



A triumph for the make-up men—John Carradine as he appears in the role of Abraham Lincoln in M.-G.-M.'s outstanding new drama "Of Human Hearts," starring Walter Huston.

something about acting. You could wrap up Grace Moore, Jeanette MacDonald, and Lily Pons in cellophane and hand them to me all together on a golden platter and I'd still want Gladys Swarthout.

Probably one of the reasons why she has never created more stir is that she has been unfortunate in her choice of leading men. She had Boles with her for her debut in "Rose of the Rancho," and then Jan Kiepura almost shouted his tonsils out opposite her in "Give Us This Night." Now it's Boles again.

And they've never given her enough light and catchy music to sing. That's the trouble again in "Romance in the Dark"—although, mind you, her operatic excerpts are something to sing about.

Typical Barrymore

IT'S the wicked gleam in John Barrymore's eye, however, that lights up "Romance in the Dark." Whenever he walks on the screen, he's the centre of attention in his typical Barrymore role of a bad old man whose chief interest in life—much more important than his job of operatic impresario—is depriving Mr. Boles of his girl friends. With what grace and subtlety he does it!

I will say this for Mr. Boles (he's known as Kovach, an eminent Hungarian baritone)—he does seem to know his limitations as a lady-killer: and so, in an endeavour to divert the hungry Barrymore eye from the Countess Monica (Claire Dodd), he takes Gladys Swarthout out of her maid's costume and rigs her out as a Persian princess and lays her lusciously at the Barrymore feet.

Miss Swarthout, you see, is really a not-so-simple-minded country girl who has come to Budapest from the village choir in search of operatic fame, and finding the direct approach rather difficult, has slipped in by the servants' entrance. Even Kovach, with his appraising gaze fixed on the Countess, can spare a glance for the comely lass in the maid's cap and apron who sings

grand opera while she dusts the drawing-room. Thus the maid becomes the mysterious Persian princess with the golden voice, whose duty it is to occupy Barrymore while Boles (or rather, Kovach) carries on with Countess Monica.

Confession

NOBODY. I should imagine, will be in the dark about the rest of the romance. Obviously Boles, having handed the heroine over to Barrymore, must come to realise where his heart really lies and strive to win her back and make amends. Obviously, also, there must be the big stage finale where the heroine will confess to the audience that she is not a Persian princess but just a local girl trying to make good; and the audience (in a big-hearted Hungarian way) will acclaim her for herself alone, while the contrite Boles will clasp her in his arms and protest his passion in ringing tones, what time the heroine gazes happily down his throat.

It's a pity that the last part of the film is all so obvious, because the rest of it honestly has a very subtle and chucklesome air of polite musical philandering. I enjoyed it immensely—but perhaps you had better take fully into account my confessed admiration for Glorious Gladys.

["Romance in the Dark." Paramount. Directed by H. C. Potter, starring Gladys Swarthout, John Boles, John Barrymore. Just released.]

Dog's Meat

AN interesting sidelight on the hardships some actors go through in the service of art is revealed by the "Los Angeles Times" in this paragraph:—

"Errol Flynn stuffed pieces of meat into his ears to get a small dog to leap up and lick his face in a film scene for Warners."

New Medium Found For Cartoons

Animated Dolls

A NEW personality has arisen in the film world who may in time become almost as famous as Walt Disney himself. He is George Pal, a Hungarian, who has developed a technique of cartoon-production, using animated dolls instead of drawings, which give his pictures a three-dimensional quality. Dolls and models have fairly often been used in cartoons before, but what makes this new development really significant is that the animation of Pal's dolls is well-nigh perfect; even their facial expressions are alive with movement.

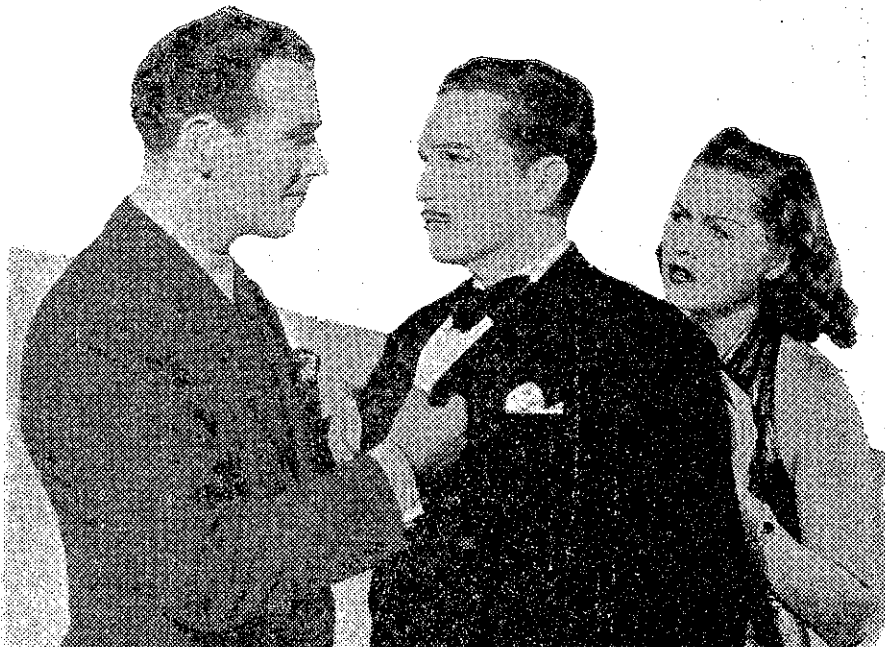
The result is that the dolls dance, sing, fight, and make love like human beings, but with a delightfully comic quality that no ordinary human figure could equal.

I have seen one of Pal's puppet-cartoons in colour. It is an advertising film made for Philips Lamps and entitled "Philips Broadcast, 1938." Yet it is not an advertisement in the ordinary sense of the word, except insofar as anything so delightfully novel and entertaining much be excellent publicity for the firm that sponsors it.

Hollywood Contract

TO achieve his unique effects in "Philips Broadcast, 1938," George Pal had to make and colour over 3000 separate dolls, since to give them their lifelike movements and their cute facial expressions needed something like 28 different figures for each movement or change of position. In the final scene alone, 363 dolls had to be arranged and photographed in exact sequence and in synchronisation with the music of Ambrose and his orchestra.

George Pal was formerly head of the



It appears that Preston Foster has discovered who put the lady in the morgue. Obviously it cannot be Patricia Ellis, since she is very much alive in this scene from Universal's Crime Club mystery, "The Lady in the Morgue."