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it. On Christmas Eve the children act a Nativity play. They sing carols beautifully. We all go to church in the morning, and when we come back, Christmas dinner is ready. And it's just the same Christmas dinner as the children would have if they were not orphans or unwanted by their parents—lamb, green peas, Christmas pudding, ice-cream, soft drinks.

It's a lot of very hard work, but . . ."

The matron finished. The time was 12.5 p.m., and zero hour was approaching. The first children home from school were racing up the drive for their dinner. And so Christmas comes to an orphanage.

* * *

BUT there are other children in New Zealand just now, children who are countryless. This will be their first peaceful Christmas for five years. It should be a good one, for toys have been arriving since June. Here is the story.

Before the arrival of the Polish children in New Zealand, the Mayoress of Wellington appealed over the air for supplies of toys to be forwarded to the Polish Consulate-General. The first result of this was received very quickly at the Consulate in the form of a reply-paid telegram from a North Island town, which read: "Will your camp accept very large rocking-horse must rail this week."

Now the Consulate is a busy office, with very little room to spare. Something had to be arranged and quickly. Even while the matter was being considered, boxes, cases and parcels of all shapes and sizes, including wheelbarrows and blackboards, were pouring in to be stacked in all available space. Then it was arranged for the Pahiatua sub-centre of the New Zealand Red Cross to receive the gifts. The rocking-horse was diverted to these roomier quarters, as well as much of the steady stream of gifts which came from all parts of New Zealand from responsive organisations and individuals.

Toys still poured in to the Polish Red Cross office at the home of Countess Wodzicka in Wellington, and after the packing, sorting and listing had been completed, an Army truck, laden to capacity, was needed to transport the gifts to Pahiatua. When the whole collection was complete, there were enough toys and games to make the younger children blissfully happy when they arrived. There are enough also for gifts for special occasions, and for the Christmas festivities. For the older children there is not much provision in the way of books and games, the toys for the most part being cuddly toys for babies and small children, indoor games and puzzles, wooden and metal trucks and aeroplanes, children's books and comic papers. A beautiful doll's pram and wardrobe were also included in the gifts.

It would be impossible to enumerate the many givers. Carefully-spelt letters in pencil, too, have come with toys from young New Zealanders, asking children of their own age to write to them from the camp. Unfortunately, such letters always have to receive the same answer—that the Polish children cannot yet write or speak English. English lessons are to begin very soon, however, and as soon as the pupils are sufficiently advanced, there will be many letters passing through the post office at Pahiatua Polish Children's Camp.

DEATH OF "ANDRA"



Spencer Digby photograph

[I]t is with deep regret that 22B has to record the death of one of its most colourful personalities—Andrew Fleming (above), who will be remembered by thousands as the genial compere of 22B's Scottish session, under the title of "Andra."

For some four or five years, "Andra" painstakingly produced and wrote the Scottish session, always with the keen sense of providing his Scottish listeners who were far from home with a real touch of the Homeland.

To his widow and his daughter, Mrs. Nettie McKay, formerly of 22B's staff and now studying music at the Melbourne Conservatorium, 22B extends sympathy on behalf of listeners.

Brief Venture

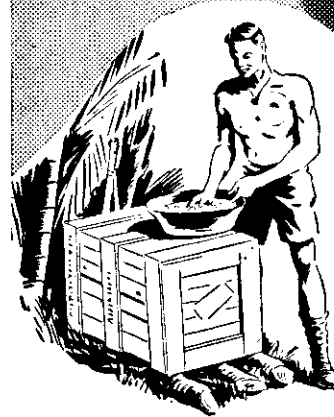
DR. AGNES MAUDE ROYDEN is a small, frail woman, who uses a cane for walking—she has been lame from childhood—and who is also an English theologian. She started as a social worker in Liverpool, and then became Lecturer in English in the Oxford University Extension Delagacy. She



Dr. Maude Royden

worked for women's suffrage societies, edited the journal *The Common Cause*, wrote several books, and made two tours to America. Then she became a licensed lay reader of the Church of England, and was later granted a special licence to preach, the only one of its kind. In 1920, with Dr. Percy Dearmer, she founded a church of her own at Kensington, the Fellowship Services, to which people of any creed could come. Though she was never ordained, she was the first woman in Great Britain to receive the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and the first woman to become a pastor in the Church of England.

And then, at the age of 68, after a life full enough to satisfy the most ambitious career woman, she was married—to the former Rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, the Rev. G. W. Hudson Shaw, aged 80. But unlike most of her ventures, this one came to a sudden end, for news has just reached New Zealand of the death of her husband. To her falls the experience—unusual for a woman of her age—of being, within three months, single, married, and widowed.



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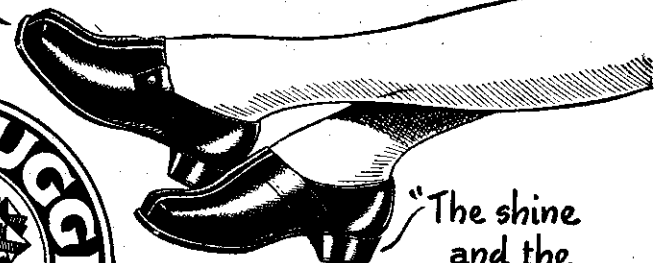
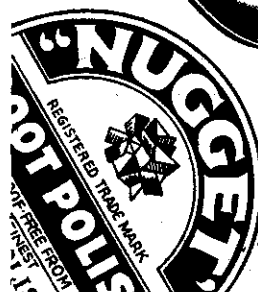
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