

been the target for much criticism, and it seems that the municipal orchestra is the most criticised of all performances. Mr. Bernard Shaw when in South Africa spoke of the orchestra as "one of the brightest lights in a culturally dark continent." On the average this combination broadcasts five and a half hours a week, and one and a half hours on one night are devoted to symphony. It is the latter that receives the most adverse criticism. Cape Town is not a large city, and the majority of the population is coloured, so that wireless has very few devotees. Nevertheless, the station has done a great deal for musical cultivation, and proudly boasts that more world-famous notabilities have spoken from Cape Town than any other South African station. A novel feature rebroadcast was a concert picked up from a ship at sea. Notwithstanding the critics, licenses are steadily mounting.

"AN apple a day keeps the doctor away" is an old adage, but the Home Science Department of the Otago University says: "An apple a day—new ways of having it." We all like to know of new ways of doing anything, and as apples just now are plentiful it is quite a good idea to try some new recipes.

Ginger apples sound quite fascinating, and here is the way to do them: "Pare the apples and cut them in quarters. Cook in boiling water until tender, and add two tablespoonfuls of preserved ginger. Make a syrup, using one-half as much water as sugar. Boil five minutes. Add the apples and simmer till clear."

HERE is another recipe for "Apple and Ham Casserole":—Take a slice of ham one inch thick, rub well with brown sugar, and place in a baking dish; stick two cloves in the ham and add one tablespoonful of onion juice. Peel and core and quarter tart apples and cover the ham with them. Sprinkle with four tablespoonfuls of brown sugar and add one tablespoonful of butter cut in bits. Add one cup of boiling water and bake in a covered dish till the meat is tender. Try this with baked potatoes and escalloped tomatoes.

THE speaker from the Department of Health in his talk from 2YA on Thursday gave some good advice on the care and use of milk. He says: "Milk is the most important food that man requires. It is well-nigh unique among foods as it contains protein, fats, etc., and it is not lacking in vitamins; it also contains lime and phosphates which help to build up the bones and teeth. It is, however, essential that milk should be kept in scrupulously clean vessels and away from any matter that may contaminate it." All health specialists advocate the extensive use of milk, especially for growing children, and farmers who, I hear, do not make as much use of it as they could, should bear this in mind.

MANY people are fond of a stirring tale of adventure, and they will welcome this new book, "Lone Isle," by E. Charles Vivian (Ward, Lock, and Co.). Mr. Vivian's books always contain a thrill, and "Lone Isle" is no exception. It is an original story teeming with incidents and exciting situations. Victor Wharton, while on a train journey to Southampton, hears the story of two brothers, twins, who bought most of the shares in a pearl fishery. One

brother with his wife and daughter went to live on the island, and for sixteen years the brother at home could get no news, although dividends arrived regularly.

Wharton in a fit of compassion offers to go to the island of Entalatin and solve the mystery of this long silence. Difficulties attack him at every turn, and he has many exciting moments before he can land—and afterwards. The denouement is a surprise, and this remarkable story will be read with tense interest.

THE latest collections by our English designers show really reasonable garments, especially for daytime. Skirt lengths are so variable that it is generally wisdom to leave this matter to the discretion of the wearer. Designers vary greatly on this point. Some advocate the shorter skirt for morning and a little longer for the afternoon. Ankle-length is generally for the even-

ing. The slim moulded skirt with a distinctive flare, or godet, is best made on the short side.

EDGAR WALLACE'S last book, "My Hollywood Diary" (Hutchinson) will be enjoyed by film enthusiasts because of its vivid pictures of Hollywood and the film personalities who were so eager to meet the famous English author. This book consists of letters to his wife, written during the last few weeks of his life in Hollywood, where he was fulfilling a contract to write film scenarios. These letters deal with trivial, intimate and everyday things that a wife expects from her husband when away, but the practical side of Mr. Wallace is also shown. He says: "I was photographed this morning, twice at the desk, once with my feet up, telephoning, and once the conventional intense picture, writing." After he had been at Hollywood a few weeks, he took a furnished house at

Beverly Hills, and he writes: "For Heaven's sake, don't say Hollywood when you mean Beverly Hills. It's not done, and such a pained expression comes over the Beverly Hillers when you refer to it as Hollywood." He continues working with zest and his letters describe almost every hour of the day. On February 4 he complains of a sore throat, which he mentions again the next day. On February 7 he writes another letter in which he tells of a dinner party which he gave the previous evening. He promises Mrs. Wallace a gay time when she arrives, and there the diary ends. It is a vivid and illuminating book.

I WAS reading the other day of the appointment of Mr. John Kettelwell to the vacant post of head of the children's hour at headquarters of the B.B.C. It was apparent that new blood was badly wanted in this department, and Mr. Kettelwell brings a versatile, original, cultivated, and idealistic mind to this sphere. He is fortunate in having as his "right hand" Captain Derek McCulloch, the celebrated Uncle Mac, who has similar qualities and aims. The problem of improvement in the children's session is one that is exercising the minds of the executive of all broadcasting stations.

FASHIONS come and fashions go, and can make or break our industries. It is, however, interesting to know that in these days of trade depression "two absolutely disconnected habits have mutually reacted upon one another to cause a boom." Instead of so many men spending their evenings at the club, as they did before the advent of radio, they now prefer to stay at home and listen to the wireless. This has not only brought a boom in radio, but in a much more domestic commodity—that of bedroom slippers. At least we read that this is so in Britain and the United States of America. We would like to know if this relaxation has affected the sale of these articles of comfort in New Zealand.

A MORE formal note is creeping into the best frocks, and especially in evening dress are these subtle changes noticeable. Good style is the keynote of success, and with the note of greater exclusiveness the high back line is considered more "chic" than the backless frock. The décolletage in the front tends to become a little lower. Long gloves are worn to meet the short sleeves. Skirts are worn long and flowing, for all lines must make for grace and style in the best vogue. The colours worn in the evening are lovely, and, further, they are kind to women of all ages. Jewellery is important, but it should not be worn in profusion; pearls are in great request, as they suit the many Empire styles which are being favoured. The scarf is the piece de resistance of present fashions, but there is a lot in the way it is worn. With plain coats a diagonally-striped scarf is often worn slanting to one side, with the ends rather short. On evening gowns the scarf is sometimes twisted round the décolletage, knotted in front, crossed over at the waist line, and passed round the waist, to be knotted at the back. Fur-trimmed scarves, of the same fabric as the dress, in silk or very lightweight wool, often takes the place of short jackets with afternoon frocks.

Prize Poem Competition

(Conducted by "John O' Dreams")

THE prize of half a guinea in the current competition is awarded to "Beaumont" for the poem entitled "Lives," which in its expression of the transitional and lonely progress of the soul is instinct with imaginative beauty. A second poem by this contributor is held in the meantime. Selected for commendation is the fascinating "Twilight" by D.P., and "Karakia's" strong and tender "Hill-night," of which lack of space unfortunately precludes publication.

We express regret that, through an unfortunate inadvertence, the opening line was omitted in last week's prize poem, entitled "Milton," by C. R. Allen. This poem in its entirety appears in another page of the current issue, and we feel sure our contributor's beautiful sonnet will be read and studied by all who appreciate literary achievement.

"Wayfarer" sends a sonnet ancient one of earth's blazing sunsets, which is a rather beautiful effort.

"Merric": An effect of idyllic beauty is created. We anticipate with pleasure perusal of your further excursion into realms of reflective fantasy.

M.E.: Indeed a delightful "Beginning," in which imagination is construed in phrases of lingering sweet sound.

"Naomi," clear-eyed, disillusioned modern, sends some sharp-edged lines on which glimmers no spark of the sacred flame.

O.M.S.: Somewhat faulty in construction, in particular the third verse, which calls loudly for revision.

C.A.L.: In spite of obvious immaturities, your little poem is not without a certain naive attractiveness.

"Marie Antoinette" dallies with the Muse gaily but unsuccessfully.

"Flancon": Alas! How flat, stale and unprofitable.

A.J.R.: Thanks for small note. We reserve the "Pedlar" poem for further consideration.

Lives

We stand on little Islands of the Present,
Aloof, remote, alone.
The trembling ghosts of countless generations
Touch not their own.

Far in the mists of entities that hover
Wraith-like, entranced, serene,
Perchance a silver gleam of kinship quivers,
One moment seen.

All that has been, all that has called our being
Into its living state,
Floats in the distance, dim and unavailing,
Calm, cold as Fate.

Unguarded by the past, wrest from the future,
Rim-bordered by a sigh,
The shivering soul, wrapped in a mist of longing,
Must live and die.

—Beaumont.