



"BUT NOT 10,000 FEET ABOVE WORRY LEVEL!"—"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," Paramount's glorious all-colour film due for release in New Zealand this week, was shot in the Sierras, nearly 10,000 feet above sea level—but not without the worries and difficulties attendant upon the production of a modern talkie. Sylvia Sidney and Fred MacMurray are seen above in a shot.

sholt is the doctor—not just the man who brought five little girls into the world in the cold dawn of a May day in 1934, but all country doctors, struggling with every kind of ailment, ill-paid, fighting prejudice and ignorance, bringing children into the world on kitchen tables, battling with epidemics in barns that have been hastily converted into hospitals. They are heroes—and it has needed "The Country Doctor" to remind us of the fact. The Dionne children themselves are five delightful babies—a lesson in naturalness to many a screen actress 15 times their age. They couldn't be directed—Jean Hersholt had to fit his actions and remarks to the antics of the "quints." Go and see "The Country Doctor"; this is a personal recommendation.

"Sutter's Gold."

FILM directors have long since given up believing that truth is stranger than fiction; but they do know that a judicious blend of both can bring the crowds and the shil-

lings to the box office. "Sutter's Gold," the Universal film that was privately screened in Wellington last week, is a blend skilful enough to bring envy to the heart of a tea merchant. Johann August Sutter was a well-known figure in California's Sacramento Valley, but it is doubtful whether he ever ran across anyone as beautiful as the Countess Elizabeth Barakoff, whom the producers have thrown into the picture for good measure. Sutter, played by Edward Arnold, has built a little empire of industrious men and women in California. But the cry of gold is in the air and thousands of eager feet crush Sutter's little empire to the dust. Sutter appeals to Congress, is rebuffed, and ends his life a bitter old man. A long film this, but it has plenty of interest.

New Mayfair.

THANK heaven the day is past when no theatre was considered worthy of the name without lots of ornamental scrolls, cherub-looking nymphs (they looked more

like youthful coal merchants after a year or two) and green and red plush. To-day plain walls are enhanced by cunning lighting effects, chromium plating and mirrors are used for decoration, and carpets and furnishings are comfortably plain. Just such an example of this new type of theatre is the recently-opened Mayfair, in Palmerston North. It replaces the old Palace, which was burned down last year. All the film heads were present at the opening, and the patronage during the past month has had the manager (Mr. T. L. Craigie) rubbing his hands with glee. Gracie Fields' new talkie, "Queen of Hearts," was the first attraction, followed by "Whipsaw," "Three Live Ghosts" and a return season of "Naughty Marietta." "A Tale of Two Cities" is showing now—and the business is phenomenal. Mr. Craigie is no newcomer to the theatre business; he is well-known in Wellington and he has also managed theatres in Hastings.

"Frankie."

AND talking of theatre managers, let's mention the new manager of Wellington's Paramount Theatre—Miss Dorothy Franklin to you, "Frankie" to the people in the movie business. Since she took over the Paramount there have been lots of changes, the one which appeals most to Miss Franklin's feminine heart (and incidentally to the patrons on these chill winter nights) being the serving of coffee and biscuits in the lounge at the interval. The Tudor, at Remuera, Auckland, used to do the same thing,



AND HASTINGS DID!—The instructions to "Follow the Fleet" were obeyed to the letter by Hawke's Bay picturegoers. This excellent Astaire-Rogers film played five days to capacity houses at the State Theatre, Hastings. Above is the staff attired in suitable costumes—a good publicity stunt.

and the idea was popular. The Paramount has been redecorated and given a new lighting system and, by way of giving the theatre a good send-off, one of the first screenings under the new regime was "Peg of Old Drury," an English film that appealed mightily to the great army of Wellington's cinema fans.