

WHILE THE KETTLE BOILS

Dear Friends,

The new year is already stepping jauntily out and the old year lies behind us—and if we are wise it will stay there. Holiday-makers are still in a festive mood—and the echoes of Christmas and New Year greetings are still in our ears.

All the best! Like a glee chorus, the words passed from mouth to mouth; circling in a genial embrace the whole of our Dominion. But this year it held a deeper significance. Not just a cheery greeting—but the expressed hope of friend to friend, kith to kin, that the untried new year might deal kindly with them and theirs. So 1941 came in.

Not the least of the 1940-41 excitements is the stocking battle that is

continuing to be waged. The whisper that stockings were becoming increasingly difficult to procure started a feminine stampede. Stocking counters were besieged and hosiery sales boomed up. Then quietly, almost unobtrusively, little bottles of pinky-brown liquid began to appear in the shops. A discreet sign advised patrons that this was the new leg paint—and that if they didn't use it now—well, the day wasn't very far off. As evidence, a model leg painted with the "new stocking" stood side by side with a real stockinged leg. Impossible to detect the difference.

"But what about the feel?" I asked a young shop assistant. In imagination

I felt Wellington winds assailing my unprotected legs.

"The paint," she said, "acts as a covering. After all, sheer silk stockings don't offer much protection or warmth, do they?"

I agreed while I denied. I decided I would cling to my stockings—as long as stockings were forthcoming.

Experimental laboratories are already working at full pressure on our behalf. The latest synthetic stocking to appear out of America is Nylon, a thread made of coal, water, and air. We wonder, fatalistically, what will be next?

Seventy-seven years ago the first pair of socks were knitted in England. A mere man lays claim to that distinction, one William Riley. This enterprising gentleman had no pattern to follow. He borrowed a pair of worsted stockings from an Italian merchant and used them as a copy.

Imagine counting the rows and stitches?

But a Mrs. Montague, a gentlewoman at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, spent ten years in knitting one pair of stockings for her royal mistress. These were gorgeous creations, modelled on the scarlet silk Spanish hose of Edward VI. Queen Elizabeth was so delighted with the stockings that she ordered several other pairs. Mrs. Montague, however, was a business woman. The bill for the stockings eventually presented to the Queen is on record in London to-day—£762/11/1¾. An expensive item—even for a Queen.

It is related that William Lee, a young Oxford student, resented so much the fact that his sweetheart was always

Any Woman, 1940

I had not thought of this. . .
I knew there'd be weariness and
dread,
And the waiting and the darkness
pressing downward
And comrades dead.
I thought of this and of quick
youth stilled,
(Like broken blossom or a half-
sung song)
Of loneliness . . . and young blood
spilled
And the lone long
Hours when thoughts crowd out
the ghost of sleep.
I had thought of these . . . but
now I pray
Not for torn limbs but for a mind
gone halt,
Not for bodily grace now marred,
But for a soul forever scarred,
Twisted and maimed and sore.
I should have asked for more . . .
I can do nothing for a broken
faith,
I cannot even keep the wraith
Of memory away.
They haunt each day, and every
silent night
Is peopled by young faces and old
tears
And ghastly places . . . and for
ever tears.
So, God . . .
My prayer before, sure, strong,
so fierce a thing
Grown tear-wet, mellowed, stumb-
ling in its plea,
Now asks of Thee,
That he may feel the swift desire
to sing again,
Forgetting pain.

Nancy J. Monro.

knitting when in his company that he invented the first stocking knitting machine. It achieved the miracle of producing three pairs in 15 hours. We presume his sweetheart was converted.

To-day the aristocrat of stockings is Willys. Exquisitely hand-painted or embroidered with jewels, no two pairs are ever made alike. This artist asks and secures £25 a pair for his masterpieces. Marlene Dietrich once paid him £250 for a specially designed creation for her exclusive wear.

Yours Cordially,

Cynthia

I'M OFF GIRLS FOR LIFE!

OH, COME ON, TOM! MY GIRL'S SISTER IS LOVELY! AND I TOLD HER POSITIVELY I'D BRING YOU ALONG!

NOTHING DOING! GIRLS TREAT ME LIKE POISON—AND I'M OFF THE WHOLE LOT OF 'EM!

THERE'S JUST ONE THING SPOILS YOU WITH GIRLS, TOM. IT'S— ER, YOU'RE GOING TO THE SHIP'S DENTIST— TOMORROW! ASK HIM WHAT CAUSES BAD BREATH!

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOUR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY. . .

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH . . . MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odours that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans enamel—makes teeth sparkle. Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER— THANKS TO COLGATE'S

LOOK AT TOM! AND I THOUGHT HE WAS 'OFF GIRLS FOR LIFE!'

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? TOM'S THE CHAMPION LADY-KILLER OF THE FLEET NOWADAYS!

Listen-in every Wednesday night at 9 o'clock to "THE YOUTH SHOW" from your ZB Station. Every artist under 21—every artist a star!

COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

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MONKEY MEANS VICTORY LINE
NATIONAL SAVINGS MOVEMENT