

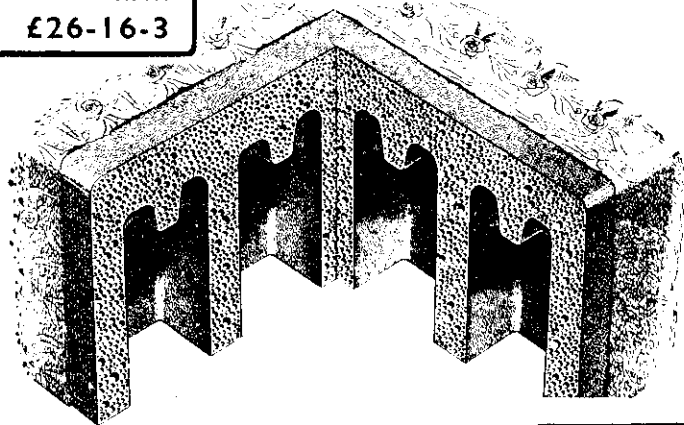
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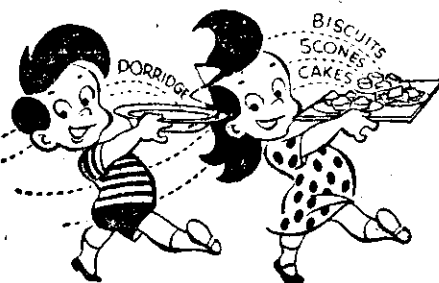
The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks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

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two 'pounds' of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

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Both grades make porridge equally nutritious, equally delicious. Order VI-MAX, VI-BRAN and VI-MEAL from your grocer.

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BOOKS

(continued from previous page)

Colum. What is there left to Margaret, besides the child? Well, of course, Colum's church; at the end her heart shouted and sang with recognition.

This is truly myself. I have all this hair and all these teeth. You are dying of falseness, your very own, which out of youth and luck and laziness you have permitted. It is time to die of falseness. It is time to begin again. When I woke up my whole life inside me wept. This Saroyan is Armenian, and Armenians have fine feelings. It goes away back, beyond money, girls, drinks and the poker game. Whatever you pay them for their novels or their films—yes, another film star here—deep inside they stay good. They stay how a man sees himself, before the world musses him up, like a little boy stealing watermelon.

—David Hall

FISH, FLESH, AND FOWL

BRITISH BIRDS IN COLOUR (Advisory Editor, R. S. R. Fitter); Odhams Press, Ltd. N.Z. price, 26/3. **THE UNCERTAIN TROUT**, by R. H. Wigram; Georgian House, Melbourne, Australian price, 21/- **CURIOUS CREATURES**, written and illustrated by Erna Pinner; Jonathan Cape, English price, 12/6.

THE principal charm of *British Birds*—which must be the most impressive piece of popular natural history the Odhams Press has so far published—is in the 65 pages of full-colour plates, all of them pleasing reproductions from John Gould's *The Birds of Great Britain*, a monumental work first published in 1873. These illustrations—the joint labour of Gould and his wife—may occasionally seem a little stiff to the modern eye, but they are painstakingly precise in form and colour, and as an aid to the British bird-watcher are worth

a good proportion of the purchase-price. They are backed by about 200 fine photographs from such skilled observers as Hosking and Yeates, and by authoritative articles on habits, migration, sanctuaries, and so on. Like so many Odhams books, however, this one suffers from an irritating diffusion of information. There is a good index, but in a book of this kind it should not be necessary to look in, say, 12 different places to gather the sum of information on the Common Gull. More system would improve the book, but it is still a good one to have.

Mr. Wigram's book is for anglers, and is of a kind that has not been produced often enough in this part of the world. It contains a pretty full measure of wisdom on the kind of trout-fishing we have here (the author's home ground is Tasmania), but it is never too didactic, and avoids the dryness of the *vade mecum*. "If one knew all the answers," says Mr. Wigram, "there would be little point in going fishing." This is a pleasantly produced book, but the price must place it beyond the reach of many.

Erna Pinner's drawings are of the kind that cause despair in the beginner, but she occasionally sacrifices accuracy to art and her text is undistinguished. It is readable enough, but to judge the author on this work would be to place her between Crosbie Morrison and Mr. Ripley—and much closer to the latter.

—J.M.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

EVERYTHING that a housewife needs to know about running a home, at least in England, seems to have been revealed in *Household Management* (Odhams Press, through Whitcombe and Tombs, 13/3). As with all the Odhams books, the treatment is generous, and the illustrations plentiful.

Twenty Years After

TO mark the twentieth anniversary of the death of the New Zealand statesman, William Pember Reeves, 2YC will broadcast this Friday, May 16, at 8.0 p.m., a talk on Reeves by the historian R. M. Burdon. Reeves was one of the few distinguished New Zealand politicians trained for a political career, says Mr. Burdon. His father was a member of the House of Representatives, and he himself grew up in the very odour of politics. Entering Parliament with a knowledge of law, history and journalism, his qualifications as a legislator were not to be despised. Mr. Burdon gives a picture of the first appearance of Reeves in the House. His modesty, becoming to a young member speaking for the first time, did not last; "at his first allusion to Atkinson he stopped purring and began to scratch." There is an account of Reeve's work for the Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Act, which was to make him famous far beyond his own country, and his writings, particularly *The Long White Cloud*, are examined.

Hungarian Nocturne

WHEN the Russians moved into Budapest a few months before the end of the recent war the people hailed them as deliverers. "Never mind all the suffering—no light in the cellars, no water



WILLIAM PEMBER REEVES

no food, people killed by bombs and starvation—there is great secret rejoicing," says Elizabeth Kovacks, a refugee from Hungary since 1950, describing those days in two talks which she has recorded for the NZBS. Between then and May, 1951, when the transfer of "superfluous inhabitants of the capital" began, there was a great change. The first talk in *Twilight in Hungary*, in which Mrs. Kovacks tells the story of the change, will be heard in the 2YA Women's Session at 11.0 a.m. this Friday, May 16, and from 4YC at 8.0 p.m. on Friday, May 23.

N.Z. LISTENER, MAY 16, 1952.