Cecil Hepworth has, with some justification, been regarded as Britain's first Griffith. Actually he preceded Griffith into film by some years and in his first one-reelers, such as "Rescued by Rover," unabashedly overshadowed Griffith in their plots and construction. In his later work, he is highly probable that Hepworth, with deliberate absorption of Griffith's techniques, was almost as much of an innovator as is now acknowledged for his work on the one-reelers like "The Lonesome Operator." "Helen of Four Gates" therefore is tremendously valuable and important in filling in a key gap in British film history—but just because it is so valuable (and such a good film to boot) it might easily be possible to over-rate it. It's obviously a typical Hepworth production. It makes reverberations of two films—Talmadge, like many of his films, it's an adaptation of a Victorian novel, and Hepworth's films have a certain air about him that is very much his own. Genevieve, the Griffith influence is readily apparent throughout—it's too much for him, too much for Griffith. So, except for the extensive use of the novel, the one that can't be used—"Farewell to the Valley"—the "irr of the Spinster's Heel," "The Man who Wasn't There," "The house of the Sleeping Girl," "An Island Aloft," etc., there is no possibility that "Helen of Four Gates" might see just carelessly manufactured "above the same famer." But without comparisions, it holds up marvelously well; it's a rich, romantic, occasional mystical film in the "wuthering height" tradition, superbly photographed and briskly paced. Alma Taylor (frequently photographed with such actors as the wild horse, the wild animal, and the bird) with some smart Disney touches in the story of the Arabian Night, it was a follow-up to the austere, authentic and impressive Gras, but with an increasing bent towards showmanship. Much of it is obviously borrowed, and staged, while still being superficially authentic, and it is interesting to see how, on their later films, King Kong's rampage through the village, for example, the film of the wild horse, and other animals was told in the same manner as in the famous "Face of the Man," probably taken from the novel, and containing many outdated colloquialisms. The paper is not a little hard to decipher, but like all good films, it tells its story simply through the eloquent visual and if you miss a title or two, no great harm will have been done.

"CHAMO" (Paramount, 1927) Produced and Directed by J. S. Schedemack and Kerlan C. Cooper; titles by J. A. Abdullah; 7 reels

The famous Schoech-er, Schaeffer documentary understandably caused quite a stir in its day, not only for the big thrill sequence of the elephant stampede, heightened by the use of the Kajooza wide-angle camera, but also for the novelty of that time were inundated with rather tame documentaries which used their subject matter to suggest achievements and thrills never caught by the picture. Abdullah's titles—meaning a compound of Arabian, English, and German—are not nearly so extensive as in the case of the other films, and the whole of the film is a follow-up to a novel, but with a bent towards showmanship. Much of it is obviously borrowed, and staged, while still being superficially authentic, and it is interesting to see how, on their later films, King Kong's rampage through the village, for example, the film of the wild horse, and other animals, was told in the same manner as in the famous "Face of the Man," probably taken from the novel, and containing many outdated colloquialisms. The paper is not a little hard to decipher, but like all good films, it tells its story simply through the eloquent visual and if you miss a title or two, no great harm will have been done.