

Eat Your Cake and Have It!

THE LOVE LOTTERY

(Rank-Exaling)

BY making fun of film fans and the star system in a confection topped off with more than a dash of the sort of thing they like, *The Love Lottery* proves once again that it's quite possible to eat your cake and have it, too. This film, which Charles Crichton directed, was first shown in New Zealand for the Queen. The other Royal Command film, you may remember, was *The Million Pound Note*, which I now feel, looking back, I rated more highly than it deserved. As a matter of fact, these films have quite a bit in common, and that may be why I feel more cautious about the way I praise this one. But undeniably it's good fun.

A fan-ridden film star (David Niven) gives up the hopeless quest for the quiet life and agrees to become first prize in a lottery—which, says its chief promoter (Herbert Lom), will exploit, like so many other industries, the frustrations of women. Principally concerned in capturing Mr. Niven for the promoters is their human calculating machine (Anne Vernon), which presently discovers it has a heart. If there had to be two sexes, asks Mr. Niven at one stage, why in heaven's name did one of them have to be women—and one can't help feeling he has something there.

The film flows smoothly and, once well-started, is very easy to take. There is a large number of dream sequences—of fan-haunted horror for Mr. Niven and starry-eyed expectation for Peggy Cummins (who has some tickets in the lottery)—some of which are very well done. Mr. Niven is right on top of his part, if that can be said of one so suitably bewildered; and as for Miss Vernon—this French actress has a roguish quality which is a refreshing change from the movie industry's mass-produced beauty, and I hope we shall see much more of her. (The few who have been lucky enough to see *Edward and Caroline* may remember she was the wife in that film.)

The script for *The Love Lottery* is by Harry Kurnitz, who also wrote *The Man Between*. That is a much better film, but not because of his script; and I think this comedy is probably much more his piece of cake. For me its most agreeable quality is its satire (who could resist the commercial, "a hot breakfast is twice as good as no breakfast at all?") even though, as I've suggested, the film exploits to some extent the values it ridicules. What a pity that so much of it should melt away so quickly in the mouth.

FLIGHT OF THE WHITE HERON

(20th Century-Fox)

THE most loyal film reviewer could surely be forgiven for hoping that with this Eastman colour CinemaScope feature the cinema has said its last word on the Royal Tour. There has been an awful lot of it, but all the same most of it has been pretty good in its way, and *Flight of the White Heron* is well up to standard. No one has made a complete record of the tour. This one

BAROMETER

FAIR: "The Love Lottery."
FAIR: "Flight of the White Heron."

farewells the Canopus on its flight across the Atlantic and then is off in the opposite direction, shooting as it runs, to meet the Gothic in Suva—thus depriving us of the West Indies and the Panama Canal in CinemaScope. But once it catches up with the tour what it presents is nearly all the sort of thing that the new medium does well. Auckland and Wellington seen from afar may be dull and depressing, but the big crowd and dance scenes in the islands, the Rotorua welcome, street scenes in Wellington and Christchurch, visits to the races and trots, a whistle stop at Oamaru, seascapes, Sydney and its bridge, colourful Ceylon, Malta, are all exciting. New Zealand has been quite fairly treated; Ceylon was so colourful that the cameraman, Paul Wyand (or was it the film's editor?), seems to have succumbed and overdone it—though with some lovely stuff. With so much that had to be left out, it's a pity that background shots like the New Zealand beach picnic were left in. But these are small flaws in a film which, on the whole, has done well what it set out to do. The commentary, unfortunately, is not up to the standard of the rest. One can agree that this sort of script is not the easiest thing in the world to write, but it's surely astonishing that an industry whose products cost so much to make should so seldom turn out a film with a commentary one can enjoy listening to.

On the same programme as *Flight of the White Heron* in Wellington was *Vesuvius Express*, a short which in its shots en route makes the most exciting use of CinemaScope I've seen. I'm afraid, though, that railways are going to provide the expansive screen with one of its first clichés.

Pictorial Parade

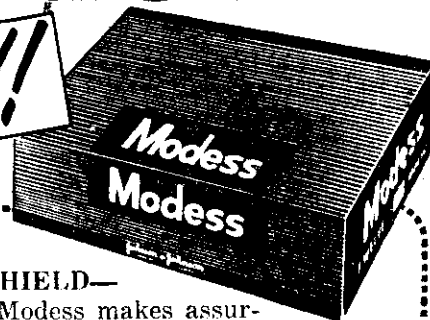
THE National Film Unit's *Pictorial Parade*, released on July 23, is a special issue of 1000 feet with the title "No Random Harvest." It gives a picture of the way New Zealand's pine forests are being utilised, and shows how existing mills are being enlarged, new railways are being laid, new sawmills and paper mills, new ports and even whole new towns are being built for the new industries making use of the planned harvest of timber.



ANNE VERNON
The machine had a heart

Complete Security WITH IMPROVED Modess

NEW!



MODESS SAFETY SHIELD—

Now, new Modess makes assurance... doubly sure. The BLUE THREAD tells you at a glance how to take full advantage of the Modess Safety Shield—exclusive feature that ensures security.



Available at Chemists
and Drapery Stores.

Also MEDS —

The safe — soft — comfortable tampon designed by a woman doctor and manufactured by JOHNSON & JOHNSON.

Buy a box of MEDS
(handbag size)

12 Highly Absorbent
Tampons for only 2/8

Distributed in New Zealand by
POTTER & BIRKS (N.Z.) LTD., 14 Federal Street, Auckland.

CLAIMS FOR LOSS OR DAMAGE TO PROPERTY ARISING OUT OF SECOND WORLD WAR

New Zealand Citizens who, as a result of an act of war, suffered property loss or damage in Germany, in German occupied territories or in Japanese occupied territories (but not in Japan itself) may file details of their claims with the Public Trustee, as Custodian of Enemy Property, Post Office Box 5024, Lambton Quay, Wellington. Claim forms may be obtained from the Public Trustee. Receipt of a claim by the Public Trustee will not constitute any admission by the Government of the validity of the claim, or any guarantee that the claim will be met either in whole or in part.

GEO. E. TURNEY,
Public Trustee

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

Without Calomel — And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harkness, gentle yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. Distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd., Levy Buildings, Manners Street, Wellington, C.3

