



Be safe now
from winter
COLDS . . .

A 3-day course of Anti-Bi-San now can help you and your family to safeguard yourselves from colds. Anti-Bi-San acts through the bloodstream and reinforces your natural resistance during the treacherous winter months. Let Anti-Bi-San protect you against infection this winter. In the great majority of cases Anti-Bi-San provides protection against colds within 10 days of the start of treatment.

'ANTI-BI-SAN'

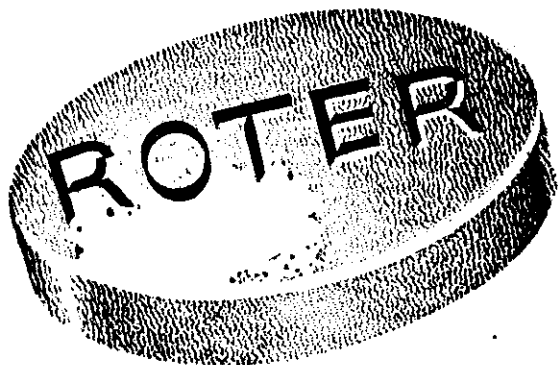
Guards against Colds

OBTAINABLE IN ADULTS' AND CHILDREN'S PACKS

Send for Free Leaflet to the Distributors:

POTTER & BIRKS (PTY.) LIMITED, Lower Federal Street, Auckland.

Do you suffer from
Severe Stomach Trouble?



Consult your chemist without delay and obtain full particulars regarding Roter Tablets. Up to 2,000,000 of these remarkable tablets are sold DAILY throughout the World. Further supplies are now available from all Chemists throughout New Zealand.

ROTER TABLETS

are manufactured by Pharmaceutische Fabriek, Hilversum, Holland, and are distributed in N.Z. by H. F. Stevens Limited, Christchurch.

BOOKS

(continued from previous page)

—shadowed, however, by the thought of what John Brodie might have done. "People often said they had never seen a more united family than ours, but somehow it was never taken by us to mean that this included father. He seemed rather to have been co-opted as a member, or to have been made a vice-president because his subscription would come in useful." Am I mistaken in detecting here a new note in our letters? But with the irony and humour go tenderness, affection and pathos. John wrote the book for the family to remember father by.

Two friends, Alan Mitchell, and Nigel Palethorpe, contribute penetrating appreciations: "he will ever remain a very special man in our lives," says Mr. Mitchell. English critics' praise is quoted, and the reprint is a Book Society recommendation.

—A.M.

FOUR LITTLE AMERICANS

MY SON GOGGLE, by Bentz Plagemann; Victor Gollancz, English price 12 6. *CONTRARY PLEASURE*, by John D. MacDonald; Robert Hale, English price 9 6. *THE DARKNESS OF THE DAY*, by Robert Coates; Victor Gollancz, English price 12 6. *CRISIS 2000*, by Charles Maine; Hodder and Stoughton, English price 10 6.

PARENTS whose children are (a) firmly and definitely asleep, or (b) firmly and definitely in either a boarding school or borstal, will be able to laugh themselves silly over Goggle. It is very, very funny. And there's comfort in it, too, for those who think that theirs is the only irrepressibly demoniac child that ever dropped a flour bomb on the caretaker's greying head. Huckleberry Finn was an innocent, measured against such as Goggle, precocious product of America's new patriarchy. As he's not our son, we can enjoy every minute of this book, till toward the end. However humorous the book is, child worship is child worship, and humour must be paid for by an eventual Making Good. In America particularly there seems such a short gap between being childish/ly irresponsible and irresponsibly childish.

But, ah, the grave American novel, the Family Chronicle! *Contrary Pleasure* is not even much of a title to the "absorbing detail" of the small town manufacturing Delevan family. Certainly once you start you will inevitably finish this book; but they're all like that, so wearisome-competent. The bad son, the difficult daughter, the problem brother; all going to bed and going to business. Take this one to bed.

The Darkness of the Day is explained by the publisher as "an intense and moving story of love with a tragic conclusion." Would that one could come to the conclusion as quickly. Hungarian-born piano-tuner meets new York waitress. Marries her, of course. A mistake, of course. It has its moments, but there are some lives one can't feel inquisitive over — too many other things to read.

But is there any hope for the future? Turn now to A.D. 2000. The Little Men are with us again, this time from Saturn. They want to come to the World Festival, and they do—behind their bubble of impenetrable

force-wall they are being transmitted nonstop by radio teletransition (or something) all the way from Saturn to New York assembly spot. The Senator is a fat, flabby oratorical type, trying forcefully to be friendly. The Colonel in charge of the U.S. forces is scornful of such Billy Bunterism ("I cannot jeopardise the safety of the world, and the U.S. in particular, because of an irresponsible man and woman"). All the rest of the personae, on whose shoulders everything may fall to preserve, et cetera, are busy eyeing and dating and making passes at pretty Dr. Lynn Farrow, the scientific brains of the cast. As in most of the space-yawners, the human beings are quite, quite, silly sub-human. Up, the Saturnians!

—Denis Glover

NOT ENOUGH PEOPLE

PEOPLING THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH, by G. F. McCleary; Faber and Faber, English price 18.

THIS is a well-balanced and up-to-date appraisal of the Empire migration position. We are, of course, vitally interested in migration, or we ought to be. In spite of some encouraging improvement in post-war years it is clear that the pakeha birthrate will never populate New Zealand. In all Anglo-Saxon communities some vital force has declined. As Dr. McCleary says, there has been laid upon us a painless hand—of willed sterility. Not by a foreign enemy; we laid it upon ourselves. Recourse to shameful or criminal practices has been an added factor. The result of our high Maori birthrate will be a mixed race in a generation or two, which is satisfactory; but there will not be enough people. So we must rely on migration. From where? Not Britain (which has herself a declining population), or not for long, anyway. Not Ireland, which is vigorously discouraging emigration; nor Scandinavia, Germany or France, which have low birthrates. Perhaps from Greece, Italy or Poland. But in the end I rather think it will be from Asia. And why not?

—F. J. Foot

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

NORTH WALES, by H. L. V. Fletcher; Hodder and Stoughton, English price 15/-. The first part of a two volume survey of Wales. It is full of information, and is well illustrated.

HAPPINESS IS A HABIT, by Gordon Powell; Hodder and Stoughton, English price 7/6. Based on 12 addresses on the principle of happiness as taught by Jesus Christ.

Parking Metres

THE GAMBLER ARE COMING

EACH week in Britain the results of Soccer Are bigger news than even Lady Docker. Whether a team will lose or draw or win Becomes, when you have filled a coupon in, Indeed a matter of great pith and moment Writ large by men who know the way to foment What nestles in the bosoms of so many, The urge to win a fortune with a penny.

New Zealand politicians view with smiles The football pools within the British Isles, But when they reach a hand across the sea, Challenge the sacred name of T.A.B., And try to cash in on the local betting — Well then, it leads to departmental fretting. And Mr. Holland may be seeing red If pools rush in where Hobart feared to tread.

—R.G.P.