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NEURITIS

Doctors' treatments, mineral baths, advertised cures, did not work—but two packets of R.U.R. did the trick, states P. J. Doyle, ambulance officer, of North Melbourne. Writing in October, 1942, Mr Doyle says:—

"Dear Sir,—I have been a sufferer from Neuritis for many years, under several doctors, taking courses of mineral baths and using many well-known advertised safe cures, but to no avail. I was in Sydney on annual leave when a friend told me to try a course of R.U.R. Well, I was prepared to try anything to cure me; after two 7/6 courses of R.U.R. all effects of Neuritis had vanished, thanks to this great remedy. I always keep a bottle in my medicine chest." Notice how Mr Doyle leaves no doubt as to his faith in R.U.R.—"after two 7/6 courses all effects of Neuritis had vanished," he says. He is not alone in his faith, as scores of other ill-health sufferers find R.U.R. the only worth-while treatment.

Containing the fivefold health action of a laxative, liver stimulant, kidney cleanser, blood purifier and acid corrective, R.U.R. gives benefit to sufferers from 19 out of 20 of life's common ailments. So Take R.U.R. and Right You Are. A product of R.U.R. (N.Z.) Ltd., 141 Cashel street, Christchurch.



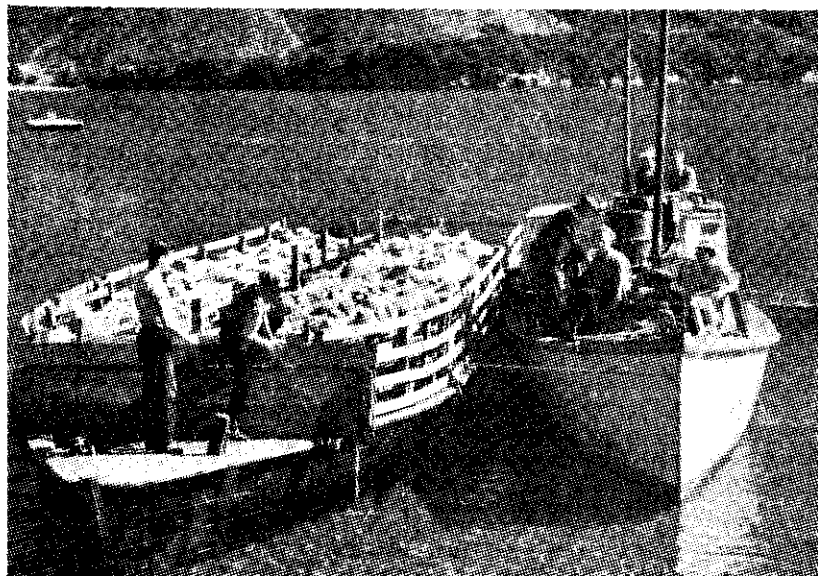
FARMING, FISHING —BUT NO CAMERAS

*Marlborough Sounds
In War-Time*

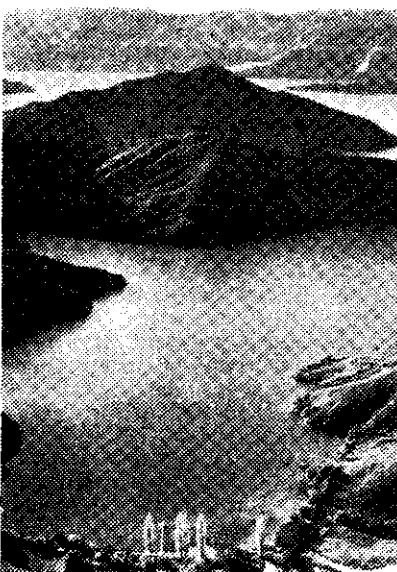
I BEGIN absurdly: the Sounds are almost sensationally beautiful. In every mood in which I saw them—in calm sunshine, in roaring wind, in moonlight, in pitch blackness—they astonished me. I don't think their blindest admirers have said half enough about them, and I hate to think what will happen to them when the truth at last gets out. At present a few thousand visit them every year—five or six hundred a week from Christmas to Easter, and a thin trickle of town-weary people during the rest of the year. If the truth had really entered our minds New Zealand alone would pour a hundred thousand into Picton every year, and Australia perhaps five thousand. Happily for some of us that invasion is still a menace only.

The Sounds remain as Cook saw them—if we forget the bush and the birds. It is certainly hard to forget them, and depressing to notice that the destruction still goes on. Bush is still being removed from relatively useless land, and where it has been removed in the past burning is still the standard method of checking the second growth. But the Sounds, like the rest of New Zealand, are at war. Labour is almost unobtainable, and when it can be found it costs more than most farmers can pay. So the majority cut the scrub when they can, burn when they can, and try not to see the signs of erosion. If visitors see it, they see too much. And there are not many of them these days. In a journey of about ninety miles by foot and a hundred by water I met only two or three "picnic" parties (bottles, accordions, and half-naked girls), one party of business men (fugitives from worry in their own luxurious launch), and one solitary "hiker" (no mere tramp would have carried such a pack or pushed on so strenuously to the goal). Easter was, of course, late this year, and when it arrived I had myself come to rest in a sheltered cove where the tables filled at the sound of a gong and the hot water never once failed.

THOSE little groups of holiday-makers were half the population, and isolated homesteads held the other half. Farmers and fishermen are the real inhabitants of the Sounds, and the line between them is not very sharply drawn. Nearly every farmer fishes at times for his table, and several of the fishermen I saw had small holdings on which sheep were producing the jam while the lines and nets were bringing in the bread and butter. Even the few "gentlemen" the Sounds still enclose—migrants from Canterbury and the Wairarapa—go fishing more often than they go to their Clubs. And you



Punting sheep from an isolated farm in Marlborough Sounds



"The Sounds are almost sensationally beautiful"

don't remain a gentleman long when a blind eel fouls your lines.

AS soon as you can, you go to the bathroom, and every house in the Sounds has one. Fifty years ago, I feel sure, bathrooms were as rare as 30-pound schnapper are to-day; now they are universal. The gentleman has won after all. Just as the Greeks counter-attacked inside the Roman skulls, the shaving, bathing Sounds sheep-farmer hit back at the son of toil inside the poor fellow's house. Now he has to shave twice a week at least, and he does not sit down to the last meal of the day in dungarees and boots in which he has been working—unless he is incorrigible. And in that case he begins to be a marked man. Someone makes an innocent remark about him; someone else repeats it; sooner or later the telephone wires on which all conversation with neighbours is conducted, begin to leak, and there is an inter-bay incident. It is then his boots and beard against the world; and if he is a stout fellow, with a loyal wife, he may remain independent. But it is more likely that he will give way as soon as he can do so without loss of face. First the boots will go, and then the dungarees. Then he will comb his hair. And one

night, so casually that no one will be aware of the change, he will put off his working shirt.

THAT battle is over in the Sounds.

The men shave. The women dress. The children brush their hair. The meals are pleasant ceremonies. But there is one battle still to be won. With few exceptions Sounds families live in isolation. They are frequently large. They almost never have a school. Sooner or later therefore the parents have to lose their children or somehow or other get instruction brought to them. It is the problem of isolated communities all over the world, and it is doubtful if any country (unless it happens to be Russia) is doing more to meet it than our own; but the mother whose children are growing up without the "benefits of education" is not much interested in world comparisons. She wants to know what is going to happen to her children if they leave home without the certificates that every other mother's children get at school, and she spends many sleepless hours worrying about them; unless, of course, she is an unusual woman—too listless to care, or too wise and strong to care too much.

I met two in the second category, and they made me wonder, not how much more the State should do for isolated families, but how much of what is done for other families is wasted effort. One of these women had a lad of twelve who had never seen the inside of a school. But he could milk a cow, row a boat, catch a fish, work a dog, read the weather signs, and give intelligent answers to all the questions I asked him about the farming-fishing world in which he lived. He was a pupil of the Correspondence School, and his wise mother saw to it that he did all the prescribed work as it arrived. But I saw some of his paper answers, and they were not very good. I saw some of the questions, and many of them were about the things he would never require to know and at present did not wish to know. He probably ranks as an average pupil in that school or a little better than average; but he is a hundred per cent. plus boy in his own environment, and it depressed me to think that

(Continued on next page)