



1. "List! Hear the note of the gold-crested tom-tit!" But no! It's merely the producer asking for a play-back.



2. "What will be my fate—where will it end—the river or the mad house." Not at all. It's a request for louder effects.



3. No, Oswald. The gentleman is not measuring a fish. He's signalling for more speed! More snap!



4. You might think that this is the opening of a Zulu War Dance. Actually, it means "Turn over the record."

MANY visitors to a radio station find that their preconceived ideas of what goes on there have to be modified. They find a scene of energy, efficiency, and exactitude—announcers concentrating on commercial copy, changing needles, adjusting monitors, checking scripts, and apparently doing a dozen things at once; technicians controlling formidable arrays of knobs, switches and meters, copy-writers frantically penning, checking, and counting words in scripts, programme assistants playing the merest

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS

fraction of a record to decide upon its suitability for a particular broadcast.

But there is one sight which the visitor may see which will puzzle him at first. It is indeed a very strange sight. A man in a glass-walled room is, it would seem, at the very last gasp. It is easy

to understand why he is encased in a sound-proof cell. He imitates the pose "The Dying Gladiator," but not for long. Now he needs only an Indian mat to be an imitation of Sitting Bull pointing at the horizon. The gestures of Hitler, Napoleon, and Mussolini are

sphinx-like compared with the antics of this man in the glass-walled room. Who is he, and why is he there?

He is the most important man at the station at the moment. He is the producer, and his antics are merely the sign-language of radio broadcasting.

Once the red light goes on, the producer has to be dumb, but he still has to go on producing. Hence the signs, some of which we illustrate here, with Jack Maybury, production supervisor of 3ZB, proving that actions speak louder than words.



5. Until you learn that this means "cut," you may think the gentleman is demonstrating the breast stroke for "How to Swim" Week.



6. This is not an announcer reciting "An Arab's Farewell to His Steed"—it's a producer signalling "Fade slowly and gently."



7. This delicate gesture coupled with a happy smile indicates the programme is on time and doing as well as can be expected.



8. The Grand Finale! Thumbs up means a perfect programme—the sort that producers dream of. Everything right with the world.

FILM REVIEWS

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whom he is financially involved, dies in strange circumstances and his wife next discovers that he is interested not only in an insurance policy on her life but also in studying the science of poison. It all adds up to some very unpleasant circumstantial evidence. And then, suddenly it's all blown out, and you're given proof that although Johnny may be a bad boy he isn't a vile one.

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"HITCH" has always been a master of the technique of investing simple objects and situations with sinister purpose, and here he has something of a field-day. An innocent glass of milk glows with a malignant light; there is horrid significance as a Home Office Analyst at dinner delicately carves a chicken with the casual observation, "Such an interesting corpse dropped in on us to-day"; the camera has grim meaning as it sweeps from the top of a cliff to the rocks below. It is a measure

of Hitchcock's success in building up a mood of shuddersome anticipation that his happy ending comes as a complete surprise; but somehow there is a hitch (or maybe not enough "Hitch") in bringing off this dénouement. Perhaps he does it too baldly; perhaps, after all, it is just that this sort of thing can't be done as successfully on film as it can on paper.

Anyway, even if those last five minutes are five mighty important minutes, they aren't by any means the whole film, and I hope that not too many people will miss all the other good things just because of them. Apart from the Hitchcock touch, there is some high-grade acting. We don't see enough of Sir Cedric Hardwicke, but what we do see is good; there is more of Nigel Bruce as the apologetic, good-natured friend, and he is even better; and while my own pet choice for the husband's role would have been Robert Montgomery, Cary Grant handles it very capably. But best of all is Joan Fontaine, whose change

from spinsterish primness to the gaiety of a bride, and finally to "green and yellow melancholy" as (rather like the girl in *Twelfth Night*) she lets concealed suspicion "like a worm i' the bud feed on her damask cheek," marks her as one of the screen's top-flight dramatic actresses. It is a role very similar to her *Rebecca* and, from the point of view of execution, almost as good.

In fact, if our little man wasn't thinking of those last five minutes, he'd be standing up instead of sitting down to clap.

LIFE BEGINS FOR ANDY HARDY

(M.G.M.)



AND we can't help wishing that it would end. Unfortunately there seems little likelihood of this, because when we left Andy Hardy (Mickey Rooney) this time he had just decided to go to college (a co-ed college pre-

sumably) and this should be good for at least a trio of new Judge Hardy films.

We have come to this conclusion reluctantly, because for the first few years we followed the fortunes of the Hardy family with no small interest and amusement. Perhaps the present revolt is due to the fact that whereas in the beginning the series concerned Judge Hardy's family, the more recent films have concentrated to an increasing degree on one member of that family. And in spite of the fact that each new film seems to promise that Andy Hardy will grow up or begin life or reveal a hitherto unexpected aspect of himself, he appears doomed to remain forever in the egg (the touch egg) stage.

Every now and then the director tones down the comedy with a good slab of indigestible sentiment, or perhaps a little gentle moralising from Judge Hardy, but this doesn't help much. Andy Hardy's last remark "Gee, Dad, I've got the gears in backwards!" may well be a commentary on the whole series.