

as styles of hair and clothing he takes very seriously, and tells us how they affect one family who are his personal friends. He takes part wholeheartedly in all the ceremonies of the native people he visits, and one of the heartening things about the book is that nowhere is there any trace whatever of a feeling that in any way he is a superior being to the natives of Sarawak. He may give us a little more detail of long-drawn ceremonies than we want, and his prose, especially in the brief introduction about the history of Sarawak, is a little too lush, but we do feel a sense of sympathy with him in his noble efforts to last out the long night of drinking which is part of most of the ceremonies he takes part in. We smile at his frank appreciation of the beauty of the maidens who waited on him, but his photographs bear him out. We learn a lot about the tribes of Sarawak, but even more about the author.

—D. W. McKenzie

BEVERLEY AS BEFORE

SUNLIGHT ON THE LAWN, by Beverley Nichols; Jonathan Cape, English price 16/-.
Illustrated by William McLaren.

MR NICHOLS passed through a period of prococious debunking, sometimes rather tastelessly, as in his revelations of Melba in *Evensong*, and some flutterings in the dove-cots of Moral Rearmament. He found his level and quite considerable success in the gossip-gardening-countryhouse series of which *Sunlight on the Lawn* is the latest.

His admirers will be delighted and there is no reason why the series should not go on indefinitely. The further embellishments of a Georgian ruin, Merry Hall, continue, and he has lost none of his ability at pithy characterisation or brittle dragonfly humour. With an iridescent flick he switches from sentiment to the classics, from maliciously depicted neighbours to floral and arboreal descriptions. The illustrations reflect the same quality of self-conscious precious charm, and to many readers these gifts will suffice.

—John V. Trevor

MEN AND FISH

WINDOW IN THE SEA, by Ralph Nading Hill; Victor Gollancz, English price 18/-.
TROUT AND TROUT WATERS, by Lancelot Peart; Allen and Unwin, English price 12/6.

TWO voices are here, one is of the sea (as you might say)—and of the two there is no doubt that Mr Hill's is the more likely to hold the attention of the general reader. The story he tells is that of the creation of the Marine Studios in Florida, a project of typically American dimensions which led to the establishment of the first "oceanarium" for the study of marine animals under something like natural conditions. If money had not been available in quantities to match the scale of the enterprise (C. V. Whitney was one of the early backers) Mr Hill's story might have been at times more dramatic, but the pioneers did encounter enough difficulties of other kinds to make their story an interesting one. One critical problem, strangely enough, was how to keep sharks alive once they were captured. Sharks, too, were the subject of an important, and successful, wartime project carried out by the oceanarium scientists—to discover an effective shark repellent. But for New Zealanders who have sentimental recollections of Opo or Pelorus Jack, the best of *Window in the Sea* will be those chapters which describe the capture, care and training of the dolphins which have become the star attractions of the Marine Studios.

Mr Peart's book is addressed not primarily to trout fishermen, but to those who own or control trout waters, or waters capable of being developed as trout fisheries (for private profit). It is therefore unlikely to be directly useful to the ordinary New Zealand angler, or for that matter to add materially to the knowledge of fishery management already possessed by the professionals—field staff and scientists—whose concern it is in this country. But in its way the book can be read as an Awful Warning. When riparian rights fall into private hands the poor fisherman might as well take to surfcasting. Rousseau, who was an enthusiastic stamper-down of fences, had the word for it: "Le propriétaire, voilà l'ennemi!" —J.M.

FOUR COUNTRIES

REMEMBER THE HOUSE, by Santha Rania Rau; Victor Gollancz, English price 13/6. *THE SACRIFICE*, by Adele Wiseman; Victor Gollancz, English price 16/-.
THE SANITY INSPECTORS, by Friedrich Deich, translated from the German by Robert Kee; Putnam, English price 13/6.
THE EAGLE AND THE ROCK, by Frances Winwar; Alvin Redman, N.Z. price 15/-.

CHARM without coy whimsy, and a genuine delicacy of feeling make *Remember the House* an unusually fine novel. Through the eyes of the twenty-year-old Baba, we see deep into the life of wealthy Bombay Indians during Independence year. Baba's contact with a shallow young American couple temporarily upsets her scale of values, but she finally rejects Western romanticism for the Indian concept of spiritual freedom. The sophisticated dialogue, the aware and intelligent writing and the sensitive insight into character have nothing of the quaintness cultivated by some Indian novelists. Miss Rau is as mature and poised a writer as she is an entertaining one.

Another unusual setting is treated, with less success, in *The Sacrifice*, which, at excessive length, describes a Ukrainian Jewish family trying to adjust themselves to Canadian life. The successive misfortunes suffered by the patriarchal Abraham turn the story into a chronicle of woe, and philosophising swamp the latter part. But the clearly-etched picture of a Jewish community, with such characters as a ritual slaughterer and a gossiping landlady, has the appeal of the unfamiliar.

The English title and Hoffnung's dust-jacket falsely suggest that *The Sanity* (continued on next page)

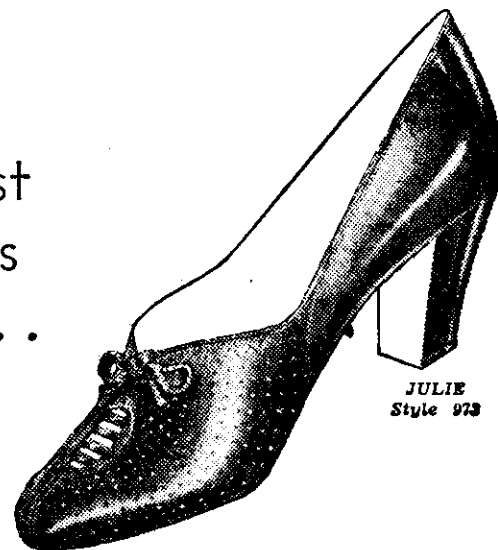
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REMINISCENCES

I REMEMBER, I remember
The good old barrack square,
And the company sergeant-major
Who gave us an earful there.
We thought that his voice was
shocking,
We thought that his mind was
kinked,
For he was one of the old school
Which is practically now extinct.

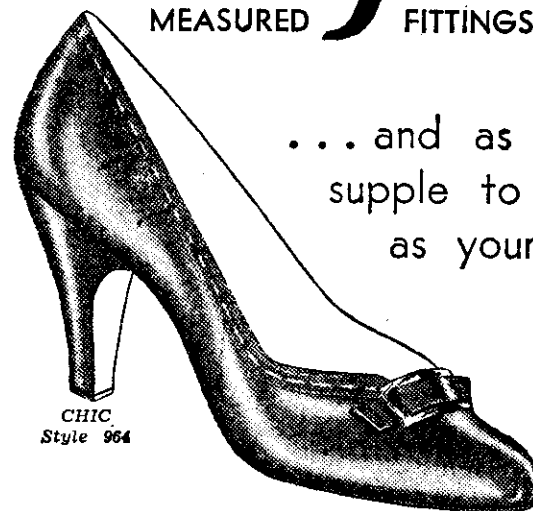
And daily we stood and wondered
If his bark was bad as his bite,
And how, if he had any con-
science,
He managed to sleep at night.
But trifles like insomnia
Would merely have made him
scoff—
He'd simply have fallen the sheep
in
And told them to number off.
—R.G.P.

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loveliest
Stylings
ever . . .



JULIE
Style 973

Trufit
MEASURED FITTINGS



CHIC
Style 964

. . . and as
supple to wear
as your gloves



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Finest Footwear
by
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34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44
AA										
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B	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
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