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ROSES, ROSES ALL THE DAY

Street Collecting Can Teach You Much About Your Fellow Men

OU would think — if you might be classified as "appealing," and green ones (bad sellers). I did so have never done it—that selliffiratious," or "reproachful"; one of by referring to the colour scheme of them will often prove successful. She their ensembles or to their complexion. ing Roses, Flags, or Poppies means just standing at your allotted corner with a box in one hand and some roses (or flags or poppies) in the other. You would think that there are just two kinds of people: Those Who Buy and Those Who Don't.

But there is much more to it than that. When you go "off duty" after two or three hours of selling, you leave a box behind you full of small and bigger silver coins and perhaps containing a note or two of which you are very proud and do a lot of boasting. But you take with you some knowledge of your fellow men and women which you did not have before.

The Willing and the Reluctant

Among Those Who Buy, of course, are very many who do it willingly, even happily; they have their money ready, often more than just a shilling. They do not wait to be approached; they give you a friendly smile which seems to say: "You and I are in this, aren't we? And you like it." They are the ones who make the "Seller" happy and justify her

Quite a number buy because they have to; when they dig into their pockets or search their purses for a shilling (or a sixpence, two threepennies, and three pennies, but by no means a florin) you can actually see them think: "Well, I might just as well buy one and be done with it.'

There are some who are reluctant buyers and must be persuaded or forced to take a rose and give a shilling. To the "Seller's" mind these are the most triumphant experiences; she has seen them pass one or two other collectors without buying; obviously they have dodged many before them. But she is determined not to let them go before their buttonholes are properly adorned. She develops several methods for the purpose which may let good clients pass while she is dealing with such hard cases; but she does not mind.

Colour Preferences

Then there is the choice of colours which makes selling roses vastly dif-ferent from all other street collections. My first customer was my young son, who spent five minutes admiring the differently-coloured roses in my box before he took his choice. That should have made me think. Yet, I was surprised, when walking through the Waterloo train, to find out that all the men (without exception) wanted red roses and red ones only. By the time we reached Petone I was running short of red ones and I had to try and persuade my women customers into choosing blue

Mainly the latter worked extremely well: women like their complexions to be re-

The Non-Buyers

Those Who Do Not Buy, of course, are much more interesting and revealing than Those Who Do.

First of all, it is amazing how many Wellingtonians walk about the streets without small change—at least on Rose Day. I pity the tobacconists and Post Offices who have to change a pound note (or a fiver?) when they sell a packet of cigarettes, a box of matches, or a stamp. Some of the No-Change-People are genuine, though. They tell you they will come back later, and they do. This

(continued on next page)

History In A Church



EW PLYMOUTH is one of the most interesting of our towns outside the four main centres; some give it first place. It has history and beauty: it is well cared for: and one notices that indefinable thing called atmosphere. The most impressive feature of New Plymouth is St. Mary's Church. As the visitor walks through the memorial lych-gate and notes the stone building in its setting of old trees, he may be surprised to find such a place of beauty and antiquity in what is a comparatively new country. In the carefully-kept churchyard lie soldiers of both sides who fought in the Maori Wars, and many pioneers.

Inside the church the visitor's surprise may grow. The grey and hoary stone is relieved with splashes of colour made by stained-glass windows, military hatchments, drooping flags, and mosaics. Many churches in England have some military memorials, but perhaps there are few churches anywhere with so many as St. Mary's, New Plymouth. There are hatchments representing every regiment, British or Colonial, that fought in the

Taranaki Wars. These were painted. with due regard to accuracy, as a labour of love, by the late Archdeacon Walsh Waimate. They are a unique record of Imperial and national history. The battle honours of these regiments sound like a roll of drums down the years. The Navy is not forgotten—this hatchment was unveiled by Captain Scott, the Antarctic explorer—nor are the friendly

The parish of St. Mary's was founded in December, 1843, and this December, New Plymouth will celebrate the centennial. The first vicar was the Rev. William Bolland, only 23 years of age, and Selwyn walked from the Thames to Taranaki to greet him. The church came later. It was Bolland who insisted that the church should be built of stone, not wood, despite the local abundance of timber. He had his reward in one of the most beautiful and impressive churches in the country.

To commemorate the occasion 2YA will broadcast a talk on St. Mary's at 7.15 p.m. on Friday, December 3, and 2YB New Plymouth will relay it.

