

TROPICAL MADNESS?

VI-MAX in the PACIFIC

Millions of pounds of VI-MAX have gone to the Pacific for the Fighting Services. Here is proof of the value of vitalising, non - heating VI-MAX.

The idea that porridge should not be served in hot weather has been discredited. In the first place pre-cooked, ready-to-eat cereals cannot replace porridge because they have lost essential vitamins.

Secondly, VI-MAX porridge is non-heating and should be served in all households all the year round.

Another VI-MAX advantage is that VI-MAX has less "crude fibre" than whole wheat. "Crude fibre" contains a decalcifying agent. VI-MAX, therefore, provides more vitamins through added wheat germ and more calcium for bone and teeth building.

COARSE or FINE at your grocers at pre-war prices. D. H. Brown and Son, Ltd., Moorhouse Avenue, Christchurch.



RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

Unrra and Us

FROM 1YA the other night we heard the first of two talks on UNRRA by C. A. Berendsen, who represented New Zealand at the World Conference in Montreal last September. It was a discursive and undramatic talk, but the subject itself holds such interest and drama that any remarks on it from such a source are of immense importance. Forty-four countries have promised one per cent of their national incomes towards the work of UNRRA. To have reached such an agreement is a necessary basis for work, but none the less a fine achievement. And yet this leaves our own individual impulses untapped. We will pay our share presumably in the same comprehensive annual tax that covers policemen's salaries, dental clinics, subsidies on food and a host of other things we never stop to think about. To remain a living force UNRRA needs not only the power and strength at its core that it now appears to have—it needs imagination on the part of its individual servants who will administer its relief, and imagination on the part of ourselves, its silent backers. Our active sympathy will still wish to show itself in small, localised projects—in helping the children of Greece or Holland, in contributing to the rebuilding of some much-loved corner of Europe, or in sending stud sheep to inland China. Odd impulses like these will probably prove a frightful nuisance to UNRRA, and yet they will somehow have to be fostered and utilised, for a contribution of one per cent or even ten per cent of our national income will not prevent our sympathy and responsibility from atrophying in a year or two. The radio can help more than anything else to keep the daily work and needs of UNRRA in the front of our minds, and Mr. Berendsen's talk was a good beginning.

Christmas Hangover

I COULD not help wondering just why 2YA listeners were treated to "The Plot to Overthrow Christmas" the other Wednesday. This item presumably arrived from America too late for Christmas. This would not have mattered if it had been a first-rate play; conversely, a good measure of Christmas spirits might have helped us to digest it tolerantly. The play, in piquant rhyme reminiscent of ZB Streamlined Fairy Tales, is about a meeting of the damned souls in Hell who plot to overthrow Christmas. There are distinct possibilities in the theme as Caligula, Nero, Lucrezia Borgia, and others put forward their ideas, but the humour is heavy handed and the ending feeble. Nero is chosen to make his way to Father Christmas' hut and do away with him. But at this point the play turns sentimental; Nero becomes Father Christmas' co-operative little helper and is given a Stradivarius for Christmas. Sound effects throughout were excellent, and the swoop down to Hell magnificent.

Not So Innocent

A DE LUXE edition of *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* is the sort of thing most people think of as a suitable birthday present for a maiden aunt. The

recipient puts it in the bookcase, admires the binding, but seldom reads it except in snatches. I imagine that if the maiden aunt ever really got down to reading Omar he would be put on the banned list as one of the most pessimistic, materialistic, hedonistic youth-corrupters of all time. The reason for his innocent popularity must be the flowery oriental-



ism with which Fitzgerald clothed his Rabelaisian quatrains. How often do we hear good churchgoers quoting "A book of verses underneath the bough" as an example of the simple life? Yet in its four lines it demands everything the average sensual man requires to make life happy: wine, women and song for the body; and poetry to delight the intellect; for the soul, nothing, Omar's philosophy being expressed in the line, "The rose that once has blown forever dies." Similarly the setting of some of the quatrains, "In a Persian Garden," by Liza Lehmann, similarly disguises the grim message in pseudo-Persian music which, for delicacy of style and decorative effect, reminds one of the super editions mentioned above. It was presented from 4YA in records by Dora Labette, Muriel Brunskill, Hubert Eiedell, and Harold Williams, a combination which for the purpose could scarcely be bettered.

Thrillers by Farjeon

TWO thrillers by J. Jefferson Farjeon have recently been on the air from Wellington stations. "O' Elp" from 2YD was the less successful of the two, though the main part was well acted—the part of the man who tells the story of how, all unsuspecting, he blundered on to gangsters and a crime about to be committed and rescued a girl most improbably from a most improbable situation. "The Appointed Date" succeeded better in building up its atmosphere of suspense. The story is slight and the listener knows, as all readers of thrillers know, that the ending will be satisfactory. But all the same there is a sinister unpleasantness in the anonymous letters that pour in, with just the one date, June 21, on them; especially as, by a curious and unlikely coincidence, the judge is also writing up in his memoirs his account of how he condemned to death a particularly cold-blooded murderer—who managed to escape, however, shortly before he was to be hanged. The astute listener will not have had much difficulty in putting two and two together and once he has done that his flesh will probably cease to creep. The crisis of the play is too long drawn out and the last five minutes or so when the judge

