

and if such issues were left to me—"right-thinking people" will be glad that they are not—mountain hotels would be as comfortable as they should be to meet the needs of average New Zealanders; and no more than that. I don't want to see an eating or drinking or gambling or dancing house at every bend on our lakes and an army of uniformed servants holding out their hands for our money. I have not forgotten the shame

I felt in Scotland when one morning in the Highlands three pipers approached me, not together but separately, advertising a near-by tourist spot and in the meantime holding out their caps for tips. I hope I will never see that in New Zealand or, worse still, see, as I saw in Scotland and in America, natural features bought by business men and forbidden to the public except on payment of a fee. If New Zealand can't attract visitors on other than mercenary terms I hope it will do without them.

But fire everywhere is destruction, waste, and sadness. Whether it destroys a hotel or a private house it is a home that goes and not merely a building. We sweep away the ashes and start again, but we do not go back to the beginning again. We can't. We can rebuild but never replace.

* * *

I HAD to think hard the other day when "Morton's Fork" appeared in the news and I was asked what it was. I knew that it was not a table fork or a gardening fork, a tuning fork, a hay fork, a fork for digging potatoes, or a division on a river or road. But it was some time before I remembered that it was an



Spencer Digby photograph

instrument of taxation, and even then I could not recall who used it, and when. Though I have now chased Morton through two cyclopaedias and one biographical dictionary, I still know very little more about him than that he was an astute gentleman who contrived nearly 500 years ago to get himself made Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor simultaneously, and to make a disgraceful use of both offices. His fork worked because he had the power to make it work, and no

JULY 15 scruples about the consequences. It was like ordeal by water or by fire. You either perished or you proved your guilt by coming out. Morton's job being to rob, he did it neatly by dividing his victims into two groups—those whose showy way of life proved their opulence, and those whose frugality indicated that they must have

EARLY last year, listeners heard a number of studio recitals by the violinist Maurice Clare, accompanied by the young Hungarian pianist Marta Zalan (left). This season these artists will be appearing again in the programmes, both as a duo and in solo recitals. For their first recital, on August 5 (7.30 p.m., YCs) they will play the Beethoven Sonata in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2.

Marta Zalan studied in Budapest under Leo Weiner, then later in Paris under Lazare Levy. Six years ago she settled in Australia, where she quickly gained a high reputation as a solo broadcaster. On Friday, August 8 (7.0 p.m., YCs) she will be heard playing the Bach Italian Concerto and works by Mendelssohn and Chopin.

grown rich by their economies. It was extortion and theft by a Cardinal with a grin on his face that increased the offence to God and man. But God in Henry the Seventh's court forgave most sins committed in His name, and man existed to do anything and everything that cardinals and kings demanded.

I don't know whether it tells for or against Morton, if it is established, that he used the fork but did not invent it. Some scholars, including apparently Erasmus, credit another man of God with the invention, Bishop Fox, who was a contemporary of Morton's serving the same king. Both lived for 80 years and went, I feel sure, to the same place. I hope that Mr Nordmeyer, who has been charged with digging up the fork, will not defend it historically.

(To be continued)

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