

BABY DAYS

KEEP THEM HAPPY AND HEALTHY

Such wonderful days—Baby Days! Don't let them be spoiled by those unnecessary little upsets that take the sunshine from baby's smile and often cause mother so much anxiety.

For one of the main secrets of happy healthy youngsters is correct and regular functioning—so easily attained by the use of Steedman's Powders at the first sign of Constipation.

Steedman's are the finest aperient for little ones from teething time to 14 years. Safe and gentle, they induce healthy regularity without harmful purging.

Look for the double EE on the wrapper to be sure you get the genuine Steedman's. Obtainable everywhere.

Free booklet "Hints to Mothers" now available. Write for your copy—Van Staveren Bros. Ltd., Lr. Taranaki Street, Wellington.

3.5

HERE

IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO OBTAIN PEN-FRIENDS IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD INTERESTED IN YOUR HOBBY.

The Australian Correspondence and Exchange Club, after being in recess 1939-46, once again has a membership list, which is being added to daily. Membership is only 6/- for one year. Send for application form to our N.Z. Agent,

R. GRAY

741 Remuera Road, Auckland, S.E.2. Stamped addressed envelope for reply.

IN SICKNESS OR IN HEALTH

you will benefit by taking WINCARNIS. After any illness WINCARNIS will play a wonderful part in shortening the period of convalescence and building up your vitality. But don't wait till you're ill—an occasional glass of WINCARNIS in the ordinary way helps to keep you really well—full of energy, and revelling in work and play. You see WINCARNIS is sheer goodness—a fine, full-bodied wine with other nourishing ingredients added. It builds rich, new blood, and tones up your whole system! Ask your chemist for a bottle to-day.

Sole Distributors: Fossett & Johnson Ltd. Levy Building, Manners St., Wellington, C.I.

Film Reviews by G.M.

SPEAKING CANDIDLY

A DIARY FOR TIMOTHY

(Crown Film Unit)



THIS 40-minute production by Basil Wright and Humphrey Jennings, made in 1945 but only recently arrived in this country (and so far as I know available only in 16mm.) is one of the most interesting films of the past two years: interesting in its own right as a documentary record of the last six months of the war, but particularly interesting as an experiment in an unusual style of screen narration. The script was written by E. M. Forster and takes the form of a diary compiled for the future edification of Timothy Jenkins, a newborn baby who has come into the world just about the time when the dark shadows of war (Arnhem, October, 1944) are beginning to disperse before the promise of victory and peace. A commentary spoken by Michael Redgrave frequently addresses the baby by name and describes what is happening in Britain and on the battlefronts; but the film seeks, and frequently finds, much more profound effects than can be achieved by the mere juxtaposition of voice and visual image.

Brilliantly blending together photography, dialogue, commentary, music, and natural sound—but not always in orthodox relationship to one another—*A Diary for Timothy* more than once produces, as in a chemical reaction, something very different from a mere combination of its various ingredients. It takes us, in fact, into the little-explored realm of cinema aesthetics, and it is worth noting that the producer was Basil Wright, here reverting to the "symphonic" technique which he used in *Song of Ceylon*.

TO explain simply the emotional quality and texture of *A Diary for Timothy* is not easy. An experiment in subjective impressionism, using the method of counterpoint and cross-cutting, it is concerned less with the events dealt with on the surface than with the inner significance of the events as they appealed to Director Humphrey Jennings himself; and it goes even deeper than that and concerns itself with the emotions which those events aroused in this one man in particular. Since no two persons feel exactly the same about anything, this means that the film demands considerable concentration if it is to be appreciated, and even then some of its intentions are obscure. To use the music of a piano recital by Myra Hess as the background for some of the everyday events of English life is an effective and readily enough understood device; and there is another thrilling and penetrating moment when, after the commentator has mentioned that by Christmas 1944 the situation was beginning to improve, a lovely scene of the frozen English landscape is matched on the sound-track by a child's voice singing a carol, as clear and crisp as the snow on Christmas morn. But when scenes of rescue squads extricating bomb victims are cross-cut with glimpses of John Gielgud in the graveyard scene from *Hamlet* we are in much more difficult territory and one's own interpretation of this sequence may not necessarily coincide with what the director intended.

To say this, however, is perhaps to set too narrow limits to the film's emotional field, for Jennings does, I think, succeed remarkably in transmitting many of his own feelings to the wider audience. Yet it nevertheless remains a peculiarly personal and specialised film, as well as a peculiarly evocative one; and I think it is quite safe to say that it will, in general, evoke a much deeper response in those people who were themselves living in Britain through the last six months of the war than in any others whose experience was at secondhand.

THE JOLSON STORY

(Columbia)



THIS technicolour biography of Al Jolson has a good many of the characteristics of the man whom it practically deifies and of the theatrical epoch in which he flourished. That is to say, it is loud, brassy, lushly sentimental; the emotions it exhibits are oversimplified and usually vulgar; but though short on restraint it is long on showmanship, and its flamboyance is at least warm-hearted and generous. In the U.S.A., of course, Jolson is not merely famous as the first great star of the talkies but is also synonymous with a whole chapter of Broadway history, whereas in this country he is remembered (by those who still remember him) only as the man who first spoke from the screen and thereafter appeared in a series of increasingly maudlin musicals. So I imagine that the reception given to *The Jolson Story* by old-time New Zealand picturegoers will depend exactly on whether they used to react to his 1930-vintage films with enthusiasm or a slight sensation of nausea. It will be interesting, however, to see how the new and inexperienced generation of picturegoers take him.

They won't, in fact, be called upon to take undiluted Jolson. The 60-year-old Al, retired these several years from active picture-making, does not himself appear on the screen, his place being filled by an actor half his age named Larry Parks. Yet though they won't be seeing Al Jolson in person, they will certainly be hearing him: it is the authentic Jolson voice which assaults our ears and our emotions from the sound-track with a collection of nearly every song that Jolson ever sang from the stage or from the screen. And Larry Parks, his stand-in, though physically better to look upon than the real Al, has done a remarkable job of mimicry, duplicating almost every gesture and grimace of Jolson the super-exhibitionist, and especially that athletic, off-the-perpendicular, gushing style of delivery which makes one feel that the singer is wearing his tonsils as well as his heart on his sleeve.

LIKE most Hollywood biographies, and particularly those of entertainers and composers still living, the film is very much in the *nil nisi bonum* tradition. Indeed, it is less a biography than an apotheosis, since in its protracted examination (two-and-a-half hours approximately) of Jolson's career from choir-boy to film-star it rigidly excludes anything scandalous, awkward, or likely to be detrimental to his memory. By concentrating instead on his generous, child-like



We're Moving Forward

Bruce keeps in step with the latest scientific developments in the making of quality woollen goods... for wool still has no equal for warmth, for wear, for value and comfortable service. Bruce has faith in the superiority and future of wool and gives you the advantage of the latest technical discoveries in the Bruce Woollens you buy. Though the demand exceeds the supply it will pay you to keep on asking for Bruce.

BRUCE
King of Woollens

The Bruce Woollen Manufacturing Co. Ltd., Milton, Otago.