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... With ... BOOK and VERSE

By "John O'Dreams"

Prize Poem Competition

THE prize of half a guinea in the current competition is awarded to "Thur" for her poem entitled "Ave Atque Vale," which expresses with dignity and beauty the long, long thoughts of many in these days of April, which for New Zealand is a month of many memories. Next in merit is placed "The Parson Bird," by F.H.S., which gives musical interpretation of loveliness of the songs and sounds of the native bush.

K.M.N. longs for opiate of tranquility afforded to disillusioned and heart-broken by "friendly hands of night," and yearns for peace at the last in enveloping consolation of the great Earth Mother.

"April": The correction indicated was made, but your lines are not sufficiently attractive to win the competition, there being a slight effect of incoherence.

"Blessings" and "Wool's Up," sent in by an optimistic versifier, are imbued with a strong strain of the preaching spirit.

"Solitude": Yearnings from a hilltop for the one and only companion. Another example of the stern truth, "Never the time and the place and the loved one all together" in an imperfect world.

E.H. chooses for motif sharp contrasts of life, in a quartette of verses, the last being the most effective, but the poem does not rise above mediocrity.

"Oh Mack's" romantic idyll is expressed with this contributor's accustomed facility and grace.

"Wild Rose" paints elusive picture from a palette studied with fresh hues of a dawning day.

Dale St. Maur: Poignant memories induced by resuscitation of melodies heard when the world was young.

"Terdinand" scoffs, with some asperity, at the ways of love. Methinks he doth protest too much his superiority.

"Sunlight": The light that failed indeed!

Ave Atque Vale

Weep not for them. Commemorate their passing
As for the heroes brave of ancient days;
Scatter bright flowers, pride our grief surpassing,
Hang banners gay and chant in martial lays
For Anzacs of the past who still are living.
As when they landed on that far-off shore,
Triumphantly our thankful hearts are giving
Grateful Te Deums for them evermore.
Ring out the strains from the carillon tower,
Proudly we laud them, these our fallen men,
Scattering the poppies in a crimson shower,
As emblems of their deeds that live again.

—Thur.

EITHER you are an enthusiast about the work of Knut Hamsun, or the magnificent narrative of this great novelist leaves you cold. To the former discriminating coterie, which acclaims him at his true value, I commend "Vagabonds," a new novel, having for motif the primitive conditions of life in a Norwegian fishing village.

MR. TENNYSON COLE, the eminent portrait painter, has written an autobiography, which he has christened quite admirably "Vanity Varnished." In this he tells some good stories about all sorts and conditions of people whom he has come across in the course of his long life.

SINCE reading "Gallions Reach," that memorable book of adventure, one reader at least has been inspired to make his own everything written by its author, Mr. H. M. Tomlinson. So that the news of his latest book is hailed with pleasurable anticipation. It has the intriguing title of "The Sea and the Jungle," and is illustrated by woodcuts which are the work of Miss Clare Leighton. Assuredly a volume to grace any library.

LADY ELEANOR SMITH, daughter of the late Lord Birkenhead, is a sparkling chip of the old block, she being author of a recent brilliant novel entitled "Flamenco." In this is set out the story of Richard Lovell, exiled in Devon because he was discovered using loaded dice in his London club. Upon the curious menage of an eccentric wife and progeny of three descends a score of gypsies, from whom Lovell, actuated by sudden impulse, buys a girl of their tribe and brings her up with his own family. The history of her reactions to that peculiar household, and her conflicting amours, make interesting reading; the character drawing in this grim story of elemental passions being superb, compelling confidence in the future success of this brilliant young writer.

THE work of Mr. E. V. Lucas needs no eulogy. His public is such an enviably large one that a new book by the brilliant essayist is a notable event. His latest contribution to current literature is a saga of wander-years in France, with which pleasant and friendly country he is as familiar with as, let us say, dwellers in the Capital City are with the Hutt Valley. Upon his conte of his roving he brings to bear his accustomed charm of description and witty and sometimes cynical perception of the freaks and follies of mankind. Things small and great are etched with inimitable vim and whimsicality, and it is predicted that "French Leave" will run to many editions.

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