

"The Men Who Saved Holland's Mentality"

"NOBODY outside Holland can realise what the honest BBC news meant to our people," said Christian Geudeker, editor of an illegal news agency which operated in a private home in Amsterdam. "We call Stuart Hibberd (left), Alvar Liddell (right) and others 'the men who saved Holland's mentality,' and there is a widespread desire to erect a memorial as a token of Holland's gratitude to them."

The news agency organised by Geudeker was one of the most important assets of the underground press in Holland. It fed 50 underground papers throughout the country and had its own secret telephone and teleprinter lines. Geudeker was formerly a noted sports editor, known in Netherlands sporting circles as "Kick."

When the Nazis took over the daily newspaper for which he had worked, Geudeker soon became an active resister by hiding Jews in his house. His news agency helped underground leaders by circulating quickly, by means of the

illegal press, important information regarding German plans for deporting compulsory labour, etc. The news agency obtained this information by tapping German telephone lines.

BBC news, heard over a pocket size radio dropped by the R.A.F., was also circulated. When it became impossible to use the telephone and teleprinter, the agency's distributing task became most difficult, but scores of women and girls solved the problem by acting as despatch riders. They covered many miles on bicycles without tyres and, as it was dangerous to carry lists, had to learn the addresses by heart.

When asked by the Netherlands Press Agency correspondent, van Beers, which news sources he considered had been most useful, Geudeker replied: "Those straight from the horse's mouth," meaning those gathered by tapping German telephone lines. "But the BBC news broadcast proved the most valuable," he added.

(By courtesy of the Netherlands Consulate.)



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May I also be allowed to proffer two admittedly personal opinions on the review in question: I find it difficult to believe with G.M. in the "scientific integrity" (?) of Miss Garson. G.M. also states that (in spite of what he said in the preceding paragraphs) "the film makes nonsense of Hollywood's own theory about the all importance of persons" and puts a thing (radium) in the centre of action and interest: I wouldn't mind betting that out of 100 average picturegoers he might ask what it was Marie Curie discovered, 95 would probably answer: Pierre Curie.

"FILM SENSE" (Wellington).

WITH this letter, which the Editor has passed on to me for a reply, "Film Sense" raises a question about the Little Man that has probably interested other readers too. My answer is that there is very little in the world that is perfect, and certainly nothing in the film industry. If perfection were the standard, if the Little Man could only give stand-up claps to films in which he found nothing at all to criticise, then it is practically certain that he would never move from his seat. But what is the use of having a Highest Award if you never use it? A stand-up clap merely indicates that, in spite of imperfection to a greater or lesser degree, I consider certain films to be relatively the best of what the cinema has to offer. It fixes an admittedly arbitrary but easily recognisable standard of quality and comparison, which may, however, vary a little from time to time according as the general quality of the movies rises or falls. It is therefore incorrect to liken the stand-up clap to an Academy Award, for the Academy judges select only one winner from a defined field: that is, they make an annual choice from among all the films of that particular year, whereas the Little Man is on the job from week to week. But since the beginning of 1945 he has risen in his seat for only four films — *Bernadette*, *Going My Way*,

Madame Curie, and *Demi-Paradise*. Surely it is an exaggeration to suggest that this is "impetuous" behaviour.

SEVERAL readers, including Mrs. Martin, have sent documentary evidence to convince me that Linda Darnell really was the actress who portrayed the "vision" in *The Song of Bernadette*, though her name did not appear in the credit titles. I am convinced.

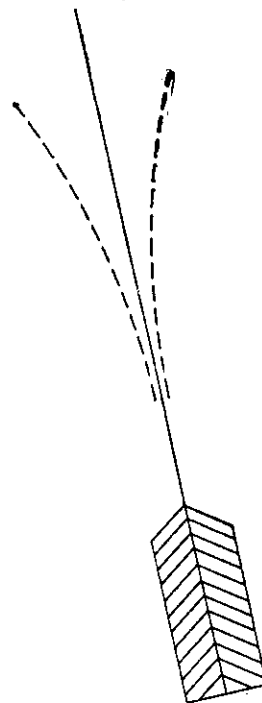
Another reader, who signs himself "Agnostic," writes at some length setting forth the reasons why he "not only rejects, but strongly objects" to *The Song of Bernadette*. It is a good letter and one with which I am, in some respects, sympathetic—particularly the point that the cinema, which could be such a powerful agent for world reconstruction, is side-stepping its responsibilities. But since the letter disregards the condition that religion in its sectarian aspects must not be discussed on this page, it cannot be published.

A New Thriller

LOST, stolen or strayed treasure has a fascination for everybody. *Pearl of Pezores*, a mystery-thriller, will shortly be heard from 3ZB. The story is of an ill-fated gem and the weird disasters which overcome its sundry possessors. This new play will start on June 19 at 8.43 p.m. and will be heard thereafter on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays.

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