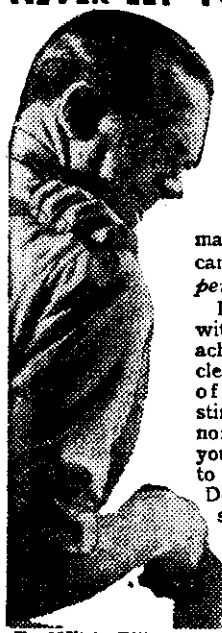


IF YOUR RHEUMATICS NEVER LET YOU FORGET



take
De Witt's
Pills

Many people will tell you De Witt's Pills relieve rheumatic pains, and they can speak from experience.

De Witt's Pills deal with a cause of those aches and twinges by cleansing the kidneys of impurities and stimulating them to normal activity. If your rheumatism is due to sluggish kidneys, De Witt's Pills will soon give you relief. A medicine that can ease your pain is worth trying at once. So get a bottle of De Witt's Pills from your chemist to-day.

DeWitt's KIDNEY PILLS

For Backache, Rheumatism, Joint Pains, Sciatica and Lumbago. From chemists everywhere, 3/6 and 6/6 (plus Sales Tax). A product of E. C. De Witt & Co. (N.Z.) Ltd., 9 Herbert Street, Wellington, New Zealand.

"Where's my BOURNVILLE COCOA?"



It's
CADBURY'S

so it must
be good

Film Reviews by G.M.

SPEAKING CANDIDLY

BEDELIA

(Rank-Eagle-Lion)



STOP me if you've heard this one (you don't need to hurry much because this is a very slow-moving story). It's all about a Wicked Lady (Margaret Lockwood, of course), who seems such a sweet, innocent thing at first, second, and even third glance, but who is really "like a poisonous flower" and has an irritating habit of killing her husbands in order to collect their insurance money. She's up to her fourth when the story opens, but because he's such a devoted, harmless fellow (Ian Hunter) she keeps on postponing his murder. But by this time the insurance companies have begun to feel suspicious and have sent Barry K. Barnes to investigate the situation in the disguise of a portrait painter. So Bedelia, all mixed up and frustrated, swallows her own poison and then, thank heaven, it's time to go home. The story itself has long since curled up and died of sheer inanition.

I am sorry to notice that this film is proving so popular. We seem to be reaching the dangerous stage where any British production is likely to do good business just because it is British.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

(G-B-D)



THIS adaptation of a play by Daphne du Maurier may be a film to enjoy, but I don't think it is a film to believe in. It is the story of Colonel Wentworth (Michael Redgrave), reported killed during the war, who turns up alive several years later and is very perplexed and annoyed when he finds that his wife (Valerie Hobson), having mourned his loss for a decent period, has taken his seat in the House of Commons and, having fallen genuinely in love with a farmer, was on the very point of marrying again when he returned apparently from the grave. It's a good situation for drama, and one that has had some parallels in real life (though not so many as the fiction-writers might lead us to believe). But where the screenplay goes astray, I feel, is in stretching the credibility of even this situation by making it appear that the Colonel knew all along that he was going to be reported dead; that the whole thing was a put-up job by British Intelligence, and that this devoted husband was willing to let his wife, and his only son, suffer agonies of grief in order that he might carry out some vague mission for the "underground" (surely they could have found an unmarried man for the job?). The result is that it is practically impossible for one to have any sympathy for the returning Colonel in his plight; on the contrary, one is inclined to feel that what his wife has done jolly well serves him right and that he is very much luckier than he deserves when, after an harangue by "Nanny" (Flora Robson), she goes back to his arms. And it isn't the fault of Michael Redgrave's acting, it is the fault of the script, that instead of making allowances for the Colonel's distraught and physically exhausted state, you are rather more likely to regard him as a tyrannical boor.

It would have been sufficient for dramatic purposes if the Colonel had merely returned after being reported dead (as others have before him), without any of this fanciful embroidery about "secret missions." It would, indeed, have been quite enough if he had simply been a prisoner-of-war: a sufficiently intriguing situation could still have developed on the domestic front, and the story would then have come much closer to real life.

But that is what might have been. One must take the film as one finds it; and I make no bones about saying that I found it artificial and unconvincing, though well acted and nicely photographed, with characters and settings that are very English in a comfortably-upholstered, well-to-do way. Possibly the best sequence depicts the Conservative Party's method of choosing a Parliamentary candidate—but even this, I am afraid, cannot be taken too seriously.

MEN OF TWO WORLDS

(Two Cities)

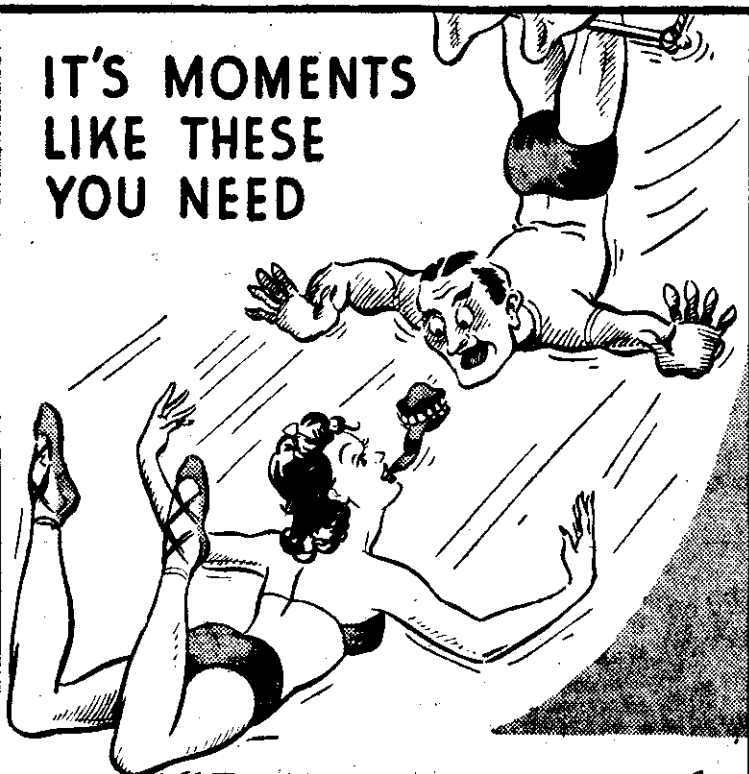


THIS is such a well intentioned movie, has so many good points, and is such a welcome change from both the Fitzpatrick Travelogue and Trader Horn type of African film, that I am really sorry I cannot be more enthusiastic about it. The theme, though it has been used before, is a dramatically promising one: it deals with the struggle of modern medicine against black magic which occurs in a native village when the authorities are trying to check an epidemic of sleeping sickness. Unfortunately the film itself seems to have been infected with a variety of the same complaint; for long periods it suffers from a deadly lethargy and listlessness, relieved only spasmodically by brighter intervals during which one's attention is engaged by the music of Arthur Bliss (based on African themes) and an audio-visual pattern of native drums against a background of leaping flames and dark forest.

Men of Two Worlds, originally conceived as a short documentary, went sick in my opinion when the producers decided to expand the theme into a £600,000 British super-feature in technicolour. In the finished product the dramatic impact of the story has been deadened by padding, and documentary realism has been smothered by conventional devices which might have come out of any old Hollywood pigeon-hole. Dramatically it was perfectly legitimate to make the hero a Negro composer returning to his tribe after many years in England, and this piece of invention also enables us to enjoy the music by Arthur Bliss; but it was a pity they could not have found a more convincing figure for the job than Robert Adams, who plays Kisenga. He is certainly much more convincing than either Eric Portman, as the District Commissioner, or Phyllis Calvert, as the woman doctor, who just don't belong in the picture at all; but he can't hold a candle to Orlando Martins, who gives such a splendid performance as the cunning witch-doctor Magole. This is a fatal flaw in the film, since the script requires Kisenga to challenge Magole to a test of medicine versus black magic

(continued on next page)

IT'S MOMENTS
LIKE THESE
YOU NEED



"MINTS"
THE UNIVERSAL SWEET

MADE ONLY BY JAMES STEWART-MENDERSON'S SWEETS LTD., "SWEETACRES," AUCKLAND.
Sole Selling Agents: Nestle and Anglo-Siam Condensed Milk Co. (Australasia) Ltd.