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lunatic asylum, its plethora of murders, and its "surprise" ending. Properly handled, with say, Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff as the menaces, with perhaps Gregory Peck and Ingrid Bergman to supply the romantic interest, and with a few professional psychiatrists on the pay roll to provide the proper Freudian symbolism, a re-make of *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* could, I feel sure, make *Spellbound* look like a B-Grade feature.

All the same, I hope they won't do it.

## SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT

(20th Century-Fox)

**FROM** *Dr. Caligari* it is only a short step, in subject-matter if not in treatment, to this latest example of the "psychological" cycle. Again amnesia is the theme, applied this time to a gangster melodrama involving a marine who has lost his memory in the war and who goes through the story trying to find it as well as a suitcase containing two million dollars in notes which somebody hid three years before under a pier.

Though I cannot help wishing that certain producers would themselves become victims of amnesia and so forget the whole business and give us a rest, this is an ingenious and well-made film of its type, and I confess I enjoyed it more than *Spellbound*. Hitchcock might have made it, and it's only a pity he didn't: if he had he might have tightened up the suspense in places and taken a few kinks out of the plot; but there are some sequences he could scarcely have improved on. It may be complained that the action is occasionally obscure, but part of the fun in this kind of mystery is that you should be kept in the dark; and since the hero is himself unaware of his own identity as well as of that of the criminal he is trying to track down, it is only reasonable that the audience should share some of his perplexity. I shall not therefore reveal what is a well-kept, and well-conceived, secret, but shall content myself with mentioning that John Hodiak does an excellent job as the bewildered ex-serviceman, obsessed by the dread that when he does discover who he really is he won't like himself a bit; that Nancy Guild, a newcomer, is a distinct acquisition to the film (and also to Hollywood) as the girl who lightens his way a little; that the director knows considerably more than the first thing about lighting, camera-angles, and the use of apparently innocent details to create a sense of menace; and that among the interesting characters who crop up at every stage of the hero's journey into fear are such excellent people as Lloyd Nolan, Richard Conte, and Josephine Hutchinson—and best of all that delightfully sinister chap, Fritz Kortner. It is a long time since we have seen Mr. Kortner—the last occasion may have been when he portrayed Abdul the Damned—and it is indeed a pleasure now to welcome him back.

## SAN ANTONIO

(Warner Bros.)



**THE** only real difference between this film and almost every other Western that has ever been made is that in *San Antonio* everything is just a little bit

bigger, a little bit more expensive, a little bit more drawn out, and a little bit sillier. On all counts except the last, the film is therefore likely to be even more than usually popular with

the average small boy. But he is the only type of picturegoer to whom I could conscientiously recommend it—unless, of course, you happen to be attracted by such incidental information as that Errol Flynn plays the hero (this doesn't attract me at all, but then, tastes do differ); that Alexis Smith is the girl who sings in the saloon, as all Western heroines apparently must; that S. Z. Sakall is there for "comic relief," as the expression goes; that the story is bad men v. good men in Old Texas; and that the whole shooting-works is in Glorious (inglorious?) Technicolour. And when I say shooting-works I mean it. The six-shooters scarcely cease firing for a moment. (Small boys, please note.)

## NATIONAL FILM UNIT

**"ROUND UP ON MOLESWORTH,"** depicting the big cattle round-up that took place in Marlborough recently, is the sole item in the Weekly Review from the National Film Unit released on November 8. It is an extraordinary picture, many of the scenes being taken from the air and showing the wild, mountainous country of the Molesworth and Tarn-dale Stations. These lands, once sheep pastures, suffered badly from erosion caused by pests, but under the Lands and Survey Department are now undergoing rejuvenation, the rabbits and deer having been destroyed. The whole mustering routine is shown in the film from the dawn start to the round-up and branding. The use of an aeroplane to spot cattle mobs in isolated gullies which have eluded the musters, saves days of hard riding. Finally, the valuable cattle are brought from their winter to their summer pastures, and another round-up is ended.

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