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**LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE**



1. HARD-TO-CLEAN TEETH
2. LACK-LUSTRE TEETH
3. STAINED TEETH
4. FLABBY GUMS
5. COATED TONGUE

OFF TO CALIFORNIA New Zealand Proved Too Cold for Hector Bolitho

A COUPLE of days before he left New Zealand for San Francisco last week Hector Bolitho, who has been visiting his mother in Auckland for six weeks, recorded five talks at IYA for later broadcast from the National Stations. To give listeners an introduction to this New Zealander who has been called the friend and biographer of royalty, we asked our Auckland representative to interview him.

IT is twelve years since Hector Bolitho last visited New Zealand, twenty-five since he first left it on the proceeds of his successful lecture-tour through North and South Islands with films illustrating the Prince of Wales' tour here in 1920.

On the telephone he sounded a little reluctant—he explained later that he had been so often misquoted that he now shunned all interviews—but agreed to call at the office. Two-thirty, he said, and at two-thirty sharp I heard him in the corridor asking for *The Listener* in a brisk voice with strong consonants and vowels that have quite forgotten their New Zealand foundations. He came in beating his hands together in grey suede gloves.

"By Jove!" he said. "this cold will kill me. Or don't you find it cold? Well, at least it's warm in here." There followed a purely domestic argument on systems of ventilation and in the end he claimed that he would rather die by suffocation than by freezing. He sat at the other end of my desk in front of a hillock of blocks and stereotypes, which he examined with interest, picking them up carefully, by the edges, replacing them in a neat stack. I watched his tidy hands, small and rounded; hands that would be at home with a typewriter for machine, a pencil for implement.

"You should let me file your blocks for you," he said, "I am good at that kind of thing. I have a tidy mind." I believed him, with his long heavy black overcoat, his black and white scarf, his spectacles with the thickest and blackest horn rims I had ever seen; I had a

picture of his tidy mind at work, methodically turning out page after page of neat typescript, book after book of tidy biography . . .

I asked him if he was still keeping up his output of a book a year as he had done the first few years after he left New Zealand.

"Well, it's rather more," he said. "I've put out 30 books in 25 years. Of course, a few of them are letters and so on I've edited."

"But otherwise mostly biography and travel, not novels?"

"Yes, three early novels. That's rather interesting; I've just re-written all three. They're really not bad at all. That was my war job. I set myself to do a job of re-writing and re-casting every night—say two or three hundred words a day. It kept my hand in and I found it a pleasant relaxation."

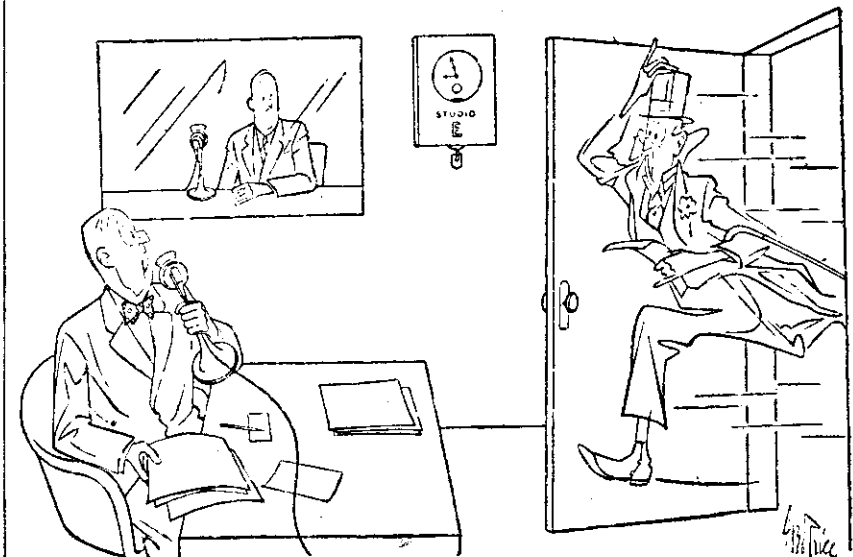
Still a New Zealander

Mr. Bolitho was in the intelligence section of the R.A.F. throughout the war; his job was all lined up for him earlier and he reported for duty less than two hours after the declaration and served until last August. He had to have special permission to wear New Zealand shoulder flashes upon which he insisted because, as he says, he is proud of being a New Zealander.

"You know I am still a New Zealander and very proud of it," he said. "I really love New Zealand. As a matter of fact I returned this time with real delight." He paused to consider. "In fact, I can say that I had a 50 per cent intention to stay here. If I found I could work here and live in reasonable comfort in congenial surroundings I thought I'd stay. But I can't work here." He spread his hands, shrugged his shoulders. "What do you think? If I go to a hotel there's no heating in the rooms. I can't build a house, can I? No, of course I can't—thanks to this Russian experiment you have here. I'm cold and I can't get a thing done, so I'm off to California to give lectures and broadcasts."

"Are the lectures political?"

"Oh, lord no! They're quite personal. Personal history, I suppose. Much the



"Just a second! A flash from London!"