



Lady Maureen Le Poer Trench

## For that Glow of Beauty 'Blush-Cleanse' your skin

Lady Maureen le Poer Trench is unusually lovely with light brown hair and greenish-brown eyes. Lady Maureen says: "There's something about a 'blush-cleanse' with Pond's Cold Cream that gives skin a wonderful, fresh-alive feeling. It brings up a lovely rosy colour and makes my face beautifully clean and so soft."

### How to "Blush-Cleanse"

1. Rouse your face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream and swirl it in soft, creamy circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.
2. Blush-rinse. Cream again with snowy-soft Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl about 25 more creamy circles over your face and throat. Tissue well.
3. Tingle your face with a splash of cold water. Blot dry.

**RESULT:** Fresh colour floods your skin. It has an instant clean, sweet look, an instant softer, silkier feel!

### Complete Complexion Care

POND'S COLD CREAM, thorough skin cleanser, and POND'S VANISHING CREAM, powder base and skin softener. On sale everywhere in economy size jars and tubes — for 2/6. Ask also for POND'S DREAMFLOWER FACE POWDER—POND'S "LIPS" in 6 lush new American shades and POND'S CREAM LOTION for lovely hands.



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# Old People Alone

"APPALLING conditions of squalor and misery" are strong terms to be used in New Zealand, yet they have been used by a competent committee in Auckland, and echoed by the Wellington City Missioner, to describe the plight of thousands of old people living without adequate attention and often in unsuitable apartments. Any of us who have looked around the corners in our towns and cities know that they do not exaggerate. I spent a long time in a hospital ward where most of the patients were elderly. (Few under ninety will admit themselves "old"—all power to them!) I saw many lonely ones to whom accident or serious illness brought an acute crisis in their way of life. Never again could they completely care for themselves. What would they do? What would you do in their situation?

I write here of women, whose histories I know; and their stories are paralleled, often more tragically, by those of solitary and ageing men, whose domestic resources may be still more limited.

Mrs. A. was in her seventies, and widowed not long before her entry into hospital. She possessed a vigorous mind and a compelling personality; she had a house, a few savings, and the pension. She was discharged able to move around a little with the aid of a stick, and subject to heart attacks of such severity that immediate attention would be a life-and-death matter. She had no relatives in this country. Moreover, her home was her treasure—her dearest link with her past independent life. To tear her away and to house her in an institution would be to put unbearable chains upon an intrepid spirit.

The problem might appear an easy one. Hasn't she that priceless asset, a good, well-situated house which someone will be glad to share? But wait. After unfortunate experiences of drinking and quarrelling she will not admit a married couple. She seeks a woman, or perhaps two women, mother and daughter. This companion will have little to do, yet she must share Mrs. A's restricted existence. Will it be easy for a stranger to enter the home on those terms? Will the two temperaments—one of which, at least, is a decided one—blend harmoniously? No doubt there is a "Mrs. Right"; but how, and where, is she to be discovered?

### The Failing Body

Mrs. B. is also a widow, but of longer standing. Her husband's last illness and her own difficulties lost her their home and transferred her, with a few belongings, to a city rooming-house. Here, lonely and without stimulus, she spent many miserable years. Then she broke her leg. This calamity pitchforked her among new associates, in whose presence she re-discovered a lively wit and a broad interest in other people. Mrs. B. would never again allow herself to be confined to a solitary back room. But

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ELSIE LOCKE

when the mind was ready to live again, at that very time the body failed her. Long months in hospital have failed to re-educate the damaged leg. She has learned to walk no more than a few yards at a time, and with great difficulty.

What then? Mrs. B. is in an old people's home. She is not unhappy there, having companionship and all necessary attention. But she, too, dreams of independence, of a room where friends may share a cup of tea, where her own pictures and crockery and knick-knacks will surround her, where her routine is not mapped out by somebody else. And she is saving up, hopefully and with careful husbanding of her pension, against The Day.

If that day should come—what then? Another dismal apartment house where her self-chosen tasks are just a little too great to be coped with successfully?

Memory recalls another room where I used to visit a similar old warrior, Mrs. C. She was eighty-three and in appearance, as well as in outlook and in the life she had led, she made me think of Annie Besant. She lay in a bed that appeared never to be made. Books and papers and dead flowers and clothing were bundled in reckless confusion over every article of furniture in the room. When she was unable to rise for meals, a young man in the house brought her food. No one in the street seemed even aware of her existence. Mrs. C. was educated and accustomed to clean, gracious living; but the situation was beyond her. She, too, had an accident. I saw her in that same hospital ward where I was afterwards to spend so many months. In the white bed she now looked peaceful; her body rested with her mind. And I could scarcely regret it when, a few days later, she died.

### Late Romance

Miss D. came of a long-lived family. She cared for her parents until both were over eighty; hers was the familiar story of the faithful unmarried daughter. Left alone, she maintained their country cottage, she read, embroidered and found life pleasant until well into her sixties. One evening when she had been gathering sticks to kindle her fire a certain neighbourly bachelor, engaged in the same pursuit, walked home with her. "It seems a bit odd, don't it," he said. "Here's me carrying home my bundle of sticks, and you carrying home yours—for one little fire apiece, when we could have a good fire for us both." Miss D. was amused at this unorthodox proposal. "It wouldn't be any use our sharing a fireside," she said, "if there wasn't love between us."

Miss D. met with an illness; and she who had been sturdy was now too frail to live in an isolated country cottage. Her brother invited her to come to his home. They got on well together, but that, said Miss D. doggedly, was just the trouble. Though the heavens fall, she was not going to spoil the family happiness by unloading an ailing Auntie upon her sister-in-law and her nieces. She went to a

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