



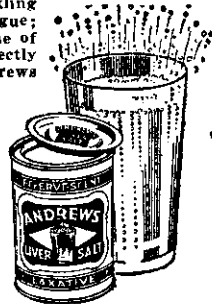
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RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

Programme Labels

SOME new nomenclature seems necessary for the labelling of programmes of music. At present, lumped together under the title "Classical," we may get works of every period of musical composition except, possibly, the classical period. Under "Symphonic" we may get a whole programme of orchestral works, but never a symphony in the lot of them. Then there was a recent programme called, merely, "Serious Music" — what would be the alternative to this? "Frisivolous Music" possibly. We also see "Light Music" frequently in the programmes — but where is the programme arranger who will carry this to its logical extreme and give us a recital of "Heavy Music?" On the whole, there is, in my opinion, no need to label such programmes with any such general titles. An ordinary indication of the type of music is all that is necessary. Under this system a programme labelled Sonatas would contain nothing but Sonatas, and a Chamber Music recital nothing but trios, quartets, and so on; other titles such as Opera, Orchestras, Organ, and so on, might do quite well, being definite enough not to fool listeners as to what type of music to expect. Listeners, after all, should be capable of reading the separate items for themselves.

Listening Before and After

I RECENTLY had a stimulating argument with an average listener who knows little about good music but is wanting to learn more. He voiced a novel point of view, with which I was at first in violent disagreement. He had enjoyed the first concerts of the NZBS National Orchestra, but hadn't known enough about the works performed to appreciate them. He was surprised and a little annoyed to find that on its next visit the Orchestra intended to present totally new programmes of works, none of which he knows any more than he did the previous ones. Why, he asked me, can't they repeat some of the works played at previous concerts, so that ordinary people can get to know them? (Ordinary people, he pointed out, must comprise the majority of the audience). This point of view didn't appeal to me at all, but I saw afterwards that there might be something in it — at any rate, from that listener's viewpoint. I can also see a way by which this type of listener can be satisfied in his newly-acquired interest in orchestral music. Obviously our National Orchestra can't be expected to play the same programme again and again until even the ordinary listener knows the works backwards; but it might be a good idea for each local radio station to collaborate with the Orchestra by playing the same works on the air once or twice during the weeks subsequent to the concerts. The BBC Third Programme thinks nothing of repeating a new and unfamiliar work on successive nights so that listeners may have a fair chance to get to know it. Similarly, our local stations might help the untutored listener to broaden the scope of his appreciation by deliberately repeating works already heard in the Orchestra's concerts, as well as by playing, prior to the concert, some of the works to be included in the programme. This could probably best be

done in a special broadcast, or series of programmes, so that listeners would be able to tune in at set times in order to prepare themselves for public listening. It would be an added help if some competent musician would at the same time tell non-musical listeners a little about the structure of each work, and indicate what to listen for. That there exists a public ready for such collaboration between radio and orchestra is suggested by the attitude of my acquaintance; there may well be other prospective concert-goers who feel, as he does, that they would gain a lot by knowing beforehand just what they were going to hear. The gain to the Orchestra, that of having a larger section of the audience educated in listening, would be obvious.

Virtue Unrewarded

I LIKE my melodrama straight and strong, and felt vaguely dissatisfied with last Saturday's Old Time The-ayter item, *Snatched From Her Lover's Arms*, or *The Menace of Gerald Mummery*. I am inclined to agree with the Andrews



Sisters that Money is The Root of All Evil, and what made this melodrama less than a melodrama ought to be was the fact that the heroine, the Lady Delia, was no mere heroine but an heiress to boot (to saddle, to horse, and away, as the villain took it to imply). Which meant that for all one knew there was little to choose between villain and hero, except that the villain hadn't the sense to conceal his interest in the fortune. Moreover, the heroine seemed a little lacking in womanly modesty, since she permitted herself to be engulfed in the hero's arms right at the beginning of the play, before, in fact, he had done anything to deserve so stupendous a reward. But any flaws in the writer's delineation of the three main characters were more than compensated for by his masterly portrayal of the valet (not varlet) James, the most sensible person I have so far met in The Old-Time The-ayter. In the final scene the villain and hero confront each other in the middle of an overhead bridge. The villain holds the unconscious heroine suspended at rope's end over the railing. One move from the hero and he will cut the rope. The faithful James whispers in the hero's ear that she has only four feet to drop, whereupon the hero falls upon the villain and faithful James runs downstairs four at a time to snatch the heroine not the very second before she hits the rails (James is not as spry as he used to be) but, next best thing, (continued on next page)

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