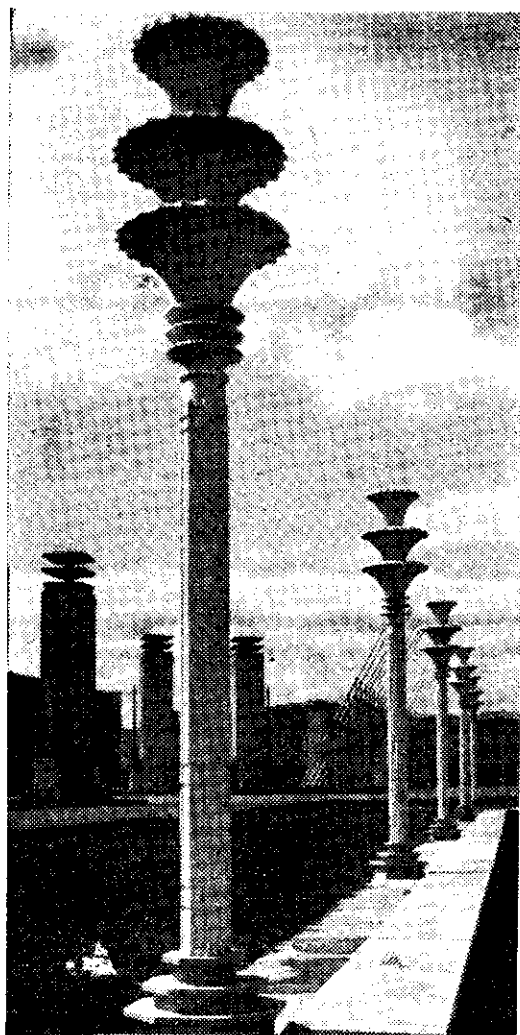


WOMEN AND THE EXHIBITION



ORIENTAL: Curiously Oriental, isn't it, this vista of Light Standards against the evening sky? Towers, also, have a vaguely pagoda-ish outline. At night light is flung from each in three separate radiations with splendid effect. The wide lawns are that mysterious night green along the side of the huge paved pools.

You'll Be Dancing?

Are you dance-crazy? Why not? There's a really fine Cabaret—an excellent floor, draped ceiling, arched and concave stage for the orchestra, bar and a great wide balcony set with supper tables for those who'd rather watch. The "cheese and tomato" colour scheme of outdoors is carried in here with the addition of a palish blue. Soft lights are let in all along the walls and at the tops of the squared pillars. But the best thing about it, if you're a serious dancer, is that there's space for a multitude.

WELL—who of us is wandering Exhibitionwards? It's a rather marvellous achievement—this expression of our first hundred years as a nation—and worth all the effort and cost of getting there. And this for many reasons besides the obvious ones of education and amusement. You'll walk with your head held a trifle higher with pride for a job well done. But you won't be blind to the lesser successes and the things that might reasonably have been expected to be better. The point is not whether it is good or bad. It is an expression of our country—of ourselves and what we stand for—and we ought to see it. If we're disappointed here and there we'll also be surprised over and over again.

One thing we can be sure of—there's something for everyone. All the industrial display and technical demonstration that any husband could wish for—enough of the latter

to make that "growing boy" prance with delight.

Our own aesthetic sense can find pleasure in many things—colour, light and the thousand evidences of taste in presentation. Modern labour-lessening too has reached a really interesting stage . . . "What will they do with leisure?"

Our youngest can find Fun, with a capital F, round every corner of the hugest Amusement Park we've known ever.

There's food in plenty, and rest, when we want it. The only thing we may not do is sleep there—unless we're "under five." If we are, we've a Crèche, a Playground and a Plunket Room—so, unless you lose the ticket, your baby will be happy enough.

Here's hoping I see you there!

Ann Stades

You Gardeners

You gardeners are going to take real pleasure in the extensive lawns with their grouped native shrubs and their brilliant flower plots. Great flaming pohutukawas will be massed together, and Standard roses will line up on tall and delicate stems. And, if ferns are your fancy, you'll find a veritable Fairyland of them in the Waitomo Caves of the Dominion Court.

Don't Worry

I think we need not fear to go to the Exhibition "en famille." When our feet will take us no further those of us who are "getting on" can find a Lecture Room or a Cinema, the respite of a tea room or the quiet of a Reception or Social Room. For those of us whose legs fail from very shortness, there is a Creche which provides the jolliest of Playrooms as well as Nurseries for sleeping.

Plunket Rooms, presided over by a Doctor as well as a Nurse, will offer any advice to a worried mother of an infant. There is a feeding room to which she can retire in cool and quiet, and, of course, free medical attention. It is even possible to get soiled garments laundered within the Grounds. For the older child there is the Playground, excellently supervised. So, really, we've nothing much to worry about.

Lovely Lines

Here is a gem of furniture from the "good old days" of our grandmothers. Lovely wood, lovely lines—decorative and useful. No need to search the house for a needle in the 'Eighties. Lift this table top and you discover every smallest thing to rejoice the heart of the Amateur Seamstress. A tray of tiny compart-

ments fitted with delicate fretted grills for lids. Lift the centre one, and a deep and capacious space is revealed—cloaked (underneath) decently in crisp brown silk.

