

NOW 'LIGHTNING'

FASTENERS WITH

*Permanently
coloured teeth*

Here's a new "Lightning" with

permanently coloured metal teeth . . . colours penetrate right into the teeth . . . they cannot wash off, wear off, clean off. There are 18 fashion shades and lengths up to 16 inches. It's a featherweight to give an extra professional finish to all dresses of fine fabrics . . . ask for

'LIGHTNING' FEATHERWEIGHT
IN THE
BLACK PACK



All "Lightning" fasteners are now in individual colour packs which designate by colour the fastener use. For dresses of fine fabrics . . . featherweight "Lightning" with permanently coloured teeth in the **BLACK** pack. For skirts, slacks and general dress use . . . lightweight "Lightning" closed-end, in the **RED** pack. For jackets, cardigans and dressing gowns . . . lightweight "Lightning" open-end, in the **GREEN** pack. Under each pack colour there is a choice of fastener lengths and tape colours to harmonise with fabrics.

Manufactured by

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES (N.Z.) LIMITED.

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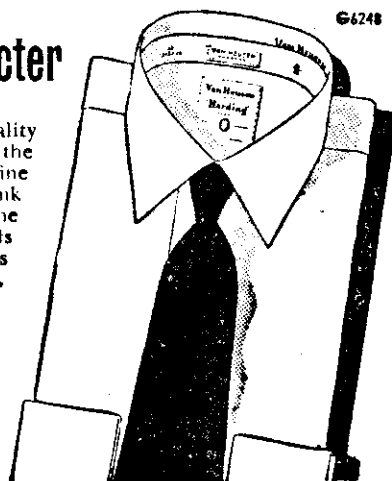
The shirt with character

Unblemished character, inherent quality are evident in every stitch of the Van Heusen 'Harding' shirt. In fine poplin, fully shrunk, it has a pre-shrunk neckband woven on the curve, like the Van Heusen collar. Semi-stiff cuffs and collar add extra smartness to this shirt.

Van Heusen



N.Z. Distributors: Simms Jones Ltd.,
221, Lichfield Street, Christchurch;
also at Auckland and Wellington.



G6248

Shepherd's Calendar

NEWS FROM HOME

by "SUNDOWNER"

WE are snug in New Zealand. Every visitor says so, and it is only in our foolish moments that we do not agree. But I am not finding Australians wallowing in self-criticism. The people of the United States, when I was there, were not perpetually blushing with shame over individual and national shortcomings. I

JULY 5 saw no marked humility in the United Kingdom—unless it is humility to abstain from saying what you know to be true but count it bad form to confess. ("We know you can never be like us, but be as like us as you're able to be.") Seeing ourselves as others see us has never been common in man or beast.

But if their newspapers express public opinion it is sobering to see ourselves as Queenslanders see us. In my first fortnight here New Zealand was not mentioned in the news. Then it was given one sentence—that the Prime Minister of Australia would meet the Prime Minister of New Zealand after he had tried his luck at Taupo. Next day there was nothing; and the next. Then we earned a second sentence: that a man had been committed to an inebriates' home in New Zealand for drinking methylated spirits in sauce. There was silence again for three days, and then at last we hit the headlines: 24 point, 16 point, 14 and 12. "Jolly Letty" was coming, the "Beautiful Fat Girl from New Zealand." She was "The Happiest, Fattest and Jolliest Girl Alive" (three exclamation marks). It would be missing a wonderful experience not to see her.

I suppose I should have seen her: that New Zealanders away from home should stand together. It was tempting even at 4/-. But my native smugness saved me. Why encourage Australians to think that 22-stone girls excited comment in New Zealand or special notice? Whatever I owed to Letty herself, my duty to all other New Zealanders was to pass by on the other side of the road. Even when I heard her announced as the lass from Paycockarick I did not turn my head. It was not the time of day when a rooster was likely to crow.

* * *

THIS surely is the most astonishing sentence I am likely to read in Australia, however long my holiday lasts:

Just as the Merino is making its last stand, so is the Corriedale destined to become the backbone of the Australian sheep industry.

The italics are mine, but the words themselves are taken from a review of Sydney's 55th Annual Sheep Show in the official organ of the Queensland Graziers' Association. I don't know whether the Association

itself takes that view or whether it would be endorsed by every Corriedale breeder. It is more likely, I think, that a journal which speaks for all graziers has no opinion about the future of one section of graziers, and that even Corriedale breeders would hesitate to say in Australia that Merinos have had their day. But it is a hair-raising statement with or without official endorsement, and I find it a strain to wait for another issue to see the skin and hair flying.

* * *

FROM Bundaberg to Rockhampton is 250 miles, and all the way on both sides trees have been planted in memory of Matthew Flinders. I would like to live long enough to see those little trees big trees, but even a visitor passing along that way in his old age would be a dull lump of dough

JULY 11 if he felt no emotion. If I were an Australian I would like to think that I had something to do with such a noble conception, and that my children would live to have the "large and melodious thoughts" it will inspire in the right places. But I am a New Zealander, and I can't escape the sobering thought that Australians have been the same reckless vandals in their forests as we have been in ours. Flinders Avenue, even if all the young trees grow, will be robbed of more than half its impressiveness by the skeletons that enclose it on both sides, and at present make it almost ridiculous. In 50 or 100 years those eyesores will perhaps have been removed and the background on both sides been made to add its quota of dignity. But Australians could have had their avenue now, and Flinders his memorial, if the best trees originally lining the road had been left standing. They have, however, repented in Australia, and it is a magnificent repentance. I would like to think that there is imagination enough

(continued on next page)



MERINO RAM
Displaced backbone?

N.Z. LISTENER, JULY 23, 1954.