



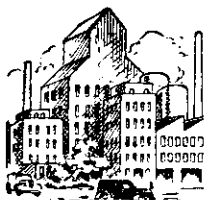
ISSUED BY THE DEPT. OF HEALTH



## The New STANDARD LOAF will soon be on the market

There is a world shortage of wheat.  
Economy in its use is essential.

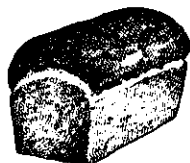
New Zealand Mills are increasing their flour extraction rate from about 73% to 80%—that is, they are using about 7% more of the wheat grain in the production of flour.



The increase in the extraction rate will mean an increase in the nutritive value of the bread, and all things made from the new flour.

The texture and flavour of the new loaf will not be very much different from that of the white loaf, though the extra wheat-germ content of the flour may colour it a little. However, much of the valuable nutritional minerals (such as iron) and the vitamin B factors (especially vitamin B-1) will be retained. In the highly-refined white flour to which we have become accustomed a big proportion of them was discarded.

And try saving bread at home, too. By eating more potatoes and less bread, you, as an individual, will help to make our wheat go further.



KEEP THIS ANNOUNCEMENT FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

FOR A HEALTHIER NATION

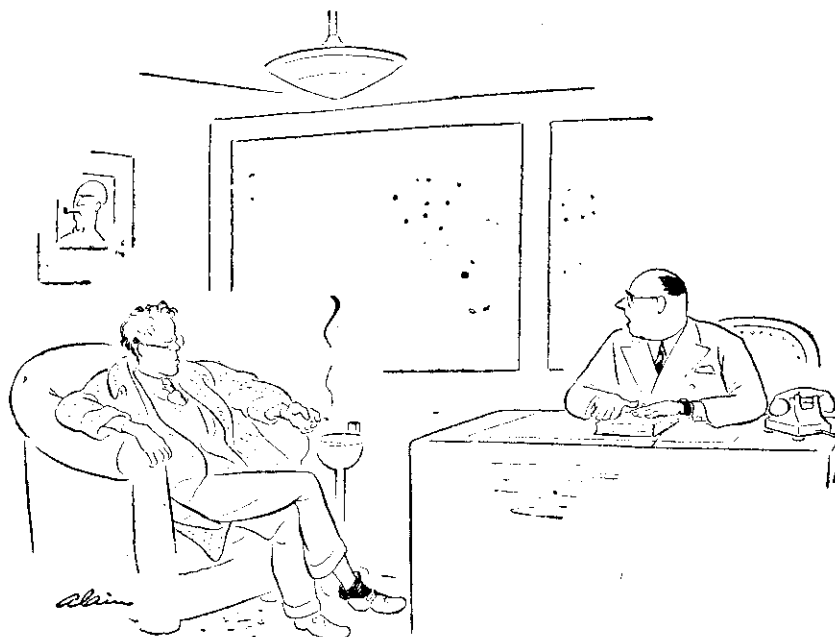
## OUR NATIONAL SONG

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## BOOKS

### A BUNCH OF POETS

POETRY: the Australian international quarterly of verse, No. 18, 1946.

(Reviewed by Basil Dowling)

OF the eighteen poets represented in this quarterly, six are American, one English, one New Zealand (G. R. Gilbert), and the rest Australian. It is very attractively produced, but the contents as a whole are disappointing. One notices in many of these poems a quality of abstractness which betrays a lack of concentration. Taking two poems at random I find these phrases—"the farewell speeches," "the well-wishings, the cheering," "the silence of the bush," "the loud killing," "the slow inglorious torment," "the slow heart-beating," "the distant gunshot and the bursting bomb." Such examples are symptomatic of the weakness common to much fashionable modern verse-writing; a habit of accumulating what I may call adjectival abstractions, instead of defining and specifying with visual distinctness. This habit vitiates many potentially good poems in this collection and makes them seem nebulous and flat.

One looks through the pages in vain for that urgency of direct and simple utterance which is characteristic of all moving and memorable verse. Somehow they do not haunt us as poetry should, and I suspect the reason is not primarily technical. There are a few stanzas of smooth and easy lyrical charm and some striking lines, but not much evidence of original thought. One wonders how many of these writers are patient enough to wait for those moments of passionate observation or spiritual vision which come our way so rarely but so rewardingly. In other words, the temptation to every poet, once he has launched himself, is to write what is really a kind of metrical commentary on many insignificant experiences rather than the product of a strong emotion that must express itself. It is this sense of inner compulsion which is

most noticeably missing from these poems. They lack that intensity of thought and feeling which can select one of a multitude of sensations and make it luminous in words.

Some of the contributors to this journal have established reputations in Australia and elsewhere and it would be pleasant to praise them, but as the mother of a famous English poet once shrewdly remarked to me, "There's no middle way in poetry—only the best will do."

### WIND OVER THE HEART

LINK OF TWO HEARTS. By George Sava. Faber and Faber Ltd., London.

COVERING the period between August, 1940, and June, 1942, this book has been contrived out of letters exchanged between George Sava in Britain and his wife in Australia. The word contrived is used advisedly, for the book has no set scheme, no coherent pattern, and little literary justification. In a prologue which reads even more like an apologia than prologues usually do, George Sava explains that the letters were written to preserve for his infant daughter a personal family record of the darkest days of the war. And as a private record, for a family album, they would be interesting enough, and safe from the unsentimental attentions of reviewers. But they have been offered to the public as worthy of wider circulation, and it is proper to say that they are not.

Early in 1940, Sava sent his wife (an Australian) overseas for the birth of their first child, and the first letter in the book is addressed to his unborn child in Montreal. The return letter, written as from the child, describes its arrival, its thoughts (more or less embryonic) on indiscriminate bombing, the gift of the over-age American destroyers, and other topicalities. This highly artificial—and ridiculous—convention of the infant

(continued on next page)