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Small Slam in Diamonds

A FORTNIGHT'S Mozart festival was unobtrusively opened by 4YA with the Clarinet Concerto on December 7. On the 8th there were two studio recitals -from 3YA a Fantasia and Fugue and from 1YA that hardy perennial, the A Major Piano Concerto; the richer and rarer C Major followed here two days later in a U.S.A. programme and at 2YH the next day (the Schnabel recording). 1ZM gave over its Classical Corner to Don Giovanni, and in listed programmes alone occurred three more concertos, two quartets, a sonata, and the Linz, Paris, Jupiter, and Haffner symphonies. A trio was played from 2ZA's studio on the 17th, but 1YA capped this with a trio and a sonata from the studio on the 21st. All this may be due to a planned at-tempt to take our minds off those little trips to Glyndebourne or Salzburg that we had to cancel this year, or to a brief surge of fashion that Mass Observation could explain and Old Moore has long predicted. Many of us are content to sit back and take unquestioningly what comes, remembering in our charity that one man's fun is the next man's tedium.

when we find two consecutive hands ablaze with a strong suit of diamonds.

RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

Shower of Shark's Eggs

THE gold medal for the most fascinating natural history talk of the year will be awarded by northern listeners to 2YA for its relay on December 14 of a brief but terrifying description of a new amphibian menace—"There are the Land Sharks! I can see them, Mr. Speaker, sitting on their perches, egging on the Members . . ."

Call Them All Jane

ADMIRAL CROFT in Persuasion was of the opinion that there were too many fine Christian names in use among young women, and that life would be less confusing if they were all called "Sophy." Listeners to 1ZB on a Monday morning may well think that this process of simplification has now been taken in hand, for they proceed straight from the rather dreary doings of Jane Austen's Jane Fairfax to the melodramatic adventuress of that alarmingly competent American reporter Jane Arden, and then in the next quarter of an hour to "A Date with Janie." This last serial, which began only the other day, is to me quite the best date of the lot, in spite of its

but hoping that no system of rotas and unpromising title. It is delightfully silly, quotas will succeed in removing these sometimes to the point of farce, but like eccentricities from the programmes, all successful comedy it is firmly rooted Each Listener holds still the excitement in the truth. And there is truth enough of a deal of cards, and the weeks when in the back-chat between high-school we called "no bid" are easily forgotten Janie and her brother, and between these two and their parents, to take me back with sudden nostalgia to the hectic family life of late adolescence.

What Is A Holiday?

THE trouble about classical music is that, although comparatively few want it, those few want it very badly indeed; for them listening is not a conscious effort towards "culture" but a daily necessity, whether they wear city or sun suits. In the last few years long hours at the office have taken from many their opportunities not only of participation in music but also of regular listening, and as I studied the Auckland programmes for the Christmas and New Year week-ends, I saw that this had been forgotten. A bookworm friend who has had time lately only for a few periodicals and an occasional Agatha Christie, dropped in yesterday to bor-



row War and Peace. "At last I shall have time," she said. (To her musical counterpart 3YL is playing the Choral Symphony on December 30.) Another over-worked neighbour lovingly stuffed his haversack with Thackeray, and I reflected how independent are they who take their classics in literary form-a few shillings or a friend's bookshelf will supply their needs. But Auckland musiclovers are finding, not for the first time, that the fine flow of classical music ceases abruptly the moment leisure comes, and although our gales have given way at long last to glorious summer, there is in our hearts a little winter of discontent.

The Incredible Alan Murray

WHO composed the Iraq National Anthem? What jazz composer was a Director of the Royal Academy? What soldier of the last war composed one of the most popular ballads of this war? The answer in each case is the same-Alan Murray. His briefly-told history, in the morning session For My Lady from 4YA, seems incredible enough to supply material for a couple of novels with enough over for a film. Pianist, composer, and soldier to boot, he seems to have made a good job of all three. When we mention the word "ballad" it brings to mind the soulful soprano who will insist on warbling about birds at eventide, the accompaniment generally being so tritely composed that the listener can anticipate every cadence. Alan Murray's ballads, however, have raised

