



Nice view of a taper heel, don't you think, Rags?

And notice the converging fashion marks as well, Terry.
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VIEWSREEL (Cont'd.)

(continued from previous page)

concentrated listening demanded by shortwave, during the daytime working hours? The whole matter of the restrictions seems to me a storm in a tea cup. There may be a case to be made out against restricting the South Island for the shortages in the North; but it does not seem to me of vital importance to have noise at my beck and call from 6.0 a.m. till 12.0 p.m. every day of the week. An enforced holiday from constant listening will do our nerves (and those of our neighbours) a great deal of good.

The Penalty

WE in the South are beginning to pay the penalty (at first not apparent) of having joint possession of a real live Symphony Orchestra. First we were robbed of our best woodwind players. Then our best strings began to pay occasional visits to Wellington. Now the whole string group from 4YA, belonging to the National Orchestra, has gone for an indefinite period which may last for many months. Of course, we still have the remainder of the Concert Orchestra at 4YA, but how can this group be expected to maintain its standard when all its best players are whisked off? As against this, we will presumably have performances from our String Group whenever they happen to be in town, and we will have a couple of visits during the year by the Symphony Orchestra in the flesh. Whether this compensates for denuding our community of its best teachers of orchestral instruments and its best players, with the added possibility that our young musicians in search of tuition will naturally gravitate North to where they can obtain what they want, is a problem which I leave to the broadcasting authorities and to anyone interested in the musical future of Otago and Southland. Luckily we have any number of good soloists, and make up for our dearth of orchestral instrumentalists by excellent radio recitals (Dr. Galway, organ; Charles Martin, pianist, from Invercargill; Mary Pratt, contralto, from Dunedin; and a new two-piano team from 4YA, Gil Dech and Ormi Reid—these have been the interesting spots in the local programmes during recent weeks). But it does seem a little monotonous, if the future of music in the South is to consist of a preponderance of solo singers and well-tempered performers upon the keyboard.

Of Human Interest

ZB GAZETTE which, for some months, has been heard from 2ZB every Sunday evening, has ceased publication for the time being. With all its faults—and it had plenty—it was a breezy session in which one never knew what was going to turn up next. If 2YA's *Variety Magazine* sounds sometimes like the vicar's Parish Newsletter, ZB Gazette had something of the more exciting quality of the tabloid. Not that there was any tinge of yellow, but there was the same gusto, the same preoccupation with "human interest"—no fault, that—the same creak of splitting infinitives. But, speaking as one who has at least a nodding acquaintance with journalism, it seems to me that it is a mistake to try to make a radio news-session sound like a newspaper—the mediums are too unlike. Nor does the newspaper technique suit radio work. The conversation in which a reporter interviews a celebrity would look funny if recorded verbatim—but a reporter doesn't write it up that

way. It seemed to me that a lot of ZB Gazette interviews showed too little of the preparation that is essential to a good radio conversation. Unless interviewer and interviewee are first-class conversationalists (and who can make that claim to-day?), an extempore question-and-answer talk will lose more in clarity and content than it gains in "actuality."

Too Easy

HAVING listened to a programme of Mozart recordings from the depths of a comfortable arm-chair the other night, and to a remarkably good reception (in Christchurch) of the National Orchestra's concert on Saturday night from the same vantage-point, I have been wondering seriously whether the future radio-conscious generation will ever bother to go to concerts at all. The advantages of attending the actual performance are so few. One sees, and is seen—which may carry quite a lot of weight; and one is safe from interruption. Apart from these, most of the honours go to the broadcast; no queues for uncomfortable and expensive seats; no turning out on a cold night; no toffee-eater or bronchitis-case in the row behind; and, if you happen to feel like that about it, always the knob to turn it off by. The whole thing is just too easy. And when television comes in, and the listener may see for himself exactly what Madame Kraus is wearing to-night—assuming, of course, that if not essential, this is at least relevant to his enjoyment of the programme—the man who attends concerts in person will be dismissed as a crank. Which he may be. On the other hand he may simply be endeavouring to save himself from the slough of total inertia.

Mystery for Moderns

E. M. FORSTER'S "The Celestial Omnibus" is not quite the usual fare expected by listeners to the *Mystery and Imagination* series; and that, one might be tempted to think, is a pity. It would, of course, be absurd to suggest that E. M. Forster doesn't know the difference between a short story and a radio play, but the thought might just possibly occur to you on listening to this item. The rules for the mystery-story of to-day seem to dictate that the author must always keep at least one foot on the ground. The moment he loses touch with it he loses touch with his audience; the thing ceases to be a "mystery" and becomes merely "far-fetched." The difference is a subtle one. Nothing too impossible or too remote must occur; and even for the mildly incredible event the audience must ordinarily be well bolstered up by a setting in the "mysterious East," or by an atmosphere heavily charged with "psychological" disturbances. In the present case, however, Mr. Forster has both feet well off the ground. He sends a horse-drawn omnibus charging across a rainbow into the realm of the Immortals, it being driven in turn by Sir Thomas Browne and Dante. And he does this in London—London at the turn of the century. The story is one of a small boy who discovers the Celestial Omnibus Service, and is well received by the Immortals; and of his companion, the wealthy patron of literature who has "read Dante, quoted Dante, and bound him in vellum," but who nevertheless fails to see the Immortals when he arrives there. Allegory, thinly disguised? Perhaps. But not, by any stretch of the imagination, mystery.