

The Story of Mrs. Robbins' Suffering Rings With the Sincerity Born of Untold Misery

Those of us who think we are "fit enough to get along" often do not realise how thin the thread is between to-day's health and the despairing misery of ill-health to-morrow. Health is the only true wealth and reason for living a full life.

Mrs. Etheldra Robbins, of 31a Albert Street, Palmerston North, was all but crucified with agony and torment for four and a-half years — until she miraculously discovered the secret that put her back on her feet. She



Mrs. Etheldra Robbins, of Palmerston North. The photograph which Mrs. Robbins sent was full-length, but owing to newspaper space restrictions, the rest of the photograph which was perfect, has been deleted

writes as follows on 11/3/42, generously allowing her photo to be used, so that others may know of her cure and so be induced to obtain relief from agonising pain and torment which apparently could not be obtained in the ordinary way.

"I was attacked all of a sudden, four and a-half years ago, with a terrible pain in the back, left thigh and foot; I became lame, and was suffering agony. I went to Dr. — (I was at Pahiatua at the time), and he informed me I was suffering from acute sciatica. He gave me an injection into the painful part, and told me to call and see him the next day. I was unable to get out of bed by 8 a.m. next morning, and was very much worse and suffering agony. The doctor had to come to see me, and ordered me to the Pahiatua Hospital. I was much worse, and could not walk. At the hospital I had electrical treatment and was poulticed with anti — and hot water bottles. Nothing gave me relief.

Morphia was injected to make me sleep. When I awoke, I was in the same dreadful agony. I can never forget what I suffered, groaning with the pain never leaving me night or day. Doctor — decided to stretch the nerve of the painful leg. However, when that was done, I could only get along under great difficulty with the aid of a stick.

"My leg was very bad indeed, and painful. The doctor told me I would never be any better; I would always be crippled and never work again or walk upstairs, and that I needed a hot climate, and suggested I should go to Hawke's Bay. I did, still very ill and lame, using a stick. I could not even step off the footpath on to the roadway. I had to wear rubber shoes. I could not bear any shock, and got a short way in a long time. I then started taking hot salt water baths with no improvement; the lady in charge of the baths (Mrs. Hayward), finally inducing me to go to Mr. Hobson, a well-known chemist of Napier, to get a large packet of R.U.R.

"After taking the fifth dose, I was able to bend my knee. When I had finished the first bottle, I only had a limp. When I had finished the second bottle, I had thrown away my stick — there was no lameness, also I was able to wear my shoes in place of a large slipper on the foot that had been so bad. You would be surprised the work I have done since, not to mention the stairs I have walked up and down.

"I will never forget the agony I went through before taking R.U.R., and how sensitive I was, thinking I would always be lame and on a stick. I swear by R.U.R. It was my left leg — right from the thigh to the foot, that was so bad. You will see by this photograph that there is nothing wrong with me now. I am only too pleased to let you know what R.U.R. did for me — and only one large packet at that."

This is one of the typical cases where R.U.R. has effected a complete recovery when all else has failed. It is therefore obvious that the average sufferer from practically 19 out of 20 of life's ailments can put trust in R.U.R. with a definite assurance of benefit far beyond what the average and usual treatments can give.

Neuritis—rheumatism—blood pressure—lumbago—constipation—headaches—liver, kidney, bladder and stomach weaknesses—muscular pains—rheumatoid arthritis—indigestion, lassitude, skin troubles, dropsical feet, rheumatic heart — these are some of the distressing complaints and conditions for which the R.U.R. Company has genuine and unsolicited testimonials on file from grateful users all over the Dominion.

Let R.U.R. cleanse your blood and joints, sinews and muscles—let it rid you of pain and ill-health. No matter what you have wrong with you, R.U.R. is bound to do you good. It is effective in so many cases of ill-health because it contains a laxative, liver stimulant, kidney cleanser, acid corrective and a blood purifier. The small 4/2 R.U.R. size makes 26 ounces of active mixture, and the 7/9 size makes 52 ounces. It is obtainable from all chemists and stores, so take R.U.R. And Right You Are!

Film Reviews by G.M.

SPEAKING CANDIDLY

YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH

(Columbia)



I SUPPOSE, after all, it was only a matter of time (money being no object in Hollywood), before Fred Astaire was caught in the draft, cinematically speaking. At any rate, caught he is in *You'll Never Get Rich* which, if it doesn't exactly glorify the American draftee, sufficiently glorifies the kind of entertainment provided for him to make the average digger green with envy—and the average American recruit wonder what he has been missing.

You'll Never Get Rich (title, I take it, from the libretto of the popular song, "You'll Never Get Rich, You're in the Army Now!") is about as closely related to the problems of wartime America as Hitler is to King Solomon. Private Astaire doesn't get an Academy Award for corralling a crowd of Germans as Sergeant Gary York did, but he puts on a good show, literally and figuratively, and I am sure his admirers will not be disappointed.

From Astaire's point of view, this latest effort is a great improvement on *Second Chorus*, the last film of his which I noticed on this page. In *Second Chorus*, as many of my cash-customers will remember, there was a tendency to crowd Astaire out of the limelight in favour of Artie Shaw and his orchestra, and since most people who go to see a Fred Astaire picture go to see Fred Astaire, this was a bad blunder.

But if he is the principal, he is not the sole attraction. Cast opposite him is Rita Hayworth, a comely young person who has been getting a lot of publicity recently. Though there was no denying Miss Hayworth's charms, I had doubts about her ability to match up with Astaire when it came to dance routines, but I was pleasantly surprised. She is, in my opinion, better than Paulette Goddard (Astaire's last partner), almost as good as Ginger Rogers, and is certainly very interesting to watch, whether in action or in repose.

Supporting these two are Robert Benchley, still funny, but not nearly so much so as he was in *The Reluctant Dragon*, and John Hubbard, who provides such romantic conflict as there is in a story as thin as the butter on a Reich slice of toast. Not that that is any drawback. Astaire dances, and dances well, and Rita Hayworth does likewise and looks well into the bargain, and it is unlikely that their public will want more. At any rate, I didn't.

On the whole, the show is not as lavish as others of its kind have been, for the very good reason that many of the sequences allegedly occur during a camp concert put on for conscripts, or draftees, or selective servicemen, or what have you; but it is lavish enough to make most territorials here sigh enviously. There is a ration of humour, sufficient to keep one smiling quietly, and good camera work enhances the

Famous Author Here

CLOSE on the announcement that the 20th Century-Fox film version of Richard Llewellyn's novel of Welsh mining life, "*How Green Was My Valley*," has won triple honours in this year's list of awards by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences is the news that the author himself has visited New Zealand.

Under his own name of C. Mostyn, he has been here as wireless operator on a British ship. This, he told those who met him, was his war work. He also told them that "*How Green Was My Valley*" sold 200,000 copies, was based on his own observation and experience of life in Wales, though the leading character of the crippled boy who acts as narrator of the story was not himself.

By the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, "*How Green Was My Valley*" was chosen as the Best Film of the Year; its director, John Ford, won the Best Director award; and Donald Crisp, who plays the father, was honoured for the Best Male Supporting Role. The film's release in New Zealand is expected soon.

dancing of the chorus whenever it has the stage. Take it for all in all, it's a good show of its kind and if, before the war is over, I hear American Army buglers sounding "Taps," I know what it will remind me of.

HONKY TONK (M.G.M.)



HONKI TONK QUI MAL Y PENSE, as the French have it, and far be it from me to quarrel with the title of the film, which bears as much relation to the usual connotation of Honky Tonk as a milk-bar does to a gin palace. Not that the film is by any means milk and water, or even gin and it, though Lana Turner and Claire Trevor do their bit to supply the latter. It is rather one of those full-blooded pseudo-westerns in which sex is slightly more important than shooting.

M.G.M. have again hitched their wagon to a star rather than vice versa, and the result is, I suppose, to be regarded as a perfect vehicle for Gable. It's even complete with a scene (right at the beginning this time) which as good as invites another 20 per cent. drop in underwear sales, by showing the famous Gable torso from all angles. You see, Gable is about to be tarred and feathered by the indignant populace because he knows rather more about most card games than they do, but with an agility reminiscent of Fairbanks in his

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