



"Must I amuse you  
every second, Mum?"



**BABY:** What's the fuss, Mum? Aren't you happy being me — and playing with all my nice toys?

**MUM:** Pet, it would take more than toys to make me enjoy a baby's life! Why didn't you tell me how uncomfortable a baby's skin gets, with all this wriggling around?

**BABY:** I tried, Mum. Simply howled. But I guess you realise now the kind of attention I was after — Johnson's Baby Cream and Johnson's Baby Powder for my tender skin!

**MUM:** My, I'm a Backward Mother, lamb. But do you need both?

**BABY:** Oh, yes, Mum. That's the secret. After you bathe me, you smooth me over with pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Cream. Keep the bottle handy at diaper changes — to help guard against what doctor calls "urine irritation"...

**MUM:** Oh, I see! And why the powder?

**BABY:** You know how little chafes and prickles make me whimpery, Mum? Fix them with cool, soft sprinkles of nice Johnson's Baby Powder. A-a-ah!



**MUM:** Does sound good, punkin. Roll out the stroller — here we go for Johnson's!

Safe for Baby — Safe for You

**\*Johnson's Baby Powder  
Johnson's Baby Cream  
Johnson's Baby Soap**

Johnson & Johnson  
(INCORPORATED) NEW JERSEY, U.S.A.



\* Sterilised for your protection in accordance with the regulations.

N.Z. Distributors: Potter & Birks (N.Z.) Ltd., 14 Lower Federal St., Auckland.

# ANTHONY TROLLOPE ADAPTED

## "Orley Farm" is New 2YD Serial

**O**RLEY FARM, one of the longest and most absorbing novels that Anthony Trollope ever wrote, was recently made into a radio serial by the BBC. Beginning on February 3 and continuing for the next 12 weeks, *Orley Farm* will be heard from 2YD on Tuesdays at 8.0 p.m. It was produced by the BBC's Assistant Director of Drama, Howard Rose, who was also responsible for the World Theatre production of Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*, broadcast by the National stations last year.



• TROLLOPE

As readers of Anthony Trollope will know, *Orley Farm* is the story of a law case and the events that lead up to it, and almost to the end of the book everyone is kept on tenterhooks as to which way the verdict will go in the trial of the heroine, Lady Mason. It all begins when Sir Joseph Mason dies and leaves *Orley Farm* to Lucius, a son by his second marriage, rather than to his eldest child. Although the will is disputed, Lady Mason and Lucius remain in possession for 20 years, until an expelled tenant, Mr. Dockwraith, who is also a shady lawyer, makes further investigations, and Lady Mason is tried for forgery. She engages as defence counsel a Mr. Chaffanbrass, an excellently drawn type of bullying cross-examiner, and although the suspense and excitement which the trial scenes arouse have made the book particularly suitable for dramatic treatment, its chief appeal still lies in the character-portrayal of people

like Chaffanbrass rather than in situation and incident.

It should be remembered, too, that when Trollope wrote these trial scenes he didn't know as much about legal procedure as he should have, and consequently the book contains certain technical errors. When, however, the BBC adaptors found they couldn't correct these errors without making considerable alterations to the story itself, they decided that after all the play's the thing, and left everything as it was. So if legal experts detect any flaws in procedure, they will know it was Trollope himself who was at fault, and not the BBC.

Incidentally, Trollope had other claims to distinction besides his ability to write novels. He held a high position in London's General Post Office, and was reputedly responsible for having pillar-boxes painted red. He also had a literary mother, Frances, whose book *Domestic Manners of the Americans* aroused the ire of every patriotic Yankee back in the 1830's, and is still acidly remembered to-day. When his fame as a writer was at its peak, Trollope dismayed a large section of his readers by writing a most revealing *Autobiography* which explained in a cold-blooded way how he came to write his books (he used to get up about 4 o'clock in the morning for two solid hours of writing before going to work at the Post Office). He also listed the profits his novels brought him, and it is interesting to learn that the best of them, *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers*, together brought in less than £750, while he received most (£3,525) for a book that is seldom read to-day—*Can You Forgive Her?* Apparently *Orley Farm* has always been pretty popular, for in his lifetime Trollope made £3,135 out of it.

## I HAVE MADE FRIENDS WITH TIME

*I HAVE made friends with time although I have seen  
His fingers close on many a meek treasure:  
Friends, although in the time of the dark visit  
There was no silver word of recompense.*

*TIME makes no contract, softens with no pledge  
The onset of events, but like the seasons  
His moods return so that to-day lies  
A petted lover but to-morrow dies.*

*YET I have made friends with time,  
Having taken his cloud-burst of pain  
As earth takes the rain,  
And in the threatening twilight  
Have been as an evening lark in whose throat  
Day lingers though lost over the mountains.*

*FRIENDS with time although  
He brings death like a blow,  
For I shall no more walk with mystery  
Speaking but telling nothing like the sea,  
No more be wistful with winds,  
No more with the necessity of the lark  
Publish the day to the dark....*

*AND all this  
At the turn of the road,  
Or beyond the secretive hills.*

—J. R. Hervey