

# WOOL-GATHERING



An interrogative silence. She comes to with a start and a blush of guilt.

"So sorry! What's everybody gone? I'm afraid I've been wool-gathering."

## From Shop to Shop

This proves that wool-gathering is the wrong word. It should be wool-gleaning. The process consists of trekking mournfully from shop to shop and, like Ruth, pouncing gratefully upon other people's leavings. In this way one can get quite a collection of wools. But this is not the

same thing as a collection of wool. With a collection of wool you can make a sane garment like a man's cardigan or a baby's bootee. With a collection of wools you can make an antimacassar. And antimacassars are no longer welcome, even if classified as Comforts for the Forces.

## Strength in Unity

Our only hope for a solution of the problem lies in unity. We must organise our friends into Wool-Gleaning Combines and pool our resources.

The Wool-Gleaning Combine has distinct possibilities. In the first place a system of patrols could be organised to ensure that every wool-selling shop in the city could be visited at least once an hour. When a supply of wool arrived the officer of the combine could buy it up, to be shared among the other members. The method at present in vogue of prowling round the town until you see a crowd outside a shop and then working your way to the front is, by comparison, haphazard in the extreme. Moreover, it gives an unfair ad-

vantage to the housewife or the woman of independent means who can spend a whole morning scouring the shops and looking for a crowd. By the time the business girl's lunch hour has come the crowd has dispersed, so that she has no way of even knowing where the wool was, let alone buying any.

The Combine could, moreover, put itself on a sound profit-making basis by establishing corners in wool. A well-

organised espionage system would enable it to buy up all supplies as soon as they came in. It would then proceed to raise prices. In a short time it would be able to dictate terms. All the women of New Zealand would be on their knees before it. Its members would become the most affluent and respected persons in the community.

Wool-gatherers of the World, Unite!  
—M.B.

PERHAPS it's in the middle of a bridge hand or a sewing session. You ask a question. It hangs in the air, unanswered. You look up and notice that your friend's face is a mask of non-comprehension, and that her eyes have that restless, longing, far-away look.

Along what strange paths has her spirit borne her? What unsatisfied quest takes her so far from you in spirit?

But you know the answer.

In imagination she traverses the High Street. She enters the General Store. In a few moments she returns, still with that unsatisfied longing in her eyes. She passes five shops, then turns into Woolworth's. She comes out, empty-handed. She crosses the street to enter a small draper's. No result. The General Store. She emerges with a worried frown and a tin of cocoa.

"Three No Trumps."

"No bid."

## Lunch with Your Favourite Announcer

CONSIDERABLE interest and amusement is being aroused in Christchurch by the 3ZB session *A Luncheon Date with your Favourite Announcer*, a contest which hinges on listeners' ability to fill in the last line of a verse which is read over the air. The winner receives an invitation to lunch with her favourite announcer at a leading Christchurch hotel.

With a nice sense of balance, it has also been made possible for any male listener who happens to win the contest to take one of 3ZB's several attractive feminine announcers to lunch. The luncheon date over, the winner is then interviewed over the air, the interview centring around topics discussed during luncheon and the winner's impressions of her favourite announcer.

The first contest was won by Miss Alma McPherson, of Sydenham, who was duly taken to lunch by Peter Whitchurch. Interviewed over the air the same afternoon, she confessed that she had been so nervous that she had not had a bite to eat for 24 hours. However, Mr. Whitchurch turned out to be the perfect host, and she did full justice to the lunch.



Delicious "ROASTO" flavours, colours, thickens and seasons — Gravies, Stews, Beef Tea, and Soups. Makes Casseroles the most appetizing dishes you ever enjoyed.

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# LADY CECILIA SMILEY "DIGS FOR VICTORY"



—but despite being out in all weathers she keeps her skin glorious with Pond's two creams.

Lady Cecilia Smiley loves open-air life and has taken up farming as her war work. She has dark hazel eyes, brown hair and a gloriously smooth milk white skin.

## QUESTION TO LADY CECILIA SMILEY:

Don't you find that long hours out in the open are very hard on your complexion, Lady Smiley?

## ANSWER:

Yes, I do. But in spite of being out in all sorts of weather my complexion is every bit as smooth and soft as it used to be, and my entire thanks goes to Pond's two wonderful creams. Even before the War I discovered that Pond's creams did more for my complexion than elaborate beauty treatments.

## You must use Pond's two creams for new skin loveliness

Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream were made for each other. Don't expect any ordinary Cold Cream to harmonise with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It won't. You must use Pond's delicate, sensitive creams together as a complete beauty method, if you want the same skin beauty as the world's loveliest

and most distinguished women.

Pond's famous method: For thorough cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream. Pat on generously, leave on few minutes, then wipe off. Pond's Cold Cream removes dust and stale make-up. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base and skin softener.



Sold at all stores and chemists in 9½ tubes for your handbags, 1/0½ and 2/1 jars for your dressing table.

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**FREE!** Mail this Coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's Two Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also five samples of Pond's "Glare-proof Face Powder."

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