

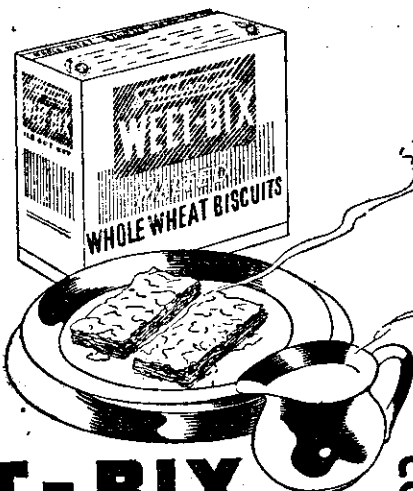
BEST

breakfast

ANY WINTER MORNING

The crisp, crunchy, golden goodness of whole wheat Weet-Bix PLUS the warmth and extra nourishment of hot (not boiled) milk. There's the breakfast wise mothers serve to all the family young and old.

It's warming, satisfying, thoroughly good. It's light and easily digested (not a bit heavy) and it's the simplest fastest breakfast ever. Straight from the Weet-Bix packet to the plates, pour on hot milk and boy! does that look good, does that smell good, does that taste good? It's the tops in Winter Breakfasts... Weet-Bix and Hot Milk.



WEET-BIX and hot milk

Made by the Sanitarium Health Food Company, Auckland and Christchurch.

GRANOSE • BIXIES • MARMITE • PUFFED WHEAT • SAN BRAN



Boys and Girls, collect the coloured cards in Weetbix packets. Cards also in Granose, Bixies, Puffed Wheat and San-Bran packets.

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not a work of art it would be received by many people as a comedy in rather dubious taste. After all, nearly everybody laughs at drunks; they are stock funny figures of stage, screen, fiction, and real life. And indeed, a good deal of laughter does greet the early sallies of the hero in search of whisky, his weaving walk, his frantic subterfuges to escape the vigilance of his brother and his sweetheart, his desperate attempts to get credit, in the same way as it would greet the boozy antics of a W. C. Fields, or of somebody washed up on the local streets after the six o'clock rush is over. But although the camera maintains a mood of almost ironic humour throughout Birnam's five-day drinking marathon, you can pretty soon begin to detect a change in the quality of the laughter. What there is can before long be recognised as mostly the reaction of strained nerves, and even this ceases almost entirely when Birnam makes his nightmare Odyssey through the streets of New York trying to pawn his typewriter for a few drinks (it is a Jewish holiday and the pawnshops are all closed), when he crashes down a flight of stairs and wakes up in the D.T. ward of the hospital, and when finally he has his own screaming fit. This isn't funny, it is terrifying and pitiful.

Because it comes at least within hailing-distance of the classic requirements of great tragedy, because it achieves its effects without fuss and is good cinema, because it gives Ray Milland the chance to contribute one of the screen's few really memorable portraits—Birnam is disgusting, tricky, selfish, even a mean sneak-thief, yet you cannot shake off your sympathy for him—because of all this, *The Lost Weekend*, I repeat, fully deserved its quadruple Academy Award.

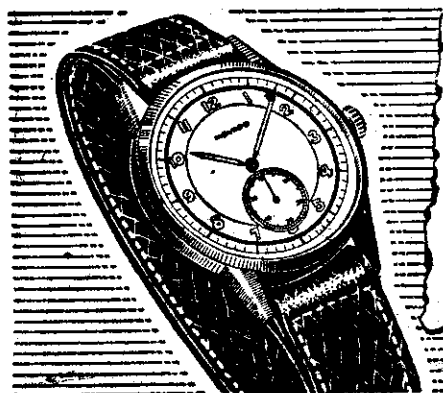
THE GREEN YEARS

(M-G-M)

IN reviewing *Thunder Rock* last week, I said it gave the impression of being made by somebody who didn't give a damn whether he made a popular picture or not. You couldn't say that about *The Green Years*. This is a popular picture, a very popular one; but it works as hard for its popularity as a debutante at her first dance.

Not that there is anything of the wall-flower about *The Green Years*. On the contrary, it had many natural advantages to start with—a best-selling novel by A. J. Cronin to give it sentiment, romance, and humour; a 10-year-old boy with a curly head and a lisping brogue, and a 70-year-old man with a keen wit and a wicked twinkle, to give it heart-tugs; a fine supporting cast to give it colour and variety—why, the picture was born with practically a full canteen of gleaming cutlery in its mouth! And how these natural box-office advantages have been fussed over and cosseted; with what loving care they have been cherished by the studio!

The result is that M-G-M's *Green Years* are just a little lush. Not flashy or vulgar, you understand: just a trifle over-dressed, just a shade too conspicuous. For example, the Highland Games at the end are as big and busy as a three-ring circus, the little hero's first Communion is treated as if it were almost as spectacular an event as the investiture of a cardinal, and the obstacles which stand in the way of Robbie's ambition to secure a university education



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