

"New Zealanders Are Many Well-Known People



"Captain Davey of the Monowai, otherwise known as 'Up-to-the-Minute Davey.' Two people could be hardly less alike than Captain Davey and his son, Jack." (An S. P. Andrew photo.)

"NEW ZEALANDERS are making good here," said a well-known Sydney newspaper editor to me yesterday. "In fact, they are doing so well, and there are so many of them, that we have to keep it quiet."

First and foremost there is Mr. Jack Davey, formerly of Auckland. Jack is Australia's most adored crooner. Some people say that if he were in America he would be this planet's most adored crooner. When you hear Jack, well, Bing goes the Crosby, if you know what I mean.

This charming young man is the son of Captain Davey, of the Monowai, otherwise known as "Up-to-the-minute Davey." Let the wind blow and the heavens empty themselves, let the ship stand on her head

and the steward fall into the soup tureen, it matters naught to Cap'n Davey. She will swing into Sydney docks and tie up at the wharf just as the clock strikes three. Yea, and let the heavens smile and a following wind waft her gently on her way; even if Cap'n Davey has to linger outside the Heads for an hour or more he will do so, just because it is his pride to tie up at that wharf at 3 o'clock pip emma, and not a minute before. Two people could hardly be less alike than Captain Davey and his son. The captain certainly doesn't croon; on the contrary he barks; all his conversation is in swift, loud staccato—a pronounced contrast to Jack's deep mellifluous tones.



"Just now Francis Levy is looking on life through the windows of the War Memorial Hospital."

Another New Zealander who is frequently heard on the air is

Norah Kelly, editor of the women's page of the Sydney "Bulletin." This versatile little brunette has written several one-act plays which have been performed, the most successful being "Moorings." She has just completed a three-act comedy with a New Zealand setting, and this is to be produced soon.

An Aucklander who is winning her way into the hearts of Australia's children is Miss Hilda Morse, formerly of 1ZW, Auckland. This clever elocutionist will be remembered for her fine acting in character parts with the Auckland Little Theatre Society, and for her moving performance as Tessa in "The Constant Nymph." Now she is "Aunt Hilda," of 2UW, Sydney, and her fan-mail shows that little New Zealanders have not forgotten her. Hilda is a daughter of Mr. J. Morse, the well-known racehorse trainer.

Uncle Scrim of the "Friendly Road" is now settling in as Uncle Scrim of the Sydney "Sun" newspaper and radio station. He has rather intrigued his Australian public with his views on marriage and divorce. Marriage, he says, costs a guinea and all one needs is a clergyman; divorce, on the other hand, costs £50, and one needs lawyers, witnesses and a judge. Uncle Scrim thinks it should be the other way round. Before getting married people should prove their fitness for it before lawyers, with witnesses, judge, and a £50 fee. That would make them careful about rushing into matrimony. Then divorce should be granted by a clergyman for a fee of a guinea. There'd be fewer divorces, says Uncle Scrim. Yes, yes, dear Scrim; but would there ever be any marriages?

Nina Scott is a brilliant young New Zealand