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RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

Dr. William Temple

THE most memorable feature of the recent posthumous address by the late Archbishop of Canterbury was the impression received of the personality behind it. Dr. Temple lacked any faint echo of what is known, with not quite unjustified generalisation, as the "pulpit voice"; he spoke with a vigour and control which made manifest a complete man who had fully entered into and comprehended the beliefs he was propounding until they had become part of his life. With Roosevelt, Masaryk, and Smuts, William Temple was a type that our civilisation is producing in its present stage of development; those in whom the classical tradition of liberty, justice, and self-government is almost incarnate, so that we speak less of the beliefs they hold than of the principles that animate them, of which they are composed; who have developed these principles and this tradition to the point where their further existence requires great changes, and can voice these requirements with the authority of history itself.

Ee Begorrah, Mon, Whateffer

MAJOR LAMPEN spoke on "Dialect" from 3YA the other morning and not unnaturally began with Burns. But this fact illustrates a point that has recently been made with some vigour by Scottish literary historians; that by Burns' day the Scottish tongue had in reality become a dialect of English—"English badly spelt," says Eric Linklater—whereas in Dunbar's time it had been an independent tongue self-rooted in its own soil. After the Union of 1707 Scots, they say, sank to a comic version of English and lost its true self. Perhaps this illuminates the very interesting fact mentioned by the speaker, that there is no Welsh equivalent to the Scottish, Irish, Jewish, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cockney comics. The reason is perhaps that the Welsh, able at need to fall back on their own Celtic tongue—there are still a few ancients who have no English—kept themselves sufficiently apart to avoid the essentially patronising and possessive attitude of standard English which regards dialect as automatically funny.

And a Botulous New Year

FOR a few hours at the beginning of each new year we find ourselves sufficiently moved by the season's propaganda to indulge in unusual optimism about this and that. Health, for instance. We are sure that the influenza of the incoming year will be less frequent and less violent; we will be able to avoid hospitals and our "old trouble" will take a turn for the better. Within a day or two soberer thoughts begin to close about us. We notice that among our acquaintance there are just as many new cases of measles this week as there were last, and that is a good many. It then occurs to us that the 1946 Year Book will show the hospitals as full as ever, and that our chances of figuring personally in these sordid columns are no less than they were in 1945; on the contrary, they are somewhat greater as we are now

a year older. It is a pity though that the realists in the Health Department were let loose on our illusions quite so early in 1946. They crashed into our morning coffee on New Year's Day with a "Health in the Home" talk from 1YA on food poisoning, featuring abdominal pains and sinister signs in tinned and bottled food that is not what it should be. It's seasonable enough, of course, at a time of year when half the population are keeping body and soul together only by strenuous use of the tin opener, and the other half preparing to salt down their surplus harvest in preserving jars. And naturally the best time to startle us with a fine description of a deadly but rare disease called Botulism is during those few hours of optimistic coma of the New Year, before we have remembered about the atomic bomb and other such matters.

Bach

ALTHOUGH it is by no means a case of "like father, like son," the ubiquity of the Bachs—there were sixty of them if one includes every branch of the family and all but seven were musicians of some sort or other—leads to a little confusion in listening unless the announcer is specific. In Bach's own days the name was chiefly associated with the two sons Carl Philipp Emanuel, if one took one's music on the Continent, or John Christian Bach in England. John Sebastian in those days was little more than the clever but somewhat pedantic father of some go-ahead sons. Now, of course, the boys are but faint stars on the periphery of a great light. It was a help to have Concerto in D Major announced as being from the pen of C. P. E. Bach, for the lush orchestration of Steinberg's arrangement and the equally rich playing of the Boston Symphony Orchestra would have given little indication that this was originally a simple little work for strings by the man of whom Mozart said: "He is the father and we are the sons."

Major Works

WHAT is a major work? Is it length, antiquity, historical or social importance, the size of the orchestra for which it is scored, or universal appeal

which confers upon a composition this especial distinction? 2YA's recent programme, "Favourite Major Works," did not answer the question—Tchaikovsky's "1812" Overture, Concerto in A Minor by Grieg, Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik." The Grieg Concerto has established itself in the repertory of masterpieces in this form, but the Tchaikovsky, despite its flamboyance, or rather, because of it, is no more than a vulgar trifle. Although it was the outsider in the group, the Mozart best deserved the title, for its majority goes beyond popularity, ostentation, and the insidious claims of romanticism. It has the open-hearted simplicity that transcends period and speaks, as far as any music may, for all people and all time.

Steve

"COME ON, STEVE," the BBC programme in memory of Steve Donoghue, was a sincere and lively tribute to the personality and achievements of its subject; but to the outsider, for whom a horse is a large unfamiliar animal with a leg at each corner and a



couple of rainbows of assorted shirts on its centre section, this production had an additional interest. One of the best features of BBC drama has always been its sense of atmospheres, period, background, and tradition; and here the life of Donoghue was used as a theme which symbolised the whole tradition of the English turf, focused, as it were, upon the single figure of the supreme jockey, the latter-day Fred Archer. The narrator raised the question why it is that the urban and mechanised populace of London (or Melbourne, or Christchurch) took such delight in horse racing. Many answers have been attempted; but surely the simplest is that the mechanised civilisation—still new, revolutionary, uncompleted and highly unsure of itself—finds relief and reassurance in maintaining contact, even in so artificial a way as the totalisator, with the rural and agricultural civilisation that preceded it, with its far greater tradition, solidity and apparent integration and completeness—the Age of the Horse. That surely was why the feature described so lovingly the sort of man

(continued on next page)

ON THE SPOT WITH UNRRA

NEWS FROM REPORTING from Albania's capital city, Tirana, UNRRA ALBANIA

representatives describe unexpected abundance coupled with extreme need. Walking along the streets of Tirana they find that the shops are well supplied with luxury items, left there by the retreating enemy. There are cameras, watches, vacuum flasks, aluminium pans, cosmetics, and a great many "really horrible china ornaments." Unlike the people in the destroyed or inaccessible villages, Albanians in Tirana do not look exceedingly undernourished but—and this is particularly noticeable as soon as you get to the outskirts of the city—they are dressed in clothes which are masterpieces of engineering rather than garments in the ordinary sense of the word, and it is painfully evident that one more washing might result in these garments quietly disintegrating.

"Albanians never beg, but they do stare at us and show a friendly and welcoming interest as soon as they recognise our UNRRA flashes when we walk down the street. In a shop the other day one of the customers summoned his entire stock of English to say, 'UNRRA? Good.' For those who have no command of English whatsoever, the usual greeting given us, in the tones of a hearty salute, is 'Profte UNRRA!' This means 'Long Live UNRRA.'"