

superior acceptance of flattery mixed with condescension which some women assume to show their greater knowledge of the world.

Both of the waitresses were efficient, but somehow dull and grudging. As if they resented working on a Sunday. Or as if the excitement of a Saturday night had somehow drugged them, so that they could not awake till Monday morning.

WHEN I had finished my sausages I wanted to light a pipe, in spite of my cold, but discovered that I had no matches. The Greek goddess came past, collecting plates, and I asked humbly whether they had any matches. She felt in the pockets of her apron, and then without a word went to the kitchen behind two green curtains and returned with a small packet. You can have those. There are only one or two left, she said, and pirouetted on.

Good. I thought. These people are good. They can't help being good. New Zealanders as a whole are good people.

The old woman finished. A working man opposite me, in a grey working shirt, tied loosely with a much-handled tie, was blowing clouds of smoke meditatively into the air. He winked at me amiably, but didn't speak.

I heard one of the girls singing in the kitchen, where plates were being rumbled incessantly. I felt that I could have remained there, watching and learning, for ever, but a shaft of sun, which I had not seen for three days, suddenly

flooded the entrance to the shop, and drew me outside. In return for the matches, I gathered up my plates and put them on the bar and walked out.

THE streets were happier when garnished with the sun. People were already on their way on afternoon occasions. Women in bright costumes, lads of the town in open shirts and yellow pullovers, college girls all in one colour, in croc, with a teacher trying to look interested, and above all, the grey and yellow stone buildings, silent, empty, but not oppressive. Going past the wooden archaism of the Government buildings I saw its thousand sightless eyes, watching impassively. Trams bustled past, people waited on pavements for buses. Car after car, men driving, women sitting close in proud possessiveness, slid by, on the way to the suburbs, where tea would be drunk, cream cakes eaten, and gardens scrutinised by mutually bored husbands.

Yes, I said to myself, this is New Zealand. Three hundred yards away I could see the funnels of a tall ship smoking by the wharves. That was the way that led to excitement, wonder, the ever new. But was that the right way? Here were the things I understood, the old woman eating sausages in a forlorn black hat, the two boys looking embarrassed at the beautiful waitress—and if you know these things, I said to myself, you know the world.

De RESZKE

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Peter Dawson Back Again

A WELLINGTON pianist walking along Lambton Quay the other day saw a short, dapper man in homburg hat and dark overcoat approaching. "Aren't you Peter Dawson?" he asked. And so Peter Dawson renewed acquaintance with Harold Whittle. Peter Dawson, as he would say himself, "wears pretty well," and not many people, having once seen his photograph in the newspapers, would fail to recognise the veteran Australian bass-baritone.

The Listener found him at 2YA, busy with station manager and program organiser, arranging dates for his studio recitals through the NBS network. We have often been asked how many records he has made, so we passed on the query, and learned that he has made 2,500 titles. Sales of his records have passed the 12,000,000 mark—mainly, he says, because many of his recordings were made before radio was so universal, and when almost everyone had a gramophone. He has been recording since 1904, and has held an unbroken contract for 41 years with one company.

For New Zealanders, the most interesting news arising out of Peter Dawson's visit this time is in the hope he expressed that after his forthcoming tour of Britain and the United States he would be able to settle down in this country—somewhere in the North Island, he thinks, would suit him best. At the moment he has a contract with Harold Fielding, a new English impresario, for a series of concerts throughout the British Isles next year, and he plans to leave from Australia in February. Returning by way of the United States, he



PETER DAWSON

will sing on the radio there, by arrangement with Sir Louis Sterling, of New York.

We asked if he had heard of Caesar Petrillo, the "boss" of the American musicians' union, and of the strict control exerted by him over music and musicians.

"As a matter of fact, I haven't," he said, "but any difficulties of that kind will be ironed out. If I have to join the union to sing, I'll become a member for the time being."

Dates for listening to Peter Dawson will be: 2YA, Tuesday, July 9, 8.25 p.m., relay of part of a concert at the Town Hall; 3YA, Tuesday, July 16, relay of part of a concert at the Civic Theatre; 4YA, Thursday, July 25, from the Concert Chamber; and Tuesday, July 30, studio recital; 3YA, Friday, August 2, a studio recital; 2YA, Friday, August 9, a studio recital; 1YA, Saturday, August 17, relay of part of a concert from the Town Hall; and Thursday, September 5, a studio recital.

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