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Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Darken Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, N.S.W., who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a box of Orlex Compound, and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

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RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

A Little Less Spice Please

VARIETY, they say, is the spice of life and, maybe, of radio programmes too; but sometimes a little unity is a good thing. The first part of 1YA's Wednesday evening programme has long been given over to chamber music—an hour and a-quarter, taking off the time for "News and Commentary from the United States"—this station's only evening music of the kind each week. Chamber music enthusiasts may therefore feel a little hardly done by when their weekly ration is broken into by the unbridled cheerfulness of Bishop's "Lo, Here the Gentle Lark." On August 22 the Wednesday programme which commenced with a Mozart Piano Sonata played by Tracy Moresby (the Britten Michelangelo Sonnets had been on earlier, but they were before the commentary and therefore lost to the programme) continued with a fine display of vocal virtuosity by Madame Zelanda. Mozart, Bishop, and Walton whose quartet concluded the programme are all cheerful fellows, but apart from the fact that Bishop and his kind are not chamber music—nor for that matter is the Studio Orchestra which accompanied Madame Zelanda—such a complete change of mood is a spice that does not enrich the flavour, but destroys it altogether. They used to say also: Everything in its place and a place for everything.

Music of New Zealand

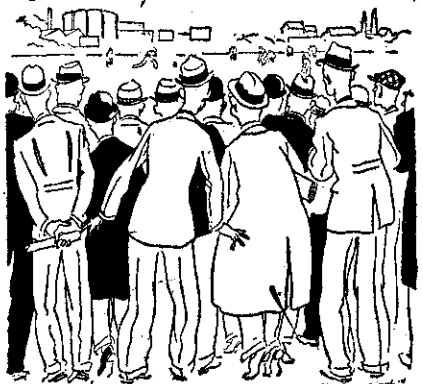
NOT without misgivings did I switch to 4YA for a BBC recorded programme called "Music of New Zealand." What would it prove to contain—some of those Viennese waltz tunes sung to Maori words, which are erroneously accepted as genuine Maori music? A haka arranged for instruments? Or something else equally spurious? I was wrong, thank goodness. The programme contained what it advertised, New Zealand music. It contained Douglas Lilburn's Overture "Ao-tea-roa," a rhapsodically beautiful composition, and Alfred Hill's "Maori Rhapsody." Too much insistence on the "tui-and-rata" motif is as fatal to a piece of music as to a poem, and so far there have been few New Zealand composers who have dared to discard the Maori influence in favour of writing just music. Douglas Lilburn can be relied upon to write nothing that is not purely musical; but I confess that I had previously placed Alfred Hill in the "tui-and-rata" category, judging him only by his popular songs. After hearing "Maori Rhapsody," I must qualify that judgment. The Maori influence is here, but carefully subordinated to the music, which, although more orthodox and less interesting in theme and construction than Lilburn's, is still an expressive portrayal of various Maori rites which lend themselves to music readily enough. After these two contrasting and interesting examples of New Zealand music at its best, why on earth did the BBC decide that a fitting finish to the programme would be "Waiata Poi," scored for resounding brass and clashing cymbals?

Annotations and All That

IF you really want to enjoy a piece of music thoroughly, it is a help to know something about it. Anything that the announcer or performer can tell you, therefore, is to be encouraged—up to a point; the point where you are able to concentrate on the essence of the music and are not confused by too many details or side issues. Dohnanyi's "Variations on a Nursery Tune" are good fun. The work is a fine example of musical wit. Introduced by a pompous cavorting from the orchestra, the tune "Ah vous dirai-je maman" (or "Baa, baa black sheep" to you) is announced by the piano in an absurd five-finger exercise manner. The variations are concerned with contrasting the simplicity of the theme with divers musical devices of varied complexity. It is humour by incongruity. Did the annotation tell us this? No. Any light-hearted approach the listener may have contemplated was effectively dampened by a dissertation on Dohnanyi's classical-romantic antecedents and a most erudite analysis of each variation. This might be very well as part of a lecture, but rather chilling to an armchair at 9.40 in the evening.

Cricket on the Hearth

TUNING in to 12B on a recent wintry Saturday evening at 6.30, I heard one session of a still unlisted series—"Great Sporting Events of the Past"—and found myself enthralled. Here we were in London in August, 1926, watching the fifth Test Match of the season,



the match that won the Ashes for England for the first time for 12 years. How pleasantly refreshing to be feeling excited about this after all these years. I have played and watched cricket with a slow, "days in the sun" enjoyment, but have always thought it the least radio-genic of sports. The uncomfortable thought occurs to me that there may be those who think that a cricket match has a long, three-day symphonic form of its own, and that to pick out the highlights and compress them into 15 minutes is sacrilege. I leave it to the highbrows who wallow in Wisden to expound this point of view. My own stand-up clap, for what it is worth, goes to this session, which has been arranged and produced in Wellington.

Know Thyself

"LORD, teach us to take our hearts and look them in the face, however difficult it may be." The acrobatics recommended in the curate's extempore