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a fine attention to detail throughout, imaginative lighting and camerawork (by Otto Heller) create a remarkable atmosphere, and wonderfully effective use is made of music. The film is another triumph for Mr. Guinness, though I think it's an even greater one for Katie Johnson. I like to recall especially the quiet perfection of her drive to the station to pick up the loot.

It seems to me rather interesting and typical that Ealing Studios, a typical British institution, should make comedies about murder, though it would never make one about sex. It's always a bit of an effort for me to find murder funny—it's one respect, I'm told, in which I'm not yet civilised—and while *The Ladykillers* is far too extravagant and Goonlike and well done for me to mount a moral high horse about it, I must admit that, already feeling uneasy, I found parts of the liquidation sequence too heartless for my taste. I think this is because, in spite of the extraordinary gang, the film never quite parts company from reality—the characters remain in a measure recognisably human—nor has it at this point the wit and polish of *Kind Hearts and Coronets*. This may, however, be a quite individual reaction. Would the effect, I wonder, have been different if the story of the gang had been told as a flashback, with its disappearance already revealed to the police by Mrs. Wilberforce at the beginning rather than at the end?

WORLD IN MY CORNER

(Universal-International) Y Cert.

AS the title suggests, *World in My Corner* is a story of the ring, and like many another it takes the view that professional boxing isn't always the clean, manly sport one would like it to be. The hero is Tommy Shea, a boy of promise who, finding himself out of work, takes up boxing seriously as the protégé of a wealthy New Yorker. As important for Tommy as his career—and eventually more important—are his relations with the possessive millionaire and his daughter. The point seems to be that it's more important to be yourself than to have wealth or worldly success. The boxing scenes are tremendously exciting. In exploring its other situation the film is not always quite so successful, though a certain recurring note of unsophisticated

Listening to History

ANYTHING could happen when a covey of commentators complete with broadcasting equipment are let loose in situations which have been made famous by historians down the centuries and all round the world. What does happen in the series *You Are There* can be heard currently from ZBs on Monday evenings. The occasions on which these broadcasters are inserted into history vary from the signing of Magna Carta to the landing at Gallipoli and from the fall of Troy to Commander Robert Peary's dash to the North Pole in 1909. Listeners hear what the commentators see at a witch trial in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1692, when a 71-year-old woman, Rebecca Nurse, was accused of causing young girls to become possessed by supernatural forces, and other trials described include those of Marie Antoinette, Anne Hutchinson, John Peter Zenger, Aaron Burr and William Penn. Situations are enlivened when the commentators cease operations because of the approach of battle, but a colleague is always conveniently placed to take over.

freshness is not altogether unpleasing. As the hero, Audie Murphy is thoroughly likeable, and he's well supported by John MacIntire as his trainer, and Jeff Morrow as the millionaire. Barbara Rush is adequate as the girl. Jesse Hibbs directed.

THE LITTLEST OUTLAW

(Walt Disney-R.K.O. Radio) G Cert.

IT isn't easy for a grown-up to distinguish between films that children like and those he thinks they should like, but I have the assurance of several young nieces and nephews who saw *The Littlest Outlaw* (director Roberto Gavaldon) that they enjoyed it immensely. It's not just a children's picture, either—I think most adults will like it, too.

The formula is safe: a small boy hero risking everything to save the life of an animal—this time a horse which the boy's master, a Mexican general, has decided must be destroyed. The boy flees with it, the film follows his adventures.

Andres Velasquez is a very beautiful child, Mexico (where the film was shot) is a beautiful country, the Mexicans are a picturesque people, with picturesque customs. After a vigorous start the film is tempted by all this and at times its charm is rather self-conscious. In fact, I was afraid here and there that it was going to end up with not much more than charm.

If you should feel that way about it, sit tight, for the best is yet to be. I don't think I'm revealing any secrets when I say that the horse escapes, and the chase that follows and the climax, all of it involved with a bull fight, is as exciting as it could be, and a fine example of what a film-maker can do with a pair of scissors. As tender-hearted as the next man, I came away swallowing hard.

The Littlest Outlaw screened in Wellington with *Prowlers of the Everglades*, another enjoyable Disney True Life Adventure with the accent on alligators.



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