

**For Women-*

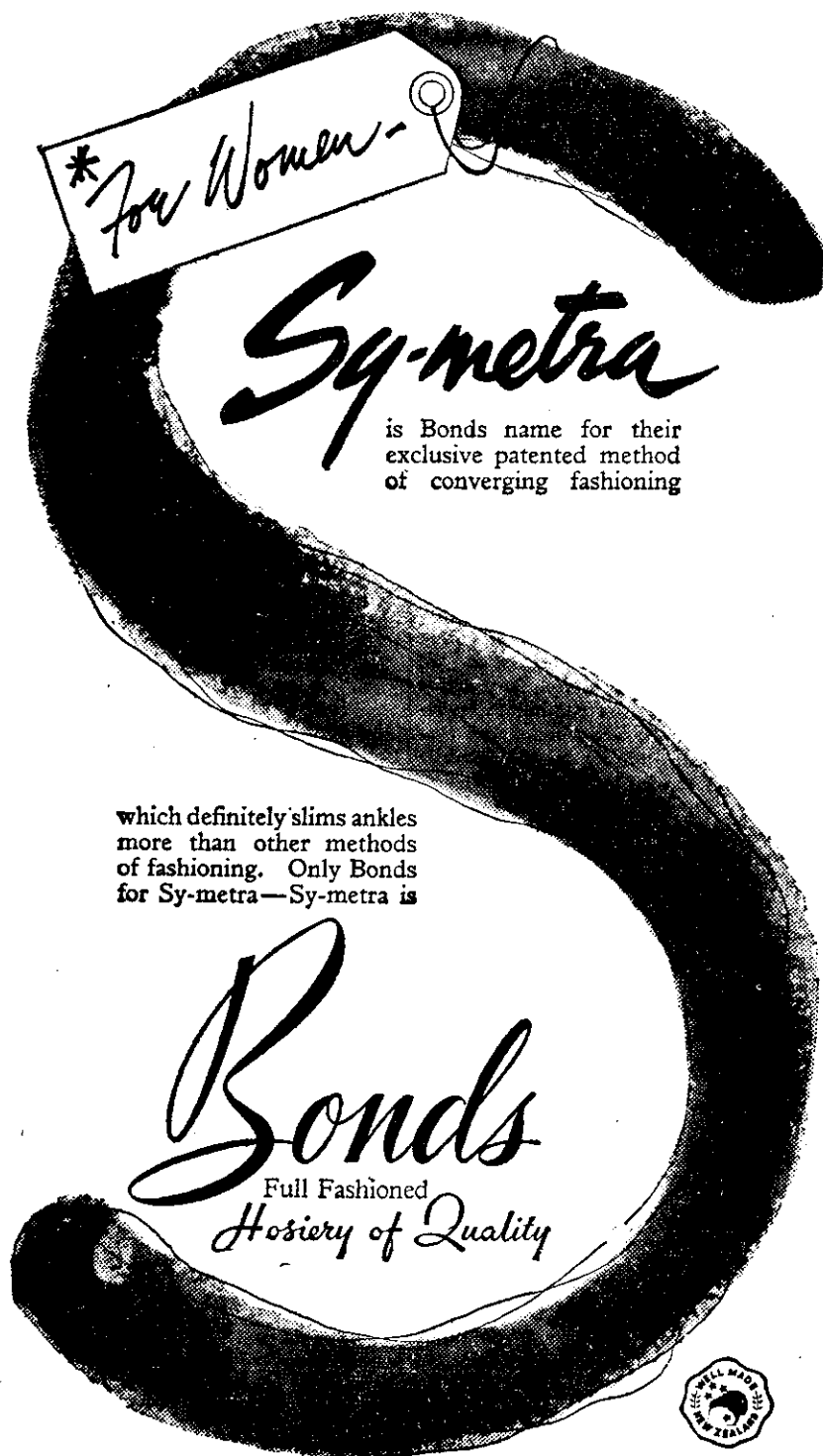
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RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

Far Too Serious

AFTER listening for a couple of weeks to the Auckland panel in *Opinion Phase* queening it over the Wellington air I shall be pleased to welcome back the hometown quartet *Speaking For Ourselves*. And I am prompted by no narrow parochialism. No one can question the versatility and 20 h.p. intellect of the Auckland foursome, but the serious-mindedness of the Auckland public makes them send in for their session questions which encourage the panel to luxuriate in intellectual pessimism of the worst type. Not for the Auckland questioner such frivolities as "Do cats purr when alone?" or "House or Flat?" He prefers such leading questions as "Are we happier in the 20th Century than people were before? Why aren't we?" or "Do labour-saving devices make us happier? Why not?" and the panel allows old-fogeyism to talk wistfully of the dear dead days they themselves have never experienced.

The Rest Was Silence

A PORTABLE radio isn't always as delightful, or as foolproof, as it seems in those advertisements showing it doing its stuff in the centre of a picnic party in the sandhills, geyserland, or the matagouri. All the people in the advertisements are usually happily singing, oblivious to the sandfly menace and innocent of such a thing as a hangover. They are all suntanned, and there isn't a cloud in the sky. Nothing is said in the advertising copy about the portable radio reacting to bad weather, distance from the listener's favourite station, or proximity to mountains and other local landscape features. My own portable could have proved the only link with civilisation on New Year's Eve—had it not decided to turn temperamental during the crucial half-hour between a quarter-to-twelve and a quarter-past. From the sounds which surged and faded through a barrage of static, I gathered that someone at one station had taken a microphone up to a motor camp at Alexandra, and that 4ZB was holding a high, wide and handsome celebration called a Monster Barbecue. But at that moment my radio went quite dead, and perhaps it was a good thing too. New Year's Eve is one occasion which can't be celebrated by proxy!

Arranged By . . .

WHEN one considers the tremendous amount of music which is broadcast every day by New Zealand stations one understands why it is that popular pieces of music of what is commonly called the "light classical" type occur over and over again. Standard works rarely appear in arrangements; for these smaller pieces, however, arrangement is the new icing on the over-familiar piece of cake. At 7.15 p.m. on Tuesdays 2YA broadcasts *Take Your Pick*, a session which is designed to show the effect of differing arrangements by broadcasting the same composition in several different forms. I have heard, for example, the Liszt Liebestraume No. 3, played in varying ways by different groups, of which I must

confess the only one I want to hear again is the one by Spike Jones! Now I wait to hear the celebrated version of the *Hallelujah Chorus* for three flutes.

One-Eyed Reilly

I'M very fond of folk-songs but I tune in to them with fear and trembling, for nothing makes my hackles rise as much as the self-conscious "arty" way in which they are sometimes sung. However, a delightful broadcast of traditional songs by Robert Irwin and Reynold's Sextet from 2YA recently



showed one way to do them properly: the singing straightforward and manly with a male chorus for the refrain, but the accompaniment really witty and varied. I was thoroughly enjoying this when the next song was announced—"One-eyed Reilly." I sat bolt upright; the rollicking song of that name I had sung in many a camp had not one verse which could be broadcast. Could this be the same song? It was, a few skilful touches here and there having transformed the remarkably impure into the reasonably pure. The singer was pursued with the pistols because he had married Reilly's daughter; in the original this was very far from being the case. I wonder how many ex-servicemen chuckled over this song. I hope it's broadcast again.

Non-Toxic

I COULDN'T resist making a date with *Make Mine Hemlock* (2YC, Sunday, January 16) which I naturally supposed to be a sleek whodunit. Instead I was plunged into a tea-drinking session and introduced to two girls who were letting down their back hair about a handsome South African captain to whom one of them had been engaged. But for all that it was a very good play, a true romance with accent on the true and no conventionally happy ending. The NZBS production unit continues to ring the bell, though a false note was struck in the too-exaggerated burlesque of a Fitzpatrick travel talk. And I do wish that at the end there had been an understanding announcer to explain to me the significance of the title. It was not as if there had been a death anywhere.

That Man Gone

JOURNALS all over the Commonwealth, or the English speaking parts of it, have already noted the passing of Tommy Handley. Statisticians have been busy working out the number of people he made laugh during his career, the number at any given time during the running of his half-hour show, and all the other odd slices of information