

his money, a big business man who has rented the Isle of Kiloran from its impoverished owner. On the last lap of her journey the weather turns nasty: she cannot cross to the island immediately and so meets, and sees a lot of, the real Laird of Kiloran (Livesay), who is on leave from the Navy. For seven days she waits on the mainland for the weather to clear, while the storm blows away her determination to marry for money and the company of the Laird inclines her more and more to marry for love.

That is just about all there is to it, so far as plot goes, except for one exciting sequence when the heroine, in a last desperate effort to make her head instead of her heart take her where she is going, embarks for a trip on murderous seas and barely misses being engulfed in a whirlpool. The rest of the seven days are spent in much less adventurous fashion, being mostly devoted to sight-seeing around the mainland. There is certainly plenty to see; and the makers of the film, Powell and Pressburger, have not stinted the local colour. They have, in fact, been over-generous. On this conducted tour of the Highlands we visit several stately castles and humbler but no less picturesque habitations; we look in on a *ceilidh* to watch

the dancing and listen to the piping; we go out on the moors; we learn a lot about the legends of the district; and of course we hear a good deal of Gaelic and meet many of the local inhabitants, one or two of whom are distinctly *fey*. Much of this atmosphere is good, and the scenery is always magnificent, but there are some extraneous details—including, I think, the old fellow with the golden eagle and that business about the family curse. You might almost expect at the end to hear the Voice of Fitzpatrick bidding a syrupy farewell to the Western Isles, so strong does the travelogue flavour become. Yet in spite of its gauche moments, and its lack of a clear sense of direction *I Know Where I'm Going* is, on balance, an agreeable picture.

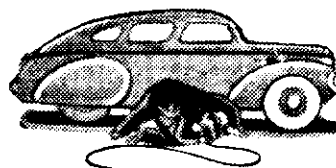
#### NATIONAL FILM UNIT

"YOU Can't be too Careful" is the rather intriguing title of an item on gun accidents, in the latest Weekly Review from the National Film Unit, released to principal theatres throughout the Dominion on September 27. There is also a special coverage of the first Rugby Test in Dunedin "All Blacks Defeat Australia"—a splendid game which created wide interest throughout Australia and New Zealand. The final item is one of scientific interest from Massey College, where a new building for plant chemistry opens up a further field of research.

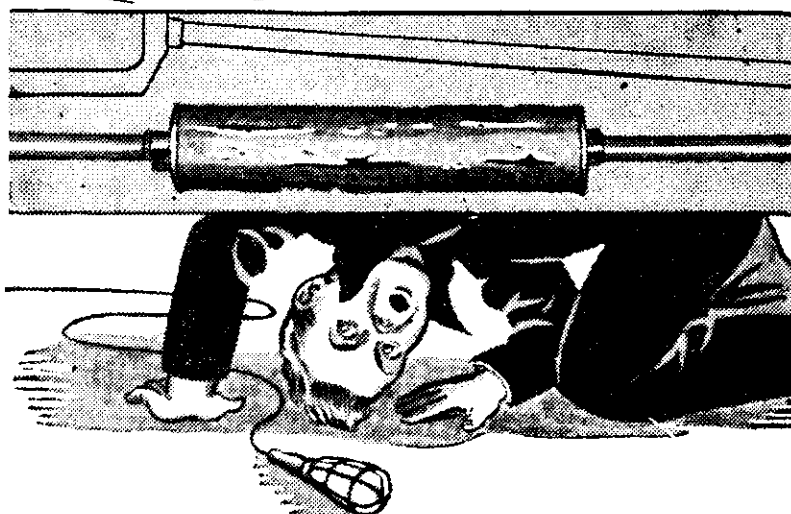
## TE REO IRIRANGI!



W. PARKER (above), who reads the weekly news summary in Maori broadcast each Sunday night by 1YA, 2YA, and 2YH, works in the Education Department in Wellington, and has been translating and reading the Maori news regularly for the last three years. He comes from Ruatoria, and belongs to the Ngati Porou. Many modern words and phrases, particularly things like atomic bombs and jet-planes, present him with special difficulties, and he is often dissatisfied with his attempts to put them in Maori that flows smoothly. Sometimes he reads the news standing up, as in our photograph, and nowadays, he told "The Listener," he occasionally does it with his overcoat on, ready to make a dash for his bus home.



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