In a fresh course. From there to the final showdown it's plain sailing and the ultimate discomfiture of the bad boys serves to remind us once more that there's no harm in being a gangster so long as one remains true to one's pals.

There is, in fact, nothing elevating about I Walk Alone and its moral atmosphere leaves a good deal to be desired, but it has one or two slickly handled scenes. If Burt Lancaster and Lizabeth Scott could act it would be, according to its lights, almost a passable show. As it is, it hardly makes the

ROAD TO RIO

(Paramount)

ONE of the most pleasant things about the Hope-Crosby road-shows is that one knows just what to expect from them. Some roll along a little better than others, but none imposes any mental strain on the filmgoer and all of them so far have provided an acceptable ration of good clean fun. Road to Rio is slightly better than the average H. & C. and a good deal better than Where There's Lite, Bob Hope's recent solo effort, noticed on this page three weeks ago. Road to Rio runs true to type in that it has hardly any story to speak of, and what story there is proves to be no more than a leggull at the expense of the audience, but coming after this week's other Paramount shows I found it thoroughly enjoyable. My sole complaint would be that Hollywood has not yet evolved a technique which will allow me to hear all the jokes. A good 20 per cent. of them, I should say, are lost through laughing at the other 80 per

Dorothy Lamour, who appears to have been included in the cast simply from force of habit, has little to do except submit to hypnosis at the hands of Gale Sondergaard, a dexterously sinister person whose technique seems more like a longdelayed joke at the expense of Lionel Barrymore's Rasputin than a jibe at contemporary psychological trends. But in general the satire is abundant and upto-the-minute-and as usual the principals don't exempt themselves from it. I should also mention that the Andrews Sisters appear briefly in one song-number. For those who like the sisters that will be intimation enough; for those who don't I need merely emphasise that it is a brief appearance.

NATIONAL FILM UNIT.

AT Takapuna, Auckland, is situated the delightful Wilson Home for Crippled Children, and in Weekly Review No. 348 (to be released on May 7) the National Film Unit shows the work that is being carried on there to bring back the use of paralysed limbs. Children are treated in accordance with the latest approved methods and in the sunshine of the beautiful gardens gradually find their way back towards normal activity. Some cases can never be wholly cured, but all improve under the guidance of competent doctors and nurses. The other item in the review "Motor Racing at Waikanae" shows the last of the beach racing.

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