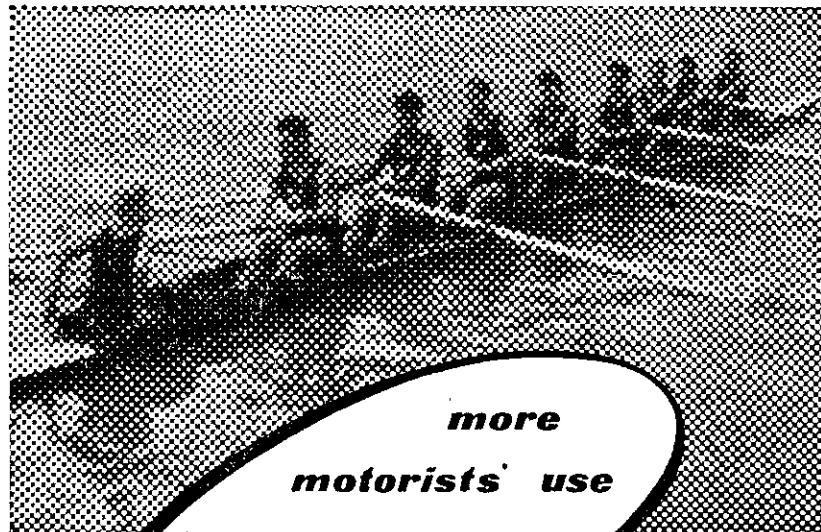




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motorists' use

SHELL

than any
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Balanced power alone
can give balanced performance.
You've got to have Shell, the best all-
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formance. Go for Shell, the research-backed,
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starting, lively performance, clean combustion,
whether you're in gears at the traffic lights,
or in top on the broad highway.



K5.2B

The Shell Company of New Zealand Limited (Incorporated in England)

Revitalise Your KIDNEYS

And You'll Feel Young — Look Young

Nothing ages man or woman more than
aches caused through bad kidney action. This
makes you suffer from Interrupted Sleep,
Burning, Itching Passages, Nerves, Dizzi-
ness, Rheumatism, Backache, Leg Pains,
Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss
of Appetite, Energy, etc., because kidneys
which should filter blood fail to throw off
acids and poisons, now creeping to joints
and muscles. In 24 hours Cystex will expel
poisons and acids and assist in strengthening
kidneys. Get Cystex (Sisatex) from your
Chemist or Store to put you right. Act
now! Under the guarantee Cystex must prove
entirely satisfactory or money will be re-
funded on return of empty package to
Box 977, Wellington.

Cystex

The guarantee pro-
tects you. Now 6/-
and 12/-

for Kidneys, Rheumatism, Bladder

"Packed in New Zealand by Stanford Labora-
tories Ltd., 5 Manuka St., Wellington, for The
Knox Company, Inc., Los Angeles, U.S.A."

CORNS Go Fast!

Dr. Scholl's New Super-
Soft Zino-pads give in-
stant relief from pain.
The scalloped edge fits
smoothly over sensitive
places. 2/- pkt. at chem-
ists, shoe dealers, stores
and all Scholl Depots.



Other sizes for callouses, bunions, and soft corns.

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HAMILTON 3a Collingwood St. BLEN. 10 George St.
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**Dr. Scholl's NEW
Super-Soft Zino-pads**

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

Shepherd's Calendar

MACHINES THAT KILL

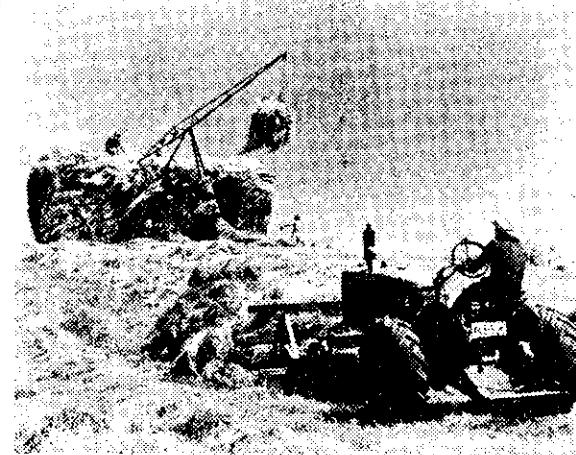
by "SUNDOWNER"

IT will not be the fault of the
Department of Agriculture if
tractors kill more farmers next
year than horses, bulls, trees,
cliffs, ladders, stacks, and live
wires. Month by month the
casualty rate rises, and month by month
the Department's experts urge the neces-
sity of care. The review of the situation
in last month's issue of the *Journal* made
it clear that although tractors have

nature; but I am always glad when it
passes. I can still manage the eating
and drinking, and there was a time
when I could do the praying, too;
though not with-
out some conflict.

DECEMBER 20

Prayer, if you have
puritan origins, gets in the way of cakes
and ale, and by the time you have
reached a clearer air, prayer has lost
its fervour and its mean-
ing. I have never, there-
fore, celebrated an Eng-
lish Christmas, but only
the Scottish substitute—
a lukewarm festival
without much convic-
tion. As far back as I
can remember there
were Christmas stock-
ings, but they were
every-day stockings fast-
ened with a safety pin
to the end of the bed,
and we knew who filled
them. I can't think my-
self back to a period of
belief in Father Christ-
mas or Santa Claus, and
I must have been 19 or
20 before I saw a Christ-
mas tree. It was a big
loss but also a consider-
able gain, and I don't
know now whether I am
sorry or glad that I was born into a
world cleared of such make-believe.



"It is the age of machines"

killed only one in six of the accident
victims of the last twelve years, they
killed one in four
DECEMBER 12 in 1949, one in
three in 1950, and
are now probably killing one in two of
all farmers lost during farm operations.
Whatever the figures for 1951 prove to
be, the tractor has won its place already
as the most deadly, as well as the most
necessary and useful, machine on the
land.

But here is something I saw today
as I watched a modern baler at work:
a girl of ten on the tractor seat, with
the driver standing by her side; a boy
of seven sitting on the other side of
the seat; two boys (one perhaps eight
and the other ten) sitting on the tool-
box of the baler, and a boy of 12 or
13 standing by the man on the moving
sledge. All's well that ends well, of
course, and these are not the mechanical
ninnies I was when I was their age.
The youngest of them could probably
start the tractor, and the eldest drive
it for half a day without assistance. We
had a visitor yesterday who came by
car with her son of six, and when she
left the boy ran ahead of her to the
gate, a distance of two or three chains,
and had the engine started and running
smoothly when the rest of us arrived.
It is the age of machines, and of
mechanically precocious children. But if
I had half a dozen children and wanted
to keep them I would not scatter them
over the top of a tractor and a moving
baler.

Make-believe may still be the best
reality for children; the only reality at
some stages in their lives, as it con-
tinues to be all their lives for some
grown-ups. But there is no longer much
make-believe about Christmas for the
others: it is largely lies for them and
self-seeking. I don't know which I loathe
most—the rogues who use Christmas
politically or the humbugs who exploit
it commercially; but I would work for
the death of all of them if it would
leave enough people alive to keep the
world going.

* * *

I CAN think of three Christmas Days
in 50 years that went too quickly
for me. On the first I was 40 miles
away from a house and, I believed, from
another human being. I discovered later
that there had been musterers only two
or three miles away, but thinking my-
self alone, I felt alone, and had an up-
lift of the spirit that lasted all day
and was, I now suppose, a form of re-
ligious ecstasy induced by hunger, lone-
liness, fear, sus-
pense, and the in-
toxication of feel-
ing myself, in that thin mountain air,
involved in a mystery that would never
be solved.

DECEMBER 25

The second of these three days
brought me the nearest possible ap-
proach I have ever made to a Christ-
mas of hard eating and drinking and
high thinking. I was the guest of a pro-
fessor of literature who has made wine
a dispeller of darkness and an ally in
the war which every lonely man must
wage against frustration and doubt. We
began about six, and at first I found it
difficult to surrender to the situation
that had been so deliberately created.

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N.Z. LISTENER, JANUARY 25, 1952.