



Check this list of
popular favourites
for your record library

Mark your selection of winners in this list of favourites to suit every taste. You can't go wrong—they're all popular numbers on radio request sessions throughout New Zealand.

SAVE TIME!

CUT THE ADVERTISEMENT OUT AND USE IT AS YOUR SHOPPING GUIDE

- ☐ B 21029 H "Playmates" and "Shoo-Fly Pie and Apple Pan Dowdy" JIMMY BOYD
- ☐ B 21197 H "Blues" (I've Got Those Wake Up Seven-Thirty etc.) and "Jelly on My Head" JIMMY BOYD
- ☐ B 21047 H "When the Red, Red Robin" and "Beautiful Music to Love By" DORIS DAY
- ☐ B 21276 H "Blue Bells of Broadway" and "I Speak to the Stars" DORIS DAY
- ☐ B 21122 H "Many Times" and "In Love" PERCY FAITH AND HIS ORCHESTRA
- ☐ B 21236 H "Eleanora" and "Dream, Dream, Dream" PERCY FAITH AND HIS ORCHESTRA
- ☐ B 21146 H "In the Mission of St. Augustine" and "No Stone Unturned" SAMMY KAYE
- ☐ B 21200 H "Bella Bella Donna Mia" and "Y (That's Why)" SAMMY KAYE
- ☐ B 21269 H "Easter Parade" and "The Rosary" LIBERACE
- ☐ B 21164 H "A Red, Red Ribbon" and "Sweet Mama, Tree Top Tall" THE MARINERS
- ☐ B 21382 H "Napoleon" and "Monday Serenade" MITCH MILLER AND HIS ORCHESTRA
- ☐ B 21202 H "You'd Be Surprised" and "Why Should I Be Sorry?" JOHNNIE RAY
- ☐ B 21369 H "To Every Girl, To Every Boy" and "Going, Going, Gone" JOHNNIE RAY
- ☐ B 21248 H "Just in Case You Change Your Mind" and "Gee" SOMETHIN' SMITH AND THE SKYLARKS
- ☐ B 21779 H "Make Love To Me" and "Adi-Adios-Amigo" JO STAFFORD
- ☐ B 21218 H "Let Me Hear You Whisper" and "One Love Forever" JO STAFFORD

THIS IS ONLY A SMALL SELECTION OF THE TITLES AVAILABLE

Get your copy of the latest Philips catalogue obtainable now from your favourite record store.

PHILIPS

The Records of the Century

PHILIPS ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES OF NEW ZEALAND LIMITED

Famous for Lamps, Radio, Television and Record Playing Equipment

PD 39

They're Still Beautiful

thanks to

Silvo takes care of your cutlery the way harsh cleaners can't possibly do it. Silvo is so gentle, so safe . . . keeps all your silverware lustrous and lovely . . . like new!

S.O.40

Film Reviews, by Jno.

TIME OUT OF MIND

THE CONSTANT HUSBAND

(London Films-Launder and Gilliat)

TO wake up and find oneself, inexplicably, in a foreign country could, on the screen, be the prelude to melodrama. To wake up in a foreign country without finding oneself is, when the victim is Rex Harrison, a situation which bulges with comic possibilities. And in *The Constant Husband* Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat diligently and delightfully explore them.

This is, in fact, the best British comedy I have seen this year, and if 1956 were to provide no better that would still leave us scope for lots of fun with the runners-up. Admittedly, it's not quite flawless. Since ambiguity of situation and allusiveness in dialogue are the staple ingredients of the fun, the story-line (Val Valentine and Sidney Gilliat collaborating) lacks the classic simplicity which the perfectionist would demand. But, in its class, the show as a whole comes close enough to the best to command our admiration as well as our laughter. It is the sort of film which, one is persuaded, everyone enjoyed making. It has been directed with zest, the players are excellently cast, and at the top of their form, and good lively photography has been enhanced by pleasantly muted Technicolor. And when all's said and done the story—however bewildering its comic convolutions may be at times—has that vital spark of originality which sets it apart from the adapted stage plays or novels which are so much the staple of the comic screen. In this *The Constant Husband* can bear comparison with *Passport to Pimlico*, just as it might be compared with *The Lavender Hill Mob* for the gay manner in which it compounds felony and comedy.

Mr. Harrison, I should explain, does not wake up in a foreign country—he just thinks he has, after encountering a Welsh-speaking chambermaid and a bunch of Welsh fishermen outside his hotel room window. But he is certainly in a state of amnesia. In fact, the farther the film proceeds, the more it seems like the United States of Amnesia. To probe this dark backward abyss of time, he has the help of an eccentric psychiatrist (Cecil Parker, heavily disguised in an airman's leather jacket and moustaches), who discovers that he is a Mr. Hathaway, and possessed of a positively smashing wife (Kay Kendall) in Hampstead. But this is only the beginning of the trail. Why is he ordered out of the Ministry of Munitions—where he had been led to believe he was one of the bright lights in the back room? Why is he being blackballed in the Adelphi? And can it be that he has met and married Lola the Human Cannon-ball during an earlier fit of absence of mind?

Fleeing in panic back to Professor Llewellyn's clinic, he discovers that two other wives have been traced. Now thoroughly disgusted with his other self, the unfortunate Mr. Hathaway announces that he will give himself up to the police. But even the consolation of that gesture is denied him. The police arrive first and arrest him for bigamy in respect of yet two more wives.

Thus we come by a natural progression to the Circuit Court in which so many other British comedies have had their climaxes. Few, however, have made a more hilarious session of it, and

BAROMETER

FINE: "The Constant Husband."
OVERCAST: "The Night of the Hunter."

though Messrs. Launder and Gilliat have saved one more jest for the fadeout this is the real climax of the film.

Rex Harrison, whom this kind of part fits as neatly as one of his own Savile Row suits, is in the camera's eye for most of the 88 minutes' running time, and he doesn't waste a second of it. His timing is superb—all in all, in fact, he must have had a wonderful time while it lasted.

THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER

(Paul Gregory-United Artists)

THIS is the first film to be directed by Charles Laughton, and to call it uneven in quality would be a gross understatement. It is an almost unbelievable conglomeration of tension, horror, outdated pictorial tricks, cheap sentimentalities, and sudden penetrating psychological insights. Mr. Laughton is undoubtedly intelligent, and it is obvious that he has been studying the masters, from D. W. Griffith onward. But it was scarcely necessary or even desirable to incorporate all the styles (including that of Griffith at his corniest) in the one production. There were passages in this film that had my scalp prickling, but the tension was almost invariably relieved by humour that was not meant to be there.

The tension, however, was there. It's true that to place children in jeopardy is a quick easy way of arousing audience emotion, but it is also true that Mr. Laughton, after a shaky start, handled the children pretty well. I found it pleasant, too, to encounter old Jimmy Gleason again and the durable Lillian Gish (in what was almost a silent-era role). Even Robert Mitchum, as the psychopathic preacher Harry Powell, seemed more at home in black than he had done a fortnight before in white. But, granted that he was a wolf in sheep's clothing, was it really necessary for him to howl? When he gave tongue I felt like throwing another log on the fire and reaching for my bottle of cough-mixture.



HARRISON-KENDALL

A wonderful time while it lasted

N.Z. LISTENER, MAY 4, 1956.