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THE GLORIOUS STORY OF AN UNCONQUERABLE MAN ...OF ADVENTURE'S FAR-FLUNG HORIZONS!

Approved for
Universal
Exhibition.

A. J. CRONIN'S THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM

Gregory Peck - Thomas Mitchell - Vincent Price - Russ Stranier - Buddy McDonald - Edmund Gwenn - Sir Cedric Hardwicke
Peggy Ann Garner - Jane Bell - James Gleason - Anne Rogers - Ruth Nelson - Benson Fong - Leonard Strong
Directed by JOHN M. STAHL - Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

20
CENTURY FOX
PICTURES

RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

Three to Seventy-Three

I THINK Quilter's "Children's Overture" is one of the most appealing pieces of music ever written. Other composers have written for children, written about children, or written during their own childhood. Most of the works which result are too sophisticated in technique to appeal to children and too naive in theme to appeal to grown-ups. Quilter has solved this problem by means of a simple piece of plagiarism. He has taken the tunes of a number of nursery-rhymes for his thematic material and elaborated them into an overture. No grown-up scorns a nursery-tune as being too naive, since the charm of such music lies in its ingenuousness. And the composer, although his method of working is professional enough, does not employ abstruse harmony or complicated decoration, but states and combines his tunes in a clear fashion whereby children and adults alike can recognise the themes whenever they occur. This "Children's Overture" is one of the few attempts of its kind which have "come off," and can be appreciated on first hearing by high-brows and nobrows alike—indeed by anyone from three to 73 who is not entirely tone-deaf.



grievous news: our beloved Queen is dead." Nor the despatch case surprisingly stuffed with flags—"You may hang them up now, children. The war is over." The shock of Pearl Harbour crashed into the quiet morning routine of the household after men had left for their work. City workers began to instruct their wives to listen to mid-day broadcasts and report back, and woe betide them if they became engrossed in feeding babies and forgot to do so. The heavy task of spreading the news of President Roosevelt's death fell mainly on suburban housewives, who rang it through to town offices. And on the last day the war went out as it had come in, during the hours of morning housework, so that those who were alone in their isolated homes had already heard Mr. Attlee's first four words when the sirens sounded "down tools" throughout the city.

Music for Victory

THE choice of music used to fill in the hours between news broadcasts and announcements on days of victory has not, to my mind, been settled with much dignity on either occasion this year. Perhaps there is no solution. We all wish to have these big moments surrounded by some of the music we like best, and no two of us will agree about what that is; nor is the mood of these hours a simple and unmixed one, except in the very young. Those who like their music slightly classical found, certainly, that the evening programmes from 1YA and 1YX stood as listed on VJ Day, but they probably wished that some of these composers had been allowed a voice earlier in the day. There are Handel and Brahms, for instance, who have written music that is triumphant, but not thoughtlessly nor unpitifully so. Elgar, too, of impeccably English birth, has done the same. Tchaikovsky would have had something helpful to say, and a little Prokofiev would have been a graceful gesture to our Soviet ally. As it was, the catering was left almost entirely in the hands of the light orchestras and military bands, to whose sweet, old-time favourites and immortal marching songs I have no objection at all, except that after some hours they began to pall. "Waltzing Matilda" stood up amazingly well to the strain imposed upon it throughout the day, but I thought that just this once 1YA and 1ZB might have spared us "The Merry Widow."

Eighteenth Century

THE BBC, whose faults do not include lack of a sense of period, provided a pleasant study in their "Men and Music" series (3YL, Sunday evenings) of Dr. Thomas Arne, the composer of "Rule Britannia." Apparently—or at least this was the theme of the study—nobody now remembers who the composer was or when he lived; and the Doctor's ghost was dispatched back through the centuries to find him and acquaint him with this shameful neglect. The time-scheme was a trifle bewildering; for instead of an 18th-century Dr. Arne stalking into the present day, the ghost—a morose fellow with very little in common with his earthly self—returned from the 20th century to some obscure Limbo and disturbed Dr. Arne in his eternal slumbers.

Our Own Players

AFTER several months of listening to a great number of radio plays, good, bad, and indifferent, one thing becomes obvious—the high standard of our own NBS productions. This was demonstrated in a trifle heard the other Sunday evening from 4YA. Max Afford is one of those who know how to write for radio; he supplies as much "character" as is possible in so short a time, but does not involve his listeners in any of those over-complicated plots which are more suited to a full-length book. (By the way, surely in this play the author has hit on a new method of murder; I don't seem to remember reading or hearing of any victim being bumped off by means of a Portuguese man-o-war dropped through a porthole into his bath aboard a luxury yacht.) The performers were well cast and did not over-act their somewhat lurid roles, and I enjoyed their performance more than many similar ones done by overseas players. One suggestion only—in so many British and American productions we have the entire cast, author, and producer announced before and after the play; why not let us in on the secret of who these excellent players are, in our own NBS productions?

Mrs. Mercury

DURING the Japanese war, radio has put a few emphatic finishing touches to the domestic revolution it began some years ago. Has the man of the house noticed that the duty, privilege, burden, dignity, or what you will, of being news-bearer is his no more? No longer the slow, sad footsteps from the city—"My dear, you must prepare yourself for

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