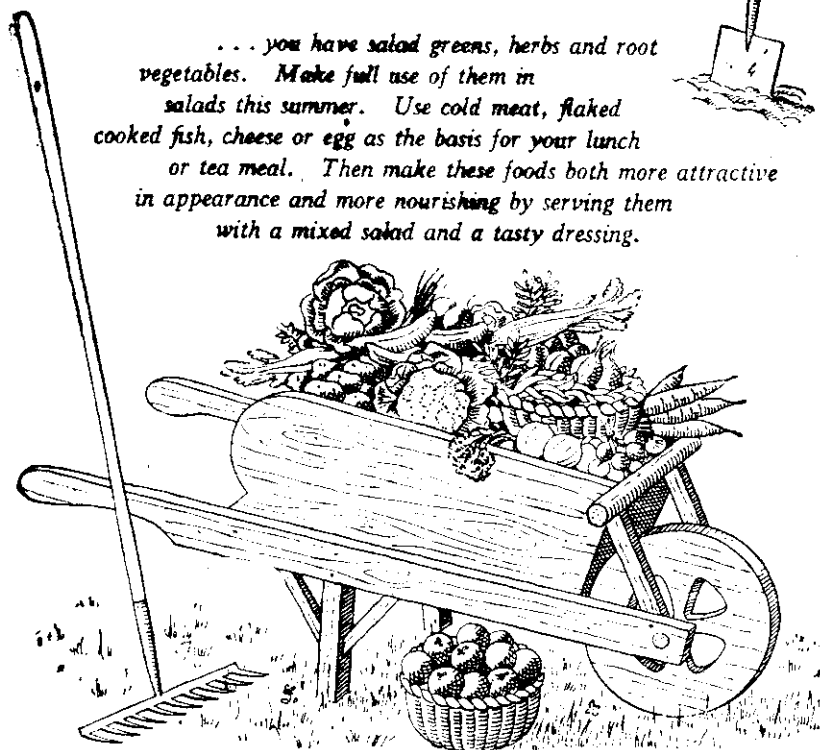


Up the garden path

... you have salad greens, herbs and root vegetables. Make full use of them in salads this summer. Use cold meat, flaked cooked fish, cheese or egg as the basis for your lunch or tea meal. Then make these foods both more attractive in appearance and more nourishing by serving them with a mixed salad and a tasty dressing.



Your salad selection is wide: tomato, carrot, beetroot, onion, cucumber, celery, radish, green peas and beans, lettuce, cabbage, cauliflower, potato, kumera, parsley, mint, chives, mustard and cress, spring onions. ● To these can be added fresh and dried fruits and nuts to give variety.

Try a different salad every day

A SALAD DRESSING WHICH WILL KEEP

1½ Tbsps.	sugar	METHOD: Beat the egg with the milk and add gradually to the dry ingredients. Cook over boiling water till thickened, stirring all the time. Add the butter, then the vinegar very slowly, stirring constantly. Add a pinch of cayenne pepper. (Less butter may be used if in short supply). If necessary thin with top milk just before serving.
1½ Tbsps.	flour	
1 Tspn.	mustard	
½ Tspn.	salt	
½ Cup milk	1 Egg	
1½ Tbsps.	butter	
½ Cup	vinegar	

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Film Reviews, by P.J.W.

Flame in the Heather

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

(Korda-London Films)

I WONDER how a full-blooded Highlander would react to this film. My own reaction (from one of mixed Scottish and English ancestry) was delight at its colourful re-enactment of the old legend, and sorrow that the whole expensive production was not as competently done as some of its parts. For it seems that the ill-luck of the Stuarts has dogged even the makers of this ambitious account of their attempt to regain the British throne. In the first place David Niven is either miscast or badly directed in the title role. It may not be altogether his fault, but his seems a bloodless performance for such a romantic personality as the Royal Charlie of song, whose one appearance in Scotland set the heather ablaze and the clans rolling across the border in the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745.

The best part of the film by far is the final escape sequence, filmed amid the magnificent scenery of the Highlands. The earlier parts are not so good. In his wordy battles with Murray, the Scottish general, the Prince does not altogether shine, though our sympathies are with him. To attack London or not? Who was right, anyway? Though the implications favour the Prince, the handling of the episode of that bitter retreat is too confused to make anything clear. The same sketchiness prevails in the attempts to show how he charmed the lords and ladies of Edinburgh. He may have been a Prince Charming indeed, but charm can be a weak thing in some people's hands.

Perhaps the subject was too big for one film, yet Clemence Dane's script is lacklustre too. The picture is built up (except for the escape) from a number of static tableaux, in themselves picturesque and often exciting, but without, when linked, the dynamic flow that inspiration lends to a great story. There

BAROMETER

FAIR: "Bonnie Prince Charlie."
MAINLY FAIR: "Neptune's Daughter."

is too much explanation, and the dialogue is sometimes stilted and banal, as if the writer was overawed at the immensity of her subject. The same could be said of Anthony Kimmins's direction. Too many fine effects are spoilt by obtuse handling. What remains? Miraculously, a good deal; a kind of faded glory that emphasises the hopelessness of a lost cause. For me, the star of the film is Margaret Leighton as Flora Macdonald. She does not appear until late in the story, but every scene with her in it is infused with a new virility and meaning; and she breathes a living fire into Niven's Prince in a way those coldly magnificent scenes of battle and ballroom do not.

But the real triumph of the film is in the richly suggestive background against which the personal drama is played out—and this despite a number of obviously studio sets. The fine exteriors were photographed in technicolour by Osmond Borrodaile, although Robert Krasker gets the main screen credit. And they, with the minor characters, are some of the best things in the film. There is Finlay Currie as the crag-like Tullibardine, Jack Hawkins as Lord George Murray (what a fine picture of self-confident arrogance), Morland Graham as Donald the Shepherd, and a host more of nameless players, Highland-fighting men and chiefs and their wives. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of details of 18th Century Scottish life, but they are said to have been meticulously represented, even to the extent of making a hundred sets of bagpipes fitted with the two drones of the period.

A fourth person affected the film, to an extent we cannot imagine, by his absence. Will Fyffe, the Dundee comedian, died in its making and every scene in which he appeared (in the original role of Donald) had to be retaken. This may explain some of the picture's lifelessness, for those re-shot scenes make up much of the earlier part of the film. It's an irksome thought. How much better might the film have been if Will Fyffe had been there to quicken the pulse of history with his drollery?

NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER

(M.G.M.)

ESTHER WILLIAMS as an ex-swimming champion become a manufacturer of swim-suits (which she models herself) gets romantically mixed up with a South American polo player (Richard Montalban), whose identity is in turn mixed up with that of Red Skelton, in love with Esther's "sister," Betty Garrett. When true love palls, the slapstick parody of it by the latter two keeps us laughing, as do Red's attempts at polo-playing, Xavier Cugat and his band, an aqua-parade, and a bright little song ("Baby, it's cold outside"), complete the quota. But why not more of Skelton and less of that uxorious Latin? He definitely palls.



DAVID NIVEN

"Who was right, anyway?"

N.Z. LISTENER, JANUARY 20, 1950