



From the century-old gardens of beautiful Kent... the Garden of England... come the world's choicest seeds. Their choice blooms, grown from critically selected... pure... prizewinning parent stock... proved and improved by generations of careful culture... and such as are supplied to public parks — private gardens and great estates, beautify this "Gardening World" of ours!

New Zealand Gardeners have the opportunity of securing similar beauty by purchasing... "FAVERSHAM NURSERY" SEEDS. Seeds that have been expertly acclimatised to this hemisphere, so that their wonderful beauty of bloom has been retained. Faversham Seeds are of outstanding merit for discriminating gardeners who insist on QUALITY. All seeds are specially selected, we have supplies of the choicest seasonal varieties. The price of each packet is 2/- or four packets as an introductory offer for 6/-. To the first 100 only who order 4 packets a Specially Selected FREE GIFT PACKET will also be sent. MAIL YOUR CASH FOR FOUR PACKETS NOW to secure your free gift; to assist in selection following varieties suggested as: Seasonal: Petunia (Singles or Doubles), Aster (Double Feathered), Salvia (Bonfire, Bedding, Tom Thumb), Phlox (Gloria), Zinnia (Colossus), Pansy (Giant Exhibition). All other varieties available. Jonathan Wells, Head Gardener, Faversham Nursery, Box 879, Auckland.

-----POST COUPON NOW!-----
 JONATHAN WELLS,
 Dept. L, Box 879, AUCKLAND.
 I enclose Postal Note for 6/- for which please forward me four packets of Faversham Seeds as attached list by return mail.
 NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 _____ (Write plainly)

**Faversham
Flowers**



Applied in 10 seconds, Dr. Scholl's soothing, healing, softly-cushioning Zino-pads, with separate Medicated Disks included free in every packet, quickly loosen hard, obstinate corns—soon they lift out, easily, core and all, the medically safe, sure way! 1/6 a packet from chemists and Dr. Scholl's dealers everywhere.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Film Reviews by G.M.

Two New Models by Ford

LIKE his namesake Henry, Director John Ford has a reputation for turning out vehicles bearing distinctive characteristics that make them easily recognisable. But there the similarity ends. There is no mass-production about the movies of John Ford; each is highly individualistic and stylistic; not everybody's choice, perhaps, but striking enough to arrest attention. And now, to join the company of "The Informer," "Stagecoach" and "Grapes of Wrath," have come two new models by Ford—"The Long Voyage Home" and "Tobacco Road." Neither is completely successful—one indeed, might be accounted a failure—but both are worth examination

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME (United Artists)

PEOPLE who profess to understand a lot about films may often be heard talking knowingly about Such-and-Such being a "director's picture." Often that means precisely nothing, but if you want to discover what it can mean, I suggest you study a film directed by John Ford. Take this *Long Voyage Home*. Here the director has worked to a script consisting of three telescoped sea plays by Eugene O'Neill, and this in itself was a handicap, since however expert the telescoping, you can still see the joints pretty plainly. But the important thing about John Ford, indeed the almost heretical thing about him is that, in spite of this handicap and the fact that he was using a cast of strongly individualistic players, the picture itself remains bigger than the people in it. And this nearly always seems to happen in Ford productions. The extent of the heresy is obvious when one remembers that the first general article of faith in Hollywood is that stars count for everything and that story, direction, and atmosphere are merely incidental to the glorification of the stellar personality.

Paradoxically, when the actors are kept subordinate to the picture they usually manage to give better performances than they do under orthodox treatment. They certainly do here.

Because it shows this so plainly, and for several other reasons, I found *The Long Voyage Home* full of interest (a film trade acquaintance dolefully but probably truthfully described it to me as "a critic's picture"). At the same time I found it often disappointing and annoying — sometimes maddeningly so. Ford sets out to put the hard impersonal beauty and terror of the sea on to the screen by telling the simple tale of an old British tramp steamer's voyage from the West Indies to war-time London with a cargo of munitions, and by showing the life of the men aboard; but every now and then he seems to miss the most obvious, simple opportunities to drive his point home. I hope it wasn't just because they were simple and obvious that he preferred something more subtle and "clever." Admittedly it was necessary for the creation of atmosphere and character to show many apparently irrelevant details of life on shipboard, but allowing for this there does seem to be a little too much aimless messing about. The director has also given in rather too much to the old romantic tradition which demands that seascapes should be dark



STUKAS COMING OVER!: John Wayne, John Qualen, Thomas Mitchell in "The Long Voyage Home." Inset, Charley Grapewin, as Jeeter Lester in "Tobacco Road"

and sinister and that most of the action should take place in a fog. The fog is really a bit thick, particularly when the sailors go ashore in Limehouse; I almost expected an evil Sax Rohmer Chinaman to come padding softly out of the murk. Instead it was an oily-tongued pimp to lead the poor simple sailormen astray.

The sea and the ship and the ship's mission form the central theme of the picture, but running round it and through it (and sometimes a good deal away from it) are a number of individual dramas developing from the characters of the crew—the moody Englishman of obviously better breeding than his mates in the fore-castle who sits mysteriously apart fighting a craving for whisky and is suspected of being a German spy; the fighting Irishman (Thomas Mitchell); the big stupid Swede (John Wayne) who is making his last voyage and who is the envy of the others because he alone has a home to go to; the timid little Swede (John Qualen) who mothers him; and several others equally picturesque. You may well have the feeling that they are real people, and their acting is certainly realistic; but like the sinister fog in Limehouse, they gave me the impression of coming rather more from a play or a book than from real life.

As slow-moving for much of the time as the tramp steamer itself, the action speeds up at intervals, with a brawl in a West Indian port and on the Limehouse



docks, and an encounter with Nazi bombers in the war zone.
 Disappointing, did I call it? And annoying? Yes, but still well worth seeing.

TOBACCO ROAD (20th Century Fox)

NOW in its eighth year on Broadway, *Tobacco Road* is claimed to be the longest-running play in stage history. The reason is, however, by no means apparent from the film version. Like *The Long Voyage Home*, this is a John Ford production, and again it is both interesting and disappointing, but in this case with the emphasis a good deal more on the latter adjective. In spite of several of the original stage cast, the sum of 200,000 dollars expended on the script, and the benefit of Ford's direction, the film certainly bears none of the signs of record longevity or even of extended seasons. The cause, I imagine, is to be found in the fact that the screen is not the stage. Though I haven't seen Jack Kirkland's stage play nor read Erskine Caldwell's original novel, I've heard enough about both to know that it was quite beyond Hollywood, even in its most daring mood, to put the full rank flavour of *Tobacco Road* into film. Only the success of *The Grapes of Wrath* under Ford's direction could have inspired them to try; but the odds were

(Continued on next page)