



INTERVIEW

NINETY MEN AND A GIRL

END CONSTIPATION TO-NIGHT

If you suffer from constipation, take one or two NYAL FIGSEN tablets before retiring. There is no griping pain, no stomach upsets. In the morning Figsen acts . . . thoroughly, *effectively*, yet so gently and mildly. Except for the pleasant relief Figsen brings, you would scarcely know you had taken a laxative. NYAL FIGSEN is a pleasant-tasting, *natural* laxative that is just as good for youngsters as it is for grown-ups. Figsen is sold by chemists everywhere. 1/6d. a tin. *The next best thing to Nature . . .*

Nyal Figsen
FOR CONSTIPATION

I SHALL not forget my first impression of Winifred Carter. I had gone over to 2YA to interview her, and as I approached the door of her room I could hear the sounds of a harp. My knock was unheard, so I gently pushed open the door and stood unseen in the doorway while she continued her playing. Up till then I had always disliked harp players—I hated the way their fingers plucked claw-like at the strings—but Miss Carter's playing was a revelation. Her fingers glided over the coloured strings with a smooth effortless motion, and the whole effect was one of grace and beauty. Her slim, black-clad back was towards me, surmounted by a tip-tilted hat with a provocative black-spotted veil through which her fair hair shone. Rather unusual wear for a harpist, I felt, accustomed as I was to visions of floating draperies and other-worldly facial expressions.

Miss Carter turned the last sheet of the music, and in doing so noticed me

standing in the doorway. With a single swift movement she drew me into the room and sat down beside me on the settee.

Aimee's Angel

"I've never met anyone who played the harp before," I confessed. "One usually begins and ends (at an early age in my case) with the piano."

"Well," began Miss Carter, "my father and his father before him played the harp. When I was ten my father gave me a little Irish harp of my own. Later I gained a scholarship to the Melbourne Conservatorium and gave many concerts in Sydney and Melbourne. It was at one of these concerts that Aimée Semple McPherson, the famous woman evangelist, first saw me, and insisted upon dragging me to America with her. Well, not exactly with her. I followed later. I remember her meeting me at the station with five hundred people and driving me to her Temple in a snow-white car. All publicity, of course, but good publicity."

"Weren't you known as Aimée McPherson's angel?"

"Yes, that was my official position. Aimée had built a wonderful temple, 'Echo Park' in Los Angeles. It seated 5,000 and was packed every night of

the week. I used to sit on the platform playing the harp while below me thousands of people rocked in an ecstasy of spiritual abandonment. It was an amazing experience."

She Used Her Imagination

"Did you know Aimée very well? What was she really like?"

"Yes, I actually lived with her for the twelve months we were together, so I suppose I knew her as well as anybody could, but she's extraordinarily difficult to describe—except for the fact that when I first knew her she was a brunette. Just saying that she was temperamental or had a very magnetic personality doesn't really explain the extraordinary effect she had on people. But she was a delightful person to live with—she had such a capacity for enjoying simple things. She would shriek with delight at the prospect of a picnic or a swim, and she had a wonderful imagination. She certainly made good use of it."

We both laughed.

"After I had been with Aimée for a year I became harpist in the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, and so our ways parted. I was with the Symphony Or-

(Continued on next page)

OUT-GROWING THEIR STRENGTH

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★ THE YALE KEY QUEST ★



HERE are Aunt Daisy and Barbara giving you some progress results of their Yale Key Quest.

The lei-like affair on the left is a key-ring threaded by the Wellington Metropolitan Milk Depot. Aunt Daisy wears a similar adornment. As most of you know, Aunt Daisy has an arrangement with the Milk Department whereby anybody with a spare key can leave it in the milk-bottle. So far 11,262 keys have been collected from all over New Zealand, and the goal is one million, which is equivalent to 11½ tons of scrap metal.

The small pile at the bottom right of the picture is the top of a two-foot high pile of old brass. It was too big for the photographer to get it in.

On the table are arranged various brass articles which have been sent in to swell the appeal. They are much

too valuable to regard as scrap, so Aunt Daisy has been auctioning them, all proceeds going to the Patriotic Fund. She herself is holding a brass toasting fork, the handle of which is surmounted by Nelson's Victory. Happy omen for the whole campaign, Aunt Daisy thinks.

Aunt Daisy's scrap metal quest is going on from strength to strength. But a lot of keys are still needed before the million mark is reached. And how about going through the old tool chest and sorting out some old brass hinges, screws and door-knobs?

The Listener will continue to give you the results of Aunt Daisy's appeal. Aunt Daisy and Barbara hope that in the next photo we publish the pile of metal will be so large that only the tops of their heads will be visible.