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MADE BY LEVER BROTHERS (N.Z.) LIMITED, IACKSON STREET, PETONE. LT.106.32Z The ballet dancers must study stance But find their costumes rather chilly They should have brought a tin of Bants: To get sore throat is ballet silly.

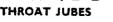
appearing in 20th Century Fox's "Jane Eyre"

LASTS SO LONG

COSTS SO

LITTLE . . .







January 11—June 28, 1946

Tawny Pipit (22.2) Uncle Harry (21.6) Waterloo Road

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The Flemish Farm

I Live in Grosvenor

Square (21.6) Johnny Angel (1.3) Mr. Skeffington

Old Acquaintance (12.4)

(8.3) The Sign of the Cross (31.5)

*The Spanish Main

The Unseen (1.3)
The Valley of Deci-

sion (22.3)
Week-end at the Waldorf (17.5)

•

*Her Highned the Bellboy (8.3, Lady on a Train (26.4) (18.4)

Love Story (18.4) They Were Sisters (29.3) *A Thousand and One

Nights (24.5) The Three Caballeros

To Have and

night at a small town on

Arsenic and

Here Come

Old Lace (18.1)

Have

Princess O'Rourke

Guest Wife

(12.4)

(14.6)

The Affairs
of Susan
(18.1)
And Then
There Were
None (28.6)

Blithe Snie Spirit (21.6) The House on 92nd Street -*National Velvet
(11.1) Road to Utopia The True Glory (15.2) Watch on the Rhine (8.2) Wonder Man (15.3)

*The Adven-tures of Mark A Bell for Adano (22.3) Blood on the Sun (24.5) Dillinger Don Juan Quilligan
(8.2)
Experiment Perilous Hangover Square (1.3) Hotel Berlin (15.3) In Ordan

In Our Time (28.6) Love Letters (26.4) Madonna of the Seven A Medal for Benny (15.3) Ministry of Fear Ministry of Fear
(22.2)
Our Vines Have Tender Grapes (18.4)
Perfect Strangers
(14.6)
A Place of One's Own

Practically Yours (5.4) Saratoga Trunk (14.6)

Not (22.2) (*Films to which the Little Man took the Little Boy.)

FILM REVIEW

FALLEN ANGEL

(20th Century-Fox) THE bus pulls up in the

the Pacific coast; one of the passengers, with only a dollar in his pocket, not enough to him all the way to San Francisco, reluctantly drags himself and his bag out, wanders glumly off through the ramshackle streets by the waterfront, turns into Pop's Place for a cup of coffee and a hamburger, and finds the few late customers discussing, in a manner which suggests a certain degree of personal interest in the girl, the three-day disappearance of the waitress. The girl herself slumps in soon after, wearing a new bracelet and an air of sulky disillusionment (she's the easily accessible type, out insists on a wedding-ring and security). Her arrival sets the minds of the regular customers at rest, but not that of the newcomer

In this cleverly casual way, Director Otto Preminger involves us in what promises to be a very good low-life melodrama. The promise isn't quite kept, because this wasn't one of the rare occasions when the director was able to resist

GRADINGS

the pull of the box-office; somehow he had to contrive a romantic ending in a situation where a romantic ending was logically and artistically impossible.

Yet the atmosphere-building at the beginning, and indeed until about halfway through, is excellently done. The situations and the characters develop as a natural growth; they aren't presented to us ready-made from the studio stockpile, though we do begin before very long to notice that the story is taking a conventional shape; good overcoming evil in the fashion convenient for the box-office but fatal for realism, Meanwhile, all sorts of interesting and sometimes irrelevant people wander on and off the screen, mostly through the swingdoors at Pop's hash-house. They include Charles Bickford, the elderly retired detective; Bruce Cabot, who here suggests more menace than he delivers; John Carradine, the cheerful charlatan who sells spiritualism for what he can get from the gullible. And there are others whom you meet in picture after picture, behind shabby hotel reception-counters, in the street, lounging at a bar: bit-players whose familiar faces you

Our Cover Picture

DID you notice anything odd in the picture of the English bowmen at Agincourt, taken from the film "Henry V?" A modern archer should immediately notice at least two curious details: the arrows are being shot from the wrong side of the bow; and the feathers are so ruffled that the arrows would not be at all likely to fly straight.

can't put a name to but whose presence in the cast often makes all the difference between a good entertainment and just another picture.

The players in Fallen Angel whom we can identify aren't there just for the sake of decoration, either. They all do a fairly considerable job of acting: Dana Andrews as the young man who got off the bus, with a grudge against the world, living by his wits, infatuated by the waitress at first glance, and willing for the sake of his infatuation to engage in a confidence-trick of the shabbiest kind: Linda Darnell as the waitress, cheap, flashy, but fatally attractive; Alice Faye as the good girl, with several thousand dollars in the bank and boredom in her heart, who is swept out of her smalltown stagnation into the deep waters of leception and murder by the young man's glib approach.

The others are old hands at this kind of seamy thriller, but it is, I believe, Alice Faye's first serious attempt at a strongly dramatic role. She doesn't do badly, when one considers how heavily the script is weighted against her, requiring that she bring about the regeneration of a contemptible young men in just over half-an-hour of screen-time. If the director had had the courage or the necessary

(continued on next page)

NEW ZEALAND LISTENER, JULY 5