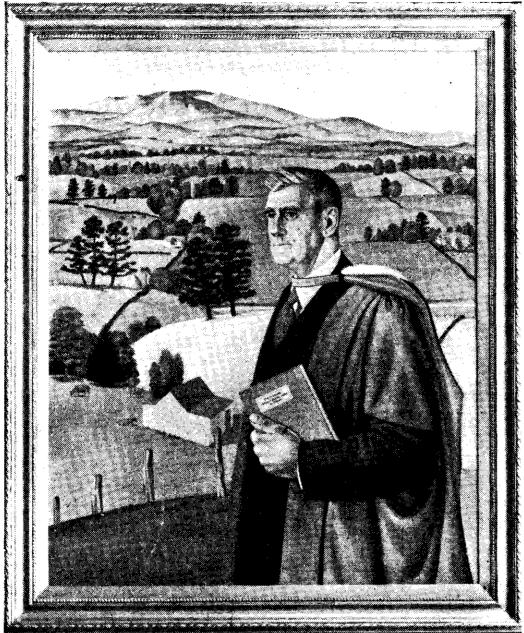
"WILD OF FEILDING"

A PORTRAIT of L. J. Wild, O.B.E., M.A., B.Sc., painted by Leo Bensemann and presented to the Feilding Agricultural High School this year by the Old Pupils' Association. A talk by H. C. D. Somerset entitled "Wild of Feilding" will be broadcast from 2YA on Friday, December 13, at 7.15 p.m. The speaker will refer to the development of Feilding Agricultural High School, and of the Community Centre as parts of the working out of the 25year-old experiment in education which, he says, has made Mr. Wild our foremost philosopher of rural



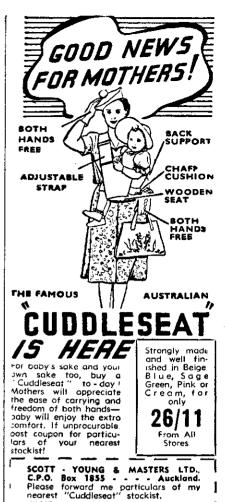
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in which fact in this story does correspond exactly with Hollywood's brand of fiction, even to the extent of supplying a love-interest and leading the characters into a number of situations worthy of Hitchcock. At the beginning, the handsome chief of O.S.S. (Patric Knowles), selecting a team for espionage work in France, says "We need a fourth," and somebody suggests, "How about a woman? You need someone to contact the French Underground"---and so there we are with a heroine, Geraldine Fitzgerald, to accompany the here. Alan Ladd, through many a hair-breadth escape from the Gestapo, supply the element of romantic conflict (Mr. Ladd at the outset has a very masculine attitude towards the equality of the sexes), and provide for the dawning of true love. The only slight departure from normal Hollywood procedure is that the heroine doesn't end in the hero's arms but in front of a German firing-squad.

HAVING frequently suffered the mortification during the war of seeing its initials interpreted by an ignorant and irreverant public as Oh So Social, the O.S.S. doubtless wanted in this picture to prove that it did a really useful job of work and that America could compete at the cloak-and-dagger game with any other country. Certainly Mr. Ladd and his colleagues, including the fair Miss Fitzgerald, give every indication of being tough and enterprising customers. However, as somebody has pointed out, such films as O.S.S. and The House on 92nd Street, with their candid revelation of the tricks of the U.S. espionage and counter-espionage trade, are going to make things rather difficult for any practitioners in the future. Or are these films to be taken as an encouraging sign that the U.S.A. has come out from behind false whiskers for good, and having pensioned off its secret agents is now going to rely entirely on open diplomacy and the United Nations? O.S.S. certainly gives the show away about a lot of things, and the scenes in which it does so, particularly at the start, are the best in the film; but it also conveys the suggestion, unfortunately probably as unwarranted as the one immediately above,

that it was comparatively easy for American spies and saboteurs to pull the crepe-hair over the Nazis' eyes—to learn their most closely-guarded secrets by bribing the Gestapo, join their army in disguise, keep in constant radio communication with headquarters in England, and blow up one of the enemy's most vital tunnels by the device of presenting a Nazi colonel with a bust of himself modelled in dynamite! I'm not saying that these things weren't done, but the film makes the job look too simple.

As usual, Alan Ladd maintains a practically immobile countenance in nearly every situation that confronts him. This produces the required air of resolute efficiency for the character of the hero, but it does not produce great acting. In fact, I regret to say that by far the best performance in the film is given not by any of the heroic Allies, but by a nasty, mercenary Gestapo agent, portrayed by Harold Vermilyea. This gentleman is new to me, but I look forward to meeting him again soon.



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