

Wash your Hands!



The fingers and hands are constantly touching the hair, nose, mouth, handkerchief; body discharges and wastes; dirty dishes and eating utensils, cups and glasses; babies' soiled napkins, etc., and they may become contaminated with disease germs of respiratory or intestinal origin, such as influenza and common colds, tuberculosis, summer diarrhoea, dysentery, typhoid fever.

The hands can place these disease germs in food, or on dishes, cutlery, and utensils.

Hands must be kept scrupulously clean. Frequent washing is essential for all food handlers, particularly after each visit to the lavatory. Always wash hands before touching food or dishes; if you have to cover a cough or sneeze or blow your nose, again wash hands before handling food.

Employers of food-handlers must provide adequate, convenient and attractive lavatory facilities, including hot and cold water, soap, and individual clean towels. Then employees can protect their own health as well as that of customers.



(This is the **SECOND** of a series of advertisements issued by the Department of Health in the interests of safe and clean food handling.)

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BOOKS

A Traveller's Tale

THE PILGRIMAGE OF ARNOLD VON HARFF. Hakluyt Society (N.Z. Secretary, Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington).

THE original documents of history appeal to us in two different ways: they are valuable as information; they are amusing. The chronicle of the adventures of this young German nobleman in his journey to the East in the last years of the 15th Century, skilfully translated and annotated by Malcolm Letts, is both. It is amusing because of the naive and yet shrewd manner in which his observations are set down—the Venetian galley, 174 feet long, with its crew of 500, its master's cabin "with a bed gilded over and furnished as in a prince's court" and "Item on the great sail a rare painting of St. Christopher. . . ." It is amusing too because it so often reveals the character of the writer: even the vocabularies he conscientiously compiles wherever he goes, Dalmatia, Albania, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, show, sometimes with a scandalous clarity, what men on a journey are expected to have most occasion to demand.

In von Harff the actual and the fabulous tend to merge, for the high Middle Ages were still in the full possession of the sense of wonder. He sees and depicts two Amazons. (The illustrations are not the original drawings, but German 19th Century copies.) He is a mountaineer of proved endurance and gains the summit by "great stony rocks" of Mount Oreb, and on another occasion "Item we climbed in great fear over the sharp rocks to the summit of the mount" called Quarantana; near Jericho; but did he also climb Ruwenzori (the Mountains of the Moon) and find "much snow lying there"? Mr. Letts gives good reason to think not. In fact, he considerably curtails von Harff's journey, lopping off India, Madagascar, and the Nile, both source and basin.

Where von Harff did credibly go is sufficiently impressive. Travelling as a merchant—von Harff never practised the austerities of the pilgrim's life if he could help it—he went from Cologne down into Italy, sailed from Venice to Egypt, explored Sinai, travelled through Arabia to Aden, called at Socotra (nearby is the island of the Amazons); explored Palestine, and returned to Cologne by a circuitous route through Turkey, Constantinople, the Balkans, Lombardy, the South of France, and Spain (to visit the shrine of St. James of Compostella). St. Patrick's Purgatory in Ireland had to be left for another time.

Arnold von Harff, as painstaking as he is devout, writes it all down, mile by mile, turning to Marco Polo or to Mandeville to fill out his too matter-of-fact adventures with something nearer to his reader's expectations, and presents it all, with full solemnity, to his master, the Duke of Julich and Gelders. With the itineraries, the alphabets and vocabularies, the miles and the marvels, he jots down the amount of merit accruing to the pilgrim at every shrine he visits. At the end he counsels his readers who may wish to tread the same paths that

his guide book describes to "take with them two purses made of human skin, and one out of deerskin, all three well filled with gold below and white money above." The gold below signifies carefulness, the silver above wisdom. Then "Bind the two bundles close to your heart, and the third by the navel, so that they may not be stolen. And in truth, brother, if you do not do this you will not be able to compass this pilgrimage joyfully and without care."

—David Hall

CHILDHOOD OF EILEEN JOYCE

PRELUDE. By C. H. Abrahall; illustrated by Anna Zinkeisen. Oxford University Press. (Geoffrey Cumberlege).

THIS account of Eileen Joyce's childhood was written in the hope "that it will prove an inspiration to many youthful musicians and young people interested in the arts." Certainly the story of Eileen Joyce's early success and brilliant achievements is a subject well chosen for a vocational story.

The emphasis through the whole book is placed on Eileen Joyce's tenacity of purpose: her determination, even as a child, not to be sidetracked from making music. Deprived of the advantages of schooling in her earliest childhood, without even the company of any children other than one cousin, she seemed to sense her handicap right from the first. The day when she was given a mouth-organ, which she used to imitate the calls of the birds, was the opening of her new vistas of experience. From this beginning of solitary music-making in Tasmania, to the old and ricketty piano in the miners' hotel in Boulder City, through schooling and careful instruction in a Perth convent, the story proceeds to the Conservatorium in Leipzig and finishes with her first public concert in England.

Mrs. Clare Hoskyns-Abrahall apparently had the close co-operation of Eileen Joyce in writing *Prelude*. The story hangs together well, the generous supply of pink and black illustrations by Anna Zinkeisen suit the text, and the pleasant format fits in happily with the subject and does credit to the publishers. It will appeal to young people between the ages of 11 and 16, and it will be particularly welcomed by girls.

Like the fictional biographies written for adults, however, it has certain drawbacks, some of them serious. It is even doubtful whether a straight biography, written with equal competence and with just the minimum of sentimentality which the author allows herself, would not have been better. It is irritating, for instance, not to be told the name of the district in Tasmania where the child lived with her mother; I should also have liked to have had some dates put in for guidance. Mrs. Abrahall admits in her foreword that she has drawn upon her own imagination where Eileen Joyce's memory seemed to her inadequate, and that she has conjured up a few fictitious characters. The result of this, of course, is that we find ourselves suspecting the existence of the gallant and romantic Daniel. We confirm our suspicions that the account of the school

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