

THE SCREEN

The Strand's 'They Won't Forget' Is an Indictment of

THEY WON'T FORGET, from Greene's novel, "Death in the South," screen play by Aben Hale; Robert Rossen; directed and produced by Mervyn LeRoy; released by Brothers. At the Strand.

Andy Griffin.....Claud
 Robert Hale.....Edward
 Bill Brook.....Ally
 Imogene Mayfield.....Lina
 Detective Lanart.....Cy
 Carlisle P. Buxton.....E. Allyn
 Jim Timberlake.....Clifford
 Mrs. Mountford.....Ann Sh
 Harmon.....Donal
 Sybil Hale.....Gloria
 Gleason.....Otto
 Mary Clay.....Lana
 Joe Turner.....Elisha
 Tump Redwine.....Clinton R
 Mrs. Hale.....Elizabeth
 Detective Pindar.....Granvil
 Governor Mountford.....Paul
 Shattuck Clay.....Trevor
 Mrs. Clay.....Syb
 Ransom Clay.....Wilm
 Luther Clay.....Elliott
 Reporter.....Frank
 Drugstore clerk.....Edd
 Judge Moore.....Leonar
 Confederate soldiers.... { Harry De
 Harry Be
 Edward }

By FRANK S. NUGEN

"They Won't Forget," which Warners presented at the yesterday and which wears the traditional cloak of Ward Greene's "Death in the Deep South" opens the Leo M. Frank case up for review and, with complete objectivity and simple eloquence, creates a brilliant sociological and a trenchant film ed against intolerance and hatred. In many ways it is superior to "Fury" and "Black Legion," have been milled from the dramatic mine. Not so spectacular or melodramatic, or strident, yet it is stronger, more vibrant than they through the quiet intensity of its narrative and the simplicity of Mervyn LeRoy's direction, its integrity of purpose and even perfection of its cast. Claude Rains and Allyn Joslyn, Gloria Dickson right on the list of players heading this you will not find one whose performance does not deserve commendation. And, as one of the greatest factors in its favor, "They Won't Forget" cannot be dismissed as a Hollywood exaggeration of the state of affairs which once existed but exists no longer. Between the Frank trial at Scottsboro and the more recent Scottsboro is a bond whose chronology indicates.

The picture's scene is Flodden, a small Southern city where Prosecutor Andy Griffin waits for his chance and a spotlight that will dazzle the voters into sending him to the Senate. That chance comes when Mary Clay is murdered in the Buxton Business College on the afternoon of Confederate Memorial Day. Griffin scans his suspect list. There is old Colonel Buxton, whose family, suh, has been untainted by the breath of scandal for generations. There is Tump Redwine, the terrified Negro who discovered the body in the water shaft and only could not do it. There is Mr. Joe Turner, Mary's boy. There is Robert Hale, an instigator in the school, married, from the North, who stayed at the hotel that day—to correct examination papers, he said.

"I won't indict until I'm convinced the man is guilty," proclaims Prosecutor Griffin, but he knows there will be no political pressure in convicting the Negro, little by little, weaving a circumstantial case around Buxton and—Hale, a stranger! Besides, there was evidence: he had been in the barber shop; he had a blood spot on his coat (the barber had cut him, he insisted); Mary Clay's chum said the girl had been "crazy about him," he was thinking of leaving town (there had been that application for a new position). It added up and, to Griffin, it spelled opportunity.

The pace becomes staccato after that, with scene following scene in a mounting crescendo of hysteria, with the web spun ever more implacably, drawing ever more tightly the cords created by hatred and a fixed conviction of guilt. "We know how it'll end," the Clay boys say quietly, and Flodden nods its collective head. Headlines beat the drums. The North charges prejudice; the South interference. The New York detective is beaten; the New York attorney is stoned. Witnesses recant or enlarge. The "trial of the century" is conducted with due respect for the legal forms, but—like the Clay boys—we know how it'll end. There is a whiplash in the conclusion.

"Now that it's over, Andy, I wonder if Hale really did it," muses the reporter. And the prosecutor looks out the window and replies, almost absently, "I wonder."

That is all, and it is all the picture possibly could have done or said. For its perfection, chief credit must go to Mr. LeRoy for his remarkably skillful direction—there are a few touches as fine as anything the screen has done; to Aben Kandel and Robert Rossen for their excellent script, and to all the cast, but notably to Mr. Rains, for his savage characterization of the ambitious prosecutor; to Gloria Dickson (a new comer) for her moving portrayal of Hale's wife; to Allyn Joslyn (late of Broadway's "Boy Meets Girl") for his natural and sensible representation of a reporter.

A round-robin of appreciation must include mention of Edward Norris as Hale, Otto Kruger as his attorney, Elisha Cook Jr. as Joe Turner, Trevor Bardette as Shattuck Clay, Paul Everton and Ann Shoemaker as the Governor and his lady, and Clinton Rosemond as the Negro, Redwine.

At the Globe

JUGGERNAUT, from a story by Alice Campbell; screen play by Cyril Campion and H. Fowler Mear; directed by Henry Edwards; produced in England by Julius Hagen; released by Grand National.

Dr. Sartorius.....Boris Karloff
 Eve Rowe.....Joan Wyndham
 Roger Clifford.....Arthur Margetson
 Yvonne Clifford.....Mona Goya
 Captain Arthur Halliday.....Anthony Ireland
 Sir Charles Clifford.....Morton Seltan
 Mary Clifford.....Nina Boucicault
 Jacques.....Gibb McLaughlin
 Chalmers.....J. H. Rietti
 Dr. Bousquet.....V. Rietti

That hollow-eyed anachronism, Middle Ages along with vampires, werewolves, alchemy, the squared circle and the philosopher's stone, is haunting the Globe Theatre this week in a successful scary melodrama, "Juggernaut," in which the murder is served straight—that is,



CLAUDE RAINS
in 'They Won't Forget'

...ter of the title's connection with the plot. As a certain Dr. Sartorius, who spends most of his time in a laboratory (a laboratory with a British accent) that Roger Bacon or Dr. Faustus would have envied him—amid steaming retorts, grinning skulls, dust-covered tomes, and the inevitable mortar and pestle, Mr. Karloff wades into homicidal morasses so deep that finally the only thing left for him to do is to stab himself with his own fatal hypodermic.

Mr. Karloff is a new kind of "man in white," and if you ever lacked confidence in your own doctor, you should hear Dr. Karloff when he says, in his sepulchral voice, "Let's have a look at that hand." It all begins when Sartorius, finding himself too strapped for funds to continue his paralysis-cure experiments, listens to the proposition of a certain Lady Clifford (Mona Goya) who wants to get rid of her invalided husband, and agrees to come to the Clifford villa as resident physician. Accomplishing his first homicide with a lack of finesse unworthy of a professional, he finds Joan Wyndham and Arthur Margetson in the way, and busily sets about their extermination. He should have known he was playing a losing game, however, for Joan and Arthur are the romantic interest, and nothing he could possibly cook up in his laboratory would ever encompass their destruction. Mr. Karloff (is he man or monster?) gives his usual splendid impersonation of himself, and the supporting cast is capable, though hardly distinguished.

B. R. C.