This theatre is first class, built specially for sound, and can seat one thousand six hundred people. As I said before, I was the female impersonator of our show which was made up by Wally Prior's, the noted female impersonator of the 'Hollywood Party' which is now in Tripoli. Wally spent an hour on my face alone - when he was finished, I looked like some screen star. Even my best friend didn't know me. Our 'Hollywood Party' went over in great style. 

There was the villain, complete with curling moustache, cane, black cloak every time he appeared the audience hissed and booed. There was the hero - a simple, country lad called Harold, the baby (one of our chiefs clad in napkins with huge safety pin something else) and I was the heroine. 

The street scene was excellent, with small pieces of white paper fluttering down for snow, and with the stage illuminated by blue lights. I was sorry when the show came to an