

Distinguished American Beauty

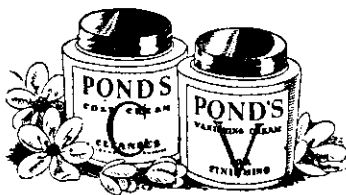
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel III.

... a name which represents generations of culture, wealth and distinction in America ... has for years followed the Pond's beauty ritual. She says, "I cleanse my skin night and morning with Pond's Cold Cream. Then when my skin is all fresh, I spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for overnight softening, or for a powder base when I'm going out."



Pond's Cold Cream for soft-smooth cleansing. Pat it in over face and throat—a little will do, because Pond's goes so much further. Now wipe off. Your face feels clean as rain, soft as silk.

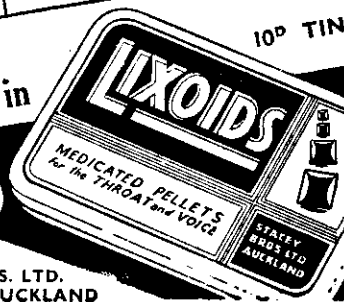
Pond's Vanishing Cream—a much-loved powder base. Apply lightly before make-up. It's non-greasy. Takes and holds powder with velvet smoothness—and helps protect against wind and weather, too!



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"THEY CLAMOUR FOR MORE"

What Good Music Means To Men In The Forces

IN our recent interview with Lt. Terry Vaughan, musical director of the Kiwi Concert Party, the point was made that it is never necessary to cheapen music for soldiers. "I can be as fastidious as I like," Mr. Vaughan told us, "and refuse to make any concessions to bad taste, and the men approve a hundred per cent." Interesting confirmation of this attitude has now reached us in "London Calling," the BBC weekly, which prints this astonishing account of a tour of British Army and Navy centres by the BBC Symphony Orchestra.

ONE of the most remarkable music festivals of our time is not an exaggerated description of the fortnight's music-making recently organised by Ensa (Entertainments National Service Association), in collaboration with the BBC when the BBC Symphony Orchestra visited Army and Navy centres to play to the Forces and to war-workers.

Seats were available at threepence, and the most expensive were not more than a shilling—for brigadiers and commanders!

This venture was no matter of mere "light entertainment." The orchestra played the classical symphonies, overtures, suites, and concertos, as well as modern works. The conductors were Sir Adrian Boult, Clarence Taybould, Stanford Robinson, Constant Lambert and William Walton. Solomon, Myra Hess, Denis Matthews, Eileen Joyce, Moiseiwitsch, and Louis Kentner, all pianists, were the soloists. And the Army, Navy, and the factory workers loved it, clamoured for more, and were loth to let the artists go.

I went to some of these concerts, writes C. B. Rees. The enthusiasm was infectious. More, it was discriminating. I watched the Navy listen to Delius, the Army absorbing Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony, war-workers closely attentive to Beethoven, and the experience was an education. Nothing here of sophisticated boredom, of highbrow condescension, of niggling expertise.

"They Swept You Away"

The tour was a tremendous stimulus and refreshment to all who took part. The audiences concentrated hearts and minds on the music; they enjoyed it, and at the end they swept you away with their applause, for it had in it that quality of spontaneous combustion so often lacking in the ordinary concert hall.

On one fine summer evening, the Navy—that portion of it that could not get into the building—sat outside and listened to the music through the open doors, listened enraptured. No tempering of musical wind to shorn lambs! Here were the masterpieces superbly played. And you felt that every note was vital, that the effort was worth making, that the return in appreciation and delight was heart-warming.

Into the conductor's room at the Garrison Theatre came a dark-skinned

soldier. He wanted the conductor's autograph, but he wanted more than that, to say: "I cannot tell you the pleasure I have had to-day. I come from Jamaica. I now get less opportunity than I should like either to listen to or to make music—yes, I used to make music at home. But it has been a privilege to-day, that music and that playing. Thank you, sir, thank you very much."

That was at the end of the afternoon concert. I saw him again in the evening, smiling, his eyes alight, a happy man. It is worth making music for him. And his name is Multitude.

A week later, I spoke to a young man in naval uniform after a concert at which Dennis Matthews had played a Mozart pianoforte concerto. He was a keen amateur musician, pianist and conductor of a local society. "Difficult to do much of that these days," he said to me, shyly. "But to hear an orchestra like this, playing up, not down to us... well, it's grand. Helps you to look forward with keenness to doing something again, after the war with a piano and a few singers..."

Gracie Fields Took Less

It is not only that a large, a growing number, of men and women, engaged on grim work—or preparation for it—get pleasure from music; it is a question of the quality of the pleasure they get. And there is no mistaking it. The faces, the comments, the enthusiasm, the discrimination—all these told any observer what music meant to the men and women who took part in this Ensa-BBC Festival.

At one of the Garrison Theatre concerts more money was taken—I believe two shillings and ninepence more—than at a Gracie Fields show at the same place. In future, anybody who tells me that serious music is not wanted by the Forces will have that two and ninepence hurled at him.

I am not suggesting that everybody in the audiences had a technical or even a general knowledge of music. Several officers—Army and Navy—confessed to me that they "knew nothing" about music but they "loved it." That love of music is to them a real and active force. After all I know knowledgeable musicians who do not give the impression that they like it very much.

The service rendered by such a festival as this cannot easily be estimated. The part played by music in war is great greater now than at any other

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