

Meals for the under 5's

These are the kind of meals
the pre-school child needs

(18 months
—5 years)

on waking

Drink of water, or milk, or fruit juice.

breakfast

Porridge with milk. Buttered crisp toast. Cup of milk or milk cocoa.

mid-morning

Cup of milk, or milk soup, or hot milk drink. Piece of raw carrot, celery, lettuce or fruit.

dinner

Minced or finely cut meat, or liver and bacon; or baked or steamed fish; or egg in some form. Potato. A helping of vegetable. Stewed fruit or baked apple, and milk pudding. Cup of milk.

mid-afternoon

Cup of milk or drink of orange juice or rosehip syrup. A piece of any fruit in season.

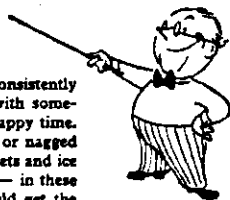
tea

Boiled, poached or scrambled egg (if not given with dinner); or thick milk vegetable soup; or a baked apple; or a salad. Wholemeal bread sandwiches (crusts left on); half with grated cheese or peanut butter, the rest with dates or raisins. Cup of milk or hot milk drink.

before bed

A piece of unpeeled apple. Whenever possible a small piece of unpeeled apple or any raw fruit or vegetable should be given after each meal. It is important for cleaning the teeth and encourages chewing.

NOTE: This is only a guide. If any one food is consistently disliked, don't force it on the child but replace it with something equally nutritious. Meal time should be a happy time. Healthy children who are not coaxed or fussed over or nagged at will eat and enjoy their meals. Giving a child sweets and ice cream between meals takes the edge off the appetite — in these cases it is the grown-ups, not the child, who should get the scolding.



4-3

Radio Review

"GREENHOUSE PLANT"

HAROLD NICOLSON'S "personal portrait" of Virginia Woolf (from 1YC) was a talk in which both subject and manner were perfectly congenial to the speaker. The portrait is exactly Mr. Nicolson's medium, and he spoke here from intimate knowledge, with a combined sympathy and detachment which would surely have pleased Virginia Woolf herself. It was the kind of attitude to which her whole life gave a special value, whether in the late-Victorian atmosphere of earnest doubt, or in the high-mindedness of the Cambridge set, or of "Bloomsbury." And it was characteristic of Mr. Nicolson's perception that he laid his finger on the weakness of all this earnestness and honesty—its lack of a sense of moral obligation. That is perhaps why it appears as a rare flower of a settled civilisation—he twice referred to Virginia Woolf as a "greenhouse plant"—and not exactly fitted to the rough-and-tumble of a more turbulent age. She emerged as an inquisitive, civilised and fastidious personality, not a tragic one; yet there was something tragic about her stoic suicide in those dark days of the war: it must have seemed that the world she knew had lost its reason.

Sound-track Voices

IT is not altogether fair to judge a programme (from 12B) based on the sound track of the film of *Julius Caesar*, before having seen the film. On the screen, there may be all kinds of subtleties in pointing and emphasis which the sound-track alone does not record. For that reason, the sound alone tended to exaggerate variations in styles of playing, which came out clearly in the scene between Cassius and Brutus. James Mason, as Brutus, spoke as a film actor, casually, "throwing away" part of his lines. John Gielgud's Cassius was full and orotund: if anything, it went too far the other way—that muted tremolo in certain vowels—but it did use the voice as an instrument. Louis Calhern's Caesar seemed to strike a balance; so did Edmond O'Brien's Casca—not quite unexpectedly, for although he has always played thick-ear melodrama on the screen, he has done so with intelligence. Marlon Brando's Marc Antony seemed to be pitched mainly on a note of tight anger; but at least it gave the impression of a man playing a desperate game of mob-appeal, and not of a popular actor favouring us with a well-known recitation.

—M.K.J.

A Week of Poetry

FOR 3YC poetry has evidently been the order of the week. On Monday evening James Crampsey and Harold Wightman read a good selection from the work of Robert Burns. The best of these was, "A Man's a Man for a' That," in which rhythm and rhyme were carefully blended with a conversational inflexion. The reader considered each piece of human pride from an amused and gentle viewpoint. "O, My Luve's Like a Red, Red Rose," was not delivered in

that slow manner which gives due value to the comparison, but rather with a persuasive technique which would make me distrust the declaration were I a woman. On Friday evening *The Poet on Worship*, an NZBS production, competently traversed the centuries, looking in turn towards Donne, and Herrick, Herbert, Vaughan and Crashaw, and as far afield as Cullen Bryant. Even so, and granting the merit of the connecting thread relating each of the poets to what had gone before, I feel that the subject could well have borne the fuller treatment of a series which explored *The Oxford Book of Mystical Verse*, *The English Galaxy of Shorter Poems*, and Norman Nicholson's *Anthology of Religious Verse*.

Trollope's Characters

JUDGED by the dictum that art conceals art, Trollope's *The Warden*, broadcast from 3YC, was indeed excellent. For the most part the story came through so strongly that the fact that it was an NZBS production rarely crossed the mind. Though this radio play didn't have quite the finish of the BBC's *Last Chronicle of Barset* it is surely necessary at this point to take into account Britain's greater facilities. I can see, however, from both these plays that I would never really be a Trollope fan, if only because the great similarity in character and in the precise nature of the moral problems which the chief characters face would become monotonous if extended through other novels. Both Crawley in *The Last Chronicle of Barset* and Harding in *The Warden* are threatened by the law, and both react to it in such a way that they save their integrity only at a great expense of spirit which threatens their sanity. I cannot help thinking that there is a deeper understanding of life and faith than either man possesses. This certainly does not destroy the validity of Trollope's characterisation, but it does show that he was a man of limited range.

—Westcliff

End of the Day

WHAT constitutes the perfect end to the day's programme? My choice would be a gentle form of humour, reminiscence, poetry, story; or in music, something which familiarity has made easy to listen to—a gentle swan-song for the day's end. So it is with dismay that I find that the 1952 Reith Lectures are to be heard from 4YC at 10.0 p.m., an hour when the freshness of early evening listening has been lost, and stern effort is required to summon the necessary concentration. They could, of course, be regarded as a soporific; but as that is not their highest function, it seems to me regrettable that they should be thrown away on late listening when, delivered earlier in the evening, these lectures could entertain and instruct those decrepit mortals like myself, who begin to fade shortly after 9.30 p.m.

Royal Occasions

A SERIES of talks on previous Royal Visits being heard from 4YA at present gives us some interesting pictures of the past. The programme is skilfully built up from extracts from the local press at the time of the visits, with what might be regarded as fair comment. The result is a vivid reconstruction of past jubiliations, and one, I felt, that was worthy of a more lavish production in