

A TIP for Camera Owners

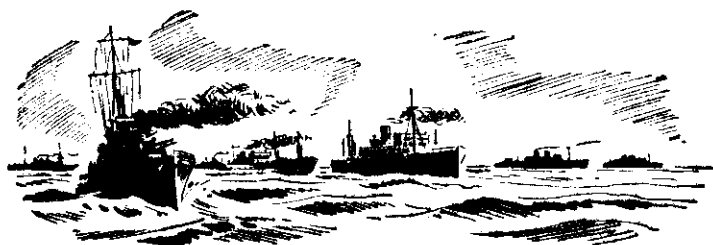
Photography is a wonderful hobby; keep your camera busy if you can. If your Camera is "on the shelf", let us make a CASH offer. All photo apparatus wanted.

KODAK NEW ZEALAND LTD.

162 Queen St., Auckland: 292 Lambton Quay, Wellington: 681 Colombo St., Christchurch: 162 Princes St., Dunedin.

SO WE ASKED THE GIRLS....

WE have had numerous communications by letter and telephone following our recent article on the entertainment of troops on leave. The letters have come chiefly from the country—we print two on this page—the telephone suggestions chiefly from the city. Obviously, however, the people most concerned are the young women in both town and country who will be off-duty companions to all these visiting soldiers and sailors—who will take them home, dance or walk with them, and entertain them in clubs. To see how they feel about it all we have interviewed something like a cross-section of them in and about Wellington. What is true in Wellington will, in a case like this, be more or less true in all other centres where troops will gather. First, here are the letters:



Here's to the Merchant Marine!

● "In this war, deeds of human courage and mechanical ingenuity are being performed that will amaze future generations," writes the English author Captain Frank H. Shaw. "And running through the record will be the legend of British stubbornness at sea: 'unsinkable' ships that aren't allowed to stay at the bottom, men who unhesitatingly sail again no matter what has happened to them."

● The courage and endurance of the merchant marine is a modern example of British tradition. The same tradition survives in many forms, such as the enjoyment by the majority of our people of a friendly glass at a public-house. Soldiers, sailors, and civilians meet on human terms on such occasions—just as soldiers, sailors, and civilians foregathered at the village inns at the time of the Armada and in the days of Nelson.

● Nowadays both civilian and military considerations demand moderation in the use of alcoholic beverages. A small minority of people are sometimes inclined to abuse their freedom, but good citizenship demands sobriety and reasonable behaviour at all times.

An announcement inserted in the Nation's interests by the National Council of the Licensed Trade of New Zealand.

To The Editor

Sir,—In the latest issue of your paper, both in your Editorial and your feature article, you have made some endeavour to prepare the public for a situation which is bound to arise with the influx of thousands of overseas soldiers. In dealing with the social and entertaining side of the matter, I fear that there may be the possibility of overlooking what may well prove to be the gravest problem of all—the age-old problem of sex. As you pointed out in your Editorial, soldiers have been soldiers ever since nations first began to fight, and have lived unnatural lives. At the same time they are also human beings, with God-given instincts. So the question is, how are we going to face up to this problem? Are we going to bury our heads in the sand, and try to persuade ourselves that there will be no sex problem, or are we going to encourage these soldier cousins of ours from overseas to marry our girls? Why not? Let us not suppose that these brave men are vultures, just out to way-lay our women. I firmly believe of them, as I do of our own men, that the majority are clean, upright, straight-living chaps—many of them prepared to live a life of celibacy for the sake of someone they love at home. At the same time we must face the facts of human nature. We expect our soldiers to show great courage in the face of death. Let us therefore, on the home front, show that we have the courage to face realities.

"REALIST" (Hastings).

Sir,—Your article "What shall we do with our soldiers and sailors?" has been discussed with interest in my family circle. May I make a suggestion? Many of us would be glad to show the same hospitality to men from overseas as has been shown to our men in England, Egypt, and Canada. I suggest that an organisation be formed with the idea of arranging for overseas men on leave to visit private homes in different parts of New Zealand. An appeal through radio and newspaper would, I feel sure, bring a quick response. A small committee composed of Americans and New Zealanders could deal with letters offering hospitality, and arrange visits. As a country dweller, I realise that lack of benzene would hamper the entertainment of our guests, but there may be men who would enjoy a few days on a farm and quiet home life. We should be glad of the opportunity of getting to know them and perhaps strengthening the bond between our two countries.

"Z" (Hawke's Bay).

WHAT THE GIRLS THEMSELVES THINK

A CONVERSATION we overheard in a milk-bar threw some light on the method our American friends use to "get acquainted." The boys leaned lazily over the bar while the girls went on polishing the glasses, and in between mouthfuls of ice cream they planned their evening out. They found out what time the girls finished work—5.30 in this case—invited themselves up for tea, and from there on the conversation was inaudible. The little girl who came round to wipe our table told us she was going out with a sailor occasionally. She's taken him home for tea and mother had approved of him. They go dancing, and

although she found doing the "jitterbug" rather exhausting at first, she's now very keen, and thinks our own dances rather dull.

She Entertains Sailors

"YES, we meet lots of Americans. All seamen of course, because that's all we cater for. Our object is to create a friendly homelike atmosphere and we treat all ranks from captain to galley boy as equals."

"What about the negroes?"

"Just the same—they're all human beings. We dance with them—they're good dancers, too, specially at tapping. Whoever asks for a dance we're bound to give him one. If we don't like the man we can excuse ourselves after the first one but nobody must feel he is being given the cold shoulder. As a matter of fact the riff-raff (for there are a few—a small minority—in every army, including our own) very seldom frequent the clubs."

"There's one thing too about the Americans from which the New Zealanders could take a lead. And that's how very considerate and thoughtful they are towards girls. Have you noticed how they always take your arm when walking down the street, even if almost strangers? At first I thought it was cheek on their part, but now I realise it's just one of their customs. It's rather sweet really, especially at night."

Club Secretary

"YES, we're busier than ever these days since the Americans arrived. We find they've hearty appetites and seem to enjoy the meals we provide. There was great excitement among the girls the first night a party of sailors came to our club, and although the girls appeared to be having a little difficulty trying to dance they were certainly enjoying themselves. Lots of our girls have invited soldiers and sailors to their home, and these boys have told me how much they appreciate such hospitality. I encourage the girls to take the boys out, because I know our own lads overseas, and particularly in America, are receiving a grand welcome. But I also point out to the girls that they have even a greater duty to our own boys who are away. "Go out and enjoy all the fun that's going," I tell them, "but don't neglect those letters and parcels that are looked forward to so eagerly, and don't give the idea that their place in our hearts has been filled."

Personal Friends

THIS was one of the easiest stories to get. Without blushes she confessed that an American sailor was using all her spare time, and she found it a bright way of using it. She'd met her sailor friend at a club a few weeks ago. As she entered the lounge she saw a lonely American come to the door, look in shyly, and then turn away. Feeling rather like a bad bold hussy she went after him, brought him back, and introduced him to the party. Soon several other friends of his drifted in and joined

(Continued on next page)