

Don't let a  
**HEAD-COLD**  
wreck your day

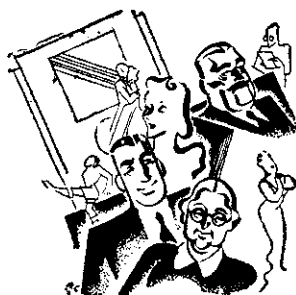
Few things can more thoroughly spoil work and play than a stuffed-up nose that won't let you breathe. But don't despair. You can clear your nose quickly—and easily—with a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril.

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### The Old, Old Fashion

THE texture of genius is woven out of many threads. What might have been a fine pattern, lacking some quality, becomes nothing more than shoddy. "The old, old fashion—Death. Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality." I was reminded again of the insubstantiality of fame when I listened to Storace's "The Pretty Creature" sung by John Dowling from 1YA. Poor Stephen Storace. Say that again—Stephen Storace. The name itself has a sad forgotten sound. Storace was a contemporary of Mozart, of whom he was a friend. Like Mozart he had been an infant prodigy, touring Europe at an early age with his sister. He became famous for his operas. A string quartet he had written was played by an ensemble which included both Haydn and Mozart. Like Mozart, he offered a gambit to immortality by dying young. He moved with the great and they thought well of him. Now he is forgotten except for the occasional performance of a few fragile airs.

### One Woman's Story

THE theme of the song-cycle "Woman's Life and Love" is commonplace in the extreme. No revelations of feminine psychology or sphinx-like secrets—merely that unromantic thing, the life of the average woman, containing such material as would fill with despair the heart of the operatic librettist or the author looking for suggestions for a novel. The poems present a young girl, enchanted with the ring upon her finger; the decking of the bride; the young mother's joy in her baby; the sorrow of the widow. But Schumann has given us this life from within, not from without, and the music makes of one woman's story the heartfelt joy, love, and tragedy of all women. Considering the fact that the composer's own wife, Clara Schumann, was no average woman but a genius whose way of life made for anything but homely comfort, it is to be wondered how her husband could know so well the emotions of the ordinary wife and mother. The varying

# RADIO VIEWSREEL

## What Our Commentators Say

moods of the cycle were superbly portrayed by Mary Pratt in her recent presentation of the song-cycle from 4YA, and it is to be hoped that we shall hear more recitals of such a calibre.

### Robinson Crusoe

I SUPPOSE the purpose of the BBC session "Have You Read —?" is to get the listener interested enough in the chosen book to read it, or to re-read it if he has already done so. The presentation of "Robinson Crusoe" from 4YA, with its suitable "noises off" suggesting breakers on a reef and tropic birds, cer-



tainly succeeded in stimulating interest in this classic. Most of us have read it at some remote time during our childhood, and have memories of those scenes which naturally appeal to young readers—the hero in his curious garb with goatskin umbrella, his menagerie of parrot, cats, and faithful hound, his black companion, Friday. But listeners who heard the BBC resume of author, plot and origins of "Robinson Crusoe" may well go back to it with renewed interest, and, re-reading it with adult comprehension, discover in it hitherto unsuspected beauties.

### Where Do We Go From Here?

AMONG the younger pianists broadcasting regularly, one of the most outstandingly competent is Shirley Craig. Early last year at 2YA she played Bach's Sixth French Suite in a perfectly unblemished fashion—no mean feat. In December, accompanied by 1YA's studio orchestra, she played Mozart's Piano Concerto in A Major with an agility and clarity that could be fully appreciated only by those who have themselves tried to extract swift, delicate music from this studio's concert grand. Just recently she has broadcast again from 1YA, first a Mozart Sonata, then Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto, and here, too, the playing was clear, careful and competent. The fact that I can still find no feeling warmer than admiration for her performance suggests to me that it is perhaps not easy for a young pianist in this small country to embark on that

stage of experiment, risk and originality that may be necessary for complete musical development. Miss Craig's foundations, though, are so surely laid, and her equipment so good, that she would run little danger should she now choose to articulate her phrases less formally, point her rhythm less rigidly, and generally play with more colour and freedom.

### The Parents' Hour

"BETWEEN the dark and the daylight, When the night is beginning to lower, Comes a pause in the day's occupations That is known as the Children's Hour." As the poem proceeds one sees that Longfellow's contacts with children were utterly pleasant because strictly limited and defined, and there is no doubt that had he experienced the modern family Saturday, which is nothing but one long Children's Hour, he would be recommending a pause in the day's occupations of quite another kind. Such a need has been happily met by 12M in a 5 o'clock session each Saturday. If the children can be diverted from the "Cinnamon Bear" and other temptations from 1YA, and employed out of earshot, the parents may use the radio for their own pleasure and tune into 12M for the half-hour of Music for the Piano. Each of these sessions is well planned and homogeneous; it may be filled by a Brahms Rhapsody followed by his variations on Handel's theme, by Chopin Etudes and Impromptus, or by the works of modern Spanish composers. Altogether a refreshing half-hour at a wearing time of day, and, as the supply of good piano music is almost inexhaustible, one hopes that the present arrangement will last indefinitely.

### All Change for Venus!

A YEAR or two ago such a body as the Interplanetary Communication Society would have sounded to listeners like something devised for their amusement by Orson Welles. Told of its existence the other night by Crosby Morrison, in 4ZB's "Wild Life" session, I found it not only credible but possible and even probable that the aims of such a society should come to fruition in some not-too-distant future. Orson Welles reckoned without atomic energy. So, too, did Mr. Morrison, and yet his data of rockets, propulsion, resistance and velocity all added up to the fact that earth dwellers may yet glimpse the other side of the moon, even if not in Mr. Morrison's or the listener's lifetime. It came as somewhat of an anti-climax to be told, then, that the I.C.S. has not the laudable ambition, as yet, of sending suicide squads into outer space, but that the rocket which it aims to fire will be a mere inanimate projectile, and the speculations as to its ultimate destiny but a pleasurable exercise in the higher mathematics.

### Face to Face

FACE to face with a microphone, what does an artist think? Does he, as a drowning man is popularly supposed to do, recall his past, or at least his musical past, those mistakes which quite easily may soon occur again? Or does he look at the microphone and return it sneer for sneer? There are occasions—too frequent—when the studio broadcast is

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