worry the musical listener. It is not which we could have more. Familiarity possible to distinguish all the words without the text, but even if the singers performed their notes to nonsensesyllables. Thanksgiving for Victory recorded programmes have an advantage would still be a musical landmark.

By Jove

MEN do not like to be bald, and many commercial ventures thrive on their hopes of a cure; short stature is also regarded as an affliction, hence the cult of patent exercising machines and special systems of physical culture. Some startling new hints on both these points occurred in a recent "Here Are the Facts" session broadcast from Commercial stations. First there was a hairraising story from Switzerland (guaranteed true) of a completely bald man who, after being struck by lightning, developed a downy growth on his head and later a fine, thick thatch of curls. Another gentleman, this time in America, was knocked out by lightning and taken to hospital, where he proceeded to grow like Alice in Wonderland, adding twelve inches to his height so that his feet stuck out of the end of his bed. Pending the development of a handy electrical machine which will strike us with lightning in our own homes, we may expect to see the next thunderstorm bring out a crowd of short, bald gentlemen, all rushing to points of exposure and, with suppliant hands, entreating Jove to hurl his bolts in their direction.

From Dancing to Ballet

RALLET is an art; an art with technique and tradition. Miss Bettina Edwards who introduced the subject in the Winter Course series from 1YA gave an interesting account of the background and growth of her art. The speakers in these brief sessions (15 minutes) must all be conscious of the relation between

the extent of the subject and the time allowed for exposition, and I am sure that Miss Edwards was. So she fell into the common fault of trying to cram too much into the time and of therefore speaking too fast, but in spite of that she held the attention with happily chosen illustrative anecdotes and



brightly phrased descriptions of the working of ballet. Miss Beryl Nettleton is to give the second talk. Perhaps she will tell us something of the future of ballet in New Zealand. There is no established company in this country. What, therefore, becomes of all the bright young things who learn dancing, after they have become too gawky to appear in the annual children's extravaganza, pantomime, or whatnot? Do they become secret ballerinas, flitting solitary sylphs, dancing among the tea-tree of a summer night; do they take to jive; or do they marry and produce more children to learn dancing and take part in the annual extravaganza?

Programme Correlation

WAS it by chance or design that 1ZM and 1YX played Beethoven's Eighth Symphony on successive nights? This is a kind of programme correlation of with good music does not breed contempt, but a keener and more intimate enjoyment. Here is one way in which over actual performances. Even in a large city with wide musical resources, one might not have the opportunity of hearing an unfamiliar work often enough to develop acquaintance into friendship. The broadcast of recorded programmes can overcome this difficulty. Occasionally, but with seeming fortuitousness, one can hear a work repeated. A planned series by one station would be of inestimable value, and give a cumulative enjoyment far beyond that of a single broadcast.

A Capitulation

WORDS have a way of invading our language whether we really want them or not. Sometimes they do it under a mistaken meaning, like "chronic," and one or two others, and having once got past the first few barriers, they reach a point at which no persistence on the part of purists will stop them becoming established. "Frankenstein" is a case in point. It is coming to be a name for a monster. The Director-General of the BBC recently used it in that sense, referring to the nine o'clock chimes, so one might as well give up trying to insist that Frankenstein was not a monster. The same stage seems now to have been reached by the name of a very popular aria from one of Mozart's operas--"Dove Sono" (Italian for "where are they?") which has become thoroughly familiar to NBS listeners now as "The Dove Song," possibly because the gold lettering on gramophone records is often not as clear as it might be. As long as it was the record that was referred to in this way, there was some hope. But now the studio artist has sung "The Dove Song" from 3YA (on Sunday, November 4). All right then, let's give up-Mozart wrote "The Dove Song" and Frankenstein was a monster. Chronic,

Again Spring

THE iron that winter has left in me shall not

Long repel the keen persuasions of spring,

For I feel in my breast the proud night collapsing
And storms like winded hounds

fainting and dying.

I WHO have come so far, never escaping

The battering speech and winter's woeful breath,

See now dissolve the glacial memories,

And spring, crowned, mounting the mercy seat.

OUT of the soil and sky unerring loves

Discover my door and joy comes at a stride:

This is the spring in me, a new song marching, And hope laughing out of an am-

buscada.

-J. R. HERVEY.



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