

Mrs Ellen Tuck Astor

Beautiful American Society Leader, says:

"This Pond's way of caring for my skin is a joy! It leaves my face meticulously clean, so refreshed, and brings up color in my cheeks."



Give your skin that *Glow of Beauty*

"Blush-cleanser" to-night!

- 1 Rouse your face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream and swirl it in soft, creamy circles over your face and throat. Tissue off.
- 2 Blush-rinse. Cream again with snowy soft Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl about 25 more creamy circles over your face. Tissue well.
- 3 Tingle your face with a splash of cold water. Blot dry.

Look at your new face now! Rosy! Sparkling clear . . . with an extra soft cleanness you can feel as well as see! So every night — this complete "blush-cleansing". Every morning — for a bright-awake look — a once-over "blush-cleansing" with your Pond's. Available in large economy jars and tubes

POND'S COLD CREAM

Made in the laboratories of W. J. Bush & Co. Ltd., Auckland, for the Pond's Extract Company Export Limited, New York

PCI-2

GAIN STAYING POWER!

Does a day's work tire you out? Leave you tired, listless, drowsy?

TRY THIS HERBAL REMEDY!

Try RED SEAL Strength Tablets—the famous "little red tablets." Entirely herbal, RED SEAL Strength Tablets help promote youthful vigour and vivacity. 100 Tablets, 4/6. Post FREE.

W. J. Anderton Ltd.

239 SYMONDS STREET (Box 66C), AUCKLAND, C.S.

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 pounds 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 'pounds' of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, 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.S.

Film Reviews, by Jno.

SINCEREST FLATTERY

THE 13th LETTER

(20th Century-Fox)

IN fairness to the cash-customers, there is one point about *The 13th Letter* which should be made clear at the outset. It is not, as the advertisements in Wellington have described it, "a new and baffling masterpiece of suspense." It is, in fact, no more than an American version (and a fairly unimaginative transcription at that) of *Le Corbeau*, a French film made during the Occupation by Henri-Georges Clouzot, screened first in New Zealand about five months ago under the title of *The Raven*, and noticed on this page in *The Listener* of January 5 last.

If you are interested in films as something more than the weekly anodyne or opiate, and saw *The Raven*, then it should divert you to compare the two productions, to contrast techniques, to observe the occasional evidences of Anglo-Saxon bowdlerisation. You may even find mildly amusing the spectacle of the producer-director, Otto Preminger, capering round in M. Clouzot's shoes.

If you have seen *The Raven*, and if you are simply looking for an evening's entertainment, then you will find it irksome to sit through much the same thing again, even with the advantage of English dialogue, since *The 13th Letter* generates neither the tension nor the emotion of its prototype.

However, if you didn't see *The Raven* (and this should about exhaust the list of permissible options), you may well find this quite a satisfactory film. When your attention is not being diverted by the thought that this shot or that sequence might have been handled much better, you are more likely to notice that the level of acting in the American film is good, and that this quality extends beyond the principal players. It is true, too, that the story is sound enough to stand a second telling, and even to survive the excisions and the grafted sentimentalities, without losing all its force.

In the original version (script by Louis Chavance), *Le Corbeau* was the

story of a poison-pen whose anonymous letters whipped a small French country town into a hysterical witch-hunt, caused one suicide and almost precipitated a lynching. Almost all the leading citizens were implicated in some scandal or another by the letters, which skilfully played on the individual weaknesses or prejudices of the recipients, but the principal object of the correspondence was to force the resignation of a young doctor from the staff of the local hospital. The determination of the doctor to ignore the scandal spread about him, and to resist the public pressure brought to bear on him, was, of course, the mainspring of the action, but the appalling quality in the French film was the picture of a whole town goaded into frenzy.

This quality does not come through effectively in the American version. The young doctor is played forcefully, but with restraint, by Michael Rennie, who manages to suggest both nervous strain and stubborn determination without the one cancelling out the other. The other principal roles are filled with equal competence by Charles Boyer, Linda Darnell, Constance Smith (a new face to me), and Françoise Rosay. Thinking back, I should say that their acting was just about as good as that in the French film, but what claimed my attention almost to the exclusion of other considerations was the marked absence of an original approach in the direction. In the credits I noticed that Louis Chavance was named as author of the story, but if my memory can be relied upon there were long sequences which could have been lifted almost holubolus from Clouzot's shooting-script. Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but I'd rather have a second-class original than a second-class copy.

SEPTEMBER AFFAIR

(Paramount)

[F I hadn't seen the name of William Dieterle among the credits I would have been tempted to believe that James A. Fitzpatrick had had a hand in the direction of this sentimental little Mediterranean idyll. It's so full of scenery—Florence with its squares and statuary, Rome, Naples, Vesuvius and Pompeii, Capri and the Blue Grotto (not so impressive in black and white)—and over all the bright sunlight of an Italian summer. But beyond the outdoor photography, which is handled with a *March of Time* verve and efficiency, and a small quantity of good acting, mainly by Jessica Tandy and Françoise Rosay (who knows how to make the most of her opportunities), there is not much substance to *September Affair*. "A picture for middle-aged women" was how I heard it described (by a woman not yet middle-aged), and that is probably true. I was quite hemmed in by Marthas, all of them enjoying their vicarious romance, but all, I'm sure, convinced that they had chosen the better part.



CONSTANCE SMITH
A new face

N.Z. LISTENER, JUNE 1, 1951