

Here are more details of foreign language shortwave stations, contributed by the New Zealand DX Association. Frequencies and operating times will be found in the association's Call Book, "All the Radio Calls of the World":

CUBA (continued)

COCQ, Havana.—5000 watts. Relays CMQ. Announces "Del Jabon Candado." Opens and closes with "Siboney." QRA: P.O. Box 1373, Havana.

COCW, Havana.—200 watts. Announces "La voz de las Antillas." Closes with organ number "Estrellita." QRA: Apartado 130, Havana.

COCX, Havana.—Relays CMX. Announces "Cigares y Tabacos La Corona." Closes with "Good-night My Love," and "Pajarillo Barranqueno." QRA: Apartado 32, Havana.

COGF, Mantanas.—1000 watts. Relays CMCF. Announces "La Ecos del Valle del Yumuri." Closes with waltz "Vals Diana." QRA: General Betancourt 51.

COHB, Sancti-Spiritus, Santa Clara Prov.—2000 watts. Relays CMHB. Closes with drinking song "La Taviata." QRA: Apartado 85.

COHI, Santa Clara.—300 watts. Relays CMHI. Announces "La Frente," "al Paraque Vidal," or "Radio Philco."

THE following may assist listeners in the identification of Spanish-speaking stations. Here is the Spanish alphabet and numerals 1-10 as we hear them spoken over the air.

A ah.	O o (shorter than
B bay.	o in oh).
C say.	P pay.
D day.	Q koo.
E ay.	R er-ay.
F effay.	S es-ay.
G hay.	T tay.
H ah-tchy.	U oo.
I ee.	V vay.
J ho-tah.	W doblay-vay.
K kah.	X ay-kis.
L ay-lay.	Y e-ay.
M em-ay.	Z say-dah.
N en-ay.	

1 uno.	6 seis.
2 dos.	7 siete (sioteh).
3 tres (trace).	8 ocho.
4 cuatro (quatro).	9 nueve (nueveh).
5 cinco (sanko).	10 diez (deis).

For example: Station COBC (say o bay say), COX-4 (say o ay-kis quatro), CP-5 (say pay sanko), TTPG (say ee pay hay), OAX4J (o ah ay-kis quatro ho-tah).

REPORTS of reception of Swedish stations may be sent to Swedish-American News Agency, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y., who will verify and also send a book on Sweden.

A PAGE OF VERSE

Prize-Winning Comments By Readers

MORE than fifty readers accepted our invitation to comment on the verses printed in our last issue in June, and it was perhaps natural that the comments should be like the verses themselves—only occasionally good, but interesting because they were sincere. It of course happened, as it usually does, that many of those who sent entries misread the conditions. We did not ask that the verses should be arranged in order of merit, or that comment should be made on all of them. We asked for a comment in 200-300 words on ANY contribution on the page.

However, since most of those who sent entries did indicate what they thought was the best contribution, it is worth mentioning that about 80 per cent placed "Frank," by Isobel Andrews, first, and that Jonathan Wolf's "Swing" had the next largest number of admirers. The fact that a comment was critical, or even wholly disparaging, did not of course affect its chance of a prize.

One guinea goes to ROSALIND REES, 41 Nicholson Road, Khandallah, Wellington; our two half-guineas to MRS. P. R. MILLS, Eli Bay, Havelock, Marlborough, and MRS. JEAN SMYTH, 11 Cecil Road, Epsom, Auckland.

Their entries follow:

(1) Comment by Rosalind Rees

I choose the prose-poem "Frank" for comment. And I'll begin by praising it.

It isn't verse, of course. It's more than that. Verse is rhyme, and rhythm without subtlety. Rumpety-tum, rumpety-tum. Kipling or Service. But poetry is much more, though it may also be less. Poetry is the right words in the right order. Sometimes the rhythm is simple, more often it is extremely complex. Occasionally it skips a beat or falls out of step, like a good democrat in the army. For poetry is true to life: none of your one-eyed heroes.

And maybe Isobel Andrews has just about got a poem here. There's the pair of them: left behind, safe, as we are. And Frank: who existed only as she saw him: on the veranda, handsome, smart, easy-going. . . . She's got it all down in a few lines. . . . And then fate stepped in, and got him.

If she hadn't put him down like that he'd be dead now. Properly dead, I mean. But as it is, he and a lot of other fellows will go on living, walking down the road, with the sun shining. . . . Anyone who knows a Frank is grateful for that. And they know she's got something. A poem, in fact. . . .

(2) Comment by Mrs. Mills

I think the best that can be said for these verses has been said by the Editor—they are sincere. But that is not enough.

Take "Frank" for instance—neither the best nor the worst on the beautifully arranged page. The writer takes nearly a column and a-half to say what she might better have expressed in one or two paragraphs of plain prose. Certainly it is not verse. If the language is poor, perhaps it is natural. "Dave's best suit gets mildew" and "I'd get round to saying, what about the swot"—how could you make poetry of that? And why is it "funny" to watch him going up the path? And isn't the idea of Frank having "for two or three summers" a premonition of death rather far-fetched?

"Frank" at least gives a simple and homely picture of an aspect of family life lived happily and naturally—but, I repeat, it is not verse and it is very far from being poetry.

(3) Comment by Mrs. Smyth

Many besides myself must have read "Frank" with a surge of that desolation which one attempts to repress while "going on as usual." It is only when we re-read it calmly and critically that we begin to understand its distinctive quality. The author has succeeded in a most difficult style, that of using the rhythms of colloquial speech to express deep feeling.

Everyday speech is unemotional. We use it to cloak rather than to express our deeper feelings. So many of us, these days, are using such a screen that we may perhaps read into this verse much more than it suggests. "I told him he was too beautiful, and Dave said he'd be a general. . . ."—so typical of what we have all said to disguise that sudden cold, inner clutching.

The author may not have intended a parallel with death when she wrote "then all of him was in the sun"; yet how close it comes to those of us whose brothers tread that shining pathway of which the end is death for their country. We feel that in life their path may have been in the shade, but in death they are forever in the sun.

Frank's story must be the story of many lads now missing. Many a brother and sister left behind must see themselves in Dave and his wife. The picture is so true of my own home—it must be true of many another. I know we have

gone back to the poem again and again since we read it last week, and it always gives us something—relief—satisfaction—a feeling of "That's just it!" If a poem releases a tension, or if it comforts a desolation—well, that is enough for us at present.

Tango

STATION 4YA was on the air,
Radiating, from its high antenna
Surging waves across the ether, music
everywhere

Tuning in, I swung across the dial,
Sharply finding its allotted wavelength
4YA was serving tango, Mexican style.
Syncopation, syncopation
Tapped a heady pace,
Drums and tuba, straight from Cuba,
Swinging in the bass.

Syncopation, syncopation
Marked the rhythm's beat
Spilling thrilling excitement,
Giddy with exhilaration

Saxes flare in wild pulsation.
Syncopation, syncopation
Modern music's hot sensation,
Thudding in a mad creating
Played for dizzy feet.

And I wondered, while the record ran
Just a little pace, a few brief minutes;
Why the tango, hot fandango, stirs the
blood of man.

Round and round the racing record spun,
Cutting the disc the needle ploughed
its circles,
Needle, singing needle, soon your
ecstasy was done.

A voice addressed me in a cultured tone,
Saying: "This is Station 4YA,
That last recording was a tango, played
on Parlophone."

—Merval H. Connolly

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Address to MILLICENT WALKER,
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INDEX

Advice on Health	14
Aunt Daisy	45-46
Century of Education	12
Children's Page	47
Crossword Puzzle	47
Editorial	4
Extracts from Talks	5
Fashions in Melody	13
Films	16
In the Programmes	24-25
Letters	4
Listeners	15
Morse Tests	11
No Cauliflowers!	8
Nursing as a Career	42

Programmes:	
National and Commercial	18-40
Overseas	2
"Punch" and N.Z.	7
Rare Little Birds	7
Short, Short Story	8
Things to Come	6
When Listeners Listen	9
Where News Comes First	11
Winning Comments	3
Woman Parliamentarian	41
Wool-gathering	43
Year in Radio	10
You and Beauty	44