

"Must Jamuse 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



* Sterilised

*Johnson's Baby Powder for your Johnson's Baby Cream ence totthe totthe Johnson's Baby Soap

Johnson Johnson

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

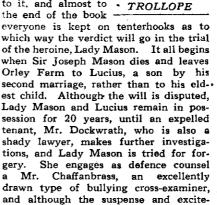
ANTHONY TROLLOPE **ADAPTED**

"Orley Farm" is New 2YD Serial

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.

readers Anthony Trollope will know, Orley Farm is the story of a law case and the events that lead up to it, and almost to



ment which the trial scenes arouse have

made the book particularly suitable for

dramatic treatment, its chief appeal still

RLEY FARM, one of the 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

Incidentally, Trollope had 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 pillarboxes 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 lies in the character-portrayal of people 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