

HEALTH HOME

Havelock North, Hawke's Bay



For Rejuvenating Body, Mind and Spirit

26-Acre estate on sunny slopes; beautiful gardens, lawns, shady trees, lovely scenes, wonderful climate. Sun-bathing through year.

Ideal home for holiday, rest, recuperating to HEALTH and HAPPINESS. SPECIAL ATTENTION given to nerve cases and physical ailments. Unique in New Zealand!

Conducted by Herbert Sutcliffe, Food Scientist and Psychologist with world-wide experience.

Correctly-balanced HEALTH FOODS for personal needs, attractively served. Diets and vegetable cocktails for special cases. Consultations and treatments arranged.

Tariff on application to "PELOHA" (Dept. L.), Box 92, HAVELOCK NORTH, H.B.

Deadly to RATS!

... but
HARMLESS TO HUMANS,
Poultry and Domestic
Animals.



Get rid of rats—but don't use dangerous poisons.
Use RATOPAX — deadly to rats only!
No danger to children, pets, poultry, etc.

RATOPAX

from your Grocer, Chemist, or Hardware Store.

Wholesale Only: AMALGAMATED SALES LTD
P.O. Box 1727, AUCKLAND

CORNS

INSTANTLY RELIEVED

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction, lift painful pressure. Separate Medications supplied for quickly removing corns. Cost but a trifle at Dr. Scholl's dealers and all chemists. Sizes also for Callouses, Bunions and soft corns. 1/8 a packet.

Dr. Scholl's Shops:

9 Willis Street, Wellington. 291 High Street, Lower Hutt. Collingwood Street, Hamilton. 192 Victoria Avenue, Wanganui. 136 Broadway, Palmerston North. 147 Bridge Street, Nelson. Corner Maxwell Road and George Street, Blenheim. 123 Cashel Street, Christchurch. Cnr. George and Sophia Streets, Timaru. 29 Moray Place, Dunedin.



Scholl Mfg. Co. (N.Z.) Ltd., Willeston St., Wellington.

ON WITH THE DANCE!

I LIKE the company of New Zealand men. (I'm not suggesting I do not like that of New Zealand women, but tonight my thoughts are with men.) I met New Zealand men in England before the war. They were highly intelligent—some of this country's exported brains. In spite of that they were gay, friendly, witty and thoroughly good company; and in England they danced. During the war I met hundreds more New Zealand servicemen. They were perhaps not quite such intellectual giants, but were just as gay and friendly and witty and good company for women. And in England they danced.

Six years ago I came to this land and found the men all I expected. I found cups of tea in bed, help with the dishes, help with the washing, help with the shopping, help with the children. This is the place to live.

Home truths from abroad by
BETTY B. ALLUM

THE telephone rings; it is an invitation to dance. I accept with alacrity. I love dancing. The evening arrives and a flower spray is bought for me. We have a reliable all-night sitter from the University Hostel who knows the children. My mind is at ease, my hair is set. I look better than usual; a happy time awaits me—we are going to dance. But, no, I had forgotten this is New Zealand! The rest of the party arrive for a drink before we go. We arrive late and have half a dance and the one following. The party saunters back to its seat. One of the men says, "Excuse me, dear—just a breath of fresh air." Two minutes later I look around. We are five women sitting. One of us murmurs that it is too bad of men "spotting" in cars. We sit out three dances and I feel the English are not the only people in the world making understatements. The men return in happy mood and we dance two whole dances right through. "Let's go to the car for a drink—Sh!" Now we are three women sitting out two dances. I get a little irritated and slightly embarrassed so go and stand by the door, a wallflower. It is something to do. A stranger asks me to dance and I accept, wondering where his partner is sitting alone. At 11.30 p.m. our men return in time for supper; we eat crayfish, chicken in aspic, savouries and fruit salad for three quarters of an hour. We have eaten so much we must drink more. The rain ruins my hair and soaks my evening shoes and stockings as we make a dash for the car. There are too many for all inside so some of the men drink surreptitiously, getting very wet. We miss three dances; the evening is almost over but we make the last waltz. The men say, "Wasn't it a wonderful dance."

It is quite a long drive home. I have time to think that this behaviour towards its womenfolk would not be tolerated in any other country I know. The men behaving like a pack of adol-



"I like New Zealand men—it will be different at the next dance"

escent schoolboys smoking in school lavatories. They would be told they lacked social training, they had been dragged up in a wood, that their behaviour was immature and downright rude. I murmur my thoughts half apologetically but, no, I am wrong. Those men in other countries were hen-pecked, effeminate, higher intellectual types; they played cricket and had never spoken to an All Black. What can you expect? I snuggle deeper into my evening cloak and remember I am living with the virile men of the age, men of independent spirit.

We drive home and I am soon asleep to be awakened with a cup of piping hot tea in no time at all. I think this and the dance are not reconciled. Perhaps I dreamed the dance; yet I remember other dances, many dances. The days go by and I meet the same men again. They are fine. We discuss the government, the Sydney Conference, the lessening dollar gap, the indignity for husbands and wives having to sign permission for each other's New Zealand passport, the high price of wool, the Hospital Board and the Red Dean.

New Zealand men, I like their company—it will be different at the next dance.

Towards One World

ARE we as far as ever today from a true fellowship of peoples? This sounds a grim thought, but it is probably true. How can we help to work towards the ideal of One World? In a series of seven recorded talks to be broadcast in a link of the YA and YZ stations, starting at 9.15 p.m. this Friday, August 25, several speakers, both in New Zealand and from abroad, will offer what they consider to be a way. The title is *Towards One World*.

The first talk, by Jeanne Biddulph, of the Nga Tawa School, is called *Vengeance Won't Do*. She talks about the age-long conflict between Frenchmen and Germans, and of how it is being overcome by such schemes as the Schuman Plan, which offers, she says, "something easily understood: peace, through bread-and-butter commonsense." Since "we have reached the point where the whole world must be considered as one economic unit," we must "plan accordingly, or perish."

The second talk is by Sir Robert Holland, formerly of the Indian Civil Service, who recently visited New Zealand. His subject, *The Right to Security*, involves such points as "God has disappeared from the sky. Principle is abandoned. Science cannot give us any ideals."

A recent writer in *The New Statesman and Nation* said that the atmosphere in which the Schuman Plan was



ROBERT SCHUMAN

"Offering peace through commonsense"

conceived was created by Dr. Frank Buchman, leader of the Oxford Group, better known as Moral Re-Armament. Another talk in the series is by Dr. Buchman himself, whose subject is *The Destiny of East and West*. In his plea for Moral Re-Armament, he says: "Marxists are finding a new thinking in a day of crisis. The class struggle is being superseded. Management and labour are beginning to live a positive alternative to class war. . . These things are true. They are happening. They are one way of finding unity for all."

The last four talks will be *What Can the Individual Do?* (by L. H. G. Gordon, Secretary-Organiser of the United Nations Association in Wellington), and *The Economic Obstacles, Nationalism and Internationalism*, and *Can the Church Help?*

N.Z. LISTENER, AUGUST 25, 1950.