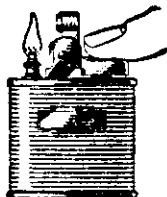
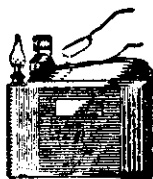




FOR FRIENDS who smoke, a Ronson is the surest gift to please. Precision-built with one-finger, one-motion safety action, a Ronson lights *first time, every time!* You give the best when you give a Ronson—a constant reminder of you!



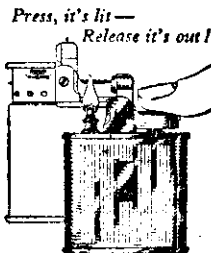
For pocket or purse, the Ronson Standard is a favourite, certain to please!



Slim, elegant as a fine watch, the Ronson Adonis is styled for smart occasions.



This Queen Anne and other lovely Ronson Table Lighters grace the most handsome rooms.



Press, it's lit—Release it's out! The Ronson Whirlwind has a sliding windshield, lights in any weather. Recommended for sportsmen.

A joy to give
A joy to get! **RONSON**

See these and other lovely Ronson models at all good dealers.

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

Wholesale only: Finsford, Newman & Benson 1948 Ltd., 128 Wakefield Street, Wellington.

Never Trust a Trusty

UNDER THE GUN

(Universal-International)

WHEN *Under the Gun* appeared under my nose last week, two circumstances suggested that it might be something a little out of the ordinary, and perhaps even a little above the average. In the first place, it had been (as it were) shunted off the main tracks on to a siding a little distance from the neon-light area. That seemed to argue that it didn't fit the standardised box-office specifications. In the second place, the names associated with the film attracted me. It's true that the director was not mentioned—exhibitors don't usually concern themselves with a director unless (like Signor Rossellini) he has achieved distinction in some other field—but four of the players were named. I remembered Richard Conte for a cold-bloodedly competent performance in *House of Strangers*, Audrey Totter was in *The Set-Up*, Sam Jaffe had one of the principal roles in *The Asphalt Jungle*, and Shepperd Strudwick played the man who shot Willie Stark in *All the King's Men*.

Such a conjunction of stars seemed more than fortuitous, and it was no great surprise to discover, when the credit-titles came on the screen, that the director was Ted Tetzlaff, who turned out that chilly tenement thriller, *The Window*, a year or so ago.

Under the Gun is not in quite the same class as the earlier production. It is not so simple and straightforward a story, it has not the same organic unity, and it does not build up so much emotional pressure. There is probably, in the aggregate, the same amount of suspense (a dramatic device to which Tetzlaff seems partial), but the tension is relieved in action from time to time as the story develops and on the whole one

BAROMETER

FAIR: "Under the Gun."
FAIR: "Le Roi."

remains a spectator of the events, free from the feeling of personal involvement which a first-class film should induce.

But at the same time, *Under the Gun* is both exciting and intellectually diverting. The minor climaxes of the action are strong enough to produce a pleasurable thrill of excitement even if one is inclined to speculate on what will happen next rather than feel apprehensive about it—and there are enough odd twists in the story to make speculation itself enjoyable.

Conte, we learn, is an underworld big-shot who, through the carelessness of his associates, finds himself in the penitentiary serving 20 years for murder. Nor does there seem much chance of getting out. In this particular institution (the story is set in one of the Southern States of the U.S.), prisoners work in squads under the gun of a trusty, and it appears that a trusty who shoots and kills an escaping prisoner earns a free pardon for himself. That is the set-up, and that is the trigger-mechanism of the action. If your mind rejects it then your interest in the story will be proportionately diminished. I felt that it couldn't happen anywhere but in Dixie, but that it could happen there. Once the situation is thus clarified attention centres on how Conte can beat the system. That is where the speculative interest of the film comes in, and I must say that I was relieved to discover that my mind wasn't crooked enough to keep up.

An attractive polish is added to the production by the smooth performances of Conte, Sam Jaffe (a shrewd old prisoner who loses the battle of wits with

(continued on next page)

Flaherty is Dead

EVEN if one had had a galaxy of great films to discuss, the week would have been overshadowed by a report that reached *The Listener* office just as this issue was about to go to press. It stated simply that Robert Flaherty had died at Dummerston, in Vermont, after a long illness. He was 67.

Flaherty, who was born in Michigan, started off as a prospector in the Canadian backwoods, turned explorer in 1910, and spent the next 10 years living with the Eskimos in the sub-arctic barrens. During this period he acquired a film camera, and in 1920 he managed to persuade the firm of Revillon Frères, fur dealers, to back a film-making expedition to Hudson Bay. The result was *Nanook of the North*, the first of the great cycle of documentaries which won for him a secure place in the history of the cinema. *Nanook* foreshadowed the form and style of most of Flaherty's work. A superlative observer, he found his most fruitful inspiration in small communities living on or beyond the fringes of civilisation (*Moana*, *Man of Aran*, *Elephant Boy*) and his work has, therefore, permanent value as a record of primitive life and culture apart from its intrinsic worth as film. Listeners



BBC photograph
ROBERT FLAHERTY

here have recently had the chance to hear Flaherty's voice in two BBC programmes. It is unfortunate that opportunities to see his work have not been more frequent. *Louisiana Story*, his last film (finished in 1948), has not been shown here yet.

N.Z. LISTENER, AUGUST 10, 1951.

Keep Perky!
with **K.P. LIFE SALT**

For day-long brightness try the morning glass of bubbling, refreshing K.P. Life Salt. Wonderful how its gentle action tones up your system and keeps you perky. Start each day with K.P. You'll eat better . . . work better . . . play better and sleep better.

3/3 large family size.