



The Good Health Fairy

Cinderella's Fairy Godmother was a transformation artist—she knew how to make poor Cinders merry and bright. Fine raiment, a coach-and-horses—plus a glass of Andrews for inner well-being.

Andrews promotes Good Health in these four ways: **FIRST**, the sparkling effervescence of Andrews helps to refresh the mouth and tongue; **NEXT**, Andrews soothes the stomach and relieves acidity; **THEN**, Andrews acts directly on the liver and checks biliousness; and **FINALLY**, Andrews gently clears the bowels, correcting constipation. Whenever you feel your system needs it, take a glass of sparkling Andrews.

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ANDREWS

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THEIR FIRST N.Z. CHRISTMAS

Young Settlers At The Microphone

AROUND about Christmas time most of us are usually too busy amusing ourselves after our own fashion to wonder whether our own fashion may not be amusing to other people. But the Commercial division of the NZBS thought it might be interesting to find out how others see us, and those listeners who were tuned to the programme *Their First New Zealand Christmas*, broadcast from the Commercial stations on Sunday evening, December 28, were able to hear what they discovered.

For the ZB programme-organisers realised that the material for such a broadcast was right to hand in the young settlers who have come from Britain in recent months to make their homes here. For most of them this was their first Christmas south of the Line, and if many of their comments reflected the candour of youth, their attitude showed that they had their share of youthful adaptability.

Six of the young women who took part in the session were curious to know why they had heard no parties of car-ollers calling at front-doors, and the idea of going for a swim on Christmas Day gave them a retrospective shiver when they remembered what Christmas weather they had been used to. But they enjoyed the easy access to beaches which most New Zealanders take for granted.

As one put it, "Your idea of building towns and cities by the seaside is lovely"—which sounded rather like the Midland counties speaking. Another commended the practice of "keeping your houses well away from the places where you work—the industrial areas here are so much cleaner than they are in England, and the shops are wonderful. Their verandas are so convenient as rain-shelters."

Wonderful Traffic Officers

Most of the girls were surprised by the feminine custom of carrying shopping-baskets which, in England, marked out the married women, and the mention of train-travel drew comment from all of them—"that awful scramble for refreshments at stations," and "those funny little pillows which you borrow for a long journey" being two travelling conventions with which they were unfamiliar. But New Zealand's traffic inspectors got a build-up that must have been unexpected by most listeners: "You have only to ask and they will tell you where you are and how to get

to some place or other. And the way they look after people at crossings — just wonderful!"

In general, the girls missed the live theatre shows and the concerts of London's West End, and the larger British cities, and the New Zealand habit of dashing out of a picture-theatre at the interval to have a smoke was something they were not used to, but they found another habit of the young New Zealand male more difficult to understand.

"Why," they asked, "do people going to a dance take newspapers along with them, and read the sports page?"

Six Young Men

The reactions of six young men—from Tooting, Hampstead, Ramsgate, Elephant and Castle, Brighton, and East



THEIR WELCOME to New Zealand was well organised. From left to right: Frank French, Charlie Hope, John Ragan, Joe Roberts, Douglas Wrenn, and Charles Brown, who were interviewed by the ZB's on Dec. 28

Acton—followed a more traditional pattern. New Zealand's licensing laws were mainly a source of bewilderment to them and in their references to the institution of the English pub there were unmistakable overtones of nostalgia. "It's strange here," they said, "and not at all like life in the English pub, with its social evenings. People here have to race against time."

One of the group who had paid a visit to the Trentham races was delighted at the low price of admission, but wasn't quite so happy about costs once he had got on to the course. "This ten-bob tote ticket takes all your money before you know what's happened," he said, "and if it weren't for the horses you wouldn't know you were on a race-course—more like being in a cemetery, and nothing like the Derby or Ascot."

But they were all impressed by the work put into their reception in their adopted country. As one said, "We immigrants knew well before we landed what we would be doing, where we would go, and even how much we would earn in an hour. There was no worry at all—it was just like the Army."