



JANTZEN DIVING GIRL No. 9

Fairy Folkes

Classic Beauty for a Classic Suit

Our Fairy is an artist and designer. So far, not so famous as Mr. Dobell. But when her eight stone nine lbs. of blond-haired, blue-eyed grace is presented to Australia in Jantzen's glamour it will be a different story. Fairy Folkes has just been selected as one of our famous Diving Girls, and will appear in all the beauty of our Victory Range of Jantzens.

Jantzen

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Know the happiness of awakening to learn from your mirror that unwelcome lines are fast yielding to the miracle-like touch of Tokalon Cremes.

At night cleanse the face with Tokalon Rose Cleansing Creme. Wipe dry, then re-apply Tokalon Rose Creme and leave it on to soften and refine your complexion while you sleep.

During the day use Tokalon White Vanishing Creme—non-greasy—for dazzling loveliness.

CRÈME *Tokalon*

Creation of Tokalon Ltd., Avon House, Oxford Street, London.



SPEAKING CANDIDLY

ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN

(Warner Bros.)

ROLLING down upon us now from Hollywood is a cycle of religious films. The movie industry has discovered that religion, as a subject for stories, is at present a vastly more payable proposition than war, and even more profitable than music. *Going My Way*, in which Bing Crosby appears as a Catholic priest, has been the biggest money-maker in the U.S. during 1944 (and one of the biggest hits in a decade), while *The Song of Bernadette*, based on the miracles at Lourdes, has been second favourite. A film version of Cronin's *The Keys of the Kingdom* is reported to be on the way.

However, the push that helped to set this cycle in motion came from a Non-conformist direction about three years ago. That is when *One Foot in Heaven* was actually produced, although it has only just reached us. Based on Harzell Spence's biography of his father, William Spence, D.D., this is the story of a Methodist pastor whose career it follows from the day in 1904 when, as a promising young Canadian medical student, he decides to become a parson instead, to the day years later when he plays the carillon in the magnificent church which he has succeeded in getting built in Denver, Colorado.

Since the predominating domestic experience, apart from marriage and fatherhood, of such a man is to move constantly from parish to parish, the film suffers the handicap of being episodic in treatment and slightly disjointed. This is particularly the case for the first half-hour or so, when we are treated to a kaleidoscopic succession of train journeys, church functions, uncomfortable parsonages, and additions to the family. But at the time the character of Dr. Spence, as portrayed by Fredric March, is developing, until by the time both he and the film come to rest for a fairly long stay in Denver, he has attained life-size stature.

By this time also he has learnt many things, chief among them being that he has a near-perfect wife (Martha Scott); that though a Methodist minister may call his soul his own, he cannot make any such claim about his home, and that he will, in addition, often be dependent on stray marriage fees for keeping his stomach full; and that the Methodist "discipline," by which a minister regulates his own and his family's conduct, may need amending when confronted by such a modern phenomenon as the cinema. The episode in which Dr. Spence attends the screening of a William S. Hart silent melodrama for the purpose of exposing the iniquity of the movies, but is instead converted to rapacious approval of their high moral tone, is such a blatant piece of self-advertising by the cinema that if I could conscientiously condemn it I would. But I cannot. The episode is not only effective and highly amusing; it also provides sensational proof of the progress the movies have made in 30 years. Less effective, because too obviously written in for a topical purpose, is the episode on Armistice Day, 1918.

But the film is at its best in its last quarter when Dr. Spence, determined that Denver shall have a new Methodist church, is embroiled in parish politics, and runs foul of vested interests in the choir and congregation. He emerges triumphant, but only after demonstrating that in such circumstances a man of God needs also to be a soldier of the Lord, and requires, in addition to the forbearance and humility of a saint, the willingness of a professional diplomat.

I liked *One Foot in Heaven*. The picture has its faults, but they are mostly the faults of the subject, not of the acting or direction. Both Fredric March and Martha Scott manage to convey a clear impression of two people who are good without being goody-good. And after so many superficial pictures, it is a pleasant change to find one which ventures a little way beneath the surface, and treats human character as something worth observing for its own sake.

HALF-WAY HOUSE

(B.E.F.)

THIS British picture deals also with the world of the spirit. Or more correctly, it deals with the spirit world, for its two main characters have been dead for a year and the setting of the story is a ghostly inn in a Welsh valley which was destroyed, along with the licensee and his daughter, by enemy action 12 months before. It deals also with spirits in a more tangible form, these being consumed in large quantities by Tom Walls and several other characters who put up for a day at the supernatural hostelry. Not that the ghosts themselves are completely intangible or disembodied either. Though they throw no shadows on the grass and cast no reflections in mirrors, they dispense substantial hospitality, they work in the garden and at the sink, and one of them even bestows a platonic kiss on Esmond Knight in the course of the story.

As an experiment with time and metaphysics, *Half-Way House* owes rather less to Dunne than to Vicki Baum, who in *Grand Hotel* first popularised the device of bringing together a group of assorted characters on licensed premises and letting them work out their destinies. The difference here is that, though the characters are assorted enough, their destinies are already worked out for them. They consist of a cashiered officer just out of gaol (Guy Middleton), a genial black-marketeer (Alfred Drayton), a morose, drink-sodden sea-captain (Tom Walls) and his spiritualism-obsessed French wife (Françoise Rosay), a married couple on the verge of divorce (Richard Bird and Valerie White), and their distracted small daughter (Sally Anne Howes), a famous conductor sick unto death (Esmond Knight), and a patriotic Wren and her sweetheart, a young diplomat from Eire (Phillipa Hiatt and Pat McGrath).

All these people have not been under the same roof very long before they begin to notice certain curious details: for instance, that the calendars, the

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