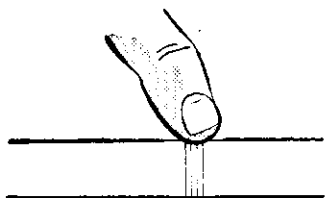
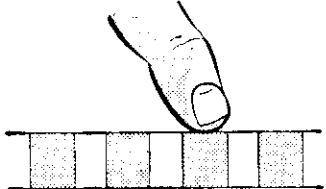


What is Bandspread?



Stations on an ordinary short wave dial.



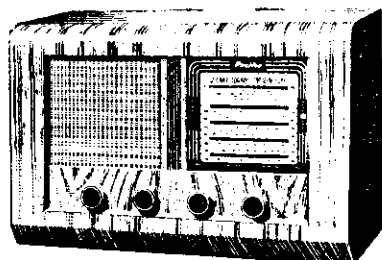
Stations on a Bandspread dial.

Also Available: The Pacific "Dominion" Model 5W3 a de luxe 5-valve BROADCAST set in the cabinet shown. —

A Bandspread radio has the 'short-wave' magnified and then split up into a number of separate wavebands. Each of these wavebands (there are seven apart from Broadcast on this fully bandspread set) occupies the same space on the dial as the short wave on an ordinary set. Because the so-called 'short wave' is about 16 times bigger with bandspredding it's about 16 times easier to tune. Stations that were too close together and interfering with one another are easily separated. The pictures opposite tell the story. See how much easier it is to select a station on a bandspread dial (lower picture) than on an ordinary 'short wave' dial.

Short Wave Listening Made Easy

The perfect example of full bandspredding—the Pacific "Explorer." The beautiful walnut cabinet is in faultless taste, and the receiver itself will give performance you'll be proud of. The Pacific "Explorer"—value too good to miss!



P78.12

Pacific "Explorer"

5 valves, 8 wavebands, Bandspread, Model 583

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CH41

CONTROL THAT HABIT

I AM constantly amazed at the almost sacred character that attaches, in general public estimation, to the practice of reading. I know all the arguments in favour of literacy. Civilisation depends, as we all know, on inter-communication, and on the storing of knowledge in some more or less permanent form of record. But this last might be done very economically indeed. If blue-prints and specifications of a few simple gadgets such as the zip-fastener and the wheelbarrow were to be placed in a lead casket and buried in some safe place, our duty to posterity would be adequately fulfilled. There can be little else that would be of real help to the people of the post-diluvian, or post-cobalt, world—and in any case, why deprive them of the fun of finding things out for themselves?

Granted that reading and writing have some sort of functional importance to us—granted that we should not know which brand of chlorophyll toothpaste or natty nylon shirtings to buy if we could not read advertisements—I am still astonished that anybody should think that ninety-nine hundredths of the reading we do is of any real consequence. Take the fiction we get from our libraries, for example. From the point of view of self-improvement and soul-culture, can it be said that this sort of stuff does us any good? Admittedly, it is better than back-biting, or nail-biting, or week-end golf. It helps us to avoid conversation, soothes the nerves, and prevents us from getting wet and catching a chill. But that is really all there is to be said for it. The thing is vastly overdone. We all read too much at the breakfast and dinner table, and most of us fall into the even more vicious habit of reading between meals.

I know this sort of talk is bad for business, but sooner or later someone has to be honest and speak up about these matters.

A by-product of this drift towards universal literacy is the Free Public Library System. This is completely sacrosanct. It came out of 19th Century industrialism, which by common agreement made a desert of England's green and pleasant land. In 1888 any humane and liberal-minded man, looking fore and aft, must have been in favour of giving the depressed poor free access to books. There is still a good case for it, where poverty exists. Do not think for a moment that I wish anybody to be prevented from reading anything he wishes to read. Every man has an inalienable right to choose his own path to damnation, and if he elects to do it by reading Hegel, I shall go as far as buying the poison for him, if necessary. But I fail to see why I should subsidise him, for either salvation or damnation, when he is as well off as I am.

Wherever the Free Public Library system is attacked, some public man will



A Remedy for Reading, by A. R. D. FAIRBURN

rise to defend it with the single-hearted passion of Sir Galahad helping one of King Arthur's Court ladies out of a fix. He, poor fellow, like Sir Galahad, is thinking in terms of 1888. He is probably an Idealist. He had better beware. Idealists are, on the whole, very nice people. But there is a special nemesis that dogs the footsteps of all those who have starry eyes. I once knew an elderly and benevolent backyard philosopher who, for most of his lifetime, had been under the spell of the Fabian movement. He would often drop in for a chat, and spend long hours talking to me when I might otherwise have been frittering away the time doing a job of some sort. He spoke much of brotherly love, and saw no reason why harmony and universal trust should not reign on earth. His eyes shone with charity and his tones became mellow and vibrant when he hotted up to his theme. Time passed. I came upon him one afternoon crawling around underneath the big hedge skirting his orchard. The boys had been getting through gaps and stealing his fruit. He had a large number of bottles, and he was breaking these with a hammer and scattering the bits in the open spaces under the hedge. His muttering was a frightful thing to listen to, and he was far past conversation of any sort. I left him.

I do hope that none of my hypothetical but quite real public men will not suffer a like revulsion, and fall like Icarus from the heaven of their idealism. It would embarrass us all if they were found scattering broken bottles in the portico of the public library.

[F I may make my point more simply, without the encumbrance of anecdote, it is this: In 1888 my heart would have bled for some freckle-faced lad of twelve who, for lack of an occasional few pence, would never read Pepys, or Sterne, or the plays of John Ford. But almost anywhere in the English-speaking world today the same kid, or his grandson, will regularly scrounge a bob from Mum to go to the flicks and see Virginia Mayo in *Jungle Love*. Two

N.Z. LISTENER, OCTOBER 22, 1954.