which trade representatives as well as Government nominees would sit, to select from the available American films those of the highest quality, and to confine import licences to such pictures. A similar institution, in fact, existed in France and worked well under the Popu-Iar Front Government.

"The second problem - now to stimulate independent production-is more difficult. A Government spokesman in the House promised that Sir Stafford Cripps would shortly make a statement of Government policy, though he gave no indication how far the Board of Trade has accepted the recommendations of the Films Council Report on the growth of monopoly in the industry. This matter must be tackled at two points. At present Mr. Rank controls nearly all studio space and a large proportion of the cinemas. No independent company can be sure that its films will over be exhibited, even if it can and studio space on which to make them. We arge, first, that the Government should retain the Pinewood Studios under national control and lease stages, fully 'serviced,' to independent producers. Secondly, unless it is prepared to establish by compulsory acquisition a chain of State or municipal cinemas, the Government should introduce an internal quota system. By this all distributors would be compelled to include in their programmes a proportion of the films made at Pinewood or elsewhere by independent producers."

THERE may be a good reason why the above suggestion about Pinewood, which on the face of it seems eminently reasonable and likely to appeal to Britain's Labour Government, has not been adopted. But it is clear from the recent cable that it has not been. Pinewood is now Rank property, and the Crown Film Unit will probably soon be only a bright memory.

Incidentally, while on this subject, I should mention that it has been pointed out to me, on good authority, that I paid Mr. Rank an undeserved tribute when I described the excellent Waterloo Road as one of his efforts. I was misled by the Gainsborough trademark, but I am informed that this film was one of the last independent productions made Michael Balcon at Ealing before Mr. Rank took over, about the beginning of last year.

THE SPANISH MAIN

(RKO Radio)



BEING still only a small boy at heart, I think I got my money's worth from all the blood-letting, double-dealing, and sword-fighting in The Spanish

Main (though I wish Hollywood pirates would learn not to use their delicate rapiers as if they were sabres or cutlasses). Perhaps for the same reason ${\bf I}$ also got my money's worth from the sight of Miss Maureen O'Hara, who remains determinedly décolletée and immaculately beautiful throughout a series of rude encounters with coarse buccaneers, thanks to her having had the forethought to bring along her trousseau and a plentiful supply of the new Tortuga shade in lipstick, not to mention several pots of Caribbean facecream.

Miss O'Hara, who is supposedly a Mexican heiress abducted by a bloody bold pirate when on her way to wed the Governor of Cartagena, isn't really

anybody's conventional idea of a proud Spanish beauty. But who cares about that? And you have to admit that she does look decorative when posed in a nightie of rare Brussels lace, with her golden hair all unbound, against a hecticoloured sunrise. And Paul Henried, as that handsome devil The Barracuda, the Scourge of the Spanish Main, is any abducted heiress's idea of what a pirate should be, with his crisp curls, his manly chest, and his fascinating accent. As the Spanish Governor, Walter Slezak is as oily and villainous as you could wish, while Binnie Barnes demonstrates what the well-dressed female pirate will wear this season.

All the same, I apparently wasn't such a small boy at heart as the average member of the audience, judging by the reception given to the film's peak tequence. This occurs when the piretical hero, having captured the heroine in a sea fight and forced her to marry him, gives her five minutes to don the B. us-sels lace nightie from her trousseau and prepare for bed. While she tremblingly obeys, he obligingly turns his back and cleans his nails with his dagger; then picks her up, dumps her in the bunk, pulls the bedclothes up round her, kisses her lightly on the brow-and departs. This behaviour apparently came as a complete surprise to most members of the audience, who either laughed out loud or sighed almost as audibly with relief. But shiver my timbers, hadn't they ever read any stories by Sabatini? Didn't they know this is the way all well-bred pirates behave?

NATIONAL FILM UNIT. FORCE Arrives in Japan," filmed by a National Film Unit cameraman, is the highlight of Weekly Review No. 244 released on May 3 to principal theatres throughout the Dominion. Here our New Zealand men get acquainted with travel in a strange land and quickly adapt themselves to it. Other items in-clude "Wanganui River" with glimpses of the rural life and activities of some of the inhabitants of the upper reaches of the famous river; and completing the reel is "Jet Plane at Paraparaumu."

Too Salty

WESTERN APPROACHES, the British coloured documentary about the battle of the Atlantic, is reported to have been banned in America's first-rank theatres by the Hay's Office, now directed by Eric Johnston, former president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. The reason: a check-up on the maritime expressions used in the film revealed 47 "hells," "damns," and "blasts," one "the bastards." The film will, however, be shown in smaller, independent American cinemas.

OUR COVER

IT will be a year on May 8 since VE Day, and that is the teason why we publish on our cover this issue a photograph of the Wellington Cathedral as it will appear when built; for the Cathedral will include a Chapel of Remembrance, containing the names of all New Zealanders who died in the three wars of this century. In our picture, which is of course taken from a model, the chapel is the portion of the Cathedral projecting on the extreme left.

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