

## FILM REVIEWS

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living by his wits who finds that the fattest living he has ever known is to be had when he poses as the bachelor author of a best-selling book about marriage. In justice it must be pointed out that he assumes the role under circumstances rather beyond his control (one such circumstance being a sociable but single-minded gangster), but he maintains it with relish. As a result of the masquerade he becomes a desirable object to almost every woman except the one he has married (Ruth Hussey); she has put up with being the wife of a ne'er-do-well; she is not prepared to be the "wife" of a much-lionised bachelor. And the story lasts for as long as it takes the young man to come to his senses. By which I do not mean to suggest that it lasts too long: there are too many bright situations and too many amusing characterisations for that.

### NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

(Paramount)



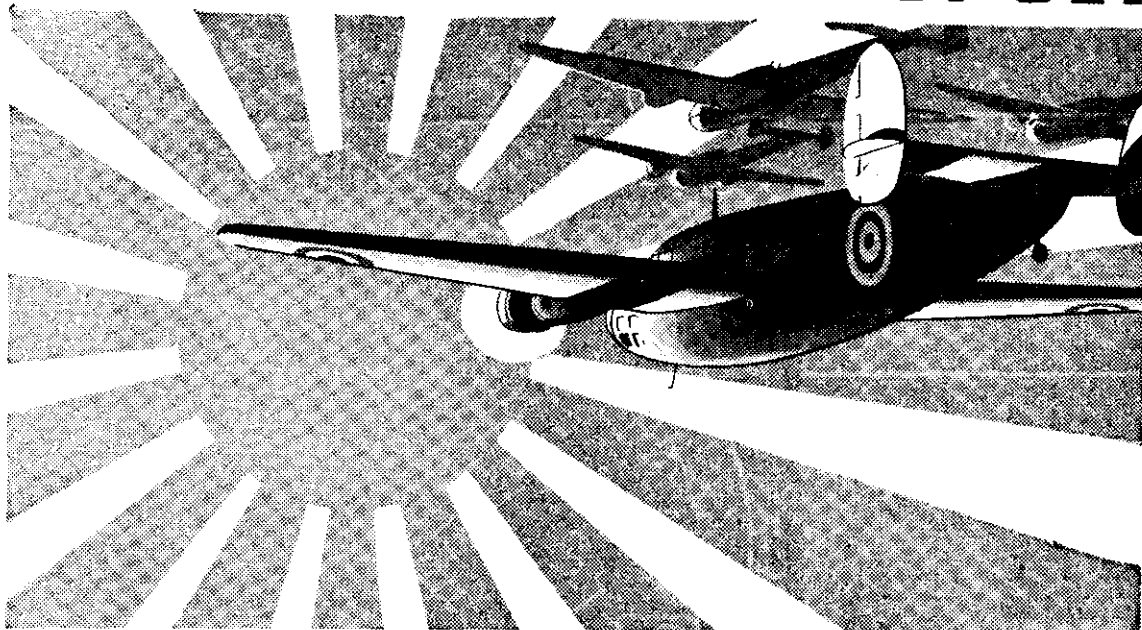
OUR small friend is giving this film a hearty hand-clap because he had an hour and a-half of good, simple enjoyment, and the only time he remembered there was a war on was when he momentarily tried to puzzle out whether the houseboys were Japanese or not.

There is little to criticise in *Nothing But the Truth*. It is good clean fun, capably acted and capably directed, and one evidence of good direction is that the laughs are well spaced and well timed. My complete enjoyment of a good comedy has often been spoiled by annoyance at missing large slices of dialogue, but I don't think I missed a laugh in this film, though it was full of them.

On reflection, I really think (hold on to your armchairs) that my sole objection to *Nothing But the Truth* is a moral one. Bob Hope, as you will probably read in the advertisements, vows to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth for twenty-four hours. It was uplifting to see Mr. Hope rise thus nobly above his fellows and deal capably with the awkward situations that likewise rose. But "now is Morality (and myself) perplexed" (Burke—grateful thanks to Mr. Bartlett, as they say in the birth notices). Instead of the blighter sticking to his guns, as soon as the twenty-four hours are up he gives unnecessary and untruthful explanations of his conduct, making the ending (or so I thought) weak and messy. However, don't let that keep you away.

A "four-dimensional" edition of *The Gold Rush*, containing the elements of sound, music, talk, and silent action, will be Charlie Chaplin's contribution to the screen this year. *The Gold Rush*, originally released in 1925, was one of his most successful feature pictures of the silent era. It has now been re-cut and re-edited, with all but a few of the silent titles eliminated; unusual sound effects and a novel musical score, written in the style of 1925 to preserve the original flavour of the film, have been added; and throughout there will be a running off-stage commentary in jocular vein by Chaplin himself.

# THE RISING SUN MUST SET



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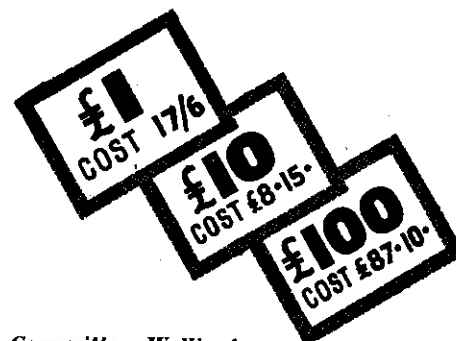
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