

Sensational BOOK VALUE!



JOIN HUTCHINSON'S UNIVERSAL BOOK CLUB

Become a member of Hutchinson's Universal Book Club, and promptly at the beginning of each month, the selected book will be posted to you. A six months' subscription is £1/1/-, and 12 months' subscription £2/2/-. BOTH POST FREE! The books are by such famous authors as Naomi Jacob, Rafael Sabatini, Philip Gibbs, Peter de Polnay, Phillip Lindsay, Denis Wheatley and many others. Each book is a current best seller of standard size and quality, and would normally cost much more.

Build Your Own Home Library

For only 1d. per day you can now build a library of splendid best-sellers; it's the opportunity of a lifetime. Post the coupon NOW.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE:
6 months..... 21/-
12 months..... 42/-
(POST FREE)

ANOTHER ADVANTAGE — Apart from receiving the selected book each month, members may obtain any of the previous selections, still in print, by forwarding 3/6 plus 3d. postage, for each book. A list of previous selections is forwarded to all members on request.

POST NOW.

Hutchinson's Universal Book Club,
(Desk 3),
Ellison Chambers,
Queen St., Auckland.

I wish to join your club, and enclose £..... subscription.
Send your lists of past and future selections.

Name.....

Address.....

.....L. 29/4/49
(Kindly add exchange to country cheques.)

RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

Something New

THE 4YA Studio Singers, under the direction of John Matheson, gave listeners a composition not, I believe, heard here before. It was a setting by Brent-Smith of Christina Rossetti's *Paradise Songs*, and had a delicate beauty appropriate to the individual charm of the poems. John Matheson, a fiery young newcomer to Dunedin's music-making circles, has the aptitude for making his enthusiasms felt. His flair for choral conducting has resulted in performances infused with great vitality, and his singers perform with a warmth and an interest in their music which preclude any carping criticism of minor faults of performance.

Otago Documentary

AS one who has always loved Waikouaiti and its environs, from Matanaka to Karitane, I was enraptured ("interested" is completely inadequate here, I assure you) by the 4YA programme about this district, in the series *History and Harmony in Otago*. The mere fact of Waikouaiti's comparative antiquity in Otago history is of interest (white settlers made homes there as far back as 1840). Then there was the colossus who bestrode the place, Johnny Jones of legendary memory. Even the cats of Waikouaiti are a famous and magnificent species, descendants of a shipment of super-cats which arrived from Australia in mistake for oats (the Jones handwriting was notoriously illegible). I have frequently commented on the skill of the BBC in producing a good documentary, and



lamented the lack of such skill in our own productions. But "Waikouaiti" was, to my surprise and excitement, as good a documentary as anyone could wish. Voices of Waikouaiti residents, settlers, shopkeepers, the minister, the voices of Maoris in old chants and new harmonies, all were used with discriminating craftsmanship in the making of a fine feature. The Mobile Recording Unit is the means of collecting the material—but, like a film, it is in the cutting and editing that the work of art is shaped. Let us have more of these programmes.

Cultural Reflections

THE recent *Citizens' Forum* discussion from 22B, "Is there any true New Zealand culture or is it just a mirror of overseas culture?" could have been deeper but could scarcely have been wider, thanks largely to D. W. Parkin, who leapt in at the beginning, with so broad a definition of New Zealand culture that it was at least impossible to deny its existence. And it was as well that there was this general agreement, since, owing to the unavoidable absence of a third speaker, the chairman (H. C. McQueen) was compelled to immerse himself in the discussion, a position which might have been embarrassing had he been compelled to act as referee at the same time. J. R. Cole dealt competently with the literary side, and the interesting point he made was that it was the depression which had acted as catalyst in the emergence of a self-aware and distinctive school of New Zealand writing. Mr. Cole's theory was that then for the first time men, unwillingly leashed, were brought up against stern social realities. Mr. Parkin dealt rather with the national characteristics that were part of a distinctive New Zealand culture, saying, at the risk of being accused of our national failing, that we

(continued on next page)



It's easy to see

it's a **PHILIPS**
Lamp



* Gloomy reading takes on the sparkle of adventure when you highlight the tales of boyhood heroes with the brilliance of a Philips Lamp.

PL21

PHILIPS ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES OF N.Z. LTD., MAKERS OF PHILIPS RADIOS

PASSENGER SHIP

Grey waves slide endlessly past,
Not slow,
Not fast.
The world now an ocean disc.
An all-encircling edge surrounds the mind.
Horizon and sky, sky and horizon,
Set stage for drama of day
And change to starry night.
Where's time? Time's gone:
Gone into nothing. Nothing is time. Time slides.
All around grey sea, blue sky; blue sea, grey sky.
There is no land.
Just sea.

In the centre a contrast mad:
The ship;
The people:
Living a concentration of life, a concentrated extract;
A death from world, a new life, a false life,
A life about to die in re-birth to world:
Re-birth abruptly.
Human associations now confused, exaggerated, turmoiled,
Tumble, ascend, engulf, break and mend.
Customs human animal become,
Easily,
Without shame.
A salad of life, a melange of living;
A cruel cartoon:
But true.
Truer than life.

—D. E. BARRY MARTIN
(H.M.T. Atlantis,
The Australian Bight)