

eight-line tune with the third and fourth lines left out; no mere six-line performance could achieve quite the same vitalising effect. Torn between two loyalties, they chose the local one: though the perpetuation of the German national anthem in the school chapel might make a bad impression on the God of Battles, they decided to take a chance on it and to preserve Borogove whatever else might go.

On the last Sunday evening of the term, we saw the Old Borogovian transept filling up with more and more Old Borogovians of all sorts and sizes and ages, but all wearing a stern and devoted demeanour. The sermon ended, the last hymn was given out, and the lights dimmed, but they always did that, for the lighting and the organ were run off the same engine. The congregation rose, the organ emitted the usual low preliminary "pom" and, led by the choir, we broke into the new tune with confidence and *brio*. But after a couple of loud lines we became aware of a deep, mooring discordancy, which proceeded from the Old Borogovian transept and presently declared itself as the Old Borogovians singing the old tune. Otherwise well organised, the dissentient faction had not thought of rehearsals. Consequently, it took them a little time to get together. But after a ragged start they showed their real quality, and by the end of the first verse ("May Thy children, may Thy children, Ne'er again Thy spirit grieve"), they were roaring as one.

#### Words in the Organ Loft

Presumably there were a few rallying words in the organ loft. Anyhow, the second verse began with the athletic choir showing a lot of fight and most of the congregation supporting them with great loyalty; only about twenty-five per cent. or so wandered off to the Old

Borogovians because they knew the old tune so much better, and many of these returned to the right path when summoned by the trumpet stop. The new tune had all the advantages of the athletic choir, seventy-five per cent. of the congregation, and the reinforcements of the organ console, but Haydn fought along with the Old Borogovians and, even though mutilated, was a powerful ally. The second verse was a draw.

There were still two more verses, and the Old Borogovians, who were, as they were wont to describe themselves on Founder's Day, "shorter in wind though in memory long," realised that they couldn't maintain their full force to the end, so in the third round they went in to kill. They soon had the advantage, and they scored a decisive punch by holding on to their last note (I really can't say whether by accident or design) after their rivals had left off, and then intensifying it into a screech of defiance that rang through the sacred edifice. The issue was no longer in doubt.

In the last verse, the Old Borogovians—except for a sprinkling of athletes, one or two Boadiceas in the Hencoop, and the organ, which had gone off into a sort of free fugue—had it all their own way. The rest of us just stood there while the victorious defenders of the old faith gathered themselves together for a parting plea to the Almighty that those returning, those returning, might be made more faithful than before.

It is part of the Borogove tradition not to have an amen after hymns, so when the last Old Borogovian voice had died away, there was no comment until the school chaplain ejaculated, "Let us pray." The plea for more faithfulness, however, was granted. Next term the Lord beheld us with his blessing to the tune of "Deutschland Uber Alles," omitting the third and fourth lines.

## HOLST'S "HYMN OF JESUS"

Notable New Recordings From 4YZ

RECORDINGS of Gustav Holst's choral work *Hymn of Jesus* made under the auspices of the British Council have now arrived here, and Station 4YZ, Invercargill, will broadcast them at 3.0 p.m. on Sunday, June 23. The text of this work comes from the Apocryphal Acts of St. John, and the recording was made by the Huddersfield Choral Society, with the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent.

When the BBC broadcast the work some years ago, A. E. F. Dickinson wrote a short introductory article about it in the *Radio Times*, and we have taken the following extract from it:

"Of the music which has appeared since the first world war, few works made a more forcible impression than Holst's *Hymn of Jesus* and fewer have retained their capacity to thrill and astound a public which has learnt to take the novelties of modern music for granted.

"In this three-chorus setting of a mystical poem of religious initiation, the sheer variety of musical idea is still a challenge to one's powers of real absorption, and still rather a shock to the conventionally religious. Old and undisturbed hymn tunes and primitive rhythmic reiterations jostle with piercingly discordant sequences and a studied versatility of metre.

"The sober dignity of the first full choral outburst seems almost to frown on the subsequent wild strains of 'Divine grace is dancing,' and the return to solemnity would be equally surprising if there were not a significant clue to the composer's dramatic intentions where the chorus take up one of the hymn tunes to the words 'Give ye heed unto my dancing; in me who speak, behold yourselves. . . . For yours is the passion of man that I go to endure.' When it becomes clear that the dancing symbolises the suffering but exultant spirit at the heart of the universe, the tense climax and the concluding adoration are a less astounding sequence. Yet saintliness and demoniac energy, sanity and passionate abandon, appear in a continuous orbit as never before, except perhaps in Beethoven."

SOME of the best artists of the British stage appear in "The Stage Presents," a half-hour show, now being heard from the ZB stations on Sunday evenings. On June 23, for instance, we will hear Evelyn Laye, Mr. Jetsan, Angela Baddeley, Leslie Banks and the ensemble from *Showboat*. Then, on June 30, Cyril Fletcher, Florence Desmond, John Mills, Celia Johnson and the chorus from *The Dancing Years* will be on the air. From the variety viewpoint these are first-class shows.

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