


**come rain  
or shine**

Never a mail passes without the postman's call. Regularity and service are his watchwords, just as they are the watchwords of T.E.A.L. Eight years of safety, reliability and comfort—  
 we're proud of our record.

**T·E·A·L**

**TASMAN EMPIRE AIRWAYS LIMITED**  
IN ASSOCIATION WITH Q.E.A., B.O.A.C. and B.C.P.A.

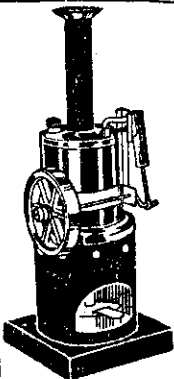
G.10

## Model STEAM ENGINE

—One filling of methylated spirits will run engine for 15 minutes. Flywheel (2in. dia.) provided with pulley to take driving belt by which all sorts of model machinery may be operated. Model 8½in. high with 3in. base, constructed of stout sheet steel fitted with spot welded boiler, holds ½ pint. 36/6.

Postage 6d

SKATES & WHITE LTD.,  
18 Fort Street, Auckland



No more hard work.  
Windolene makes windows gleam and sparkle.



**WINDOLENE**  
CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

*I'm fussy  
I always use*  
**HANSELL'S**  
*for flavourings*  
**of course**

HANSELL LABORATORIES LTD.,  
OPAKI ROAD, MASTERTON.

"The Essence Specialists of New Zealand."



67

## BOOK REVIEWS (Cont'd.)

(continued from previous page)

Tawny Pipit or Sir William on the Water Vole are primarily for home consumption. Dogs are common to both hemispheres.

*The Way of a Dog* is somewhat monogrel in conception. Part 1 (Letter to My Dog) is a reasoned and reasonable tribute to one particular dog. Part 2 (Animal Medley) deals with topics as loosely related as Animal Friendships and the ethics of field sports. (Field to Sir William, blood perhaps to you.) There is a delightful chapter on Human Puppyhood, suggesting that a lot can be learned about children's mind-workings by studying the behaviour of puppies. This cheerful haphazardness prevents me from describing "The Way of a Dog" as a Book You Can't Put Down, though I feel safe in saying that it is not a book you could put down and forget where you put it.

The appeal of the book is of course primarily to dog-lovers, but by no means exclusively. For there is nothing aggressively or uncritically "doggy" in Sir William's attitude. He preserves throughout a sense of proportion, conscious that dogs in the mass show many of the variations of humans in the mass, that there are dogs and dogs. Even when dwelling on the amiability and intelligence of his departed Whuff he can pause to cock a snook at those sentimentalists responsible for dog cemeteries and parlour pekes.

In format, *The Way of a Dog* has the New-Old Look, the large type, the generous margins, the adequate illustrations (by Allen Seaby) which encourage us to hope that in the future reading will be more of a relaxation and less of an activity.

—M.B.

## SICK MINDS

*INSIDE THE ASYLUM.* By John Vincent.  
Introduction by Vera Brittain. Allen & Unwin.

THIS is an absorbing, sorrowful, but not altogether depressing account of a man who sank deeper and deeper into mental misery until he found himself in a mental hospital. There he was fortunate enough to come under a superintendent who understood, who had sympathy, and who had psychiatrists on his staff to work on such cases, and the result was a cure within a few months. But that of course gives no impression at all either of the sickness or of the cure. The sickness began in childhood, and was the result partly of a bad heredity and partly of an unsatisfactory family environment. Adolescence of course complicated it, and there was further strain in the fact that the author was poor, and indifferently educated (though he had marked ability), and found it difficult to maintain himself. But the culminating crises were impotence when he married and a conscientious objection to killing when war came. The second trouble exposed him to contempt and ill-will, and the first, when he occasionally found enough courage to consult doctors about it, was brushed aside as of no importance. But it is only in his last chapter but one that he reaches the mental hospital, and he is out again before the last chapter. To that extent

the book is misnamed, since its real theme is the steady drift downhill before the hospital doors open.

Life in hospital is grim enough, but not nearly so depressing as the long series of failures outside, and the rebuffs when he turns for sympathy and help. In the opinion of Vera Brittain, who writes a long introduction, this book is "part of the accumulating evidence which shows that, in the field of mental science, this scientific age remains primitive, barbarous, and abysmally ignorant." It is difficult not to agree with that, but equally difficult not to resent Vera Brittain's use of the introductory pages for propaganda against war. War was one of the breaking strains in Vincent's case only because he was a very sick man when it overtook him. He appealed for and was given farm work, and while it is deplorable that personal insult should have been added, the fact that he was often called "a bloody conchie" as he passed people would not send a healthy man to hospital. But if he is never robust in body or in mind he has a sensitive and clear mind, and a considerable gift of expression with his pen. Some readers will recognise a part of the story as something they had already read in the *New Statesman*.

## ONE WOMAN'S WAR

*THE SEVEN THUNDERS.* By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Faber and Faber.

THIS is a valuable book, but not nearly so valuable as the blurb would indicate. It is certainly "a great achievement for a single writer" to have produced already "a complete history of the war," but it may not be an important achievement. If it really were a history of the war the author who even thought of achieving it in so short a time and by such simple means would have written herself out of the consideration of serious readers. But it is of course absurd to call these six volumes history. They are the personal record of an intelligent, but not highly intelligent, woman who had many opportunities for getting inside information. The fact that Mrs. Millin enjoyed, and no doubt still enjoys, "a close friendship with General Smuts" would bring her much information of events as they happened that would not reach people in general, but even then it would be events as they happened in South Africa or seemed in South Africa to be happening elsewhere. In any case men in the position occupied then by General Smuts tell their friends chiefly what they know already or are likely soon to find out. The war in Europe was over before Mrs. Millin was able to leave South Africa, and the account she has put on record of the horror camps and the Nuremberg Trials will not persuade anybody that she has a highly trained critical faculty. It is not writing history to extract from the leading newspapers or from the reports of radio correspondents what the correspondents themselves saw, heard, or thought in moments of excitement and tension. That is material that posterity will find it useful to have and amazing to read, but it is false pretences to offer it as history to-day.