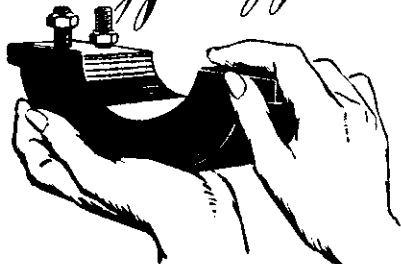


Woman's Hands in War Work



Still keep soft and smooth with Sydal

However hard the work is on your hands — transport, machinery, farm work, exposure to wind and dirt and weather—Sydal will keep your hands smooth and soft. Rub a little in often. It sinks right in, healing and nourishing.

Send name and address, together with 3d. in stamps for postage and packing, for generous free sample to Sydal Proprietary Ltd., Box 367, Wellington.



Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

All women who work need SYDAL

SYDAL

The SECRET of BLONDE HAIR



Why it needs a SPECIAL Shampoo

Blonde hair is different. It's distinctive. It spells personality—charm— allure. It lifts you out of the crowd and gives you extra attractiveness. Men look twice.

Never sacrifice this—your natural advantage. Never let your blonde hair darken. Keep it fair always with Sta-blond. And if your hair has darkened, Sta-blond will bring back its glorious golden sparkle and with it will come back lost fascination, beauty and appeal. For Sta-blond is made especially for blondes—it succeeds where ordinary shampoos fail.

Sta-blond is safe. No dyes—no injurious bleaches. Its precious Vita-FLOURISH roots and prevents dandruff.

STABLOND

Free! A chart of attractive new Hair Styles—created specially for blondes. Write to-day to Sta-blond, Dept. L1, Box 33, Wellington.

NAME
ADDRESS

THINGS TO COME

A Run Through The Programmes

CAN you remember the eagerness and incredulity with which you first greeted the news that you could listen in—not merely to dots and dashes but even to words and music? Can you remember the first curious noises that came from the first radio set to which you listened? Station 4ZB was not, of course, on the air in those very early days, but it is celebrating its fifth anniversary on Sunday, October 11, at 7.0 p.m., with a special programme outlining the history of radio since the experimental beginnings of Hertz and Marconi up to the present large scale extension of radio. But you will also hear just what the radio can do to-day in the way of providing every form of entertainment, so you should be prepared to learn, laugh, dance, or sob according to the programme.

A Jumble of Bygone Days

In 1938 a Wellington girl, Grace Janisch, won a prize in a radio play competition with "Bunnyfield." Since then, more and more "Bunnyfield Diversions" have from time to time diverted listeners. On Wednesday, October 14, we may hear from 2YA another of these small-town incidents in the play "Jumble Sale." This time Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis are determined to raise the annual quota of £10 for the boys' holiday camp, and they do it on a jumble sale. Even in those palmy days before clothes were worn out and then worn inside out, when jumble sales produced large quantities of couponless clothes, it was still a feat to realise £10 or so, but this is what Mrs. Jarvis did.

Art Is Where You Find It

Next week 3YA's Winter Course comes close to the rocks of controversy with a talk on "Art Criticism," by Sydney L. Thompson (Wednesday, 7.38 p.m.), for artists and critics have been at loggerheads for centuries, and neither artists nor critics agree even among themselves. "True art is nature to advantage dress'd" wrote Pope (at least, we think he said something like that), which might be construed as meaning that Dorothy Lamour is another Bernhardt, while Mr. Coward says that "Life is a curve and Art an oblong within that curve," which in turn might annoy the pre-Raphaelites. But Mr. Thompson is a critic as well as an artist, so perhaps he can reconcile the irreconcilables and produce a critical rule-of-thumb for us laymen.

Experiment in Time

In order to give plausibility to the suggestion that time constitutes a sort of fourth dimension (time-space, so to speak), H. G. Wells, in *The Time Machine*, asks the question "Can you imagine an instantaneous cube?" It's the kind of question we would have liked to ask the Senior Maths Master but didn't, and it certainly is the kind of question which makes the non-mathematical mind reel with its possibilities. Now that we have a nodding acquaintance

with English music, there is another query of the same ilk which clamours for utterance. "What," we ask, "is an immortal hour?" We don't know, and you don't know, and probably Rutland Boughton didn't either, but he made it the excuse for some delightful music which you can hear from 2YA next Tuesday evening. And you can take justifiable pride in the fact that our own NBS had outdone Mr. Dunne and will present *The Immortal Hour* in sixteen minutes dead. Some hustlin', hombres!

Ex-Hollywood

Film stars with three ex-husbands are no novelty, but the heroine of *Rapid Fire* has a little daughter, too, and it is to preserve this wonder child from kidnapping and publicity (see illustration) that she takes the radical step of moving from



Hollywood to England. This is the setting for *Rapid Fire*, the new radio serial by Joan Butler, which begins from 2YA on Monday, October 12, at 9.33 p.m. We do not know what rapid firing will be going on, but we look forward to hearing the Wonder Child go "Pop, Pop, Pop" at the three ex-husbands.

Malnutrition

By WHIM-WHAM.

[The Honolulu correspondent of the "New York Times", from an advanced airfield on a South Pacific island, tells how an American sergeant interrupted a cannibal feast to recruit native labour to help to build the airfield.—Cable news item.]

WHAT undreamt Horrors War reveals!
How terrible to think that still
Some Savages sit down to Meals
Of human Flesh—the Foes they kill
Dished up and carved for their Delight
Of an unnatural Appetite!

YOU'D think they would have learnt
by now
The Error of their savage Ways,
How wrong such Diet is, and how
More civilised Behaviour pays—
But not Refined Example fails,
And Brutal Custom still prevails.

I'M glad to hear that Some at least
Of Those whose Customs I deplore
Were summoned from their shocking
Feast
To do their Bit in Total War,
And given simple Tasks to do,
Of more Importance than they knew.

I HOPE that they were made aware
That in his civilised Condition,
Man may be slaughtered from the Air,
Or shot, or tortured to Submission,
Or blown to Bits; but when he's beaten,
He draws the Line at being eaten.

RECENT MUSIC

No. 31, by MARSYAS.

CLAMOURS for the complete Ninth Symphony of Beethoven have been answered by 3YA with The Ninth, the Whole Ninth, and Nothing but, etc. And now it would be interesting to know just how many of the clamourers managed to keep their attention right on it for the whole 75 minutes or so. They know now what a feat of listening it is.

The opportunity is still awaited to compare Stokowski's version of the symphony with a version made under a conductor whose imaginative scope is more nearly related to Beethoven's. One thing is certain—"Mill-yuns dawalling," with a grossly bisyllabic pronunciation of "dwell," will never do for Schiller's "Millionen" (the German word is in four syllables).

A CORRESPONDENT has been puzzled by the statement that "a piano cannot be considered as a musical instrument (sic) because G sharp and A flat are played on the same note and cannot be separated." This is not the place for the mass of information on this subject that can be found in any public library (in Scholes's *Oxford Companion*, or the *Encyclopædia Britannica*), but if "Hearing" still wonders, after looking them up, whether "the slight difference of frequency" (7 cycles) can be distinguished by the human ear, he should listen to Bronislaw Huberman playing the violin in something that must resemble what came to be known last century as "the Joachim mode," namely, a systematic out-of-tuneness effected by an ear that is sensitive to the true values of notes. Exploring further, he may hear a record (in the Columbia History of Music by Ear and Eye) of part of a Duo for two violins in the Sixth-tone system by Alois Haba, a Moravian who claims to have trained himself to sing five divisions of the semitone. There is also a recording extant of a piece by Julian Carrillo (a Mexican) using 16th tones, with stringed instruments, and even a singer.

THE Royal Christchurch Musical Society put on the best concert programme I've seen for a long time. Three choruses from *Alexander's Feast* (Handel) were unfortunately a bit high-flying for the sopranos and tenors, but nearly got going well. A contralto, Evelyn Coote, sang five Elizabethan love songs, including one by the composer-poet-doctor Thomas Campion. She has a fine true ear and a rich smooth voice without brilliance, very well suited to the songs, which to me are more beautiful than anything any local singer has done since Monteverdi was last on the air. A choral fantasia on airs from the *Beggar's Opera* suited the choir better than the Handel. Thomas E. West has a voice as strong as a trumpet, and uses it very musically. On occasions like this, one can see how a real love of good music will make good musicians out of ordinary New Zealanders like ourselves, but I don't suppose we shall have another concert like it for a long time. I can smell *Elijah* in the summer winds, and I think *St. Paul* is hovering somewhere about too.