

cerity and rather unyielding earnestness command respect.

The best poems in this volume are those intensely personal ones dedicated to the memory of his wife, especially the "Sonnets of Departure," in which the reader has almost the sense of eaves-dropping. To other, more conventional themes, such as "Trees" and "Retrospect," Mr. Hervey's sobriety of treatment lends an air of still urgency. The least happy poems are those in which a lyrical opening dies away in a mere rhetorical flourish.

His weakness seem to me to be his tendency to use images as illustrations rather than to integrate them with the whole structure and a lack of light to offset his shade; his strengths a direct attack on his subjects and a decent modesty which rarely allows him to venture beyond his proper themes.

THE PRACTICAL SAINT

SAINT ON THE MARCH. by Hallam Tennyson; Victor Gollancz, English price 13 6.

IN the western countries where each man jostles anxiously at the feast of money and status, and we call the jostling healthy competition, the pursuit of holiness comes to us as an afterthought; in India, with its vast population, ocean of poverty, and average life expectation of twenty-six years, the delusion of material security becomes more transparent, and it seems they accept their saints not as freaks but as leaders. How otherwise could Vinoba Bhave, the spiritual successor of Gandhi, accomplish a major land-reform by persuading zemindars to give their land and money to the landless classes without any hope of profit, for the sake of holy charity?

Mr. Tennyson (a descendant of the poet) has written from first-hand experience an account of Vinoba and his labours, clear, unspectacular, well on the sane side of idolatry. He compares Gandhi, with his great heart and fallible humanity, to the banyan tree which touches the ground at a hundred different points; Vinoba to an unattached consistent star shining equally on all. This is his explanation of the astounding land-transfer of three million acres (Vinoba aims at the eventual transfer of fifty million acres, one-sixth of the cultivable land of India): "... We all know what happens to the average person when he is trusted by a man he respects. He does his level best to prove worthy of the trust. Imagine the effect of being

BOOK SHOP

THREE thrillers will be reviewed by John Morris, of Wellington, in the Book Shop session on April 4: "The Man Who Didn't Fly," by Margot Bennett; "Half Way to Murder," by Simon Troy; and "The Woman on the Roof," by Helen Neilson. J. E. Strachan, of Christchurch, will talk about "Voluntary Association and Social Progress," by Lady Morris, and "Journey Into a Fog," by Margareta Hamerschlag. Jess Whitaker will describe a biography of Hector Berlioz.

trusted by someone whom you and others reverence as a saint. Is not a saint's smile well worth a dozen acres?"

Mr. Tennyson may be mistaken in his estimate of Vinoba. Yet Vinoba's statements and actions are sufficiently remarkable to give his view support. Here is an account of a village meeting: "... Most of the songs sung by the escort were Socialist, but imbedded in the rest was a famous devotional lyric, 'Who will come to Brindaban to see Krishna?' Hearing this, Vinoba said: 'I am in Brindaban and every villager—man, woman or child—is an incarnation of God's spirit. You are all my Krishnas and I have come to worship you.'"

As the statement of a hard-headed, humorous ascetic of fifty-seven conducting expertly and tirelessly the huge detail of land-transfer and the formation of village co-operatives, this remark deserves notice. One can understand the comparative unsuccess of Christian missions in India when Hindu asceticism has room for a man like Vinoba. Perhaps we need to learn holiness from the Hindus.

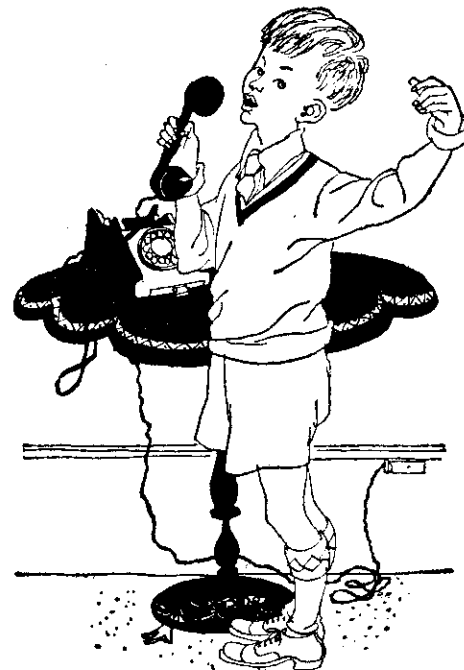
—James K. Baxter

JOHN BRODIE'S MEMORIAL

THE MAN IN OUR LIVES, by John Brodie (John Guthrie), new edition; Neville Spearman, English price 7 6.

A REPRINT of one of his best books is an appropriate memorial to an author. If *The Man In Our Lives* is not "John Guthrie's" best, it is the one that brings John Brodie to us most clearly. The identity of the setting is now openly revealed. John Brodie's name, besides his pen-name, appears on the jacket, and there is a photograph of John and one of a family group, including the father, the man in their lives.

One can re-read *The Man In Our Lives* with renewed and greater delight (continued on next page)



HOLD THE LINE

IT DOESN'T SURPRISE ANYONE TO-DAY that their telephone is made of plastics instead of wood. The reason is, of course, that plastics are the best materials for the job. Plastics are just a few of the hundreds of new, man-made materials that scientists have given us — materials that were not even imagined a few years ago, but are now accepted as a part of our everyday lives.

Many of these substances owe their existence, or their development, to I.C.I.'s research workers — the versatile plastic 'Perspex', first used in aircraft windscreens and now to be found in a thousand different articles, is a good example. But I.C.I.'s contribution covers a wide field, and includes new drugs, dyestuffs and paints, and such fibres as 'Ardil' and 'Terylene' which bid fair to revolutionise our ideas of clothing. The list is, quite literally, never ending, for the source of them — I.C.I.'s £7½ million-a-year research and development programme — goes on unceasingly in laboratories all over Great Britain.



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"You surely don't suppose I'm going to allow mere proof to sway my opinion."