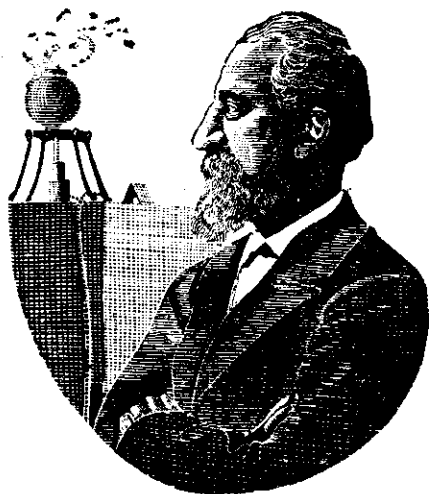


FLUORINE



FROM the famous Blue John mines in Derbyshire comes a mineral called fluorspar. For generations this has been mined in the North of England for use as a flux in metallurgical processes and for making enamels and glass. Today fluorspar has assumed a new importance. It is the chief source of hydrofluoric acid, the compound from which the element fluorine is obtained. Fluorine is chemically so active that it combines with glass and other materials normally used in chemical apparatus. Moissan, the famous French scientist who in 1886 first isolated it, used platinum apparatus which, though attacked, reacted sufficiently slowly to allow him to isolate some free fluorine gas. For over fifty years this elusive element remained a chemical curiosity, but during the war it was needed in large quantities for the manufacture of certain uranium compounds for the atomic energy projects. The result was so to intensify the research on fluorine chemistry (a great deal of it in I.C.I.'s laboratories) that fluorine is now produced on an industrial scale. Certain fluorine compounds are astonishingly resistant to corrosion and decomposition, a property which is of great value commercially. I.C.I. uses some of these in the manufacture of 'Arcton' refrigerants, which are non-toxic and non-inflammable, and 'Fluon', a new plastic material.



IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES (N.Z.) LTD.



FILM REVIEWS, BY JNO.

None But the Lonely Heart

THE MODEL AND THE MARRIAGE BROKER

(20th Century-Fox)

IF John Ford's Quiet Man had stayed in the States instead of wandering back to the Ould Sod devil a marriage-broker would he have seen like Barry Fitzgerald. To be sure, being a fine figure of a man and not really a bit quiet at all at all 'tis not likely that he would have been needing to meet one, but if he had been a little less handsome, and a little more quiet, and if, now, he had stayed in the States and was after wanting to get in touch with a marriage-broker. . . Och, sure, and if he had been another fellow altogether, living in New York, then maybe he might have found himself calling on Mrs. Swasey at her office on the top floor of the Flatiron Building. . .

You can get acquainted with Mrs. Swasey yourself, as I did, if you see *The Model and the Marriage Broker*, and don't let the title put you off for (as played by Thelma Ritter) she's a character quite worth knowing. Charles Brackett, who collaborated with Billy Wilder in *The Lost Week-end*, is the producer of this sentimental comedy (he also headed the scripting team), the director is George Cukor, Milton Krasner is responsible for the photography, and decoration is provided by Jeanne Crain. Not surprisingly, therefore, it's a pleasant little picture—admittedly a slight piece, occasionally more sentimental than suits my fancy, but with plenty of astringent humour to make up for that, and always close enough to life to hold the illusion of reality.

It would, of course, have been easy to pack the script with cheap laughs at the expense of Mrs. Swasey's clients (she runs a Lonely Hearts agency, called Contacts and Contracts), but for the most part Mrs. Swasey herself provides the humour. She is, by nature, an inveterate match-maker and the more devious the means by which she brings two soul-mates together the better she is pleased. She is also an incurable sentimentalist—this keeps her busy but shows little profit—and while she never wearies in well-doing, occasionally her feet get tired. It is a part admirably suited to Thelma Ritter's specialised talents, and, if I may use a phrase worn smooth by the lips of the exalted, she does a Good Job.

So does Jeanne Crain. She is the model of the title. This happy circumstance permits her to wear exotic hats, and dresses that Christian Dior or Jacques Fath might have designed in a moment of more extravagant abandon. It also allows her to adopt on occasion the odd poses affected by the young lovelies who twirl long-handled umbrellas in the pages of ultra-fashionable magazines

BAROMETER

FAIR: "The Model and the Marriage Broker."
FAIR: "The Devil Makes Three."

(the kind husbands look at furtively over their wives' shoulders). I found her quite enjoyable to watch. *The Model and the Marriage Broker* is, in fact, a pleasant way to spend an evening. I went with some forebodings, but came away diverted and quite satisfied.

THE DEVIL MAKES THREE

(M.G.M.)

OCCASIONALLY the skill of the director does the trick, at other times it may be the hypnosis of the screen itself—or perhaps as the arteries harden, critical standards soften up—whatever it is, I have frequently found myself enjoying on film a thriller which in cold print would have provoked for me not the question Whodunit? but rather Why do it?

The Devil Makes Three is a fair sample of that kind of picture. It's the story of an American flying officer (Gene Kelly) who makes a sentimental pilgrimage to Germany to visit a family which gave him shelter when he was shot down over the Reich during the raids of 1944. He discovers that the parents were killed in a later raid and that the daughter (now a cabaret hostess) is the unwilling accomplice of a smuggling syndicate. It transpires (there is no other word for it) that the smugglers are none other than the underground rump of the Nazi Party. In a series of exciting chases down the Munich autobahn and up over the ruins of Berchtesgaden, gallant Major Kelly (with the help of the U.S. military police and the German civil authorities) frustrates the bad hats, liquidates their new fuhrer, marries the girl and lives happily, etc., etc. It's all pretty trite, but it would have seemed a lot triter without Gene Kelly's pleasant ingenuous manner and a sensitive performance by Pier Angeli. A relatively recent arrival in Hollywood, she hasn't had the bloom groomed off yet.



THELMA RITTER, JEANNE CRAIN
One for humour, one for decoration

N.Z. LISTENER, APRIL 10, 1953.