

"THERE IS JUST A CHANCE."

That's what Dan O'Connor says . . . and it means that if Wells can't be persuaded to come in January New Zealand will never see him for he is an old man now and not likely to go tripping across the world again.

But if a national movement existed in New Zealand, H. G. Wells could be assured of a warm welcome here and Mr. O'Connor's good work would be helped considerably.

AND that question of films, too. The big film exchanges quite naturally must look after their Deanna Durbins and Robert Taylors and Sonja Henies.

But there is a limited (and quite payable) audience in New Zealand for French, German and Italian films, PROVIDED THIS AUDIENCE IS ORGANISED. A woman with brains began a small theatre for foreign films

Farm' with Basil Dean. I like it a lot and so does Basil, so I hope London will like it. We've got a grand cast. . . ."

The cast is certainly a good one, Mary Clare, Curigwen Lewis, Aubrey Dexter, Alexis France included. It's rather early yet to know how London received it. The opening was only a fortnight ago.

by Trevor Lane

A CHRISTMAS card in grey and blue comes from Marie Ney, former New Zealander, who is now the tops in London's theatre world. Marie is making a big success of her latest part in "She, Too, Was

ONE day when I was talking to her I told her about the growth of the repertory movement in this part of the world. She became immediately enthusiastic and interested.

She wanted me to see cryptic, caustic St. John Ervine, of the Sunday "Observer," so that he could write something about repertory, compare the apathy of the amateur theatrical movements in England with the vitality and go-aheadness of New Zealand and Australia. I meant to contact Ervine, too. (I had already met him in the television studios at Alexandra Palace), but somehow time slipped by and I didn't.

A SUMMER sea on the South Coast of England is depicted on the card I have from Lord Alfred Douglas.

"Bosie" Douglas, considered by himself and one or two others the finest writer of son-

A Christmas card from Sabu, who "went all Garbo" at his studios recently and had to be taken firmly in hand.

FROM New York comes a Christmas card from little (Elephant Boy) Sabu. Sabu went over to the big city for the premiere of his second film, "The Drum." He was accompanied by a fearsome Sikh bodyguard which New York loved.

Sabu, as you know, was stable boy to an elephant in India before he was discovered by one of the Kordas and shot to fame in "Elephant Boy." Now he speaks English well, plays bridge, is at school at posh Beaconsfield, drives a car and is mad about ice-skating.

about Labour's regime in New Zealand.

English Labour pins many of its hopes of ultimate victory on the present British Government's dilatory defence policy. In hearty agreement is Mr. Attlee with the German air chief who said: "Germany's air force brought her peace with victory at Munich; but our best allies were the people in charge of England's A.R.P. arrangements."

THE usual dignified Christmas card arrives from the BBC. (I notice the BBC has abandoned the now incongruous words it once attached to its seal: "Nation shall speak peace unto nation.")

The British Broadcasting Corporation has a big year in front of it, biggest event of which will probably be the visit of their Majesties to North America in May . . . that is, unless someone stirs up a war before then, in which case the BBC will be very busy indeed!

The BBC is sending a full squad of men with the latest equipment to Canada and the United States and the Canadian and American broadcasting services have promised their full support. Climax of the tour is likely to be the joint message to the world by the King and President Roosevelt from Washington.

in London some years ago. To-day she has a chain of cinemas for continental films and business is wonderful.

DR. MALCOLM SARGENT, the world-famous conductor, came to Wellington in 1936, and gave three concerts. Then he sailed for Australia. But a national organisation would, or should have been able to persuade him to appear in Auckland, Christchurch and Dunedin.

Both Sir Henry Wood and Sir Thomas Beecham have been toying with the idea of coming out here. A little gentle persuasion from a national theatre movement might be able to make up their minds for them. Ruth Draper came here of her own accord and took more money than the biggest musical comedy company. Tibbett was equally successful.

Young," where she plays opposite Edmund Gwenn.

I remember that in Marie Ney's grey-walled dining-room in Knightsbridge she has only four pictures on the walls, four oils by an Australian artist . . . a warm blue-misty scene in the Blue Mountains, golden trees beside the Murrumbidgee, the sheerness of Bulli and a winding road on the way to Mount Lofty.

Marie Ney loves Australia as much as she does New Zealand.



Cyril Ritchard as the average asinine young man at the average London cocktail party has to be seen to be believed. He sent a card, too.

nets in England to-day, is not happy unless he's in a fight. If he's not threatening the many inaccurate biographers of Oscar Wilde with libel actions, he's writing stinging letters to "The Times" about T. S. Eliot's verse (his pet aversion), or books suitable for the modern youngster, or the Government's foreign policy.

In his latest plateful of autobiography, "Ego 3," James Agate says that he could like Douglas a lot if he saw a very little of him. But that didn't prevent the wily Agate from sending a book to Lord Alfred last Christmas with the touching inscription: "To Bosie Douglas . . . an olive branch from one dove to another."

Douglas showed it to me with an amused smile.

A LSO from London comes a card from Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliot. Madge has been through New Zealand this year on her way to Sydney to see her mother, but Cyril has been going eyes out since the beginning of 1938 with "Nine Sharp," the really clever revue at the Little Theatre in the Adelphi.

This show, with Cyril and Hermione Baddeley carrying most of it on their shoulders, is one of the wittiest, best-dressed productions I have ever seen. Cyril Ritchard as the average asinine young man at the average London cocktail party has to be seen to be believed.

He "went all Garbo" for a while, too, until the studio took him firmly in hand and squashed these displays of film star temperament.

FROM the Houses of Parliament at Westminster comes a card from the Leader of the Opposition, small Oxford-bred C. R. Attlee, high hope of the Labour Party in England.

It's nearly a year ago since I sat with Mr. Attlee in his lofty dignified room at Westminster, drinking tea while he plied me with questions

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