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outstanding film of all time than I should like, say, to assert that Gandhi is the greatest man in history, even though it would be possible to produce at least five good reasons in support of that view.

OF the five reasons advanced by my correspondent for the importance of *Three Smart Girls*, the fifth is, I believe, the most significant. Before Deanna's debut there had been, of course, the enormous popularity of the Shirley Temple pictures, but *Three Smart Girls* was something new in juvenile appeal, and it can truthfully be said that from it dates a whole cycle of films with young stars which as yet shows little signs of slowing up. Unfortunately, in Hollywood as elsewhere, success too often spells stagnation, and juvenile stars have a habit of growing up. As you'll see from a review on this page next week, so far as Master Rooney is concerned I wouldn't be heartbroken now if his particular cycle got a puncture.

IN my review the other week of Disney's new full-length cartoon *Dumbo*, I mentioned how puzzled I was to place the voice of Timothy Q. Mouse. Another correspondent now writes to say that it belongs to Edward Brophy. (Of course it does! Now I've been told whose voice it is I feel like saying "I'd know that voice anywhere!") This correspondent, who says she got her information from a movie magazine, further reveals that "Ukelele" Ike Edwards speaks for Jim Crow, and that the ringmaster has borrowed the features as well as the voice of Herman Bing. And that's also obvious—when it's pointed out.

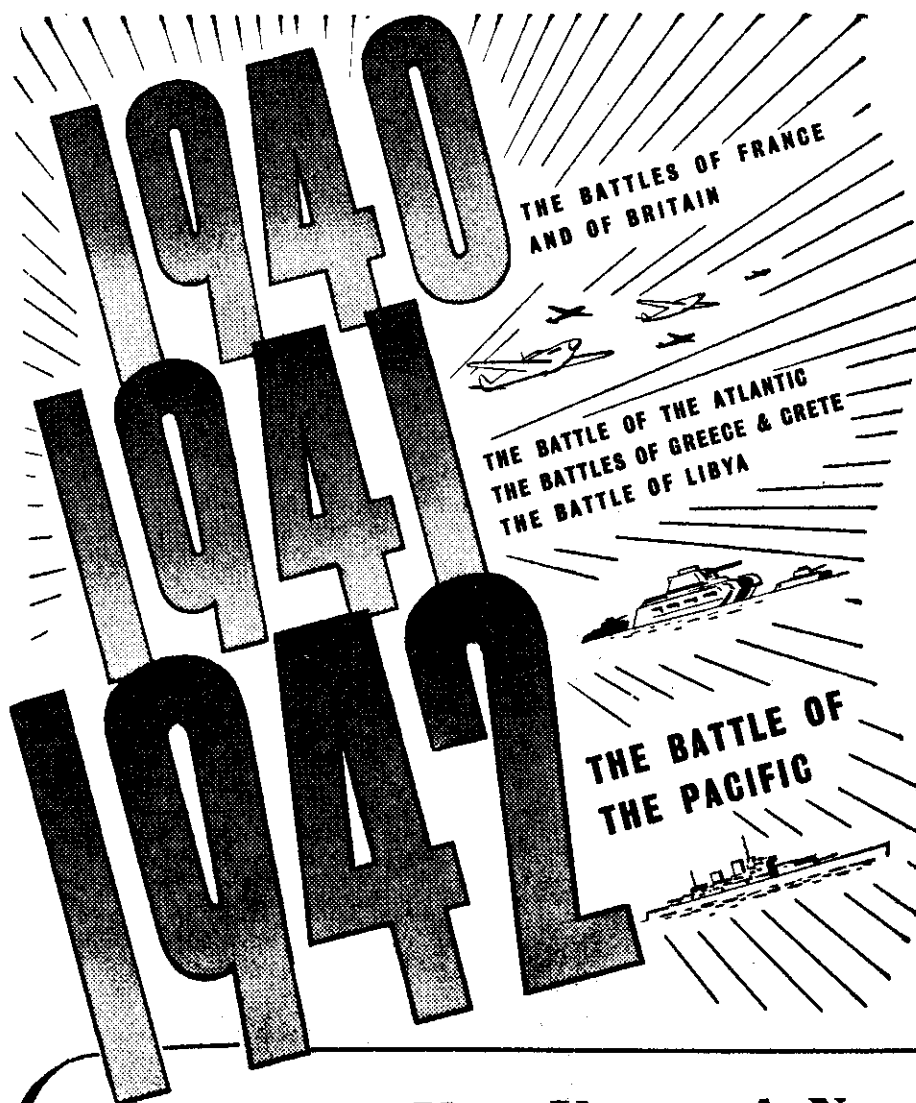
For this relief, much thanks. And also for this reader's appreciation of my reviews which, she says, "have gradually become our guide to picture-going."

As I surmised, the New Zealand public is not going to get the chance to have a surfeit of Disney. I've just learned that *Dumbo* won't be released till April, as an Easter attraction in the four main centres.

BARNACLE BILL (M.G.M.)



THE little man would probably be slumped right down in his chair in an attitude of complete boredom (he might even be walking out) were it not for a sentimental affection which he feels on my behalf toward old Wallace Beery. And also a feeling of genuine admiration for an actor who can be a fine artist when he gets the chance. But he doesn't get it in this scrappy, sometimes crude attempt to recapture the success of *Min and Bill*. It's the same old Beery theme of the good-for-nothing who finally proves himself good for something, and the star does little more than "mug" his way through the character of the lazy, drunken old sailorman who is redeemed partly by father-love and partly by the rough handling of Marjorie Main. Only a few incidents—for instance, his introduction to church-going—are genuinely funny.



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