



**GORDON CHATER**  
Why not start now?

nothing else, you must continue to act for a living when you left school? Supposing, in fact, one of you is a potential James Mason or Gary Cooper—and the idea is not laughable because both of them were schoolboys, too, once—what outlet to the stage or films have you got in New Zealand—unless, of course, your parents are so well off that they can send you to Australia, or London or New York to train—or unless you have the courage to work your passage to another continent, get a job and pay your way through the training for professional show business?" The answer is none.

My present company has absorbed two clever and potentially first-class stage artists—a boy and a girl, both from New Zealand: they are working as understudies. But very soon our tour will end and they both want to continue their profitable beginning into a secure and regular stage career. But how can they in New Zealand? Must they, like so many other New Zealand brains and talents, export themselves for recognition? It is incongruous when there is a demand for their talents in numerous theatres throughout their own country.

People in New Zealand are thrilled with flesh-and-blood theatre—particularly people who have never seen it before. Recently the cast of a school play came to see our productions. Seventeen boys. Only one of them had seen a professional straight play before. At Cambridge, in the Waikato, there were three members of the Borough Council over 50 years of age who had never seen a professionally-acted play before we went there. In the South Island an attractive and amusing young woman was sent by one of the papers to write a back stage story about us. She asked if Mr. Parry and Miss Robinson were professionals!

But in each of these cases I wish you could have seen and heard their individual exultations after seeing the show. As my charlady in London used to say, "It did the heart good." They experienced for the first time the same inexplicably thrilling experience I have every time the curtain rises on a flesh-and-blood play, and I spend the evening watching incidents build into a story that could very well in most cases compare with many parts of my own life—anyway, with conclusions that I have found profitably applicable in almost every case.

After the lean years, when for entertainment you have been fed on celluloid, of which—let's be honest—only a proportion sends you out of the cinema really refreshed, your country is now conscious of a different, absorbing, and hundred times more mind-tickling medium of entertainment. True, companies will come from overseas if you support them adequately. But they cannot come in too continuous succession. Why not start now and really get cracking with your own theatre—your own professional theatre?—and let the latent talent of one of the most overall highly educated and appreciative countries express itself. Let it give you the intense pleasure Londoners have at their fingertips in Shaftesbury Avenue or St. Martin's Lane and then you never need to say again: "I wonder when we shall be able to have another real evening of theatre like that!"

## Those Upright Chinese Eggs



IN June, 1945, *The Listener* ran a story from *Life* called "Eggs stand on end in Chungking," being the account of a silly season pastime that turned the attention of China's capital

away from China's war for a few weeks. The story told how everyone in Chungking was trying out a legend recorded in two old Chinese books of great antiquity—namely, that at a certain hour (Lih Chun) on a certain day in the year (a variable day) when Winter goes and Spring comes, eggs will stand on end. Of course they went on trying it for long after the magic hour had passed, and correspondents made copy of the craze. Albert Einstein was consulted, and at diplomatic dinners in China, high-ups stood eggs on end. Now a distant echo of that story has reached *The Listener*—this time from Nanking. Joan Young, a New Zealander with UNRRA, wrote recently to her father in Wellington that she had stood eggs on end in Nanking that day—at the magic hour. Winter went and Spring began at 11.45 p.m. on February 3 this year, and Miss Young, after consulting the ancient books *Know What Heaven Knows* and *The Secret Kaleidoscope*, stood eggs on end—"either end, with the greatest of ease (plus patience)." Miss Young sent several photographs with her letter, and we print one of them here,

## Miss Cynthia McAdoo

A New York Society favourite, Miss Cynthia McAdoo is young and outstandingly beautiful, with a radiantly fair complexion which she safeguards with Pond's. "It's my favourite beauty treatment," she says. Among the many other famous Pond's beauties are the Countess of Carnarvon, Mrs. Anthony J. Drexell III, Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle, Mrs. Henry C. Mellon, Jr.



### Such a simple and effective beauty care

You'll find that it is only a matter of minutes to keep your skin at its loveliest—with Pond's. Night and morning, and for daytime freshen-ups, too, smooth rich, satiny Pond's Cold Cream over your face and throat. Pat it on with a light upward movement of the fingertips, leave it on a few minutes to release dust and stale

make-up—then wipe it off and notice how spankily clean, refreshed and smooth your skin feels.

Always before you make-up, pat on a transparent film of deliciously fragrant, gossamer-light Pond's Vanishing Cream. It softens your skin for powder, holds make-up fresh and attractive for hours.



Pond's Cold Cream for thorough skin cleansing. Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder base and skin softener, at all chemists, chain and departmental stores in attractive jars.

POND'S EXTRACT CO. INTERNATIONAL LTD., BROCK AVE., TORONTO, CANADA