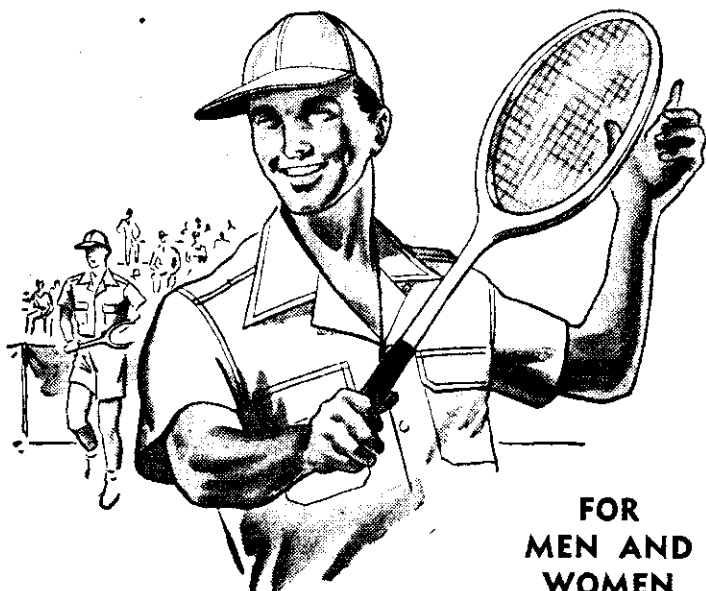


MITCHBILT SPORTS CAPS



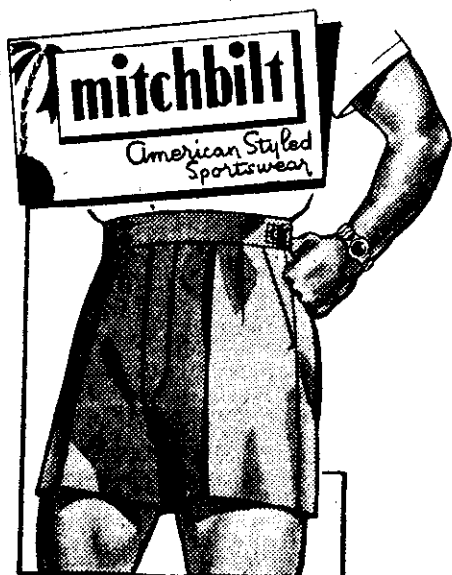
FOR
MEN AND
WOMEN

Gabardine in many colours all sizes.

Keep the glare of summer sunshine from your eyes when playing cricket, tennis, golf, or in all outdoor sports. These Gabardine Sports Caps are equally suitable for men or women. Colours: White, Cream, Creamy-Fawn, Medium Fawn, Light Grey, Blue/Grey, Navy, Dark Brown, Dark Royal. Sizes: 6 5/8, 6 3/4, 6 7/8, 7, 7 1/8.

10/-

Plus 4d.
Postage.



SHORTS

Sizes: 3 4 5 6 7
Waist: 30in. 32in. 34in. 36in. 38in.

Smartly tailored ENGLISH WORSTED. Colour: Medium Grey **42/9**
Plus 4d. Postage.

TWILL Shorts in **16/11**
Khaki. Plus 4d. Postage.

TWILL Shorts in **20/9**
White. Plus 4d. Postage.

USE THIS COUPON

J. C. MITCHELL LTD., 45 Customs St., Auckland, P.O. Box 197.

Please send me the following MITCHBILT American styled clothes for which I enclose _____

Description _____

Size _____ Colour _____

Second Colour Choice _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

—N.Z. Listener.

NEW ZEALAND LISTENER

INCORPORATING N.Z. RADIO RECORD

Every Friday

Price Threepence

DECEMBER 16, 1949

Editorial and Business Offices: 115 Lambton Quay, Wellington, C.I.

G.P.O. Box 1707.

Telegraphic Address: "Listener," Wellington.

Telephone 41-470.

The Cats in All Our Lives

M R. MICHAEL JOSEPH, who enjoys "dealing personally with the writer's temperament," is obviously an unusual publisher. It is true that he also likes and understands cats, and he would probably see nothing strange or offensive in an analogy between cats and writers. One of the minor tragedies of English usage is the adoption of "cat" as a synonym for a spiteful woman or a scratching child. Admittedly, cats have enough of human nature to make them scratch and hiss when they are angry or frightened, but they also have attractive and even noble attributes. They are proudly conscious of their own worth as individuals; in the manner of some of our artists, they seem to believe that they earn their board and lodging by bringing beauty into the world. No writer ever had a gift of stillness more profound than that of a cat who crouches motionless while the day is like a soft dream around him. And it should not be imagined that no mind is at work behind those half-closed eyes. Cats are sensitively organised: they share with writers a quickness of perception and response, and they usually know a great deal of what is happening in the neighbourhood. Their sense of dignity is highly developed: they are easily embarrassed by the tactlessness of people with whom they condescend to live. Much of their anxiety is covered by a habit of ceremonial washing, directed to parts of the body not easily accessible. But they should not be driven too far. In common with some of our writers, they can be neurotic; and if they are neglected or too frequently criticised they may suffer a nervous breakdown. Thereupon they withdraw from civilisation and live in a solitary and brooding way in a world of long grass and tangled hedges. Sometimes they come back renewed and ready for mischief, as if an explosive idea

has been found in the long meditation; and in their addiction to bursts of energy, followed by spells of idleness, they are strangely close to creative method. Yet why is it that cats are spoken of as if they were all females? Why should only women be cattish, when everybody knows that men also can be spiteful? Perhaps the explanation is in the animal's grace and softness, though there could be nothing more masculine than a cat leaping superbly to the top of a fence. It is understandable, of course, that people who like cats should be interested personally in writers, for it is alleged that male authors have a little of the woman in their nature. Yet writers are less temperamental than some other artists. They are almost phlegmatic if compared with musicians; and although they like their work to be popular, their hunger for applause is less consuming than the actor's—perhaps because the applause they receive, like the criticism, comes muted from a distance, so that they have time to compose themselves and to assume a stoical indifference which is beyond the reach of performers who stand face to face with an audience. When everything is said, however, cats and artists merely reveal in exaggerated forms the attributes which all men and women have in some degree. Many people are neurotic without being creative. Cats only appear to be vain, whereas human beings are often vain for no good reason. The cat who plays with a mouse knows nothing of cruelty: it is the semblance of evil we have known ourselves which makes us watch him with disapproval. And the contentment of a cat after food and rest and a stroking hand reminds us of what we too can feel when inwardly we are as smooth as cream. There are cats in our lives even if, in the coldness of our hearts, we close our doors upon them when the wind is rising outside and the fire is crumbling into embers on the hearth.

N.Z. LISTENER, DECEMBER 16, 1949.