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With that reservation, and one or two others which I shall make presently, *Come Live With Me* presents quite a passable way of spending a stray evening. It is that comfortable, if uninspiring, sort of film at which one can sit in cosy certainty of the happy ending, and to the extent that such films are necessary now and then it is acceptable.

But I have one or two other criticisms. James Stewart is still the country boy who makes good and there is no gain-saying that he is getting this type of part too often. Clarence Brown does make some attempt to be different by revealing his hero, in the opening scenes, as much more shabby, grubby, disillusioned, and down-at-heel than M.G.M.'s romantic leads usually are, and by making him wing straight back to the country once he has made good in town; but organically the plot is unoriginal in the nth degree. And I wish that some producer or director would take his courage in both hands and banish utterly and for ever the old aunties, grannies, and nannies who specialise in dishing out slabs of home-baked (and often half-baked) philosophy to all and sundry, including the audience. Even the best of them are out of place in most of the films in which they appear—the only one I can call to mind at the moment who

was not was Maria Ouspenskaya in *The Mortal Storm*. Still, even with all these reservations, as I said, you are quite likely to enjoy *Come Live With Me*. There are some excellent individual scenes and they are well spread through the film. The lower highbrows will enjoy trying to recall the lines of Marlowe's which Stewart skips over when reciting to the glamorous Hedy and, lest this should arouse a pricking of the thumbs in certain fireside critics, let me assure you that neither these nor the film itself overstep the bounds of propriety.

THEY DARE NOT LOVE

(Columbia)

I'VE seen some silly and misleading film titles in my time, but I think this one just about takes the Hollywood bun. Who said they dare not love? Why, they get married and have an ocean voyage honeymoon! But that isn't the point. From such a title as *They Dare Not Love* you might reasonably expect (a) eugenics, (b) eternal triangle, (c) something Freudian. You would hardly expect a story about an exiled Austrian prince versus the Nazis.

George Brent is the Prince Kurt von Rotenberg (for which presumably read Habsburg) who escapes from the *anschl-*

luss by the braid on his epaulets, goes to America and becomes a playboy, and then decides to return to Austria to redeem his manhood and save, if possible, his imprisoned friends. And here let me interpolate a question: why did they have to choose such an obvious American as George Brent to play the prince, when they took the trouble to fill in most of the other parts with such very satisfactory foreign players (particularly Paul Lukas as the sinister Gestapo agent)? Anyone less like a blue-blooded or even plain red-blooded Continental I can hardly imagine.

The girl he dare not love, but does fairly successfully, is Martha Scott. She portrays the fragile Austrian who escapes from Hitler in the prince's company and who thereafter inspires him to stand up to the Nazis. Their honeymoon on a Hamburg-bound Belgian ship taken over by the Germans for the express purpose of catching the prince reminded me strongly, with its atmosphere of impending doom, of the famous *One-Way Passage*, and its revived version, *Til We Meet Again*. Fortunately, this particular brand of doom is averted by the convenient intervention of a British destroyer on the first day of war, and the lovers cheerfully face the prospect of internment in England for the duration.

Since I've mentioned some of its faults, let me make plain in conclusion that I quite enjoyed *They Dare Not Love*—mainly because it wasn't what it threatened to be and because the general theme was at least topical.

But they dare not love, forsooth!

HER FIRST BEAU

(Columbia)

NOT to be confused with *Her First Romance*, which Edith Fellows celebrated just recently, this is a small picture and a surprisingly entertaining one in its unpretentious, rather humdrum way. A comedy-drama of small-town American life, it describes the awkward adolescent problems of Jane Withers (she's getting a big girl now) and Jackie Cooper. Ordinarily I find the precocious behaviour of American youth in general, and of Jackie Cooper in particular, extremely obnoxious, but in this case the youngsters contrive to inject enough human touches into their calf-love affairs to be convincing as well as moderately amusing. There's the deadly seriousness of adolescence in everything they do, whether it's breaking their hearts or trying to break their necks. You could meet many worse films on a double-feature programme than *Her First Beau*.

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