structure of their tribal groups; or to the cessful in giving a short picture of a view of the universe. Yet they have not been presented with sufficiently scholarly annotation for them to be placed in the also have plainly been selected for a polite audience. No aboriginal equivalent of Leda and the Swan has been here resurrected for an Australian Yeats to use in public myth-making. By one group, however, this book should be received enthusiastically -by parents or schoolteachers who have exhausted their repertoire of nursery stories.

The world of nursery legend is strictly limited. The resourceful hero, good fairy and wicked witch, act according to rules as severe as those of classical drama. One would not have thought any real modification possible in a pattern familiar from Sweden to Japan. But here at our doorstep is another pattern, that which the Australian aborigines have evolved in their struggle for food and survival, in the unique landscape of the Australian continent, to propitiate and humanise the forces with which they have been obliged to contend. Their totemistic self-identification with various animals-emu, hawk, kangaroo and a hundred others-is the same process as that which brought about the personification of animals in European fairy stories; and these legends are likely to have the same appeal to the young child. I have experimented in reading them to a Standard One class. It seems they have numerous possibilities for dramatisation. Much of their material would come under the convenient syllabus classifica-tion of Social Studies. The stories have one essential qualification -- they are various, concrete and imaginative in their own right. The illustrations which accompany them, taken from aboriginal drawings, could provide an added field -James K. Baxter

WALKABOUT

RUM JUNGLE, by Alan Moorehead; Hamish Hamilton, English price 12 6.

THIS is about Central Australia and the Barrier Reef, Mr. Moorehead has an enthusiasm and feeling for his subject which make an outstanding travel book. The earlier pages in which he is suc-

artist, as the crystallisation of an animist typical Australian life and upbringing will remind many readers that the Aus-, tralian way of life is for better or worse closely akin to that of New Zealand. category of anthropological studies; and But in Australia there are pythons, bushfires, kangaroos, uranium mines, koalas, buffalo, fantastic fish and beautiful coral islands. All these are dealt with, and more, in a manner which has attracted other reviewers and has not failed to captivate this one. -F. J.:Foot

THE GOOD LIFE

MORE FOR TIMOTHY, by Victor Gollancz; Victor Gollancz, English price 12.6.

IN the second volume of his autobiographical letter to his grandson, Victor Gollancz continues the lengthy examination of his conscience and his past from where he left off in My Dear Timothy. His theme, which he states as "the relation between God and man, good and evil, politics and religion," is one of the most important that can occupy the human mind, and his preoccupation with it shows that he is going through a profound mental crisis. In large degree the interest of the book lies in the parallel between his personal crisis and the crisis of Western civilisation in general, and it is significant that on the second page he says, "I now declare myself a pacifist." He considers that individual conscience is our only real weapon in the battle against the "unnaturalness" of a society which "ends in atom bombs and Nazi gaolers," and he condemns equally Russian society because it failed to ensure that the building of a political and economic socialism was matched by a similar building of a "spiritual social-

A large part of the book deals in detail with an experiment in political education which the author carried out with David Somervell while he was a master at Repton School from 1916 to 1918. This story of youthful idealism (the experiment ended in failure and the teacher's dismissal) is still provocative to read. Gollancz's theories about the good life often give his thought a flavour reminiscent of the ageing Tolstoy. "We must purify our hearts," he says, and he looks forward to the day when we (continued on next page)

"Under the Sycamore Tree"

"SIX of my feet are killing me," moans the Queen Ant in Samuel Spewack's farcical fable for the stage, Under the Sycamore Tree. And the Queen Ant isn't the only character who sounds like someone we know. Like the animals of Swift and Orwell, Spewack's ants have strangely human problems. Their conservatives hark back to the days when

everyone spoke in numbers, not in new-fangled words. Ant wars - with DDT-are as terrible as man's atomic massacres.

But for all its material horrors, life for the ants is uncomplicated by emotion — until science decides to experiment with rearing the young. An ant-girl and an antboy are brought up as humans . . .

The subsequent goingson in the ant colony under the sycamore tree

make an hilarious spoof of human foibles in general, and, since Spewack is a U.S. citizen, of American foibles in particular. The play, like most American imports, received a warm welcome in London. where it played with Alec Guinness in a leading role.

Wellington playgoers will be able to see Under the Sycamore Tree when it is presented by Victoria College's Drama Club for four days beginning Wednes-

day, March 31. Those wishing to know what it is all about should tune to 2ZB at 4.0 p.m. on the preceding Sunday. March 28, when the station will broadcast excerpts from the show.

Sam Spewack, incidentally, is a successful Broadway playwright, bestknown perhaps as coauthor of Kiss Me Kate, and of Boy Meets Girl, a comedy hit of the late thirties.







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