

most of the details had faded from my memory. To hear it in Barbara Jefford's reading was to have its charm revived, and also to see in it much more than I had before. When the work is read aloud, as it demands to be, the Goldsmith influence is less apparent, and the verses flow with narrative ease. Miss Jefford's presentation was a professionally expert one, intelligent, and catching most of the nuances, but, I felt, a shade cold. Somehow I think that this work needs a male reader, and a New Zealander at that, able to respond more spontaneously to the local references and atmosphere. At the same time, the general success of this lengthy reading of a poem which is so lucid and free from mannered torture, to which I listened without fatigue or flagging of interest for over half an hour, suggests that we might take on YCs more often something longer than the customary poetry-reading snippets.

—J.C.R.

Book Seller

TO a horse-and-buggy reader like me the jet-propelled reading habits of a J. C. Reid remain a matter for awe rather than emulation. In *The European Novel Now* (1YC) he is serving up another part of his reading with his usual smooth dexterity. I listened to the first talk with continuous attention, though not with entire agreement when I knew anything of the writers. Mostly I didn't, and to keep a listener interested in writers he doesn't know is a difficult task Mr. Reid always performs well. He is an excellent reviewer, as distinct from an excellent critic. Some people refuse to see any distinction between the two crafts, and, of course, their functions overlap; but the critic is of most use to the person who has read the book, the reviewer to the person who hasn't. The listener may come away from Mr. Reid's talks with little more than a list of names; but the person who knows no names stands in a library and can't find a thing to read. He hasn't a clue. Mr. Reid provides some useful clues. (How many books does Mr. Reid consume in a year? I wish he'd tell us some day.)

Diverse Approach

YOU never know quite what you're in for when you listen to a talks series with several speakers. The talks officer's bright idea transfers into their minds in diverse ways. M. H. Holcroft gave his own philosophical approach to *The N.Z. Way in Literature* (first broadcast from 2YC) talking about encircling seas, waiting hills, deepening streams—here called "adventurous roads": the recognisable Holcroft world, which has almost become the recognisable New Zealand world, though some deny it. A pre-Holcroft New Zealand is almost unimaginable. But for Dr. J. H. Robb, talking on Social Welfare, it was be damned to the philosophy of it. He said we hadn't any. He gave only a sketchy account of the subject in general, reserving his time for a strong plea for the proper selection and training of social workers. "Overseas," he said, "a person is appointed to a post because he is qualified; here he is assumed to be qualified because he has been appointed. It is as if he were appointed without training to a job which required him to do surgery and was called a surgeon because he was in that job." This so badly needed saying that I was glad to hear it, even if it didn't entirely fit the series.

—R.D.McE.

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