

Book Review

TWO FOR CHILDREN

(1) *THE ADVENTURES OF MATCH-BOX MAX.* By A. W. Reed. A. H. & A. W. Reed, Wellington.

IF the test of a book for children, as of a motor-car, is performance, this one should get full marks. My eldest daughter busied herself making the matchbox models of castles, carts, cradles, and windmills suggested at the back; the second one insisted on hearing the text so often she learnt it by heart; the third coloured and scribbled all over it; and the baby finally amused himself tearing it to pieces and chewing it up. All, with the possible exception of the fourth member of the family who is rather too young yet to be a judge of literature, were obviously enamoured of the square-cut contours, bright colouring, and inflammatory character of Max, the hero, and enjoyed the account of his adventures in rescuing from the clutches of the Celluloid Giant the heroine, Wax Vesta, who, like a proper heroine of melodrama, wilted most becomingly at the first sign of heat. Mr. Reed realises that most children like a lot to look at on a page, and gives them plenty.

(2) *MY FATHER'S FARM.* By Aileen Findlay. Illustrated by Molly Macalister. A Tartan Book.

THIS is a new effort by the author and illustrator who previously compiled the story of those rather class-conscious workmen, "The Three Painters." There is, however, no hint of class-consciousness in this account, which may or may not be factual, of the life of children on a New Zealand farm; and if reiteration of phrases, amounting almost to a refrain, is a device that appeals to young readers, this should go a long way towards making the book popular. But since it is announced on the title page as "a story-book with pictures to colour," it is a pity that Miss Macalister, in drawing her black and white illustrations, dipped so often into the black-ink pot: in many instances she has left practically nothing of the picture for the children to colour.

—M.G.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

REW'S LAST STAND. By A. W. Reed. A. H. & A. W. Reed, Wellington.

THIS novel is based on the scenario written by Rudall C. Hayward for a New Zealand-made film seen some years ago. It is a romance centring round the siege at Orakau.

HOW IS YOUR VOCABULARY?

Are You "Got-Conscious"?

"FOR a person who has been to University, you use the word 'Got' an amazing number of times." Thus I was addressed after a week's work at the orchard to which I had been manpowered for the vacation. Feeling rather humiliated at having "let down" the University, I made a desperate effort to eradicate the word, and with the untiring assistance of the two others on the orchard and under the soothing influence of apples, apples, and more apples, I had almost completely lost the "got" habit by the end of my 14 weeks' stay.

Then I returned to the city and in the course of the first few days had occasion to see a great many people. Being extremely "got-conscious" by this time, I discovered a monotonous regularity in

the vocabulary of the public—position or education seeming to make not the slightest difference—and this is how some of my encounters went:

Wharf Official: They've got your bicycle down in No. 12 shed, but you've got to have an order before you collect it.

Landlady: Sorry, but we've got no vacancies at present. Try Mrs. — up the road, I think she's got a single room.

University Professor: You've got to fill in a card. Come down to my study, I've got one there . . . What other lectures are you taking this year? You've got a B.A., have you?

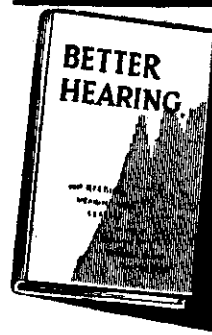
Manpower Office: Before you can take a position, the employer has got to fill in this application form and send it in to the office.

Radio Announcer: You have just heard "I've Got Sixpence."

Salesman: I'm afraid you can't choose these days, you've just got to take what's offering. You'll find we've got as good a selection as anyone.

Now, how about you?

—J.L.H.



Contents—

17 chapters compiled from subject matter of 17 lectures delivered during Educational campaign for Better Hearing, conducted by Wgtn. Branch, N.Z. League for Hard of Hearing.

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IF THE CAP FITS - WEAR IT!

The Waste Reclamation Authorities have no medals for distribution. But here and now we name as hero every citizen who has

- (1) Insisted that within his or her household no clean waste paper shall ever be burned, binned or buried. But that it shall be put in a special receptacle (lovely word) and saved.
- (2) Had the foresight, memory, or horse-sense to heave the bundle of waste paper in the car and drop it off at the Waste Reclamation Depot every time the car had to be used for other urgent reasons.
- (3) Bribed or otherwise persuaded a neighbour's child to call and take the waste paper to school every week.
- (4) Hasn't groused about someone not calling for the waste paper, but has used his or her ingenuity and energy in getting that waste paper to a depot.

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