

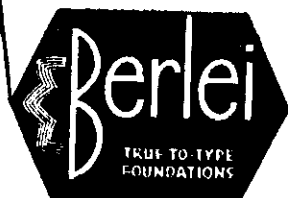


THE FORGOTTEN WOMAN



We take beauty so much for granted . . as part of value for the price paid. But beauty is—and always must be—a personal thing.

Behind the lovely Berlei you see here, for instance, is a personality . . lost sight of . . the Berlei operative. Working with exquisite fabrics . . trained to make beauty an end in itself . . she acquires an enthusiasm for something over and above merely doing a thing well. A spirit which is reflected, not only in her own outlook, but in her appreciation of the scrupulous freshness you look for, in a garment as intimate as your Berlei.



FOR THE CURVE OF
BEAUTY WEAR A BERLEI

Letters From Listeners

Does War Settle Anything?

To The Editor,

The "New Zealand Listener."

Sir,—In your leader of November 10 you say that there is a very small minority of people who hesitate to throw in their full weight in support of this war because they believe that war does not settle anything. I know, sir, that it is a small minority, but you, sir, know that it is growing. And, instead of saying that they "hesitate," it would be much truer to say that they "refuse."

I would not claim that war does not settle anything (though Mr. Chamberlain does, or did). It settles, for one thing, millions of lives and much happiness. The real point is, not that it does not settle anything, but that it does not settle the problems it allegedly sets out to settle. Modern war (there is no time to waste on Nineveh and Tyre), only intensifies and multiplies them.

You go so far as to admit that peace has never been tried (and therefore, apparently, until it is tried it must never be tried). That may be true of nations; but peace has been tried—and worked—by individuals and minorities. Who? By the Quakers in America (for 70 years no Quaker blood was shed by Redskins), by the Indians under Gandhi, by the Hungarians against the Austrians in 1866, by Christ Himself, if you like.

But let Mr. Chamberlain have the last word, for he himself has said it (and it would be greatly to his credit if he meant it): "War wins nothing, cures nothing, ends nothing."

I am, etc.,
TRY, TRY AGAIN.

Wellington,

November 9, 1939.

To The Editor,

The "New Zealand Listener."

Sir,—War may have settled Napoleon, and Carthage, and the Kaiser, and a million other figureheads and flags. It has never settled the stupidity of which they have been symbols. It might settle them if stupidity were a throat to be cut, or a weed to be trampled, and there are few young men whose spirit would not rise to the job—if they had not seen stupidity at their backs, as well as facing them.

They would be more interested in this war if they had not been led into it by the generation that survived while they fought the last; if they had not been too slow in growing up with their faith and hope before those same survivors of the Great War had prepared the way for the Greater War. They might even have condoned much of the stupidity of the last twenty years and found some sort of Righteous Cause in the events of the last twenty weeks, if reality had really brought sanity instead of continued stupidity. Such is the stuff of which youth is made.

But when they are warned on the one hand against propaganda, and presented with it bald and unadorned on the other, they begin to hesitate, as you say, "to throw their full weight into a war effort that settles nothing," so it seems to them, except whose stupidity shall last longest.

Yours, etc.,
WAR BABY.

Wellington,

November 9, 1939.