

Screen's Star-Crop For 1939---Cont. from Page 1.

success in her native France, the chances are in her favour.

We haven't seen her yet in New Zealand, but 20th Century Fox are pinning high hopes on Nancy Kelly, 17-year-old recruit from Broadway, to be seen in "Submarine Patrol," "Jesse James," and "Tail Spin" and possibly "Belle Star."

Target for Marxmen

IN "Jesse James," Nancy Kelly takes the role of heroine to Tyrone Power formerly allocated to Arleen Whelan. The latter, you may remember, was hailed as a sensation by the studio when launched in "Kidnapped," but apparently wasn't quite equal to the claim.

Among the new faces of 1939 from RKO, watch for Lucille Ball. She'll be seen in "The Affairs of Annabella," and as a target for some of the Marx Brothers' madness in "Room Service."

H. G. Wells Cracks Bones Of Life To Find The Marrow

BY the time this appears in print the famous scientist and novelist, Mr. H. G. Wells will have been heard by New Zealanders on the air in his first specially-arranged rebroadcast from an Australian station.

Hubert George Wells is a man who, in an overcrowded profession, has been able to strike out in an entirely new line, to tap a fresh source of inspiration—to

Charlie Chan's Successor

AFTER a two-month search, involving the screen-testing of 35 players, 20th Century-Fox Studios announce that they have signed the man to play the name part in future Charlie Chan films.

Successor to the late Warner Oland is veteran stage-actor of 30 years' experience, Sidney Toler, who has appeared in films only since 1930.

Selection came as a surprise to most of Hollywood's film colony, who were freely tipping squat, heavily-be-spectacled ex-Group Theatre player J. Edward Bromberg and others.

interpret to the great world of readers a stratum of our complex society that has hitherto been overlooked.

The man who knows must always be in demand. He has never stopped trying to instruct the world. The beginning of the present century found him experimenting with the fantastic.

Wells, perhaps, is the most stimulating writer in the world at the present moment—in fact for years past. He refuses to be bound by anything he may have said on a previous occasion.

Consistency, that dull and much over-rated quality, is not for him. Thus he takes up with each new movement as it comes along, extracts from it the essential juice, and passes on gaily to the next.

There is always something in a Wells book that is stimulating and provocative. He takes hold of the latest problem of modern life and handles it after his own fashion, like a terrier with a bone. Somehow he cracks it and gets at the marrow inside.

NOT so much a sensational "discovery" as a young actress who has steadily consolidated her position by excellent work is Andrea Leeds, who certainly cannot be omitted when any claims to stardom are being considered. As talented as she is beautiful, she attracted very favourable notice in "Come and Get It," and "Stage Door," and followed this up with stand-out performances in "Letter of Introduction" and "Goldwyn Follies."

Youngest of the five daughters of Dr. L. A. Mullican, dentist of Indianapolis, is Priscilla—better known as Priscilla Lane, and likely to be even better known in coming months, because she carries a lot of the hopes and money of Warner Bros. So do her sisters, Rosemary and Lola; but Priscilla (nicknamed "Pat") is favourite. Already seen in "Varsity Show," she has now won favourable recognition in "Four Daughters." Will also be seen in "Love, Honour and Behave" and "Brother Rat."

And the Men?

THAT, to my mind, disposes of the most obvious potential feminine stars. When the

movie astrologer goes stargazing in the masculine portion of the film firmament he is rewarded by fewer new constellations. But I would cast a very favourable horoscope for 1939 for Lew Ayres, a young veteran, who is achieving a truly remarkable come-back. Remember him in "All Quiet"? Then he went into eclipse, made a number of insignificant pictures, and is now brilliantly in the ascendant again, following his performance in "Holiday." Even if the screen weren't as hard up for male leads as it is, Lew Ayres would be sure of a high place in 1939.

And, while I am in this prophetic mood, I would suggest that Charles Boyer is likely, in the coming year, to

win more of the prominence and popularity he so richly deserves. And Jon Hall ("Terangi of 'The Hurricane'") looks to be the stuff of which stars are made.

But such a lot depends, doesn't it, on circumstances—very often circumstances over which the people most concerned have comparatively little control? Bad stories, bad direction, scandal over love affairs—anything like that is enough to throw ascending stars out of their courses.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN, THOUGH—1939 WILL BE A MORE THAN USUALLY INTERESTING YEAR FROM A STARGAZING POINT OF VIEW.

This World of Ours

Dr. S. Morris: "Modesty has ruined more kidneys than bad liquor."

As a race the British have a great respect for age, especially if it's bottled.

French Diplomat Jules Henri: "During my ten years in Washington I drank, God help my digestion, 35,000 cocktails as part of my duty."

hanged. What is life to us if we may not throw spears at policemen?"

Hamilton Disappoints

A member having pointed out that full-length costumes were not now procurable in the shops, the Hamilton Domain Board decided to revoke the resolution requiring bathers in the lake to wear "neck to knee" costumes.—News item.

Interviewed for this page on the matter, a well-known Wai-kato shopkeeper laughingly said: "We're a bit short on neck to knee costumes."

"How much short?" we asked.

"About 24 inches short from the neck down and about 12 inches short from the knee up," said the cad.

Specially taken down to a popular sea beach to check up on this statement, a prominent member of the board, on seeing the latest swim suits said: "This has been a big surprise to me. I had no idea things had gone as far as this." He added meditatively: "That's the worst of living inland."

erased, the pillars restored to their virgin whiteness.

Beauty hints

STRONG exception to the remarks of the Minister of Internal Affairs, who criticised the wanton destruction of native flowers and foliage in bush near motor roads is taken by one of our more prominent and well-loved tree-chopping chaps. "It is all very well for the Minister to speak severely of pieces of bush clematis picked from the trees and left to wither by the roadside," said this chap angrily, "but he knows as well as we do that trees are getting to be pretty scarce in this country. The day is coming—if it is not already at hand—when a keen tree-chopper, going out with

his sharp axe, can travel for miles without finding a really decent tree to hack down. It's Reserve, Reserve, Reserve everywhere he goes. Surely the Minister knows that this thwarted feeling is no good for our chaps. There they are, just dying to crack in at the forest and get a good thrill out of toppling down a rare beauty and they find nothing but restrictions. Can you blame them if they find relief at last in turning to a few clumps of clematis and tearing them down, or nipping the blossoms off a kowhai, or tearing out a few old ferns?

"They feel better after this," says the chap. "They feel good, they feel fine. The Minister ought to remember this before he goes round crabbing at them."

GERMANY will shortly demand that her reparation payments for the War be returned by the Powers, including

by JOHN GUTHRIE

£120,000,000 received by Britain and £500,000,000 received by France.—Cable item.

And like the Jew in the play, Germany may willingly have her pound of flesh if she can give us back the blood that she spilt.

ODE by an English poet to a Tall, Noisy Girl heard at a Bottle Party, 3.30 a.m.:

Sweetheart, in all your girlish charm you are

Like laughter at a West End Cinema

When lightning wisecracks flash and spurt and throng:

Too loud, my Love; too late; and far too long.

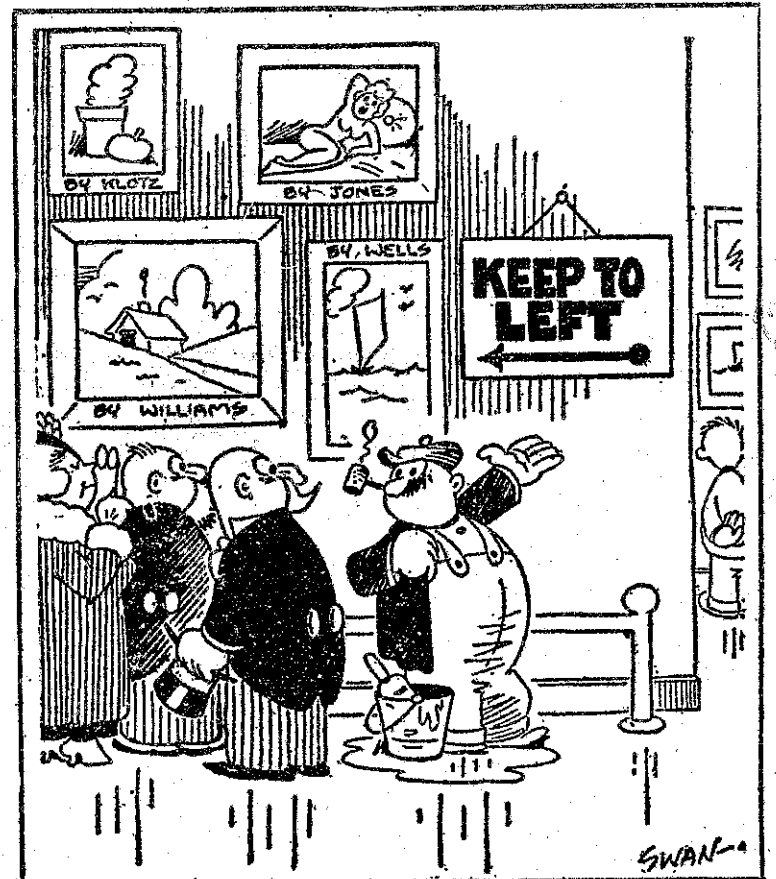
Not A Happy One

WHEN two natives were arrested, brought for trial, for taking part in an attack on a Government patrol boat at Port Moresby, Papua, they begged tearfully to be executed. Sobbed one of the prisoners: "Don't send us home! We want to be

Lip Service

WHEN happy divorced film stars leave Reno court-houses, freed after the strain of several weeks of married life, it is the custom to plant a thankful, lipstick kiss on the pillars outside the court.

Reno judges recently decided that the red smears on the pillars detracted from the dignity of the town, ordered them to be removed. Soap and water was tried in vain, and it was not until several sturdy workmen appeared on the scene armed with blow-torches that the offending marks were



—Los Angeles "Examiner."

"This one's mine!"