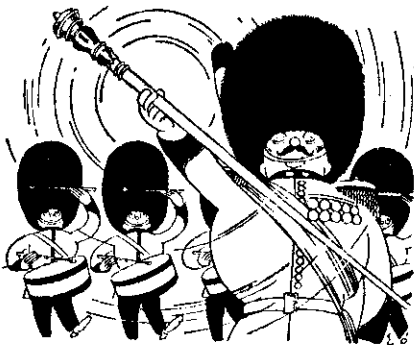


The Doctor sat up—wearing, we felt fairly sure, a tasselled nightcap—and asked indignantly why he was thus pestered and by whom; to which the ghost made himself known, and apparently expected the composer to be alarmed. "The 18th century, sir," snorted the Doctor, "was an age of rational enquiry! Why should I be?" The discussion from that point continued amicably, and we heard the first rehearsal of "Rule Britannia" (in a variety programme now deservedly forgotten). "Britannia rules the waves," mused the Doctor, "I presume, sir, she still does?" The fine forthrightness of this admirable man consorted well with his song, which, when played with the appropriate bounce and gusto, is surprisingly Handelian. And very naturally; for the dates are much the same, and both Arne and Handel express the robust confidence, the broad-bottomed lavishness, of early eighteenth century England, an age which knew how to be Jingo without becoming offensive.

Listen to the Band

SYMPHONY, chamber music, or salon orchestra; whatever your taste, you will find a familiar note among the others of these types, for the difference between them is chiefly, whatever the purists may say, one of degree. But when you come to band programmes you are in a different world altogether. The bandsman on the march is a noble fellow; he adds lustre to any parade. On the concert platform or in a broadcast programme he becomes a different man altogether;



his stature shrinks and half his glory is gone. The band programme is unique. It may start, as a gesture to convention, with an overture, but after that there is no forecasting the course it may take. The "Band of a Military Camp" which was advertised to broadcast from 1YA on August 9 (I have no idea whether it did actually come on the air, for I was early floored by the budget), following its opening suite with a trombone solo, "Love's Enchantment" — anything less amorous than a trombone would be hard to imagine—an intermezzo about one "Phil the Fluter," some "Merry Mid-dies" appropriately merry on a xylophone, and the inevitable march. There is an inconsequence and charming ingenuousness about band programmes. They are in a world by themselves and only those who, musically speaking, are unsophisticated can expect to gain entrance.

Symphony Concert?

IMAGINE going to Carnegie Hall (or the Albert Hall or the local town hall, if you will) to hear the Philadelphia Orchestra. Imagine the orchestra opening the programme with two of the famous Stokowski-Bach transcriptions (as a recent Sunday symphony programme

began). Imagine then, if you can, the orchestra dispersed and the stage occupied by a speaker who discourses on any subject but music. If your imagination can stretch the limits of probability any further you may replace the first speaker by another who gives a complete and detailed weather report and another who reads a news digest. Finally, imagine the return of the orchestra for half an hour or so. Then wonder if you have had a symphony concert. This curious and meagre fare is a regular thing for these Sunday night symphony programmes. Admittedly all these odds and ends are important, but if they must occupy the best part of the evening, could not the Sunday night scheduled programme be extended to the week-night 11 p.m.? The main stations are, in any case, on until this hour.

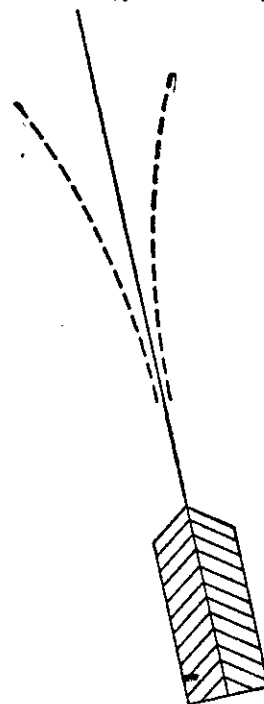
Jam Session

SO viewsreel commentators do not listen to anything less than a symphony? Smarting under the correspondence column suggestion that we spend our hours too long on the peaks I listened the other night to the studio dance band from 12M. The band started merrily enough, but having roused my expectations and set my feet tapping it had to dash my hopes by switching to the incongruity of a sentimental violin solo, "To a Wild Rose." Soon afterwards I was stuck in a jam session on "Lady Be Good." Now a jam session, I gather, is properly an improvisation and to be successful—successful, that is, as an item of interest to a radio audience—it must be done by players who are technically proficient, possessed of a lively imagination and also quick in the up-take. Otherwise improvisation rapidly becomes impoverishment. The 12M band were pleasant enough, but their jam could have done with a bit more cooking. Their programme avoided the more lugubriously offensive examples of modern dance numbers, but I wonder how devotees reacted to a mixed grill of fox-trot, sentimental violin solo, jam session, old-time waltz? Perhaps it was all jam to them, for the proof of the pudding is in the eating; and I did not dance.

You and Love and Hate

"I'll love you truly, truly dear, Life with its sorrow, life with its tear..." were the words of the banal crooning which followed P. Martin Smith's talk on "Love and Hate" in the series *You'll Enjoy Education* from 12B on Sunday morning, August 19. I could not help thinking that whoever is responsible for these fill-ups might also benefit from Adult Education. You might only discover these talks by accident, for they get no more than a small announcement in the listed programmes sandwiched in between the "Friendly Road Children's Choir" and the "Friendly Road Service of Song." Martin Smith not only knows what to put in a radio talk but, perhaps more important still, what to leave out. Consequently his talk on "Love and Hate" was full of points for discussion. "Cruelty is a specifically human attribute," "Men have never loved their fellow men in the mass," "Love our enemies is a psychological impossibility," "Children are the only social group which the law will allow to be struck with impunity." It was a realistic approach to the subject in striking contrast to the large amount of fantasy we get from the Commercial stations.

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