

INFANTILE PARALYSIS

Warning:

Should infantile paralysis cases be reported in your town or district, regard with suspicion any child who is out of sorts and running a temperature. Put him to bed, isolated, until the doctor comes and determines the diagnosis.

The first symptoms may be missed if you are not on the alert. They are:—

- Headache, moderate temperature, flushing.
- Vomiting, and the child may have some bowel disturbance.
- There may be a complaint of pain in the stomach.
- There may be a drowsiness with little sleep—then a change to irritability.
- The child doesn't like being touched and wants to be left alone.
- There may be a short period of stiffness of the neck and back.

Many cases recover without any further symptoms.

Reassurance:

- 1 When paralysis develops, more than half of the diagnosed cases obtain complete recovery. Most of the others get back partial and reasonable use of the paralysed muscles.
- 2 The chances of a favourable outcome are helped by early recognition of the disease and early hospital attention. The affected muscles then get adequate rest and treatment, and this helps prevent deformities.

Advice:

- Should there be infantile paralysis in your near neighbourhood, keep your children to themselves as much as possible.
- Let them play in the fresh air, without getting fatigued. See that they get adequate sleep, and eat a well-balanced diet.
- Put off any nose and throat operations on children while infantile paralysis is in your district.

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Film Reviews by G.M.

SPEAKING CANDIDLY

DILLINGER

(Monogram)



I RECOMMEND *Dillinger* to the notice of the Howard League for Prison Reform as a likely means of winning friends and influencing people.

For, as far as one can see from the film, it was simply the fact of being sent to jail, where he consorted with hardened criminals, that turned young John Dillinger into America's Public Enemy No. 1. This may, of course, be an entirely incorrect inference, but in the circumstances it is a logical one. I don't know anything about Dillinger's early life and I cannot summon up enough interest to do the necessary research, but it is quite possible that research would reveal that his criminal tendencies were due to heredity, or environment, or bad upbringing or something of that sort, and that he would have become a ruthless killer even if he hadn't gone to prison for a minor stick-up undertaken in a spirit of bravado and there fallen into the company of "Specs," the bank-robber, and other tough guys serving a long stretch.

Just by looking at the film you can't answer that question, because the film isn't interested in why Dillinger became a cold-blooded scoundrel who bust banks wide open all over the country, bumped off numerous people who stood in his way (including two of his associates), made what appears to have been the major error of his career by robbing a mail train (because that brought in the Federal authorities), and was finally betrayed by his girl-friend to G-Men, who shot him down as he came out of a cinema. The film is only interested in the fact (if it is a fact) that these things were done by him or happened to him.

Yet although in these respects the film is inadequate in its treatment of its subject, it is as far as it goes a pretty good piece of straight reporting, reminiscent of some of the early gangster melodramas: terse, economical, utterly unsentimental, as tough in its own way as Dillinger was in his. It would have been extremely interesting to know just how much the preponderantly adolescent audiences were taking to heart the lesson of the film, announced in a foreword: that just as the first World War spawned trigger-happy criminals like Dillinger, so the war just ended may produce similar types who in turn will have to learn that CRIME DOES NOT PAY. If they weren't taking this to heart, the fault could scarcely lie with the film, for there is nothing glamorous or heroic about the life and death of John Dillinger, as enacted here with appropriate nastiness by Lawrence Tierney, adequately supported by Edmund Lowe, Edouard Cianelli, Elisha Cook Jr. and other convincing screen criminals.

HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY

(M-G-M)



LET I confirm some readers in their completely erroneous impression that I have an anti-American bias, I had better be careful what I say about two of the films I saw last week. But while

it is true that infantilism of the type encountered in *Her Highness and the Bellboy* (and to a lesser extent in *Princess O'Rourke*) knows no boundaries, I think it is safe to say that Hollywood gives it every opportunity to find expression.

As far as I can recall both experiences, seeing *Her Highness and the Bellboy* is not unlike going under an anaesthetic. One part of your mind tells you to resist the insidious sickly stuff; the other part tells you that it is harmless and even pleasant. Why not relax and just enjoy watching Hedy LaMarr as she simpers round the screen in the role of a Ruritanian princess staying at a New York hotel, beloved by the humble bellboy (Robert Walker) and herself loving an aloof American journalist, what time the bellboy's true sweetheart, a cripple (June Allyson), pines miserably away, but miraculously recovers the use of her legs as soon as the Princess departs? Why excite yourself about the extraordinary blend of obsequiousness and self-satisfaction in the film's attitude towards royalty? What matter if most of the jokes are based on the struggles of foreigners with the English language and are almost as old as the dictionary itself; or if Jane Allyson's little-girl manner, which seems so piquant at the start, soon becomes sickly sweet? Why, in fact, bother to keep your critical faculties awake?—the show gives off a certain surface glitter and charm; even if she is nothing else, Hedy LaMarr is at least one of the great beauties of this generation; Robert Walker's acting has a juvenile freshness which is by no means unattractive; and there's a pugilist guy, a big dumb oaf of a fellow, who shines out even in this dull setting.

Yet although most of the people around me in the large audience appeared to be happily gassed, for some reason I just couldn't make myself succumb to this particular anaesthetic. Silly of me, I suppose.

PRINCESS O'ROURKE

(Warner Bros.)



ALMOST everything said above applies also to *Princess O'Rourke*, except that in this case the anaesthetic is either more effective in itself, or else is more skillfully administered. At any rate it didn't arouse quite the same degree of critical resistance in me. In fact, I thoroughly enjoyed several long parts of the film.

Basically the plot is the same; the Cinderella story in reverse, with Olivia de Havilland rather delectably demure as a European princess (though not sufficiently demure to prevent her being photographed in a bathtub), who falls in love with and marries an American pilot (Robert Cummings) during a visit to the U.S. This fairytale is often handled with considerable skill and a neat sense of comedy by the director as well as by the cast, but in between the bright patches there are some pretty dull ones, especially towards the end.

Princess O'Rourke has taken a long time (at least three years) to reach the screen, in Wellington anyway. It gives the show away itself in an early scene