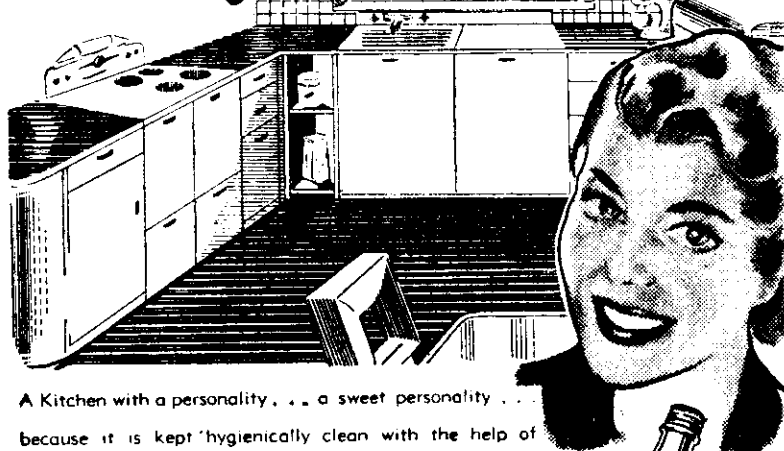


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RADIO REVIEW

WITH quite unreasonable selfishness, I momentarily begrudge the time given during day-sessions to things in which I am myself uninterested—when the only alternative to sports relays and wool prices is *Aunt Jenny*. However, I have learnt not only to accept, but to look forward to, Jack Aylesbury's *Country Journal* from 1YA on Tuesdays. To me, who knows as little about farming as any other city-bred New Zealander, this session both reveals the fine work being done by individual farmers throughout the province, and teaches a good deal about the facts of farming. Much of its success depends on the easy, pleasant manner of Jack Aylesbury, his expert knowledge of farming and his adeptness as an interviewer. The latter skill gave piquancy to his intimate Christmas tour of 1YA's studios, and was heard to advantage in a more recent session when he interviewed a visitor from the Isle of Jersey to the Golden Jubilee Show. By an unerring choice of questions, in a few minutes he squeezed his informant dry of information about Jersey cattle and their adaptation to New Zealand conditions. He never crows his subject, but steers him gently along, always scoring a bull.

Assertion of Faith

THE most successful propaganda, it has been said, is indirect. I murmured assent to this as I listened to the moving BBC documentary, *Children of Europe*. Its ostensible purpose was to show what is being done on the Continent by self-sacrificing men and women for the homeless and crippled children of World War II. It did this with all the customary BBC realism and good taste. We met the psychiatrists, social workers and religious who have brought happiness and a new life to broken bodies and scarred souls; we heard tragic stories from the children themselves; we listened to the maimed children of the Milan House of Charity playing football with their priests and understood what the commentator meant when he called a visit to this House "a tremendous emotional experience." But as, at the end, the children sang "Come and live with us where life is so sweet" (with its incongruous reminiscences of "Sweet Violets") the chief impressions I retained were of an assertion of faith in human beings through the evidence of deep love and understanding and, more strongly, of a

conviction that each one of us is bound to do his utmost to ensure that the children of another generation shall not suffer as these have done. —J.C.R.

Less Than Lifelike

I FOUND the BBC version of *The Linden Tree* something of a disappointment. The radio adapter showed far too wholesome a respect for Priestley's original, confining his action rather drearily to Professor Linden's study, and in spite of the close family atmosphere of the piece it never generated for me any of the warm closeness to life that I found in *It Always Rains on Sunday*. Intimacy is all very well, but one needs some solid drama to sustain it, and the dramatic conflicts in the play scarcely reached real life proportions—Isabel's desertion of her husband after 37 years of marriage on such trivial grounds seemed unconvincingly unwifely, and we were permitted only a flash-card glimpse of Jean's unhappy love affair which, uncorked, might have provided some of the raw spirit of emotion necessary to accompany the intellectual soda-water of the dialogue. And if musical bridgework must be provided in a radio play surely in this case something more appropriate to the theme could have been chosen than gallant but overworked *Green-sleeves*?

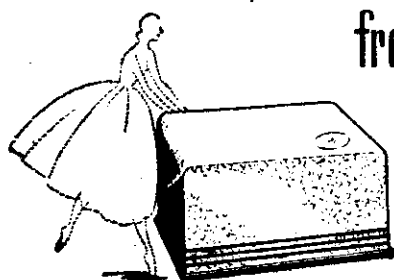
Ngaio Marsh Interviewed

ONE of the nicest things about the interview between Ngaio Marsh and Patricia Guest, *Over My Dead Body* (apart from the title), was that it revealed Miss Marsh (who, on the score of achievement, must be regarded as an awesome figure), as a thoroughly nice woman. Miss Guest, was, I thought, a little on the snooty side, being perhaps a thought patronising about Freeman Wills Crofts and almost openly disparaging the fecund talent of Agatha Christie. Miss Marsh, on the other hand, was firm in refusing to allow herself to be drawn on to any elevated critical promontory, respecting both the omnivorous appreciation of the thriller addict and the feelings of her fellow craftsmen. The interview was, like even a successful bike-hike, pedestrian in spots, but it got places. I was particularly grateful for Miss Marsh's gossipy account of goings-on at the Crime Club. —M.B.

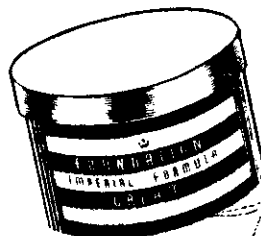
Man to Man

THE recent visit of Vance Palmer to New Zealand has been enriching. For me the most notable thing about his two

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PHOTOGRAPH

FAITH cannot told the thought nor eye receive
This smiling pledge, this flourish of the past:
Surely some wealthy dream upon me cast
Has met the fatal morning beam to leave
Naked my life, ruin beyond reprove.
Where tears have taught that only loss can last,
The living face in darkness held so fast,
And the daunted mind knowing but to grieve.

HERE yesterday is proud, and love is seen
As final, fixed as in rejoicing stone:
For time's swift plunder and for sorrows lean
These features shall compel and must atone:
For though a furtive death has flung a breach
Yet this shall be her distant love and speech.

—J. R. Hervey