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## WORSEY BAY SCHOOL Jubilee

The Fiftieth Anniversary of Opening of School will be celebrated on October 31st, November 1st and 2nd, 1947.

The Jubilee Committee requests the names (and maiden names) and addresses of all ex-pupils, teachers and others connected with the School.

Will all those interested please send their names and addresses and those of any other ex-pupils known to them to:

MISS E. H. WOOD,  
Jubilee Secretary,  
114 Totara Road, Wellington, E.4.

## I LOVE OLD HOUSES

(Written for  
"The Listener" by  
M.S.)

DON'T get me wrong (if I may borrow from that famous classicist, Lemmy Caution)! I love old houses. I lap them up as cats lap up milk. What Father and I, our son Bill, and two young men who hang around after our Molly haven't done to old houses is just nobody's business. We have turned old houses inside out and upside down—and finally transformed them into remote resemblances of the latest thing in bungalows. Father used to go around looking for decrepit shacks that he could take title to, and then metamorphose! I no sooner had the curtains hung the way I wanted them in one house than Father had seen another he felt needed his ministrations, and we had to move. Why, one New Year's Day, after the second glass of post-prandial cherry brandy, I agreed to the demolition of an obtrusive inside chimney which had been annoying Father for some time, and before you could say Hey Presto, or Blow me down, the men had their working clothes on, were up the chimney, and had thrown the first brick! Mind you, I don't say that I didn't regret it later, and that my New Year wasn't a rather grim affair, but that was just my pawkiness about brick dust and ancient dirt! Those men had every brick out of that chimney in less than two days, and no sooner had they finished that job than they began building walls in the garden with the discarded bricks!



"We picked a murky way through cobwebs"

week before he took a hammer in his hand, and then it was only to remove a few rusty and superfluous nails. It isn't only that he misses his Demolition Squad (for Bill and Molly, and the two Sycophants were left behind in the big city). It isn't only that this house is not his legally and that workmen will eventually be sent to carry out necessary repairs and alterations. I fear it is the fact that he feels this Old House might be a facer, and that even he and the Demolition Squad might be unable to cope with it in a manner worthy of their prowess!

THIS house, like some novels, is in two parts, both of an age reaching far back into the primitive days of this Dominion. The lean-to portion at the back, containing kitchen and sitting room, is the more modern, or so we deduce from certain late Victorian embellishments. The really old part consists of four square rooms, two on either side of a narrow passage. In this wing is our dining room, which has a floor so much on the slant that walking on it is like walking on an escalator without steps! The paper here is tattered, stained and so dirty that the colour of the giant roses with which it is patterned is entirely obscured! The hearth, which juts into the room about two feet, serves an open fireplace on which the proverbial ox could be roasted. Tucked into the corner is a cupboard, also so much on the slant that articles placed on it slide from one side to the other. And everywhere there are rat-holes, big and small, some covered up with best-cut cigarette tins, some just waiting for the rat to poke his head through and look at us as if to say, "I was here first!" This room we call the Rat Room. Our bedroom, too, is in this part of the house, and at night we can hear the rats playing high jinks in the attic above.

YES, I love old houses! I love those Saturday mornings when Father, marching up and down like a predatory Napoleon, wonders what improvement he can make next! And he never has to wonder long. Perhaps a few new bookshelves can be added to the sitting room, which I spring-cleaned the previous week, or that leak in the roof, through which the rain poured on to Aunt Emma and the second-best eider-down can be mended. Or, as a standby, the kitchen can always be given another coat of enamel (there seems to be no limit to these) just as I am in the middle of the week-end joint (figuratively speaking, of course).

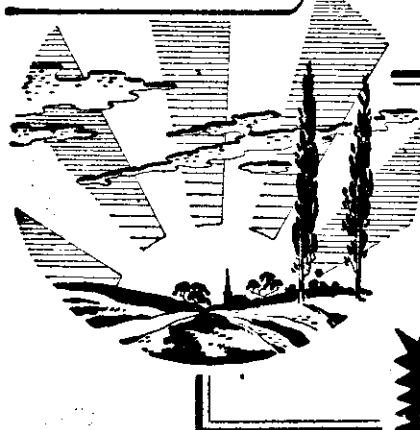
No, sir, no brand new bungalows for us. We'd just die of ennui there!

BUT our latest move is in a somewhat different category from all the others. This particular Old House is one of those provided by a beneficent Government Department for its deserving employees. In fact, I think it is the original of all such houses! Even I, who have regarded undaunted a tumbledown antique villa of uncertain age, felt a tremor of the heart when I entered the new demesne. And Father, I noticed, was distraught and not himself. It was a

For we have an attic, a second storey, to which, however, there is no legitimate means of entry. How the original inhabitants reached it is a source of surprise, for there is no sign of any staircase having been removed. "Oh," said Father regretfully, when we first became aware of the possibility of rooms

(continued on next page)

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