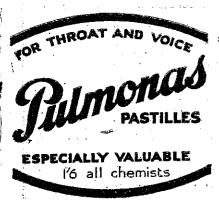
## ... With ... 300K and VERSE By "John O'Dreams"

"I ITTLE Green Apples," by Mr. Geoffrey Moss, is an interesting portraval of an essentially modern milleu in which a young and ingenuous Englishman juggles with fate. He falls on evil days in a Continental resort, whither he goes to take up an apparently desirable position as secretary of a golf club. On his arrival he is the possessor of fifty pounds, the clothes he stands up in, a knowledge of games, and his public school code. But the golf course, he discovers, is still in the embryonic stage, the company which engaged him proves a fraudulent concern, and its director a plausible and unmitigated scamp. Very soon the youthful Oxford blue finds himself left in the lurch, his money goes on necessities, his pathetic illusion of running a good golf club is shattered, and his standards in danger of being sapped by decadent propaganda of Continental rlff-raff.

Lonely, unhappy, not knowing where to turn, he finds himself in the toils of a 50-year-old cocotte, whose notorious amours have proved profitable. She, finding the guileless lad attractive, heaps favours and dollars upon him, to his temporary undoing.

For a time he drifts unhappily in this state, but eventually escapes from it, and goes back grimly to struggle with unpropitious destiny. Gamely he does his best, dines off a cup of coffee, twangs one-stringed fiddle in a restaurant, dances with the patrons, and, being young and meant for happiness, falls in love with a frank, sweet English girl.

Happiness looms in the offing; but once more fate queers his pitch, the past intervenes, and snatches peace and security from "Little Green Apples," whom we leave to a street twanging his gay guitar, and still strugging, with pathetic endeavour, to fit his sixth form code to the conditions induced by "the fell clutch of circumstance.



## Prize Poem Competition

THE prize of half a guinea for the current competition is awarded to "The Crystal Age," by R.B.C. This poem has elusive beauty, and is phrased in original form. We shall hope to see more of the work of this contributor, who is new to our columns. We like, also, the lines forwarded by "Civis," which display facility of expression, and are thoughtful and interesting, though a certain roughness of finish is at times discernible. "John Storm" sends verses instinct with quiet sentiment. Our contributor

is not at his admirable best in the two poems under notice, though his work is never without appeal.

"Lucibel Lee" forwards a collection of her graceful rhymelets, including one anent those "sweet cities" that so lately toppled to their doom "like packs of cards." This, however, like other poems we have read on the same subject, is totally inadequate to so catastrophic a calamity.

W.W.: That a garden is a lovesome spot, Got wot! we've all known since Adam and Eve walked together. All the more reason that, when using it as motif of a poem, the treatment should be distinctive, which unhappily is not the case in "Just Linger."

Picture," framed by a tramcar window, is the subject of this effort, which conveys love of beauty but none of the glamour thereof.

Promise": We applaud the spirit of patriotism, but its expression is faulty,

"Wild Rose": As usual in your poetry, spiritual response to beauty is apparent, but we would prefer the second line to read, "They bend softly to sigh." Avoid the split infinitive as you would the evil one.

D.A.S. has achieved the well-nigh impossible literary feat of deifying the "Dawn" without exuding "pearlies" and "earlies" and sentimental verbiage of the more obvious variety. We do not recollect any recent treatment of this trite inspiration approaching his in originality and vigour.

"Comfort Ye": Religious sentiment admirable, but alas, the technique!

## . The Crystal Age ...

Let us be glad, Ye that escaped from death. Let us go down into a green valley, Where a river is flowing, Steadily, calmly, unconcernedly flowing. And sitting us down beneath the trees Let us gaze at the sky, Hearing a bird that calls in the bush, And be for ever Imperturbably calin.

Then shall ascend from our thinking A perfume, rolling, amassing, Like fragrant smoke that rises at even From a smouldering fire, And is beautiful. -R.B.C.

To those who appreciate a droll and women who are true to life; a French-Browne. This is an amusing hotch-potch eigner with our vernacular; and even of the adventures of a hetereogeneous collection of people who for one Here is modern youth, daring, destruc-

diverting narrative, I recommend man who is excellent. Entertaining to "Leave it to Susan," by K. R. G. a degree are the struggles of this forthe most inveterate Mrs. Gummidge would smile on reading of the sports parade in which Monsieur Pepin and night find themselves the guests in a the butler reluctantly take part, with conventional English country house, the frisky great Dane as runner-up. The types are soundly envisaged, and tive, and far from dull; an alcoholic the volume is cordially recommended admiral, and his unwilling, highly as an excellent remedy for the prevail-mirth-provoking escapades; Englishing depression.

ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, sometimes called the later-day Trollope, has recently published a tale of the everyday life of people in English country houses. The fortunes of two groups are followed in Mr. Marshall's characteristically vivacious fashion through three generations, the tale taking its leisurely course from the far-back sixties down to the year of the Armistice.

WE learn from a contributor to the "Sunday Times" that Mr. Arthur Symons, penetrating and accomplished student of letters, who links our own time with the later Victorian era, has just published a book on one of the most distinctive writers of that period. Forty-four years ago Mr. Symons opened his literary career with a study of Browning; now he carries on with a treatise on the art and thought of Oscar Wilde. The writer quotes Edmund Gosse's conversation with a disinguished Frenchman of letters. "There are two of your modern authors," said the eminent foreigner, "of whom I have heard much. One is Alkeen, whose works I have still to read. The other, whom I greatly admire, is Skarvildy." It took Gosse some time to discover that the writers referred to were Hall Caine and Oscar Wilde!

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