

TALKING OF TALKIES.

Star Forgets Her Airs and Graces

Loretta Young Gives the Most Natural Performance of Her Career in
 "The White Parade," a Delightful Film—Eddie Cantor Broadcasts
 From London — Garbo Becomes Human.

"THE WHITE PARADE" reminded me of the days when I was very young and a solicitous parent, in the darkness of a picture palace, would assure a rather tearful bundle of small boy beside her that "There's no need to cry—it isn't real." And this latest film from Fox—a cleverly-constructed story of the lives of probationer nurses—has its moments when I had to keep telling myself not to be a sentimental idiot. Loretta Young is the star, and, almost for the first time, one is given a perfectly natural study of this young actress. In other films she has given way

to the impulse to "play to the gallery," but in "The White Parade" she acts in a thoroughly happy and unconscious manner—the 20-year-old in every spontaneous movement.

"THE WHITE PARADE" is notable for another reason. It brings to light a middle-aged actress who should go far in the talkies. Jane Darwell is her name, and, as the nursing sister who is all severity on duty and very human off, she makes a lasting impression. The hospital forms the main background for the film, and I seriously doubt that the most exacting

nurse could find fault with the routine shown on the screen. John Boles plays the main lead—a Boston polo player who finds himself thrust, willy-nilly, into a not unpleasant love affair with a youthful nurse. Go and see "The White Parade" when it comes along—it's one of those unpretentious and pleasant pictures that leaves a happy and lingering memory.

IF there's one comedian whom it's worth waiting a year to see it's Eddie Cantor—and what's more, he sees to it that you are kept waiting

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a year, for his film appearances are limited to once per annum. The 1935 effort is called "Kid Millions," and it is due for release in Auckland at Easter. It's half as good as "Roman Scandals" we shall be lined up good and early in the queue on the opening night. When he finished making this film Cantor took his wife and five daughters off to Europe for a "vay-kay-shun," as the Americans so naively put it, and on his way home he stayed in London and gave British listeners a thrill by speaking from the B.B.C.

IN America Eddie Cantor is paid £2000 for a radio appearance. For his London appearance he was paid £100 (which he gave to charity), and, at the end of his talk he offered his thanks for the "20 minutes the B.B.C. has kindly allowed me." In a sketch in which he was helped by Mr. John Watts, he put in a plea for more careful driving.

"But some of the pedestrians walk as if they owned the roads," protested Mr. Watts.

"Well, some of you drive as if you owned your cars," retorted Eddie Cantor.

During his broadcast the comedian sang songs from "Whoopee" and "Roman Scandals." No sooner was the performance over than Broadcasting