

"Look Tiberius—flying cornucopiae"

ination. My own reaction to the traveller in these parts is therefore one of watchfulness, if not suspicion. I have been listening to John Reid's 3YC *Observations on America and Americans* in this spirit, wondering what kind of overall picture will be presented in his last talk. So far he has felt, as others have done, the strain which lies behind the smile and the vigour of many young business men. For the rest he has taken us to concerts, to the opera, and to the vast galleries full of painting and sculpture, and has himself been impressed, I think, by the enthusiasm with which these things are followed up. This has been interesting, but it refreshes the memory rather than newly informs us. America, not content with pilgrims, tells us so very much about herself that what we really want is a fresh and individual slant upon her people, her customs and her institutions.

Rounding Them Up

L ODGE'S recent cartoon on the man not interested in sport just about fits me to a T. It is all the more credit, therefore, to Winston McCarthy that he can really entertain me in his *YA Sports Digest*. Comic and curious facets of sporting history and legend combine to pass the time very quickly. Who would have thought that Wales would possess three of the original jersey worn by Bob Deans at that epoch-making Rugby match, or that in our hard-headed century a famous footballer could die in two places at once—in New Zealand, and also on Gallipoli? So it goes on with that racy and insistent voice. I am glad that I don't have to contradict Winston, though I sometimes get the feeling that I have done so, and that he is firmly and painstakingly putting me right.

—Westcliff

The Captain's Journals

THE muse of history probably owes as much gratitude to radio as any of the other eight. Certainly such a programme as *The Journals of Captain Cook* brings history forward into our own present as even the most popular

of biographies cannot do, and puts the Endeavour and the Discovery in a position to compete, not unfavourably, with the Kon-Tiki and the Seven Sisters. And, journalistically speaking, the *Journals* should have nothing to fear from their modern successors. They exhibit such modern virtues as nonchalance (Cook mentions, in passing, the fact that it took 32 days to round the Horn though this could, of course, be credited to the adapter), straightforwardness, and an awareness of what constitutes human interest. It is splendidly read by Briton Chadwick, with some sort of regional burr which adds weight to his subject by its suggestion of homely virtue.

Danse Macabre

THE NZBS production of *Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat*, by Barbara Harper, left me feeling more mouse than man. It was, I think, the most exciting thriller I have heard, and my overwhelming sense of relief when it ended had nothing to do with aesthetics. It was one of those rare things, an essay in the macabre that is logical on both the natural and the super-natural level. Could one have been more detached at the time one would have taken pleasure in the beautiful construction, with all joints dove-tailed and no rough edges. Not recommended for cat-lovers, but unwilling owners of cats will find it explains a lot.

—M.B.

POET'S PUB

TO a little old inn in a slumbrous hamlet in Normandy used to come famous writers from all over Europe. They came to talk poetry with Paul Harel, the innkeeper who could write poems of the utmost simplicity and grace on subjects found never further than "700 paces from my inn." Paul Harel's guests were lyrical in praise of his food, too. In the great, old-fashioned kitchen where spits turned melting ducklings over the cavernous fireplace, tramps like "Little Road" found warmth and food, and never paid.

The character of this saintly poet fascinated the English author Antonia Ridge. In her girlhood she read his poems eagerly, and thirty years after he died, she visited the Inn of Great St. André on a pilgrimage that yielded fascinating stories of the man who had been loved and honoured by the world of literature and the simple village folk equally.

Stories of Paul Harel, read by Linda Hastings, will be heard in the Women's Hour from 1XH, 2ZA and 3ZB, beginning November 15, and from 1ZB, 2ZB and 4ZB, beginning November 22.



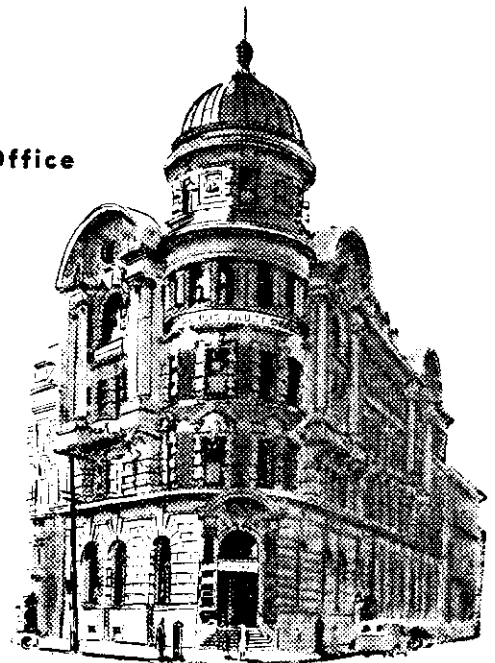
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