

which makes up for nearly everything. It's always nice, isn't it, to meet a girl these days who doesn't sing bass. On the whole, Evelyn Daw (no relation of Jack's) is a most attractive young person with an obvious future if properly handled.

The story? Basically, just the local-boy-makes-good routine, Cagney being an orchestra leader who gets to Hollywood and sweeps the world under his feet with one picture. It has, however, the rather novel aspect that fame does not immediately increase the size he takes in hats (for a Cagney part that is unusual) and that, although the producer knows that "the boy's terrific," he doesn't know it himself—in fact, is led to believe that he's an awful flop. As a result, he walks out of Hollywood in disgust, marries his sweetheart from New York, and goes off on a long honeymoon cruise while everyone frantically searches for the studio's young white hope.

On his return, finding himself the idol of America, he suffers the customary afflictions of swollen head and divided heart—the latter trouble being brought about by Mona Barrie, the Australian actress, who gives a clever caricature of a temperamental foreign star.

"Young Dynamo"

TWO other comical, if familiar, caricatures are provided by William Frawley and Gene Lockhart—the former as a zealous publicity man, the latter as the go-getting head of the studio who bears the delightful name of "B.O." Regan. Even his best friends call him that.

These performances, together with many bright touches of direction and the enormous energy of Cagney (although more under control he "still pounds round the screen like a young dynamo") count for more than the plot in "Something to Sing About."

It's a pity, though, that greater attention was not paid to pruning some of the situations and tightening up the continuity. The beginning is outstanding, and the ending satisfactory; but there's a fairly large patch in the middle where the interest lies fallow.

Slug-Fest

BEST scenes: The studio voice-trainer (a foreigner) trying to teach Cagney to produce "pear-shaped vowels"; and Cagney, having been hectored and bullied through his first picture, getting his own back by turning a faked fight scene into what the Americans so picturesquely describe as a "slug-fest." When the dynamo has finished pounding, the whole studio is a wreck.

That fight scene is magnificent—and most ingenious. It gives you the old smack-'em-up Cagney without letting him slip out of his new, more gentlemanly character.

"Something to Sing About" is excellent, though slightly uneven, entertainment—and the advertisement for it appearing in this issue has nothing to do with that judgment. (It's not a very big advertisement, anyway.)

["Something to Sing About." Grand National. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. Starring James Cagney. First release: Christchurch, May 20.]

WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE
For Influenza Colds.

TWO NEW ROLES

Busy Days For Judy Garland

ACCORDING to the "British Film Weekly," Judy Garland's getting to be a busy young lady. She's the youngster who sang to Clark Gable's picture in "Broadway Melody of 1938." M-G-M have bought the "Wizard of Oz" from Sam Goldwyn and will star her in it as the heroine, Dorothy.

They've also bought "Topsy and Eva," the musical-comedy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," formerly made by the Duncan sisters. Judy's Topsy of course, and Betty Jaynes, another chanting child we haven't seen yet, will be little Eva.

"Evidently M-G-M are trying to make up for lost time and race Judy neck-and-neck with Deanna Durbin," says "Film Weekly." "Lucky for them the two are on slightly different tracks."

Sandy's Third

BOX-OFFICIALLY speaking, Sandy Powell's third picture, "Leave It To Me," should be about as popular as his two previous efforts—that is, unless his host of admirers have cooled off. But judged on its merits as a film production rather than as a vehicle to exploit a famous personality, it falls about half-way between "Can You

Hear Me Mother?" and "It's a Grand Old World"—a lot better than the first, not nearly as good as the second.

Personally I enjoy Sandy Powell without, however, being so enamoured of him that I am willing to overlook all the faults in "Leave It To Me." Those faults are common to many another British picture. The story is just a series of typical Powellian episodes hastily flung together. The plot has about as much cohesion as a jelly that has failed to jell. Between each episode there's almost a perceptible pause as if the director had said: "Well, boys, that's that. Now what shall we do next?"

Versatile

YET, if you're prepared to accept "Leave It To Me" in the spirit in which you might accept a programme of Sandy's recordings on the air, all this may not matter very much. The star's new role as a policeman gives him the chance to get into many ludicrously amusing situations, in which he falls foul of a long-suffering sergeant (Garry Marsh), Chinese crooks, and High Society. The episode of Sandy's search for a murderer named Smith you may have heard already on the radio, but it's funnier on the screen.

One thing particularly impressed me about "Leave It To Me." That was the brisk and breezy opening which should go a long way toward putting you in the proper mood for what follows.

No doubt about it, Sandy's a very versatile and talented entertainer. He takes part in a dancing sequence with a great deal more grace than you might

(Continued on next page.)

PERFECT ENTERTAINMENT

FOR EVERYONE WHO HAS

EVER BEEN A KID!

DAVID O. SELZNICK, who gave you "A Star Is Born," "David Copperfield," "A Prisoner of Zenda," Presents

THE ADVENTURES of Tom Sawyer



With
TOMMY KELLY
WALTER BRENNAN
MAY ROBSON
ANN GILLIS
VICTOR JORY

Released by
UNITED ARTISTS

STATE, WELLINGTON, FRIDAY NEXT, MAY 20.

(Approved for Universal Exhibition.)