We've always made a point of spotlighting the classy "B" movies and programmers directed by Robert Florey, and it's always a cause for pleasure and anticipation when a "new" one shows up. With the glossy, zippy credits of this one, expectations were very high - to be reduced (though not exactly dashed) when the realisation set in that this wasn't really a very good picture: the initial inclination was to perhaps not play it, and leave Florey's reputation unmarred. But it is very much an example of a film where the delights of the individual components far outweigh the collective merits of the whole. It is quite fresh and unpredictable, almost daring the standardised plot complications to get in the way of one's having fun. Florey sets up his usual unique compositions, camera angles and smooth editing patterns; the art deco sets glitter; Betty Grable is absolutely charming; the presence of several radio comics of the period is a leavening touch. Only interesting if not overwhelmingly hilarious, there are many gags in the projection room (the film is set in a movie theatre, and the title is a reference to that now-vanished breed, the usherette) anticipate those in "Hellzapoppin" by quite a few years. One suspects that Florey amplified and added a great deal himself; the takeoff on "The General Died at Dawn", one of Paramount's biggies from 1936, seems a typical Florey invention. His directorial skills are even managed to have Akim Tamiroff kid his own role, although he has to make do with reasonable facsimiles for Madeleine Carroll and Gary Cooper. The original story was by Maxwell Shane and Bill Thomas, much happier with action and melodrama, and a bulwark of Paramount's Pine-Thomas "B" unit in the 40's. Florey too, was always happier (and more successful) with melodrama, but plonking him down into unfamiliar territory like this really shows just what a good director can do with absolutely standard fare. Many of the "B" musicals of the thirties were abysmal, and this material, in the hands of a more routine Paramount director like George Archainbaud or James Hogan, would have been just a dull time-killer. Florey gives it life and sparkle if not inspiration; in fact the stunning "leak" of the film is almost a liability, since it invites one's expectations for something far better in terms of content. However, even here there are pleasant surprises, Florey must have been the first director to really exploit the ingenious little tricks of the Grable legs and to angle his cameras to make the most of them. (Grable is so appealing and so effective in so many of these minor Paramount musicals that one wonders why her talent was so unrecognised there). However, even the NY Times reviewer seemed not to notice Grable while he waxed enthusiastically over the animal imitations of Rufe Davis, and seemed to regard him as the star of the year! (What a pity that the editors never discuss what the audience is thinking, or else I don't recall spotting Hamilton in the film; unless I missed him he probably played the doctor on the other end of Kay Francis' phone, with his footage trimmed out. Genevieve Tobin, married to director Keighley, appears briefly as an extra in the horse-riding sequence).

Almost indistinguishable (apart from a better cast) from her 1933 "Mary Stevens, M.D.", "Dr. Monica" is the least ambitious of Kay Francis' four 1934 films, and curiously doesn't give her star billing. Its remarkable brevity may be due to its having been made in the first year of the Production Code, with attendant last-minute additions and changes everywhere that would only in the end be conveyed purely by telepathy, since there is nothing in the dialogue to justify Kay Francis' shocked reaction, and a suicide ending is very much glossed over. A double moral standard certainly prevails too: while Francis and Jean Muir (a lovely performance) suffer spectacularly for their sins and/or weaknesses, Warren William, the cause of it all (and having the best of both worlds, married to Miss Francis and with Miss Muir as a mistress) suffers not at all, and seems quite unaware of what is going on! An excellent new point of a minor but most enjoyable soap opera.

— William K. Everson