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**5<sup>d</sup>**  
PER LB.

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(Continued from previous page)

hup damn." Oh, how ashamed I was. Alan looked uncomfortable, and he had to choose this time to tell me that he'd met his old boss in the morning and had promised to lunch with him and go on to see the football afterwards. He'd come straight home, and would see me about five. Did I mind? One of his reasons for joining the Air Force was to get away from the old b.b. blighter. Oh, well! At long last he did arrive, but not till after six, and accompanied by my brother Bill. They'd met at the park and decided to have one or two on the way home. Tea was a long-drawn-out affair. Everybody was pleased to see Alan, and all wanted to talk to him, and then as a special concession, they all got out of the dining room and left Alan and me to clear up and wash the dishes.

Alan was wiping the last cup when Mum came in to say that Dad had got the car out and had four reserves for the pictures. Of course with father putting on the party, we just had to go. The picture was lousy. Home again, and then some supper. Dad didn't seem to be a bit sleepy. He talked and talked and talked. Even if it is more than thirty years since his courting days, you'd think he'd be a little more tactful. Then we discovered that Alan had about two minutes to catch his last tram, so off he dashed, giving me one quick good-night kiss and a promise to call around early in the morning.

**SUNDAY**

Woke at seven o'clock to discover it was raining hard. It would! Made morning tea, had a bath and then dressed. When I took Dad his cup of tea, I dropped a hint that he might lend Alan the car. Perhaps! Dad said something about us all going for a drive, so I dropped the subject. Half past nine, Alan rang to say he'd missed the morning tram, so wouldn't be able to come until after lunch. Promised to stay to tea, though, and would go straight on to the station. He arrived at half past two, and was hardly inside before Bill took possession, and started talking about the Air Force, 'planes, propellers, and all that sort of rot. Then Dad came in and insisted they play a game of snooker—he meant three. Alan came in to the kitchen to talk while I was preparing tea. Mum came in to help. To help! To—aw what's the use!

We had to hurry through tea, and Dad got the car out and drove us down to the station. Mum came for the ride. It seemed so hard to think he was off again after such a short time. Just before the train left, Alan told me there was something he wanted to say to me, but he hadn't had a chance. He would write as soon as he got back—by that I think he meant he would tell me in his letter. Is he going to propose? I wonder! Oh, well! he's gone now and it's back to work tomorrow. Who said the war doesn't hit us girls?

## While The Kettle Boils

Dear Friends,

Last week we spoke of the necessity of keeping a sane, normal outlook during these troublesome times; and I suggested, as a solution, that we keep up our interest in dress.

To-day I want to say something about style. Style? It is such a large term—it covers everything from a lift in skirts to the sway and turn of our locks. If we were quite honest, we would confess that it leads us by the nose, and that, in reality, we are willing victims. Let us reflect on style.

Paris has always been the capital of the fashion world. It has issued its decree—and world's women have hastened to obey.

A girl stands forth in a fashion parade. Her hair spreads back in two raven wings—her classic white face looks as though it has run into a giant spider's web—and just by chance a bird alights and rests on her forehead. So a new fashion is born—a hat.

Other hats follow in its wake, tumbling gaily out of the season's bandbox. New lines in frocks, new colours, make last season's models out-dated.

Frocks of 1940, with their svelte, stream-cut lines, are symbolic of our present age of speed—everything is on swift flowing lines.

A new style, however, is not just an expensive fad that benefits only the few. Its actual creation and the sales that follow help a hundred others down the working scale—from the girl who models it to the little seamstress who sews the

humblest stitch; from textile mills to cardboard box factories.

The leaders of fashion overseas play their part in the economic drama. Even when they powder their noses there is a reaction in a hundred factories throughout the world; a clamour in the markets where buyers and sellers match their wits.

A woman and her whims keeps this mighty machine moving. One recalls that memorable occasion when a dye-making concern invented a new shade of red.

"Give that exclusively to me," said Chanel, the great dress designer, "and I will make it famous."

It was called Chanel red, and it became famous all over the world, minting fortunes for its creators and its entrepreneurs.

However, everything is not clear sailing in the realm of fashion. For one style that clicks there are a dozen others that are tried and tossed aside. Style and fashion are both incalculable. A simple fashion will spring up overnight—and next day it will be on its way to becoming a world rage.

Fashions overseas change officially twice a year. Spring and Autumn are the seasons when all the buyers gather at the famous Fashion Shows, and each change of style entails hundreds and millions of pounds. In America, clothing is the fifth greatest industry—and in England, the ninth.

So next time your husband growls when you talk about buying a new hat just let him have these figures. If he is a reflective type of person they'll give him food for thought—and you a new outfit.

Best of luck! Yours cordially,

*Cynthia*