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KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

RADIO VIEWSREEL

For Fond Parents

TO the fond, or even to the conscientious parent, a talk on Child Psychology can never come amiss. To the fond it conveys the flattering unctious that parenthood is a vocation as well as an indulgence of the emotional nature, and to the conscientious it seems to provide a scarlet thread of logic to guide us through the labyrinth of that rather dubious abstraction, the Child Mind. Not that any parent ever doubts that the child has a mind of its own—the point is merely that it takes an expert to reveal its workings. Miss K. M. Hursthouse has probably earned the gratitude of many listeners for the talks she has given recently from 2YA, which



reveal her as mistress of the polished phrase and the unvarnished idea. I must confess that it was the first time I had heard the "You must eat your vegetables before you have your pudding" canon airily dismissed as a piece of vestigial Puritanism, but I always feel that the more ideas we cast into the melting pot the more raw material is made available for the manufacture of new and better ones.

The News

OUR broadcasters of the news bulletins at 9.0 p.m. have set and maintained a standard that compels admiration. They have not followed the BBC custom of announcing themselves, nor do they appear as yet to have followed that not very commendable American terminology of styling themselves "newscasters." Whether they make up their bulletins themselves, or read something that is already prepared, is beyond the layman's knowledge, but the news is free of propaganda, and does not smack of partisanship. It has also the great merit that it is brief, and to the point.

And the Slips

IT is pleasant to receive the day's news in this manner. The news reader's presentation in clear and concise English makes easy listening. Nor is it often dull. But one reader must have been grateful in a recent broadcast for his cloak of anonymity. He was outlining the emergency correspondence lessons for school children. Listeners heard him say: "Children who have changed their address, or their parents, should notify headmasters." I wonder how many did.

Documentary

ONE of the best documentary programmes I have heard was *Radar*, the first in a BBC series entitled "Science Made the Grade." Later, perhaps, when the novelty has worn off and the men themselves are dead, we may welcome dramatization and elaboration

GHANDI DEAD

AS the brave gull the width of waters
so I
Endured the image of eternity,
I went weighted with the invisible,
And more insistent than the shouting streets
Were the thin voices calling through the veil.

I WAS the bridge across which messengers
Went carrying palms, I was the shell whose murmurs
Of peace could not persuade: only by wasting
Could I become the master of floods, by weakness
See my sole will arrest the rush of hate.

NOW I am dead, the people think of me
A god with folded hands, my small desires
All smouldered out beneath my cone of rest:
But I am not raised so high in prayer that I
Lose India like a child, my love asleep.

NO cry shall flee through India but its pain
Shall darken round me, no division rend
The fearful land but I too feel the sword:
No blood shall bloom but I must wear again
The rose of death, for I am India.

—J. R. Hervey

of this theme. But while we can still have the cool matter-of-fact descriptions by these scientists themselves, the straight simplicity of their accounts is more vivid and telling than any dramatic production. And with the film version of the discovery of Radar for comparison, one can feel that this is not an idle statement. Of the two I could feel no doubt which had made the deeper impression. Yet afterwards, thinking about the radio programme, I realised there was no story there of personal difficulties and disappointment, nothing until the very end, but a typically scientific account of the development of a great invention. And this, necessarily incomplete, was rounded off by a very fine tribute to the spirit of the men involved—and to the nature and performance of the Boffin.

From the Jungle

IT was an unadvertised inspiration that brought us on a recent Sunday evening the Voice of Sabu in excerpts from Kipling's *Jungle Book*. Why the unfortunate Sabu, who has a strong American accent and who uses the Anglicised mispronunciation of the Indian names, should be considered particularly suited to lay these offerings at the shrine of Kipling is beyond me. "Excerpts" was rather an optimistic claim. A re-hash of character and incident seems a little nearer the truth. However, the story was apparently incidental to the music. So the programme began and ended with a statement of the animals involved, each followed by an extract of well-chosen descriptive music. I thought the python in particular a masterpiece of musical description. This alone, with a short reading from the original, would have made a very fair programme. But the series of climaxes, each faithfully echoed by the music, was unconvincing and exhausting.