


THE NOBLE SAVAGE!

TARZAN'S SECRET TREASURE

(M.G.M.)

 ROUSSEAU would have rejoiced at this revelation of life as lived by Tarzan Weissmuller and Mate Maureen O'Sullivan. But he would have had grave doubts about the education of the fruit of their jungle love, John Sheffield, aged seven, who can already read and write and ask his mother intelligent questions about civilisation and the law of supply and demand. In this respect, it must be pointed out, little John is some distance ahead of Papa, who in spite of having lived with Mate Maureen for several odd (very odd) years has scarcely got further than guttural grunts and simple phrases like "Tarzan hungry" or "Tarzan go," or, in cases of extreme delight "Tarzan happy, Tarzan got Jane." (Here we might add, for the benefit of the few who have neither read Edgar Rice Burroughs nor seen earlier Tarzan epics, that Jane is not a common but a proper noun.)

Tarzan and Jane have made their jungle home in one of the few bright spots in darkest Africa, in the depths of a thick forest that rises in contravention of all geographical laws at the top of a mountain-high escarpment. At the bottom of the escarpment is a limitless plain over which gallop herds of the giraffes, mumbo - jumbos, gnus, etc., already noted in *Sundown* and *Sanders of the River*. And over the limitless plain also plods little John, who has run away from home to find civilisation. Which he does, among the Mumbo-Jumbos, who seize him savagely and are just toasting his toes when—

Chug! Into the middle of the clearing gallops a large truck laden with American explorers and—

Yippee! Into the middle of the clearing explodes Tarzan and rescues the lot. After which he has no alternative but to take everybody home to dinner.

Mrs. Tarzan receives her guests in a one-piece ensemble cut on clinging lines. After dinner (there was enough to go round) the Tarzans are introduced to some of the benefits of civilisation, such as moving pictures, whisky (Tarzan him say Phooey), can-openers, etc. After this things move rapidly, several members of the party go down with plague, the two villains form a dastardly plot to seize Tarzan's Secret Treasure, Tarzan's Mate, Tarzan's Son, and Tarzan's Jungle Home. In which, we are glad to say, they are completely unsuccessful.


We enjoyed this film, so will most people who enjoy entertainment merely as entertainment. The unsophisticated (we recommend T.S.T. especially for children) will love the antics of Tarzan's Tame Chimpanzee, and Tarzan's Baby Elephant, and the herds of feathered Boogie-Woogies. The sophisticated will find amusement in posing awkward questions about the prevalence in the jungle of ropes, hot pools, and squares of calico for the writing of

notes, and the possibilities of catching a live fish by swimming rather faster than it does. We ourselves could suggest a few improvements—a colourful sarong for Maureen and a haircut for Tarzan would add to the aesthetic appeal of the series. And after seven years of domestic bliss we would like to see a few more little Tarzans.

Though perhaps not. We can't altogether agree with the sentiments expressed to Tarzan and Mate by the last character to leave the Tarzan ménage: "If there were more folk like you in the world it would be a sweet and smiling place." The imagination boggles.

SHIPS WITH WINGS

(B.E.F.)

 THE first and most obvious criticism invited by *Ships With Wings* is that both as propaganda and as entertainment it has been spoiled for want of a ha'porth of tar. The Ark Royal (travelling incognito as the Formidable) is the scene of most of the action and as the most publicised ship in the Royal Navy gives (or should I say gave?) the film a flying start at the box office. The cast — John Clements, Leslie Banks, Jane Baxter, Ann Todd—is quite a good one (though Ann Todd gave me the fantods) and anyone would be entitled to regard the stage as set for something extra-special. But what B.E.F. has produced falls woefully short of legitimate expectations. The story is by turns wildly improbable, glutinously sentimental, unnecessarily melodramatic and four-feathery. (At one stage I found myself murmuring "Films like *Four Feathers* flop together," but it would be more accurate to say that films which rely on the expiation motif sans benefit of good acting, direction and technical colour are bound to flop in this realistic day and age.)

And I can't imagine why, with thousands of feet of splendid action newsreels to draw on, B.E.F. will persist in insulting the intelligence of audiences with sequences employing model ships in tanks and whole flights of cardboard aeroplanes sliding down wires. That kind of technique belongs properly to the puppet-show and the animated cartoon department and when there are shots of ships in action, ships being bombed, aerial dogfights *et al.* to be had for the asking from the newsreel and documentary libraries, it seems short-sighted not to use them. Certainly one would have to be very short-sighted to be fooled by B.E.F.'s faking. The most dramatic parts of the film are, indeed, those which did come from newsreels or in which the actors are Fleet Air Arm pilots and their machines, and there are just enough of such shots to keep the show on its feet. But only just. As the Italians discovered at Taranto, ships with wings can lay eggs—but not the kind of egg laid by this vehicle. Which sounds a little mixed biologically, but you get me, don't you?

DOLLAR CURRENCY

WARNING TO PUBLIC

It has been brought to the notice of the Reserve Bank that in some instances persons acquiring Dollar notes are retaining them or selling them back to the public.


A WARNING IS HEREBY GIVEN that such actions constitute breaches of the Finance Emergency Regulations, and direction is given to all persons or firms acquiring such notes that they must purchase them at the official rates set out below. Any such notes acquired must be handed immediately to a trading bank which will accept them at the same rates.

Anyone dealing in foreign currency in any other way without the approval of the Reserve Bank, renders himself liable to prosecution and the penalties enumerated in the Finance Emergency Regulations, 1940 (No. 2).

The Official Dollar rates are as follows:—

U.S.A.		N.Z.		U.S.A.		N.Z.	
5 cents	=	£0 0	3½d.	7 dollars	=	£2 2	7d.
10 cents	=	£0 0	7d.	8 dollars	=	£2 8	8d.
25 cents	=	£0 1	6d.	9 dollars	=	£2 14	9d.
50 cents	=	£0 3	0d.	10 dollars	=	£3 0	10d.
75 cents	=	£0 4	7d.	15 dollars	=	£4 11	4d.
1 dollar	=	£0 6	1d.	20 dollars	=	£6 1	9d.
2 dollars	=	£0 12	2d.	25 dollars	=	£7 12	2d.
3 dollars	=	£0 18	3d.	30 dollars	=	£9 2	8d.
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5 dollars	=	£1 10	5d.	100 dollars	=	£30 8	11d.
6 dollars	=	£1 16	6d.				


Inserted by authority of the Reserve Bank of Zealand.
Wellington, 18th August, 1942.



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