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USE OUTDOORS On compost heaps, dustbins, drains—where flies breed.

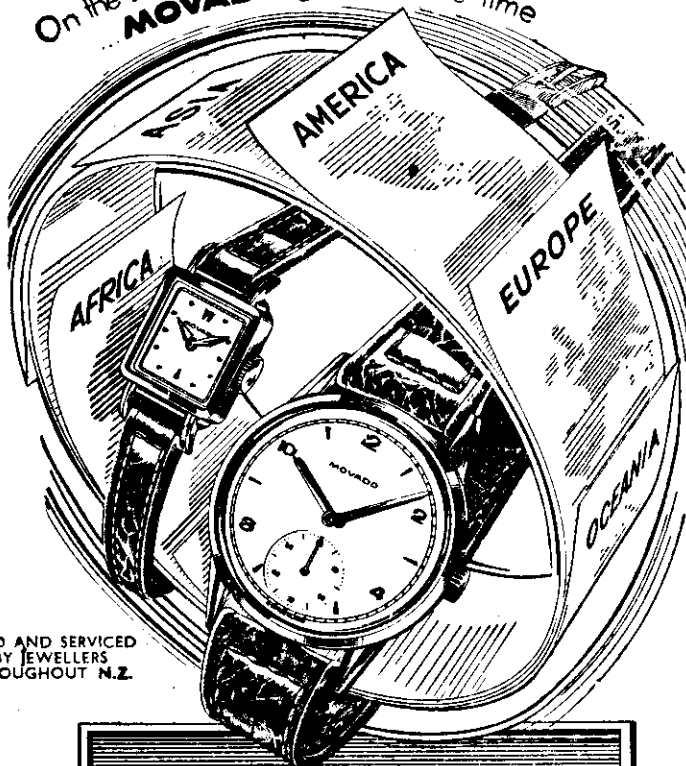
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Film Reviews, by Jno.

COME TO THE FAIR

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN

(Hitchcock-Warner Bros.)

THE persistent recurrence of the fairground or carnival as an element in moving pictures—the fascination which merry-go-rounds and their accompanying raucous gaiety seem to have for the best film directors—has intrigued me for so long that I have probably spoken of it several times before in this column. But since Hitchcock has provided us with another good example of the phenomenon, I have no compunc-

BAROMETER

FINE: "Strangers on a Train."
FAIR TO FINE: "The Law and the Lady."

tion in drawing attention to it once again. I still hope that someone with more time, and more extensive intellectual resources, will give us a short monograph on the subject. Then, perhaps, I won't waste so much time in idle speculation.

There are, of course, one or two fairly obvious ways in which a fairground can

be turned to advantage, if there is any excuse for including it in the script. The atmosphere of forced jollification, the air of saturnalia, even the bizarre machinery of entertainment can by the simple process of juxtaposition powerfully reinforce a dramatic theme. As the physicists found out, if you want to achieve a low temperature, apply pressure, then release it. Shakespeare, of course, knew this long ago—it is the porter scene in *Macbeth* which first induces an authentic chill.

The other obvious advantage of the fairground to a film-maker is in the variety of movement it offers—jiggling wooden horses moving vertically and horizontally at one and the same time produce a sort of four-dimensional illusion, roller-coasters



FARLEY GRANGER, ROBERT WALKER

The story is absurd but you can't loosen its grip

(continued on next page)

Teacher and Broadcaster

NEWS of death seems to come with a sharper edge when the victim has given the impression of being more than usually alive. There was always something fresh and vital about Cecil Hull, teacher, essayist and broadcaster. She had known private and shared public sorrow, but she preserved into middle age the spirit of youth, refreshed by observation and affection. Hers was a gay wisdom. Her friendships were deep and lasting. Educated in the nineties when the student of Greek was a rarity, she learned it from her grandfather, Dr. Philson, of Auckland, one of those old-fashioned doctors who superimposed medicine on the humanities. Latin and Greek were part of the foundation of her exceptionally good judgment in literature and her passion for sound English. For many years she was English mistress at the Auckland Girls' Grammar School. She was one of the brightest light essayists in the daily press, but she could also sound depths of emotion. The second war took her out of retirement to teach Greek and Latin to the boys at King's College, Auckland, and the happiness she found in this was characteristic.

Broadcasting was the last stage in her career of communicating appreciation of

"the things that are more excellent." As with so many, the microphone not only widened her audience (till it became national), but it gave her more scope. One can be more pleasantly discursive more intimate, more personal, over the air than in print. When a voice like Cecil Hull's speaks it, the bit of enthusiasm takes on added fire; the touch of pathos is more poignant; the wit—and she was one of the wittiest women in the country—is more engaging. Cecil Hull's work lay largely in the preservation of literary values, which to her meant something much wider—values in living. She loved words, their beauty, romance and power, their sanctity, and she strove to have them used with due respect. In one of the broadcasts published in her booklet *Talking of Words*, she quoted with approval L. A. G. Strong's conviction that it was wrong to regard English as a school "subject." "English," he said, "is not a subject. English is everything. English is life." This could be her epitaph. —A.M.



Alan Blakey photo
Cecil Hull