

(continued from previous page)

killing all the time. A red stain on a sack had grown and there were others appearing. Suddenly the sack moved, and he was trembling. Hell! This couldn't go on. This was finish. There was an old scrubcutter's hut about a mile down, beside the creek; he'd cut through the bush to it and get a spade to bury this. God, what a rotten business! What a rotten business!

Down at the hut he had another idea, and taking an old flour sack he climbed back slowly up the trap-line. Already in one of them there was a big bush-rat, caught by the middle, and near another a hedgehog was scuffling the leaves. It took two trips, but by mid-day he had brought all the traps to the top of the hill. In a thick tangle of bracken he dug a deep hole and buried them. He also buried the other sacks, but there was no satisfaction. . . . he felt sick and ashamed, his clothes hung clammy on him and he hurried to leave the spot for the creek below.

In the cool water his hands washed clean, prompting him to undress and bathe. In the shallow pool the slimed stones were too soft against the body, and although in the currents flowing round there was a healer's caress, their soft fingers were sensual, wandering on

Gracie Fields Sings New Zealand Songs

TWO songs she learned in New Zealand during her tour of 1945, Alfred Hill's *Waiata Poi*, and the Maori farewell song, *Now is the Hour*, were sung by Gracie Fields in the 2YA Variety Magazine the other evening. They were received on shortwave from the BBC and re-broadcast. Before the songs, Gracie Fields told BBC listeners that she had been very impressed with the Maori music she heard in this country. The Maoris, she said, appeared to be something like the Welsh people—they loved singing.

She mentioned the movements of the poi dance, but added, "I can't do it; I'm

his skin. He got out, shivering, and rubbed himself with his singlet.

THE young man had turned his horse out, and was walking towards the house when his mother called from the window. He did not answer, but passed thoughtfully through the gate and round by the back. In the wash-house he pulled his boots off as his father entered expectantly. Watching the anger leap in his father's face. . . .

"My traps . . . some rotten cow's pinched the lot."

getting a bit past that now." Before she sang *Now is the Hour* she expressed the hope that all England would learn it. She had sung it, she said, in New Zealand, Australia, and all through America.

Gracie Fields is back with the BBC after an absence from broadcasting of four years, starring in a special series of weekly programmes called *Gracie's Working Party*, with emphasis on the working. These programmes are intended to introduce on the air Britain's workers off duty, with all their native talent as entertainers, pianists, dance band players, instrumentalists, comedians, singers and more.

After launching the new series from Rochdale, Gracie Fields's home, the intention was to broadcast from large halls in Liverpool, Huddersfield, Sheffield, Middlesbrough, and Newcastle. Although half of the programmes come from the North of England, major in-



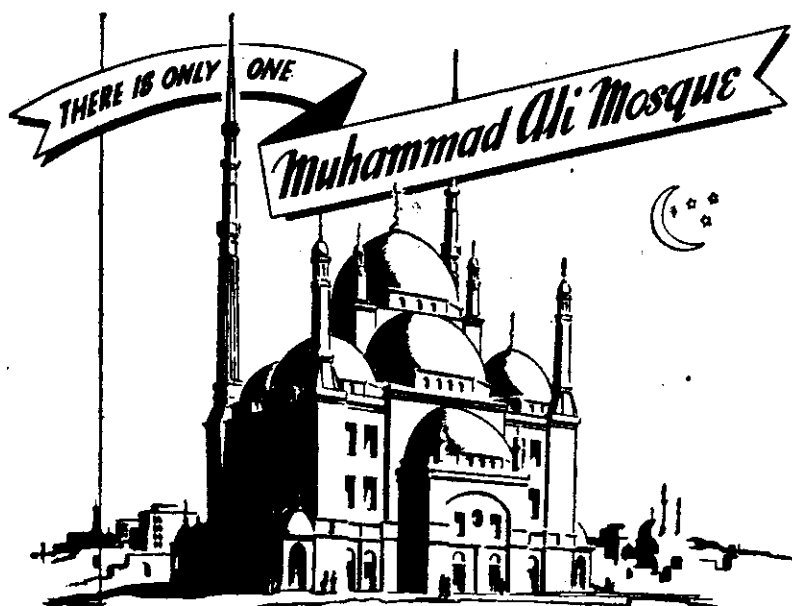
GRACIE FIELDS

dustrial areas in other parts of the country will be covered before the series ends in London.

These programmes are the result of much planning and careful preparation. The BBC negotiated with Gracie Fields in America, and the BBC producer responsible for the programmes travelled to Capri to discuss details with

her. The records of thousands of BBC auditions were combed and where insufficient talent was forthcoming in a particular district, special auditions were held.

The BBC's searchers found talent in cotton operatives from Rochdale mills, steel workers from Sheffield factories, men and women from the woollen mills of Huddersfield, "Geordies" from the Tyneside shipyards, and housewives everywhere: The acts considered varied from a solo on a musical saw to a vast choral society of workers.



The Mosque of Muhammed Ali, Cairo, is considered one of the minor wonders of the world for its size, the magnificence of the glass lamps within, and the lavish use of Oriental Alabaster and marble which adorn it. And another fine achievement is Camfosa, the modern disinfectant for all household uses. Antiseptic qualities help protect your children against infection from scratches and cuts. A few drops of fragrant Camfosa in the bath will be found wonderfully refreshing.

All Chemists and Stores: 1/3, 3/6, 11/6, 22/6



Manufacturers: FRANK JACKSON LTD., 535 Parnell Road, Auckland.

NEW ZEALAND LISTENER, SEPTEMBER 5



Matrimonial-minded Susie

Yes, Susie frankly admits it: It's love that makes the world go round . . . and marriage is her chief aim in life.

Likewise Susie believes that to retain a man's affection you have to feed him well. That is why she has taken a pre-matrimonial course in the art of cooking and why she has so diligently studied the Renco Recipe Book with its 64 enticing desserts. She claims that no husband will go wrong who is daily fed with an enticing

RENCO JUNKET DESSERT

If you would like a Free Copy of the Renco Recipe Book fill in and post attached coupon to-day.

Renco Junkets are made from Birthday Renco, Renco Plain Tablets and Renco for Junket. . . . Obtainable from all grocers.

N.Z. Co-op. Renet Co. Ltd., Eltham.
Please send me Free copy of the Renco Recipe Book.

Name:
Address: