SCREEN STARS

FILM MISCELLANY

THE STORY OF THE FILM

"ONE NIGHT WITH YOU"

STARRING PATRICIA ROC AND NINO MARTINI

CONTENTS ALSO INCLUDE

ERIC PORTMAN
AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

ART PORTRAITS
OF FAVOURITE STARS

BRITISH CARTOONS
A RIVAL TO DISNEY?

MAKING-UP
BY VALERIE HOBSON

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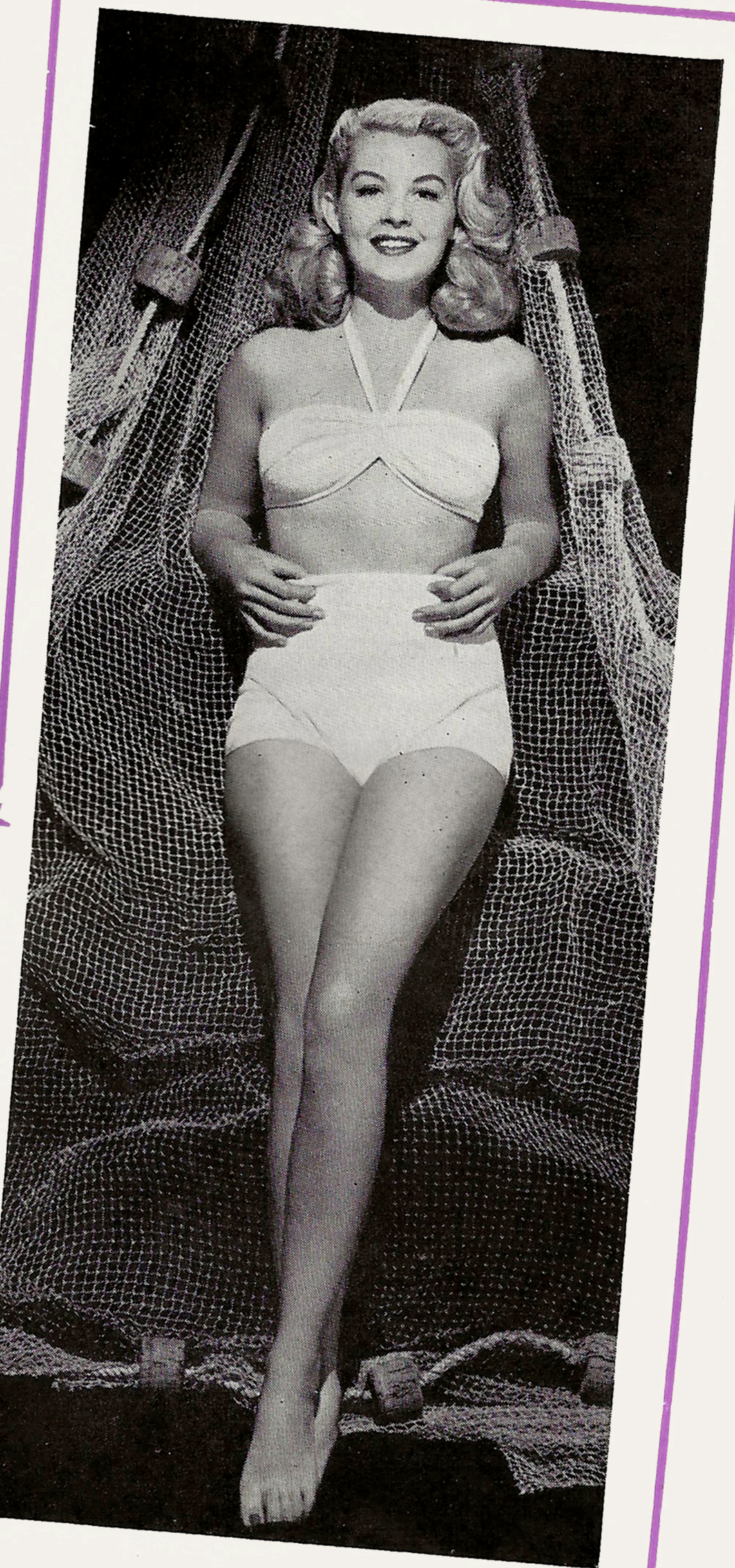


Barbara Bates
Warner Bros.

SUM(MER) BEACH WEAR!

Eric Portman

see article on Page 21

SCREEN STARS

FILM SERIES No. 2

FILM MISCELLANY

★

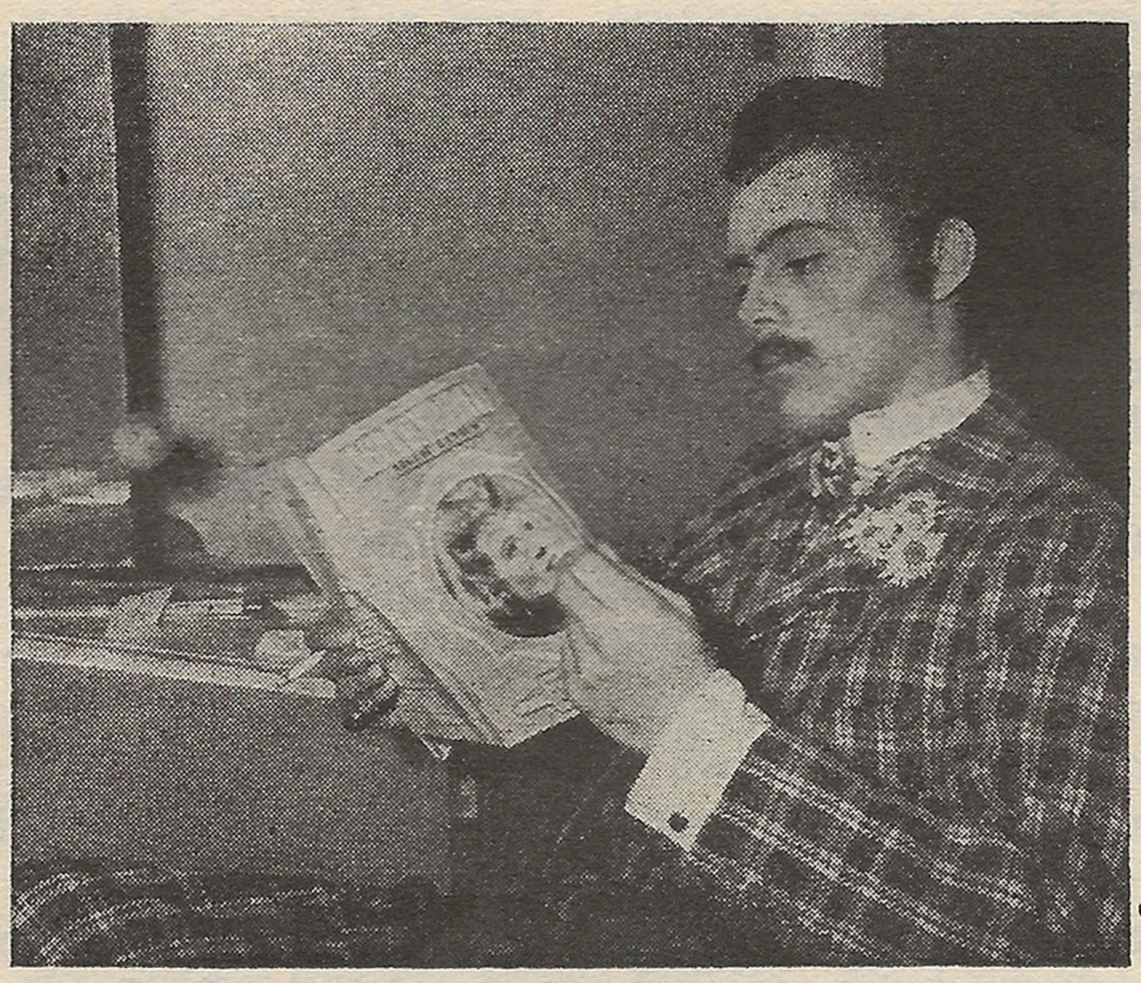
EDITORIAL

With the writing of this editorial, we hear of the satisfactory agreement which was reached between the British Government and Mr. Eric Johnston, President of the Motion Picture Association of America, the main points of which are that the 75 per cent Tax on new Hollywood films has been rescinded, and that British films will now receive a much wider and fairer distribution in the United States than ever before.

This is indeed good news, for the Tax, which had originally been imposed to limit expenditure of Dollars, had already begun to have a demoralizing effect upon cinema entertainment in this country, coupled with the fact that the production capacity of British Studios could not possibly fill the resultant gap. As Mr. Johnston similarly stated—this agreement is a victory for neither side, but a proof that satisfaction to all concerned can be reached on *any* subject if and when negotiations are discussed amicably.

In conclusion, I would like to thank you all for the magnificent response received after *Screen Stars Studio Review* was published. To those readers who requested that we publish a new edition of the series each month, I can only state, regretfully, that because of the severe shortage of printing paper, we are unable to do so.

THE EDITOR



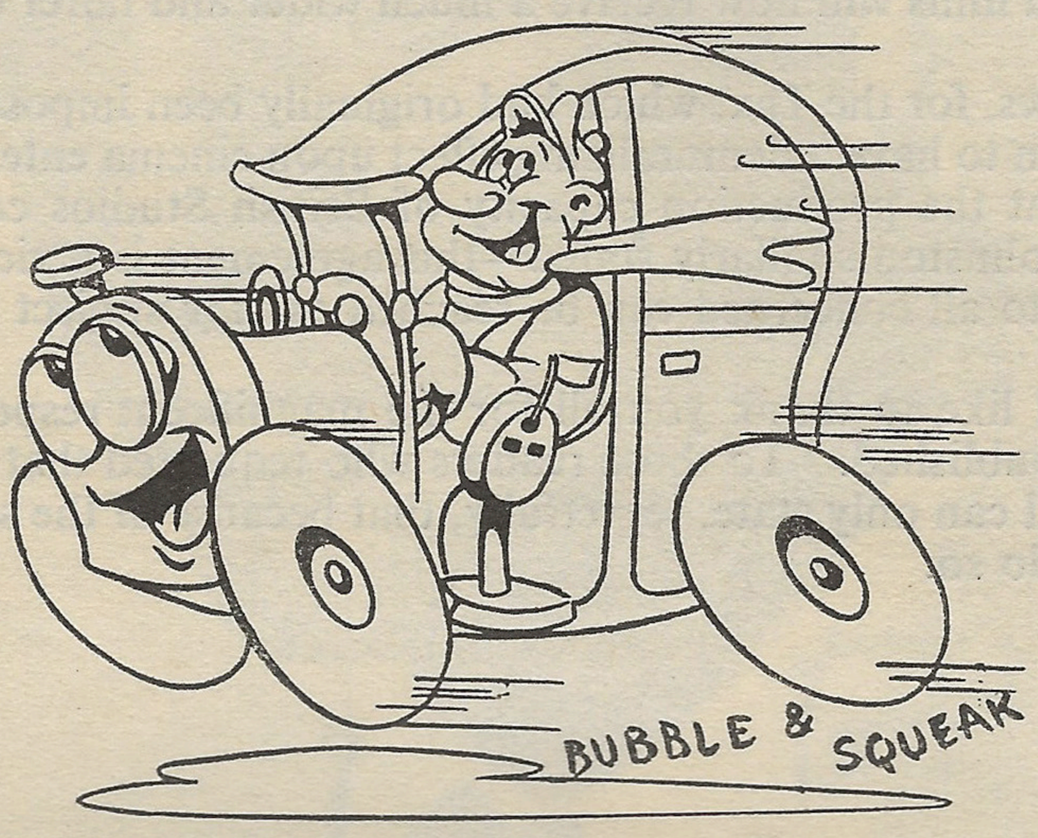
This reader of "Screen Stars" is Dirk Bogarde, whose first screen role is opposite Kathleen Ryan in the Wessex Production of "Esther Waters"

BRITISH CARTOONS

by Jack Kutcher

ONE would hardly expect to find a busy animated cartoon industry situated in an obscure corner of a button-producing factory. But there it was, and, as I had my first sight of the studios of British Animated Productions Ltd., I felt sceptical as to their ability to produce colour cartoons which would match the genius of Walt Disney.

But before proceeding further, perhaps I had better run through the very brief history of B.A.P. Ltd., up to this stage. Strangely enough this gallant attempt to give rebirth to the British Cartoon Industry was started by an American G.I.—George Moreno Jnr.—who having married an English girl whilst stationed here during the war, decided to settle here and work on two characters which had formed in his mind after chatting to a typical London Taxi-cab driver. These eventually evolved into "Bubble" the Cab driver and "Squeak" the Cab.



Animated cartoons had been Mr. Moreno's profession in America, not only as an artist but also as Unit Director of the successful full-length cartoon *Gulliver's Travels*. The business side of his idea was settled shortly after his meeting with R. A. Smith and Leonard and Harry Moring, two brothers who own the button factory.

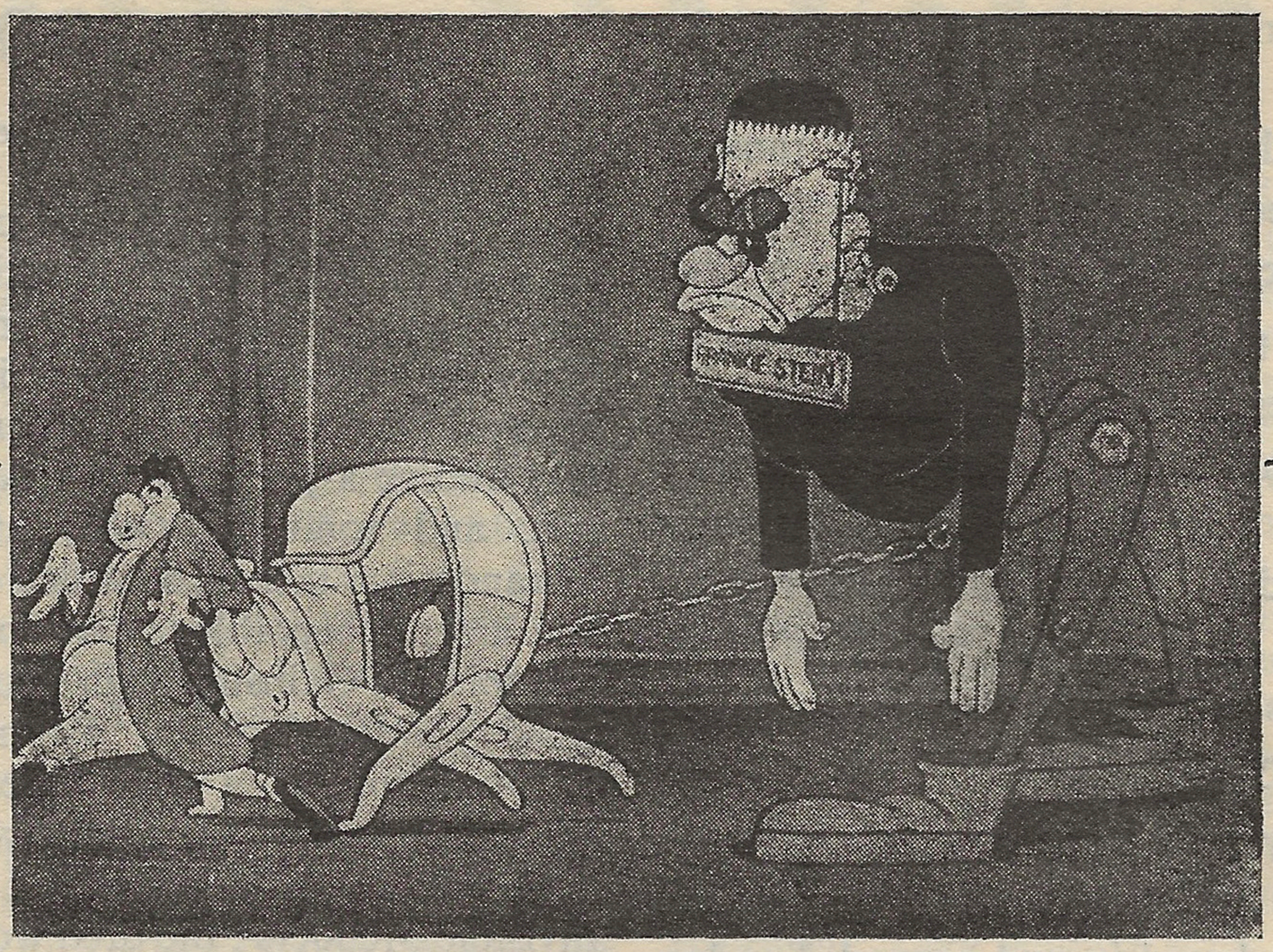
The cartoon team started work in a bombed building in a busy corner of Walthamstow, London; but they were forced to move to quieter surroundings in their present abode—once the staff canteen of the button factory in North London. There they are resigned to a lengthy stay until more appropriate premises can be found.

British Animated Productions really astonished me, for having already seen the very cramped conditions under which they are at present working and the makeshift apparatus used, I hardly believed it possible to produce colour cartoons which would challenge the world-wide monoplies held at present by American cartoon companies.

Mr. Moreno, now the Production Manager, showed me around the Studios, where they have a staff of 40 artists and technicians, most of whom had never previously worked on animated cartoons. And they do all their work in a space about a quarter the size of a football pitch, (the vast Disney Studios in California cover many acres and employ well over 1,000 men and women.)

Because of the very extensive delay between the ordering and delivery of technical equipment, B.A.P. have been forced to use either home-made or improvised apparatus. Their Technicolor camera, for example, is entirely home-made, and to photograph the finished drawings this needs to be of the highest precision. Then the projector which is used to show the days 'rushes' would have put Lumiere (the pioneer of the cinema) to shame. The 'rushes' incidentally have to be projected through a hole in the wall into a draughty corridor. But despite these drawbacks the equipment does all the work required of it and it *is* a necessity until the new deliveries arrive.

The procedure for producing an animated cartoon was briefly explained to me by Mr. Moreno. To start with the Producer and Director prepare a draft of the story idea for the new cartoon. A conference follows with the rest of the staff, when further ideas and "gags" are suggested, and from this a scenario is mapped out. The chief layout man prepares a series of



" roughs "—or sketches to illustrate the general atmosphere and action, and from these other layout men prepare the separate backgrounds.

The story has already been mapped out on a layout sheet, and each scene has been allotted a certain number of feet of film, so as not to run too long or too short on the screen. Each scene, after being given an identifying number, is broken down again into sections, each of which will be allocated a certain number of picture frames (approximately 24 frames are equivalent to one foot of film).

Now again each frame will be marked so as to indicate exactly what sound and action it will carry. Meanwhile the musical score has been written and the arranger's sheet will carry the same information.

The preliminaries have now been completed and all is ready for the final stages. The Key Animator makes drawings of the extremes of each action (that is, the beginning and end) and his assistant and other artists make the in-between drawings and fill in the details. It takes 15,000 of these drawings for an average cartoon of 600-700 feet in length, which will run on the screen for only 7-8 minutes.

In order to test for smooth movement and rectify any faults, the rough drawings of each scene are collected together and ' flicked ' over. Eventually, by continual experiment these ' roughs ' are made into ' finished roughs ' which are then traced in Indian Ink on to celluloid sheets (or ' cells ' for abbreviation). The ' cells ' are then reversed and painted with opaque colour paints. The backgrounds are painted on to separate ' cells '. When all are ready and have been checked, the ' cells ' go into the camera department where those belonging to each

The above characters have been painted onto a different celloid, i.e. (a) " Bubble " the Taxi driver, (b) " Squeak " the Taxi and (c) " The Monster." Because opaque colour paints are used, they can be superimposed without visual over-lapping (as shown). These three ' cells ' are then placed on top of a painted background sheet and the whole photographed in Technicolor to produce one ' frame.'

In order to produce the semblance of action for the succeeding frames, further ' cells ' are drawn and painted showing the fresh movements required. These will be photographed in the same way, and the process repeated until each separate photograph follows on to show final continuity of action.

picture are superimposed to make a composite picture. When the complete film has been photographed, the sound effects and musical score are ' dubbed ' onto a sound track and the finished film is ready for showing to the public.

Mr. Moreno told me that his policy is to produce characters and cartoons which not only have ' an English flavour ' but at the same time are drawn on a broad scale so that they can easily be followed by cinema audiences in foreign countries ; for, after all, the export of these British Cartoons can play a vital part in our National recovery.

I have already seen three completed films—*The Big City*, *Fun Fair* and *The Old Manor House*. The first two are based in and around London (including Piccadilly Circus) and the Hampstead Heath Funfair, respectively. I might add that I was greatly impressed with the vitality and colour of these cartoons, in addition to the very bright and cheerful signature tune and introductions.

As a beginning we can be proud of these first examples and there is no doubt that when the Studios, as a unit, are able to work under the ideal conditions necessary, they will not only rival Disney's characters in popularity, but may also rival his genius and artistry. British Animated Productions are already preparing a draft of their first full-length feature,—and who knows—it may surpass the popularity of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. Incidentally, a newly completed cartoon by B.A.P. is a humorous episode based on " The Legend of the Loch Ness Monster."

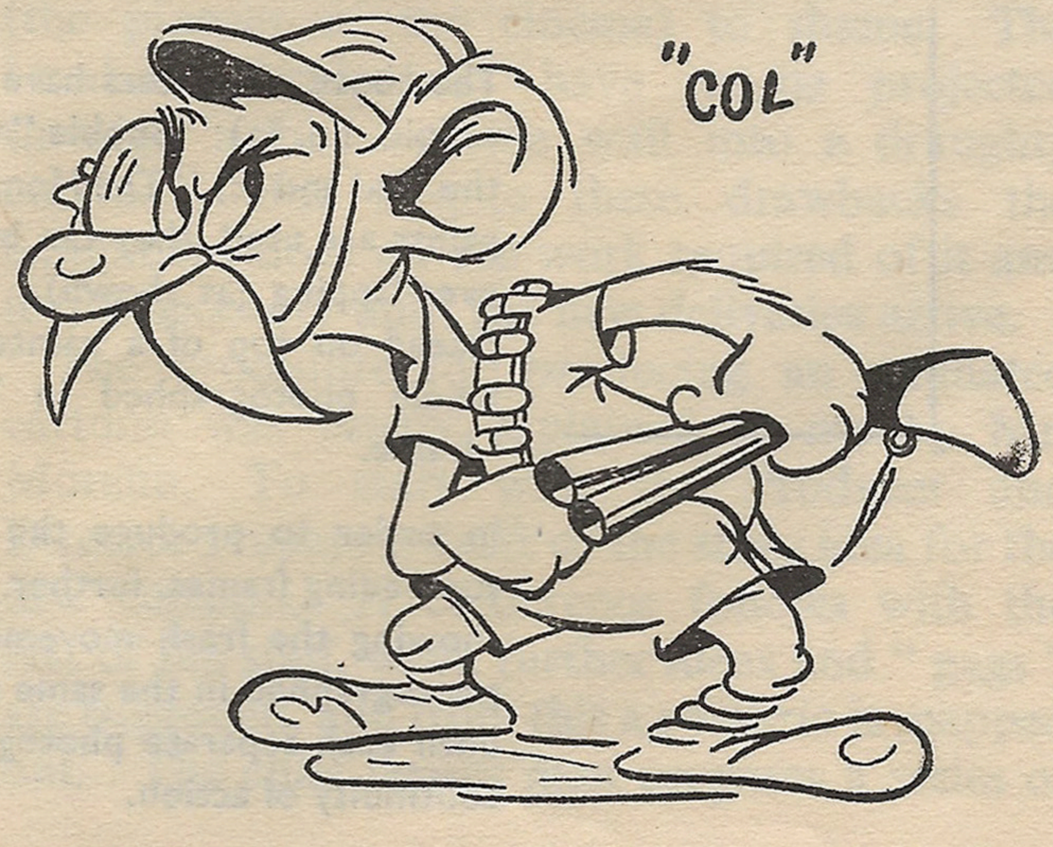
As the characters in these cartoons become well known to the public, we shall be seeing them in all shapes and forms and plans are already well advanced towards the manufacture of Toys, Novelties, Children's furniture, even Wallpaper, and of course, books and annuals ; for this commercial side of the animated cartoon industry is very important not only from the financial side, but also from the publicity point of view and there again this will constitute a vital factor in our future export trade.

NEW BOOKS

reviewed by Christopher Adams

I have been reading a new batch of Books of the Film (World Film Publications, 2/-) and find them well up to this publisher's high standard. Warwick Mannon's *Miranda* is a very amusing account of what happens when a young doctor takes home a patient who is very lovely at one end, and somewhat scaly at the other—for Miranda is a mermaid, which doesn't make her any more acceptable to the doctor's wife. The gay spirit of Gainsborough's comedy comes over well in Mannon's book. The next book, another of Mannon's, is a very different affair. *Bond Street* is a story of the people who live and work in London's fashion centre ; the girl at the Invisible Menders', the tired women at the dress-makers', the paper-boy and the spiv ; there is romance, laughter and tears—and sudden death —in Bond Street. Another powerful story set beside the shifting fog and turning tides of the river is Arnold Meredith's adaptation of *Day-break*, the dramatic film with Ann Todd and Eric Portman, a sad and moving story with a tragic and inevitable climax. The last of these latest titles is *His Brother's Keeper* in which Eric Britton tells a fast-moving story of escape and pursuit, with Jack Warner's bold film performance admirably translated into fiction.

A welcome new edition of Charles Dicken's *Oliver Twist* (World Film Publications & Paul Elek, 8/6) makes this famous novel available again in time for the presentation of Cineguild's film. The book is well illustrated with scenes from the film.



BRITISH STUDIO NEWS

by Jack Kutcher

DOWN AT PINEWOOD STUDIOS in Buckinghamshire, work is nearing completion on Cineguild's screen version of THE PASSIONATE FRIENDS by H. G. Wells. This film co-stars Ann Todd, Claude Rains and Trevor Howard. (We shall shortly be seeing Ann's first Hollywood film THE PARADINE CASE and SO EVIL MY LOVE made on her return here in 1947 with Ray Milland.)

For an important scene being shot, Ann was seated at a table in a realistic construction of a flat, with balcony and outside scenic view in perspective. She not only looked beautiful but also thoroughly delighted as Trevor Howard proudly entered bearing a salver containing a sumptuously cooked chicken and roast potatoes. For the purposes of the film he had cooked this meal himself, whereas in actual fact a 'props' man was busily boiling it on a portable stove, just out of sight of the camera !

This film is being directed by David Lean whose OLIVER TWIST is now completed and ready for screening, and which by all accounts promises to be even better than his "Great Expectations."

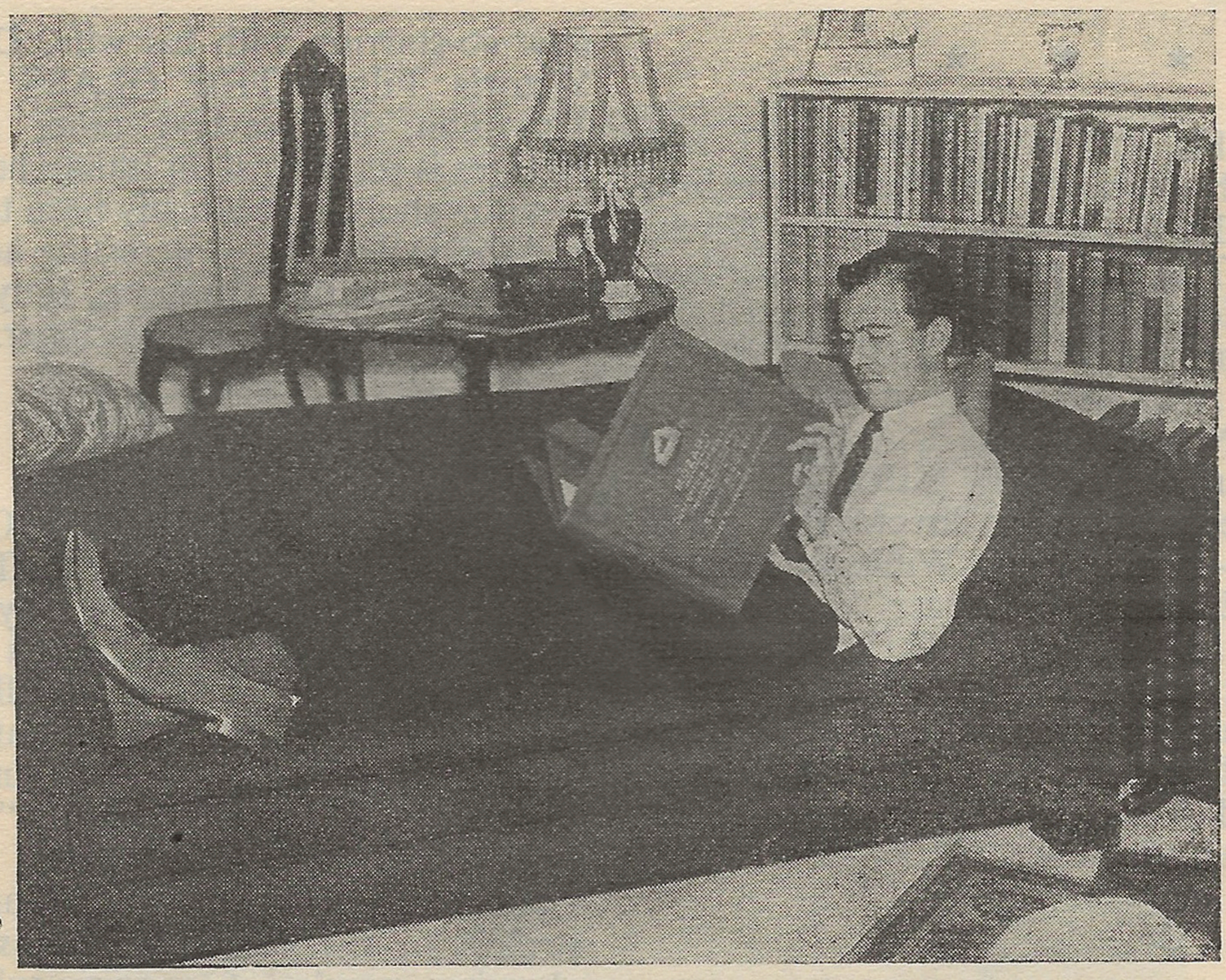
* * *

ON ANOTHER STAGE shooting was in progress on Individual's LONDON BELONGS TO ME starring Richard Attenborough and Susan Shaw. Under the direction of Sydney Gilliat the unit was anxiously awaiting a period of rainy weather so that appropriate outside scenes could be filmed. Typical of the English climate, instead of 'luscious rainy days, they had to wait a long time for the period of the year. As a last resource however it was necessary to ask the assistance of the metropolitan water board to play their hoses on the houses at the location to produce a rainy appearance !

The other half of the Individual team meanwhile, directed by Frank Launder, was out in the Fiji Islands shooting scenes for THE BLUE LAGOON starring Jean Simmons and Donald Houston. *They* wanted some *fine* weather for outdoor shots, but the Islands were at that moment experiencing the worst weather, including hurricanes, for over thirty years ! However, all turned out happily in the end after patient waiting, and both the Fiji and London teams have now got some excellent and natural shots "in the can."

* * *

ANTON WALBROOK'S LATEST film THE



An 'at home' study of Michael Denison who rose to stardom in "My Brother Jonathan."

then finally sucked into containers and loaded by hand into boxes at the rate of over 100,000 a week.

Lipsticks are mixed in liquid form and poured into moulds while still hot. After placing into a cooling unit to harden they are removed and fitted into containers.

The solutions are mixed and then filtered by means of an electrical machine which forces the liquid through a series of filters fifty times quicker than was formerly achieved by hand.

You may be interested to know that the new type of crinkly lipstick containers are also manufactured on the same premises. These originate from coils of brass—and after passing through no fewer than 56 different operations they become the finished container ready to hold the lipstick. Mr. Webster who is in charge of these operations carefully explained the different processes to me from the stage where the 8 component parts were pressed and turned in their dark greasy state, through to the shop where the inner parts of the container are " pickled " in an acid solution and then nickel-plated for protection under varying climatic conditions. They are then barrel-polished and the grease removed by devapourization. Once degreased they are ready for the final stages and are thenceforth untouched by hand.

The outer casing is dipped in a lacquer solution and baked in an infra-red oven for 4 minutes at a temperature of 600°F. All parts are then assembled and passed to the lipstick department for filling.

Factories are now to be found in Ireland, Canada, France and South America in addition to the one in Bournemouth,—all manufacturing cosmetics identical in quality to those made at the main factory in Hollywood. They work in close harmony to achieve a global uniformity necessary to maintain the high standard already created for use in the film industry and with the general public.

It was certainly an interesting and informative visit and I was glad to have had the opportunity of meeting Mr. Titford, the Export Manager, who happened to be in Bournemouth at that time.

The manufacture of cosmetics requires not only hygienic preparation, but also the use of ingredients of the highest quality. By adhering to these principles the major British cosmetic companies have made their products one of our valuable exports—as women must be beautiful in every corner of the World.

Danielle Darrieux and Georges Marchal in " Miraze " a new French film to be released through G.F.D.

"One Night With You"

A TWO CITIES FILM

THE CAST

Giulio	NINO MARTINI	Mary	PATRICIA ROC
Piero	BONAR COLLEANO	Santel	HUGH WAKEFIELD
Matteo	GUY MIDDLETON	The Tramp ..	STANLEY HOLLOWAY
Ludovico Fogliati	CHARLES GOLDNER	Lina Linari	IRENE WORTH

Screen play by C. Brahms and S. J. Simon
(adapted from the Italian musical comedy "Fuga A Du Voci")

PRODUCER .. .. .. JOSEPH SOMLO DIRECTOR .. SHAUN TERENCE YOUNG

The Story of the Film

by WARWICK MANNON

THE only sound in the big Conference Room came from the radio ; a rich baritone poured from the loud speaker with the lovely music of " Pagliacci."

Lina Linari sprawled decoratively across an armchair in the most comfortable position to display her heavily-insured legs ; Pirelli, the director, stood pensively by the window ; three depressed looking persons, obviously authors, huddled together on a settee. Only Fogliati moved.

The great Fogliati ; indeed, the only Fogliati. Star maker, ace producer, man of millions, one of the legends of the legendary world of films. Ludovico Fogliati himself.

" What a voice . . . What a voice ! " the great man cried as the music came to an end. " And he starts here next Monday . . . Ludovico Fogliati presents another Ludovico Fogliati super-production with . . . with. . ."

" Ludovico Fogliati," Lina suggested. The great producer ignored her ; she was only a star.

" What *is* his name ? " he asked.

" Giulio Moris," replied a secretary.

" Giulio Moris ! " Fogliati repeated in ecstacy. " A good name for films—so easy to change . . . All I need now is a story." He swung on the unfortunate writers, a huge box of huge cigars in his hand. " Just one wonderful little idea," he pleaded. " I could bring you a wonderful idea myself—if I had the time."

" A story about Egypt, perhaps ? " finally suggested one of the writers, after a painful silence.

" Yes, Yes . . . Another *Caesar and Cleopatra*, but on a large scale, of course. Go on ! " cried Fogliati, standing on one foot.

" An Egyptian princess, in love with a young soldier home from the wars . . . the Egyptian priests do not like this love affair ; they sing—the soldiers, I mean. . ."

" Good. Wonderful, even ! " cried Fogliati again. " Magnificent, I congratulate you."

" You like it," the writer beamed. His companions sat up, itching to get at their typewriters. There was a little pause.

" No," said Fogliati.

" What about me ? " Lina asked, stubbing out her cigarette and standing up. " I thought this was *my* story conference."

"Oh, but there is a wonderful part for you—isn't there ? " and Fogliati appealed to the director, who looked glum. " Well, don't worry, leave it to me."

" Last time I left it to you your name was billed bigger than mine," said the star, bitterly.

" I have a wonderful idea—well, an idea," said writer number three. His adam's apple wobbled. " A troubadour, who wanders and sings . . . knights in shining armour ; medieval castles, battles. Glorious Technicolor, of course."

" Stop, stop ! " shrieked Fogliati, " I want a simple, wonderful, *cheap* idea for a baritone. I have it : he falls in love."

" Listen Fogliati, no baritone is going to fall in love with me ; they sing at you, and sing at you, and you have to sit and look as if you like it." Lina moved towards the door.

The producer followed, bleating, " Come, Lina . . . darling, come . . . we shall find you a wonderful story, it is only a question of time. We have Giulio Moris, and of course Lina Linari, and the finest cameramen in Italy, and we must not despair. We have Ludovico Fogliati ! He is always one move ahead of his competitors."

The star swung round. " Ahead of what ? " she asked, tartly.

" His competitors."

" I thought you said creditors," she remarked, and went with a loud slam of the door.

The story conference got under way again.

* * *

Like a wounded snake, the Rome-Milan express

dragged its slow length along. It was making a full seventeen miles an hour, and was barely thirty minutes late. Piero, never satisfied, sat in his corner fidgeting. To him the train seemed to be crawling, and the clock flying along. " What is the time ? " he kept asking, and his companion, bored, kept answering " It's a quarter past seven," "It's twenty past seven," and so on.

" I'm meeting another train at Campo Reina," the young man explained. He was a very young, very earnest young man, either very much in love or sickening for tonsilitis. To Giulio Moris he was an object of mild amusement. The famous baritone sat very much at ease, in his shirt sleeves, lazily watching the landscape as it rolled by, and idly wondering what manner of girl could love the excitable object before him.

" Oh, she is an English rose ! " Piero cried, as if he read his companion's thoughts. " Mary—I call her Maria. We met : we loved. It is an immortal affair. She will be waiting."

Strangely enough, she was. Another long black train

stood at the opposite platform as Piero's train pulled in, and looking from a window was Mary.

" Maria ! Maria ! " Piero cried as the train came to rest, and Giulio caught a glimpse of a girl as fresh and sweet—surprisingly enough—as the young man had said. In fact, she was lovely and now as she jumped from the train with her little dog in her arms, calling over her shoulder, " I'm taking Floppy for a run, Daddy," she was the most perfect thing on that platform—or in all Italy, Piero would have protested. They fell into one another's arms, somewhat crushing the little dog.

" Careful, people might see us," Mary said at the tenth or twelfth large scale kiss. Giulio, watching, felt an old man in the face of such enthusiasm. He sighed in his musical baritone, and stepped down to stretch his legs along the platform.

" Piero, I don't know how to tell you," Mary said, her voice trembling a little. He held her close to him.

" Someone has been unkind to you ! I will kill him. Who is it ? Although I am the man who loves you, I am also your friend."

" I'm going to be married ! " Mary said somewhat fearfully.

" Of course you are ! " At first Piero didn't get it, but then, violently (having got it) he cried, " Who to ? "

" Matteo DeLuca . . . his father is Daddy's oldest friend. So you understand, don't you ? " Mary was about to go on to say she would be a sister to him, when Piero burst out,

" I will kill him ! "

" But you'll like Matteo—he's not a bit like an Italian," Mary pleaded, rather tactlessly perhaps. Then, as he didn't answer, " Piero, what are we going to do ? "

" Kill ourselves—No, no that won't do ; that comes later. I will talk calmly and dispassionately man to man with your father. Which is he ? What is he like ? " Without waiting for an answer he leaped on to the train and began raging from one compartment to another looking for any passenger who looked like an elderly Englishman.

PATRICIA ROC

★

Born at Hampstead, London, on 7th June 1918, *Pat Roc received her education in London and Broadstairs. After leaving school she went to Paris where she learnt to speak fluent French. On returning from France she studied for a while at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.*

After an interview with Sidney Carroll she was given a part in his stage production, Nuts and May *at the Ambassadors Theatre. The play ran for a month. Her first film role was as the Polish Princess in Alexander Korda's* Rebel Son. *Numerous other films have followed since then, from* 1941 *to* 1948 *including* The Mind of Mr. Reeder, Millions Like Us, 2,000 Women, Love Story, Johnny Frenchman and The Wicked Lady ; *in* 1945 *Pat went to Hollywood and played in* Canyon Passage. *Back to England in* 1946 *to star in* The Brothers, So Well Remembered, Jassy, When The Bough Breaks,*and lastly* One Night With You.

Pat lives in a flat near Regent's Park, London and her favourite recreations include painting, cooking riding and she is an accomplished ice-skater. She has an inseparable companion in " Floppy " her pekinese.

★

Suddenly Giulio, who had been watching with amusement, saw Mary's little dog snap at a large and ugly dog belonging to another woman ; like lightning the other dog snapped back, and a tangle of leads, dogs, and ladies ensued. It was a first-class fight, and everybody watched with interest as the screaming women tried helplessly to lug apart the snarling dogs. Giulio hurried to their assistance. Meanwhile, with a derisive hoot of its whistle, Mary's train slid along the platform and deserted her. But she cared nothing for this—yet. Instead, she was busy thanking Giulio, caressing Floppy (who licked complacently at a couple of small but honourable scars) and looking daggers at the other woman.

" That was the bravest thing I ever saw," Mary said warmly to Giulio.

" Not at all, Signorina. Nice doggie," he smiled, patting Floppy, who bit him.

" Don't mind Floppy, he's so playful," Mary laughed. " How can I ever thank you . . . oh ! oh, stop ! My train ! " She screamed and ran to the platform edge : her train showed no sign of stopping and indeed

disappeared from sight as she watched, going strong. " What shall I do ? " she wailed.

" Why, take the next one," Giulio smiled. " Mustn't get upset about a little thing like that."

" A little thing ! " Mary cried indignantly. " The man I love is on that train ! " Giulio stood smiling at her, but suddenly his expression changed. Turning, he shot up the platform like a scalded cat, crying " Stop ! Stop ! " but with marvellous acceleration his own train was now roaring out of the station amid the farewell cries of the porters. Giulio tripped over a pile of luggage and lay cursing breathlessly.

" Mustn't get upset about a little thing like that," Mary observed, maliciously. Giulio, dusty, agitated, feeling a fool in his shirt sleeves, looked at her with dislike. Mary, alone, severed from the man she loved, not to mention her father, looked back with reciprocal dislike. Portly, elderly beast, she thought. Stupid, pampered play-girl, he thought. Side by side, in silence, they stalked towards the Station-master's office.

* * *

Side by side, Mary and Giulio, still obviously not friends, left the stationmaster's office. That gentleman had been sympathetic but stupid. He couldn't understand who had lost a father and who a fiance ; and he didn't comprehend why the gentleman wasn't wearing a jacket. He had no luggage ; no money ; and no ticket. It was suspicious. And the young lady, it seemed, had fallen out of her train. However, finally he did some telephoning here and there, and at last blandly remarked that each could catch the next train, one at seven-fifty, the other at eight-ten.

" Good," said Giulio, looking at his watch, " any minute now."

" Seven-fifty to morrow morning," the stationmaster insisted, firmly, " Eight-ten also," he added. The lost travellers looked at one another. " But in any case," the stationmaster pointed out, " you have no money so you couldn't buy a ticket." He bowed them out.

Mary had no money ; she hadn't even any pockets to her neat little summer frock. Giulio had money, plenty of it—in his wallet, in his jacket, on the train . . . but nothing in his immediate possession.

" So we just stay here and wait," Mary said listlessly.

" Not here," said a porter as he passed, " we are closing the station for the night now." He pointed to the road, which stretched away in unbroken solitude, not a house in sight. " That is the way to the town. It is a long way," he added as an afterthought.

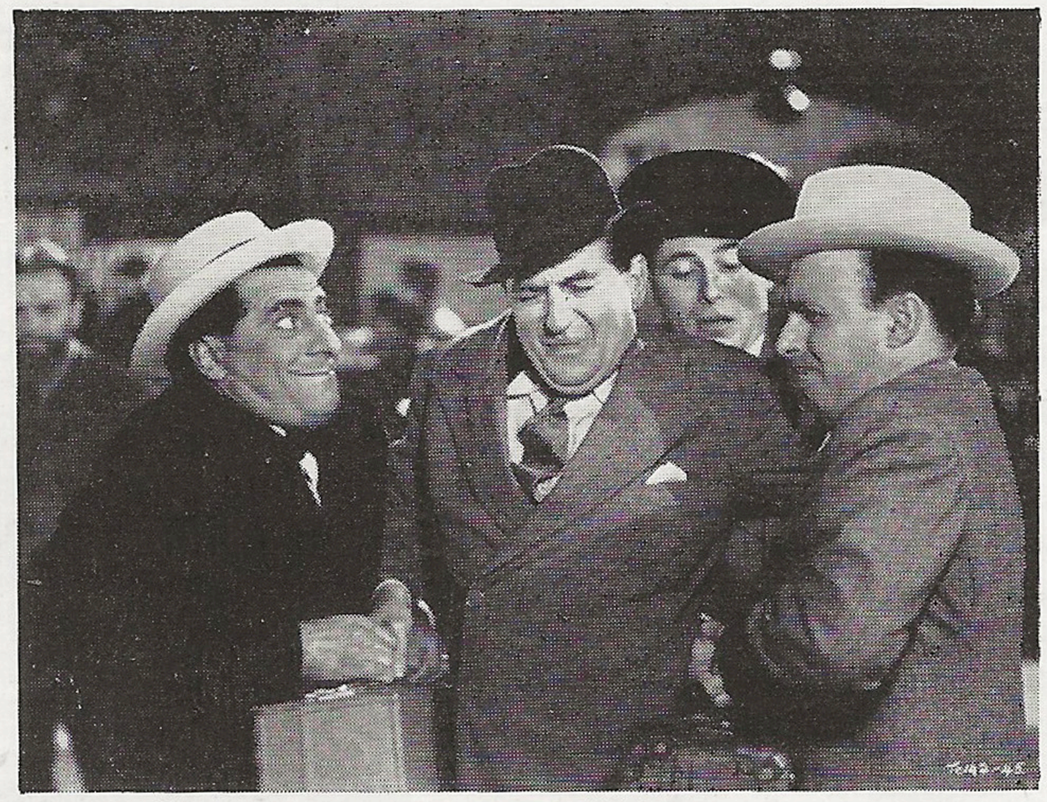
Two unhappy travellers and a bewildered pekinese set out to walk. The only thing that could be said for it, Mary thought, was that it wasn't raining. She trudged manfully on, trying not to be impressed by the still beauty of the Italian night under its myriad stars. Far below the road gleamed the purple waters of a lake, with the distant lights of the town dancing on the dark surface. It was a glorious view—but Mary was hungry.

" I had no lunch," she murmured. " Floppy had no lunch either."

" I had an excellent lunch," Giulio boasted. His voice fell. " But I had no dinner. I do wish I'd had dinner."

" I do wish I'd had lunch," Mary rejoined.

" I suppose your fiance will be very worried," Giulio suggested.



" It'll probably be too late to ' shoot ' you to-day."

" You suppose wrongly ; nothing ever worries him."

" Indeed—he didn't seem so calm when you were talking to him," Giulio observed drily.

" Oh, that wasn't my fiance," Mary laughed. " That was the man I'm going to marry." Her voice grew tender as she remembered Piero.

" Would that be the same as the man you love ? " wondered Giulio.

" Do you think I'm the sort of girl to marry a man she doesn't love ? " Mary asked coldly.

" But does your fiance know about the man you're going to marry ? "

" What's it got to do with him—or with you ? Stop asking questions and do something ! I'm hungry," Mary exploded.

They trudged on in silence. In silence, they came into the little town, and in the market-place they halted. All around them happy well-fed people with money in their pockets were enjoying the pleasant evening. Mary seated herself on the parapet of a fountain, looking very lovely, and very hungry.

" We must beg," Giulio said with decision.

" But I've never done it before," Mary protested. Nevertheless she scrambled to her feet and allowed him to lead her to a suitable corner, and pose her dejectedly with outstretched palm. If she hadn't looked so much like a beautiful English girl doing it for a wager the pose would have been perfect.

" More pathos, and shiver a little as if you were cold," Giulio suggested, preparing to go and beg in the other corner of the square.

" I am cold," Mary called after him, shivering.

There were few people about, and they were either other beggers or people whose principles bade them hold on to their money. Mary had no customers, Giulio only one. This was an elderly well-to-do woman who paused and looked carefully at him.

" A healthy able-bodied young man !—how can you stand there like that ? " she cried, keeping a tight grip on her purse.

" It is difficult," Giulio murmured, " but I'm hoping to get enough money to buy a chair." The woman hurried on, and Giulio decided to rejoin his partner at the other branch of the business. " No luck ? " he said—" No luck ! " she answered, mechanically thrusting her little palm in his face.

" I'm still starving," she said piteously.

" What about him ? " Giulio pointed at the little dog.

" You mean you'd eat Floppy ! " her voice rose in horror and she clutched the little beast to her.

" No—it's an idea though, but there's not enough of him. I mean can he do anything—turn somersaults, cartwheels, beg ? "

" He can stand on his hind legs and catch biscuits—but we need biscuits."

" Precisely—and not for Floppy," he agreed fervently.

" I once sang ' Come Back to Erin ' at a school concert," Mary said doubtfully. Vaguely, she tried to remember the words ; she had a rough idea of the tune. " Da, da, de da da," she hummed.

" Try it," he encouraged, " they might throw us money—or something." He pushed her gently into the middle of the square.

Mary had never looked lovelier—nor sung worse. The moonlight fell like a caress upon her perfect little figure, and her face transformed by hunger into something etherial and not of this world. She looked like an angel, come to bless that little market-place with the music of Heaven. Quivering slightly, but with surprising strength, her voice rang out over the cowering cobbles.

" Come back to Erin . . ." she sang

Within a very short space lights sprang up, windows flew open, and loud Italian voices protested into the night. " What is it ? " cried one ; " Do you want to wake the children ? " cried another ; " It's the third murder this month," protested a fourth ; " Where's the fire, help ! " contributed the fifth. Dogs barked, babies howled. Bravely, Mary sang until even Giulio felt there must be an end. He led her back to the fountain, very angry and ashamed, mostly because he was laughing at her.

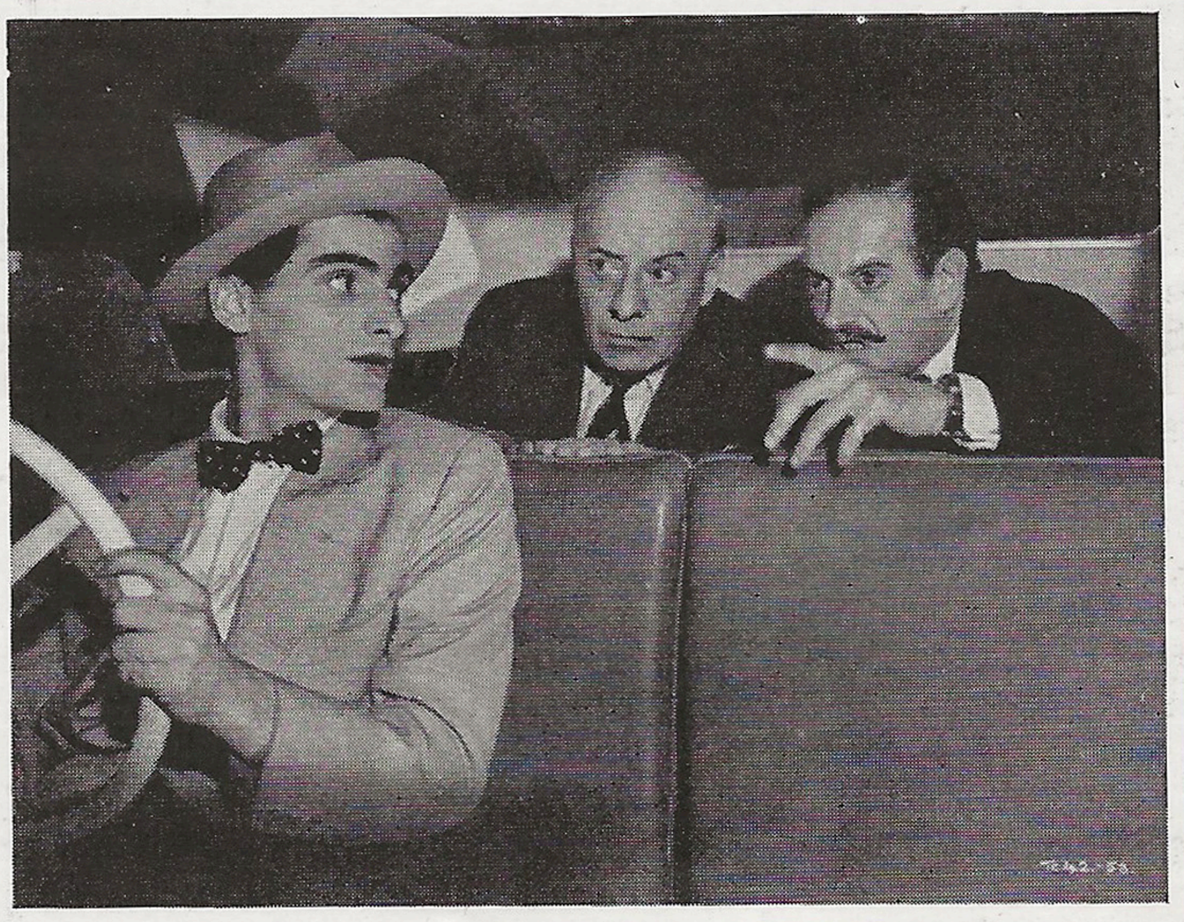
" See if you can do any better," she stormed. Giulio smiled, and decided to try. Very softly, stepping into the middle of the deserted market-place, he began to sing.

There was a hushed silence except for the swelling baritone, and then the first coin fell with a musical tinkle, followed by another, another, and then a shower. Mary ran picking them up until she had a hatful. Catching the last coin in mid-air, Giulio bowed gracefully and the song was over. Arm in arm, with Floppy dancing behind, the two travellers left the square. Nearby, they knew, there was a late restaurant still open : their quickened senses could pick out the smell of cooking, even among the innumerable smells of an Italian town.

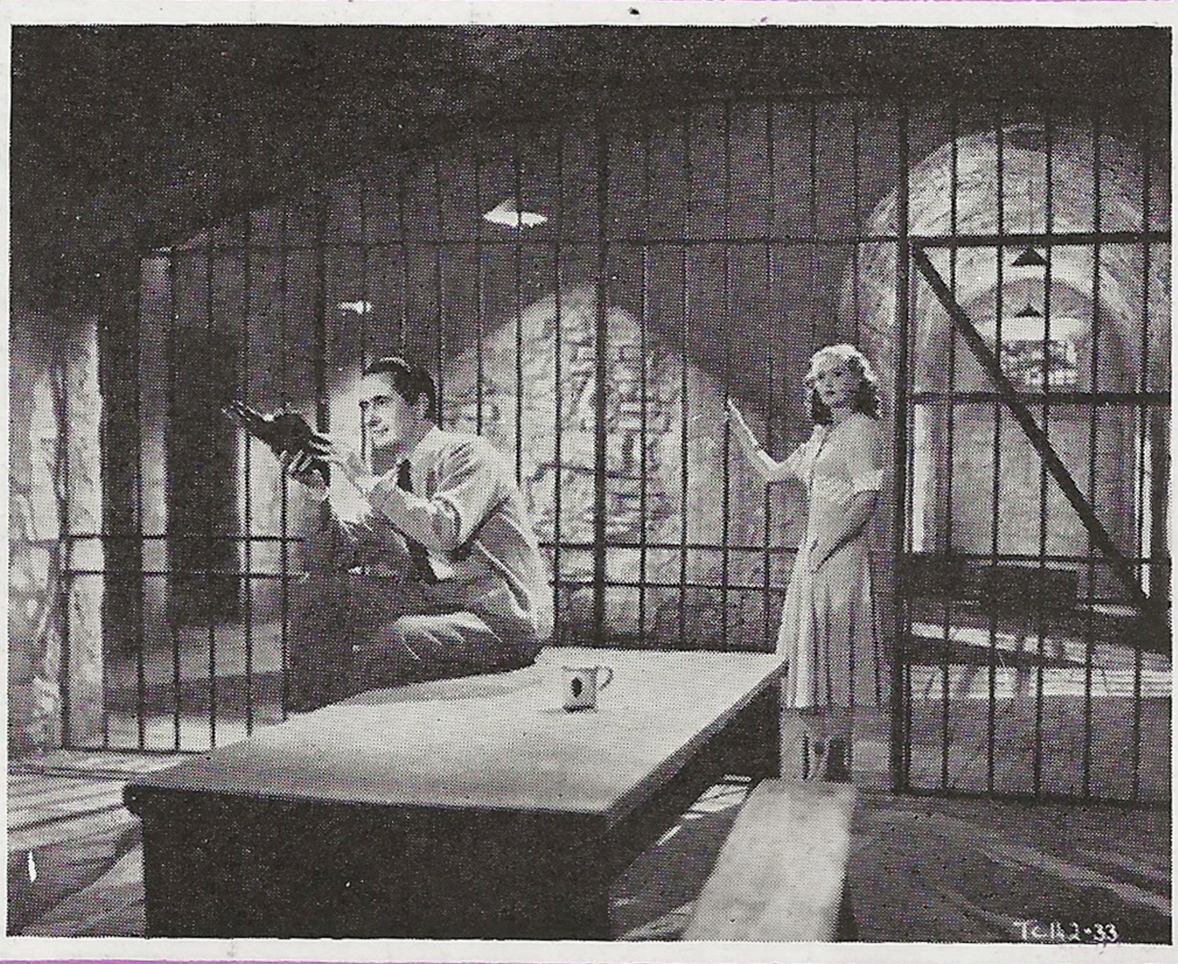
Pouring the pile of money on the table, Mary said " Look ! a hundred

" Glad to help travellers in trouble "

" You should be ashamed of yourself, begging—"

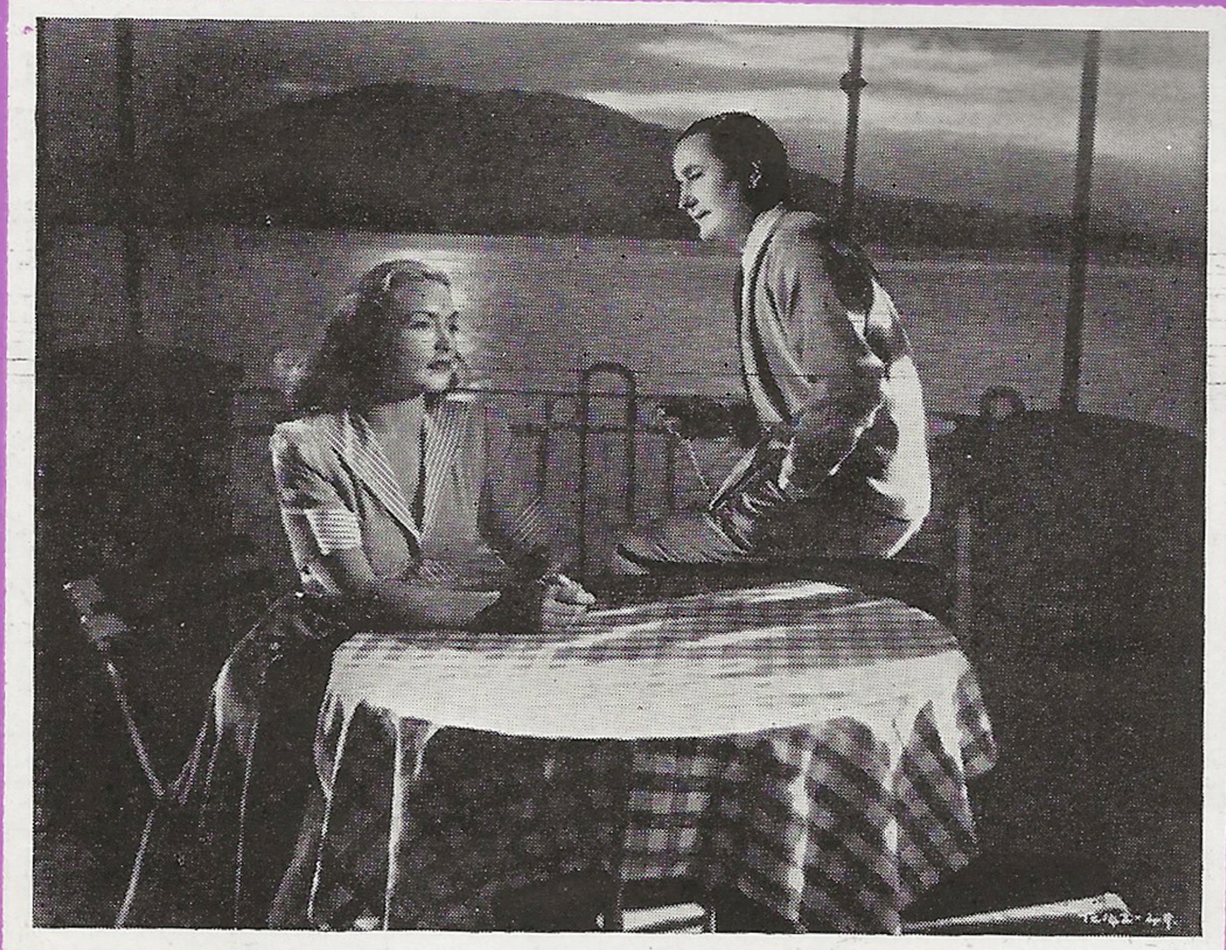


" I can drive with my eyes shut "



" I can't bear Opera Singers "

" What they done to you, beautiful one ? "



" At least we could dance "

lira note ! " There it lay—untold wealth—and Giulio pushed the whole pile grandly into the waiter's apron.

" Food . . . wine . . . and plenty ! " he commanded.

" And quick ! " Mary added. Giulio had already begun on the bread rolls, and Mary joined him. The waiter bustled away.

* * *

" Pardon me," said Piero for the hundredth time, " have you seen a young lady with a pekinese ? " and he looked with undiminished hope at the Guard. He was searching the train carriage by carriage, so far without success.

" Young and pretty ? In a summer frock ? " asked the guard.

" Yes, yes ! " cried Piero.

"No," said the guard, " I wish I had." He returned to his newspaper. Piero raged on through the train, asking distracted questions, barely stopping for the answer, and shouting " Maria ! " at intervals as though demented.

About the same time old Mr. Santel stirred in his sleep and opened one eye. " Where're we now my dear," he asked sleepily. There was no answer, and he opened the other eye. " Mary ! " he said.The compartment was empty except for himself and a dog lead lying on the floor. Santel got up and looked out into the corridor, almost knocking his face against Piero, who was about to look in.

" Excuse me sir . . . have you by any chance seen a young lady with a Peke . . ." Santel began. The young man's eyes nearly popped from his head.

" With red-gold hair ? " he screamed.

" Yes . . . I suppose you could call it that," Santel conceded, recoiling. " We used to call it auburn in my young days."

" How do you know her ? " the young man demanded, advancing.

" Know her ? I happen to be her father. And who may you be pray ? "

" She's not on the train ! " Piero wailed, ignoring the question. " I've been through every compartment. I've waited outside every—"

" You've waited outside every—! How dare you, sir? Who are you ? " Mary's father cried. But Piero had espied the Guard coming along. The Guard's face brightened, and Piero's beamed in response.

" The young lady ! " cried the Guard, with a happy laugh.

" Yes, yes ! " Piero demanded, pushing past Santel. " Well ? " Santel exclaimed, pushing past Piero. The Guard beamed : such nice gentlemens. There would be a large tip here.

"She got left behind at Campo Reina," he chuckled. His smile faded : Piero's

rage was horrible to see. He looked wildly round for a weapon, hissing at the Guard, "I will kill you ! " The Guard fled.

Of that nightmare journey, Santel never spoke or thought afterwards if he could help it ; it was three hours of horror. Piero never stopped talking, and Santel never found out who he was, except that he intended apparently to kill everyone connected with this mad affair except himself. When the train finally chuffed into the station Mary's father was one of the first passengers to leap off. He hurried along the platform, only too conscious of Piero scurrying along behind, still talking.

" Ah, there you are," Santel said with relief, hurrying up to a large young man holding a huge bunch of flowers. " A terrible journey."

The young man glanced vaguely about as if something were missing.

" Yes, you must be worn out. Er . . . where's Mary ? "

" Ha ! " put in Piero.

" Mary missed the train at Campo Reina, taking her wretched dog for a run," her father said. Mary's fiance looked rather blankly at the large posy of flowers.

" Oh. Are we going back for her ? We might have a drink first," he suggested. He led the way towards a bar without waiting for an answer. Santel and the attendant Piero followed. " I have the car," Matteo said over his shoulder.

Fortified by a couple of drinks, the three men sallied forth to the car, which stood in the courtyard. What a car !—it was the Italian dream of a car, with a bonnet four yards long and an exhaust like a boa-constrictor. Piero rushed up to it and leaped in.

" What are we waiting for," he bawled, his fingers flying among the levers.

" *Where to now, my little pickpocket* ? "

As Matteo and Mary's father scrambled in, the car woke into passionate life and leaped into the night, a flame a foot long flying from the exhaust, the huge headlights stabbing the darkness, and Piero crouched over the wheel as if he had never driven before. The two men cowering in the back shuddered.

" Not over thirty ! " cried Matteo, " she's new ! " He turned to Santel. " Who is this man ? " he shouted above the roar of the engine. " That's what I want to know," Santel answered grimly. He leaned forward and shouted at Piero, " I don't know who you are sir, and I don't know why you're here, nor why you are so concerned about my daughter but I'd have you know this : the gentleman here is my future son-in-law. . ."

" Yes," agreed Matteo.

Piero turned round and looked them full in the face with a great sneer. " So ! the fiance. I kill him later," he said.

" If you don't look at the road you'll kill us now," Santel cried. The car shot along the road.

" I can drive with my eyes shut," Piero exulted. The car lurched and flew round a corner on two wheels. Piero fought with the controls.

" That was splendid. I suggest you try it now with your eyes open," Santel suggested. Matteo sat with his hands in front of his face, muttering brokenly, " My beautiful car, my beautiful car."

After what seemed to both passengers half a lifetime in Hell the huge car rocketed to a stop at Campo Reina station, and Piero rushed like a bullet into the Station-master's office.

Stiffly, father and fiance followed. They felt that their grip on the situation (such as it was) was slipping.

* * *

As patiently as they could, the three hungry travellers waited. Dinner was a long time coming. Finally, Mary saw their waiter threading his way through the tables towards them—empty handed.

" The manager, signor. If you please, this way." Giulio looked puzzled, but he shrugged resignedly and stood up.

" Forgive me, I shall be back in a minute," he promised, smiling down at Mary.

" Ah ! Life is so sad," the waiter said, leading him away.

The manager was excitedly waving the 100-lira note in Giulio's face. Nearly everyone in the office was speaking at once, in the Italian manner.

" Yes, I gave it to the waiter. Why ? " Giulio said.

" He admits it ! " screamed the manager. There was a loud buzzing among the others.

" You are under arrest ! " a detective announced, seizing Giulio's arm. " Fetch the young lady," he said to the waiter. "And the dog ! " he added. A few minutes later the little procession moved out of the restaurant ; a few diners looked up and shrugged, but most went on shovelling huge helpings of spaghetti away.

When they were safely in the police station the superintendent himself interrogated them. " Where did you get this note ? " he cried, waving the offending note under Giulio's nose.

Explanation, expostulation, protestation were unavailing. Where were their papers ?—they had none. Their money, luggage ?—they had none. Lock them up! They were locked up, and law and order were restored in

Campo Reina. The police congratulated themselves on the arrest of a gang of murderers, and Mary and Giulio sat on a hard bench in a large draughty cell, wondering what to do next.

Mary was softly repeating the names of all the different kinds of food, and as she ticked them off Giulio described the best ways to cook them. Floppy whined under his breath and wished he were dead.

Suddenly Mary remembered part of the nightmare conversation in the police station office. " Why did you say you were Giulio Moris ? " she asked, accusingly. " You'll get us into even worse trouble."

" Who's to prove I'm not ? " he enquired, wishing someone would prove he was.

" Don't. I couldn't bear it ! I can't stand opera singers—fat overdressed fellows in fur coats."

" I wish I had a fur coat," Giulio remarked, shivering. He'd never in his life spent so long in his shirt sleeves.

" Your singing got us in, you'd better sing now to pass the time," Mary suggested. She was sitting as comfortably as she could on the hard bench, trying to imagine it was a gondola. Obligingly, Giulio lifted up his voice and began to sing. It was very nice, but a bundle of rags in the far corner stirred uneasily and sat up.

" Oh, let's get a bit of sleep," it said. Mary gave a little scream.

" Relax," said Giulio," it's only a colleague ! "

Mary snuggled close to him for protection, and sitting quietly they both closed their eyes. Perhaps the colleague was right, they should sleep.

Somewhere in the street a big car screamed past with a shattering roar of twelve cylinders going full blast ; ten minutes later with a shrieking of tyres it returned, and seemed to stop outside. But prisoners have no concern with the outside world : Mary and Giulio slept on, not to mention Floppy and the bundle of rags.

* * *

" Where is she ? Where is she ? " Piero shouted, taking the Stationmaster by the throat. Glad to be out of the car alive, Santel and Matteo pressed in behind him.

" Where is whom ? " asked the Stationmaster between rattling teeth. Piero flung him clear.

" Whom ! Whom !—the most beautiful girl in the world ! " he cried. " That's right," Matteo added, timidly.

" Mary Santel . . . my daughter. My name is Santel," Mary's father put in. He produced a card.

" Ah ! the English miss. My poor signor," the Stationmaster sighed. " She is in prison, signor." Before Santel could reply, Piero took command again.

" Where is she ? Where is it ? " he screamed, and rushed from the room. The others followed, Matteo moaning, " My car ! " in broken tones.

" Where are you taking us ? " Santel asked, wearily, as he bounced up and down in the back of the rushing car.

" To prison ! " Piero flung over his shoulder. Even as he spoke the car jolted to a stop and the three men flung themselves into the police station— this going everywhere at the double was becoming a habit. It left Santel and Matteo with no breath for talking, but Piero had enough for three.

" Where is she ? " he began, as usual taking the first man he met by the throat.

The superintendent brushed him off and said coldly, " I'll do the talking. Who are you ? "

Piero poured out a flaming tale of wrongs and injuries, Santel nodding at intervals, and Matteo saying " Quite right " every now and then. The superintendent began to look a little sorry. He rolled his eyes up to heaven once or twice, shrugged, spread his palms, and said finally, " A million apologies, signor. But what could I do ? No papers. No luggage. No hat, even ! Singing badly in the middle of the night ! "

" Well, we accept your apology," Mary's father said, " so long as you release her."

" And that fellow with her . . ." the superintendent began.

Piero's eyes started from his head. " Fellow ? What fellow ? "

NINO MARTINI

*

Born in Verona, Italy on July 8th 1905. *His early ambition was to be an engineer, but his father encouraged him to follow a musical career. From the age of ten to eighteen he took singing lessons from the choirmaster of San Fermo Church in Verona, followed by a further three years of private tuition.*

When he was twenty-one Martini made his first operatic appearance as the Duke in " Rigoletto." In 1929 *he toured outside Italy, where he met film producer Jesse Lasky who persuaded him to go to Hollywood. There he played in two films—* Paramount on Parade *and* A Night in Venice. *He returned to Italy but two years later went back to America for a series of operatic and solo engagements.*

In December 1933 *he made his debut with the Metropolitan Opera Company and in* 1935 *he returned to Hollywood. There he starred in* Here's to Romance, The Gay Desperado *and* Music for Madame.

Nino Martini is now an American citizen and is married to an American girl. Recreations include riding and rifle-shooting whilst for hobbies he collects china, glass and ebony elephants.

*

" I'd like to know that, too," Santel put in. Matteo nodded, still clutching his bunch of flowers.

" Me, too, " the superintendent added.

" Incompetent, flat-footed bungler," Piero spat, " do you mean to tell me you lock people up without even knowing who they are ? "

"If so," Santel said, " *this* is a person I'd like locked up without knowing who he is," and he pointed at Piero.

" They shall be released at once ! " the superintendent promised.

* * *

As the Rome express drew near its destination, a rather furtive gentleman might have been seen hurriedly changing his jacket. He had found a very nice one, accompanied by some luggage labelled " G.M." which appeared to have no owner. He was delighted to look after it, especially as he had no luggage of his own, no money, and no ticket. The jacket fitted perfectly, the wallet was well filled. Transformed, the furtive gentleman stepped briskly to the barrier as the train stopped.

There Fogliati and Pirelli waited. "How shall we know him ? " the director worried. " We don't know what he looks like."

" The finest voice in Italy and you don't know what it looks like ! My friend, stop worrying, you can always tell a baritone . . . See ! " The furtive gentleman was approaching, " G.M." on his luggage for all to see. The film people darted forward, seized him, and hurried him triumphantly to their car. The furtive gentleman struggled a little and then gave in. Fogliati was talking excitedly all the time. ". . . it will probably be too late to shoot you to-day," he finished. The furtive gentleman looked relieved—but not very. It spoke ill for to-morrow.

Guarded as no furtive gentleman had ever been guarded before, he passed the next twenty-four hours in complete bewilderment, which was increased, if that were possible, when they began dressing him in various costumes, beards, and so on, and the madman Fogliati kept on crying, " As soon as we get a story ! " and people were continually coming and going with arc lamps, microphones, great cameras, and sticks of grease paint. Finally the furtive gentleman was thrust out into the middle of a mass of cables, ropes, props and spotlights and told to sing. A large orchestra boomed away. " Cut ! " cried a distant voice. The furtive man sweated. Was it worth it, he wondered.

* * *

Mary felt quite at peace, as Giulio's arms held her and his voice sang softly. But not for long, alas.

Out in the stone passage there came now such a clatter of feet and such a babel of voices. Above all the rest came one familiar word in Piero's well-known tones : " Kill ! " The little party pressed about the locked door, peering through the bars. " Mary ! " " Maria ! " " Hello, what ! " they shouted. Mary sat up, blinking.

" Have you suffered ? What have they done to you ? " Piero cried, thrusting his hand through the bars and trying to kiss her.

" How are we ? " bleated Matteo, trying to push the flowers through.

" Mary ! " cried her father, struggling to get within range. Piero thrust him aside. " Gentlemens ! " cried the superintendent, fighting to insert the key in the lock.

At last Mary was free ; congratulation poured upon her. Giulio looked on, smiling. But the superintendent firmly pushed him back into the cell. " Anyone can see the young lady is no vagabond," he said sternly. " Not so you ! "

" We're both in the same boat ! " Mary cried. (" Gondola," Giulio murmured.) " If you release me you must release him," Mary added.

A terrific argument ensued, everyone having different views on the subject. Finally, the superintendent locked the whole bunch of them up and went off to bed.

Santel sat down with his head in his hands and slept Matteo huddled in a corner, brooding upon his beautiful car. Piero talked himself hoarse, fell asleep, and went on talking.

Giulio softly took up his interrupted song.

* * *

" He don't come in ! " cried Fogliati. " Cut ! "

Once more the orchestra led into the song, and the furtive gentleman sweated. Then, loud and pure, the glorious singing burst out. A bedraggled figure in shirt sleeves strode into the set, singing vigorously. It quietly divested the furtive gentleman of his coat, and put it on, still singing strongly. The furtive gentleman slunk away as the song swelled to a triumphant finale. Giulio Moris was reporting for duty.

". . . and so," he said an hour later, to a hushed group in the great Producer's office, " here I am ! " He pulled contentedly at his cigar.

" Good. Now we find you a story," Fogliati promised.

" I rather think you have one," Giulio mused, looking back on the events of the past day or so.

" But where is she now ? There is no proper ending ? " someone put in. A sudden noisy tumult ouside, and Mary hurried in.

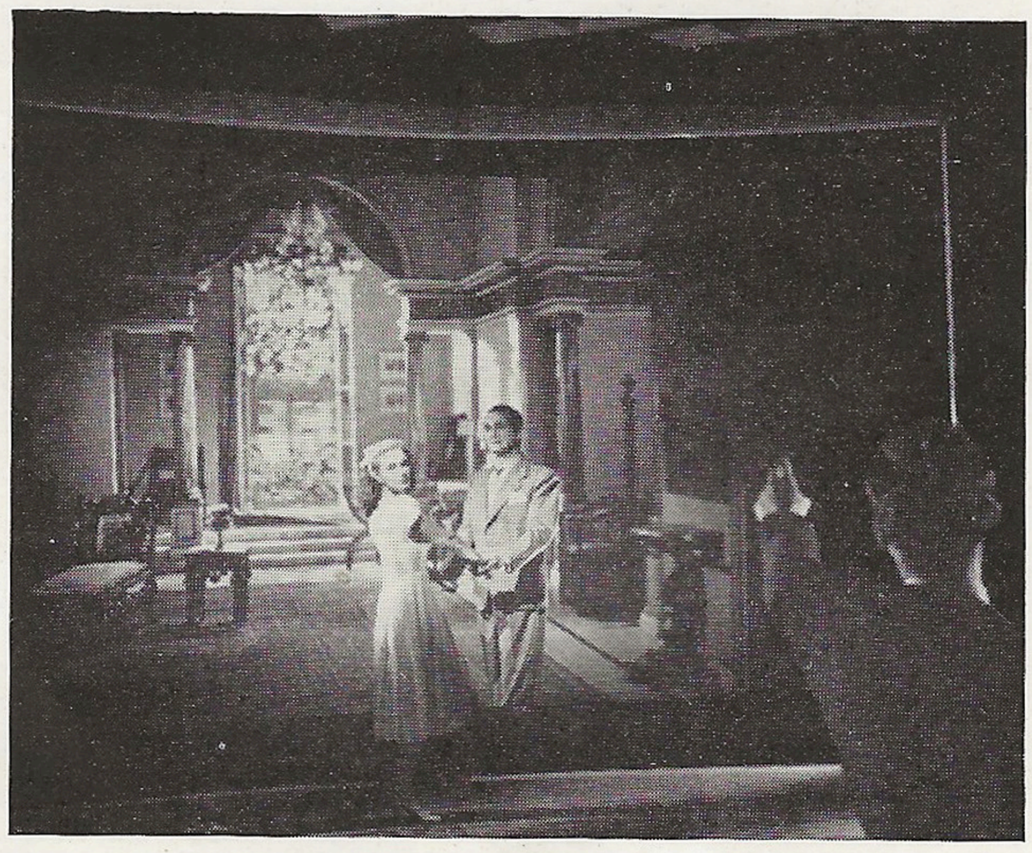
" Mary . . . " Giulio hurried to her. Piero burst in, crying " Aah ! " Fogliati cried, " Good, good ! "

" Maria ! Don't look ! I'm going to kill him ! "

" Wonderful. The very thing—you see ? " said Fogliati to his writers. " Three revolver shots : bang ! " All was confusion, everyone spoke at once.

" It stinks ! " said Lina. " Must have a happy ending," said a writer. " Kill, kill ! " " She must marry the singer." ". . . what the public wants."

While all this babel was going on Mary was in Giulio's arms. And she stayed there.



" *Maria, come back !—I should have killed that man.*"

ERIC PORTMAN

In Profile

by Kenneth Hopkins

THE more an actor puts into his work, the more elusive his own personality will be, for the creation of the stage or screen character effectively cloaks the living man. With a first-class actor this must be so, and the very qualities that win him admirers disguise him from them. When I went along to see Eric Portman I knew I was visiting a distinguished actor—but what sort of man would I meet ? His conversation, his off-stage appearance, his home surroundings, these surely would give me the real man.

Eric Portman lives in Chelsea—but, characteristically, away from the fashionable part. An unpretentious street of small houses, inhabited by working people, including Eric Portman. A high, flat-fronted, rather forbidding facade, with a narrow door up three steps, giving nothing away. Nothing "quaint" or "Chelsea" about this : no fancy paintwork, no wrought iron hinges and phoney shutters. Merely a discreet row of bell pushes, one of which is the right one. Then comes the surprise. Eric Portman's is a house within a house; it has an independence of the larger building that contains it. It is built out at the back of the main building, a compact maisonette with a charming roof garden and whitewashed creeper draped walls. No street sound penetrates into this quiet backwater, which lies unsuspected in a hollow of the high surrounding houses.

A portrait taken way back in 1926

Portman called me from an inner room, and appeared in the doorway as I entered. His was a real Yorkshireman's handshake, a real Yorkshireman's welcome. I have seldom so soon felt at ease with a stranger ; in a very few minutes we were chatting merrily, and finding a number of friends and interests in common.

I asked him how he enjoyed making *The Blind Goddess* which he completed recently at Gainsborough's Islington studios.

" Very much," he answered. " It was a new type of role for me, and I felt a slight initial nervousness. No matter how versatile an actor may be, each different type of characterization presents its own problems. General acting experience helps, of course, tremendously, but if you've never played a K.C. before, then, let's face it, you've never played a K.C. It means a great deal then if you have confidence in your material ; and of course Sir Patrick Hastings' dialogue rings absolutely true ; I knew the writing wouldn't let me down—and I soon got used to the wig.

" It was the same with *Corridor of Mirrors*, an odd, attractive story which appealed to me. I wondered if the part was quite my style—or my style the part's—but when I saw the finished film I was rather pleased. I believe it will be thought one of the best I have played in."

" What happens now ? " I asked him.

" I'm doubling the parts of the two cousins in *The Killer and The Slain*, which Sydney Box is to begin in May. It's from Sir Hugh Walpole's last novel, you remember, a macabre story of the kind he did so well. Much better worth doing than those cathedral novels. That streak was present in Walpole's work all the time, and made some of his best novels—there was 'Portrait of a Man With Red Hair,' for example. This will be the

first film under my new contract with Mr. Rank. I'm to make two films a year for three years, but the contract doesn't tie me down too rigidly. I could work outside the J. Arthur Rank Organization if I wished, or appear in a stage play."

"Is there any chance of that?"

"I'm not sure. I'd like to return to the stage, but only if the play appealed to me. I'd like to see a story told—it's common enough in real life—of a young man coming to London from the provinces, leaving behind an ordinary family circle, father a small shopkeeper, sister a typist or salesgirl, and making good. The young fellow gets on—becomes famous, meets everyone, makes money; but all the time the small-town roots of him hold him down to earth, and in the end perhaps he goes back where he belongs. Of course this is very sketchy. But have you noticed how few people you meet in London are born Londoners? I'm Yorkshire, and so are dozens more that you meet—or Scots, or up from Somerset. Somewhere in this fact there's a fine play I think. The sort of play I'd enjoy going back to the stage for."

Fish and Chip session with some old friends in Halifax

This informal off-set picture was taken during the filming of "49th Parallel," with Laurence Olivier, Anton Walbrook and the late Leslie Howard

With a murmured apology he left me a moment to answer a telephone call, and I looked around curiously. This was a distinctive room, revealing, as all rooms do, something of its owner. The big wing-chair, the long sofa, were comfortable and pleasantly shabby, as though they had been lived with. The pictures were interesting, a big yellowing oil of a prospect apparently in Rome, a smaller river scene in the manner of Cannaletto. Nothing contemporary, no bright colours. The other pictures, unobtrusive, unmatched, somehow seemed to belong, too. I could see a long run of Barrie's plays in the big bookcase, and in the open shelves beside the fireplace pleasant companionable things—a few of those attractive "Britain in Pictures" series, one or two unpretentious art books.

The paintwork, walls, and ceiling were in a light, rather drab green. It was one of those rooms you go down a step to get into; and it had a wide alcove, big enough to hold the dining table, with a delightful sky-light above it throwing through pale yellow glass a warm sunshine glow on to the bare pale mahogany of the big table. In this alcove, too, from ceiling to floor along two walls hung a great rich tapestry of forest trees and legendary figures—"I treated myself to that out of a series of dull broadcasts," Portman laughed as he returned to find me admiring it. It was a lovely thing.

"Can you tell me something about your interests outside your profession, Mr. Portman?" We had settled down and lighted cigarettes.

"Well, I'm fond of reading. More fond, perhaps of conversation. But I hate crowds; a few friends and real conversation—something

that's getting somewhere and means something. I can't bear idle time-wasting chit-chat. I'm content to be alone ; and of course I love swimming and walking. Then there's always the jobs about the cottage, when I can get down to Cornwall."

" I'd like to hear about Cornwall."

" Well, I bought a cottage there, in a little tidal valley, quite isolated. There's just a mill over the way, and nothing else for miles. I've got about ten acres ; cats and dogs ; pigs ; chickens. I do a bit of digging, and a bit of looking out to sea over a pipe of tobacco. Cook for myself, too. I love the utter silence there ; sea, sky, trees, birds, and a twelve-mile walk to a picture palace."

" I see you have several dogs," I remarked. A fine bull terrier had been in the room earlier, and now I noticed a photograph of another dog.

" Oh, that's Lofty," he said, picking the photograph up. He looked a grand dog, lying under a big oak refrectory table.

" That's at the cottage," Portman continued. " I got Lofty several years ago from the Americans. He was in the D-day landings in Normandy. There are several dogs and cats down there—I like both, but most people seem to like one or the other. When the dogs come for a walk with me the cats follow on behind.

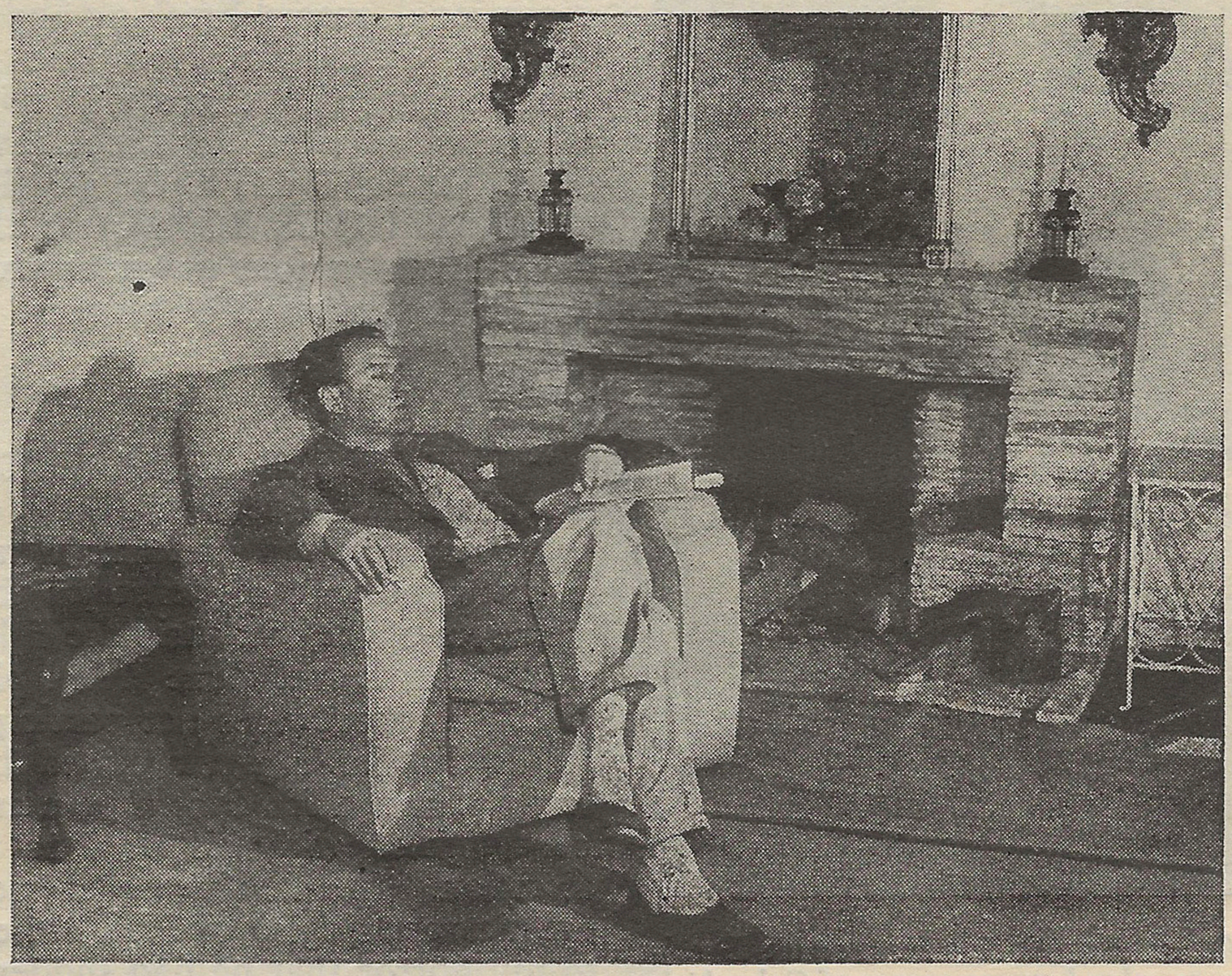
" The cottage was more or less derelict when I first had it. Very damp, and dark. I've made it pretty cosy now, but of course its very primitive—no electric light or main drainage. The water comes from a well, but I've had pipes laid into the house. The local people think this well-water of mine has miraculous powers, and they come for it to cure their ills.

" I love Cornwall. Especially I love the mystery of it, it really is a remarkable place. There seem to be no legends that in Cornwall couldn't be true. I suppose it reminds me of my native Yorkshire."

" How did you come to leave Yorkshire originally," I asked him. " Was it the same story as in your imaginary play ? "

" Well, I was born in Halifax you know, where my father had an outfitter's shop. After I left school I had a job for a year or so in Leeds and as I travelled to and fro I used to think ' this can't go on for ever ! ' Then when I was twenty-one, Robert Courtneidge's Shakespearean Company visited Halifax. I had an introduction and landed a job—playing ? Not at all. I was the Secretary. But of course I got a part in the end. We played Shakespeare's *Richard II* with its big cast, and everyone was roped in. After that I played a good deal and in due course joined the Old Vic company. I was well established on the stage before the idea of films entered my head. My first film was *Murder in the Red Barn*, in 1934."

It was time for me to leave. As we shook hands and I left him waving at the door, I felt I now had Eric Portman in better perspective. The actor, " in his time playing many parts " I had known for years ; the man, I had now been privileged to meet, for the first time.



Eric Portman relaxes in the sitting-room of his Cornish farm

AMERICAN STUDIO NEWS

by our Hollywood Correspondent

SO MANY NEW HOLLYWOOD FILMS have been put into " cold-storage " since the impact of the 75 per cent Tax, that, with the raising of this embargo, we are now in the process of being flooded with a seemingly endless stream of " super-colossal-gigantic-entertainments " from the far side of the American continent.

I gladly breathe a sigh of relief for British Production Companies—for I felt and still feel that an unfair strain has been placed upon our limited production resources, particularly during this enforced period of film shortages. Instead of making a futile attempt to turn out mass-produced films, the sooner some of our Producers revert to a policy of fewer and better pictures, the more hopeful will be the future of British Films. Now that they have a chance to be fully accepted by American screen audiences, we must not lose the opportunity of concentrating on first-class productions.

They've got an awful lot of coffee in—Hollywood! Lovely Janet Blair prepares to relax between scenes of Columbia's " I Love Trouble " co-starring Franchot Tone

* * *

WELL NOW, WHAT ARE THE outstanding films amongst those flown here from Hollywood? Firstly, we have GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT starring Gregory Peck and Dorothy McGuire. (This film won the Academy Award for the best film of 1947). Then there is FOREVER AMBER with Linda Darnell and Cornel Wilde.—CAPTAIN FROM CASTILE starring Thyrone Power—LIFE WITH FATHER marks a welcome return to the screen of William Powell. Our own Michael Redgrave will be seen in his second Hollywood film (his first was " Secret Beyond The Door "—yet to be seen over here)—MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA co-starring with Rosalind Russell. The American critics have already given him great praise for his performance in this film. There are, of course, many more films completed, which have already been shown in the U.S.A. and some of which I hope to mention further on in this article.

* * *

" UP IN ARMS " starring Danny Kaye had already established him as a favourite with British audiences long before he made his sensational, record-breaking appearances at the London Palladium. No one therefore can predict just *what* chaos will reign in London when his two latest films are shown ! They are THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY and A SONG IS BORN. In the former film he re-enacts various imaginary romantic heroes from a dream-world of his own.

* * *

" THE THREE MUSKETEERS," MGM's new Technicolor version, is now completed and promises to be *quite* a film. Strangely enough, in an important sequence of the film, where members of the cast ' trip the light fantastic ' in a ballroom scene, Gene Kelly, playing the part of D'Artagnan, does not participate at all. It seems that having established himself on the screen through his dancing, we are no longer to be delighted with his obvious ability in this direction. In a similar way I remember enjoying the pleasant singing of Dick Powell, only to find to my horror that he had suddenly changed to morbid shady ' roles ' and instead of warbling

his way to the end of a cheerful film, grunted instead towards a doubtful ending. However, to return to THE THREE MUSKETEERS, Gene Kelly has a strong supporting cast in Lana Turner, Van Heflin, June Allyson, Frank Morgan, Vincent Price, Keenan Wynn and Angela Lansbury.

Another MGM film to look forward to is ARCH OF TRIUMPH, starring Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer (do I hear all the women sighing !) and Charles Laughton. Ingrid has *also* just completed the name part in a spectacular production of JOAN OF ARC. The film covers the period of Joan's life from the time she leaves her farm home until she dies at the stake.

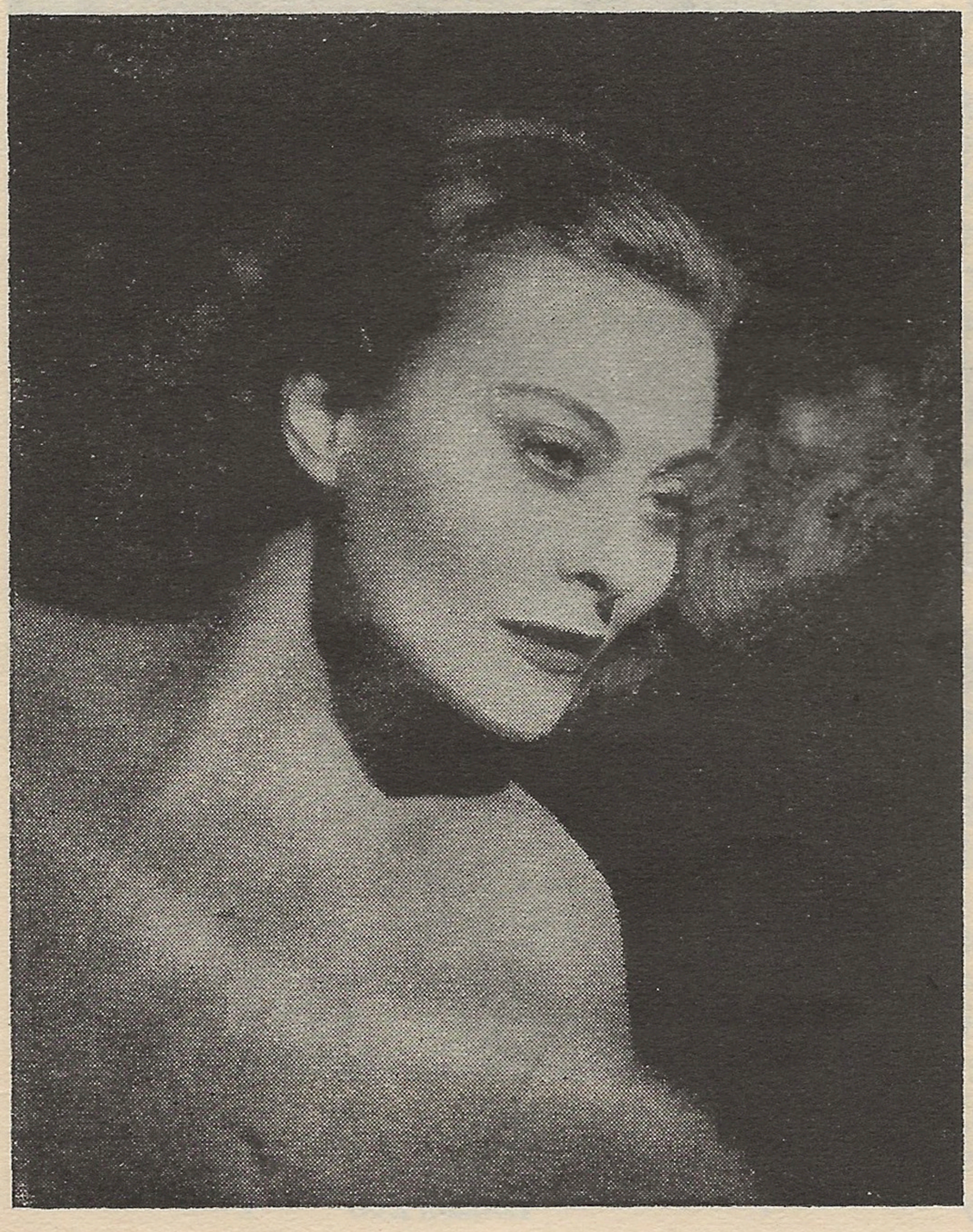
* * *

THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE SEEN the play EDWARD MY SON will be glad to hear that the film will be made by MGM in England, with Spencer Tracy and our own Deborah Kerr as the stars. Deborah made an excellent job, despite her mis-casting, in the not-too-successful film of " The Hucksters," and her second starring role since her trip to Hollywood, (opposite Walter Pidgeon in IF WINTER COMES) promises to give her a much better opportunity to display her talent.

Well over a year ago I announced that MGM were well under way with " Dr Jekyll and Mr. Mouse " a new Tom and Jerry Cartoon, with which they hoped to win Academy Award honours for 1947. It wouldn't surprise me at all, for I have never yet been able to keep a straight face throughout any Tom and Jerry cartoon. Do you remember "The Cat Concerto" which won the Award for 1946 ? Other 'punny' titles already completed are CARNEGIE HOWL, EGG O'MY HEART, CAT TIMBER-LANE and JEKYLL AND KITTY FOILED.

* * *

A FILM WHICH APPEARS to have had an exceptional ovation, according to a recent criticism in " Time," is TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE starring Humphrey Bogart, who was inspired by this picture to recall an incident of his stage career. He once played in Philadelphia in a drama about gold-mining; and the press-agent concerned thought up a great publicity stunt. He obtained some " fool's gold " (Iron Pyrites), placed it in some local excavations, and then let the news out that gold had been found locally. According to Bogart, the stunt worked so well that everyone joined in the treasure hunt, with the consequent result that no one went to see the play !



★

MICHELLE MORGAN

Born 29th February, 1920, at Neuilly-sur-Seine, France. Married to American actor William Marshall—they have one child. First film as well as first starring role was in " Gribouille " with the late Raimu; followed by others which included " La Loid Du Nord," " Remorques " and " Le Quai Des Brumes." In Hollywood made " Joan of Paris," " Higher and Higher," " The Chase," etc. Now under long-term contract to London Films and has already completed " The Lost Illusion " co-starring Ralph Richardson.

★

Vogue & Beauty

by Phyllis Lewis

" I love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them . . . . . "

Declared Robert Bridges and I'm sure that, deep down we all agree with him. And fashion and beauty to-day is so individual that we can each seek, adore and, what is more important to us, use " beauteous things."
The longer skirt, the nipped-in waist and the dear little Edwardian hats are here to stay along with the severe " tailor-made" which is making a firm stand side by side with all the frills and furbelows. So wear what suits you best. Don't forget that with the longer skirt goes the longer hair. If your hair is not long enough to swathe and curl you'll be very fashionable wearing false hair fringes, bows, curls or coils.
As for colours, pastel shades are very popular with grey as the colour. Incidentally grey is Valerie Hobson's favourite colour. Ann Todd's new outfit is in grey with a long skirt, tiny waisted jacket flared over the hips, and both the jacket and the skirt are beautifully edged with grey moire bands. With her outfit she wears a white blouse and a little flowered bonnet tied under her chin with velvet ribbons. She looked very beautiful when I visited her on the set of " The Passionate Friends " at Pinewood.
I went along to see Valerie Hobson at her new London flat the other week ; in her opinion no really well-dressed woman wears very extreme clothes, but adapts the latest styles to suit her own personality. Valerie is at present making " The Small Voice " which is being produced by her husband, Anthony Havelock-Allan.
She has written her own beauty hints for us and I know how very thrilled and interested you will be to read them, so over to you Valerie . . .

Making-up

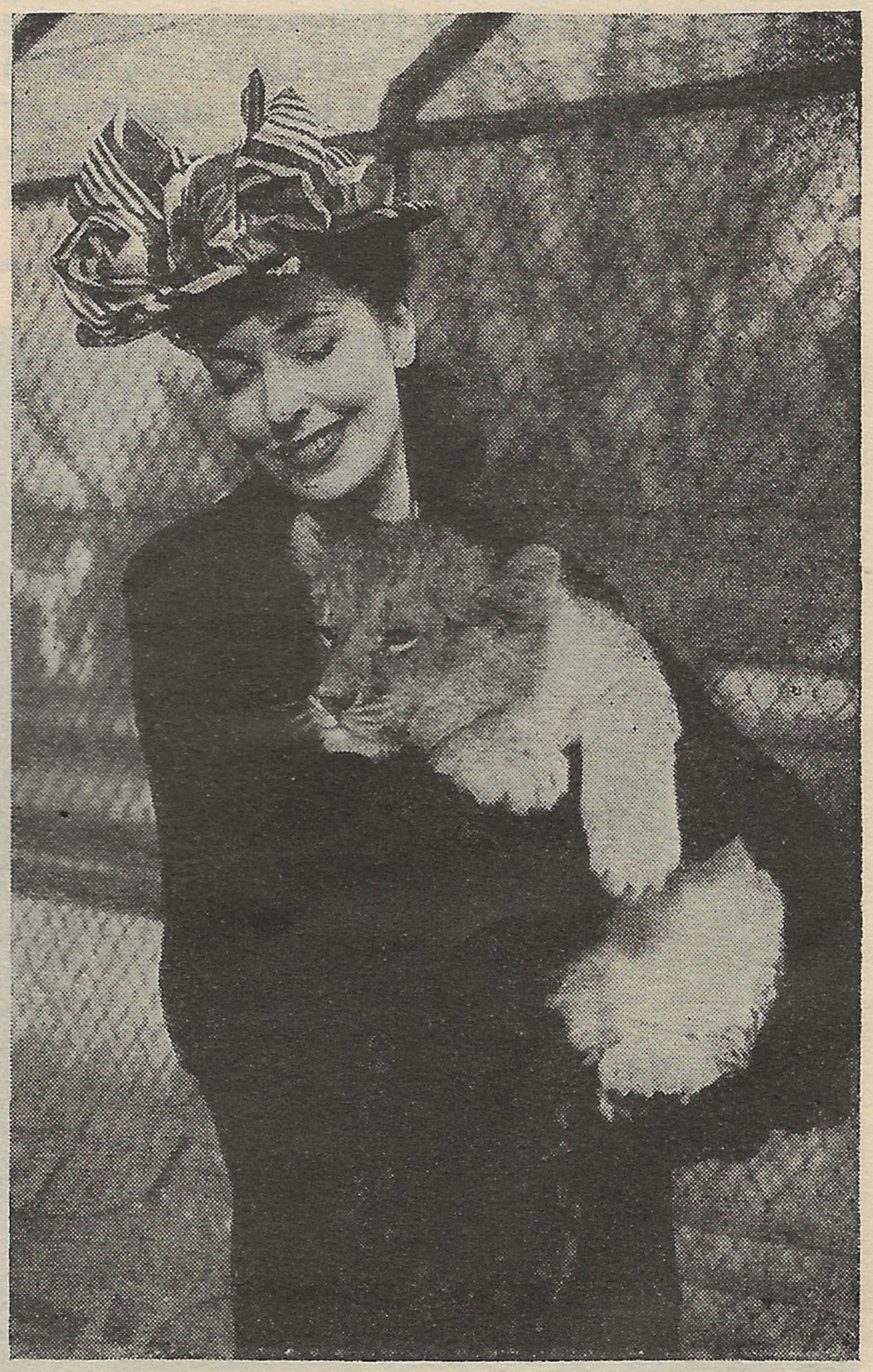
by Valerie Hobson

Film actresses like myself spend a good deal of our lives with our faces skilfuly, but heavily made-up, so it is of paramount importance to us that our skins are flawlessly clean at night. Personally I find this cleansing routine the most effective—I spread on a thick layer of cleansing cream, let it take a minute or two to dissolve and penetrate, then remove the top surface onto an old towel, until no make-up appears to be lingering. Then I spread on a very fine layer, leaving it on while I bath, the steam opens the pores and the cream gets down to the last vestiges of stale make-up. Then I clean off all traces with pads of cotton wool soaked in cold water. I find that this final touch leaves my skin freer to breathe during the night and makes it softer.

Twice a week, I have an extra beauty treatment of my own ; a thorough wash with super-fatted soap, scrubbed gently into my face with a baby's tooth-brush special attention being paid to the crevices of chin and nose—finishing off by splashing my face in cold water until it stings.

Now, to go into details as to how you can get the best results from your set of cosmetics :—

Your Foundation : Don't use a heavy all-over foundation—the results may be good at first, but it is very coarsening if you use it often. For special occasions a tinted foundation is permissible, but please see that you clean every



Valerie Hobson, probably Britain's best dressed film star makes friends with a three month old lion cub at the London Zoo

scrap of it off, and make sure when applying it that you have blended it perfectly from hair-line to neck. I find for everyday purposes that a feather-light all-purpose cream, used sparingly and the powder thoroughly patted in will hold a 'settled' make-up for hours.

Your Powder: The powder should be patted deeply in, paying special attention to the nose and chin crevices, especially if your skin inclines to greasiness. Don't be afraid to use plenty, powder goes a long way, and brush off the surplus with a powder brush.

Your Rouge: Very little and in the right place is a golden rule. Cream rouge, or powder rouge, should be placed in the most becoming position under the eyes, extending to the cheek if you are tired or ill, to give a lift to your face ; applied in a circular effect to thin faces to accentuate any roundness there is, high up and out on the cheek-bones to give a pointed effect to the too-round face—and blended imperceptibly into the surrounding skin. Some people like a touch on chin and ears to add sparkle under electric light. If you find a powder rouge suits you better than a cream, which sometimes has a coarsening effect on the pores, apply it with cotton wool.

Lipstick: There are few people born with a perfect lip-line, so re-shape yours to better advantage. Buy a camel-hair paint-brush, blunt it off with a razor blade, and outline your lips by brushing the lipstick on in a smooth line, pay the greatest attention to the edge, which should be knife-sharp. Block in the centre firmly and heavily and blot off the surplus on a tissue. Don't, if you have a small mouth, use a dark lipstick as this gives an even more compressed look—anyway, light lipsticks are more flattering to most people—and keep your purple lipsticks until the evening when the electric lights go on, they are too blue for daytime in our climate. Keep away from violent tangerines, if your skin is sallow, it makes matters worse.

Your Eye Make-Up. If you can handle mascara, keep it dry, unless you want the lashes glued into spikes ! If your hand is not swift and steady, leave it alone ; brush the lashes with a little vaseline to make them glossy instead. If you can, run a line of eyebrow pencil along the top lid, just above the lashes—in the evening for a quite-magical effect, try the same thing with a blue or green pencil. Carry the line, softening it with the finger tip, a fraction beyond the lash-line.

Use shadow sparingly and discreetly, blending it well away from your nose, and keep it low on your lid, below the natural hollow of the eye.

As a general rule, I think that the eyebrows God bestowed suit our faces far better than the extraordinary lines some women wear, but if you are not convinced, do puck them carefully, just to tidy them up, from the *underneath*, leaving the natural arch strictly alone.

Sally Gray revives the loveliness of the Winterhalter period with this beautiful white dress of rustling white, caught back to show hand-painted crimson poppies. She also wears a double-stranded pearl choker, and white elbow-length gloves

---

Phyllis Lewis replies to readers queries

I.M.L. Gloucester, writes

For the past three years I have had a patch, about the size of a half-crown, of very dry skin and open pores in the middle of my forehead. I have used all sorts of creams and had special beauty treatments, but these have proved ineffective. . .

I would advise you to go to a reputable Skin Specialist or a skin hospital and find out whether this dryness needs special medical treatment. You may need a special kind of ointment that contains an ingredient or ingredients not used in beauty products. I wouldn't try any further beauty treatments until you get the skin specialist's opinion.

J. B. Newcastle, writes

I have a good complexion and I am rather good looking, but it is my teeth that spoils it all. They have got brown marks on them and I always feel ashamed of them when I am in company. . .

Do go along to your Dentist. I should think that your teeth need scaling. I am sending on the name of the tooth-paste you should use in the meantime.

* * *

APPLICATION FORM FOR MEMBERSHIP TO SCREEN STARS BOOK CLUB

This form is valid until 31st July, 1948 only

To Screen Stars Ltd., 266 Pentonville Road, London, N.1

Please enrol me as a club member. I enclose Postal Order No..... for 5/- as subscription fee one year from date of enrolment.

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Note :—Underline the two chosen stills which are size 10 in. by 7½ in. and are in full COLOUR.

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See Page 30 for full instructions

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PORTRAIT SERIES 6

Here is a brand new set of twelve beautiful colour plates, in addition to those previously offered. Please note carefully that, because of packing and postage difficulties, these will be sold as a COMPLETE SET ONLY (Single copies are *not* available). The Stars portrayed are as follows :—(10 x 8 ins.)

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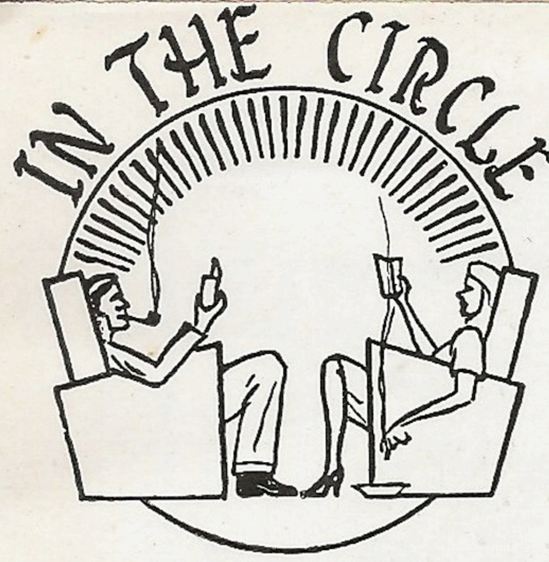
Anton Walbrook

Born in Vienna. Appeared first in Continental films, then to Hollywood for "Michael Strogoff". Returned to England to make "Victoria The Great" and "The Rat." In 1938 made "Sixty Glorious Years," followed by "Gaslight," "Dangerous Moonlight," "49th Parallel," "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp," "The Man from Morocco" and "Red Shoes." His latest film is "The Queen of Spades" produced by Anatole de Grunwald.



SCREEN STARS Book Club

Hello, Readers,

To readers of this magazine we are, in this issue, making several important announcements which include three special offers in connection with the TOKENS printed on page **28**. Here they are then. . .

1. MEMBERSHIP to the SCREEN STARS BOOK CLUB will *cease* on the 31st July, 1949. After **31st July, 1948** no new members will be accepted, but members already enrolled will retain their membership until their period of enrolment has expired. They will then be transferred automatically to the non-members mailing list.
2. For those readers who wish to take advantage of becoming CLUB MEMBERS before July 31st, we have included a MEMBER'S APPLICATION FORM on page 28. For the benefit of those who do not already know, the main advantages of membership are briefly as follows :—
   a. All books and other items ordered from us are despatched POST FREE and includes cost of wrapping.
   b. *Special Offers* are made to club members from time to time, thus saving considerable sums of money.
   c. Club members are sent catalogues and leaflets giving latest club news, etc. etc., sent out with orders.
3. TOKENS. On page 28 we have printed 3 Gift Tokens as follows :—
   A. *AVAILABLE TO ALL READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE. Value* 1/-. *This token is valid only when ordering* stills *to the value of* 5/- *or more.* (*N.B. This token is* not *valid for the new Portrait Series* 6. *Neither is it valid when ordering books.*)
   B. *AVAILABLE TO CLUB MEMBERS ONLY.* Value 1/-. *This token is valid to Club Members when ordering* Portrait Series 6 only. *Thus members using this token pay* 6/6 *post free, instead of* 7/6.
   C. *AVAILABLE TO NEW MEMBERS WHO ENROL USING THE FORM ON PAGE* 28 *ONLY.* Value 2/-. *This token is valid for stills* or *the book as indicated on the* Application Form only. *These new members may also use TOKEN B at the same time as joining if they wish.*

Notes about TOKENS

a. *These tokens* are not valid after 31st July, 1948.

b. *Tokens should be cut out and sent with each order as applicable.*

LATEST BOOKS AVAILABLE

SCREEN STARS STUDIO REVIEW. This book which contains the story of the Film "**A MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE**" starring Kieron Moore and Margaret Johnston, is now available in fresh supply to those of you who were unable to get a copy locally. Also included is a feature article on the making of "**THE FIRST GENTLEMAN**" starring Jean Pierre Aumont, Joan Hopkins and Cecil Parker —articles on Set-making (for "An Ideal Husband" and "Brighton Rock"), the Property Department of London Films' Studios, Vogue and Beauty, and several other items including Art Portraits.

Price, 1/9 post free

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"My Life and Films" *by* Margaret Lockwood. (2/-)
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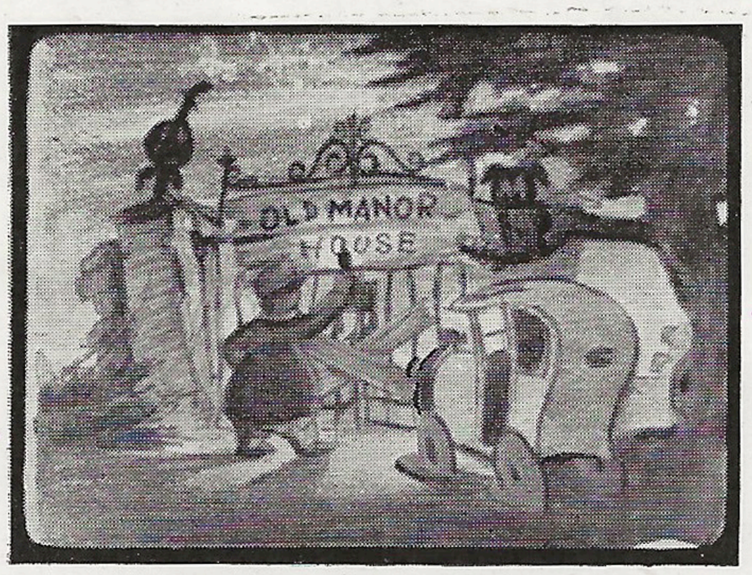
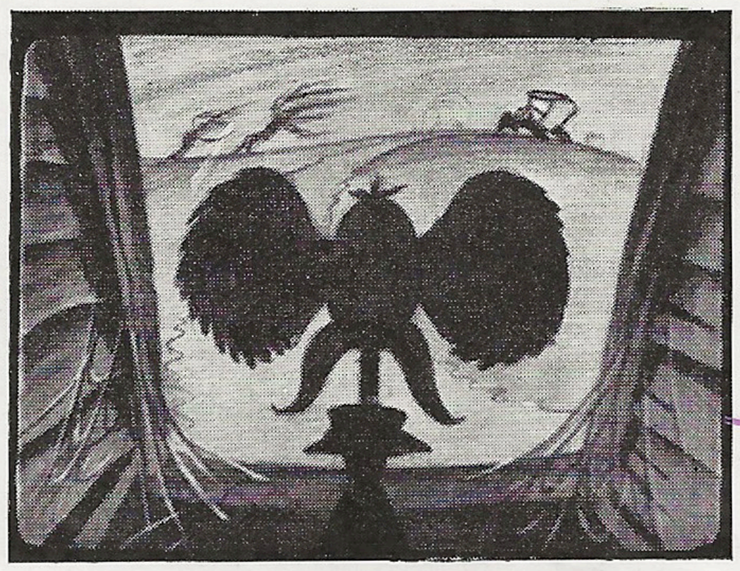
THE OLD MANOR HOUSE

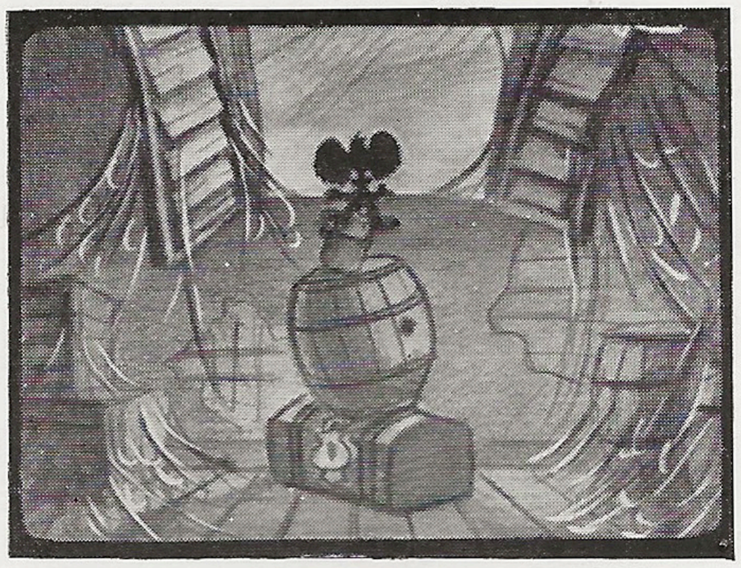
Scenes from the third completed cartoon BUBBLE AND SQUEAK IN THE OLD MANOR HOUSE to be released in the next two or three months.



Bubble and Squeak seek shelter from the storm

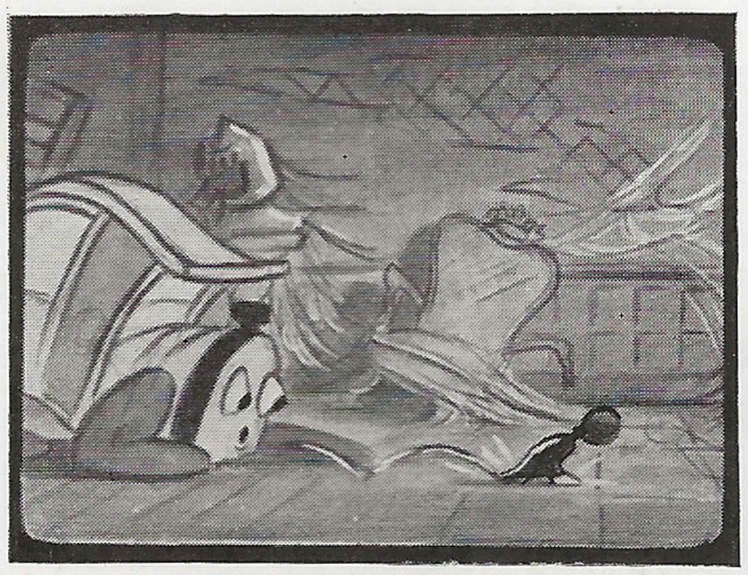


Colonel sees Bubble and Squeak coming up the path

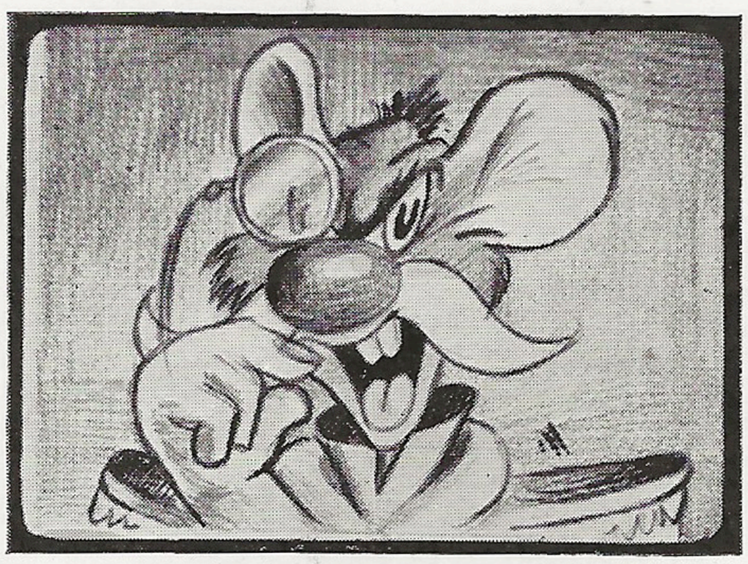


Long shot—Colonel looking out of window

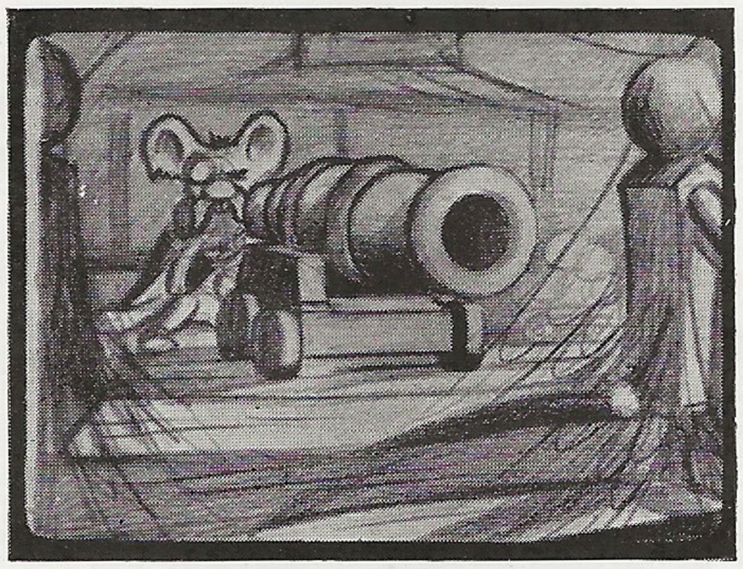
Bubble and Squeak peer around Manor House door



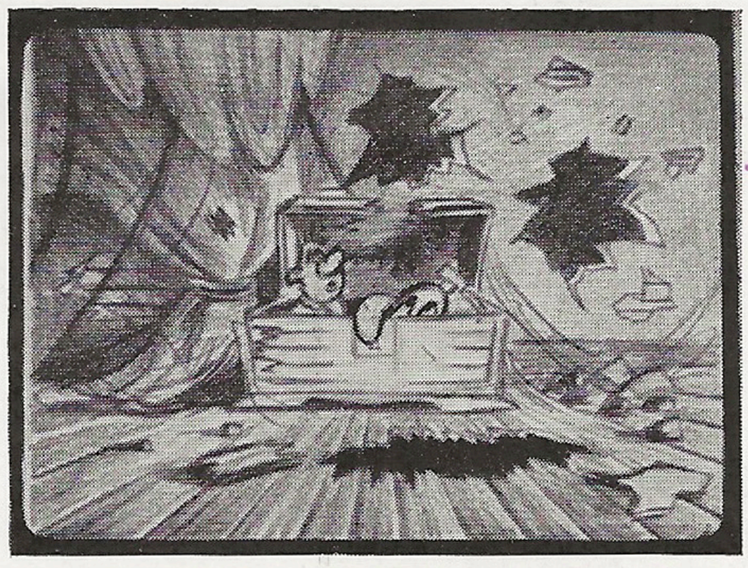
Squeak following motor horn bouncing along floor



Colonel—"By Gad Sir they can't come here"



Colonel brings up the cannon to drive Bubble and Squeak out of the Manor House



Bubble and Squeak hiding in the chest after one of the Colonel's bombardments

Copyright by British Animated Productions Ltd.

Jean Simmons

Born 1929. Played juvenile rôles in "Give Us The Moon" (1944), "Mr. Emanuel," "Kiss The Bride Good-bye" (1945), "Cæsar and Cleopatra" (1946), "Great Expectations" (1947), "Black Narcissus" (1947), "Hungry Hill," "Uncle Silas" and "Woman in the Hall." The photo above was taken whilst on location in the Fiji Islands in 1948 for her first major starring rôle, in Individual Pictures' "The Blue Lagoon."

Magazine layout designed by Benson Zonena

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