

for modern methods in this sphere can accomplish much in the avoidance of unhappiness and distress.

Fortunately, such cases are uncommon, but where they do occur it must be remembered that the « devotee » might quite easily have developed a fixation on the



subject of food, for instance. Long denial of, say, juicy steaks and such things could prompt the soldier to weave his dreams about them, and the appearance on the wall of his quarters of beautifully coloured pictures of sizzling chops, steaks, sausages and so forth need excite little comment. Here, again the better-class American magazines are rich in food advertisements which would well repay the efforts of the earnest clipper.

Indeed the writer would suggest that if a fixation is inevitable, one dealing with food is preferable to that involving rounded female curves—it's less troublesome.

A brief survey of a recent issue of a soldiers' weekly magazine which shall be unnamed, brought to light a tremendous discussion in the form of letters to the editor on the subject of pin-up girls.

One correspondent naively sug-

gested that objectors to the practice were « dead from the neck up—and down!» Another refuted the accusation of suggestiveness by saying that such an attitude came only from the «unclean» mind of the beholder, while a third condemned critics as «latrine censors.»

Apparently someone was misguided enough to pass a few adverse comments on the pin-up girl and judging from the resultant storm of protests and abuse, it would appear that the distribution of these pictures forms an essential part of the lives of some soldiers.

The New Zealand soldier on the whole does not place quite this importance on this question of «substitution.» He is, of course, a stern realist and it could be that he refuses to be fobbed off with such an ephemeral make-shift and demands something more substantial. Who knows?



In any case his own private art gallery usually comprises a few pastoral scenes from Taranaki, or Queen Street at midnight, or Lambton Quay in the rain, or, be it whispered, even Princes Street at the noonday rush hour!

*The sinful painter drapes his goddess warm,
Because she still is naked, being dressed:
The godlike sculptor will not so deform
Beauty, which limbs and flesh enough invest.*
« Painting and Sculpture » — R.W. Emerson.

“ WHO WROTE IT? ” (Answers)

(1) Edward Bangs (1775) from a song of that name; (2) Samuel Butler (1835-1902) from «Note Books (Genius I)»; (3) Alfred Bunn (1796-1860) from the song «I Dreamt That I Dwelt»; (4) Lord Byron (1788-1824) from «Don Juan» (5) Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1859-1930) from «A Study in Scarlet.»