

All over New Zealand



label-wise
women look for
the "Manhattan" label

From Whangarei to Invercargill women who appreciate smart clothes with value above the average, look for the "Manhattan" Label. At all stores.

"Manhattan"
frocks and coats

Well made at "Manhattan" House, Dunedin, Wellington and Oamaru. M3.7

JUST OUT

THE WAYWARD BUS, John Steinbeck, 11/- posted. In this, his first full-length novel for eight years, Mr. Steinbeck has given us a story of compelling appeal which should take its place among his major works.

THE FABER GALLERY, 9/3 each, posted. Four new titles in this superb art series designed eventually to cover all European schools: Cezanne; Mantegna and the Paduan School; Hogarth; and Isabella's Triumph. Each book contains 10 or more colour plates.

20 YEARS OF BRITISH FILM, Michael Balcon, Roger Manvell and Others, 15/9 posted. A survey of the best British films from 1925-1945, compiled by four well-known specialists and illustrated with over 100 stills from outstanding films of the period.

WELLINGTON CO-OPERATIVE BOOK SOCIETY LIMITED.

MODERN BOOKS 48A MANNERS STREET, WELLINGTON, C.1., N.Z.

ROUGH ISLAND STORY

(continued from previous page)

FROM *The Times*: A youth giving evidence at Great Yarmouth Magistrates' Court yesterday described himself as "a retail food distributor." "You mean what we used to call an errand boy?" suggested the magistrate's clerk (Mr. G. Bracey). "That's right, sir," said the youth.

THE Master of the Rolls, Lord Greene, asked in the Court of Appeal: "Has that peculiar phrase 'The Housing of the Working Classes' been defined anywhere?" and Sir Valentine Holmes, K.C., counsel for the L.C.C., said in his reply: "I regard myself as a member of the working classes, but I'm quite certain that the L.C.C. would not consider me as a tenant of one of their flats. There must be many people who would give anything to get one."

THOMAS WILFRED CLARKE, aged 39, is the first London busman ever to become an Oxford undergraduate. A unit adjuster at Potters Bar garage, he is taking a two years' full-time Honours course in Economics, Political Science, and Philosophy, says the *Evening Standard*.

A PROPOSAL by Miss Marghanita Laski (not a daughter of Professor Laski) that vouchers should be awarded for extra production time worked (in addition to normal overtime payment) rewarding workers with (e.g.) nylons for 10 vouchers or petrol for 100, was reported to be going before Sir Stafford Cripps with other ideas that were being considered. (But this was before the present "Talk Success" Campaign started by the *News Chronicle*, helped by the coal production news, and about to be followed up by the BBC, in a programme called "Progress Report.")

The British Navy

FROM *The Times*: The Admiralty announces that a short-range radio-telephone service is now available for calls between Home Fleet ships and other ships on the home station and telephone subscribers in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, and Eire. The minimum charge will be 10s 6d for three minutes.

FROM the *Evening Standard*: Rear Admiral C. S. Sandford, R.N., retired, applied to-day for the rent of his self-contained flat at Rutland-gate, to be fixed by Chelsea Rent Tribunal. In a hearing which lasted one and a half hours the chairman, Mr. C. W. Skinner, closely questioned the expenses of the lessor, Mr. H. A. M. d'Este. The rent was reduced from £6 6s to £5 2s 6d a week.

The Supertramp

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?

BECAUSE the number of tramps on Buckinghamshire roads has increased and many casual wards have been

closed, they are to be admitted to institutions where they will be able to see television.—*The Star*.

WELL, there are the clippings, and now I can use my bulldog clip for something else. Is this England? (And to anyone who asks, "Is this *This England*?" I should perhaps make it clear that only two of my pieces have been lifted from the column of that name in the *New Statesman and Nation*.) But I don't know whether it's England, or whether it's not.

There is a possibility that organ grinders will be banned completely in London quite soon. Boroughs are arranging a conference, and if they all agree, organ grinders will go.

Dogs will not go. If you go into a teashop on a Saturday afternoon to help



R.A.F. worried by seagulls

out the week-end meals with some unrationed calories, as many people do, you must look under the table before you put your feet there. The melting eyes of someone's Spaniel may plead with you, and licking and grunting will accompany your eating. Sometimes on a busy footpath you find your way barred by the taut lead between a pre-occupied dog and a woman with an expressionless face who is just waiting until she can move on. You show neither surprise nor impatience when this happens—it's up to you to show nothing more than the lady with the expressionless face shows. You just wait until the dog has attended to his affairs, and others file through what's left of the open footpath.

Certain common decencies remain. When the King and Queen with Princess Margaret visited Broadcasting House the other evening, the man who twiddles the knobs in the control room was told to wear a dinner jacket.

Optimism often rears its head in the news too. In announcing an agreement for importing eggs from Denmark, the *News Chronicle* said it was hoped there would be "six or seven for everyone next year."

NATIONAL FILM UNIT

NEW ZEALAND'S champion speed typist shows how her fingers fly over the keys in the current *Weekly Review* for release on Saturday, February 7. Other items are Cornwell Cup, the yacht races held at Plimmerton, when many of the contesting boats capsized in a stiff breeze, and Wanganella Moves to Dock, showing the damaged liner being brought round to the dry dock, where repairs are now under way.

"I shall tell you . . . what I think of the present state of literature in general, and of story telling in particular . . . I think it is falling to pieces and going to the dogs. It is decaying, neglecting itself, going wrong. It wants to go and get its hair cut."—Gerald Kersh in a BBC talk.