



"But you should have known something was wrong.
Good heavens, man, don't you listen to the radio?"

inside view of one of the most fantastic and exclusive Temples of Mammon ever raised by human hands.

I can well imagine that a social historian of the future may find this picture peculiarly interesting for the insight it gives him into an important aspect of civilisation in the fifth decade of the 20th Century, and it will not be surprising if he attaches some religious or ritualistic significance to what he sees happening inside the fabulous Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York. Because previous research into the motion-picture will already have made him thoroughly familiar with them, he will probably either disregard, or at least give only passing attention to, the main characters of the story: the film actress (Ginger Rogers) who falls in love with the war correspondent (Walter Pidgeon), believing him to be a jewel thief; the poor stenographer (Lana Turner) who hesitates between the sick airman (Van Johnson), who offers her only his love and a little place in the country, and the crooked financier (Edward Arnold), who offers her no wedding ring but an apartment on Park Avenue. The social historian will, I think, be much more likely to concentrate instead on the incidental evidence which the film provides of how 20th Century man worshipped the god of money in surroundings of ostentatious luxury, to the great envy and vicarious delight of all those not rich enough to enter the sacred portals. He will notice the fanatic eagerness of the worshippers to prove their devotion by pouring out money like water on the altars of their god set up in the Palm Lounge, the Starlight Roof, and the Cocktail Bar. He cannot fail also to be impressed by the efficiency with which the priests and attendants of this skyscraping temple encouraged the sacrifices of the faithful, catering to their every need—except perhaps the good of their souls—with serried ranks of telephone girls, regiments of bell-boys

(drawn up every morning for glove inspection), a private police force, the services of barbers, stenographers, and notaries public, facilities for holding society weddings, luxury shops right on the premises, suites the size of large houses, and the music of Xavier Cugat.

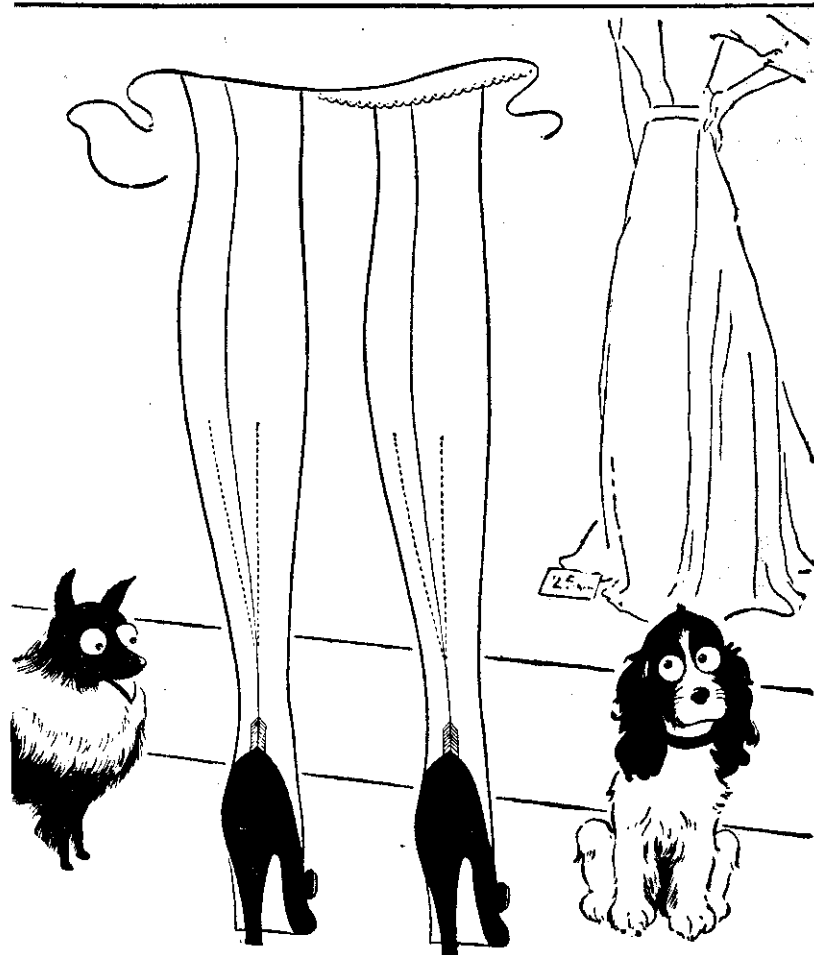
Oh well, I wouldn't mind spending a week-end at the Waldorf myself. Since I'm never likely to (and neither are you, as M-G-M know full well), this is possibly the next best thing—and we can get it all for one-and-six.

NATIONAL FILM UNIT

THE opening by the Prime Minister of the new physiotherapy school in Dunedin, and a demonstration of the newest methods in massage and latest equipment in use, is included in the National Film Unit's Weekly Review released on May 17 throughout the Dominion. Another item, "Season Opens," shows the opening of the basketball season, when 130 teams competed. Completing the reel is "Hospitals Meet Staff Problems," showing the modern equipment which hospitals have installed to lighten the work of former "domestic helps." A special item shows ships loading with New Zealand food for Britain.

Not Understood

AMONG the crowd peering at the works of Matisse and Picasso in the Victoria and Albert Museum recently, a British housewife clapped her hands and began a speech, reports *Time*. The paintings, she said, were: (1) The product of diseased minds; (2) garbage masquerading as art; (3) a racket imposed on the public. There was applause. Then followed letters to *The Times*. Lord Brabazon wrote that he thought he saw a painting of what seemed to be broken iron castings. Matisse had called it "A Recumbent Woman." Lord Brabazon said: "We shall soon be told that a multiple drill has sex appeal." Two letter-writers thought Picasso's pictures should be kept from children. Another reported hearing a child describe a mysterious Picasso work as a hippopotamus in bed.



shop hounds

She has taste, this girl, don't you think, Pom?

Surely, Spannie. You see, her stockings have both the converging fashion marks *and* the taper heel, which means they *must* be

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