



★ THE latest issue of "Cairo Calling," the Journal of the Egyptian Broadcasting Service, has a photograph of Noel Palmer presenting the Armed Forces feature, "New Zealand Calls the Boys Overseas." Noel Palmer is the officer in charge of the New Zealand Broadcasting Unit in the Middle East. This photograph shows him making records for New Zealand.

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though without wishing to be hypercritical, I suspect it contains some touches which weren't in the original and which probably don't improve it. Hollywood will sacrifice almost anything for a kissing close-up in the finale, and in this instance it sacrifices artistic unity for the sake of a parting shot of Powell embracing Hedy Lamarr. After all, the story by then has become near-tragic, and the switch to gaiety is too abrupt. A small point perhaps, but fairly typical.

Amnesia is the basis of the plot—a plot by a clever gang to blackmail David Talbot, a successful French diplomat, into believing that he is really Jean Pelletier, a thief and murderer. Since Talbot has completely lost his memory in a train smash some years before, he can't be sure who he really is and, from evidence presented by the blackmailers, he soon begins to think that they may be right. There is nothing blissful about this type of uncertainty, especially for a diplomat with a beautiful wife (Hedy Lamarr), and an imminent ambassadorial appointment to lose. Yes, Monsieur Talbot is in a very tough spot. But I mentioned the fade-out kiss, didn't I, so members of the audience who are beginning to worry on the hero's behalf (and it will be strange if they don't), may take comfort.

I am still in some doubt as to whether Hedy Lamarr can really act or merely look beautiful, because it is hard to concentrate on her acting, and anyway, I am prepared to take her on her face value. But there is no such doubt about William Powell, Basil Rathbone, Felix Bressart, Claire Trevor, and Margaret Wycherley (the mother in *Sergeant York*): They can act.

At A Celebrity Concert

IN a country where concert-going is a rare experience, it is not surprising that we arrive late, stamp down the aisle, and sometimes applaud in the wrong places. All these things happened at the Friedman-Tyrer concert in Wellington last week, but the offences were innocent. We felt the fragile hush of Delius's "The Walk to the Paradise Garden," and if we destroyed it with thunderous applause, we meant no more harm than the attendants who turned out the house lights so that those who had brought scores couldn't use them.

Yes, some of us are a little raw. We were surprised when the conductor had his glasses wiped by one of the orchestra, but we surrendered to the music when it was not too profound. We frankly liked the fireworks, too, so we didn't forget to applaud (at least twice), the Tchaikovsky Concerto. Mr. Friedman played nothing else comparable in scale to the concerto, but the audience were obviously delighted when he played a group of his own pieces with an ease and delicacy seldom heard in New Zealand. Perhaps it is because such things don't happen to us often that we are as appreciative as we know how to be—and then ask for more. But most of us are sensationalists at heart. We ask for rhythm and speed before subtlety, for "The Bartered Bride" Overture in preference to "A Walk to the Paradise Garden." After all, although we hear music at home, at the pictures, and in milk bars, we have developed no concert-going tradition, and therefore little discrimination.

But we are most willing to learn. When a musician like Friedman pays us a visit, we go to hear him, applaud his art, and hope he will remember that we are still a young country and come back again.

Meantime, we have a symphony orchestra that maintains a standard previously unknown here. We may not know how to express our appreciation, but it is there.

T.

LADY IN A JAM

(Universal)



THE lady is Irene Dunne and the jam is unmistakably raspberry. The other chief pips in the jam or flies in the ointment are Eugene Pallette, large guardian of the lady in question, Patric Knowles, psycho-analyst called in by Eugene to treat the Lady for her Nerves (she Spent all her Fortune and went Bankrupt), and Ralph Bellamy, a sort of singing cowboy, who was once upon a time the 10-year-old sweetheart of the Lady, when the Lady was eight years old, way out in Arizona. I must say it gives me the pip myself to see them wasting an artist like Irene Dunne in this fashion.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENT

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