



When a silencer is rusted through, and full of holes, a deadly CO gas leaks out and seeps into the car body, causing headaches, dizziness, car sickness, and sometimes even death. If your Silencer is in this condition, drive to YOUR GARAGE and have it replaced with a brand new ACE silencer, specially designed for your particular make and model of car. It will give you maximum safety, more mileage, and better engine performance. A paying proposition, whichever way you look at it.

=ACE=

SILENCERS FOR EVERY MAKE AND MODEL OF CAR
WHOLESALE ONLY:—E. W. PIDGEON & CO. LTD., THROUGHOUT N.Z.



Cakes and Trifle
are delightful ...

Califig

will keep
their zest for meals

Young appetites are grand at parties ... but keep them eager for meals all the time.

Califig, the gentle laxative, the children's laxative, chases mild digestive disorders — and the kiddies love its delicious fruity flavour.

Califig

(CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS)

THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

N.Z. Distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd.,
Levy Buildings, Manners Street, Wellington.

RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

Of Snails

THE British Snail-Watching Society, a very exclusive body of not yet two years' standing, will probably have its work cut out turning down requests for membership if all Crosbie Morrison's little hearers were as impressed as I was by his talk on Snails, in the educational session from 2ZB last week. It must be confessed that this was the first talk I had heard in the *Junior Naturalists' Club*, and perhaps compulsory and more constant listeners may be more blasé in their reactions to the session, for after all it is not till we reach adulthood that we go in for voluntary education in a big way. Crosbie Morrison is a radio educator par excellence. His snails (and I presume his other beasts) have personality. At the beginning of their lives they make up their minds whether they will be left-handed or right-handed, and (unlike vacillating humans) they refuse to recant. They have great powers of endurance and, lacking the moisture necessary for active living, can exist in a state of suspended animation for years. Their most obvious topical virtue, of course, is their independence when it comes to housing. To quote Mr. Peter J. Henniker Heaton, founder of the British Snail-Watching Society: "The slug to the snail is as the vagabond to the ratepayer." Neither Mr. Heaton nor Mr. Morrison has gone so far however as to modify the scriptural injunction to "Go to the snail, thou hustler," though both would agree with the official snailwatchers that "focussing your attention on a snail ... is a soothing occupation, especially these days."

Fears of Childhood

A PROGRAMME from 4YA about child psychology, printed as "Children's Tears," turned out to be concerned with Children's Fears, and in it Mrs. D. K. Pellow dealt with her subject in general and particular. Most parents are aware, by now, that all children exhibit basic fears (with small children, the two main fears are fear of falling, and fear of a loud noise), and that ridicule and punishment are decidedly not the ways for dealing with such things. Fears, too, may be conditioned by the behaviour of the parents, and the child who sees Mum run screaming from a mouse will naturally conclude that mice are dangerous, fearful animals. Methods of dealing with already established fears were briefly indicated in this talk (fear of being in the dark is probably a very common fear in children, and requires more imaginative treatment on the parents' part than the usual "Rubbish!" methods): Mrs. Pellow's case-histories would have been amusing had they not dealt with so serious a subject. Particularly endearing was the small girl with an inordinate terror of bagpipes, who did not learn until many years later that they were a musical instrument, and not, as she had imagined, an animal being tortured.

Corroboree a la Cugat

THE moment when one emerges bemused, from the final movement of John Antill's *Corroboree* (heard from 2YA the other day) is perhaps not the

best time to write about it, but on the other hand it is not the type of music



likely to flash upon the inner ear several mornings after. My first thought after the experience is one of deep thankfulness to the BBC for the services of their announcer, for without him I should have felt myself to be sadly buffeted by elemental forces of which I knew nothing (I must also pay tribute to the article on *Corroboree* in the current *Listener*). As it was, I merely felt myself to be buffeted by elemental forces. But I will not go so far as to say that the buffeting was an unpleasant experience. There are people who go out in gales just for the fun of it, and if you find yourself in the middle of a really exciting gale, filled with wild rhythms and strange bird noises and wondrous sound effects (produced by odd instruments such as bull-roarers and something made from a gum-branch thoughtfully white-anted) then the obvious thing to do is accentuate the primitive, and glory in it. After all, you'll get plenty of meditation music in your listening life.

A Gentlemanly Choice

I HAVE long believed that the Chorus Gentlemen are a Good Thing, and my high opinion did not suffer recession when I heard them in a different type of programme—2YA's *Desert Island Discs*. Their choices revealed a remarkable range of musical appreciation, and it was noteworthy that vocal music was neither lionised nor conspicuously excluded. Yet the two outstanding recordings heard in the session were both vocal. The second to last item was a setting by Benjamin Britten of a Michaelangelo sonnet, sung by Peter Pears, a noble rendering of a noble piece of music. The final number was included apparently as much for practical as for musical reasons. To quote its sponsor "All these symphonies and so on aren't going to stop the cannibals from popping you in the cooking-pot. This one may make them think twice about it." Whereupon Tim produced his selection—Bing Crosby and Mary Martin singing "Wait till the sun shines, Nelly." In spite of an initial recoil, by the end of the item I was completely won round to Tim's way of thinking (though still inclined to question Tim's conception of desert islands). For the blithe carolling of Bing and partner was so strongly and tunefully suggestive of innocence and optimism that the ignorant cannibal, pondering this revelation of the simplicity and virtue of western civilisation, might well have questioned the wisdom of rendering down even those pitiful remnants of it represented by the Chorus Gentlemen.

So They Say

THE horrible consequences of a rooted belief in what "They" say in the form of old superstitions was revealed in a recent 3YL programme in the *They* series—"There's An Old Saying." In this the unfortunate young man visits