

Music, Song, Comedy, and Dance ever seen on any Screen." That is what is claimed for

"NUTS" "NUTS"
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Some one, I imagine, is allowing too much rein on enthusiasm. Some one, I suspect, is over-emphasizing. Some one, perhaps, is telling a whopper.

Maybe I should journey to the suburbs and see "MY FRIEND FLICKA," this being "a mighty story of fierce dreams, proud courage, fighting love" which "comes to the screen as a great picture—to see, to hear—to always remember . . ." In parenthesis those vague dots leave room for imagination to carry on the good work started by a modest writer.

But what confusion! Another suburban theatre has a film ("The Technicolour Triumph") "surpassing all the tenderness of "My Friend Flicka."



I despair. There is so much of the ultimate in entertainment; I am bogged in a morass of advertising superlative. It is as difficult to choose the best of



this galaxy of the grandest as it is to pick the winners from a race-book. But wait! There is inspiration. Let us have recourse to that old, old method of winner-picking—the pin.

I shut my eyes and stab.

I have chosen to see the film presentation of a "brilliant and daring story" by a well-known doctor-novelist. I like that word "daring."

I saw a very weak story which concerned a pair of wretched girls who became very involved in their nursing careers; a doctor who was uncommonly able and smug; a villainous chairman of a hospital board; a matron who may not be characterized. It was far from brilliant and there was no essence of "daring" in it all. It was, in fact, shocking.

But perhaps I misread the advertisement? I check and find that this spectacle is extolled as:

"Stark, heart-wrenching drama that spares no emotion in its forthright revealing honesty."

Why must people exaggerate?

the Native School

By DARRY MCCARTHY

THE NATIVE school in its present form must be an establishment almost unknown outside the British dominions and colonies. Genuine and unpublicized efforts are made by teachers of a different race to impart to children the culture of peoples who have almost ceased to care about their rich heritage. Now, for instance, a movement is afoot to teach Maoris their own language at school, because very often at home

English only is used. New Zealand history is taught much more thoroughly than in schools for white children, and during drill periods the pupils learn the haka and the poi. Events such as the coming of the Great Fleet are mimed in the playground, and the ability of the Polynesians as explorers and craftsmen is emphasized, so that by the time the pupil leaves school he is proud of his race and its achievements.