

FILM REVIEWS

(Continued from previous page)

deserves praise goes without saying. But when all is said and all praise given, it is still Massey's picture, and I hope when Academy awards come to be handed out it will be recognised that to an Englishman America owes the greatest screen portrayal of one who was perhaps the greatest of all Americans.

TIME OUT FOR RHYTHM

(Columbia)

AMONG the files of every Hollywood studio there must surely be a folder labelled "Musicals—Stock Story for, with variations." It is hard to imagine the average producer using any more elaborate means of obtaining stories for musical pictures. *Time Out For Rhythm* is no exception—it has the theatrical agents, glamorous star, sensational new discovery, ups and downs, songs and dances of nearly every musical film that has ever been made. It also has Rudy Vallee, Ann Miller, Glen Gray and his Orchestra, and Rosemary Lane heading a cast of some of the most popular screen and radio favourites of America. Chief surprise of the whole picture is Allen Jenkins, whose stone-cracker face and Bowery accent have always been a source of joy to me, appearing as a singing, dancing, piano-playing theatrical agent. That and Glen Gray's presentation of a musical number in which only the hands and instruments of the orchestra are visible (apparently done over with luminous paint) are the highlights of a

film that is otherwise merely a succession of songs and dances, with a short pause every now and then for a little story. Admittedly it is better done than usual, for Rudy Vallee sings only once. Ann Miller dances delightfully and sings prettily, and all the other members of the cast—including the Three Stooges—seem to have enjoyed themselves tremendously. The result is a fast-moving, fast-stepping show which should appeal to anyone with an ear for modern rhythm. If you haven't got that kind of an ear you know what to do.

LOVE CRAZY

(M.G.M.)

IT was with considerable foreboding that I went to see *Love Crazy*. For one thing, I thought the Powell-Loy combination had slid too far into mediocrity with a succession of stereotyped crazy comedies ever to recover their pristine brightness; for another, the title was, to me, an uninviting as ice-cream to an Eskimo. These forebodings were, however, not realised. Though William Powell and Myrna Loy are still pretty close to the slippery slope, their downward progress has at least been temporarily arrested; and the title of their new picture is happily misleading. Since I was probably not alone in imagining that a name like *Love Crazy* must indicate a story of the Panting-with-Passion type, let me say at once that it belongs more to the Bats-in-the-Belfry school. William Powell is no Ophelia; he does not go crazy in an agony of unrequited love.

He merely pretends to go crazy because it seems the only way to postpone a divorce action which, because of a misunderstanding, his wife insists on initiating, and he pretends so successfully that he gets himself certified as properly insane and locked up in an asylum. It is, perhaps, not in the best of taste to make fun of madness, but it is always being done, and I have seldom seen it done better than in *Love Crazy*. Powell's pretence of playful lunacy and his predicament when it is taken seriously, certainly produce some ridiculously comic situations, the chief of which is his masquerade as a maiden lady of rather forbidding mien, reminiscent of Charlie's Big-Hearted Aunt (Askey version).

This masquerade, however, comes near the end of the picture when Powell, really hard pressed by adversity, has just about succeeded in winning back his wife's sympathy (when he does succeed, of course, the picture is over). It is preceded by many other laughable absurdities, including an encounter with a runaway lift, which isn't far off Chaplin standard. Sometimes, the comedy misses the target, but more often it gets there, and while I still feel some slight regret that stars of the sophisticated calibre of Myrna Loy and William Powell should have to descend to slapstick to earn a crust from M.G.M. I have no objection to paying my bob to help the cause, as long as they can do it as brightly as here.

MORSE TESTS

The following are answers to test pieces of Morse broadcast to Air Force trainees from Stations 2YC, 12M, and 3YL on October 15, 16, 20 and 21

No. 9 Course

OCTOBER 15				
1	A	W	F	Z
2	U	E	V	X
3	Z	M	H	H
4	V	D	S	P
5	Q	A	L	U
6	P	I	J	V
7	C	O	G	L
8	F	A	H	Q
9	Q	E	K	U
10	W	C	Y	L
11	A	O	N	Q
12	R	C	Z	E
13	V	E	S	O
14	M	I	K	C
15	Q	O	L	B
16	F	I	S	Y
17	M	A	H	W
18	D	A	Z	R
19	T	A	R	F
20	N	O	C	C
21	X	A	S	W
22	W	S	U	Q
23	V	U	W	A
24	Q	U	W	A

OCTOBER 16

1	T	E	Q	W
2	P	I	F	U
3	D	S	L	Z
4	K	H	I	A
5	C	S	L	P
6	G	U	L	K
7	Y	U	L	Q
8	W	V	L	Q
9	X	U	L	Q
10	Z	U	L	Q
11	H	U	L	Q
12	G	U	L	Q
13	D	U	L	Q
14	R	U	L	Q
15	N	U	L	Q
16	U	U	L	Q
17	L	U	L	Q
18	Q	U	L	Q

No. 8 Course

OCTOBER 20				
1	T	A	L	M
2	U	C	I	R
3	S	E	R	K
4	V	I	K	D
5	F	O	M	E
6	H	C	R	X
7	J	O	Q	F
8	W	C	R	U
9	K	O	Q	F
10	U	O	Q	F
11	M	O	Q	F
12	W	O	Q	F
13	A	O	Q	F
14	Y	O	Q	F
15	H	O	Q	F
16	N	O	Q	F
17	S	O	Q	F
18	V	O	Q	F
19	Z	O	Q	F
20	Q	O	Q	F
21	S	O	Q	F
22	Q	O	Q	F
23	S	O	Q	F
24	C	O	Q	F

OCTOBER 21

1	R	F	Z	S
2	V	O	M	P
3	X	A	D	B
4	U	N	I	K
5	J	E	C	H
6	I	C	W	R
7	E	C	W	R
8	J	E	C	W
9	I	C	W	R
10	E	C	W	R
11	C	W	R	E
12	W	R	E	F
13	H	R	E	F
14	W	R	E	F
15	E	F	T	A
16	T	A	B	C
17	A	B	C	L
18	B	C	L	C
19	C	L	C	K
20	L	C	K	D
21	C	K	D	W
22	K	D	W	
23	D	W		
24	W			



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