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*Viscountess Tarbat protects
tiny evacuees*

Lady Tarbat, the wife of the Viscount Tarbat, is a member of the Women's Voluntary Service. In her country estate she cares for tiny evacuees.

Despite war strain Lady Tarbat keeps her skin Lovely with Pond's Two Creams

Lady Tarbat says, "Pond's Creams work wonders for my skin. Pond's Creams are indispensable to every woman who values a clear, smooth healthy skin."

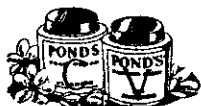
Every night cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Just pat it on, wipe it gently away, and all the dirt and make-up will come with it.

Every morning use Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder. It

will protect and soften your skin, and help your powder to cling longer.

As you use Pond's two creams together you will notice your skin become fresher, clearer and smoother. Harsh, weather-beaten skin grows softer, big pores close up, and shrunken undertissues fill out so that ugly little lines and wrinkles are smoothed away.

Your skin will take on that lovely, radiant look you long for.



Sold at all Stores and Chemists in tubes for your handbags, and in jars for your dressing table.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH SOLDIERS AND SAILORS?

(Continued from page 7.)

And give them variety. Why not have orchestras and dancing in all the restaurants?"

Comparison With Egypt

"WELLINGTON seems a very grey place to be stationed near after Egypt," said a soldier when questioned by *The Listener*. "There really are very good clubs for us in Cairo. There is for instance the Victory Club. This is a beautiful building with lounges, and rooms where you can sit and read and write. There is a very good café, and an excellent library, the nucleus of which was privately given. Lectures are given here and there are also societies for those who want to run special hobbies, photography for example. Attached I think to the Victory Club is the 'Music for All.' This is an old picture theatre that has been made over into a concert hall. Entertainments, lectures and concerts are given here nightly and there is music during the greater part of the day. The floor has been cleared and furnished with small tables and chairs and refreshments are also served. Altogether this was a very pleasant place and it has the additional advantage that we could take our civilian friends there. Then there is the New Zealand Services Club which provides everything down to a barber and a bootlace, and," he added with a smile, "bar open on Sundays. This is open to all ranks and to both sexes in the service, and is very popular with men from here. But these are only a few. There must be twenty or more clubs of this sort."

"How do you get to know where to go and what is on?"

"Well, at first we just had to find out ourselves, but now there is a weekly paper published specially for the men in the forces. It is called *What to do, Where to go, What to see, and How to get there*. There are lists of clubs and their charges, programmes of lectures and concerts and in fact every sort of entertainment, so that really we men have every chance of making the most of our time off. There may be some suggestions here for the people of Wellington. After all Egypt has had a good deal of experience with troops."

A Sailor Speaks

FINALLY, we stopped a British naval rating in the street, and asked him what recreations there were for such as himself in Wellington.

"Well," he said, "There's not much for us to do on a Sunday. There are dances on Saturdays, but a lot of us are tired when we get off. We don't all want to dance. We don't want to be fussed about. Most of us just want a place where we can sit quiet and read a book or write a letter or perhaps play a game of cards, or darts, or billiards. Christchurch is good in that respect. I reckon the South Island folk are a whole lot more friendly than the North Island, what I've seen of them."

"Do you think it would help much to have hotels open on Sundays?"

"Well, it might," he replied, "but that isn't really what we want. We don't want to spend a lot of cash, and we don't want to get drunk. No sir! There's a lot talked about servicemen getting drunk



FEED HIM: This staff-sergeant of the United States Army Air Corps, on leave in Australia, seems to be enjoying Australian food

and being a nuisance, but the boys I know—well, they just don't want to get drunk. They think too much of themselves. And in this country you have to lean over a bar. That's no good. If you can sit at a table and talk, you don't drink so much. That's how it is in other places I've struck."

"And what sort of entertainment would you like, say, on Sundays?"

"Anything would be better than nothing. Pictures, plays—we like flesh and blood. And it would be nice if we could have an extra show by your Repertory company now and then for servicemen. A whole lot of us like music, too. Now look, every Sunday night the NBS puts over a concert, a good concert, a concert that many of our chaps would like to hear, but it's from the studio, and we haven't any receiving sets in the street. Why can't they give the very same concert at the Town Hall like the 'Proms' in England? Go? of course we would go, especially if we servicemen could get in free. I've a ticket here for to-morrow night's concert — Peter Dawson, but I've had to pay ten bob for a seat. That's a big hole out of my pay. But Sunday night concerts wouldn't mean extra work. The Town Hall is there, the orchestra is there—they would be playing anyhow—so why not give us chaps a chance to hear it all?"

"Do you think the men would like talks or lectures more or less educational?"

"Too right we would. Not all, you never get all, but there would be quite a sprinkling. Look what they are doing in England. I reckon the war is a great educational opportunity, and it's being wasted—out here, anyhow."

He moved a package under his arm, gramophone records. "There goes a chunk out of my pay," he said. "Beethoven's Violin Concerto, played by Heifetz. I'll have some music when I'm at sea, anyway."