



OF FEMININE INTEREST



By "Patricia"

THE Broadcasting Board is to be congratulated on the efficient manner in which it relayed the second portion of Josef Sziget's recital. The appreciation shown by the audience was a fine tribute to a master performer. Sziget's superb technique, faultless interpretation, and depth of tone will long be remembered by all who listened in.

THE remarks of Mr. David Moore, who spoke from 2YA on dogs, would interest all lovers of these canine companions. Although having been a great breeder, Mr. Moore has never owned a dog since he went to reside in Australia five years ago, and when asked the reason of this he replied: "Because I had neither the time nor facilities to give him the attention that a dog deserves." Mr. Moore traced man's rise to civilisation, and showed how much this had depended upon his four-footed friend who had hunted with him in the common cause of the human family. In Australia and New Zealand it was said that the country lived very much on the sheep, but he would rather think they lived on the dog. On a farm a dog was worth at least five men when it came to mustering.

NO countries, said Mr. Moore, were more suitable for dog-breeding than are New Zealand and Australia, where wide open spaces allow the necessary physical and mental exercise that dogs require. He was quite sure that if proper attention were given to the matter a very lucrative business could be established in export of pedigree dogs.

MR. MOORE was often asked: "Should a dog be given a raw-meat diet?" Raw meat is the natural diet for a dog, essentially a carnivorous animal, and there would be less skin diseases in dogs, and they would live longer, were they fed as nature intended them to be—on raw meat. A cooked-meat diet might have been encouraged years ago by a certain section of the veterinary surgeons whose business depended upon consultations with owners respecting ill-health in dogs.

BUSINESS and home-women are welcoming the popularity of the ensemble, said Mrs. T. W. Lewis in her talk on "Fabrics and Fashions" (2YA). With this style a woman can achieve a summer outfit most inexpensively. The weaves of materials are as beautiful as the patterns, and dresses are made up in three-colour contrasts. There seems to be a vogue to strong contrasts, and there being so much latitude allowed it is essential that one should be acutely alive to good and bad style. It is easy to spoil an outfit by overdoing these contrasts. Nearly all dresses are made in one piece and are either sleeveless or have short, puffed sleeves.

Prize Poem Competition

(Conducted by "John O'Dreams")

THE prize of half a guinea in the current competition is awarded to R. B. Castle for "Hector, Lay Down Your Brazen Tools." This thought-provoking effort will hold the attention of many readers, especially those interested in the infinite variations of verse form. Also interesting in originality and courageous traversing of tradition is "Ramame's" poem yeleft, in the amazing modern manner, just "2".

"Strange": This is charming work, poetic in sentiment, interesting in execution.

Linn: We are keeping the beautiful "Lament" a little longer in the hope of publication.

A.J.R., in a sonnet of power and authenticity, crystallises central thought in words of fitting force and passion. Our valued contributor is untiring in pursuit of Beauty as she flies, and has achieved an enviable versatility.

"Merrie," in simple, direct and tender lines, makes vocal an understanding of the patience and serenity of a mother-heart, which, the good fight fought, awaits eternal peace that lies beyond these voices.

N.E.G.'s three short verses hark back to perennial theme of home, sweet home, but past and present competition on that subject swamps this particular effort.

"To an Unknown Violinist": The spirit of music is a noble inspiration, but there is also a melody of rhythmic beauty, and we find your poem somewhat unsubtle and lacking in poesy's indefinable essence.

"Porthos," with much vain repetition, strangles the gleam he follows.

"The Flower Seller": In very near future we hope to make desired comment. C.S. (Feilding) sends several poems which achieve a quiet success in sensitive awareness of shimmering loveliness of earth and sea and sky. We are at one with sentiment of the last lines of the poem of revolt—a very gentle example of this form of expression. The "John o' Dreams" verses are entirely charming, and will be cherished for many a moon.

"Flauncr," in deep dejection, out-hamlets Hamlet himself.

Hector, lay down your Brazen Tools

*Hector, lay down your brazen tools a space
And listen.*

*Grim millions will turn those wheels that pace
And glisten
Even as the globe's inexorable track.*

*Can'st, Hector, discern the voice of the dead?
Not so!*

*When scarce this hand, this voice so nourished
And slow*

To vanish, else than insensate shadows seem.

*We two drop swiftly in a winter shower
And fade,*

*Dissolve, scarce mirroring the grey clouds' lower
And shade*

Seething from south with an avenging sound.

*Speak to me only of your dreams, your desires
That surge,*

*That roam over the foaming wave-ways, fires
To submerge*

My soul in vapour, in flickering glorious aurora.

—R. C. Castle.

MOST housewives will appreciate Mrs. Lewis's hint re washing blankets. Use cold water, but make a good suds with boiling water into which put some rock ammonia, using one shilling's worth for twelve blankets. When washed put on line and hose with clear cold water, and the blankets will be like new.

THERE are many places of which we hear little, or even give a thought to, and Finland is one of them. If we think at all we usually connect this part of Northern Europe with Esquimaux, ice huts, log cabins, reindeer and excessive cold, yet this country is a highly civilised one, was the first European country to introduce women's suffrage. In the population the percentage of illiterates is one of the lowest in the world. Professor Algie in his talk (1YA), "Impressions of Finland," gave some enlightening facts. Helsinki, the capital, is one of the most modern and up-to-date cities in Europe, in comparison with which London and Paris are in many respects backward. There are, too, many beautiful lakes, islands and magnificent forests which together cover about nine-tenths of the country. Besides its natural beauties, Finland has produced some very fine musical composers, of whom Sibelius is one, and who is by some people acclaimed the modern Beethoven. He was born in 1865 and is the first Finnish composer to become world-renowned. He is a genuine, creative musician and one of the first among living composers.

LISTENING to Miss Dora West, O.B.E., last week, when she spoke of "England, the Homeland" (2YA), and in the course of her lecture mentioned the flower fields of Kent, recalled to my vision the lavender harvest which usually takes place during the early part of August. To watch the girls and women gathering this, the sweetest of all herbs, carries one's imagination a further step, to the streets of London, where the cry is heard of "Lavender, sweet lavender; won't you buy my blooming lavender: sixteen good branches a penny, all in full blow." This cry surely has an Elizabethan sound which Shakespeare must have heard. Among many others in their different seasons, were such as "Cherry Ripe, Cherry Ripe," "Oranges, Who'll Buy My Oranges?" "Cat's Meat, Cat's Meat, and the Cat's Meat Man," light-footed as the Pied Piper of Hamelin, trudging along with his furry children following at his heels. These old cries seem picturesque to us, but had we lived in those days, might we not have cursed the sounds as now we curse the noise of the motor horns and the ever continuous traffic?