



Deanna Durbin celebrates her 15th birthday at the Universal Studios. Helping her cut the cake is Norman Taurog, director of "Mad About Music"; on her left are Herbert Marshall and Arthur Treacher; and Joe Pasternak, the producer, is on her right.

wife of Raymond Walburn (who is Robert's own sugar-daddy), becomes jealous of Eleanor and persuades her husband to withdraw his support.

It all sounds very complicated the way I tell it, but is very simple really—so simple you may almost begin to wonder when the story is really going to begin.

Robert has lost his sugar, but Eleanor still has her horse—and the Show Must Go On! So the horse very obligingly wins a race—with the unacknowledged aid of the Marx Brothers, and the "Barber of Seville"—and

crooners, opera singers, dancers, heroes, sneezers, horses and other specialty artists as the sky during a thunderstorm.

The studio has rounded up so much talent that it doesn't know quite what to do with it all. For instance, Robert Taylor's performance, which is meant to be the lead, is reduced almost to the status of a walk-on part. He isn't asked to do much more than look beautiful and slim-waisted. This pushing into the background may be good for the Taylor ego, but I suspect it may not be so good for the box-office.

However, it has the compensation of allowing George Murphy to come to the front and walk off with most of the acting honours of the picture and some of the dancing ones, which in turn is probably compensation to him for having Taylor walk off with Eleanor Powell.

More About Horses

POSSIBLY it was association of ideas, due to Eleanor's infatuation for the horse, but it suddenly struck me how equine in countenance she is herself, with that funny mouth of hers. When it comes to acting, Eleanor goes at her hurdles gamely, but not always successfully: but when it comes to dancing she leads the whole field. The "Follow in My Footsteps" routine, in the box-car of a train, is the brightest number in a pretty bright collection. When Eleanor turns on the taps, I'm happy.

In view of the fact, however, that there are several other actresses who look like a horse and can act better, but none with legs like our Eleanor's, it pains me to notice the way she is made to keep her lovely limbs covered up in this picture.

Young And Old

SPECIAL prominence in "Broadway Melody" is given to a quaint young person named Judy Garland whom I have been told is M-G-M's

answer to Deanna Durbin. If that is so, the answer remains in the negative. It does not come out on the screen.

Miss Garland is a fascinating, talented youngster, with a large voice and very high spirits, and when she came on suggesting that "Everybody Sing" I was prepared to enthuse with the rest. But the maudlin precocity which Judy Garland is later called on to exhibit in the song about "A Love Letter to Mr. Gable" was, in my poor opinion, nauseating.

Plenty of space is occupied by Sophie Tucker, the last of America's "red hot mommas," who strives to perpetuate herself and her kind with sentimental reminiscences of Dear Old Broadway. Miss Tucker is undoubtedly a grand old trouser, and I can imagine that American audiences will just gobble up her performance and cheer for more. But personally I have a rooted objection to being talked to and shouted at as Miss Tucker does, under the pretence of singing.

—And The Rest

CONSIDERATIONS of space (not the type occupied by Sophie Tucker) allow me to devote no more than one



Watch out for Andrea Leeds. Sam Goldwyn considers her the most promising material for stardom he has encountered in a long time—and Sam is seldom wrong! Already Andrea has proved herself worthy, with a striking performance in "Come And Get It," and an even more notable appearance as the tragic girl in "Stage Door." She is said to score a great success in the forthcoming "Goldwyn Follies."

paragraph to Robert Benchley (prince of drunkards), Buddy Ebsen (eccentric, gangling dancer who is so thin that "if he took off any more weight he would be just a blood-vessel keeping his clothes warm"), Charles Igor Gorin (excellent opera singer), Binnie Barnes, Willie Howard, Barnett Parker, Billy Gilbert, Raymond Walburn, and several other worth-while artists.

And this summary dismissal just bears out my point that "Broadway Melody of 1938" contains more talent than it knows how to handle properly.

Best wise-crack of the film, and an apt commentary on the situation, "We

ATTENTION, PLEASE!

THE attention of readers is directed to an article on Page 6 of this issue, where the action of Columbia Pictures Ltd. in banning Gordon Mirams from previews of its attractions is the subject of editorial explanation and comment.

A letter on the same topic also appears in this section.

with the prize-sugar Broadway is enabled to see another over-night sensation. Broadway is more easily pleased than your film critic.

In Eclipse

PERHAPS I've been a bit flippant about that story; but, honestly, I don't see how anyone could take it very seriously. M-G-M must have realised its thinness, for they have stuffed it to bursting-point with stars.

I am now about to employ a very pretty (and, I hope, original) metaphor. This picture is as overcast with