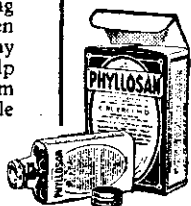


The joy
of
Living!



Why let your nerves get you down . . . why let that "too old at 40" complex affect your attitude towards life. Many thousands of people—men and women—have been gratefully astonished at the revitalising effect of 'Phyllosan' Tablets when taken regularly three times a day before meals. Let 'Phyllosan' help you . . . get a large size bottle from your chemist—it contains double the quantity of the small size and is more economical—and take 'Phyllosan' regularly.

FREE Novel Revolving Tablet Container



A handsome little revolving container in coloured bakelite has been specially designed to enable you to carry six doses (12 tablets) in your vest pocket or handbag. It is FREE! Send name and address with 2d. stamp for postage to Farnett & Johnson Ltd., (Dept. A.Z.L.), Manners Street, Wellington. Box 33. (No tablets will be sent with Container).

'PHYLLOSAN'

(PRONOUNCED FILL-O-SAN)

The registered trade mark 'Phyllosan' is the property of Natural Chemicals Ltd., Clifton Street, London.

PNZE.4



OLD • and
NEW WAYS...

You can shear a sheep by hand and make a good job of it. But what a slow and costly process it is compared with the use of modern machines. In the same way you can leave to your family full management of your estate and the attendant worries about investments, mortgages, payment of death duties and other charges—all in addition to their daily farm routine. But then again you can let the modern, efficient, helpful service of the Public Trust Office lift all these troubles and exacting details from their shoulders.

The experience of over 70 years in the administration of Farm Estates is an assurance of personal and efficient protection and advice.

The PUBLIC TRUSTEE

Zoologicalities

THE SEA-LION SPEAKS

(The following is a verbatim report of a conversation I had with the sea-lion in the Auckland Zoo on Tuesday, March 30, 1943. The only bits I have left out are a few questions she asked me—unnecessarily, as I thought at the time.—J.).

"W HOOSH-UH! Who are you?" She came up for air, saw me, and flipped to the edge of her pond.

"My name is J. and I represent *The Listener*. I'd like to ask you a few questions about yourself," I said, getting out the back of the envelope and my pencil.

"O, you mean *Otaridae Gillespii*, eared sea-lion from the Pacific, known for intelligence, agility, and barking voice? All that stuff?"

"Well, yes. Other things, too. For instance, have you ever been in one of the rookeries where the sea-lions rear their young?"

"Not since I was a pup myself. But they live in families, and one bull will have as many as 30 or 40 wives—if he can control them. The females have one pup each once a year. They all arrive from day to day at the rookery on a rocky shore or headland. Funny thing is the bulls don't eat for 10 days or so. Everybody helps to teach the young pup to swim, which it can do in about a month."

"Do you find spinsterhood satisfactory? I mean, are you sometimes very lonely?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "how do you find it yourself?" I pointed out that I was interviewing her.

"I see," she said. "Well, of course I have lots of visitors, and conversations with Jumuna, and plenty of time for swimming and rolling. But it would be fun to have a companion. But please don't publish that. I don't like to hurt the feelings of the Zoo people. I know they find it hard to get new shipments of animals from overseas—and they look after me very well."

(I persuaded her that the publicity might help.)

Philosophy And a Sore Throat

She told me about her predecessors. "Yes, there's rather a veil of mystery over the whole thing," she said. "It is known however, that they had a pup which lived for one day. Then the poor little thing fell into the little pond over there and was drowned. I expect the mother and father died of grief. Perhaps I'm really just as well alone. Nothing to die of grief over, you know."

I suggested that this was rather a negative philosophy, and asked her what was the matter with her the last time I visited her and she wouldn't speak to me but only barked and backed further and further into her house.

"Well, I had a sore throat, and I'm always nervous when I have a sore throat."

"How did they cure your throat?"

"O, they tried to feed me on a lot of new fangled stuff with vitamins in it, because, of course, I don't get all the natural foods I would get at sea, chasing little fishes and eating them,



She leaned on her elbows and recalled old times

bones and all. But I didn't want their baby food. The keeper gave me the little pool full of sea water and lots of cod liver oil on my fish, and my throat got better and now I'm as good as ever."

"Do you mind my asking how old you are?"

"Not at all. I'm not ashamed of being six. One's only as old as one feels, I always say. And I only feel two, and I'm often told I don't look more than four."

"Not a day," I said. "I thought you'd be about three."

"You'd be a bit more than that yourself, I suppose?"

"Well, yes," I said. "Quite a bit more. Do you know, I really think I'll have to rush off now. Thanks so much. And I hope you get a husband and don't get another sore throat."

"The same to you," she said, "good-bye."

"Good-bye," I said again. But she had gone below, and there were only swelling waves in the pond to show where she rolled, laughing to herself, I expect.



PAULINE ROGERS, who conducts "Music and the Story," the session heard from 1ZB every other Sunday afternoon at 4.15, is a young New Zealand pianist. She holds the N.S.W. State Conservatorium Diploma, and has been associated with broadcasting since she was a child. Miss Rogers tells the story of composers and their works, and though she does not hesitate to debunk some of the anecdotes which have been woven round certain musicians and certain compositions, the fact is sometimes as entertaining as the fiction. Her next broadcast will be this Sunday, April 11.

NEW ZEALAND LISTENER, APRIL 9