

FROM TIP TO CLIP

...The "46" is up-to-the-minute, with engine turned, rolled gold or sterling silver slip-on cap, and a colour choice of black, blue, maroon or dove-grey barrel. You get years of happy writing with the silk-smooth, 14-ct. solid gold, osmi-iridium tipped nib of the Mentmore "46". Before, you've only hoped for such a pen at such a price — but skilled British technicians and workers have now designed this pen for long and faultless service.

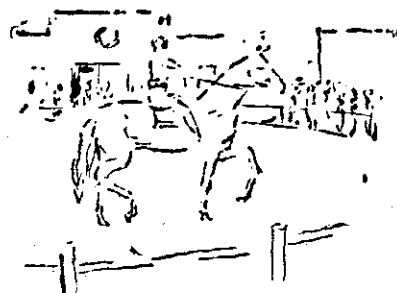
**MENTMORE**  
MADE IN ENGLAND

**'46'**  
FOUNTAIN PEN

Sterling Silver Cap 57/6  
Rolled Gold Cap 67/6

## Orchid Red To win!

Orchid Red is the springtime colour for your lips and cheek — the colour caught only by Cashmere Bouquet in Lipstick and Rouge. It is fetchingly set off by their Pêche Powder.



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## LAW AND PROPERTY

(continued from previous page)

they chose, and boxholders might live in their boxes or convert them into bathrooms. His first encounter with obstinate seatholders was when the well of the hall was covered by flooring for a ball. Two holders insisted on their rights for that night, and a hole had to be cut in the floor to give access to their seats "where they could, unmolested, enjoy the patter of dancing feet overhead and the strains of the orchestra as it descended through their little mousehole." Two ladies sat there throughout the evening.

Cochran said the competition of seatholders was a serious matter, and testified that he had seen seatholders standing on the steps of the hall selling their seats for high-priced sell-outs.

### "The Times" Sums Up

No further letter came from the initiators, and *The Times* gently closed the discussion with a leader that was sympathetic to the rights of musicians and their promoters, who have to make music pay, but at the same time said there was no reason why a seat in the Albert Hall should not be inherited in the same way as a diamond necklace, or be considered a less legitimate object of purchase than a brewery share.

Some days later the Albert Hall Council held its next meeting. One of the evening paper reporters went along and came away coining a bright new phrase for what he'd met when he got there. He called it an Iron Curtain.

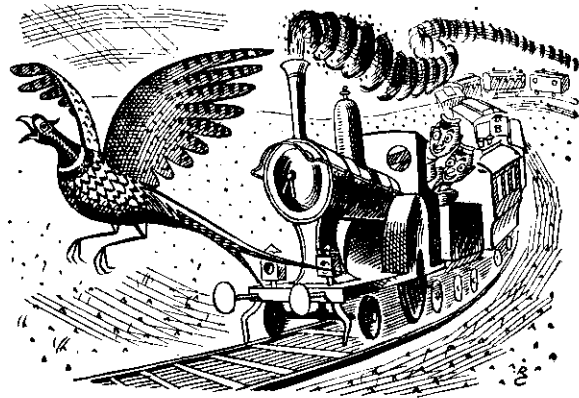
Next day *The Times* carried a seven-line paragraph saying that the Council had discussed the question, had endorsed Lord Lucan's letter, and decided to take no further action. (Lord Lucan, President of the Council, had pointed out the legal rights of the holders, and said that letting contracts always showed clearly what seats were contracted for; the rent charged was less in proportion to capacity than it was at any other hall in London. In general he had defended the seatholders on "sound" lines.)

And that is the end of the matter for the time being. It was no time, however, before *The Times* was called on to settle another tricky Problem of Property. A man about to catch the 5.58 into Winchester found a pheasant, dead but still warm, on the locomotive; in the emotion of the moment he showed it to the driver, who said, "My mate wants it"; and then bereft of the bird, the finder wrote asking *The Times* to tell him whose bird it really was. *The Times*, full of sympathy for the unhappy man, examined the matter carefully. It found that the man who spotted the pheasant had very faint rights because not having been a passenger at the time it was killed he was a non-belligerent; that the engine-driver and his mate could not claim that they were aiming the 5.58 at the pheasant; and that the executive staff of the Southern Railway might be said to have solved, by their judicious planning, all the problems of time and space that had to be overcome before the 5.58 could bag the pheasant—and to

hit a flying pheasant requires the utmost precision.

From this point, by a piece of legal argument, as watertight as it was witty, *The Times* proceeded to prove that the pheasant belonged to the directors of the Southern Railway (notwithstanding the legal question of intention) and said that the bird should be frozen until all the railways are taken over by the nation on New Year's Day. "We can then decide, by a Gallup poll or some similar means, how we should like it cooked."

Meanwhile, however, everyone supposes that the engine-driver's mate's



"The engine-driver and his mate could not claim that they were aiming the 5.58 at the pheasant"

wife has decided that matter for the nation, and perhaps by now is swotting up Proudhon in a seat at the Albert Hall.

—A.A.

## "Appalachia"

THE work to be featured this coming week from 4YA in the series *Masterpieces of Music* is Delius's *Appalachia*. It will be heard together with Professor V. E. Galway's analysis, at 7.41 p.m. on Monday, December 8. This choral masterpiece is founded on an old negro slave song, the words of which are heard towards the end of the composition. As a help to those who will be following Professor Galway's description of the piece, we give below (at his request) the words of the song, which may be difficult to distinguish in the recording.

### First Chorus:

AFTER night has gone comes the day;  
The dark shadows will fade away,  
Towards the morning lift a voice,  
Let the scented woods rejoice,  
And echoes swell across the mighty stream.

### Final Climax:

Solo:

O HONEY, I am going down the river in the morning.

Chorus:

Heigh ho, heigh ho, down the mighty river:

O Honey, I'll be gone  
When next the whippoorwill's a-calling.  
And don't you be too lonesome, love,  
And don't you fret and cry;  
For the dawn will soon be breaking  
The radiant morn is nigh,  
And you'll find me ever waiting,  
My own sweet Nelly Gray.

Heigh ho, heigh ho.  
Towards the morning lift a voice  
Let the scented woods rejoice,  
And echoes swell across the mighty stream.