

Aviation Story Of New Type Is Cheered at Fox

**"March of Time" Scores;
Heart Drama at Earle;
Other Programs.**

Reprinted from yesterday's Last Edition.

"WINGS IN THE DARK," Paramount picturization of a story by Nell Shipman and Phillip D. Hurn, adapted to the screen by Dale Van Every and E. H. Robinson. Featuring Cary Grant and Myrna Loy, with Roscoe Karns, Hobart Cavanaugh, Dean Jagger, Russell Hop-ton and the voice of Graham McNamee. Directed by James Flood. Reviewed Friday afternoon.

By Nelson B. Bell.

Having exhausted the melodramatic possibilities of wartime flying, commercial flying, stunt flying and those perilous trail-blazing Andean adventures in the air, the fashioners of celluloid entertainment now have hit upon the suprisingly effective device of adapting the scientific intricacies of aviation to the needs of suspenseful, thrilling and intensely human romantic drama.

To describe "Wings in the Dark" merely as "another aviation picture" would be as far beside the point as to catalogue "Cimarron" as "just another Western." It is a drama of deep human emotion—intelligent, legitimate and logical—which utilizes the most modern developments of aircraft operation to vitalize and make vivid a love story that partakes a little of pathos, a little more of sacrifice and very considerably of heroism.

"Wings in the Dark" might be construed by those who have not viewed it as rather overstepping the limits of credibility by making its chief figure not only an expert "blind" flier, but a flier who actually becomes blind. This, strangely, is not the case.

Invention Is Plot Basis.

The perfection of instruments so delicate, so accurate and so infallible that even a blind man can fly by the senses of touch and hearing is the basis of the plot's developments. Circumventing the easy accomplishment of his purpose—after a gas explosion has deprived him of his sight on the eve of a "blind" flight from Roosevelt Field to Paris—are the foreclosure on Ken Gordon's plane, the refusal of publishers to accept his stories and other insuperable handicaps well calculated to keep him grounded in spirit as well as in person.

In this emergency, Sheila Mason, a barnstorming, sky-writing, stunt flyer, who long has admired Gordon's superlative airmanship from a distance, steps into the breach—or, better said, into the cockpit—and risks her neck in the most hazardous air feats to supply surreptitiously the funds needed by the man in whom she has implicit faith. As a final gesture, she accepts the proposition of her wildcat manager to attempt a nonstop flight from Moscow to New York for a prize of \$25,000.

Spanning the Atlantic, she radios Halifax, Portland, Boston, Roosevelt Field and such points as she can contact on the Eastern Seaboard that she is running out of gas and is lost in an impenetrable fog that reaches from a high ceiling right down to the ground.

The Blind Flies "Blind."

In this crisis, Ken and his faithful mechanic, "Mac," crash the hangar, hi-jack Ken's ship and bring Sheila in "blind" through the perfect operation of the devices Gordon has perfected.

In outline, the story sounds melodramatic, cheap and trashy. It is none of these things. It is, to be sure, productive of terrific suspense—suspense that is ameliorated by an especially well-contrived love scene played by radio above the fog bank. "Wings in the Dark" is a picture it would be well to see. It is one of those unexpected successes that click for reasons that can not be expounded on paper.

Cary Grant, in the role of the blind aviator, does perhaps the most convincing piece of work he has brought to the screen. The illusion of blindness is perfectly sustained and added appeal is compounded by his understanding treatment of an inherently sympathetic role. Myrna Loy, in the opposite part of the ballyhooed aviatrix, turns in her accustomed sane and well-balanced characterization, neither she nor Grant surrendering ever to what must have been a sore temptation to indulge in at least a few of the extravagances of lurid melodramatics.

The principal supporting roles are splendidly played by Hobart Cavanaugh, Roscoe Karns and Dean Jagger, not forgetting Lightning, one of the handsomest and most sagacious of the German shepherds.

A secondary subject that deserves to rank almost with the feature is "The March of Time," presented for the first time in Washington yesterday and viewed last evening by one of the most distinguished audiences of officialdom any motion picture theater has assembled. Here is a reel that doles out history in complete tabloid doses, rounded, informative and authentic. It is not a newsreel, but a digest of world events that is as entertaining as it is novel and educational.

The new week's stage bill is headlined by Tim and Irene (Ryan and Noblette), recruits from the airwaves, who microphone a varied assortment of jibes, songs and skits into the auditorium, some good, some bad and some merely indifferent. Their act added up to a mild hit. Gautier's animated toy shop, probably the best of the dog and pony acts; Hope Minor and Edward Root, dancers, accompanied by two grand pianos, and Gale and Carson, two eccentric clowns, complete the bill.

Prof. Lampkin's "Merry Wives of Windsor" overture and the Fox Movietone News round out an entertainment that justifies the five de luxe performances announced for today.