

# THE ROYAL ODE

THE winner of the Royal Ode Competition sponsored by the NZBS is Ruth France, of Christchurch, whose entry was one of 312. The judges were Professor Ian A. Gordon and Alan Mullan, of Wellington. New Zealand musicians are now invited to set the verses (published below) to music, and the winner of this, the second part of the competition, will also receive a prize of £50.

Entry in the competition is restricted to persons resident in New Zealand who were born in the Dominion, or who arrived in New Zealand before attaining the age of 10 years, and to persons born outside New Zealand who have resided here for 20 years. The first page should give the approximate length (i.e., approximate time taken to perform) and a pen-name chosen by the composer. The composer's name and address must not appear on the manuscript.

Each composition must be accompanied by an entry form, supplied by the NZBS and obtainable from any station, National or Commercial. The entry form must be enclosed in a sealed envelope and endorsed with the candidate's pen-name. This envelope must then be attached to the music, enclosed in another envelope or package, and addressed to The Director, New Zealand Broadcasting Service, P.O. Box 3045, Wellington. It must be received



RUTH FRANCE

by him not later than noon on Tuesday, August 23, 1949. No competitor shall be permitted to put in more than three entries. The setting must be for mixed chorus (four parts) and full orchestra, and the composer of the prize-winning entry must grant to the NZBS, for two years from the date of the award of the prize, the exclusive broadcasting rights, without payment of fees, for New Zealand and Australia.

## The Stream and the Discovery

THEY were delayed, after all; nor is it twice the same journey  
But the wind and the sea are the same, and the cloud-wracked changes;  
North wheels into south; new birds, new stars assail the eyes,  
And the promised coasts are there, suddenly, with the blue ranges,  
Enchanted on the water. For us, an expected fact, landfall  
Without doubt, journey's end; but for the first hesitant one, Kupe,  
An omen of what tangled fears, incredible hope fulfilled,  
Or not fulfilled? No, it was no mirage; the canoe grounded, harshly.

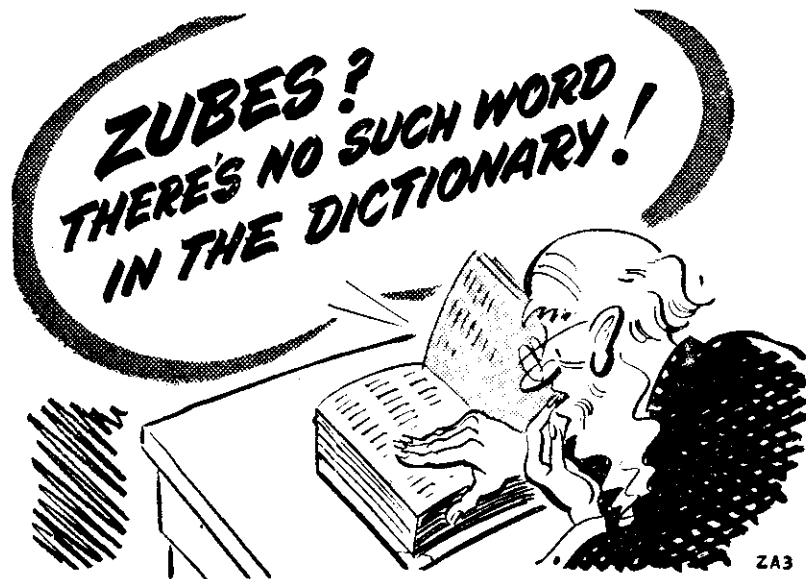
FOR the later, the still intrepid ones, the exploring captains,  
For the hopeful settler bringing his plough to a steeled wilderness  
(They have learned already how the unbending rod will temper  
Patience in the assault) this was discovery too: nevertheless  
It was the same journey. So may we gladly meet in a new time  
These our friends, who have travelled the urgent river  
That flows through angry seas, through the black-boned mountains,  
And in the veins of men, whence we become one flooding stream, one brother.

HOME is the heart of being; wherever the stream hesitates  
Here will the woman pause, the lit flame her warm symbol.  
Hearth glowed; red blood pulsed down years of the unborn, formless  
When spark struck spark from the pooled eyes of Hinemoa. A gimbal  
Keeps balance, steadies the object. Here woman, facing the journey,  
Measures the flame in her hands, guards it from danger,  
Whether it falls upon prow, flogged sail, sod hut among flax,  
Or finds the welcoming smile within the eyes of a stranger.

THE Stream has flowed for a long time, out of the cave mouth,  
Into another cave, perhaps; we cannot uncover the arches  
Of the last limiting dawn. Tides have fixed paths like stars  
To wheel upon; here where we flow, or are set down, parches  
Without this ultimate purpose, this integrate final mingling  
Of rain and sea, or men and mountain, bone upon iron bone,  
Of welded enemy. So we will merge when the utmost cave is entered,  
The last white dawn opened, and the last wave, falling, discovers the last stone.

ALL men explore a world; at length each finds a kingdom  
Within his being. Even a king finds first his own deep rock  
And, with the woman, his roots in the shifting wilderness  
Of questioning minds. Else will he perish, and the swift stream mock  
His hollow days. But, all men finding their own crowns, strong  
In the certain dawn, then will a kingdom become a shining star,  
Then will the king lead love, and in turn his one kingdom  
Will bring all men, all races, out of the low cave-mouths of war.

—Ruth France



## LOOK AHEAD!

AMBITIOUS men wanting to get on look ahead to the time when they will occupy good positions and are financially secure. I.C.S. training will achieve this for YOU! Choose and commence an I.C.S. course NOW. Spend some of your spare time and study—it will be your best investment.

Diesel Engineer	Accountancy
Motor Engineer	Architecture
Mechanical Engineer	Refrigeration
Structural Engineer	Welding
Building Contractor	Metallurgy
Works Manager	Plastics
Plan Drawing	Mathematics
Concrete Work	Advertising
Analyst, Chemist	Salesmanship
Wireless Operators' Exams.	
"A" Grade Motor Mechanics	
Electric Power and Lighting	
Journalism and Short Story Writing	

Above are some of the 300 I.C.S. Home-study Courses in which the Student is carefully trained. No matter where you live the Schools come to you, the I.C.S. being the largest Educational Institution in the world. Send NOW for FREE Prospectus, stating your subject, trade or profession.

**INTERNATIONAL  
CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS**  
Dept. L, 182 Wakefield Street,  
WELLINGTON.



## DIRT... GERMS... STRAIN

Dirt... Germs... Strain—cause a heavy percentage of eye troubles. Help protect your eyes from these troubles with Optrex Eye Lotion.

Optrex gently floats away dirt and germs, and restores circulation to tiny veins. Optrex relieves strained eye muscles, and helps restore the natural healthy sparkle all eyes should possess.

**Optrex**  
the  
**eye lotion**

Optrex (Overseas) Ltd., 17 Wadsworth Rd.,  
Perivale, Middlesex, England. 7.6

First for FLAVOUR  
**VI-MAX**  
First for GOODNESS

Vitalising VI-MAX is best for breakfast and best for cooking because it retains the nutritive and vitalising value of selected wheats plus added wheat germ.

VI-MAX is "entotated" against infestation and is sold in 3lb. cartons and 7lb. bags.

D. H. BROWN AND SON LIMITED, Moorhouse Ave., Christchurch