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WHAT'S YOUR NAME? Fun With A Directory

AS a Christian name is something a child is forcibly labelled with for life and therefore has to accept with the philosophy of helplessness, parents and godparents are saddled with a responsibility which, in some cases, appears to be too much for them. At least that is what many a man feels when the time comes for him to have his Christian name or set of initials inscribed in a telephone book or on his business card.

A clergyman of the Church of England performs the ceremony of baptism whenever required by a parishioner and gives whatever names are selected by the parents or godparents—except that, although the rubrics do not expressly say so, he can object to any name on religious or moral grounds. Christian names are therefore a matter of almost completely free choice, but a surname remains constant unless it is so annoying that it is changed by deed of poll.

With the object of getting an idea of the trend of surnames in New Zealand I put in an hour or two with the Post Office Directory searching for the unusual. But I had not gone far before I encountered in a sort of game—the association of names with things animate and inanimate.

THIS was the kind of thing. I found 69 Adams, but only one Eve. So much for Genesis. But one must eat and here there seemed to be no cause for alarm, for there were 626 Bakers. And something to drink? This was no dry area; there were 17 Barrels, 44 Beers, no Ale, but seven Gins, 39 Ports, 37 Stouts, one Whisky, 93 Brewers, 680 Coopers, 54 Glasses, no Bars and no Cellars, but 60 Belchers! Four Arms and 32 Hands were ample to deal with this little lot as an aperitif to 11 Feasts, leaving 61 Bones.

Having dealt with the refreshment side of the Directory, my thoughts fairly logically took a financial turn. And there, at sight, were 170 Banks, 28 Moneys, no Cheques; but plenty of Cash as represented by 52 Holders. Logically a freshen-up was the next thing, and again there was no difficulty. Barbers were prolific—106 of them, to deal with 13 Shaves of 50 Beards and 21 Whiskers.

Then I turned to the sporting side of nomenclature to watch the skill of 20 Bowyers, 178 Archers with eight Bows, a similar number of Arrows, but not a Quiver among them; and then, by way of a change, to aesthetics where there were two Airs, one Tune, three Melodies, but not a single Song. Outdoors were Birds a-plenty—181 all told, including 73 Finches, 33 Goldfinches, 45 Sparrows, 11 Larks, 10 Parrots, 23 Crows and one Avis—the *rara avis*, of course. Round the 23 Gardens there was not a Dog to be seen or a Bite to be felt, but there were five Barks. The sylvan scene contained 54 Brooks, one Creek, 37 Rivers, 14 Ponds, and 69 Lakes, all served by 47 Bridges surrounded by 14 species of Bracken and two Ferns.

Probably this sort of foolery would be frowned on by the 403 Butlers attendant upon the 35 Dukes, and it would "never do" for the 89 Graces as sung about by

111 Normans and 167 Longs, who would be perfectly at home with the 4,637 Smiths, but uneasy with the 64 Smythes.

SUFFERING obviously, from the touch of 14 Suns, I went home to climb one Stair with 32 Bannisters, and to listen for 223 Days to 730 Bells rung by 17 Bellringers, only one of whom was Bell-worthy. There was not a Sunday available for the one Rest in 29 Weeks, but later I discovered 269 Bishops in five Bishoprics, 11 Parsons in 12 Parsonages, 86 Priests, nine Friars and 101 Churches for the seven Comforts of my Soule. Moreover, there were five Blooms and 46 Flowers to bring me back to normal after seeing 410 Blacks, one Red, 1,270 Whites, 111 Greys, 2,310 Browns, 735 Greens, 20 Pinks, 25 Golds, and five Scarlets.

Actually, as there was no perfect Cure to be had, my thoughts turned to a sea voyage, only to find five Boatwoods, one Boatswain, 11 Bollards, 63 Chandlers, but not a single Ship. So, back to the 33 Meadows where I glimpsed five Does, 37 Bucks, 145 Bulls, two Cows, and 60 Bullocks, along with 5 Rabbits and 21 Burrows, enjoying the shelter of two Trees, 19 Branches, and 86 Bushes.

SO much scrambling about meant a visit to the Clothiers, but all they could offer were 14 Coats, 43 Buttons



"17 Barrels, 44 Beers, 39 Ports, 37 Stouts, 1 Whisky, 93 Brewers, 60 Belchers."

and 84 Cottons. So, with the assistance of 9 Caddies and amid 7 Cheers I played 24 Rounds in four Games, one being Golf.

On the way home again I picked up 23 Hams, 6 Cheeses, 22 Oranges, 34 Lemons and 5 Chestnuts from 46 Orchards—all these requiring 7 Drays and 600 Carters. Naturally this annoyed my wife, who was awaiting me with 100 Birches, 12 Canes and a couple of Sticks.

I could go on like this for hours, but, having got this far, would you say that this piece of lunacy is worth 140 Bests, 82 Goods, six Fairs, or only 2 Pass's?

It's up to 36 Readers.

—E.R.B.

The Harp That Once Through Aimee's Halls

THE Auckland-born harpist Winifred Carter will be heard on the air again next week. On Wednesday, April 11, she will begin a series of recitals for solo harp with short explanatory talks on the history and technique of the instrument. These will be heard from Station 1YA, and the first will begin at 8.0 p.m.

Miss Carter returned to New Zealand for a short visit in 1939, after having been with the Detroit Symphony for 16 years. Then the war began and the short visit has lasted six years. In 1940 she played the harp in the Centennial Festival Orchestra and later she toured the NBS stations with Henri Penn in a series of recitals for piano and harp. Since then she has lived a quiet life in Auckland, occasionally playing for schools, but mainly looking after her mother.

"But I intend to go back to the States as soon as the war will let me," she said when we met her the other day. "Mamma is better now and I can go any time." We wanted to know if her mother had always been "Mamma," or if it was States-influenced.

"Oh, I hadn't thought about it, but I guess I picked it up in the States," she said. But that was the only time she said "I guess."

Had she a job, then, to go back to? "Yes, I have. I'll go back to the Detroit Symphony. I've kept up my membership of the Union—and it's been hard enough to send the fees always at the right times—but if you don't belong to the Union you can count yourself out."

Some time ago she had a letter from Australia; it was from Eugene Ormandy and it began, "Why aren't you here? I expected you to play for me." It was a friendly and a welcoming letter; Ormandy is one conductor Miss Carter will see as soon as she arrives back in the States.

"You've played under him?"

"Yes, oh yes. Many times, when he was guest conductor to the Detroit Symphony."

"And under other famous ones? Toscanini, Stokowski. . .?"

"Not Toscanini. But Bruno Walter, Goossens, Barbirolli, Stokowski, Reiner, Schneevoigt, others too."

From Auckland, when she was a girl in her teens Miss Carter went to study at the Sydney Conservatorium. She played under Verbruggen and eventually became Professor of the Harp at the Conservatorium. At that time Aimee Semple McPherson, the American evangelist, was touring the world and arrived in Australia. She set eyes on the golden-haired girl with the golden harp and very soon afterwards Winifred Carter was installed in Mrs. McPherson's Temple in Los Angeles. She stayed for a year, and then Ossip Gabrilowitch, conductor of the Detroit Symphony, offered her the position of first harpist in his orchestra. She was there for 16 years—until she returned to New Zealand. Now, she says, she is longing to get back to America again.

(A photograph of Miss Carter appears on page 16)