



Use Silvo -
for silver's sake!

Dimness, stain and tarnish vanish beneath the gentle touch of Silvo. This safe liquid polish will preserve and protect the lovely surface of all silver and plated ware.



Silvo cleans and protects your precious silver.

So. 20

PAINS AFTER EATING?

Then try this!



Take one teaspoonful of De Witt's Antacid Powder in a little water then... **RELIEF!** Yes, one dose usually is sufficient to relieve after-meal pains, especially when they arise from conditions of excess stomach acidity (*hyperacidity*). Besides quickly neutralising stomach acidity, De Witt's Antacid Powder soothes, settles and protects the irritated stomach. Always have a canister of De Witt's Antacid Powder in the house, ready for use the moment it is needed. It will take the pain out of eating for you and mealtimes will then become the pleasure which they should be. Get a canister from your chemist.

**De Witt's
ANTACID POWDER**

For Indigestion, Heartburn, Acid Stomach, Flatulence, and Gastritis.
Prices 2/6 and 4/6



A product of E. C. De Witt & Co. (N.Z.) Ltd.,
9 Herbert Street, Wellington, New Zealand.

RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

Otello

DRAMA and spectacle both have a very important part to play in the art of opera. When we consider how much more vivid and compelling even an orchestral performance seems when it is seen as well as heard, it is obvious that the broadcast opera is at a grave disadvantage. But since the dramatic elements of an opera are inexorably entwined with the musical elements we cannot disregard them entirely and let the performance stand on its musical merits alone, especially as the language of opera is seldom comprehensible to that V.I.P., the Average Listener. So we are forced to sacrifice musical continuity to dramatic comprehension, which means that at the end of every number an announcer (not even standing in the wings!) must make some comment like "The curtain is now rising on the Fourth Act. All is quiet, when suddenly Philippo appears back centre clutching a bloody dagger which he points menacingly at Matilda. She sings the aria 'Seek Me No More.'" Sunday night's *Otello* was, however, a happier-than-usual experience for the opera-stayer, for in *Otello* Verdi is at his most effective, his music transcribing in another medium all the convincing extravagance of this story of loving and hating not wisely but too well. But perhaps the chief contributor to the success of the broadcast was not Shakespeare, not Verdi, but 2YA's announcer. It is customary for the opera commentator to throw his comments into the pool of silence created for them either with an apologetic "You-know-what-these-librettists-are" attitude, or with Olympian detachment. Sunday night is the first time I have heard an opera announcer show almost as much interest in what's going on around him as Winston McCarthy.

Variety Magazine

[LIKE the way the NZBS does all in its power to compensate us girls for not being dated up on a Saturday night — by giving us Jack Davey, Clem Dawe, Tommy Handley, and the advantage of being able to wash our hair at the same time. For from the NZBS viewpoint Saturday truly is the last day of the week and provides listeners (and programme organisers too) with a rest from everything, including intellectual activity. The 2YA *Variety Magazine* fits comfortably into the general scheme of things which do not need Hercule Poirot's equipment for their appreciation, but has none of the ebullience of other Saturday night entertainments. Remaining faithful to its declared formula "A Song, a Laugh, and a Story," it confines us to one of each, including the laugh. The song is the tuneful and catchy "Cruising Down the River," the story an inconclusive essay on the Titahi Bay cat, heartwarming only to a fanatical feline or a pains-taking compiler of the History of Broadcasting Stations in New Zealand. Best feature of the Magazine — the final Musical Quiz, helpfully conducted by a headmasterly type who is anxious for all his boys and girls to do well.

Old-Time

[IF you prefer your escapism scented with lavender rather than with frankipani, I unhesitatingly recommend

2YA's Saturday night Victor Silvester session *Tunes You Used to Dance To*. Now one of the many desirable features of the session is that the tempo is so strictly marked that it is impossible to think of any of the numbers as *Tunes You Used to Sit Out To*, and this makes for general pleasantness. The tunes themselves — "When Mother Nature Sings a Lullaby," "The Moon Got in



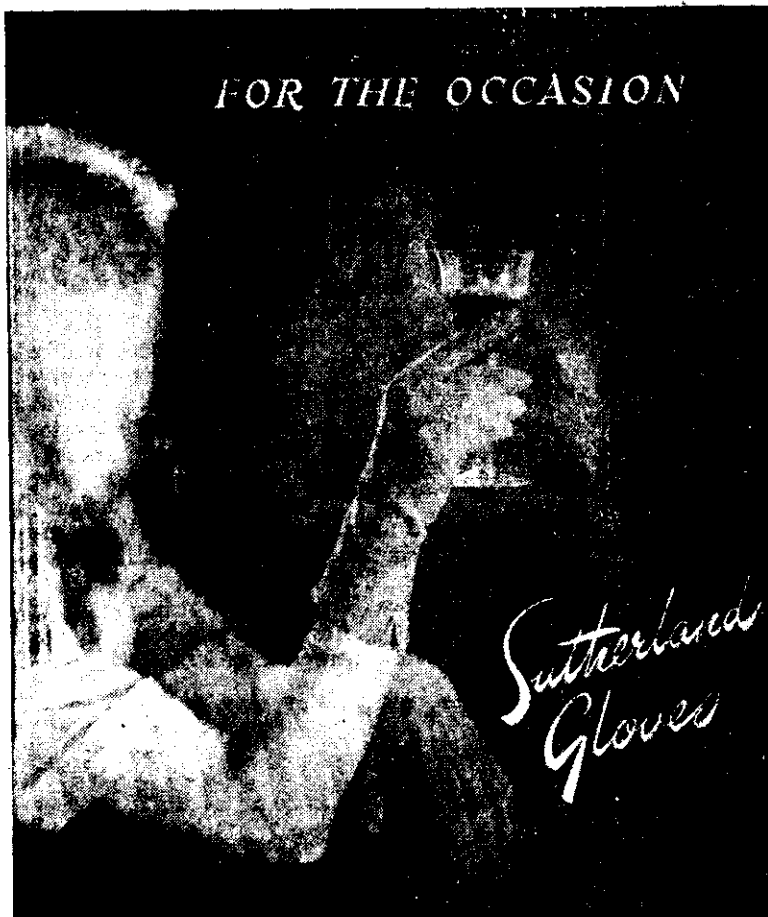
My Eyes," "I'll Keep You in My Heart Always" — are easy on the ear, and serve to remind the listener that in good old pre-war days there was sweet jazz as well as hot jazz. The 'thirties have indeed gone to join those dear dead days beyond recall, and there seemed to be something of an obituary flavour about the session, largely because it was entirely composed of nice songs — *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

The Same Again

WHEN there are so many thousands of interesting songs in the possible repertoires of our singers, why should it happen that a song should be duplicated in radio programmes? And yet we have had quite a lot of duplication within a week or two, and all from the same station. There was the excellent Orpheus Choir, from Oamaru, singing among other things Handel's "Silent Worship" (I didn't like the arrangement, by the way) — this item from 4YA. On Thursday of the same week Christina Young's programme, also from 4YA, included "Silent Worship" by Handel. Looking back to the programme of the Lyric Choir, from 4YA, what should I find but Handel's "Silent Worship"! Then both Miss Young and Miss Rosamond Caradus included Bach's "My Heart Ever Faithful" in recitals from 4YA, only a week apart. All this doesn't really matter, as these programmes have luckily been filled with many other songs; I liked particularly the programmes of Miss Young and Miss Caradus, who allowed us to hear some new and interesting songs. But I shan't be at all sorry if the programme arrangers don't include Handel's "Silent Worship" in any more broadcasts this year.

With Gusto

ONE of the brightest spots in the week's broadcasts was the entertainment of ex-servicemen (and of course, of anyone else who might be listening), per medium of the Diggers' Session from 4ZB, by members of the Tivoli Circuit vaudeville show. It might be said that in order to enjoy the revue or vaudeville type of programme you have to see as well as hear, but this certainly is not the case with Jenny Howard; although her act may owe much to her personality, it loses none of its vivacity on the radio. Comparisons are odious, and it may well be that Miss Howard is tired of being compared with Gracie Fields, but any comedienne who includes



SUTHERLAND AND COMPANY, CHRISTCHURCH