

carry so much disease, and contaminate food, it is surely essential in a civilised community that all refuse should be effectually destroyed. The fly-catchers suggested by the speaker, made of wire, suspended from a lateral wire and covered with a sticky substance which can be washed off, appears to have been the most effective way of catching flies.

EVERY adult knows of the ramifications of the League of Nations, but the children were very fortunate in having so able a speaker as the Rev. R. S. Watson (2YA) to expound its objects. This was done in such a concise manner that every woman would be pleased to hear Mr. Watson recapitulate the activities of this tremendous idealistic organisation. Every phase of human action has its committee of experts and interested citizens to investigate existing conditions and endeavour to improve where improvement is needed for world betterment. Although the league has not done all that it was hoped it would do, it has undoubtedly made a contribution to civilisation that would not have been thought possible a generation ago, and that its success in so many avenues is but the forerunner of still greater successes cannot be doubted. Truth and reason must prevail!

TANGIER—the Gateway to Morocco—was the subject of Mr. L. R. Denny's talk (3YA), and very interesting it was. Morocco—and in fact all the northern States of Africa—have a fascination for the traveller, as here on the borders of Western Europe the East meets the West. Here, as in all similar countries, the cosmopolitan nature of the population gives colour to the scene. The methods of living in the unchanging East vie with the modern Occidental, and as this part of Northern Africa has so much historical interest, it is a pity that our mail boats do not call there. If the traveller desires to see these little known parts on his journey eastward from Europe, it is necessary to travel by lines like the Dutch mail.

Every visitor is drawn to the market place at the top of the hill, where the Rolls-Royce and the Ford jostle with camel, and the ass of Biblical days. Here too are buildings ancient as the name, "The Pillars of Hercules," and modern European buildings, which in architecture says little for the vision of our materialistic age. Mr. Denny mentioned the great shortage of water in Tangier, but this, if not already corrected, will be so shortly, as a few years ago a company had commenced the building of a reservoir, and I believe arrangements had been made for a water service on quite modern lines.

What strikes a traveller in Tangier, as in all Eastern countries, is the perfect taste that the natives have for colour. Orientals have a gift for colour blending, and it would be hard for the traveller to find in any Eastern country a native woman with clashing colours, although in South Africa this may be seen frequently among the Hindu women. At home and in their own surroundings their taste is perfect, but this natural gift seems to disappear when their environment changes.

THE fabrics and fashions talk from 2YA this week was interesting, inasmuch as we had a good description of most, if not all, the lovely materials that are here for our delectation. We only want a nice hot summer, and then how we could enjoy the delights of these diaphanous fabrics! We must

not, however, rush things; sartorial matters need careful planning, and our special requirements must be taken into consideration in the colours that suit us, and the lines that show off our figure to the best advantage. What we should aim at are becoming and practical styles, and only when we have decided on the general idea should we go and seek out our materials. Silk at the moment seems to be superseded by cottons, and the linens, piques, and to-bralcos can be had in the most entrancing patterns. There are stripes, and florals, and spots, and I gather that spots take first place. There is such a wealth of colour to choose from that

everyone should be able to get her own particular favourite.

"WHEN women shop by television" was the title of an article appearing in an English evening journal, in which it was suggested that our working and business life, as well as our pleasures, will be completely changed in the not-too-distant future. This article was prompted by the decision of the B.B.C. to regularly broadcast pictures. It is estimated that there are already nearly 10,000 television receivers in Britain, and the increase, with regular transmissions, is anticipated. In the United States television had many champions

in the Press until the most obvious imperfections were eliminated, but with the prospect of a new science competing with the papers for advertising matter, the American Press is inclined to decry television. It would therefore appear that Britain may be the real television pioneer, although advertising over the air is not permitted, the housewife would certainly be disappointed were exhibitions, dress parades and universal providers not televised.

AN interesting book published by Faber and Faber, is one by Mr. Peter Quennell entitled "A Superficial Journey." This is something in the nature of a travel book, or, as he himself calls it, a kind of travel film. He held a professorship at the Japanese University, and his journey takes him and us through Tokio and Peking. He records his personal impressions of things, of scenes, and of people. He is obliged to draw some general conclusions of the East from his own experiences of it, but nowhere does he assert them. He writes with a thoughtful grace and something of the courteous gravity of the people among whom he has been.

"LIFE," published by the Oxford University Press, is the story of Joseph Wright, one of Oxford's best-loved professors. He began as a Yorkshire mill boy, and could scarcely read and write at the age of fifteen, yet he became a professor of comparative philology in the university, and planned, edited, and completed "The English Dialect Dictionary," a magnificent work of scholarship. The details are set down in this book by his wife and former pupil, in the name of love and the common interest they shared. She has done well what she wished to do—to convey the immortal essence of a noble spirit in the story of his immense but mortal achievements.

F. G. PARKER, an American author, has written a thriller in the "First Night Murder" (Stanley Paul). This murder takes place in the stalls of a theatre on Broadway, and a theatrical manager is the victim. During a moment's darkness on the stage he is found with his neck nearly severed by knife wounds. On this night Martin Ellis has his first play produced. There are, of course, several people in the audience each of whom might be the murderer, yet, who did it? And how was it done? These two questions are not answered until the young playwright re-stages the events of the first night, and then there comes a genuine crash of surprise which leaves no disappointment behind.

READING recipes is no doubt a tedious business, and one lady who does much of this from one of Wellington's stations apparently finds the tedium too much to allow sufficient time for ingredients to be taken down. Another gives her first recipe slowly enough for this to be done, but the second invariably necessitates abbreviations that are usually later not understood, while subsequent recipes would need to be taken in shorthand. It would seem that recipes and hints should be given with the assistance of the metronome, and it is idle to ask people to write or telephone, as every listener is not a telephone subscriber, and toll calls, especially from a distance, are costly. I think it absurd to ask people to write and thus duplicate a service which should be final with the broadcast.

Prize Poem Competition

(Conducted by "John O'Dreams")

THE prize of half a guinea in the current competition is awarded to C. R. Allen for his poem entitled "To a Child Who Died." This contributor's

work, we are sure, will be read with delight by all who appreciate and acclaim sound and beautiful literary achievement. Contributions received during the past fortnight have been unusually numerous, much interesting work having come to hand. Selected for commendation are the poems of "Cynro," the reckless "Dance On" being singularly arresting, and "St. Thomas" giving impressive voice to age-old doubts assailing humanity, the latter being held meantime in the hope of publication later.

W.N.R.: There is authentic poetic feeling in "Evening Prayer," and "I Have Loved the Light" is poignant and expressed with reticent beauty. We congratulate this young litterateur.

F.F.'s two striking sonnets are up to the level already established by our valued contributor.

"In Love Again": Too many sapphires.

A.J.R., inspired by twilight horizons, sends skilfully-constructed lines.

Ramane: Yours is a successful venture in verse, and is held in the hope of publication at a future date.

"Spring Fever": Charming, but we don't like "sillies" even if it does rhyme with lilies.

"Under the Stars": Unfortunately too long, otherwise this delightful poem would have been very much in the running. Our limit is 25 lines.

O.M.S.: Sorry considerations of space preclude appearance of your haunting little vignette in words.

Cecil Dene has a pretty taste in simile, and chants the advent of day with considerable grace and felicity.

"Dreams" and "Serenity" are good, particularly the former.

"Merrie," ever eager to communicate unerring perception of all things lovely, sends an artistic impression of smiling tenderness.

"Karakia's" unusual poem is vibrant with strength and swift motion.

C.A.L. writes: "I love the little poem plot in the 'Record.'" In some verses a latent springtide this contributor is once more revealed as possessing originality, and a gift of phrase of definite, though uneven, charm.

To A Child Who Died.

"Their angels do behold the face of God."
Thus it is written. I can only tell
Of these familiar paths that once you trod
In summer noons, and hope that all is well.
I can but cite the epileptic child
Whose father prayed, "Help thou my unbelief,"
On whom the first Exorcist looked and smiled
In grave compassion for his father's grief.
How pitiful, how tentative your thrust
Into this life of ours, as I have seen
A crocus come when still the winds are keen,
And Spring a month away. Now you are dust,
And you will no more swing the expectant gate
Upon its loosened hinges, no more strive
With those your happier peers, who could not wait
Upon the road. You will no more contrive
To parry or postpone. I somehow think
The little pomp we made for you imparted
Some dignity to us upon the brink
Of that small grave, O still, O silent-hearted.

—C. R. Allen.