<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cover Girl</td>
<td>Adrienne Houston</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iris Thorpe</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weatherproof In White</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Publicity Always Pays</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Word For Anne</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Front Line</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Stole For Cherie</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet Music</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chill Sets In As Night Falls Again</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dancing In Spain</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>£9,000,000 Programme For Pinewood</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In The Swing</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
All set to cope with any kind of weather is PAMELA JOHNSON in her pure rubber raincoat. Well, you know the kind of weather we can expect now that the summer has arrived—who'd have thought it, as the man in the boat said when he found a mermaid in the scuppers instead of an oilskin. The point is what can you do with a mermaid when it's raining buckets and you haven't even got a sou-wester? Be like Pam. Be prepared.
It's not just smart to wear white, either—it's clever. You can be seen in the dark, or at night when walking home and cars are rushing at you from all angles. Better by far than waving a white hankie.
If you haven’t got a white rubber raincoat and would dearly like to remedy this, we can supply you with one for £8 0s. 0d. Write to us for details.
Will you spare an hour a month to stop this?

“It’s heartbreaking to see little children with nowhere to turn for help”

“He asked the children to pray and all their prayers were for food.”

“4-year-old Peter, weighing 16 lb., pot belly, swollen hands, and feet covered with sores.”

“Often we have no bread…”

People want to help Oxfam. They’ll gladly give a regular 2/6. We need helpers to call for 2/6 a month from friends in every road, office and every factory in Britain. Join in, give an hour a month. Help provide tools and tractors to stop terrible suffering.

To: Joan Chapman • Oxfam • 274 Banbury Road • Oxford BB 104

Yes, I’d like to help. Please send me details (without obligation) of how I start a 2/6 a month collection.

NAME

ADDRESS

“Thank you”
Ted Purdy frankly admitted he was not above a bit of a fiddle on occasions. Nor had he any scruples about doctoring his income tax returns. But he did believe in drawing the line somewhere.

And as he often told his wife, Edie, that was more than could be said of her cousin, Harry Robinson. For if ever a man could make a corkscrew feel straight, Harry was the one to do it.

However, what rankled most with Ted was the injustice of Harry’s ever-increasing prosperity. He even owned a flourishing furniture store in the High Street now.

At least, it was flourishing by Ted’s standards. But Harry thought it needed a gimmick to pep things up. And with this in mid, he asked Ted to meet him one evening in a pub where neither of them were known.

“Well, how would you like to earn a couple of fivers?” he asked when they had taken the first edge off their thirst.

Ted stared at his wife’s cousin in astonishment, but knowing him only too well, he said cautiously, “And just what would I have to do to earn that?”

“Why, practically nothing, really, apart from keeping your mouth buttoned up.

“You see, I’m going to run a competition to boost trade—publicity always pays, you know. Any way, I’ll offer a first rize of £500, to make the newspapers take notice. And then as consolation prizes. I’ll throw in a few old TV sets I’ve had on my hands for years. Get the idea?”

“Sure!” Ted agreed. “But won’t that £500 make a big hole in your profits?”

Harry chuckled. “Be your age, man! That’s where you come in. You’re going to be the winner—but only in a manner of speaking, of course.
“All you’ll have to do is to be there for the public presentation of the cheque. And then, when the press boys have gone, you’ll return it to me in exchange for a couple of fivers. Though as I said before, you’ll have to keep your mouth buttoned up.”

“But I’ll have to tell Edie, otherwise she’d go rushing off to buy herself a fur coat.”

“Hmm, yes, I suppose you will,” Harry admitted reluctantly. Oh, and by the way, just in case either of you get any clever ideas—that cheque won’t carry my usual signature, so you wouldn’t stand a chance of cashing it. Now, will you take the job on?”

Ted shrugged. “Okay, though I must say it’s a dead crafty way to do business.”

But as he pointed out to Edie later, “If I don’t do it, he’ll find someone else who will. And we could certainly use a couple of fivers.”

“Not half, we could!” she agreed. “But I wish he’d offered us some furniture instead. Ours is all so dreadfully shabby.”

“But if he had done, you know darned well it would all have been riddled with woodworm like the wedding present he gave us.”

When the day of the prize-giving arrived, Harry Robinson’s store was packed. And to the accompaniment of clicking press cameras, he presented Ted with the worthless cheque and an oily smile.

“Give us a story!” One of the reporters called. “What are you and your wife going to do now? Take a trip abroad?”

“Oh, nothing like that,” Ted answered before Edie could open her mouth. “We’re going to spend the money right here in Mr. Robinson’s store, aren’t we, dear?”

Edie gave a startled gulp, but feeling her husband’s elbow digging into her ribs, she answered meekly, “Yes, that’s right.”

“And as there’s no time like the present,” Ted hurried on. “I think we’ll choose what we want here and now. And perhaps you’d like to take a photograph of us sitting on the three-piece suite we’ll be buying?”

“Good idea.” The reporter turned to Harry Robinson. “Come along sir, you must be in the group, too.”

Harry, who felt like dropping dead, let a sickly smile crack his face. Helplessly, he nodded his assent.

And Edie, entering into what she assumed to be part of the publicity stunt, enthusiastically chose furniture for every room in her house — until the obliging head salesman finally jotted down an order to the value of £500.

“Now, Mr. Robinson,” Ted said smoothly, “it gives me great pleasure to hand back your cheque in payment. I suppose you can deliver all this by next Saturday, eh?”

Harry’s face purpled. “Er ... yes, yes of course,” he snarled.

“Splendid! And you fellows of the Press — how about coming round to our house on Saturday night to see how it looks installed, eh? I think we might run to a bottle of champagne in the circumstances.”

And then, with a gracious smile for the staff, he led Edie out of the store.

“Well, one thing’s for sure,” he said as the swing doors shut behind them. “Harry won’t dare to back out now—not with all those press men coming round on Saturday. As he’s so fond of saying — publicity always pays!”
If you want to find the right word for ANNE SCOTT, highly-delectable looker from Scotland, consult a dictionary. None of the ordinary common-or-garden words like cute, glamorous, dishy or swoony will do. Anne is way above all those.
Right in the front line of the troupe is dancer IRIS THORPE, curvy brunette from the Midlands. That makes it a pleasure to be in the front row, where you can see just how attractive is a dancing shape of 35''-24''-36''. 
"It's a lovely new washer, Joe, but ooh, the paddles don't half slap!"
There was a time long, long ago when we thought girls just got in the way, as it were. We thought if we bought them a lollipop that was doing them proud. We didn’t know there’d come a time when we’d like to buy a fur stole for a girl just for being beautiful, which only goes to show that the older you get the more reckless you become. We didn’t buy one for CHERIE SCOTT, but have to admit she looks an absolute dream in the one she has got. Did you know, by the way, that Cherie is a fanatic about fencing, skating, swimming and judo? You didn’t? Well, you do now.
How's the backing on that piece of tape? It's the backing that counts with all this beat music, if you don't have the backing you fall flat, and that also goes for the inebriated bricklayer who leaned against the wall he'd forgotten to build the day before.
By the way, listening to the tape is Scots girl ELIZABETH GALLACHER, and for our money Elizabeth makes music just as sweet as any beat group.
Maybe we got off to the wrong start there. It isn’t the pops Elizabeth is mad about, it’s classical music, and that tape is more likely to be Beethoven’s Emperor Concerto than Can’t Buy Me Love.
For those who are not necessarily interested in the classics but keep their attention on statistics. Elizabeth measures 36"-22"-36", which would make her a girl worth seeing at the London Proms. Especially with that auburn-red hair and those fascinating green eyes.
The power of nostalgia being what it is, there's nothing quite so good as a classic horror movie remembered through the mists of time. It is, therefore, something of a shock to find a remake of Night Must Fall which is as satisfyingly bone-chilling as the original.

It is 27 years since I saw the original version of the old masterpiece, but memories of its nightmare moments linger on: the isolated cottage beside the English moor, inhabited by those gullible women; the villain Robert Montgomery, softly whistling Danny Boy, Rosalind Russell's clammy realisation that she loved a madman; and above all, that sinister hatbox, which everyone in the audience knew must contain the head of a murdered woman.

The 1937 version of Night Must Fall was a product of the prewar golden age at M.G.M., and in many notable ways a turning point in Hollywood's history. For one thing, it got Montgomery, then the perennial playboy of glossy comedies, out of his black tie and into a role that suddenly proved he was a dramatic actor of considerable skill. For
another, it was Hollywood's first serious study of a psychopath (we exclude Dr. Jekyll and other fantasies), and the first time that an audience knew from the very beginning who the murderer was and what was up. Montgomery played a debonair, manic-depressive bellhop who got his kicks and pocket money by preying on lonely women and then hacking off their silly heads.

Though the original was produced on a Culver City back lot, its cast was largely British and so was its style. It ranks with those early pace-makers—the vintage Hitchcocks and Carol Reeds—that established a pattern for a whole generation of made-in-England thrillers. The pattern is not easy to copy but, like well-cut tweed, it wears well—which may explain why *Night Must Fall* has even survived ruthless cutting and endless commercial interruptions to become a staple on the Late Late Show. It is still worth losing sleep for—or so I am told by insomniacs and connoisseurs of fine old films.

Like the lover who tries to revive a faded romance, the director who attempts to make a new version of a hallowed old film runs a grave risk. The chances are he will try to improve on the original, adding his own artistic nuances and touches of genius. And the chances are, too, that he will fail: the record of film flameouts launched from the gantries of earlier triumphs is sorry indeed, and almost sinful.

The remake of *Night Must Fall* manages to beat these formidable odds. There is no reason to stand the two versions up back to back for comparison. Each is a fine, frightening film in its own right, and the new model is reasonably faithful to the old. The basic elements of the first film are all present, and only a few harmless liberties have been taken with the script. Albert Finney, in his first big role since *Tom Jones* (his fleeting appearance in *The Victors* is best forgotten), is a baleful and beguiling killer. He has added a few restrained touches of his own personality to the role; a fiendishly boyish smile has replaced Montgomery's shivery whistle, and when Finney is in the mood for murder the camera focuses on his feet, in torn, dirty sneakers, as they twist and writhe around the famous hatbox in a grisly ballet that conveys the writhing of his tortured brain.

Foolish old ladies in ground-gripper shoes are a staple in high-voltage British shockers, and Mona Washbourne plays the cranky old cripple who loses her head over Danny with balmy gusto. Sheila Hancock is the pathetic servant girl who loses her virtue but not her head, and Susan Hampshire, as the heroine, looks a lot like Grace Kelly and acts a lot like a marionette. But then she is supposed to be scared stiff most of the time. The mood is intensified with some startling sound effects: the screech of racing automobiles, the cries of frightened birds, the crash of a sudden summer downpour on the glass roof of a solarium.

The acid test of this kind of shocker is whether or not it can keep its audiences twitching with suspense. The new *Night Must Fall* should make the grade on almost anyone's electrocardiogram, especially in the big moment when Finney steps out of the shadows, lovingly fingering a long, curved meat cleaver.
DANCING IN SPAIN

Right about now when you’re thinking if you can date the beach girl in the red bikini, CHRISTINE GAITES is spending the summer dancing in Spain. Sorry if you’re sorry you decided to go to Leinngrad this year.
Pinewood Studios announce that at least 17 British pictures at a total cost of over £9,000,000 will be filmed there during the next twelve months.

These include eight subjects for the Rank Organisation representing an expenditure of £4,500,000 including co-production expenditure. These are:

*The Unknown Battle*: to be produced and directed by Anthony Mann. The story of the great Commando raid on the atomic installations in Norway. Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer and George Peppard will head the cast with at least three other international stars.

*The High, Bright Sun*: a story of Cyprus from the novel of the same name. The leading roles will be played by a top American woman star, two British male stars and several Continental artistes. This will be the biggest budget film producer Betty E. Box and director Ralph Thomas have made to date.

*Almost a Hero*: the story of a modern Dick Whittington, starring Norman Wisdom. This comedy, which follows his record-breaking success *A Stitch in Time*, will once again be produced by Hugh Stewart and directed by Robert Asher.

*Love on The Riviera*: a new comedy in Eastmancolour, featuring James Robertson Justice, Leslie Phillips and a number of exciting, young Continental artistes. This film will be produced by Leslie Parkyn and will have an extensive South of France location.

*Female of The Species*: a fast-moving spectacular thriller set in London and the Middle East. Written by Jimmy Sangster and based on Sapper’s famous character “Bulldog Drummond.”

*The Innocent Gunman*: from the famous novel by Jean-Paul Lacroix. A big-budget comedy dealing with an international crime syndicate set in the capital cities of the world. To be produced by Julian Wintle, with stars from each of the countries concerned.

*The Lonely*: Paul Gallico’s immortal love story set in London in the last war. Two big stars will play the roles of the young English girl and the American pilot.

*Doctor in Clover*: owing to the tremendous demands from exhibitors and public alike Betty E. Box and Ralph Thomas will make the sixth of their fabulously successful “Doctor” series.
In the swing means being with it, so if you're a square get your corners rounded off. Girls in the swing are wearing the mod equivalent of grandma's long underwear, like JACQUELINE BLAIR, above, and ANNE SCOTT, right.

IN THE SWING ★ ★
Left and with it, is MAUREEN PIKE. Above, it's booted PAM JOHNSON.
It's true that RUTH CAVENDISH is in the case but she can't get the lid down. If you'd like sets of 12 prints featuring any of these models, just use the form below.

........................................................................ cut here ........................................

To Toco Prints, 88 Park Lane, Croydon, Surrey.

Please send me 12 prints for £1 (or 12 Whole Plate Prints for £2) of

JACQUELINE  ANNE  MAUREEN  PAM  RUTH
(Delete the unrequired)

Please also send me your new list of DK sets plus 2 sample prints for 5/-.

Name .................................................................

Address ...............................................................
PHOTOGRAPHS

Prints of photographs available to readers in this issue at 4/- each half-plate print, 6/- each whole plate, are: WEATHERPROOF IN WHITE, THE WORD FOR ANNE, A STOLE FOR CHERIE, SWEET MUSIC and IN THE SWING.

BACK NUMBERS

Readers, particularly from overseas, who are interested in obtaining back numbers of our publications are invited to write to our Circulation Department, who will be pleased to send details by return.

CURRENT ISSUES

If you want to ensure that you do not miss the monthly issues of any or all of our magazines you can place an order with your newsagent. Alternatively you can order your copies direct from us by filling in the form on the back page.
FOR YOUR DIARY

SPICK and SPAN
The Original Glamour Magazines are always packed with pep and punch and are published monthly at 2/- each.

SPICK and SPAN EXTRA
Full of Glamour and Colour at 3/- only, the SPICK and SPAN EXTRA is published quarterly.

BEAUTIFUL BRITONS
This is a 52-page glossy magazine specialising in home-grown glamour girls and is published monthly at 2/-.

If you have not already placed an order with your newsagent for those of our magazines which you like, do so now or make use of the form below to obtain your copies direct from us.

To Toco Publications, 88 Park Lane, Croydon, Surrey.
Please send me the following:

12 issues of SPICK for 27/- (or 6 for 13 6).
12 issues of SPAN for 27/- (or 6 for 13 6).
12 issues of BEAUTIFUL BRITONS for 27/- (or 6 for 13 6).
4 issues of SPICK & SPAN EXTRA for 14/-.

(delete what you do not require)

I enclose my remittance for ...................................................... herewith

NAME .................................................................

ADDRESS ............................................................