

# NO MORE complementary FEEDING

writes Mrs. Goodison, Herne Bay  
After taking LACTAGOL

Herne Bay,  
Auckland.  
26th Aug., 1946  
Messrs. Salmon & Spraggon Ltd.,  
Dear Sirs,

I have great pleasure in writing and thanking you for your very generous sample of "Lactagol". It has done myself and my baby a world of good.

Before I started taking Lactagol, I had to complement my baby after every feed. The week after taking Lactagol, baby gained a full pound. From being 8lbs. 6ozs. at seven weeks, she went to 9lbs. 6ozs. at eight weeks. I had to reduce time for feeding by half. Now she is gaining nicely each week and is contented and well.

Also I notice a big difference in myself, no longer feeling weak after each feed. Thanks to "Lactagol" I was able to nurse my mother and father-in-law right through a bad attack of flu and look after my baby as well. I ran a household of eight people on my own. I would never have been able to do it without the aid of Lactagol.

Thanking you once again,

Yours sincerely,  
(Mrs.) E. P. Goodison

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# RADIO VIEWSREEL

## What Our Commentators Say

### Million-Airs

TO one who has always been encouraged to believe that popular music bears the same relation to great music as pot-boiling to poetry the first of 2YA's Wednesday night *Million-Airs* session was a pleasant surprise. When listening to a programme of old-time music one is inclined to attribute the success of the session purely to nostalgia, but Wednesday night revealed that the music-buyer of the first 20 years of the Century knew a good tune when he heard one. The *Campdown Races* has no moths on it, and *The Farmer's Boy* no glue of sentiment to make it stick in the mind. But even that faded bouquet of rosemary and rue, *After the Ball is Over*, has a waltz refrain that sets the feet tapping. I shall be interested to see what happens when the compiler of the programme reaches the 'thirties and 'forties, when, thanks to modern methods of salesmanship, he should have the whole field of popular music to make his selections from. However I hope he follows along the lines of his first programme and makes the tune rather than the words his criterion, disregarding the verbal niceties of *Swinging on a Star* and *Accentuate the Positive* in favour of the more fundamental melodies of *Stardust* or *Rum and Coco-Cola*.

### History and All That

ARNOLD said all there was to say about Latin Prose Composition, Bradley's Shakespearian Tragedy makes the judgments of latter day critics presumptuous, nothing new has gone under the bridge since Culbertson, no subsequent surrealist has bettered Dali's gift for making dreams come true. These are great men, and the fact of their greatness thrusts dwarfism on their imitators. Of similar calibre were Walter Carruthers Sellar and Robert Julian Yeatman, first to play the game of high jinks with history. Not only did they invent the game, but they played it to perfection. Any subsequent attempt has the dice loaded against it. I admit that 2YD's *High Jinks in History* laboured under the initial disadvantage of having its genius rebuked by 1066 and *All That*. But I feel that had it been first in the field nobody would have realised the field was a rich one.

### Musical Donnybrook

FOR the title of the week's Public Benefactor No. 1, I recommend one Spike Jones, a short programme by this gentleman and his City Slickers having just provided me with the best musical laugh I have ever had from 4ZB. What this irreverent Mr. Jones does to certain trite and sentimental ditties is nobody's business; any sickly, over-rated tune is grist to the Jones mill, and for popular jazz songs Spike and his boys have about as much regard as Walton had for the popular classics in *Facade*. Of course, anybody can parody a song, but it isn't every arranger who can turn the parody into a devastating critical attack on the good taste of the original, and the methods used in good faith by singers who choose to interpret such songs. Surely, the wicked parody of the ubiquitous Hawaiian orchestra will not fail to blush the ears of all amateur performers on the Ha-

waiian guitar; surely nobody can hear Spike's "Glow-worm" and remain an admirer of sopranos who insist on holding their top C's. But possibly I over-estimate Mr. Jones's talent for divine dc-bunking—there are actually people who take *Facade* quite seriously, and such musical morons may even plunge into the middle of a City Slickers' donnybrook and emerge unscathed, without so much as a change of heart!

### I Come, Graymalkin

MISS NORA COOPER, doubling, toiling and troubling, with her battery of toads, wax image, devil's paps, covens, and anthropologists, has moved in on 3YA, where her series of talks on *Witchcraft Through the Ages*



began recently. The series is being heard on Tuesdays at the not too attractive hour of 2.30 when the listener is not trained to expect anything of wider appeal than A.C.E. talks. Miss Cooper began with a talk subtitled "What it is" and expounded the origins of magic and sorcery in primitive life. The most interesting fact to an amateur about sorcery in its natural form is that it is morally neutral. Like science in the modern age, it presents a set of techniques for comprehending and controlling natural forces, and leaves it to the practitioner to use them benevolently or malevolently. It would be possible (but for getting away from the point) to depict the primitive discovery of the idea of magic as containing the seeds of all science, engineering, and civilisation, since for the first time men believed that the human mind might, by developing its knowledge and method, obtain power over nature, and impress its will upon it; a salutary recollection for the 20th Century rationalist, 'so pleased with himself for not believing in tree-spirits. But European witchcraft (to return to our murrains and continue to cultivate our paddocks) is generally treated as a survival of the primitive vegetation and seasonal cults of the pre-Roman peasants and hunters of Europe, driven underground and forced into furtive and unnatural ways by the weight of Christian disapproval. Gods depressed to demons, magicians to witch-doctors, and an enforced secrecy producing rumour, fear, and hatred; such was the underside of medieval civilisation.

### Humble Suggestion

H. R. JEANS' moving finger writes, and, having writ, moves on to fresh triumphs, so he is probably as little inclined to listen to helpful suggestions regarding his old plays as is the C.I.D. man now on to the Case of the Thirteenth Cat who receives an anonymous

(continued on next page)

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