



The only soap specially made to prevent "B.O."—whether due to hard work, nervousness or any other cause.



W.57.52Z.

LEVER BROTHERS (N.Z.) LIMITED—PETONE.

SPECIALIST TRAINING

This is the day of the skilled man—the specialist. You, too, can qualify for a good position by taking an I.C.S. Course of specialised training. It can be carried out at home, in camp—just whenever you have the spare time. These are some of the 300 I.C.S. Courses:—

Diesel Eng.	Refrigerat. Eng.
Radio Servicing	Mechanical Eng.
Ground Eng.	Carpenter & Joiner
Ship Building	Foundry Work
Ocean Navigation	Works Manager
Draughtsman	Electrical Mech.

Send for Free Prospectus, stating the subject or trade in which you are interested. Utilise your spare time! Write TO-DAY!

INTERNATIONAL
CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
Dept. L, 182 Wakefield St., Wellington.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES

ALL ABOUT ROWENA Who Was Resourceful

(Written for "The Listener" by M.B.)

IN later years, when reporters would come from far and near to interview Rowena's mother on the subject of Rowena's childhood, Rowena's mother was unable to think of any tendency manifested in early life which marked out Rowena as being any different from the ordinary run of children. Which, of course, showed that Rowena's mother herself was a somewhat exceptional person. In point of fact, the only thing she remembered vividly about Rowena as a baby was her regrettable habit of sucking all solids given her through her feeder, or in default of this through the hem of her best frock. And, thinking this hardly to Rowena's credit, Rowena's mother forbore to mention it. Actually, this was perhaps the first indication given to the outside world of Rowena's extraordinary resourcefulness, for reared as she was in days before parents were practised in Plunket principles, Rowena ensured by this somewhat messy means that she received her full quota of Sieved Solids.

AT five Rowena went to school. But perhaps because staffs in those days were less open-minded than they are to-day, Rowena's resourcefulness did not receive its due meed of attention, except in the section headed Conduct, and then it was obvious that the Headmaster thought she would have been better without it. Little could he guess how Time would confound his ill-considered opinions, and that one day he would boast at a Rotary Club luncheon that it was under his nurture that the seed of Rowena's outstanding quality had begun to put out leaf and flower.

But we anticipate. Like Shakespeare's Rowena's genius was late in flowering. Not that this worried either Rowena or any of her friends and relations, for like the world at large they were unaware

"... Turtle steak, cunningly prepared in accordance with Rowena's instructions"

that Rowena was a genius. And she might have gone to her final resting-place unhonoured and unsung but for the stupendous accident of the second World War.

IN September, 1939, Rowena was 53, the mother of six grown-up children, three boys and three girls, all of whom were married and had families of their own. Her husband had done quite well in his profession, and Rowena was mistress of a large house and half an acre of ground. And the cares of the house and garden and her increasing number of grandchildren filled Rowena's time very satisfactorily, particularly as son after son and son-in-law after son-in-law was drafted to camp and Rowena's services at the houses of her six off-spring were increasingly in demand. And so busy was she with her domestic duties that it was not till the war was entering its third year that Rowena realised that she was standing on the threshold of her life as a Career Woman.

It all began with the shortage of elastic. Rowena had not till then been particularly Elastic-Conscious, as her own children had been reared in the Button-and-Bodice era. But now her ears rang with the lamentations of her six daughters and daughters-in-law and the concerted wails of her 14 grandchildren, all of whom were of an age to need elastic at waist and knee. Rowena pondered on the problem throughout one sleepless night. At four o'clock she fell into an uneasy slumber. At 4.30 she rose, and, Lady-Macbeth-like, made her way into the garage. At 4.45 a.m., her husband discovered her on her knees beside his bicycle having almost finished her task of cutting his rear tube into narrow ribbons. He led her, still unconscious, back to bed. In the morning he gave her the other bicycle tube, merely remarking that a one-tyred bicycle wasn't much use anyway.

THE news of Rowena's sensational Elastic Replacement Discovery swept the country. She woke from her sleepwalking to find herself famous. There were pictures of all the grandchildren, seemingly at waist and knee, in the illustrated papers. She was inundated with letters from Grateful Mother of Ten and Pro Bono Publico. But this early public adulation was as nothing compared with that which resounded from one end of the country to the other on the publication of a small pamphlet by Rowena "How to Acquire Bicycle Tubes Suitable for the Production of Elastic Substitute."



Rowena, who had thought her days comparatively full before her skyrocket to fame, now wondered what she could have done with her vast areas of leisure. She rose at six each morning to deal with her correspondence, consisting mostly of letters from harassed householders with pleas to wring the heart. "I can't buy safety-pins and I have triplets two and a-half months old. What should I do?" "I have been trying to make a substitute for Angora baby wool from the hair of our black Persian cat. How can I get it white?" It took Rowena half an hour's hard thinking to provide a solution to each of these problems of war-time shortages, so it was usually well after midnight before she fell asleep at her desk. Her husband ate out.

Among her more memorable discoveries of this period must rank that of a mustard substitute and the publication of a memorandum on "The Preparation of Pork Equivalent from Milk-Fed Veal."

BUT at last the war ended, and it was borne in upon her that her Life's Work Was Over. For a few brief years she had done her part to make war-time living more bearable for the inhabitants of New Zealand. Now she must go back to a life which, however admirable in itself, was, civically speaking, negligible. She wept into her pre-war linen handkerchief.

When her husband came home for his first meal in five years, he found no welcome smell of cooking. The house was in darkness. He switched on the light in the kitchen. There was Rowena, her head on the table, weeping unrestrainedly into a pork chop. The recipe book was open at Vegetarian Cutlet. "You see," she sobbed, "if I hadn't any meat at all I could make a Vegetarian Cutlet, and if I hadn't a pork chop I could make what tastes like one, but I've got a pork chop and I can't think what to turn it into!" In vain her husband strove to comfort her, but to no avail. In the end, they made do with bread and butter, and, kept awake by partial starvation, Rowena's husband spent a long night trying to find a solution to Rowena's problem.

The doctor he consulted diagnosed Nervous Breakdown, and prescribed Ocean Voyage. The very next week, Rowena and her husband embarked on a luxury liner for the first stage of their trip round the world.

IT was somewhat unfortunate that in spite of rigid Allied supervision, the post-war Japanese mine-sweeping ser-

(Continued on next page)

Science approves Vi-MAX for Breakfast

Vitalizing VI-MAX is made from selected wheats with wheat germ added to increase vitamin content. Scientific and health authorities recommend delicious, vitalizing VI-MAX for enjoyment, for vitality, and resistance to illness.

VI-MAX in 3lb Cartons, 7lb Bags, Coarse and Fine, made by makers of VI-BRAN and VI-MEAL, D. H. Brown & Son Ltd., Christchurch.

