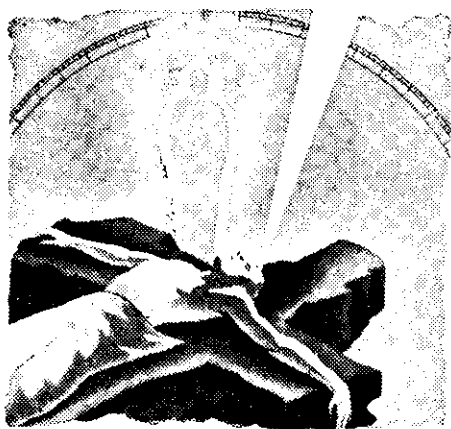


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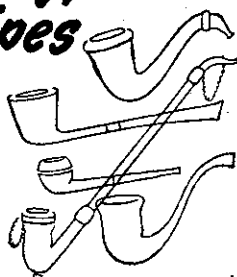
The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

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For all types of pipes



IT'S TOASTED

BOOKS

(continued from previous page)

anger against the old society, against the Japanese, Chiang Kai-shek and the Americans. All the translations are simple, direct, colloquial; their main purpose, Rewi Alley states in a preface, "is to try and carry through the poet's idea into that kind of language which would enable the ordinary people of the English-speaking world to receive much of impact of the message given." But this with the loss of the serenity, the detached suggestiveness that we have learnt to associate with Chinese poetry. The old, leisurely, happy-go-lucky, gay or melancholy meandering that can be so charming is replaced by a kind of military briskness. For the sake of the message the interpretation of a poem sometimes differs widely from translations with which we have become familiar in the work of Waley, Robert Payne and others.

—Ruth Dallas

UP WITH MOLESWORTH!

DOWN WITH SKOOL! by Geoffrey Willans and Ronald Searle; Max Parrish, English price 8/6.

THIS is not reely the premyair of the Molesworth diaries for they have apered in punch, but i suspeckt it will make little difference to your enjoyment of them if you have red them (or knot) unless you happen two be uterly wet and a sissy like fotherinton-tomas or on the side of MASTERS (hem-hem). Molesworth One hav done a verry complete job weather on snekes, cads, cricket, fooball, parents, MASTERS, aple pie beds, etc., knot to mentshun the chizzes you knead to kno if you are going to be at st custard's (which is the skool he is at) or are old enought to send your boy their chiz. Persinally i likked the book and objeckted least of all two the drorings by ronald searle which it is full

of. "Forward the young elizabethans," as Molesworth say, "this is what orange juice hav done for the world."

—F.A.J.

A HOME IN JAPAN

MOTHER-SIR! by Tats Blain; Victor Gollancz, English price 13/6.

[F you're not troubled by the kind of humour derived from the idiosyncracies of coloured races, you may well find *Mother-Sir!* amusing. It is the experiences of an American woman in Japan, where she is stationed for a term with her naval officer husband and young daughter.

The publisher warns that no one should turn to *Mother-Sir!* for "the Truth About Japan." Instead, the book is a breezy collection of stories about the embarrassments and "majah catastrophes" which attend the author's efforts to run her Japanese-staffed home. An excess of servants is a problem in itself, as Mrs. Blain can't bring herself to refuse employment to people so urgently needing it. This compassion, however, is pretty well covered over by the "aren't-the-natives-qaunt" attitude of a glossy magazine, where, in fact, two of the chapters first appeared.

—C.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

RELATIVITY, by Albert Einstein; Methuen, English price 12/6. The 15th edition of Einstein's "popular exposition," revised and enlarged.

THE ROAD TO SHALIMAR, by Carneth Wells; Robert Hale, English price 18/-. A journey to Kashmir, described with obvious enjoyment.

THE DANGERS OF BEING HUMAN, by F. Claude Palmer; the Bodley Head, English price 7/6. A practising psychologist writes interestingly on such subjects as alcoholism, worry, dreams, and the hazards of adolescence. An excellent little book.

RETIRED FARMER

WITH days friable through his hands
In the back garden of retirement,
Does he know that it is absence? The land
An afternoon off, resting in its heart,
Gently reminding a contrast with walking
The asphalt to bowls, to their bubble
Of welcome. "Hello, Walter. The competitions..."

Yes; the competition. Those nagging cars, dust
Clouds leading to time and town.
Leading to ledgers, cost of the Chev,
Of clearing by contract, schooling the boys,
Working the farm with one lad. Yet
It has not ceased. Except now, not worries
But annoyance, with nothing of comfort beneath.

Except this—the third thought today
Of the cow-track defining the hill.
How the concrete ended, clay
Oozed up round the gumboot edges, still
Waiting the toes of the boy within to part,
Squeezing between. To be cleansed in the clear
River water. Well; that he had done.

Gone like a tourist to visit the snow,
Found trout high up and the source
Such a trickle. Wasn't much
You could say of it to machinery agent
Or man who delivered the paper and meat.
Even the men in the club, masked
Behind taxes and sport. Who to shout it to?

God is love, is my farm and the next farm
Over the ridge, is the one day in drought
That it teemed, is the willing kids staggering
Along with the cans the interest would carry,
Is the sweep of Ohope for a year's watchful saving,
Is the growth of the hope that we'll sell out in time.
Would be saying again: My farm goes from here to the river.

—Robert Chapman