



OLD and NEW WAYS...

You can shear a sheep by hand and make a good job of it. But what a slow and costly process it is compared with the use of modern machines. In the same way you can leave to your family full management of your estate and the attendant worries about investments, mortgages, payment of death duties and other charges—all in addition to their daily farm routine. But then again you can let the modern, efficient, helpful service of the Public Trust Office lift all these troubles and exacting details from their shoulders.

The experience of over 70 years in the administration of Farm Estates is an assurance of personal and efficient protection and advice.

The PUBLIC TRUSTEE

10/4

GO OUT WITH HIM ? NOT ME!

THE thing that women simply loathe in men is the thing of which men are frequently guilty... halitosis (bad breath). It is the offence unpardonable, the bar to friendships, romance, and business relations. And men, according to women, are the worst offenders—so flagrant, in fact, that women write to ask that we do something about it in our advertising. Well, gentlemen (we hope), here's a hint: The sensible, easy, delightful precaution against halitosis is Listerine Antiseptic, with its amazing antiseptic and deodorizing power. You simply rinse the mouth with it morning and night, and between times before business or social engagements. Listerine Antiseptic freshens and cleanses the entire mouth, quickly halts the fermentation of



tiny food particles (a major cause of odours) and then overcomes the odours themselves. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, more wholesome, and agreeable. Next time, when you wish to appear at your best, don't take a chance. Remember, "even your best friend won't tell you." Use Listerine Antiseptic. The Lambert Pharmacal Co. (N.Z.) Ltd., 64 Ghuznee Street, Wellington.



Remember—"Even your best friend won't tell you."
LISTERINE CHECKS HALITOSIS!
SOLD IN THREE SIZES BY CHEMISTS AND STORES.

RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

A Good German

"THE SILENCE OF THE SEA," a play produced by the NBS from a script translated here from the French of the underground writer "Vercors" (who smuggled it out secretly), turned out to be a most remarkable, impressive piece of work. It has one scene (one room, scarcely described at all), no action whatever (save the movement in and out of one man) and three characters, one of whom speaks only seven words. It is the narrative of a Frenchman who lived alone with his niece, and tells of the time when a German officer was billeted with them, and talked to them every evening when he came in, although they remained silent for weeks. The German is a musician, with an idealised love of France and her intellectual greatness, and a sincere faith that great things could come of the war through a cultural union of France and Germany. He opens up his heart on this theme to his non-fraternising listeners in a series of very well-written monologues. The narrator describes the details of the scene, and his reactions in penetrating detail. Then the German gets leave, to go to Paris. He longs for the day. But he returns horrified, finding that his countrymen laugh at his ideals and mean to destroy the soul of France. He will never see the Beast transformed into a handsome Prince by the kiss of yielding Beauty. He gets himself transferred to active service—"in those fields where the next crop of wheat will be fed on corpses"—and leaves. The Frenchman and his niece give way, and say "Good-bye" but no more. It was odd that the translator of this play got no acknowledgment for what was at times fine writing.

"Open Wider, Please"

THERE is something a little intimidating about 4YA's talks on dentistry; I can't help feeling a certain sympathy with the patients mentioned in this series, as though the speakers brought with them to the microphone a waiting-room aura of ancient magazines and ether fumes, and the sensitive listener must suffer vicariously at the very descriptions of methods used in the ritual of the chair and the electric drill. I enjoyed the one about anaesthesia. It is comforting, after all, to know that there was a time when people had to have teeth extracted without benefit of gas; that an early "taker" of an anaesthetic, after saying that he never felt better in his life, afterwards "went out to it" for the remainder of the day; nice to feel that those days are gone, and that dentists have things so much under control now that a mere jab of a needle will enable us to undergo the terrors of having a tooth out without a single pang.

Birth of a Notion

THE curiously haphazard circumstances which gave birth to "Pickwick Papers" were set out partly in dialogue fashion in the BBC production heard from 1YA the other evening. The first idea of Pickwick was not the product

of any single mind. The original conception belonged to Seymour, the artist, who wanted a hack writer to provide the letterpress for a series of sketches of sporting characters. His publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, possibly by little more than chance, selected Boz as a promising young man who would do the job capably for £14 a month. Thus, in the real sense of the words, Dickens was paid to illustrate Seymour. The first few numbers were only moderately successful—about 400 of No. 1 were sold. But when Seymour died, and was succeeded by Phiz, Dickens rapidly freed himself from the first conception of the Nimrod Club, and with the introduction of Sam Weller the series became a stupendous success, the sales rising to 40,000 per number. People began to talk, says G. K. Chesterton, as if real life itself were only the interlude between one issue of Pickwick and the next. In our lifetime we have not seen any comparable excitement around printed serial fiction, and the most likely successor to Pickwick would seem to be a radio serial written with equal genius and humanity.

Off to Philadelphia

IRISH songs commonly broadcast can be divided into two classes—the genuine and the synthetic; supposing that "The Mountains of Mourne" stands in about the same relation to "Molly Brannigan" as "Swanee River" to "Can't Stay Away, Lord." But the fact is that a great part of Irish folk song is literature of exile. The exodus of the tribal nobility in the seventeenth century, the mass emigrations of the starving poor through the nineteenth, gave rise to an immense number of songs of the "Off to Philadelphia" variety, which have just as good a claim to authenticity as the home-grown classics. However, no doubt this can be pressed too far. When the emotion of nostalgia was exploited by politicians and professional song-writers, it was also commercialised into such startlingly false outpourings as—well, never mind which. But one readily remembers the rather acid American song which ran: "There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin; the dew on his wet robe hung heavy and chill. Ere the steamer that brought him had passed out of hearing He was Alderman Mike introducing a Bill"; or the Thorne Smith hero who met a leprechaun, who explained that his ancestors had left Ireland many centuries before "to escape the uninterrupted wailing of the songs," and had lived happily in the State of New York until the police force was recruited from the County Cork, when most of them had faded away in despair.

Ukulele

WHAT was the music enjoyed by the natives of Hawaii in their pre-civilised state? Does any of it survive? Did they use the ukulele, and if so, did it bear any resemblance to the weapon now bearing the name? I ask these questions because I have recently heard several programmes or concerts of modern Hawaiian music; and as far as I can

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