

AMERICA ENTERTAINS

U.S. Marines Put On A Show

THERE was a general convergence of khaki, air force blue, marine green, and sailor's navy blue toward the Majestic Theatre, Wellington, on the afternoon of Sunday, December 20. "What sort of talent can we expect?" we thought as we elbowed and threaded in and out of marines, soldiers, sailors. "What's this?" said a passing private, "The American Jamboree Concert? Let's go and see what's on." And another was added to the crowding audience.

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Inside, the auditorium is hung with flags. Row upon row of quiet and broad-shouldered males wait expectantly. Here and there among the bared heads are the caps of W.A.A.F.S.'s and W.A.A.C.'s and an occasional busy-looking man in mufti indicates that ZB technicians are on the job. Outside, a big van has been busy disgorging the band of the U.S. Marines and their formidable instruments.

At the raising of the curtain we see them resplendent on the stage. Then they open with great vigour on "To the Shores of Tripoli", and the show begins. Linked with bright patter between an American master of ceremonies and Jacko the New Zealand ZB announcer, the performers do their turns in best

Hollywood style. Could New Zealand boys come forward quite so naturally to the "mike" and sing "I don't want to walk without you, Baby"? But it is not only the marines who hold the floor. There are sailors with mouth organs and guitars, and we are introduced to the Chicken Reel.

This is a special performance, not just for the moment's entertainment. All the time there are ZB technicians hard at work recording all that goes on, and the recordings will later be sent to America—from the "Kiwis" to the "Eagles." Performers are called to the "mike" to send messages to the folks back home, and as a change from the uniformed performers, New Zealand girls give items.

And when the last song is sung and it is time to go down again into the sunny Sunday afternoon outside there is a universal murmur of approval among the cheerful audience. "Say, I liked that girl who sang 'Three Little Sisters', couldn't you get me an intro. to her?" "Your band was swell". "Didn't you think that was the best?" "I guess we've heard too much of it lately. They've been practising morning, noon and night. It's about time they shut down. Maybe they will now." "You boys must have a lot



Spencer Digby photograph
ENA RAPLEY

The New Zealand singer, who gave items at the American Concert

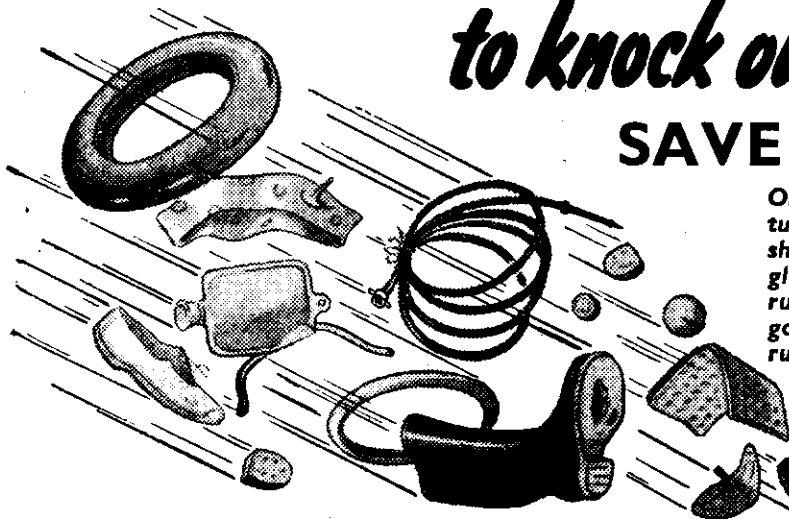
of talent among you. Perhaps some of you come from Hollywood?"

That is rather what we are thinking as we stroll outside. From New Zealand to America and from America to New Zealand. The ties that bind us are getting stronger all the time.

MOBILISE SCRAP

to knock out the Jap!

SAVE RUBBER . . .



Old car, truck and cycle tyres and tubes; old garden hose; rubber soled shoes; hot water bottles; rubber gloves; bathing shoes and caps; rubber mats; old football bladders; goloshes; gumboots (tied in pairs); rubber heels, etc. etc.

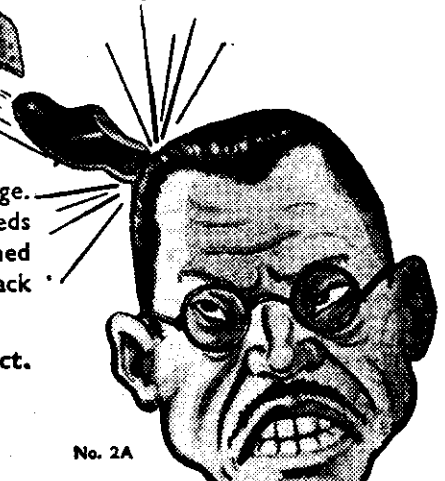
Search your home from attic to basement, search your garage. Look at the old familiar things in a new light. Your country needs every pound of rubber to provide the fighting materials our armed forces must have. Get started **NOW**. Have them ready to flow back into the bloodstream of our war production when called on.

Watch out for notification of collections in your district.

All proceeds from the sale of waste to go to Patriotic Funds.

ISSUED BY AUTHORITY OF THE MINISTRY OF SUPPLY.

No. 2A



The need is URGENT! SALVAGE for VICTORY!