

the title was amended to, say, *No Man's Wit*, since the comedians represented are seldom funny and usually (sensibly enough) anonymous.

Russian Opera

STATION 4YA devoted a Sunday evening's programme to *Rigoletto*, which I imagine most listeners have heard quite often enough; yet 4YO had to cram excerpts from two Russian operas into a mere half-hour during the same week. The music of *Boris Godounov* and *Prince Igor* is so divorced



from the popular appeal of the Italianate style of opera that it requires a re-orientation of the listening mind to appreciate it; but once in a receptive mood, the listener cannot fail to be stimulated by the unfamiliar but strangely savage glory of the Russian music. Compare, for example, the Polovtsi March with any march in opera in the Italian style (the Soldiers' Chorus, say); compare the singing of the Polovtsian Maidens with what the Cigarette Girls are required to sing; or the Death of Boris with any other death-scene in opera; and you will readily sense that the essential difference is not only musical, but racial. There is every reason, if records are available, for stations to cut down the time devoted to operas which we already know too well, and to give us more of Moussorgsky and Borodin, whose operas are known to us only in snippets.

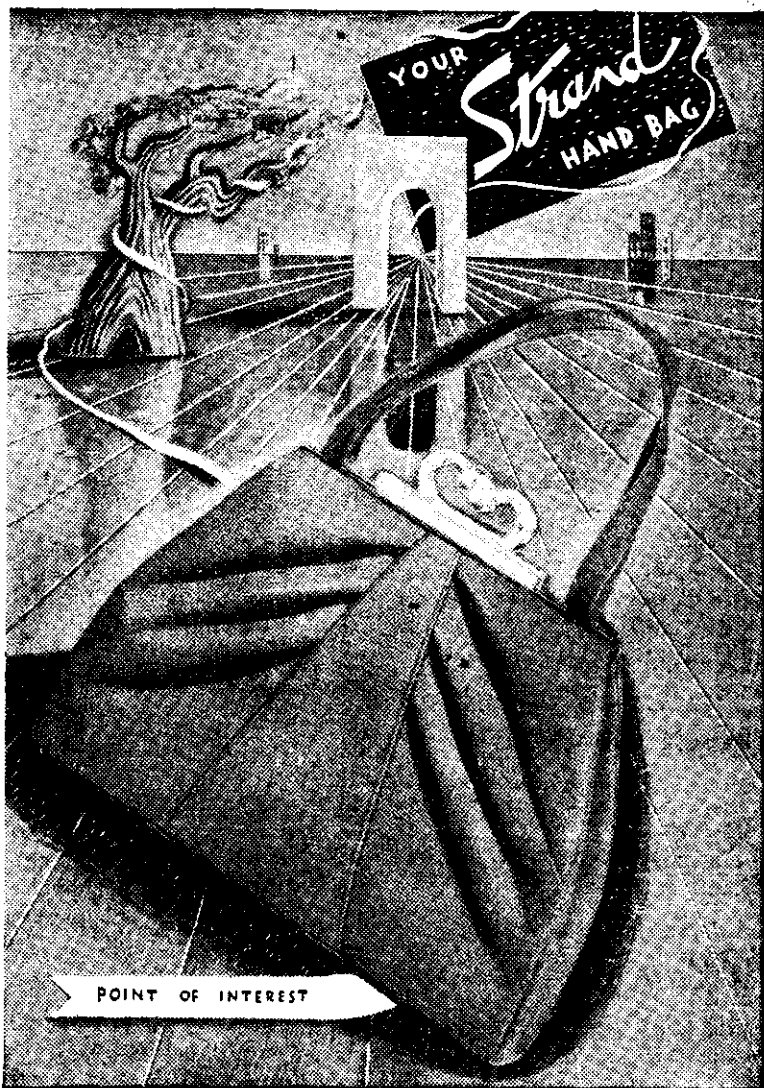
Nobody's Fault

THERE come times and seasons in the life of a viewsreel commentator when a saturnalian element comes uppermost in his thoughts; he hopes for minor disasters and grotesqueries, a radio Feast of Misrule. And if this should come about at the expense of the familiar and unloved features of broadcast programmes, the better—in this regrettable temper, this occupational disease—he will be satisfied. He likes to hear an announcer give out that someone will play "*Love Story from Cornish Rhapsody*." He derives cynical glee from the remark by the compère of a session of bouncing baritone ballads that "many of the best-known traits of the English character are to be found in such songs as *A Fine Old English Gentleman* and *The Vicar of Bray*." When he reads in the cable news that a British woman M.P. has called Tommy Handley a twerp, he will (in this mood) only reflect that Miss Hotchkiss has clearly got loose again. In short, a fit of malevolence descends, and he wonders in moments of detachment what radio poppy or mandragora will finally medicine him again to his normal respect and reverence.

The Ancient Wood

CHABRIER'S "*The Accursed Hunter*," played from a Christchurch station recently, is one of the not very frequent musical allusions to a European folk-legend that one would have expected to

(continued on next page)



Sure to attract flattering glances
is the new Strand bag
in soft supple leather
with moulded plastic fastener

STRAND BAG CO. LTD., CHRISTCHURCH.

MARCH 1947

Millions of babies have proved its value for your baby

For over 100 years Mothers have given Dinneford's to their babies. Dinneford's corrects any tendency to acidity. It soothes away discomfort, relieves painful wind and keeps the bowels gently moving. Dinneford's is invaluable at teething time. It's worth your while to insist on having Dinneford's for your baby.

Dinneford's Magnesia is obtainable from all chemists and stores.

Proprietors: Dinneford & Co. Ltd.,
Gt. West Road, London.

Agents: Simms Jones Ltd., 221
Lichfield St., Christchurch, and at
Auckland.

NZ.19a



• **DINNEFORD'S** •
pure fluid **MAGNESIA**