

SPEAKING CANDIDLY

STAND-UP CLAPS: *Fantasia, The Man Who Came to Dinner, The Next of Kin, To Be Or Not To Be, How Green Was My Valley, Sullivan's Travels, Ball of Fire, Pimpinel Smith, Alexander Nevsky, Sergeant York.*

SIT-DOWN CLAPS: *This Gun for Hire, Eagle Squadron, One of Our Aircraft is Missing, The Bride Came C.O.D., Nazi Agent, The Oppenheim Family, The Lady is Willing, Footsteps in the Dark, Bedtime Story, The Corsican Brothers, H. M. Pulham Esq., Ladies in Retirement, Three Girls About Town, Dangerous Moonlight, Captains of the Clouds.*

REMEMBER THE DAY

(20th Century Fox)

WITH slight differences—the chief of which is the sex of the leading character—*Remember the Day* does for the teachers and the primary (or grade) schools of America what *Good-bye Mr. Chips* did for the masters and the public schools of Great Britain. And does it rather better, to my mind, though less pretentiously. This, I expect, will be a minority opinion, since in this country we have an obstinate romantic attachment to old school ties and, thanks to Hollywood, can seldom think of the American education system except in terms of glamorous co-eds, fraternity pins, the Greek alphabet, and a peculiar type of football. Yet, as depicted in *Remember the Day*, the grade-school playgrounds of America are, I feel, actually a good deal closer to the New Zealand scene than are the playing-fields of Eton—and a good deal more democratic.

And once you get beneath the slight surface veneer of sentimentality, what is shown here is plainly an authentic picture of small-town school life in pre-war days. As the American Miss Chips, Claudette Colbert acts with tact, sincerity, and great charm. Her career as a school-mistress from youth to middle age is told in retrospect by means of the familiar flash-back device, but Henry King's direction is so intelligent and restrained, and the performances of Miss Colbert and the others are so sensitive, that her screen memories—of the little boys and girls who have passed through her hands, and of her bitter-sweet romance with a manual training teacher—have more the atmosphere of an honest autobiography than of lavender and pressed flowers in an album. Even the slight sentimentality is justifiable, since the emotions to be aroused in the on-looker are mainly nostalgic, reminding him of his own schooldays. Nor do I regard it as stretching probability too far, nor pandering too much to "human interest" that Miss Colbert's star-pupil should grow up to become a candidate for the U.S. Presidency. This bright lad is played by Douglas Croft with a sensitiveness (especially in his portrayal of calf-love for his teacher) almost equaling Miss Colbert's own. Most of the other youngsters also manage to steer well clear of the obnoxiousness of children given the chance to "perform" in public, and John Payne deserves his share of

praise as the teacher whose romance with Miss Colbert is temporarily blighted by nasty small-town gossip.

Remember the Day has none of the spurious excitement of the average Hollywood story; there is, however, a scrupulous attention to details of character, scene, and incident that is almost French. Since I have frequently stressed the need for more films with simple, human stories about real people, it is a pleasure to be able to stand up and applaud one that so admirably meets this demand.

THE LETTER

(Warner Bros.)



[F this Somerset Maugham melodrama presents a true picture of white society in pre-Japanese Singapore, I am even less surprised than I was before at what happened. For the pukka sahibs and memsahibs of *The Letter* scarcely inspire confidence—certainly not Herbert Marshall, who emotes and agonises all over the place like a burlesque character out of the Old-time The-ayter. Admittedly, he has a good deal to bear besides the normal white man's burden. Here he is with his hands frightfully full one night getting a shipment of rubber away in time, when his sweet wife goes and shoots a neighbouring planter who, she says, has made improper advances to her ("The swine!"). A pity she had to empty the full chamber of the revolver into him, but he deserved all he got (Why, he was even married to an Eurasian, the cad!), and, of course, it's a mere formality that there has to be a charge of murder. Anyone less of a moon-calf than Herbert Marshall would be suspicious of a wife like Bette Davis (especially if he'd ever seen any of her other films), but he just goes on trusting her and yearning over her—even when it's discovered that she wrote a letter inviting the fellow over to her bungalow on the Fatal Night, and that the fellow's Eurasian wife has good grounds for blackmail. Everybody else by this time either knows or suspects that Bette is up to her big, round innocent rolling eyes in murder, adultery, and deceit; but even when she Confesses All, Big-Hearted Herbert just hides his head and his heartbreak in his hands and Forgives Everything. But the Eurasian woman doesn't.

To give the film its due, there are one or two tense moments, and good performances by James Stephenson as Herbert's lawyer friend, and by a Chinese actor whose name I didn't notice. But Bette Davis isn't happy in her role, Herbert Marshall is miserable in his, and William Wyler's direction is tedious. With such handicaps, *The Letter* is an uninspiring document.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT

"Music Lover" (Tewaewae): Louis Kentner was the pianist in *Dangerous Moonlight*. The CBS stations have broadcast a recording of the concerto taken straight from the sound-track: the NBS stations have used a recording by Mantovani's Orchestra, with Ivan Fossello as solo pianist.

★ THE SPOTLIGHT'S ON YOUR HAIR!



Constant daily care with Barry's Tri-coph-erous will give your daughter beautiful hair for the rest of her life.

Constant daily care with Barry's Tri-coph-erous gives you gleaming, lustrous hair that is lovely to look at and easy to manage.

Use Barry's Tri-coph-erous to stop Falling Hair, Dandruff, Premature Greyness, Dry or Brittle Hair, Over-oily or Itching Scalp.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous

FAMOUS HAIR TONIC AND DRESSING
Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

CONSTIPATION

is undoubtedly woman's greatest enemy, being a fruitful source of many of the most dreadful ailments. Appendicitis, rheumatism, arthritis, high blood pressure, cancer, are only a few of the diseases in which constipation is an important, predisposing factor.

Such a simple, though deadly, ailment is quite incurable by taking more and more and yet stronger, purgatives—they merely force action, rendering the possibility of the return to normal action more and more remote.

The Natural Treatment for this bug-bear of womanhood really cures the condition, for it removes the causes responsible for the trouble. Such a result is the logical outcome of a mode of treatment designed to overcome the root causes of the trouble.

The cost of our NATURAL and simple Home Treatment is 10/-—and this small investment means GOOD HEALTH and NO MORE INSIDIOUS DRUGS.

Manageress:
(Dept. 2), P.O. Box 469, AUCKLAND

TOY CAR
Plastic body, 11in. x 4in. Almost unbreakable. Blue, red or green.

6/11
Postage 8d.
Skates & White Ltd.,
48 Post St.,
Auckland