

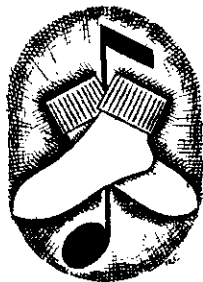
count of the new curriculum, detailing the "core" subjects which are required for study and the possibilities of enlarging and supplementing them according to the pupil's nature and intelligence. Nowadays, surely, no parent is so hard up that he or she cannot afford to keep a child at secondary school for a few years, and I heartily second Mr. McDonald's appeal to all parents, "If your child has average ability and you can afford it, please give him his chance!"

Further Comment Unnecessary

WE have had many and varied radio accounts of the life and work of those two masters of nonsense, Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll; but one BBC speaker recently lumped them together in one of the *Book of Verse* series. I liked this speaker; his dry-as-dust voice seemed eminently suited to the mild irony of his manner, and contrasted well with the other voices reading the quotations, of which there were plenty. Pointing out that the fate of satire is to lose its sting and become a centre of affection, he mentioned briefly a few fore-runners of Carroll and Lear, and followed up with a generous helping from the works of both these delightful writers, who came as a joyous antidote to the insufferably priggish "children's writers" of their day. (I wonder if the quotation from Lear, "a serene and sickly suavity only known to the truly virtuous," might be regarded as a reflection on some of Lear's contemporaries?) With regard to Carroll, one can't help agreeing with this speaker that too much has been made of *Alice* by epicures, psychologists, and searchers after the social and religious significance of Carroll's works; the best and only way to approach Alice is with a childlike innocence and the fullest affection. I would add, as a remark of my own, that too much has been said on the radio by way of commentary on such authors as Lear and Carroll. It is time now to present complete readings of their books, and let the listener do the commenting (mentally).

Swoon Department

JEAN SABLON, described by 3YA as a baritone, sang four songs from that station on Thursday night. He is not a baritone of the Lawrence Tibbett stamp, but could more accurately be described as a popular vocalist, or let's face it, a crooner. He is a Frenchman, who probably found post-war France a discouraging place, for, as Max Bacon used to insist, even a crooner must eat. However, he is now settled comfortably



in New York, catering for the late-night heart-throb trade at one of the more expensive taverns. Judged by the four records played by 3YA he has a pleasant enough voice, if you're not a purist, a little less fervent than Sinatra, a little less easy riding than Crosby, no better than the voices of several dozen other young gentlemen who work at the trade. Why then his reported success? Why the frantic maids and matrons who grovel at his feet? Well he has cute eyelashes and eloquent hands, and no doubt is as essential to America's tired business women as Gipsy Rose Lee is to the weary tycoons of Wall Street.

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