

# GARY COOPER

PICKS THE

# Honest Lips

IN INTERESTING TEST



HERE'S WHAT GARY COOPER SAW



Popular Screen Star tells why he prefers the Tangee Lips



● "Honest lips!" That's Gary Cooper's forthright masculine way of putting it. And lips that are painted don't look honest to men. Tangee doesn't paint your lips. It cannot, because it isn't paint. Instead, it makes them soft, rosy, appealing. Based on the magic Tangee colour-change principle, it merely intensifies the natural colour of your lips.

● Gary Cooper making the lipstick test between two scenes of his new picture, "The Wedding Night," a Samuel Goldwyn Production for United Artists.

In the stick Tangee looks orange. But as you use it, it changes to the one shade of rose that is your own best colour. Try Tangee. You can buy it for 4/6 or 2/6 for the smaller size.

Trial sizes of Tangee Lipstick and Tangee Rouge obtainable everywhere at 6d. each.

For those who prefer a more vivid colour there is Tangee Theatrical, specially suitable for evening use.

From all hairdressers, chemists and stores.



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88 Regent Street, W.1

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On the British Sets by E. G. COUSINS

Filming one of the big scenes for Jack Buchanan's new comedy "When Knights Were Bold", which is being produced by Capitol. The castle is a replica of part of Warwick Castle, where exterior shots were taken.

# FULL SPEED AHEAD

Studio Steam Up—A Spot of Shakespeare—She Wins a Sweepstake—Two Costume Films—And Two Blue-stockings—Hicks and Balfour Together

UPON my word, with twenty productions on the floors, like the fly-wheel of Stephenson's "Rocket" railway engine I don't know quite which way to turn first.

Elstree? Shepherd's Bush? Twickenham? Teddington? Walton? Wembley? Welwyn? Cricklewood? Southall? Shepperton? Ealing Green? Islington?

They're all working "at capacity" this week. I honestly can't remember such a week. They've kept me running about like a March hare—which is grossly unfair in December.

Go on, you choose which to start with . . . Elstree? All right. There are no fewer than eight productions on the various floors at Elstree, so even now we have a considerable range of choice.

Let's start with one of the greatest actresses in our studios at the moment—Elizabeth Bergner. She is struggling valiantly with the part of "Rosalind" in what is described as "Shakespeare's gayest comedy," *As You Like It*. I trust it will be . . . as you like it.

### She Knows It

Why, you rather obviously inquire, should so great an actress as Bergner have to struggle with a part?

The answer is, curiously enough, because she knows it too well. She has played it on the stage

in Germany until it has become part of her nature. And her husband, Dr. Paul Czinner, who is directing it, is far too good a director and far too good a husband to put her stage performance straight into a film; so it has meant starting again from the beginning.

This is one of the many handicaps you have to contend with in filming Shakespeare; but plenty of people think it is worth it, and who am I to argue with them?

Anyway, I have great hopes of this new Bergner picture; Dr. Czinner has put in four years' work (spare time work, that is) in adapting *As You Like It* to the screen, and it will be a great achievement if a British studio can turn out a perfect Shakespearean film.

It's worth a few headaches, especially when you and I don't have to have the headaches.

### Duplicating Titles

To pass from the sublime to the ridiculous—using the word "ridiculous" in its true sense of "laughable," of course—move we on to *Public Nuisance No. 1*, at Beaconsfield.

Rather a pity that a film should have been announced from America, starring Jane Withers and one of them will have to drop it.

This Elstree one is Frances Day, whose stage partnership with Arthur Riscoe is being transferred to the screen. Riscoe plays a young man about town, who, after dining unwisely but overwell, drives his car through a shop window in which is displayed a bedroom suite.

Naturally, since it is a film, he is not cut by fragments of plate-glass, he is not hurled head first against a wardrobe and he does not break his neck, as probability and justice dictate.

No sir! He is shot into the bed, and there sleeps quite comfortably until morning; from which we perceive, my fellow dupes, that too much trouble is not being taken to make us believe a word of it. We'll swallow anything.

### Amazing

Then, of course, there is an attractive shop-girl (exceedingly like Frances Day) who wakens him in the morning, and, believe me or decline to, she next wins a sweepstake and goes to the Riviera, and there (Oh, astonishment!) the same young man has been forced by his rich uncle to serve as a waiter in the very hotel in which she is staying. . . .

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