



## REGULATE YOUR CHILD'S NIGHT LIFE

In our last message SLEEP was underlined as one of the three requirements for sturdy childhood (the other two were a balanced diet and fresh air). Sleep is just as necessary for mental health and nervous stability.

Sitting up late at nights, too much evening entertainment, picture shows, and so on cut heavily into the child's natural period of rest. The result: overstimulation, nervousness, irritability, dullness—instead of the sparkling eyes, mental alertness, and abundant energy of healthy youth.



**OVER-INDULGENT AND CARELESS PARENTS ARE TO BLAME** for easily upset and highly strung children.

This schedule of sleep is suggested as necessary:

Under five years of age . . . 12 hours sleep  
From 6-11 years of age . . . 11 " "  
" 12-14 " " " " 10 " "  
" 14-17 " " " " 9-10 " "

**SEE THAT YOUR CHILD  
GETS RESTFUL SLEEP**

KEEP THIS ANNOUNCEMENT FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

**FOR A HEALTHIER NATION**



# RADIO VIEWSREEL

## What Our Commentators Say

By Their Fruits . . .

WHOEVER made the arrangement of "Shenandoah," as it is sung by Oscar Natzke in a new record just released, has contrived to rob the song of every trace of its lovely haunting quality. This record was the first in 2YA's new session "I Pulled out a Plum," now heard on Friday nights. It made an inauspicious opening to a session of which something could be made if it were produced under different conditions. There is not much to be said for anonymity in radio scripts when it has the effect of making genuine comment impossible, and necessitates the substitution of vague references to "English critics." Perhaps it is thought that "Gramophone" (in the character of little Jack Horner) should not indulge in straightforward statements of opinion, and that quotations from overseas critics had better be used to say the safe thing about Oscar Natzke's voice. This is all very well, but the appeal to overseas critics, or to the anticipated acclamation of that self-opinionated body described as "thousands of listeners in New Zealand," does not really turn opinions into facts, which seemed to be what the script was aiming at. Such an aim is misguided of course. The listener likes to hear a real personality making real comments even though he disagrees with them. But to return to "Shenandoah"—the new Natzke version is no plum, but a badly processed prune with all its true flavour dehydrated right away. Its lowest note, however, is struck at the end where Mr. Natzke introduces a most unfitting suggestion of "In Cellar Cool."

### Career for a Kiwi

THERE was a delightful naturalness and colloquialism in a short talk from main National stations the other evening—an outline of facilities for farm training for Kiwis, given by Jack Hepburn. The facilities sounded varied and excellent, but Mr. Hepburn was concerned not only with describing them, but with selling the idea that they should be used. He told us that one joker, who had farmed for 15 years before the war, went very crook when someone suggested he should take a refresher course; and there were others who agreed with the old maxim that the one and only thing to learn about farming was how to get up in the morning. With the world of agriculture still uncertain as to what will be required of it in the next few years, Mr. Hepburn's talk came as a practical corollary to one heard a night or two before from 1YA. In this, G.A. Holmes described how during the war the British farmer had ploughed and drained land which had lain idle since the menace of Napoleon; how he had changed his methods and raised not what suited his soil, his climate and his traditions, but what was required for the people's food. Right through, said Mr. Holmes, it was the better educated farmer who had more willingly and successfully adapted himself to the changing face of Britain.

### Dr. Faustus Rachmaninoff

THEY said the strings of his fiddle were made from his wife's intestines; the wood, from his father's coffin; this Paganini. The very devil was in his playing; he was the very devil himself.

The church denied him sacred soil for the repose of his soul. Maybe his spirit is still restless and his black art still seeks for expression. How otherwise can it be that three composers, Schumann, Brahms and Rachmaninoff were each led to a paltry tune, a mere Paganini study, to glamorise it on the piano. In his "Variations on a Theme of Paganini," Rachmaninoff is another Dr. Faustus seeking a lost youth. In some of the variations the devil comes through with the glitter of a grim virtuosity; but, mostly Rachmaninoff's suave nostalgia wins over the fiend and Paganini's soul finds a dubious rest in music of evangelical piety. A hundred years or more ago a satirist wrote:

*"Who are those who pay five guineas  
To hear this tune of Paganini's?  
Echo answers—'Pack-o-minnies.'"*

### Opium-Eater

THOMAS DE QUINCEY was the subject of the latest in the BBC's "Have You Read?" series at 3YA. The presentation, however, was concerned more with his opium habits than his literary



THOMAS DE QUINCEY  
"The picture is not really complete"

position—though the material used came presumably from his "Confessions of an Opium-Eater." The dramatisation of an opium dream was highly effective and must have been entertaining and instructive for psycho-analysts; but I wonder how adequate this picture of de Quincey's character really was. The mild and innocent scholar with the terrifying secret life—so that Carlyle was heard to say, with less than his usual Ecclefechan accent you-could-spin-a-bawbee-on "this child has been in hell—was movingly shown and is a historical reality; but what was not made clear was where we should fit into this picture the de Quincey who wrote "Murder as One of the Fine Arts," with his grisly sense of humour so characteristic of that mid-Victorian London of the last gallows and the first gaslighting, with its fogs and footpads and chimes and Chamber of Horrors—the scene of some of the best bloodcurdlers in the language from Dickens to Conan Doyle. De Quincey nearly starved in that London and wrote finely about it; but the grim sardonic and yet childish delight in blood and gore, so very Cockney, perhaps a necessary protection against life in such a city—the humour of Sweeney Todd and

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