

● **ABOVE:** Atomic weapons prove useless against space vessels which brought Martians to attack the Earth.

● **LEFT.** All-seeing eye which Martians use to see around corners would be a handy instrument in the Royal Tour crowds.

THANKS to a producer with the unlikely name of George Pal, Hollywood has finally caught up with the flying saucer.

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Mr. Pal made the most ambitious science fiction film ever to be tackled in Hollywood—a screen version of H. G. Wells' famous story of Martian invasion of Earth, "The War of the Worlds."

Melbourne will see the film soon.

Mr. Pal is the same fellow who made "Destination Moon"—the first Hollywood fantasy ever to soar off into space from a platform of real scientific speculation.

Mr. Pal pioneered. Others followed suit. There was a rash of films dealing with space travel and the possibility of life on other planets—"The Thing," "The Man From Planet X," "The Day the Earth Stood Still," and Pal's own "When Worlds Collide."

None of them topped "Destination Moon," "War of the Worlds" may, however. This is the same fantasy with which, you may remember, Orson Welles years ago on the radio frightened some good citizens of New Jersey and elsewhere clean out of their wits.

Mr. Pal has added some

modern touches. In his film the Martian invaders are met with atom bombs. Even this awesome weapon of modern science cannot prevail against them. In the end it is a tiny germ that wipes out the menacing men from Mars.

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Martian men on the screen in the George Pal version, save in dim outline. Mr. Pal had devised a most frightening monster, and then decided that it was too scary for the public. It looked like a walking piece

looked like a walking piece of raw liver — if you must know — and you ought to

be glad the producer decided to spare you.

Mr. Pal has the extraordinary record of never having made an ordinary film. Everything he has turned his hand to has been fantasy. He got into pictures as the creator of "Puppetoons," the first animated puppets on the screen. His first live-action picture was "The Great Rupert," which had an animated, stuffed squirrel as the leading actor opposite Jimmy Durante.

He is a strange figure of a producer to be dealing with unearthly subjects, because in habits and manner he is as plain as an old shoe. Hungarian-born, he was trained as an architect, married his childhood sweetheart and lives with her and his two sons in modest suburban style in Brentwood, California.

He has few friends in the movie colony, doesn't drink, avoids night clubs and is no conversationalist, being much too modest a man to hog the floor.

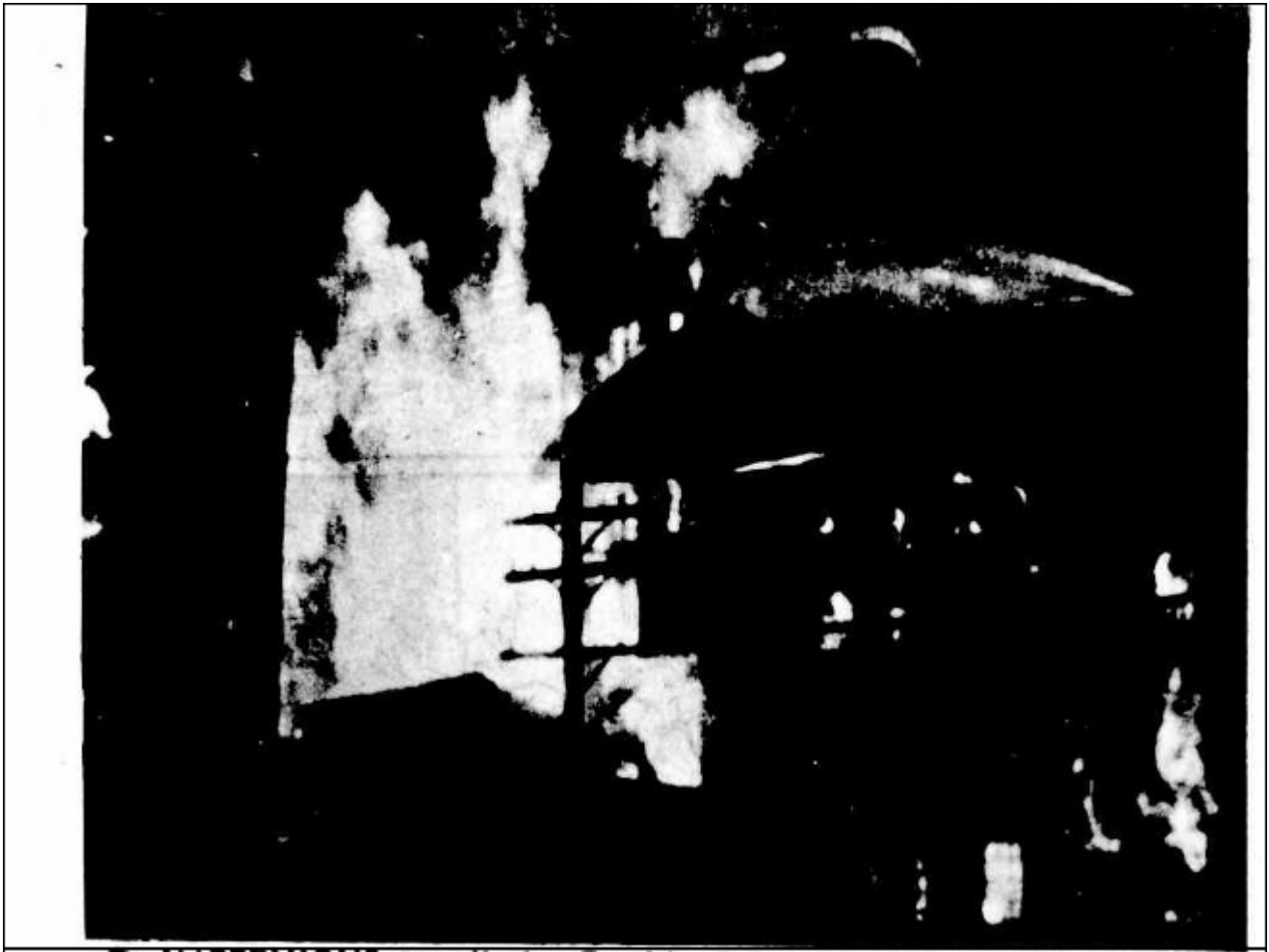
He admits to a scant knowledge of either science or fiction, and credits Robert Heinlein, scientist and writer, and Chesley Bones-

tell, the interplanetary artist, for the phenomenal success of "Destination Moon."

So meticulous were these scientist-artists that they were incorrectly criticised for an "error" in their firmament — the stars didn't twinkle.

"They weren't supposed to," says Pal.

● **FROM LOUIS BERG, IN HOLLYWOOD.**



⊗ IMPERVIOUS to all the Earth's defence weapons, this Martian space ship hovers in the midst of the destruction it has wrought.