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martial glint comes into eyes whose owners are not necessarily called Jones or Morgan.

Had there been a curtain, Andersen Tyrer would probably have rated six curtain calls. When finally he and his orchestra departed, the hall emptied rapidly. But it was significant that I saw no programmes left lying on seats, and none of those I observed in the hands of their owners had been folded into anything more complicated than a small square (not a dart in a cartload). Furthermore, I overheard two groups of schoolgirls in the tram coming home still talking about the concert.

Film Unit Records the Show

THOUGH the orchestra was the principal attraction, the post-primary pupils who packed the Town Hall stole the limelight (26,000 watts of it) when the National Film Unit cameras began to photograph the show. The Film Unit was mainly interested in recording the reactions of the children to the music—and the children were, as it happened,

mainly interested in the music. Though six floodlights clicked off and on, the audience remained intent on the stage rather than on the fascinating work of the film camera-men.

Two motion picture cameras, and one still camera were used, and they took in sections of the youthful audience, catching facial expressions which showed emotions shading from deep concentration to joyous excitement. Two sound recordings were made simultaneously with the picture, yet at two points eight miles apart. The sound was taken on the film in the camera, and also sent along a line from the Town Hall to another recorder at the Miramar studios, to combine and produce the best results.

The orchestra was the largest musical group yet filmed and recorded by the Film Unit, so through a land-line, a technician at the Town Hall was in constant communication with the studios. A quarter-of-a-mile of power cable was used for the lighting. And, in case there is some speculation as to how 26,000 watts of electricity came to be used during a power shortage, it may be explained that the Unit used its own mobile generator, and not the city mains.

—M.B.

DESIRABLE TENANT

(Written for "The Listener" by M.E.)

I DESIRE to rent a single furnished room: not a Flat—that would be presumptuous—but a Single Furnished Room with Use of Conveniences. My friends assure me that it is by no means an impossible ambition. Look in the evening paper any night, they say, and you will see quite a long list of rooms to let. People are only too thankful, they add encouragingly, to acquire a desirable tenant. The way they say this confirms my own belief that I am a Desirable Tenant.

Let us look at what constitutes Desirability in the view of a prospective lord or landlady—

"Single furnished room to let with use of conveniences. Suit business gent. Must be respectable, sober and clean-living."

I am respectable by birth and by upbringing; by calling also, for I am a Government servant. Not a mere employee, mark you: in the frequent letters we write about ourselves we are always referred to as "the above-named officer"; and we work in a Department with a capital D. Some junior officers of course may not yet have achieved complete respectability; but my own status may be gauged by the fact that I occupy a chair that goes round and round. And there is another Desirable point about our officialdom besides the respectability it bestows: a Government Department starts work at 8 a.m., thus removing us at an early hour from the Conveniences, leaving these to more leisurely Business Gents for the use of.

Sober? Certainly: I only indulge in alcoholic refreshment when it is paid for by someone else; this rarely occurs.

Clean-living? I think I qualify in the affirmative to this phrase in all its implications. My existence offends no moral laws; I have been brought up to wipe carefully around the bath after daily use of.

Other unspecified qualities are innate in the truly Desirable. I expect to pay my rent regularly and in advance, even when not in occupation. I expect to behave quietly, especially should I come home late, and not to slam the door when I go out early.

All that remains, then, is to reply to one or two of the many advertisements in to-night's paper. Here is one of several—"Sunny furnished room to let; central; separate entrance; suit professional gent." Or another—"Furnished rooms with use of conveniences, share or single, to let to business man. Only desirable tenants accepted." There are plenty of similar ones. To which fortunate advertiser shall I offer my desirable self?

Alas! Not one of them would even consider me. I am respectable; I am sober; I am clean-living; I work in a Government Department. But I happen to be a woman.



"Furnished room to let . . . suit business gent"

"Me? I never take a chance!"

Montex DEODORANT CREAM

IT PROTECTS

Wifrid Owen Ltd., 104-6 Victoria Street, Christchurch, and Sydney.

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