

MONDAY

BY air mail to-day comes word of the huge new extensions to be made immediately to Broadcasting House, one of the finest and most famous buildings in London.

I always thought when I walked along Regent Street toward Portland Place, what a pity it was that the street wasn't straight so that the majestic broadcasting pile sitting at one end of it could be seen from a distance. Actually one comes upon it quite suddenly and unexpectedly. But it's the same with most of the famous buildings in London—they weren't built in the days of town-planning. Why, I'd been in London three weeks before I even caught a glimpse of the dome of St. Paul's—but the fog was mostly to blame!

★
ALL sorts of confusing facts and figures are given in connection with the new

Broadcasting House. A million cubic yards of earth are to be removed... the building will go fifty-four feet below the pavement (deeper than the vaults of the bank of England)... the new site area at ground level will be 20,950 square feet.

I don't know whether facts like that mean anything to you. But I do know from the picture opposite—and I think you'll agree—that the BBC's new quarters will be very dignified and handsome.

★
A LETTER to-day, too, from the High Commissioner thanking me for my Christmas card. He hoped that my sojourn in England had been of advantage to me. I hope so, too.

I'll always remember with gratitude the good help and

kindness of "Bill" Jordan. When you call on him at New Zealand House—and heaven knows, there must be thousands of New Zealanders calling every week—he treats you as if you're the one New Zealander he's seen in a month of Sundays.

TUESDAY

YOUNG Richard Farrell's mother called to see me this morning. She's very bucked at the fact that her talented young musician-son has been given a stage contract and will appear at the Wellington Regent in connection with Freddie Bartholomew's new picture, "The Boy From Barnado's."

Young Richard is very like Freddie in lots of ways. In fact, during the Christmas rush in a big Sydney store, word went round that the boy in the reefer coat was Freddie Bartholomew. And so Richard, rather to his embarrassment, found himself suddenly surrounded by a flock of admiring females and envious children.

I'VE been asked to add to my list of "Girls Who Are Making the Grade," the name of Dorothea Vautier, who hails from Hamilton. She passed through Auckland last week on her way to America—a part-honeymoon, part-business trip.

Some years ago, Dorothea went to Sydney where she did a lot of radio work... announcing, recording and acting as a commentator on women's affairs. She firmly believes that, although there are nearly 40,000 New Zealanders in Sydney, there's room for plenty more, provided they've got some initiative and commonsense. (But that applies to almost any place, any person.)

Now Dorothea Vautier is married to W. L. Power,

BALLETOMANES are rubbing their hands in glee over the prospect of the Covent Garden Russian Ballet Company's visit here in a week or two. It is without a doubt the most important ballet company ever to leave Europe and New Zealand will see a combination that even London hasn't seen yet—Anton Dolin dancing with Irina Baronova.

Michael Fokine, one of the world's greatest choreographers is coming, too, and we'll see his famous pantomime "Cinderella," which is conceived on the huge scale

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SAW Lester Brown to-day for the first time in months. Lester—known from one end of New Zealand to the other as publicity manager of Twentieth Century-Fox Films—has just got over a bad illness and he's still on a diet which includes lots of tablets and raisins and excludes cigarettes and "spots."

One of the most efficient publicity men in New Zealand, Lester Brown has spent a lifetime in the theatre game. He was in New York with the Schuberts for a time, and has produced shows in many countries, including Australia. In the heyday of the pantomime, Lester put on many shows in this country, and he has also produced one or two amateur shows here. Unlike other "legitimate" men he was quick to see the possibilities of the new entertainment medium and he doesn't regret stepping over into the film game.

WEDNESDAY

MY day was brightened by a clever remark made by Mrs. Muriel Lewis, who is well-known as a 2ZB broadcaster and is popular, too, in New Zealand social circles.

Her remark was this: "First you're young, then you're wonderful for your age, then you're dead."



★ Mistaken for Freddie Bartholomew in Sydney was Wellington's Richard Farrell, pleasingly pictured here by Richard Andrew. Young Richard will be heard soon on the New Zealand stage. He's a genius of the piano. ★

graduate in law of the Sydney University. But he abandoned the legal profession for writing and has had several novels published. Twice in succession has he won the Beauchamp Prize for his essays in literary criticism, and when he gets to the United States he intends to take up scenario writing.

Among their baggage marked important are letters of introduction to several film stars, including Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll. Dorothea is to write interviews with film and other celebrities for some Australian papers.

of the famous old Diaghileff ballets.

I do hope this company will include Constant Lambert's new ballet in the New Zealand repertoire. It's called "Horoscope" and I saw its first performance at Sadler's Wells in London last winter. Two of the dancers were outstanding and had the audience wild with enthusiasm—Pearl Argyle, a most attractive English girl, and Michael Somes, a nineteen-year-old Englishman.

"Horoscope"—and this despite the fact I saw most of the well-known ballets at Covent Garden during the season—impressed me more than anything I've ever seen.