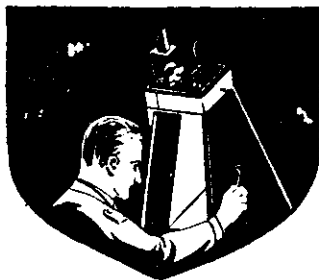


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THINGS TO COME

A Run Through The Programmes

SATURDAY evening, November 21, should be reserved by all listeners who wish to hear a programme of vocal and instrumental music by Beethoven. From 3YL, the programme will open at 8 o'clock with the "Leonora" Overture No. 3, Op. 72A, the most finished of the four published overtures the composer wrote during 1805 and 1814 for his opera, *Fidelio*. The Triple Concerto in C Major, Op. 56 (violin, cello, and piano), and some shorter instrumental and vocal works are included; at 9.22 p.m. the main work in the programme, the noble seventh symphony (in A Major, Op. 92), will be presented. The recording is by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra, a rendering that lacks the fireworks of Toscanini's more recent recording. But the seventh symphony is the seventh symphony, and we intend to hear it, believing that a Stokowski in the ear is better than two Toscaninis in the pigeonholes.

San-Mary-Anne

We are a little uneasy about "You and the Domestic Help Problem," which the A.C.E. will be discussing from 1YA, 2YA and 3YA on Monday next. If it is



to be us-and-the-domestic-help problem, it might be advisable to give our ever-loving wife something to go out and buy a new hat with that afternoon. On the other hand, if the A.C.E. is going to do the decent thing and take a realistic rather than a romantic view, there are probably lots of husbands who would be glad of a few labour-saving suggestions. Should we vacuum the carpets before doing the dusting, or *vice virtue*, and if we have to do that and make the beds and get the coloureds on to the line before going off to the office, what routine will allow us time to masticate the lumps in the porridge?

Under the Umbrella

Although Tennyson has told us it is spring that makes a young man's fancy lightly turn to thoughts of love, it is not necessarily the softer aspects of this over-rated season that brings about a change of heart. In fact, in these days of big cities, it is just as likely to be the driving rain, the shelter of a shop awning, or the all-embracing umbrella that offers that fatal chance for gallantry (wasn't it a puddle of water that gave Sir Walter Raleigh his big moment?). Anyhow, it is in this way that Jill Meredith, heroine of *For Richer, For*

Poorer (the new ZB serial to be heard Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 10.30 a.m., starting 2ZB November 18), meets David Morley. The obstacles arising from the fact that David is the son of a rich man and that Jill is the daughter of a poor one are indicated in the title, which also gives a hint of what we may expect of the young people before the story is ended.

Fit or Fat?

In these days it would seem that if you don't get fit one way you get fat another. And that is a lesson the Wideawakes intend to teach us in their new 3YA session beginning at 11 a.m. on Friday, November 20. Under the general supervision of Miss Noeline Thomson, each female member of the Wideawake family, from Baby Wideawake to Mother, will give her special recipe for Keeping Fit.

Historian's Angle

The Man-in-the-Street, were he to stray into the quiet and dusty atmosphere of the reading room of the British Museum, the Mitchell Library, Sydney, or any other haunt of would-be historians, and see the bent backs and studious expressions, might be astonished by the remark once made by a notable scholar that "there are few things more exciting than historical research." Perhaps this is what Eric Ramsden will tell us (3YA next Tuesday, November 17, 7.15 p.m.) in his talk "From the Historian's Angle." Mr. Ramsden has had many years' experience of historical research, especially in the Mitchell Library, a rich source for students of New Zealand history.

All For Culture

By WHIM-WHAM

[That New Zealanders had as yet developed no individuality or culture was claimed by H. Winston Rhodes, lecturer in English at Canterbury University College, when addressing members of the New Education Fellowship in Christchurch.]

IF Anyone should chance to leave
New Zealand at the Age of Ten,
And in his Middle Age become
One of the Empire's leading Men,
He's sure to be saluted by
Our Publicists, with Cheeks aglow,
As if the Fame were Theirs, and Named
The great New Zealand So-and-so

THEIR promising New Zealander
In Science, Politics, or Art,
Must always leave his native Land
Before his real Career can start.
At least he can be sure of this:
Not many of his Countrymen
Will ever know his Name, till he
Brings Laurels from abroad—if then.

AND yet a Few are often heard
Complaining, on the other Hand,
With Shake of Head and dismal Moan,
"There is no Culture in the land."
"Alas," they say, "we have no Art,
No Music, no Philosophy!"
In all the World you will not find
Such pitiful Yahoos as we!"

THEIR View is very near the Truth,
But airing it does not refute
The plain New Zealander's Belief
That Culture is imported Fruit.
In any Case, the Mind that trusts
In such hand-fast Criticism
Is not equipped to isolate
Our Culture's Micro-organism.

RECENT MUSIC

By Marsyas: No. 36

SINCE we don't have all our favourite string quartets and quintets played by full string orchestras, there would seem to be no reason why Tudor madrigals, written for small household groups of singers, should be served up *en mash* by hefty choirs. And yet this is what the Fleet Street Choir, recently noticed in this column, is doing. A new recording presents once again the old favourite *Fair Phyllis*, and a ballet by Thomas Tomkins, but they mess about with the tempos and are generally disappointing. Ages ago I urged that a group of local singers should do these Tudor pieces in the proper manner: several Wellington soloists did so over 2YA with conspicuous success, but no one else so far.

Still apropos of the Fleet Street Choir:—When I approved of their pronunciation of "Pleni sunt coeli" I referred to "the faddish 'Pleni sunt chelli.'" It was a misprint for "Cheeli," which is the usual ecclesiastical pronunciation.

* * *

ANOTHER choral work to make its first appearance on the air recently was the ode *Aotearoa*, by J. W. Carr, with words by Clyde Carr, *mezzo piano*. This was a somewhat lumpy and not very artful piece in six-eight time (with choir and piano right out of balance), wherein the Wellington Harmonic Society failed to communicate the words to the listener except in a few isolated patches where we heard something about "sunshine and shadow," and, of course, the sea. Must one be expected to have preconceived notions of what the Member for Timaru would put into verse? There are now four compositions by New Zealanders going by this same title.

The ability to make contact with Mozart's supernal profundities is what makes real Mozart-playing, and Frederick Page had it when he played a piano sonata in B Flat from 4YA. It was G. B. Shaw's complaint in the '90's that conductors opened their Mozart scores and plunged into what they thought was just a mass of scales and arpeggios, diatonic discords and ingenious resolutions. And sad to say, the 1YA orchestra's performance of the 39th Symphony in E Flat gave just that impression.

The piano sonata from 4YA was full of gently blowing horns, soft clarinets moving in thirds, tone qualities sublimely conveyed through the keyboard instrument to which properly they are foreign. The symphony, for all its real French horns, clarinets and strings, was as dull as a book of Czerny exercises.

The notion that Mozart is "all little tiddly bits" is the prime heresy of our day, found among persons who adore Chopin for just those qualities which he has in common with Eric Coates, or those who worship Rachmaninoff for just those things which make him skin to Samuel Goldwyn.