



"My grateful thanks to all who made this picture possible. It is a revelation to me of what sympathetic handling of a book can be."

Rachel Field

"A" CERTIFICATE

with **JEFFREY LYNN · BARBARA O'NEIL**
 Virginia WEIDLER · Henry DANIELL · Walter HAMPDEN · George COULOURIS

PREMIERE SCREENING
EMBASSY, Auckland: XMAS DAY

WHILE THE KETTLE BOILS

Dear Friends,

During the week news came through that the New Zealand troops in Egypt are going to enjoy a regular Christmas dinner—roast turkey, pork and apple sauce, New Zealand lamb, roast potatoes, green vegetables, plum pudding and brandy sauce, fruit salad, mince pies, and all the trimmings.

We can sit down to our own Christmas dinner now with a lighter heart knowing that our boys are being taken care of and will be sharing with us in the grand old Christmas ceremonial.

Let us make it a bright and gay Christmas. A little extra trouble in the way of decoration will repay you with the delight of your family and friends.

Take the dining-table to begin with. That will be the centre of attraction on Christmas Day. For this one occasion, discard your usual flower arrangement, however attractive it may be. You can have flowers every day of the year, but on Christmas Day you have an excuse to run riot with colour and novelty.

Maybe you have some pet scheme of your own. If so, try it out. One amusing table arrangement I once saw was a flat, round tray, filled with sand, then layers with grass to give the effect of a sports oval. Marching round it were a collection of miniature Zoo animals—one to correspond with each guest. A ribbon ran from the neck of each, ending in a name card before each plate.

If you would like a more ambitious table scheme, try a design in rich hues of gold, blue, violet and emerald, like a stained-glass window. All you need is some foil paper in these colours, some

coloured Christmas balls, 4 red candles, and a cellophane box for the centre of the table.

Cut out five-pointed stars from the coloured paper for the place mats, with smaller star-shapes set at the side for the glasses. From the scraps left over, cut little coloured stars and paste them on to the cellophane box in the centre of the table. Inside can be heaped family gifts or novelties for each guest with a ribbon attached that falls down over the side of the box.

Now place the red candles in position—two at each end of the table to form a square, and round the base of the candlesticks make a circle of the coloured Christmas balls. Cut out strips of the coloured paper and paste round the candles to give a striped effect. Red table napkins are set by each place.

The finishing touch is a Christmas bell hanging over the centre of the table. Shape the bell from some wire netting, cover with muslin, then pin on rows of holly leaves, with a bunch of scarlet berries from the clapper. Or more attractive still, you can make your bell act as a lampshade and have the light shining inside.

I wish for you all a very happy Christmas, the joy of a family reunion—and the kindly thought and remembrance of your friends at home and overseas.

Yours Cordially,

Cynthia

KIND WIVES MAKE GOOD HUSBANDS

Kubelik's Views on Marriage

A WEEK or two ago the world lost one of its greatest performing musicians in the person of Jan Kubelik, the Czechoslovakian violinist. So brilliant was his playing that it established the fame of his teacher, Sevcik.

The life story of this poor market-gardener's son is in fact one of the romances of modern times, and that he should die at the comparatively early age of sixty while his country is under the heel of the German Nazis is one of the tragedies of the present war for human liberty.

The humble father's cottage could have been paved with gold had he exploited his son as an infant phenomenon. But Kubelik senior knew that doing this would ruin his boy's future, so he refused all offers, and, setting stoically to work, he toiled and slaved as never before to amass, penny by penny, the money for his son's education.

But the biggest event in Kubelik's life was his lucky marriage to the Countess Marianna Csaky-Szell in 1903. They were about the same age, 23.

Madame Kubelik was wise enough to know that as the artist ever remains a child, she must be both lover and mother to her husband.

It is not therefore surprising to read that after twenty-five years of married life Kubelik was able to write the following: "I married when I was 23, and ours has been a happy union. I am very glad that I did not listen to the cynical wiseacres who hold that an artist married is an artist spoiled. And when my twin girls arrived (in 1904), and I could play with them as children, I discovered a rare and priceless thing—a second youth, a youth of joy and frolic. Much of the time that I am not on tour I spend with my wife and family in our home near Abbazia in Italy. All my children are musical, and the eldest of them, the twin girls, are performing in public. The peace of private life only confirms me in my view that marriage is the best solution of the love problem for an artist. My wife is good enough to tell me that those who maintain that artists make trying husbands have no monopoly of wisdom. Her view is that kind wives make good husbands. The only thing that an artist's wife has to remember is that an artist's life belongs not solely to himself, nor to her, nor to the home, but mainly to his art. Looking back on my youth, I must be grateful enough to admit that fame came to me rapidly indeed. I have been helped very much by the audiences I have played to in so many countries, from fashionable gatherings in the great capitals, to moujiks in Russia and miners in the United States. If a kind wife makes a good husband, an appreciative and responsive audience makes a confident and courageous violinist."

—B.W.