

It seems strange, though, that he does not even bother to discover her second name. Perhaps he is too much in a dream.

So, when Princess Rosalie goes back to the fairy kingdom of Romanza to marry the inevitable betrothed-in-childhood prince, the hero breaks bounds (or something), jumps into a plane and takes one hop right across the Atlantic to keep a date with her at the annual peasant carnival of Romanza. All I can say is that the peasants of Romanza had a perfect right to start that subsequent revolution, considering the amount of tax money that must have been squandered on the carnival.

A Special Grudge

THIS carnival sequence makes the biggest set in "The Great Ziegfeld" look like something in a penny peep-show. It's so darned big the camera has to take you up to the ceiling before you can see half what's happening on the palace ballroom floor. Even then you can't see it properly.

And I have a special grudge against the show. Just when hundreds of dancers have come cascading down the ballroom steps for the "Prince Igor" ballet they break it off for some footling comedy and then carry on with a "pierrette" number that finishes with Eleanor Powell doing the same sort of dancing on drums that so many other artists have done in previous films.

Only, of course, nobody can dance quite like Eleanor Powell and nobody has had quite so many drums to dance on all at once. In spite of my grudge about the short life of "Prince Igor" I must admit that this drum dance is a first-class number.

Still Hopping

BUT to return to the heroic Cadet Thorpe whom we left hopping the Atlantic to keep a date. Before the drum-dance is under way, he has arrived at Romanza and is sitting in the royal box wondering which one of the thousands of girls in pierrette costume is his sweetie from Vassar.

Comes the sad discovery that she is a princess, betrothed since childhood; and in disgust the hero hops right back to West Point.

Comes the revolution, not before time; and the royal family of Romanza also hops to West Point.

Comes the end? Not for a long while yet. First there have to be those drill-dances by the chorus-boy cadets, and a lot of running round and passionate yearning in the more romantic parts of the old academy; but if you have not guessed by now that the revolution has broken down royal barriers and left the way open for a gorgeous wedding finale, then, dear reader, you are not the intelligent person I think you are.

Eddy's Singing

I'M afraid I have been so absorbed in the story and spectacle that so far I have quite forgotten to mention the most important part of "Rosalie"—which is, of course, the singing of Nelson Eddy. Looking rather like a robust Dick Powell in his soldier uniform, Eddy sings several Cole Porter tunes just the way his admirers admire. Best number: "In the Still of the Night."

Eleanor Powell displays her faultless bridge-work, a curl over one eye, and

Dick Purcell, Beryl Wallace and Larry Blake in Universal's "Air Devils."



her remarkably syncopated limbs in the inevitable black silk stockings or pyjamas. No one can deny her brilliance as a dancer; but when she is not dancing she leaves me almost freezing. Apparently my lack of warmth is not unique: for I notice that her name on the posters for "Rosalie" has either been removed altogether or else given a very inferior position.

Partially swathed in dresses which give every one of her curves a break, Hungarian newcomer Ilona Massey sings enchantingly, but is otherwise mainly decorative.

Comedians Best

ACTUALLY the comedians are the best part of "Rosalie"—Frank Morgan dithering about as a democratic monarch who prefers the company of a ventriloquist's dummy to that of his frigid queen (Edna May Oliver); Billy Gilbert as a Gilbertian official sneezing over the radio to the long-distance flyer who wants information for a landing; Ray Bolger, funny enough as Eddy's friend, but given too few chances to dance.

Gilbert's sneeze full in somebody's face seems to me to be carrying his funny little failing to rather disgusting limits.

If you are completely enamoured of this type of show and Nelson Eddy, you may get your money's worth from "Rosalie"; though I have a feeling that even the addicts will find it a trifle wearisome.

In fact, although "Rosalie" runs such a very long way—10,600 feet—it is still an also ran.

Knock-Back

FOR the good of my soul, I welcome the opportunity to publish a letter which I received last week from Reg. Felton, publicity manager of Paramount Pictures (N.Z.) Ltd. In it, you will notice, he fights back most ably with my own favourite weapon of sarcasm.

Acknowledging receipt of a copy of the "Radio Record" containing my review on the Olympic Bradna picture, "Stolen Heaven," Reg. Felton writes:—

Gordon.—Do me this favour, will you—if the hundreds of people engaged in production ever make a picture to please you completely, would you let me know before your review is published?

Without that notice I am afraid the shock of pleasant reading, or reading that serves any useful purpose to the motion picture industry, would be too much to expect of the film pages of the "Radio Record."

Why not take a trip to Hollywood and put things right over there!

I leave it at that without comment, except to remark that hardly anything in this world—even pictures—is completely perfect; and that I think the words "... that serves any useful purpose to the motion picture industry" should have been underlined! The trouble with so much film criticism is that it is a part of the movie industry.

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