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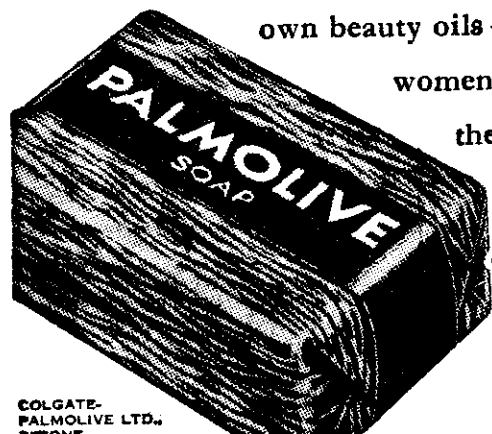
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RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

Two Voices

CHOPIN, like Wordsworth, had two voices. One was of the Paris salons, the other spoke with the breath of his native Poland. The first is to-day the more popular. It is the Chopin of the Waltzes, of many of the Nocturnes, of the Ballades, the Berceuse and the Barcarolle. A song to remember—perhaps. But the song Chopin remembered was “the blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realised”—the Mazurkas, the Preludes, Polonaises, the “Revolutionary” Study, the B Flat Minor Scherzo. This is vigorous music sometimes, as in the opening of the Scherzo, almost fierce, the masculine Chopin. Will it be remembered when the rest is forgotten? These thoughts were occasioned by Raymond Windsor's playing of the C Sharp Minor Waltz and the B Flat Minor Scherzo from 2YA. This pianist displayed a maturity of interpretation quite beyond his years (he is, I believe, still in his teens). Apart from some smudged passage work it was very enjoyable music.

A Ceremony of Carols

THE Lyric Harmonists' presentation of Benjamin Britten's “A Ceremony of Carols” from 1YA was one of the most impressive choral broadcasts we have had for some time. Little of Britten's music has been recorded as yet, but the fine reputation which has preceded the hearing of his music was enhanced by this composition. “A Ceremony of Carols” is magnificent because it is simple. Disdaining any excursions into the labyrinthine ways of modern harmony, Britten draws to some extent on ancient plainsong, its chords and its rhythms. The music has all the charm and delicacy of a Fra Angelico fresco. The Lyric Harmonists under Claude Laurie sang exceedingly well, reproducing the flexibility of the phrases with the confidence of understanding. There was a certain hardness of tone, but it passed almost unnoticed. As beautiful as the singing was the piano accompaniment played by William Mardle.

In the Manner Born

QUITE often 1YA brings children to the studio to play the piano during the Children's Hour. With mixed results, of course. Their usual failing is nervousness, which leads them to rush loudly into their pieces and get them over as quickly as possible. One had to use imagination to find any enjoyment in it—to see beyond the actual performance and picture the child playing the same piece quite well by himself at home, not quite so well to his music teacher, a little worse at the annual pupils' recital, and in a most disappointing fashion when faced with the horrid fact of the microphone. It's a common enough failing, and age does not necessarily bring any improvement. On a recent afternoon a girl called Wendy played in this session. It was her ninth birthday, we were told. The playing was good, though not prodigiously advanced for nine. What was remarkable was that she played as if she had been born in a broadcasting

studio. One felt that her very best effort of private interpretation was being delivered intact and unwavering to her public. The result was extraordinarily restful to the listener. When a child has this gift, which many older people have never acquired, one hopes that she will put plenty of energy into all the other things that have to be learned about playing the piano, and that she will play music that is worth her effort.

For Average Women?

AS an hour of the most disconnected listening it's possible to imagine, I would cite the morning session of serials from the ZB's. It begins and ends on the hour, but there is only about 45 minutes of entertainment, the rest of the time being devoted to announcements, musical snippets, and advertising. A correspondent suggests that it is about time we said good-bye to Big Sister, whose story occupies a quarter



of this programme; I would go further, and say that it is time the whole hour's entertainment was altered. First, the authors of this session must suppose that the average woman has nothing to do all morning but sip tea and listen to the radio; second, they must suppose her to possess an extraordinarily competent memory and a versatile imagination, if she can sort out the various adventures of some dozens of characters and remember which ones belong to which serial and what they are supposed to be doing on any particular day; third, they must rate her intelligence at less than average, if they think to retain her interest by the sort of serials now being heard. Isn't it time that the ZB's awoke to the fact that women possess brains; that they often appreciate good music and literature, and would not stop buying someone's soap if such fare were presented in a sponsored programme; and that they are interested, not in the novelettish adventures of hypothetical people in a serial, but in home-making, art, drama, politics, religion, sport, and many other subjects which are not treated with the seriousness they deserve, in the sessions designed to appeal to “women only.” I'm speaking, of course, only for the women I know personally; and none of them stop work in the mornings to lap up Big Sister and Co. Am I wrong in supposing such women to be average?

Out of Jail

A SERIAL recently begun at 4ZB is “Wind in the Bracken,” the story of a man released from prison after a longish sentence. It deals with what