

## ALWAYS A BRIDE

(Rank-Clarion)

WHILE *The Long, Long Trailer* goes baldheaded for the uninhibited laugh, *Always a Bride* invites the confidential chuckle. It is not, one imagines, the kind of film which the moralists would approve, since the most delightful and amusing people in it are a bunch of confidence tricksters (led by Ronald Squire and Marie Lohr) intent on making a fat living at the expense of the idle rich on the Riviera. The story is astonishingly uneven in quality—some of the brightest ideas are only partially developed, while the thoroughly threadbare ones are followed remorselessly to their foreseeable conclusions. But the cast is nimble and witty, the topsy-turvy morality of the wide boys produces its own ascorbic kind of humour ("There's nothing I wouldn't stoop to to regain my self-respect"), and the back-firing triple bluff which forms the climax supplies an appropriate finale.

## PICTORIAL PARADE

YOKED oxen, the heavy transport of pioneering days, are still occasionally to be seen in New Zealand, and the current issue of the National Film Unit's *Pictorial Parade*—"Road Open"—gives filmgoers such a glimpse. The subject of the film is roadworks, and it covers in its survey the whole eastern side of the North Island from Wellington to Auckland, with a brief diversion to South Canterbury to inspect the latest in bridge-building equipment.

## Short-lived Marriage

"AT the Haymarket I was not even passionately anxious to do my best. I was just dreaming of and aspiring after another world, a world full of pictures and music and gentle, artistic people with quiet voices and elegant manners. The reality of such a world was Little Holland House, the home of Mr. Watts..." So Ellen Terry wrote in her memoirs.



Ellen Terry

"I was not quite sixteen years old," she went on, "too young to be married even in those days, when every-one married early. But I was delighted, and my parents were delighted, although the disparity

of age between my husband and me was very great. It all seems like a dream—not a clear dream, but a fitful one which in the morning one tries in vain to tell..."

The story of the short-lived marriage of Ellen Terry to the pre-Raphaelite painter G. F. Watts, who was thirty years her senior, is full of human drama, apart from its biographical importance. He was at the height of his fame: she was still an unknown actress. Their union seems to have been doomed from the start; but if her husband had not sent her back, heartbroken, to her family, the theatre might never have been enriched by the great Dame Ellen Terry.

Mrs. Watts, a BBC production of a play by Lisa Sheridan, based on this episode in Ellen Terry's life, will be heard from 1YC on Thursday, October 7, at 10.0 p.m.



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