hired. Almost all the costly and valuable props are hired, but the ordinary small articles are usually bought outright as and when they are needed.

Repair and maintenance play a big part in the work done by members of this department. It is wonderful what a few cunningly applied dabs of paint or varnish will do in refurbishing an article that has lost its first pristine freshness, and as there are many experts in the principle of "mend and make-do" at Shepperton, the costs are kept down to the bare minimum.

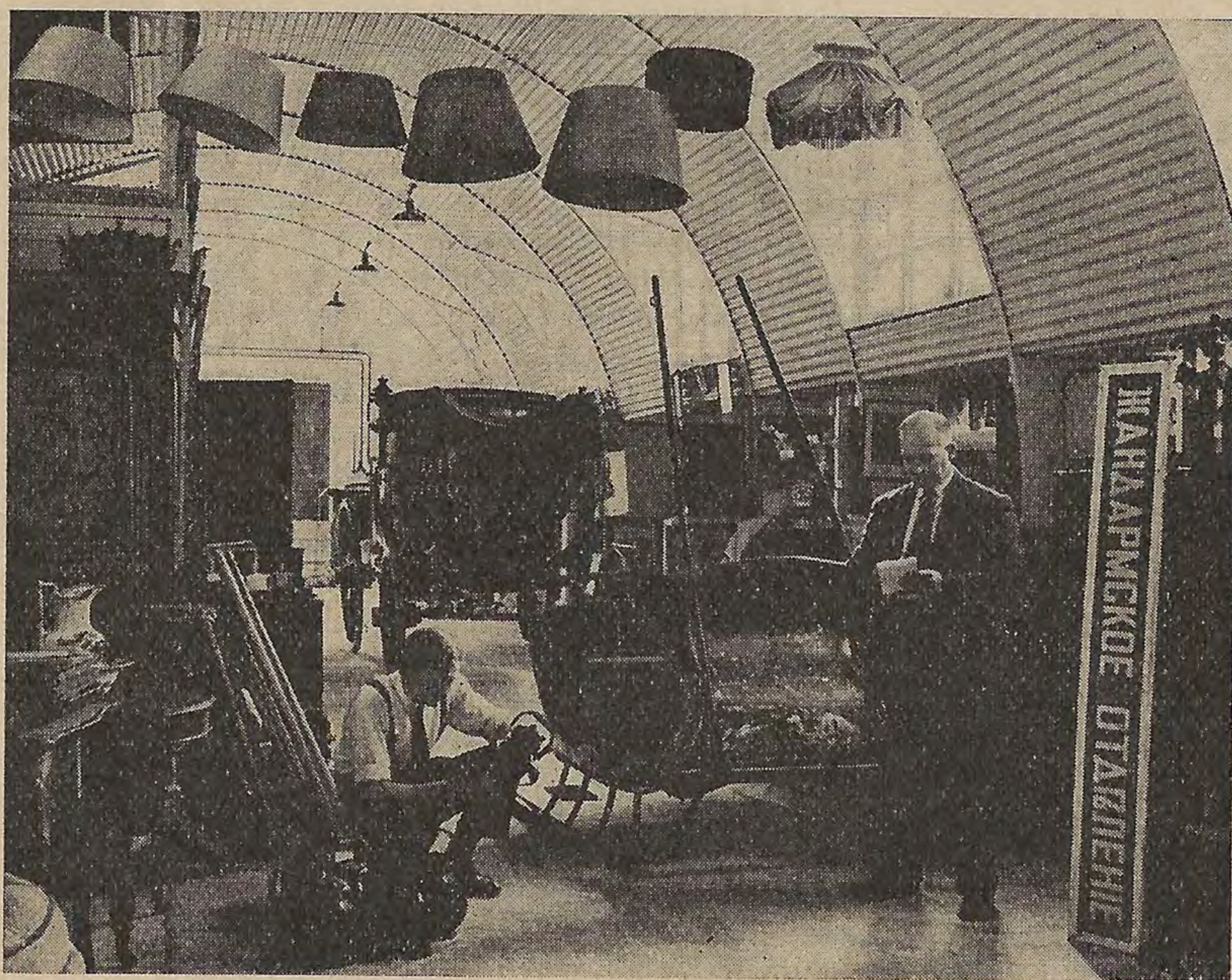
In the fascinating storehouse that is the Property Department you will find, as has been explained, an amazing collection of articles covering many countries and many periods. But of useless and unnecessary ones you will not find a trace. Everything there is needed for a current production or will be needed for future ones. Space is too precious to allow for the storing of anything other than a real necessity.

(Continued from page 8.)

first cutting stages. The separate track is known as the "dialogue track." Not only is the "clapper boy" filmed with his board stating the number of scene and "take" and the actual "clapping," but he also speaks the same information, and this with the noise of the clapper is recorded simultaneously on the sound track.

Now the Editor, Margery Saunders, has to run these two films through on the "Moviola," an ingenious film-viewing machine which enables her to see and hear the film forwards and backwards as she pleases, and select the best place and reason for each "cut" which the Director had in mind when he was "shooting" the film on the floor. By trial and error of the different ways in which scenes may be arranged the Director and Editor will have them joined together until sequence is "proved" (i.e. one complete episode of the film). When the film is complete all the sequences are spliced together to make what is called a "rough-cut," and it is here that the really hard work of the Editor begins. The film will be seen by the Director, Editor and all heads of Departments who will discuss it thoroughly, and many alterations may have to be made. Once finally approved and titling and any visual effects, such as dissolves and fade-outs, etc., have been added, the film is deemed to be a "fine-cut." Now for the *special* effects necessary to finish off the sound track. Incidental music is composed and recorded on one sound track, special sound effects (for example, foot-steps, background effect noises, etc.) on other tracks and dialogue on another. (Usually a "guide" sound track is used on location scenes owing to extraneous noises which cannot be eradicated at the time, and another sound track is later recorded from the projected film in the studio cinema.) The different sound tracks are then run through together and, controlled by the Sound Engineer at a "mixing panel," are recorded again on one film to make a *finished sound track*. This is known as "dubbing."

Finally to the last process, namely, to cut the original negative film exactly as the Editor has cut her working copy. The "dubbed" sound track and the edited original negative will now both be printed on to one film, which will be sent out and run through the projector at your local cinema. Whilst the film has been made the Stills Department has been kept working at full pace photographing and printing numerous copies of the different sets and scenes, in order to be distributed together with news reports to the trade and press in order to give the film its advanced publicity. Thus in that finished film lies the result of the work of the technicians I have endeavoured to explain, and from what I have seen of this production I think I can safely say that you will be provided with yet another piece of grand entertainment.



A corner of the vast property department at London Films' Studios with some 'Props' used in *"Anna Karenina"*.



# Vogue & Beauty

THIS is the first of a series on Vogue and Beauty with the latest information from the fashion and beauty world.

by Phyllis Lewis

high. "Eet makes me a Beeg Woman," she says!

And now to Beauty.

I am commencing with some extracts from my diary: "... Spent the afternoon at Leichner's being shown the best way to apply their make-up, and care of the skin. They have a very interesting and wonderful little set, where, with the use of enormous mirrors and arc footlights, you can stand on a miniature stage and actually see yourself as a theatre audience would see you. Needless to say, this is well used by the theatrical world. ...

A very well-known beauty specialist told me how amazed he was at the number of women who were careless of their personal cleanliness. The finest beauty culture is to keep spotlessly clean. A good skin and complexion depend upon the circulation and purity of the blood and a good brisk wash, or, if possible, a daily bath coupled with a really sharp daily walk will keep your skin clear and your eyes sparkling. Starlet Joan Dowling tells of a grand way to boost your circulation. While going for your daily walk, try breathing in short, sharp breaths through the nose for five or ten minutes. I've tried this and, as Joan says, it's as good as a facial. It's not necessary to do this every day; once a week is sufficient.

Get into the habit of doing daily exercises. The result is more than worth the effort. There are many beneficial exercises, and I shall be glad to let you have further details.

By the way, don't forget to keep your hair clean. Hair that is not clean can be the cause of a pimply

"... Had a long chat with Jack Kevan, famous Hollywood make-up expert, who gave me many interesting beauty hints. ... Met Davis Factor, jnr., at a cocktail party at the Dorchester. He shows great enthusiasm over colour harmony. ... Spent the day at Gainsborough Studios, where I met Julie Harris, who is designing the clothes for *The Calendar*. She told me that Greta Gynt's clothes alone cost over £1,200. Nylon slipper satin is used for her bridal dress, with white and silver bead embroidery round the low neck and on the elbow-length sleeves. The bridesmaids' dresses are peach net, heavily embroidered with white cotton. They are most effective. The National Association of Jewellers have loaned the jewellery for this film, which includes a £24,000 necklace of 220 graduated pearls in three strands, fastened with diamond and emerald clasps. This is worn by Greta in the wedding reception scene. The dresses are the new length and the shoulders have the new feminine line. ... Met Yvonne Owen, who was such a success as the girl-friend whom Dennis Price couldn't persuade to go for a 'last' walk, in *Holiday Camp*. Yvonne, who is now making *Easy Money*, is in favour of the new length of dresses—providing they are not too long. Joan Ellacott has designed the clothes for this film, and they are not only attractive but practical. ...

"... Had facial massage and make-up at Cyclax's Saloon. This is a grand feeling—a most refreshing and relaxing treatment."

The controversy over long skirts still goes on. Several Cinematic fashion creators are against them. One film star in favour of long skirts, however, is Maria Montez (now over here to be with her husband, Jean Pierre Aumont). Her black wool suit has both the longer skirt and jacket. The jacket is outlined with a narrow band of black Persian lamb. It is nipped in at the waistline, and also has a curved cut-away front and curved slot pockets at the sides. With the suit Maria wears an exquisite hand-made blouse of blue chiffon, corded and tucked with ruffle collar.

Keep an eye open for the shoes Carmen Miranda wears in *Copacabana*. One pair has platforms 10 in.



A new portrait of beautiful Ann Sheridan.



complexion. Have you ever noticed how many men (and women) look at your hair during the course of the day? Think how nice it is to know that your hair is free from scurf and is clean and shining. The condition of your hair is an indication of your personal pride, care and well-being. Wash your hair at least once a fortnight and brush and brush and brush it every day. The skin of your scalp should be easily movable, and if it feels tight you should massage the scalp, using the first finger and thumb of each hand, then pinch the scalp, starting from the back of the head and going all over until you feel your skin tingling. Then place your fingers and thumbs firmly on the scalp and move it around. If your scalp is very dry and scurfy, these exercises will also help to loosen the scurf, and make it easier to brush out. I would also suggest that about half an hour before you shampoo your hair, rub in olive oil or castor oil. Try and get the oil on the scalp only. If your hair is falling out, a course of electrical massage will help. The essential thing is to get your scalp really tingling and loosened up, as this keeps the hair cells alive. So go to it!

Internal cleanliness is every bit as important as external cleanliness. You know we've always been told not to eat and drink together; well, you'll be interested to know that, as a result of many experiments by doctors, it has been shown that drinking with your meals is not as harmful as has been previously thought. On the contrary, it has proved beneficial in a great many cases. The stomach is kept more moist this way, and doesn't become dry, which is one of the chief causes of constipation. You should drink at least six glasses of water during the day. Barley water is very healthy and is very pleasant to drink if a little lemon juice is added.

Next comes the teeth. We nearly all dread going to the dentist. I must admit that the very mention of the word "dentist" gives me cowardly shivers! It's only the realisation that if I keep on putting off going to see him, and don't go regularly every six months, that any fillings will get bigger and bigger, that drags me there. Think how small your fillings will be if you have them seen to in good time. Did you know there is a toothpaste that contains jeweller's rouge, is red in colour and tints the gums a lovely pink! The jeweller's rouge polishes the teeth and gives them a pearly lustre.

Your eyes can be, and should be, your most intriguing and attractive feature, and great care and attention should be given to them. Make sure that you are not suffering from eye-strain. Vitamins A and D are excellent for improving the sight, and your diet should include as much raw carrots and greens as possible. Give your eyes their daily tonic. Bathe them with warm water to which a pinch of boracic powder has been added. A nightly application of vaseline or castor oil on the lids and lashes will keep the lids soft and make the lashes grow thicker and darker. There are very many good exercises for keeping the eyes bright and healthy and for strengthening the eye muscles.

Eye specialists agree that stiff neck muscles have a bad effect on the eye muscles, so limber up that neck.

Well, I think I have generalised enough for this issue. All these dull but essential routines are to help you have a good healthy skin vitality that makes other people aware of you; which is, after all, the foundation of glamour. I know that reading a lot of instructions

is inclined to be boring, and after trying several exercises they become a monotonous routine, but you should persevere and give them a thorough trial.

Our skin, unless it is given, *in addition*, proper and careful attention, will gradually lose its natural oils and elasticity and become lined. This has nothing to do with growing old, as the youngest skin can be dry and wrinkled and the oldest smooth and supple. We can consider ourselves lucky that there are excellent skin foods, tonics, creams and beauty preparations that we can buy, and that will keep our skin lovely. I'll let you know about some of them next time.

If you have any problems or desire any information, I shall be very pleased to try to help you. You should address your letters, "Vogue and Beauty Editress," c/o Screen Stars Ltd., 266 Pentonville Road, King's Cross, London, N.1, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply.



*Hazel Court wears this dream dress by Acquer. Created in hyacinth blue slipper satin, the jewel-set bodice is stiffened and strapless, moulded to the figure down to the top of the hipline, where the swathing for the bustle and cascade begins. The long gloves, almost to armpit length, are a flawless match in hyacinth kid.*



## BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES

### CARY GRANT

Archibald Alexander Leach—Cary Grant to you—was born at Bristol in 1904, on January 18th, to be precise.

At the age of thirteen he distinguished himself by running away to be an actor; four weeks later they caught up with him and fetched him home, but in eighteen months he did it again, and they have never caught up with him since, so he is still an actor.

He appeared in many stage successes, specialising in musical comedies, in the fifteen years or so before 1932, when he made his first film, "This is the Night." Since then he has established a firm hold on the public, and such films as "Gunga Din," "The Philadelphia Story," "Arsenic and Old Lace," and "Notorious" will long be remembered.

Cary is in England now discussing two films he is to make for Sir Alexander Korda.

### JOAN HOPKINS

Born in London not so very long ago, Joan Hopkins is a young actress who will go far, say discerning critics. She was trained at the R.A.D.A., and had her first stage chance in the West End when she played Lucy in "Ladies in Retirement," but her big moment came when Wendy Hiller left the cast of "The First Gentleman," at the Savoy, and Joan was given the part of Princess Charlotte, which she was understudying. So great was her success, that when the play came to be filmed Joan was given the same part, and she now has also a nice seven-year contract with Associated British. She is not a newcomer to films, however, for film-goers will remember her in "We Dive at Dawn," "Squadron Leader X" and "Alibi" and, of course, in the recent success, "Temptation Harbour."

With stage and screen work, and broadcasting too, Joan is kept busy; but she finds time to run her own flat and has been busy recently bottling fruit. She loves the National Gallery and spends much of her spare time there; she is a gay soul, easy to please, with very few dislikes. One of them is smoking—another is publicity. But this last one she will have to conquer, I fear.

### MARK STEVENS

Mark, real name Richard Stevens, was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on December 13th. When he was three years old his mother took him to live with her parents in England. Three years later they returned to live in Montreal.

At the age of sixteen Mark, deciding that he would like to be an actor, managed to obtain small parts in several Stock Companies, and subsequently found himself doing three jobs at once—on the radio in the daytime, with Stock Companies in the evenings, and as night club singer and M.C. after his theatre performances!

His first attempt to crash into films in Hollywood was unsuccessful and he returned home, where he started work again, this time as a junior commercial artist, and several other jobs until he had saved up sufficient money to have another try at Hollywood.

After much difficulty he entered films via Warner Bros., who gave him a small part in "Objective Burma." Other small parts followed which apparently offered little scope for Mark's acting ability, and because he refused to show up on the set one day his contract was cancelled!

Twentieth Century Fox quickly signed him to a long-term contract and he was given the lead in a small picture, "Within These Walls." Loaned to R.K.O., he co-starred with Joan Fontaine in "From This Day Forward." Then back to Twentieth Century for a performance in "The Dark Corner," which was to set his prestige to a high level. His latest film is "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," co-starring June Haver.

## ROUTES TO THE STARS

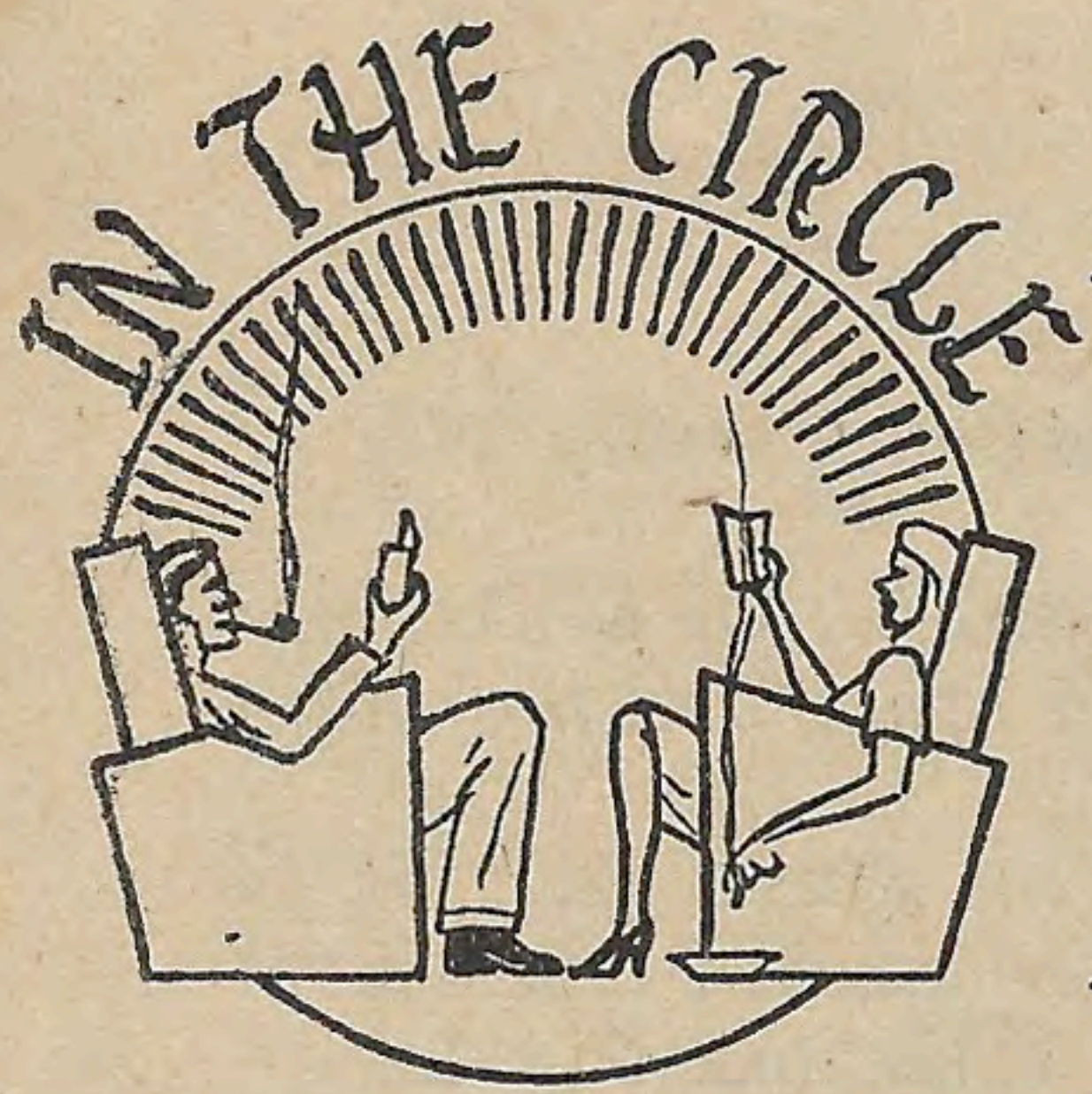
Many film fans are desirous of writing direct to their favourite actors and actresses, and often find that if they write to them c/o a publisher, cinema circuit or the such-like that their letters are returned to them. We give here the first of a series of addresses where letters may be sent for forwarding. The stars may not necessarily be under contract unless stated, but have made at least one film for the company named. The names in italics are now under contract.

When writing to an American company we suggest that you enclose an International Reply Coupon (price 6d. from any Post Office) for a reply.

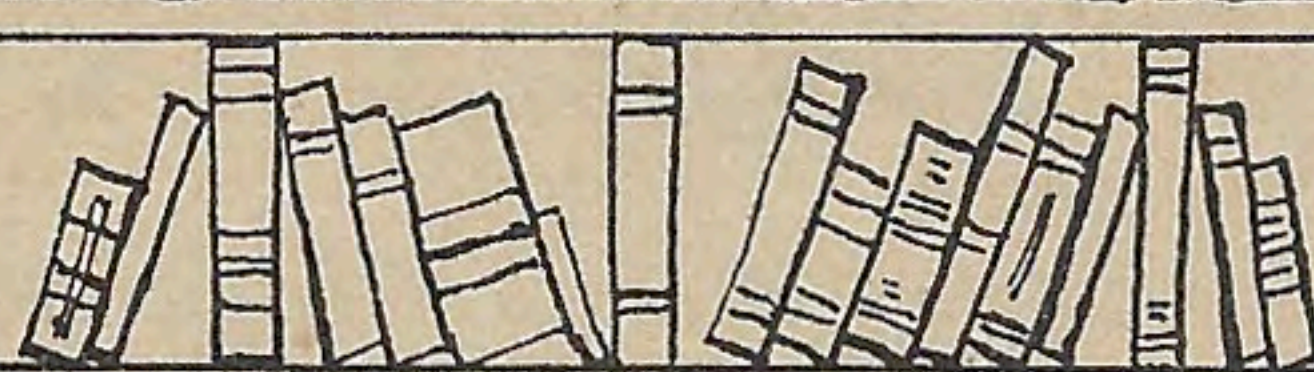
c/o Twentieth Century Fox Studios, Movietone City, Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

|                  |                 |                   |                   |               |
|------------------|-----------------|-------------------|-------------------|---------------|
| Lynn Bari        | Jennifer Jones  | William Eythe     | Victor Mature     | Vincent Price |
| Anne Baxter      | Trudy Marshall  | Henry Fonda       | Lon McCallister   | Cesar Romero  |
| Vivian Blaine    | Dorothy McGuire | Preston Foster    | Roddy McDowall    | Mark Stevens  |
| Jeanne Crain     | Maureen O'Hara  | Reginald Gardiner | George Montgomery | John Sutton   |
| Peggy Cummins    | Ann Rutherford  | Farley Granger    | Lloyd Nolan       | Kent Taylor   |
| Linda Darnell    | Sheila Ryan     | Richard Greene    | Kevin O'Shea      | Clifton Webb  |
| Alice Faye       | Gene Tierney    | Rex Harrison      | Michael O'Shea    | Cornel Wilde  |
| Peggy Ann Garner | Helen Walker    | Kurt Kreuger      | John Payne        | Robert Young  |
| Betty Grable     | Dana Andrews    | Frank Latimore    | Gregory Peck      |               |
| June Haver       | Richard Conte   | Fred MacMurray    | Tyrone Power      | ★             |





# SCREEN STARS



## Book Club

To those readers of this book who have not yet been acquainted with our Book Club, we introduce ourselves on this page.

This organisation was founded so that its members could be assured of obtaining their copies of the better quality film books which have been published. For the annual subscription of 5/- (this is equivalent to 1d. per week) from the date of joining numerous facilities are offered to club members.

So great is the demand for these film books, and because of the restricted number of copies of each edition printed, many readers have had difficulty in getting all the titles they want. Such disappointments can be avoided by joining the club.

We have plans for enlarging the scope of the club, which will include *fiction* books which have been made into films. These will be the *original* novels and *not* film editions. If you are interested in further details about the club please write to us and post in an unsealed envelope (1d. stamp).

We reprint extracts from a few of the numerous letters which are received at our offices each week, and make no further comment.

*... I should also like to take this opportunity of thanking everybody who made the Book Club possible. And I am looking forward to getting a lot more books and stills from you.—P.S., Kent.*

*... I would like to commend you on your speedy and efficient service.—P.H., Hertfordshire.*

*... I have been very pleased with the books received from "The Screen Stars Book Club," and take this opportunity of congratulating all concerned on its great success.—M.B., Norfolk.*

*... I would like here to express my admiration for one of the few reliable Book Clubs established in this country.—P.B., Surrey.*

### SCREEN STAR PORTRAITS

These lists contain the only selections of film star portraits available for the present. When the printing paper situation improves we hope to be able to add to these lists. The PORTRAIT Series are printed on double-weight art paper, in SEPIA only and varnished to give a high gloss. Please note that these series are sold in complete sets ONLY. When ordering please indicate clearly the number of the SET. All orders are despatched in a special cardboard container.

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*Alexis Smith*





*Mark Stevens*



# SCREEN STARS BOOK CLUB

We include here a list of books which are now available from us, and we wish to emphasise that these are the *only* books remaining in stock (in addition to any other lists contained in this book). Any other film books are either out of print or have not been selected for the club.

*Non-club members* may purchase the books contained in our lists, but are required to include postage as follows with their orders:—

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Books priced more than 5/-.....6d. postage on each unless otherwise stated.

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