

# GOING TO THE CINEMA

IT is all so simple in New Zealand. The boy friend rings up and suggests the pictures. You are agreeable, you look in the paper to see what is showing and decide which one you wish to see. You tell him, he is happy to fall in with your idea, and says he will get tickets that afternoon—and will 7.30 be too early for him to call for you?

Together you arrive at the theatre—it may be the Majestic or the Plaza or the Regent, but whichever it is, it is handy, right in the centre of the town with a tram-stop close by. It is just 7.55 and a crowd of people, you among them, are streaming in, holding out tickets and being shown to their seats. Your seats are in the back circle, good comfortable seats with a clear view and you know that the boy friend has been a little extravagant and paid 2/10 each for them. You settle down to enjoy your evening, first the newsreel and shorts, then an interval to look around and chat and then the main picture—altogether pleasant and relaxing. After-

## ... West End Version

wards, perhaps, you will have coffee and hot buttered toast while you wait for the tram.

IT is Saturday in greater London and the boy friend has suggested seeing a film in the West End. *Passport to Pimlico* is your choice and he agrees but with no enthusiasm. There is a programme beginning at seven o'clock, he tells you, so that if you are there soon after six there is a chance you may get in. But you can see that he doesn't really think so. Anyway he is calling for you about five o'clock. (This is the boy friend who lives just around the corner.)

You reach Marble Arch just after six and stand dismayed. Long queues of people extend on both sides from the cinema doors. Two resplendent gentlemen in gold braid and uniform are controlling the crowd. Little notices stand at the head of the queues labelling them "3/-", "4/6", "6/-". You and the boy friend peer in at the slotted notice board just inside the doors which gives

the seat prices with a report on their fullness. "3/- queuing, 4/6 queuing, 6/- queuing, 9/- seats" you read.

"We could go in the 9/-," the boy friend offers, but you, being a reasonable and honest girl, know that it is too much to expect any boy to pay 18/- for cinema seats. "No," you say firmly. "I don't mind not seeing it. Let's go down to Piccadilly and see what is on there."

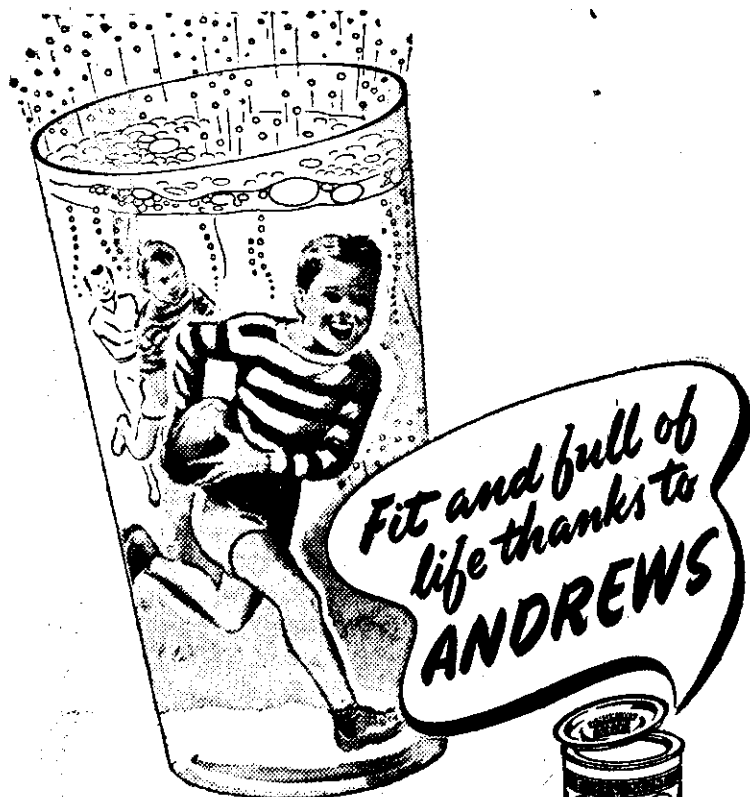
YOU catch a bus to Piccadilly Circus and stand and look at all the screaming notices that announce the magnificent, sensational, stupendous, record-breaking successes that are on there. You notice, too, that a very large proportion of greater London's population seems to have had the same idea as you. Outside each cinema the queues extend, rows and rows of patient people hoping



"All down the row people are on the move"

to be allowed to pay their money that they may gaze inside. You drift from Piccadilly through to Leicester Square. You and the boy friend are silent now and he has rather a tense expression. You have lost interest and hope. Past the queues outside the Warner and the

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