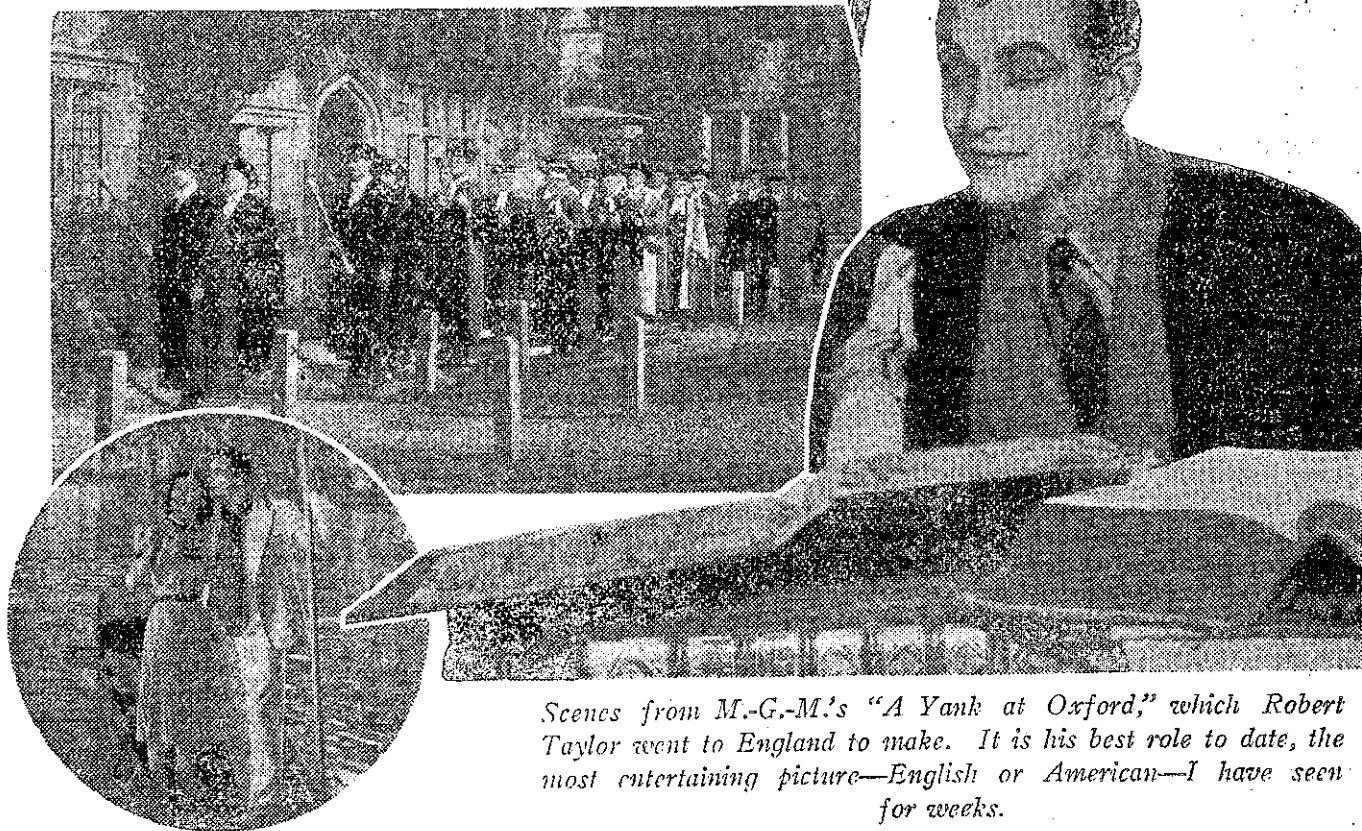


Film Record—by Gordon Miram

BEST OF TWO WORLDS

*Robert Taylor Goes
to Oxford*



Scenes from M.-G.-M.'s "A Yank at Oxford," which Robert Taylor went to England to make. It is his best role to date, the most entertaining picture—English or American—I have seen for weeks.

EVEN if you went to Cambridge, don't on any account miss seeing "A Yank at Oxford." It is higher education's greatest gift to the world of entertainment—and there's not much education about it either.

We've had American college pictures ad nauseam in which the bumptious hero goes through the scholastic and sporting mill and eventually emerges a Man, fit to be rewarded with a co-educational kiss. Now we have an Anglo-American effort which is fundamentally just the same old story all over again, but which has been handled with such pace and humour and real intelligence that its 103 minutes seem all too few—and you know how I object to most long pictures!

Anglo-American

"A YANK AT OXFORD" is the first Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film to be produced in England. It combines, as it were, the best of two worlds—the vitality and zest of the finest type of American direction, the evenness of casting and the polish of production

that is typical of M.-G.-M., and with all this there is a British restraint to temper Hollywood extravagance, and an authenticity of atmosphere and setting that is purely English. Hollywood's contribution also includes Robert Taylor, in his best role to date; but Britain keeps the balance even by throwing in Vivien Leigh, Edmund Gwenn, a notable newcomer named Griffith Jones, and a handful of superb old character players.

These are the things you notice on the surface, but beneath them there is a healthy, good-natured "kidding" of English and American national idiosyncracies that should give offence to none and delight to everybody. The film is satirical without ever being heavily conscious of the fact. It should—but it won't—do as much to improve Anglo-American relations and clinch the Trade Agreement as a dozen diplomatic conferences.

First Encounter

THE Yank who comes to Oxford is Lee Sheridan, pride of the small American University of Lakedale. Athletic records of all kinds have been smashed to smithereens beneath his manly feet. Seeking new worlds to conquer he sec-

ures a scholarship to Oxford. "It'll be fun to show those beef-eaters what's what," modestly remarks Mr. Sheridan. "I've sure put little old Lakedale on the map."

"You won't be faced with the same problem at Oxford," is the dry comment of the Lakedale dean.

Regardless of such warnings, Mr. Sheridan sets out on his one-man invasion of England. First defeat for America comes after a conversation in the Oxford train with peppery old Morton Selten. "Nice little country you've got here," graciously comments Mr. Sheridan. "But America's a real big country. Say, do you know . . . ?"

"I've no doubt, young man, that you are going to tell me you could put the whole of England into the State of Oregon. But with what object?"

Unabashed, Mr. Sheridan proceeds to sing the praises of Mr. Sheridan, with special reference to the good fortune of Oxford in having such a recruit, ending with an enthusiastic request for further information about his new Alma Mater. His travelling companion is not responsive. "Young man," he says, "anything you may wish to learn about Oxford University can, I understand, be obtained from the special guide-book of the place. It happens I went to Cambridge."

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