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**HIS MAJESTY THE KING**

the accompanying Medal is forwarded

to

Lady Mary Gray

---

to be worn in commemoration of

**Their Majesties' Silver Jubilee**

6th May, 1935.

Reception to Madame Pavlova.

J. C. Williamson Ltd. extends to

Mr. Mrs. & Miss Gray.

an invitation to meet

Madame Anna Pavlova

at the Mullanud Hotel

on Monday, 11th June, at 3 p.m.

Tickets, M. C. R. National

R.S.V.P.



ANNA PAVLOVA

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Wellington

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DURING the late Madame Anna Pavlova's tour of New Zealand in June, 1926, there were many who were inspired by the dancer's genius, but there are few who enjoyed the privilege of personally meeting her. Mr. S. P. Andrew of Wellington, is one who met her behind the footlights, not once but several times, and he treasures a vivid impression not only of her rare technique, but also of her paramount absorption in her art.

"She was a sheer thrill" he described to us. "Personally just viewed from her. She was quiet, apologetic and evasive. I see her ethereal, gentleman—small and so dainty. Her large luminous dark eyes, her long delicate fingers. As magnetic in her plain black street tailcoat and hat, with jewels, or make-up to colour her, as contained and with heavy make-up for the footlights.

"Of her preoccupation in her art I was seized even before I actually met her, and this first impression was deep etched later by many little incidents all symptomatic her tireless attention to the very smallest detail.

"I wished to ask her to pose to me for her portrait. Her manager arranged for me an appointment with her at the theatre. It was at ten the morning after her opening night here. As I was so interested, and wanting to be first on any waiting list, I arrived a quarter-of-an-hour before time—to find that Pavlova, far from reacting from any fanfare, was already hard at work practising for her next performance.

"I next retired to the theatre at night. 'She is somewhere about,' I was told by the hands back-stage.

And there, in the dim obscurity of the wings, I stumbled into a lovely figure glimmering, exercising on her toes.

"I am looking for Madame Pavlova," I said. "I am Pavlova," came the answer simply, one delicate hand indicating herself. "But yes, of course, when would you like to take my portrait?" Her voice was most resonant, and her English spoken with the soft foreign accent which is so attractive.

"The spirit was that I took several poses in between her dress. But I wanted more, and so was overjoyed when she consented to an appointment for the next night, after the performance, when there would be leisure to pose her in many characteristic attitudes. 'I could not come to the studio,' she explained. 'All my hair and dress and shoes, Mr. Andrew! I could not bring them in a cab.'

"And on the next night, true to her word, she accepted the pose after another for me. In her tiny dressing-room, the long table crowded with make-up and surrounded by costumes, her Scotch dresser moved sedately,

dressing her feet for one character, then another; the greater contrast in wassanhood could be visualized than in plain mat-of-dust Scotch body, in the exotic expanse of grace embodied by Pavlova's character in the interest the dancer or so stage electrician took in the photograph, helping us share the view in the morning, leaving a haze of voice greeted us with 'Here she is.' Seven or eight people had waited patiently at the stage door all those hours, just to glimpse her close to.

"I never saw her any way less charming. Her manner, as I saw it to the company was one of frosty politeness. I remember at one meeting all the ballet girls, Taura Hope among them, came to view us as surrounded her, posing, 'Oh Madame, may we have a holiday to-morrow. We want one so much—don't make us work to-morrow.' To which Madame, smiling and with waves of her hands, impulsively cried, 'Yes, yes, you naughty girls. But go away, go away quickly, don't you see I'm busy?'

"At the same performance, in one of her dances she carried a sheep-borne's crook. Snapping forward on her toes, she held and her hand for crook, but the ballet master by mistake put a long three light gun in time, Pavlova, laughing, gleefully threatened him with the clumsy stick and then, given her crook, resumed her flight out into the limelight.

"Another instance I noticed of her fidelity to her work was at the close of one of her most intricate numbers with her partner, Laurent Nourkof. They swayed seven or eight certain sets, but after the final fall she took him by the hand and there together, in the interval before the next item, they greeted the difficult movements still fresh in their minds.

Wellington would derive alike gratification to the great dancer's impulsive character. People remember the big party given by Miss John O'Brien for Taura Hope, the Wellington girl who distinguished herself as a member of Pavlova's ballet. Mrs. J. G. Coates and Miss Sherratt, helped to receive the guests of honour, Taura and Pavlova. When the time came for the great dance to precede her, Miss Pavlova would have none of this. "No, no, this is your party, please. You must go first."

There was no room for petty jealousy in Pavlova. She was the supreme artist, and she knew it.

S. P. ANDREW writes.

MADAME ANNA PAVLOVA, the famous Russian dancer, whose death is announced in today's cable news. Madame Pavlova visited Wellington with her husband, M. Henri Daudet, in 1926.



DEATH COMES TO THE SWAN.—Madame Anna Pavlova, the incomparable Russian dancer, who died at Plymouth in The Hague last week in the course of a Continental tour. —S. P. ANDREW writes.



BRITISH TRADE

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OF THE GOLDEN ARROW AND BRITISH (U.K.) INDUSTRIES EXHIBITION, WINTER SHOW BUILDINGS, WELLINGTON, OCTOBER 25th TO NOVEMBER 1st, 1930

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To meet Their Royal Highnesses  
The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York

His Majesty's Ministers for New Zealand  
request the pleasure of the Company of  
Mr Alexander Gray  
at the Reception at Parliament House, Wellington,  
at 9.45 o'clock on Wednesday evening 19<sup>th</sup> June 1901.