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sweetness and light round in a slightly nauseating fashion. Possibly it might help better natures than mine to listen to people loving their neighbours like one thing, but my only reaction is to hope that someone will do something Really Awful which just cannot be justified. On a radio serial, however, this is impossible.

Certain rules are always followed. First, true love can never on any account run smoo'h. Nobody does anything like having an illegitimate child, or getting involved in a labour dispute unless it's Historical. Foreigners are either comedy turns or crooks. Heroines are either perfectly beautiful and young, or are middle-aged and have such irreproachable characters that their faces do not matter.

Personally, I don't consider that serials are terrible at all. The standard of acting is in most cases good, and the scripts, such as they are, are excellently presented. This is what I deplore so much. With such a good background, why give women stories which provide no food for thought, and which really cannot help them in solving their everyday problems?

The Housewives' Quiz, I suppose, is an attempt to do this. But it seems to me to lack the excitement of a good quiz because everyone gets a prize.

What I should like to hear are sessions, not necessarily cutting out the serials at all, which have direct bearing on what women should be most interested in, even if it takes a little direction to get them there. Frankly, I think the broadcasting authorities are under-estimating us when they think that cooking and Romance (with the accent on the first syllable) fill our alleged minds.

For instance, many women would be very grateful to know more about the work of play-centres and kindergartens. Others are interested in the formation of municipal open markets and the resumption of deliveries. Could the authorities not see their way clear to instituting talks on such subjects as these from officials of either side—if there happen to be two sides to the question?

COLIN HORSLEY RETURNS

THE solo pianist scheduled to be heard with the National Orchestra of Tuesday, May 13, is still, as we go to press, on the water. But assuming that the Ruahine arrives at the expected time, Colin Horsley, the young Wanganui musician, who left for England nearly nine years ago, will play Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 2 with the orchestra in the programme shown on page 28 in this issue.

Colin Horsley is the son of R. B. Horsley, of Aramoho, and a descendant of Dr. William Horsley, an English organist of last century, who was a friend of Mendelssohn. He started playing round on the piano at home when he was very small, and later had lessons from Miss Rata Johnson, of Wanganui.

In 1937 he went to Auckland with a hockey team, and from this point on his story can be told by T. Scott, a master at Mt. Albert Grammar School, who heard him play during entertainments for the teams. In the same week some of the boys sang over 1YA in the

Recently concluded was the series *Voice of Youth*, in which teenagers gave their carefully-prepared impromptu opinions of various questions affecting them. Why not something similar for women? Even a weekly forum of this description would be an encouraging start.

A recent woman speaker over the air, Caroline Webb, gave suggestions of compulsory domestic service, cleaning companies, and children's centres. These, as well as such questions as equal pay for equal work, community centres, and family endowments, are all topics about which few women do not feel keenly, one way or the other. If we were given the chance to thrash these questions out over the air we would really get somewhere.

Granted, most of these are controversial subjects. But is a subject worth while if it does not make people think sufficiently to argue for or against it? Is our broadcasting service really doing us a service by denying us the opportunity of hearing opposing views? Most of all, is it doing the women of the community justice by causing them to be divorced from reality for the greater part of the morning unless their strength of mind or the power cuts intervene?

Sponsors would not lose by introducing present-day problems into women's morning toil, nor would the YA stations lose dignity by it. Women, who seem to me to be largely left out of the picture, would have everything to gain.

In the words of one of our morning characters, "the (radio) episodes of the past few months have been etched into my heart and brain with acid." This particular serial is whispered by the tall grass round this character's grave, we are told, and I personally would be the last to deny that this li'l ole tall grass plugs a mighty purty commercial.

To help us out of such solitary confinement the Broadcasting Service has the keys immediately to hand. May it soon, to quote the Congress of American Women again, help to "unlock millions of doors that have imprisoned millions of women."

Children's Hour, and Colin Horsley played some variations on a nursery tune.

Mr. Scott got him to come to Auckland again in the following year, and he played for the Society of Musicians, and the Travel Club. At the Travel Club a committee was formed to start a fund to send him to England, and then Wanganui formed a similar committee. There was another recital in Auckland, packed out, and then Horsley won a scholarship to the Royal College of Music. After some more recitals and some broadcasts, when £700 had been collected altogether and some individual helpers had given assistance, he left for London in September, 1938. He studied with Irene Scharrer and the late Tobias Matthay, and during the war gave recitals for the forces under ENSA.

In the last three years he has played with all the leading British orchestras, under Malcolm Sargent, Sir Adrian Boult, Basil Cameron, Karl Rankl, Albert Coates, and others, and the English press has been full of praise for his playing. Colin Horsley will tour the main National stations while he is in New Zealand.



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