

Southern Romance

By New Zealand Writer



THERE is again the pleasure of reviewing a book by another New Zealand writer. "And Shadows Flee" is a stirring tale of characters that move in a setting of a hundred years ago. It deals with the missionaries and their life and, in violent contrast, with two people, a man and woman, both social outcasts. The woman is a beautiful escaped convict who, when only a girl, was innocently convicted of theft. It requires but little imagination to guess what happened to the innocent and beautiful Margaret. During her sentence at Port Jackson the authority in charge, Stephen Blundell, kept her as his mistress. Several times she tried to escape her life of horror and at last she and her only friend, an aged man who was also an innocent convict, managed to get away on a boat to New Zealand. On the voyage her friend died, and the drunken sailors tried to claim her. During the excitement of landing and the crew's preoccupation with Maori women, Margaret escaped from their clutches and fled into the forest. She was found there by Paul Renton, the son of missionaries, who immediately fell in love with her. Margaret confessed her past, which naturally was enough to shock the narrow-minded Paul, who thought that a girl should prefer to die rather than be compelled to live that kind of life. Much to the pain of Paul's parents he decides to marry Margaret, but she decides that John Herapath, the outcast pakeha-Maori, is her greater friend, especially when Blundell appears on the scene in pursuit of her. There is no "beating about the bush" in the facts of this story.

Everything is worded in stark truth, yet withal there is a beauty of setting and a rare insight to the natures of the characters, especially when John, after being shown the branded "C" of convict on Margaret's back, put his arm gently about her, and, stooping, kissed the scar.

MARTEN STUART, the author of this powerful novel, is, in private life, Mrs. Walter Scott, who was until recently librarian at Te Awamutu Public Library while her children were being educated. She

has lived the best and happiest years of her life in the backblocks. Two years after taking her degree at the Auckland University Marten Stuart married. She went into the backblocks, and for the first 10 years really was a pioneer—40 miles from town with clay roads and pack-horse stores. She has now once more retired to the solitude of the country, which she loves so dearly. "Radio Record" readers are familiar with the name of Marten Stuart, who has written stories for the "Radio Record" and "Radio Record Annual." Marten Stuart is also "Anon" of the "Herald," "M.E.S." of the "Auckland Star" and some southern evening papers. Her articles are always popular because they have that human touch. Marten Stuart has also written for Home papers; particularly the "Manchester Guardian," whose late literary editor, the novelist, Alan Monkhouse, always took a great and kindly interest in her work. "And Shadows Flee" should appeal to many people, especially those who read Marten Stuart's first novel, "Where the Apple Reddens," which was very favourably received and hinted at better things to come, a promise which has been fulfilled in "When Shadows Flee." The authoress frankly admits that "Where the Apple Reddens" was written to get published and sell, as it is so hard for a New Zealander to get a foothold at Home. It is a story of the west coast life of the North Island, where Marten Stuart has lived and knows so well. It was not intended that this story

should be characteristic of New Zealand, but nevertheless, it is still true to that part. A characteristic New Zealand novel will not sell at Home. The second novel, "And Shadows Flee," has as its setting the neighbourhood of Russell in the old missionary days of 1823. Marten Stuart was born there, where her people came as Marsden's missionaries, so apart from her writing being imaginative and entertaining, it is sympathetic and convincing. Published by Hurst and Blackett.

What Would You Do?

New Zealand Winners of Lottery Prizes Remain Cool, Calm and Collected

Despite the fact that some lotteries are illegal, they seem to be flourishing like the proverbial bay tree. By now there are few people in New Zealand who do not know directly or indirectly someone who has won a prize, and the interest continues to spread.

In the course of a discussion on this subject the other evening, a Wellington business girl casually remarked that she had a share in a £5 prize from Tasmania, which was the second within a few weeks. She said that the

her plans for spending her share, that although excited about the win, £85 really wasn't enough with which to make plans, but it would help toward a holiday—which goes to show that some girls must have pretty good holidays!

Apparently with the majority of lucky ones, the more they win, the more they want, and the bigger the win the less excitement they show. A baker, not far from Wellington, recently won a fabulous prize in a lottery, but when asked what he was going to do, said he intended to continue baking his sponge cakes! Some people are real puzzles.

When are we going to read an exciting account in the newspapers of a prize-winner doing something really picturesque and adventurous—the kind of romantic childhood dreams of what would be done with a fortune of a thousand or two if it came in response to a magic wish?



second win wasn't nearly as exciting as the first. One of three girls from Woolworth's, Wellington, who won £250 in a sweep a few days ago said, when a reporter asked her if she would disclose