

Stars That Sing In Their Courses

Everybody in Hollywood seems to be bursting into song these days. In "Comrade X" Clark Gable gives hoisterous voice; James Stewart sings "Over the Rainbow" in "The Philadelphia Story"; Gary Cooper sings "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair" in "Meet John Doe"; and Paul Muni sings a French song in "Hudson's Bay."

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I don't claim to be very good at labels, but I should describe it as comedy-drama, in that order, with the hyphen representing four years of unseen marital bliss before the arrival of the drama, in the shape of the Other Woman. Once again the small-town boy (James Stewart) makes good—this time as a playwright—and marries his star (Rosalind Russell). Four years later he is still successful, with four comedies to his credit, but is feeling dissatisfied and unnerved in the process of writing a new play while Miss Russell is apparently inclined to be more maternal about it than any wife has a right to be. In this Not Understood frame of mind he meets Genevieve Tobin and, inspired by her, writes a tragedy which is a failure. She drops him and he returns to the loving arms of his wife, who has just concluded a half-hearted affair with Genevieve's husband, Charlie Ruggles.

This second part of the film isn't too satisfactory. The cast doesn't seem to know just how serious to be about the whole affair, and naturally the film audience is even more at a loss. It's complicated, too, by having Charlie Ruggles in a comparatively straight part, not that Mr. Ruggles hasn't every right to a straight part, but it's not exactly straight. And Stewart, who is still in his anecdotal, strikes a hollow note here and there. But the earlier half is good fun and Stewart is perfectly at home as the ingenuous country youth—he should be by now, though I don't suppose it is his fault that he has played the part so often. There is some bright dialogue, especially from a gentleman called Allyn Josylin (pseudonym?) whose performance was much more intelligent than the label he appeared under.

Altogether, if you like Rosalind Russell and Jimmy Stewart, it's quite worth paying a girl that extra half-crown to mind the children while you go and see it.

THE INVISIBLE WOMAN

(Universal)

I wondered, when I saw the stills of *The Invisible Woman* outside the theatre, if Mr. Hays had fallen asleep on the job—for, if they were any guide, Virginia Bruce would be prancing through the film clad in nothing more than an outline of neon lighting, or perhaps I should say strip-lighting. But if I was to be disappointed in this—it was evidently just a kind of poetic licence—there were other compensations, viz., an amusing story, with good smooth direction by A. Edward Sutherland, a

gang of tough citizens practically straight from Damon Runyon, and, above all, one J. Barrymore, Esq.

Barrymore plays the part of the professor who makes Virginia Bruce invisible (perhaps "clowns the part" would be more accurate). Anyway, he thoroughly enjoys himself and his enjoyment is so infectious that you laugh with as well as at him. He isn't one eccentric professor, he's all the eccentric professors he's ever heard funny stories about. And not all rolled into one, but one after the other until your head spins trying to take it all in. But it's a delightful piece of hyperbole, and I could almost hear the director telling the camera man, "Don't shoot till you see the whites of his eyes."

Oscar Homolka hasn't much to do as the homesick gangster. He weeps beautifully, but, in spite of his eyebrows, as "de boss," he lacks the punch of Cagney or the poisonality of Edward G. Robinson. Edward Brophy and Co. make good toughs, and Charlie Ruggles provides most of the slapstick.

The film obviously didn't cost much to make, and I think it should show Universal quite a good return.

FLAX AT THE FLICKS

(By Auditor)

I HAVE no doubt that arrangements have been made to shoot this year's flax crop, which may be the first of its kind in New Zealand. The process will be duly explained. It will be shown that the nearer one goes to the ground, the better is the potential linen. A flax stalk is not like a stem of asparagus. Linen is implicit in the whole stalk.

So much I gathered from a gentleman from Invercargill who was taking the sun with his wife in the Botanical Gardens. They had travelled, this couple. They had dined at Shepherd's and had nibbled cinnamon at Ceylon. They had noted the paddy crops in their way up to Kandy. In short they were qualified to join any Travel Club. But Invercargill was their *pied à terre*. They had supplied one son for the Air Force, and were interested in the flax crop which was to supply him indirectly—and how very devious would the process be—with his wings. Some day New Zealand will supply herself with all her linen.

If one looks far enough forward one may envisage a day when the New Zealand ox shall achieve parity with the New Zealand lamb, and a little child clad in an ephod of New Zealand linen shall lead them by green pastures. A day will dawn when New Zealand salesmen shall proffer New Zealand nainsook and New Zealand napery, over a counter of New Zealand rimu, and the subtle turn and twist of the flaxen pio will be blended with the overtones of the equinox as it flaps the New Zealand nightgown, endeavouring without avail to overcome the static dominance of the New Zealand clothes peg.

Carry the vision a little further. There will be a New Zealand king in his par-

lour, counting out his New Zealand Reserve Bank notes. There will be the queen eating the best New Zealand wholemeal liberally embellished with New Zealand honey. There will be a New Zealand maid in New Zealand sabots, stockings of New Zealand wool—vide Hector Bolitho—hanging out the belying bifurcated garments of the purest New Zealand flax. When up will

come—yes, a New Zealand blackbird, for Mr. Johannes Andersen assures us that the notes of the blackbird and thrush have become assimilated, which is another way of saying that the blackbird in New Zealand is no longer an immigrant but a citizen—up will come that blackbird and peck off her New Zealand nose.

It might be done in slow motion.

DO YOU KNOW?

KISSING FROG CURES TOOTHACHE!

MARCELLUS, FAMOUS ROMAN WRITER GAVE THIS ADVICE TO ALL WHO SUFFERED FROM TOOTHACHE "REPEAT THESE MAGIC WORDS THRICE, 'ARGIDUM, MARGIDUM, STURGIDUM,' THEN KISS A FROG ON THE MOUTH SET HIM FREE, REQUESTING HIM TO CARRY AWAY YOUR TOOTHACHE" YOU CAN KEEP YOUR TEETH FREE FROM DECAY WITH KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS KILLS DENTAL DECAY GERMS, LEAVES TEETH SPARKLING.

TEETH That Prove RIGHT TO THRONE!

WHEN THE KINGS OF AN AFRICAN TRIBE OF ANGOLA DIE, A TOOTH IS EXTRACTED FROM THEIR HEAD AND PLACED IN A BOX. THIS BOX CONTAINS TEETH SIMILARLY EXTRACTED FROM DEAD PREDECESSORS. ONLY THE MAN POSSESSING THIS BOX CAN SUCCEED TO THE THRONE!

DEADLY BACTERIA Live in your MOUTH-- KILL THEM OR DENTAL DECAY STARTS!

YOUR MOUTH IS A BREEDING PLACE FOR BACTERIA. UNLESS YOU KILL THESE YOU GET "BACTERIAL MOUTH" AND DENTAL DECAY FOLLOWS. KOLYNOS SWIRLS RIGHT UP BETWEEN THE CREVICES IN YOUR TEETH--KILLS DENTAL DECAY GERMS. KOLYNOS LEAVES TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN, SPARKLING WITH NEW LUSTRE. AND REMEMBER, KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY PASTE. ON A DRY BRUSH IS PLenty.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM 1/3 AND 2/3