

## CASH FOR CAMERAS

If you have an Idle Camera or Photo Apparatus, let Kodak make you a Cash offer. Highest prices given. Write or call today.

**KODAK NEW ZEALAND LTD.**

162 Queen Street, Auckland  
292 Lambton Quay, Wellington.  
681 Colombo Street, Christchurch.  
162 Princes Street, Dunedin.

43

### WHO WINS?

The leaders in industry, the professions and branches of commerce are TRAINED men. You, too, can "win out" by taking one or more I.C.S. Courses of training—studying in spare time. What interests you?

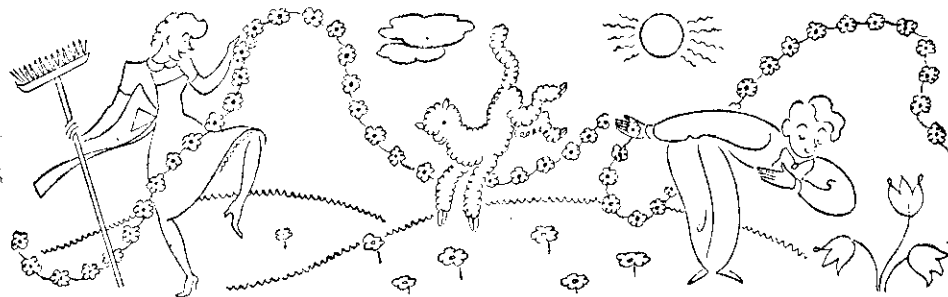
|               |                 |
|---------------|-----------------|
| Architecture  | Aero-Eng.       |
| Building      | Radio Servicing |
| Accountancy   | Electrical Eng. |
| Journalism    | Structural Eng. |
| Matriculation | Analy Chemistry |

There are over 300 I.C.S. Courses, the student being efficiently trained in a practical manner. Send for Free Prospectus, stating subject, trade or profession in which you are interested.

**INTERNATIONAL  
CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,**  
Dept. L, 182 Wakefield St., Wellington

# I'm Daffy About Daffodils

Written for  
"The Listener"  
by E.T.C.



AND who wouldn't be? War or no war, they come every year regularly on time to rouse and gladden our eyes. This morning a bee came into the garden bringing all of summer with its drone. Soon all the poets that are left will be sharpening their pencils and their rhymes as they burst into song. Even housewives will be lyrical. When potatoes in dark cellars begin to sprout and the plainest tree bursts out in little buds and leaves; when even a stick-in-the-mud feels it like this, with the sap tingling right from its roots to the top of its head, who wouldn't get lyrical?

Each thing comes at its time, then and only then. It's like a long screen unfold-

ing. First the timid snowdrop ringing its little bell, then the bolder crocuses, the daisies, the bulbs. What organisation to have this endless procession, one thing following the other, all the year round. What precision, what timing!

\* \* \*

TO-DAY the bee began it and the rest will follow in due time. But spring isn't really spring until the daffodils come. The primroses and polyanthus are beyond words lovely, and so are the violets, but what would spring be without daisies in the grass and daffs in the garden beds?

So there comes an insidious something to us all which urges us to sail

every sea, to wander over the hills and far away on all the winding roads in all the world, to climb mountains, to scale the very clouds! But we have to make sago puddings and darn the socks.

And if spring lacks the full noon magnificence of summer, it is also spared some of the summer's excesses. Flies are appearing but not yet a pest. Blue-bottles have not yet made their unwelcome appearance. Butter is still firm and milk liquid. And because the sky that in winter flattened us with its bare grey-ness arches in a luminous canopy of blue, we want to burst into song like the birds.

But if nature feels like refurbishing herself, depend on it we do too. So behold in every household where there is a woman a feverish activity in her wardrobe affairs. Never does the sewing machine whirr more merrily. We are as tired of wools, furs, and velvets as nature is of frost and snow. That bee droning reminds us of watercarts and surf-bathing and small boys running barefoot; and of ice-cream sundaes. Little boys crow and big boys yodel and little girls make daisy chains; and big girls have heart-aches unaccountably mixed with all their exuberance. As for the old girls, is it any wonder that they go off their heads too with such a festival and festoonery and buffoonery of blossom against a royal blue sky and buds opening over every fence and bulbs making merry in every garden?

\* \* \*

YES, the first snowdrop is an event, and so is the first crocus, and the first violet. (So is the first white hair, though that we shall not talk about). But when we see the first daffodil we feel we could say more about it than Herrick or Wordsworth; only the words won't come, so we try a somersault instead. Even the old men feel their rheumatics slipping out of their bones and from comfortable seats on porches or in parks twinkle a greeting from rather tired eyes to a resuscitated world. For what is spring but nature getting on new clothes, and very conscious of it, too?

But all these floral galas and leafy scherzos make it an agony to pass the shops. The lettuces are getting heartier, the spring onions are here. Heigho and salads! And the drapers' windows, jaunty with absurd little hats and flimsy blouses and sweet little models of frocks for the *jeune fille*. Wouldn't we love to go gay in these places. Wouldn't we saunter in a saunter coat and swagger in a swagger suit. But these things are now forbidden. We must do the best we can with our rather dim last summer's wardrobe. So we strip off our cardigans and sit on the back veranda and join in the juvenile caperings of nature in the back yard. My good world, you are so old and yet so new!

## CAVALCADE OF MUSIC IN N.Z.

"The Story of Music"

in New Zealand is the History of Begg's

No. 7: 1921-1930

### The Radio Age Begins

The first successful wireless message was transmitted across the Atlantic by Marconi in 1901. Steady progress in wireless telegraphy inevitably led to broadcasting and the forerunner of the B.B.C. was established in 1922. In the early 1920's radio broadcasts were being made from several small stations in New Zealand.

The N.Z. Broadcasting Co. was founded in 1925 and had stations in the four main cities. Several provincial stations also operated. The Government assumed control of the Broadcasting Company in 1932.

In the earlier radio sets, listening was by means of head phones. Methods of transmission and the tone of receiving sets have constantly been improved,



culminating in the famous "Philco" Radio for which Begg's have been N.Z. Agents for many years. But invention is still busy with broadcasting and new developments—including Television—will be launched after the war.

### New Wonders are Ahead!

A short time ago, the Philco organisations were producing the world's finest radio. For eleven consecutive years Philco led the field for sales. Today Philco production is almost entirely centred on communication devices and powerful radios for tanks and aeroplanes. When victory is won, the experience and skill of Philco scientists and engineers will be turned once more to the pursuits of peace. There will be a new Philco Radio with hitherto unimagined refinements of tone and selectivity. Philco will still be the leader in sales and value. A few Philco models are still available.

Invest Your Surplus Cash in National War Savings!

**Begg's**

THE MUSICAL & ELECTRICAL CENTRE

AUCKLAND, WELLINGTON, CHRISTCHURCH, DUNEDIN,  
HAMILTON, PALMERSTON NORTH, NELSON, TIMARU,  
OAMARU, INVERCARGILL.