



# Madeleine Carroll Among the "Fans"

**F**RIDAY NIGHT WAS "fans' night at the Gaumont-Palace at Hammersmith. As soon as the news went round that Madeleine Carroll was to present the film-star prizes in Peta's Famous Fashion Competition, the "fans" began to rally.

"Why—it's like a Hollywood première!" I heard someone remark as I emerged from my taxi at the main entrance and walked over the thick red carpet provided by a thoughtful management.

And Peta, by my side, quite agreed. Floodlights, and camera flashes . . . but instead of all the Hollywood celebrities the stars of the evening, as Madeleine herself said later on, were the London area prize-winners themselves.

As the prizewinners arrived they were escorted to the cinema restaurant where good things were awaiting them, and then Peta—who had been busy on the stage preparing all the gifts for presentation—came into the limelight and said "How do you do?" to her guests.

Then, from outside we heard a burst of cheering.

"Here she comes!"

"Doesn't she look lovely?"

"I didn't think she'd be so beautiful off the screen!"

It was a Wonderful Evening for the Winners in Peta's Fashion Competition, says Maud M. Miller, when the film stars' prizes were awarded.

Madeleine slipped out of the car with the Editor of *FILM PICTORIAL*.

I have seen Madeleine time and again—indeed I regard her as my very good friend, as well as a film star—but I have never seen her look more beautiful.

She wore black taffeta—long, with a train. Big shoulder revers revealed rows and rows of tiny lace frilling, making a perfect frame for her blonde and shining head.

And she wore a fur wrap, of silver foxes. Yes, there were several blended into a glorious shoulder cape. Round her neck was a necklace of exquisite diamonds, and she carried a small black evening bag, with her initials in diamenté.

Peta and the Editor of *FILM PICTORIAL* and Madeleine and their guests went on to the stage and when the curtain went up there they all were, ready for the Great Moment. The picture above will give you some idea of the scene.

The audience gave the heartiest welcome to Madeleine, who very modestly asserted that, grateful and appreciative as she was of such a welcome, it was "these clever people who

spotted the stars themselves beneath their masks of white, and were able to know them by their clothes alone, who deserved the cheering!"

It was marvellous, too, how appropriate the gift-prizes turned out! Miss Hounslow, of Norbury, who won Margaret Sullavan's dainty evening bag reminded me somewhat of the star herself, and Maureen O'Sullivan's coatee fitted Miss Ford of Blackheath "like a glove" as she told me later when she tried it on. Jean Harlow's bracelets, which she wore in *Reckless*, looked "just perfect" on Miss Hurson, of Richmond, and a "sporty" looking girl, Miss Overall, from London town, was exactly right for Anna Neagle's sporting outfit.

After the prize-giving came the party. The Manager of the cinema, Mr. John Read, took the party to a room laden with refreshments, and here Madeleine Carroll autographed the personal letters that accompanied the gifts and talked to the girls, and answered a thousand and one questions, and was photographed with this one and that. The winners opened their boxes and "tried on" their prizes.

Chili Bouchier's necklet and bangles sparkled in the light, Kay Francis' bag was very much admired, and Dorothy Hyson's scarf was soon adorning the neck of Miss Wheeldon, of Camden Town.

While all this excitement was taking place I had a chat with somebody's mother . . . for "friends and relations" were also included in the party.

"I have only seen her"—referring to Madeleine—"in *I Was A Spy*, and I thought she must be lovely. After this I shall see every film she makes . . . she isn't a bit as I thought she would be . . . she's so natural and happy-looking. . . ."

By the time Madeleine left the Gaumont-Palace there was a huge crowd outside awaiting her. The Guard of Honour of Usherettes, all with jaunty caps and with their torches of office at the "present" were hard put to it to keep a pathway open, and extra police were called to enable the car to drive off . . . and when some ardent "fan" asked me

if I were "Miss England" elected that day, I felt that my cup of happiness was full to overflowing, too!

Two of the winners showing Madeleine Carroll their precious prizes.



1935