

(continued from previous page)

directing the grouped choirs and Professor Hollinrake the massed singing. On this occasion even the vast Town Hall was so full of singing children that there was no room for their parents, who had to depend on the radio for knowledge of the proceedings, and probably spent the afternoon (as mothers will) trying to distinguish the voice of John or Beverley from 2299 other voices.

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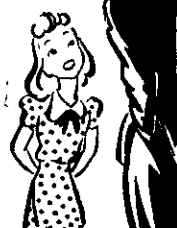
PROFESSOR HOLLINRAKE seems to have the most rare gift of drawing coherent music from large groups which have not rehearsed together before, and which are not mainly composed of gifted individuals. (And it is not only out of the mouths of babes that we can conjure up unexpected music, for a middle-aged and allegedly non-musical friend told me how she attended one of his lectures, and before she knew what was happening she was for the first time in her life singing at the top of her voice along with everyone else in the room and enjoying it like anything.) But two men cannot by their own effort alone produce such a festival, and we must not forget that these songs were taught in the first place by dozens of teachers, working in noisy classrooms with tired pianos, and later shepherding batches of excited children through hot streets and crowded trams to group rehearsals and to their final performance.

### Innocent as a Child

I WONDER whether amidst all this talk of how many children stay up how late listening to how many serials, any of the experts have stopped to scrutinise the children's evidence upon which these statistics are based, or considered how the primary school child loves to pose before its friends as a man or woman of the world unhampered by parental restriction. One may put out lights firmly at 7.30 every night of the year, only to overhear the victims of this harsh regime boasting to their friends that they always stay up to listen to *First Light Fraser* or some other favourite of the later hours. One little girl I know had never been to the pictures at night, but when faced with a questionnaire was ashamed of her innocence; she quickly decided that as she was going to lie she might as well do it thoroughly, and the

result was that her astonished parents received a severe rebuke from the headmaster for taking their child to the pictures on four nights of the week. So before we become too excited about this serial habit, perhaps someone will try to

find out just how much children really do listen; but he will need to have his wits about him not to be hoodwinked by these small fry who turn on a pretty display of familiarity with a serial by snapping up fragments of conversation from older people and by drawing on their imagination; just as their parents can often pass as well-read people by scanning a few book reviews and mixing around occasionally with the right people.



## PRISONER OF WAR

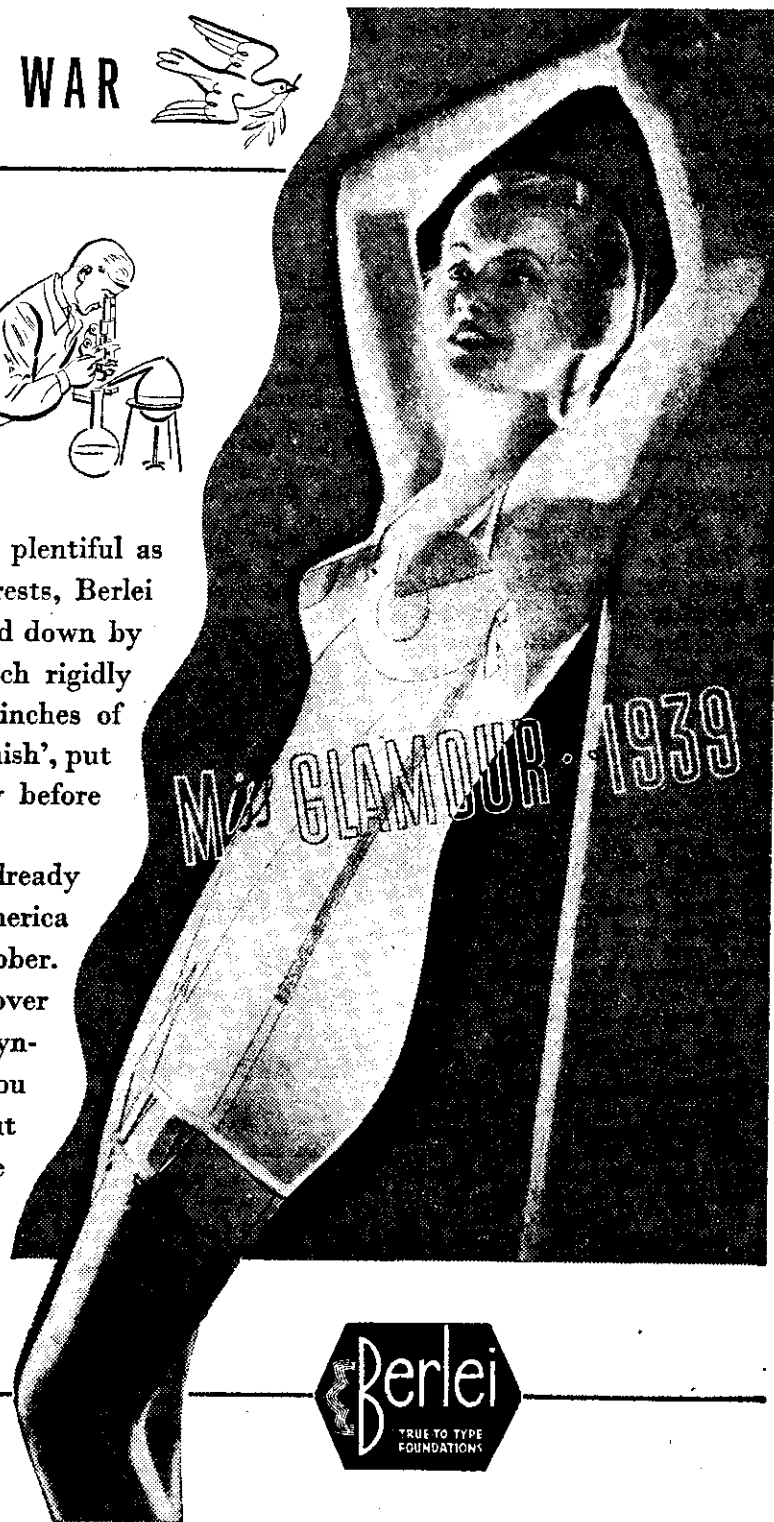


Miss Glamour was one of war's first victims. But the release of this lovely prisoner of war is imminent. So long as the call for silk, cotton, rubber and skilled labour to hasten victory has priority, Berleis cannot



be as beautiful, flexible or as plentiful as before. In the national interests, Berlei must conform to the rules laid down by the Standards Institute, which rigidly limit the number of square inches of elastic, and the amount of 'finish', put into any one corset. Victory before vanity.

But it won't be long now. Already we have an executive in America investigating synthetic rubber. And when Victory hands over those wonderful war-tested synthetics, nylons and rayons, you shall see Berlei Glamour about once more, in all her infinite variety!



A LITTLE LESS

**BELL TEA**

GOES A LOT FURTHER