

vidual scenes are strong in suspense. Yet *Cornered* is just a little too tough for its own good as a picture. One doesn't expect such a story to provide light relaxation, but one has the feeling that the director has here put method before material, and that a little more concentration on the essential job of making the plot intelligible would not have come amiss.

DEADLINE AT DAWN

(RKO Radio)

THIS also is a pretty highly-strung picture. I get the impression that the producer, faced with an assignment to turn out another murder-mystery, made up his mind that this was going by hook or by crook to be different. It certainly is different. It's eccentric. And while I have often beaten out the plea on my typewriter that producers should strive to be original, I feel that—though the result is by no means without interest—*Deadline at Dawn* goes rather too far in its effort to do and say the same old things in a new way.

When you force your way through all the dramatic draperies, verbal embroideries, and extraneous characters which clutter up the picture you find that it is just a simple enough whodunit involving a corpse (wicked woman black-mailer), an assortment of suspects headed by an innocent young sailor (Bill Williams), and the girl (Susan Hayward) who loves the sailor. But, believe me, they're not simple people. It's the way they talk which makes them stand out from the crowd. Where they learned it is never made exactly clear, but they all sound as if they had been staying up nights reading nothing but Saroyan, Odets, and perhaps O'Neill. Since Clifford Odets wrote the screenplay I suspect he is responsible for all

the highflown philosophy which gets spouted by the most unlikely persons in the most improbable places round about three in the morning.

"You talk too much," says one of the dicks to one of the crooks in the course of his professional duties. I think maybe they all do.

For example, consider the case of the conversational cabbie. Nobody now expects taciturnity among screen taxi-men, but wait till you meet Paul Lukas as he careers his cab around the Bronx, with an epigram or an aphorism for every tick of the meter. "Speech," he says in one of his less profound moments, "was given to man to hide his thoughts"—which suggests that this particular cab-driver's cerebral activity must be

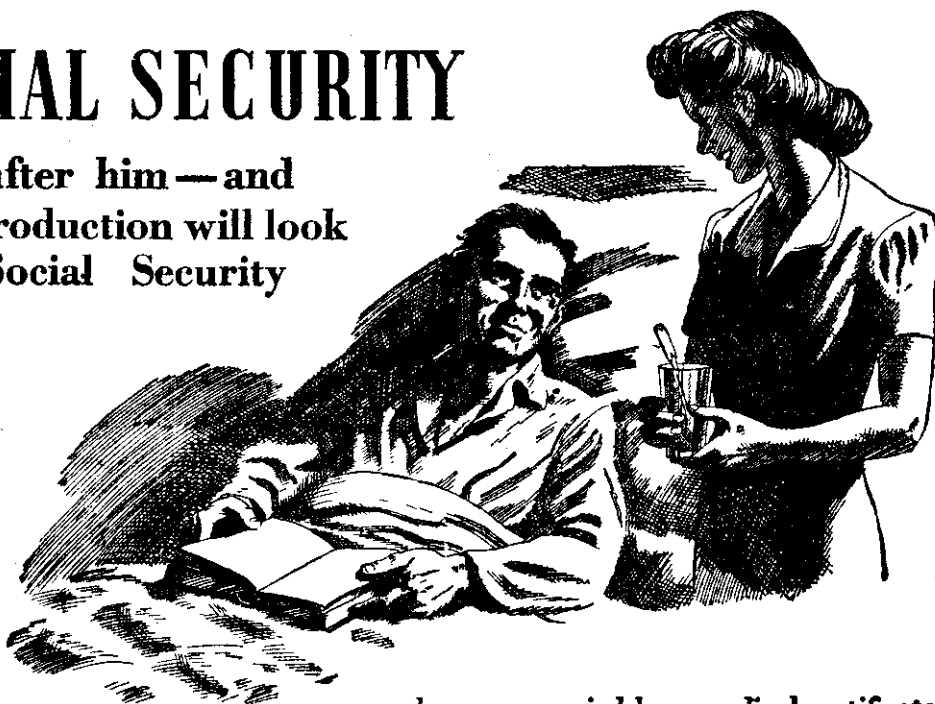
something terrific. He certainly has every excuse to have something on his mind; but that is part of the plot and I don't propose to say much about that, not wanting to be an old meanie who spoils your fun by letting the criminal out of the bag before it is time. But just in case you fancy yourself as an amateur dick I do suggest you remember that the director of this film has rather gone out of his way to be difficult and that nothing, except this central fact, is quite as obvious as it seems at first sight. Bearing this in mind you may enjoy yourself in the company of all the queer and very intense people who flit about *Deadline at Dawn*, several of them with foreign accents and some of them carrying a strong odour of red herrings.

NATIONAL FILM UNIT

BECAUSE of its wide interest and variety, the film "North of Auckland" has been given the entire reel in the National Film Unit's Weekly Review released on January 3. Whangarei is the largest town of that 200-mile peninsula which stretches north of Auckland. Its Golden Jubilee was celebrated with ceremony and procession. Beauty spots of the far North came under the camera's eye too, and also deep sea fishing, limestone quarries, and the big cement works. And in that far north there is a quaint one-man town, where everything is run by a certain Bill Evans. He is the hotel proprietor, telephone operator, postmaster, dance-hall proprietor, stock yard owner, undertaker, and local J.P. Even the taxi is driven by Bill Evans. This 73-year-old pioneer is one of the most interesting personalities north of Auckland.

SOCIAL SECURITY

looks after him—and
High Production will look
after Social Security



Once, if sickness prevented a breadwinner from working, fear walked into the house . . . fear about money. There was the rent going on, the domestic bills mounting, the doctor's bill, the medicine, and no pay envelope to meet them. And worry never helped anyone to get better.

In time of trouble

Today, if sickness prevents you working, Social Security steps in. Under the basic allowance of the Sickness Benefits you receive £2 per week and £2 for your wife even though you have other income of £1 per week. You still receive the family allowance of 10/- a week for each dependent child, and you have free medical advice and free medicine.

Applications for Sickness benefit must

be accompanied by a medical certificate and the allowance is payable after the first seven days.

Play your part

New Zealand's unique Social Security scheme is based upon a broad and humane conception of citizenship. In your vigour and health you maintain the scheme by work and production of wealth. When in sickness and age you need its benefits, they are there; not as a charity but as a right you have earned and paid for.

Remember this: our social advance, so much admired all over the world, is financed from the goods we produce or the services we render. The key to prosperity and security is to do a good job — whatever it is — so work steadily and —

KEEP PRODUCTION HIGH

ISSUED BY THE NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT

SHORTWAVE HIGHLIGHTS

THE Armed Forces Radio Service now has a number of new frequencies which are being received quite well during the afternoon and early evening. Many Hollywood names, including Charlie McCarthy, Bob Hope, Frank Sinatra, Red Skelton, and Frank Morgan are regularly featured in the programmes.

Stations, Frequencies, Wavelengths and Times of Transmission: KNBA, 17.78 mc/s., 16.87 metres, 1.30-5.0 p.m.; KRHO, 17.80 mc/s., 16.85 metres, 1.30-6.0 p.m.; KGEX, 15.21 mc/s., 19.72 metres, 10.0 a.m.-6.0 p.m.; KCBA, 9.75 mc/s., 30.77 metres, 5.0-8.45 p.m.; KCBR, 9.70 mc/s., 30.92 metres, 7.0-9.45 p.m.; KWID, 11.90 mc/s., 25.21 metres, 7.0-11.30 p.m.; KGEX, 11.73 mc/s., 25.58 metres, 6.15-10.0 p.m.

Headlines in the Programmes: Bob Hope, 1.30 p.m. Tuesdays; Kate Smith, 1.30 p.m. Thursdays; Benny Goodman and His Orchestra, 3.30 p.m. Wednesdays; A Date with the Duke, 3.30 p.m. Thursday; Californian Melodies, 3.30 p.m. Fridays; Our Foreign Policy, 4.30 p.m. Wednesdays; Music from America, 5.30 p.m. Thursdays; Frank Sinatra, 8.15 p.m. Thursdays; Dinah Shore, 8.15 p.m. Fridays; Judy Canova, 8.15 p.m. Saturdays; Frank Morgan, 9.15 p.m. Sundays; Bob Hope, 9.15 p.m. Tuesdays; Kate Smith, 9.15 p.m. Thursdays; American Melody Hour, 10.30 p.m. Sundays.