

HAPPY FAMILIES



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Master Chop is helping Pop

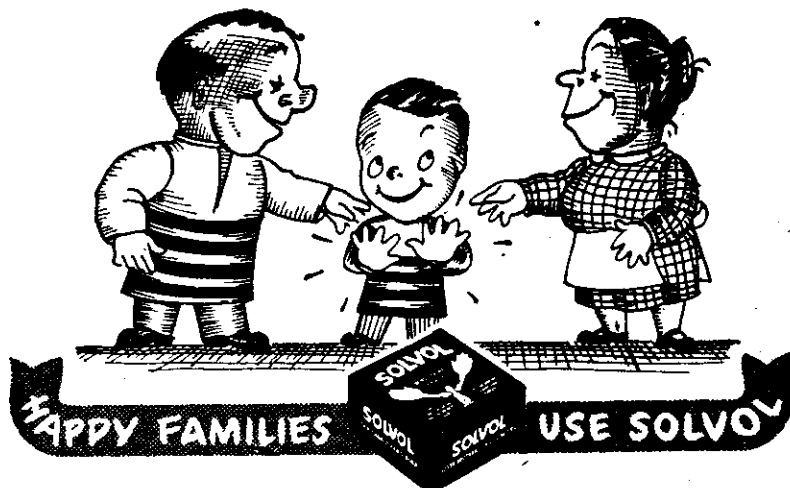
With all the work in the Butcher's Shop.

He says "I dunno what I'd do

If Solvol Soap were rationed too,

For dirty hands I take the cake,

It gets me clean—and no mistake!"



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RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

Night Light

A HAPPY misprint in *The Listener* promised us "A Little Light Music" by Mozart from 1YX, and of course it was none other than our old friend "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik." It looks strange to us, though it probably would not have done so to Mozart. For, as Matyas Seiber pointed out recently in a BBC talk, we have not only put light and serious music into separate compartments, but we seem to have "light" composers and "serious" composers, belonging apparently to two different species of human beings. Yet Mozart, like Bach and Haydn, wrote for a community that expected its daily occasions to be graced with new compositions; for weddings, funerals, straight out concerts, and conversaciones, music poured out with the ink scarcely dry before its performance, and the workmanship was as good for one kind of music as for another. We have sheltered our modern "serious" composers from this daily grind; they are long in labour, and we hang about waiting for progress reports. If, when their wonder children are born, we sometimes can't make head or tail of them, it is perhaps because we have let the composers lose touch with our everyday musical needs, and give ourselves too little practice in listening to new music.

School Music Now

FROM distances of many miles, 250 children came into Balclutha for the South Otago Schools Choir Festival, and an hour of the programme was broadcast from 4YA. Mr. George Wilkinson, who conducted the Massed Choirs, seemed well aware that plain unison songs are best when dealing with such numbers of young voices, and the dignity with which they sang Beethoven's "Creation's Hymn," proved that good music is never above the level of those who attempt it in the right spirit. Of the individual schools which I heard, the most delicate performance came from the South Otago High School, who sang Purcell with delightful clearness and sweetness. There was a verse-speaking choir which made me wonder, when words are so clearly distinguished in speaking, why can't they be recognised in singing? In my schooldays (not so long ago as all that, either), we sang atrocious songs with the full force of our lungs, and I wonder now that any parent ever dared to brave those bawling functions known as School Concerts. The modern Song Festival is a different matter altogether: thanks to the small band of enthusiastic teachers who make school music a pleasure to listen to as well as to perform.

Oh! For the Good Old Tunes

A RECITAL of Debussy songs comes our way but rarely. We are familiar enough with this composer's piano works; and three times lately we have had what an acquaintance of mine insists upon referring to as the Torpedoed Cathedral—twice performed as written, for piano, and once conducted by Leopold Stokowski in an unfortunate orchestral arrangement by that same conductor, an

arrangement which seemed merely to make confusion worse confounded. Meda Paine's recital of Debussy songs from 4YA was unusual and beautiful, including "Lia's Air," "Romance," and an exquisite little fragment, "Mandoline." It is over thirty years since Debussy's death, time enough for us to be familiar with his intimate impressionism; but we hear his songs so seldom that they strike the ear as something in a strange unearthly medium, far removed from the familiar style of Schubert and Schumann. Similarly, although its audience would be confined to a few connoisseurs, a little of "Pelleas and Melisande" would provide a welcome contrast to the too-familiar scores of "Faust" and "Trovatore."

The Young Idea

THE title of the 4ZB session, "Brains Trust Junior," is somewhat of a misnomer, since the four young people who take part are scarcely capable of prolonged discussion of any subject, and the questions asked are usually of a definite nature, requiring facts for answers, and not imagination or supposition. The differences in alertness, general knowledge, initiative, and whatever else is required to make a good performer in such a session, are plainly obvious here; while some of the performers grope for answers, or appear remarkably hazy as to the information required, there is at



"The Canterbury Pilgrims!"

least one who not only knows all the answers, but gives his replies in a business-like manner which argues well for his prospects in later life. However, let no adult laugh at the amazing information given out in these sessions, such as the suggestions that Captain Scott's ship was the "Terra Firma," or that the City of Christchurch was founded by the Canterbury Pilgrims; few of us could perform as naturally or with as few mistakes as these youngsters, were we suddenly confronted with a microphone and some abstruse enquiry about the nature and number of a sheep's teeth.

Blow the Man Down

THE only one of the "Music for the People" series which I have heard was "Sea Shanties," from 4YO. For anyone interested in or familiar with this type of music the programme must have been unsatisfactory. No introduction was given, nor any explanation, general or