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BOOKS

(continued from previous page)

of the world are John Warrior, Fritz Krieger, François Guerrier, William Fighter and Ivan Voin. One wonders which suffered the most in the translation, the translator or the translator. M. Vialar evidently meant well, but has set himself a task beyond his powers.

—Edmond Malone

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

A GRAVE FOR A DOLPHIN, by Alberto Derti di Pirajno; Andre Deutsch, English price 15/-.

THIS collection is nowhere nearly as good as the same author's *A Cure for Serpents*. With this point clear, it is

only fair to say that the stories have their own good qualities. It just happens that the Mayor and the Bishop, among others, so warmly filled the first book that the second collection suffers in the inevitable comparison.

The stories are all bizarre, but all have the pace to bring about the necessary suspension of disbelief. The title story will recall "Opo" to New Zealand minds, for here we have a girl who rode on a dolphin. Most of the stories concern, in some way or other, animals. "A Sermon for Warthogs" is one to remember, but I think the bird in the last story will linger longest in mind.

Pirajno has immense gusto, a shrewd eye for oddity and a most artful ingenueness. He relates the stories "just as they were told to me." And what stories they are! He is a story-teller in a tradition that his Arab friends would recognise at once.

—J.D.McD.

INSIDE THE VICARAGE

PICTURE A COUNTRY VICARAGE, by Anthony Brode; Elek Books, N.Z. price 15/-.

THE vicar's family have a different view of the parish, and of the vicar, from that of the "helpful ladies" who are preparing to run everything, the vicar included, or even from the earnest office-bearers who try to coerce the vicar into unwise action. Anthony Brode has written, from a vicar's son's point of view, a gay and light-hearted account of his father's pastorate.

The result is a portrait of a man of considerable fun and wide interests, who enjoyed selling racing cars at a motor show as a holiday, who took an early interest in moving pictures, and who had his own way of dealing with heated arguments in the parish.

—G.D.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

BASED on the author's first course of lectures as Slade Professor at Oxford, *Landscape Into Art*, by Sir Kenneth Clark (Penguin Books, N.Z. price 6/6), is concerned with man's relation to nature as reflected in the history of landscape painting. There is a generous number of reproductions.

COUNTRY BUS STOP

*TAHU on the suitcase sits
Singing to the brown guitar.
He waits by the greylit pole
For the morning bus to take
Him on his Saturday spree.
Fern strums over quail, the trail
Convolvulus in pink outcry,
Around him spread the crowing
Lowing fields of his workaday.*

*The tango that not jazzily
He sings reverberates lament,
Plucked strings follow his voice
With the slow steps of his hands.
When he boards the bus
Winding into the hills
He leaves a longing hollow
Where his voice has been
Telling of love and remorse:
Where his voice has made
An irreplaceable sound
Drawn from star-digged wells
Fed by no man knows
What brackish underground.*

—Gloria Rawlinson

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