



"Let's both get down to earth, Mum!"



BABY: Now that you've had a swing at being me, Mum how do you like it?

MUM: Jimminy, sweetie — with all the squirming and twisting I've just been through — I can see it's no joy ride being a baby. Does your skin often get so uncomfortable?

BABY: Righto, Mum — and that's why I keep bellowing for the right kind of skin care. What I need is some Johnson's Baby Cream and Johnson's Baby Powder.

MUM: Ah-h, I begin to tumble. But tell me, puddin', why both?

BABY: Simple, Mummie. After you bathe me, there's nothing like a gentle smooth-over with Johnson's pure Baby Cream to keep my skin silky'n soft.

You ought to use it every time you change my diapers, too — to prevent what my doctor calls "urine irritation". And whenever I get those peaky chafes and prickles, that's the time for cooling sprinkles of satiny-soft Baby Powder.



MUM: Let me down, lamb. We'll swing over to the nearest shop right now — for Johnson's!

Safe for Baby — Safe for You

Johnson's Baby Powder
Johnson's Baby Cream
Johnson's Baby Soap



★ Sterilized for your protection in accordance with the regulations.

Johnson & Johnson
(NEW ZEALAND) LIMITED

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

AT THE BUTCHER'S

(Written for "The Listener" by M.B.)

IT'S early, 8.30, and the street is alive with people, bustling to work. But inside the butcher's shop the shoppers are standing in long, still lines. They move, but imperceptibly as a glacier, towards the counter at the far end of the shop, where the assistants, strong silent men immaculately collared and tied beneath already soiled overalls of white and butcher-boy blue, work at furious tempo. In her cage, remote and uncontaminated except by filthy lucre, sits the cashier, watching, with the calm of a *tricoteuse* the savage swiftings that bring unwanted end-pieces tumbling into the scrap-baskets.

This is a scene that Cairncross might have painted, may still paint. Against the blue-and-white tiled walls glows the rich red and cream of the carcasses, through which the blue-clad butchers shoulder their way as unconcerned as through a curtain. Ranged along one wall are the deep trays of oddments, the cream crochet-work of the tripe, the mounds of kidneys lightly sprinkled with iridescent frost, the grey-blue of the neatly folded tongues, the amorphous pink of mince, the glistening heaps of white sausages or red saveloys. By contrast the long lines of shoppers, bovine in their placidity, appear drab.

The place is strangely silent, perhaps in tribute to the presence of so much death. Only the butchers themselves make their cheerful occupational noises of clashing steels, rustling paper, slamming of meat on to scales. And every so often the mechanical bone-cutter raises a shrill hysterical squeal. But all this exuberance proceeds from the men behind the counter, at ease in their accustomed environment. From the customers there is only the shuffling of sawdust-muffled feet, the apologetic rustle of a morning paper, the murmured consultation between client and butcher when queue's end is finally reached.

THIS is no place for the epicure, the ditherer, or the nark. The butcher's "Howzat, lady?" is as automatic as a wicket keeper's and any attempt to follow the joint on its lightning course from chopping table to customer's nose to scales to wrapping paper needs an eye as well-trained as Lenglen's. There is no excuse for hesitation since the long wait before the counter has given plenty of opportunity for wit-gathering as well as wool-gathering.

Yet when the crucial moment comes, and there is nothing between me and the butcher's interrogation but a tray-full of cutlets, doubts assail me. I had thought of mutton, but that was a nice piece of topside the woman ahead of me got. And perhaps I'd better have something for Saturday lunch?



"The butcher's patience is horrible to see"

The butcher's patience is horrible to see. Fortunately I cannot see the people behind me.

"Pork," I mouth, desperately, "For roasting. About 5/-."

"Leg or loin?"

"Leg," I guess.

"You won't get a leg for five bob," says the butcher, lunging for one, giving it a savage swipe at the ankle (l.b.w.) and hurling it to the scales. The little foot hangs pathetically over the edge.

"Eightandfour." He sweeps it to the wrapping paper and muffles the pathetic outline.

"What," I ask desperately, "am I to do with the foot?"

"Anything you like, lady," says the butcher. "Next please."

Out on the footpath with my bundle I decide, as every Friday, that I shall embrace vegetarianism. But I know very well that the lovely week-end smell of roasting meat, the sweet sizzling of the oven, will undo me. Perhaps the solution is the small butcher's shop, where they keep almost everything, particularly the lamb's fry, under the counter and rely for decorative effect on a few neatly cylindrical sirloins suitably smothered in parsley.

HYDRO WORKS

*FIRST the valley where the houses
Are cherished by hedges and trees,
The pastures flowing green
To the river, the willows
Frail against a face of rock.
Nothing to threaten the eye,
Sheep penned in the peace of summer,
Larks with the song of certitude.*

*EMERGING from the valley the mind
Encounters like an enemy, itself,
Rock-like in the cowering wilderness:
The idling spirit
Recoils from the resolute wall,
The squat citadel spraying power.*

*AND the hills stand in submission
And the dumb, disciplined waters,
For harder than driven stone or defiant rock
The hard core of the purpose and will of man.*

—J. R. Hervey