

### 3 Months in Hospital Without Relief

This is the remarkable story of how Mr. H. F. Gough, of 325 River Road, Christchurch, suffered. Writing on 13/11/44 he says:



After three months in the Hospital, I was discharged, worse than when I went in, in spite of treatment by electrical rays, etc., to relieve the agonising pains of rheumatism in my legs, hands and feet. Even after my discharge, it took me hours to

walk from St. Elmo Courts to the Square (about 400 yds.) and back. Sometimes I thought life was not worth living, but after taking R.U.R. I soon began to recover and it was not long before I was climbing ladders and working with the best of them. Testimonials are on file praising R.U.R. for the relief of numerous common ailments such as Rheumatism, Neuritis, Listlessness, Persistent Headaches, Sleeplessness, Constipation, out of Sortedness, and numerous other ailments, so take R.U.R. and Right You Are, a Product of R.U.R. (N.Z.), Ltd., 141 Cashel Street, Christchurch.

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# IF IT'S SOLITUDE YOU WANT—

*A Lighthouse Keeper's Wife Can Tell You Where To Find It*

**H**AMMOCKS, petrels' eggs, goat flesh, and rauriki are not looked upon as essential for life, yet without them life on East Island 25 years ago would have been almost impossible. East Island is, or was, a small island 18 hours' run from Gisborne right in the line of the earthquakes. At that time the island was riddled with cracks. An earthquake following soon after split the island right in two and the only buildings on it, the lighthouse buildings, were moved to the mainland. Some time before this happened a new lighthouse keeper, his wife and small family, arrived at the island to live in one of the three houses clustered together near the lighthouse. Mr. Cocker was a returned serviceman from the last war. He was becoming a lighthouse keeper after 30 years spent in the Royal Navy. Mrs. Cocker was city bred. She had spent her life in Melbourne, Sydney, and Auckland, where she had been very interested in singing and elocution. The



Transport was often difficult: a scene at Nugget Point

hard, lonely life of remote lighthouses was going to be very strange for her.

**MEMORIES** of East Island drifted back to Mrs. J. Cocker, retired, as she talked to a *Listener* reporter in her little city flat. From her well-groomed appearance she could have been taken for a hostess who had spent her life in a drawing-room. There was little trace of a hard or vigorous life about this small, gracious woman.

"They promised us there would be spring mattresses at East Island," she was saying, "but there were only hammocks. Still, Mr. Cocker was used to them from the Navy. And the rest of the furniture—the dreadful, old furniture! I can't say more than that about it. I am thankful to say that to-day wonderful things are being done for light keepers in the way of equipment."

Mrs. Cocker paused to describe some of these improvements, then back came the memories of East Island. "There were only two mails in nine months in those days and if we ran out of stores before then we had to live on edible seaweed, goats' flesh and milk, petrels' eggs for cooking, anything we could gather together. Sometimes the Maoris would bring us flour and kumaras. We had to be careful to put in a sufficient order to carry us through the months in between. I'll never forget the first order I made, it seemed plenty, but what a lot I forgot! That was the way I learned. The goats were our saving. Mr. Cocker used to kill the kids at nine months, though he hated doing it, they became so tame. They would even come into the kitchen and eat out of our hands. We tried sheep, but they fell over the cliffs, so there was nothing for it but to kill the kids. It was a bad time for Mr. Cocker altogether, for he was still very nervy from the war and the cracked state of the island worried him very much. He used to have to jump over some of the cracks even to get the goats' feed. It was lucky we moved before the final earthquake split the island right through."

#### Seven Sons

From East Island the Cockers moved on. Until they retired last year because of the ill-health of their youngest son, they moved from one lighthouse to the next, staying perhaps six months at one and five years at another. Their path went from East Island to Pencarrow, Kaipara Heads, Portland Island, New

(continued on next page)

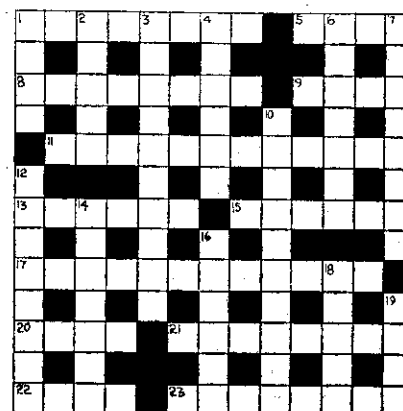
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### THE LISTENER CROSSWORD

(No. 237: Constructed by R.W.C.)



#### Clues Down

1. Inverted rank presents a knotty problem.
2. Suitable jaw action for a prize fighter?
3. When this point is reached, no more can be absorbed.
4. In the proper manner.
6. It looks as if the automobile belongs to me, so no wonder you see red.
7. Gone into wars.
10. Very few houses are these days.
12. He never forgets.
14. This 19 down was fashionable towards the end of last century.
16. Cut the grass round the hostelry if you want to catch a small fish.
18. When we find a carriage on top of Mr. Capone, it's obviously a secret intrigue.
19. See 14 down.

(Answer to No. 236)



#### Clues Across

1. It's a mere trifle, but it seems a very rude way to treat G.B.S.
5. A dirty look cut short by a flat-bottomed boat.
8. Where the beasts are led to the slaughter.
9. He would a-wooing go.
11. The criminal feels it lest he should meet with it.
13. Get ale for this official.
15. Here the effect is only skin deep.
17. Dancer in poem (anag.).
20. Part of a clear idea—it's very dry.
21. Unable to be parted by the little saint, and therefore inconstant.
22. If you're this deaf, you won't be able to sing in tune.
23. Wrapped up.