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George when he finally gets away from it all. Now this little cameo of Modern Life could well have been permitted to stand on its own artistic merits. Instead we are switched to compère John Morris, who, assuming the voice but not the cloak of Gilly Potter, proceeds to take us behind the scenes to explore radio's sound effects, to the detriment of the few illusions we may have left about the way things are done in broadcasting. I feel it will be impossible to be thrilled by Edgar Wallace if I know that the chug-chugging of the swift launch manned by the river police is merely a radio factotum tugging at a £1 note, and that similarly a really frantic chug-chugging may not mean that the smugglers have been sighted but merely that two studio factota are tugging at the same £1 note.

## Monday Night in Wellington

THERE is something almost obsequious, it seems to me, about Wellington's Monday night programmes. Over the week-end we take what we are given, and very nice too. But possibly there is something that arouses compassion (even in the opportunist bosom of the programme organiser) in the thought of the average listener's philosophic acceptance of the Monday burdens. At any rate 2ZB starts the ball rolling with *Answer Please*, John Parkin from 2YA at 7.45, expresses his delight at being able to entertain us, Marion Waite tells us if we want a samba, if we want a rhumba, just drop a line, and Briton Chadwick and the Boys proceed to play it as we name it. Then, most obliging of all, comes the Brains Trust, beating their brows to make a listener's holiday. Last Monday we had the Auckland panel, who, with a commendable resistance to insult, proceeded to indulge a listener who requested that "your worthy but footling little group discuss something controversial for a change." Whereupon they dealt competently with Man's Cosmic Significance, Training of M.P.'s, Rendering to Caesar what is Caesar's and a couple of other arguable topics. For those listeners who still haven't had enough of what they want there is still 2ZB's Late Night Request Session. —M.B.

## Still a Floozie

WHY do they try to do it? Jazz was brought up in the honky tonks of New Orleans, and the music still doesn't fit into a genteel mould. Yet well-meaning people go on trying to make a marriage between jazz and third-rate art music. Paul Whiteman tried for years, and made a good deal of money, Gershwin tried spasmodically, and succeeded better than most, but was much more at home with pop tunes. The other night, from 3YA, along came Manton's Orchestra, with solo pianist Art Young, and a thing written by Donald Phillips called (yes, another one) *Concerto in Jazz*. I listened dutifully to the trills and tinkles and blares from the brass. I hadn't heard it before, and, who knows, this time the trick might have been pulled. But it wasn't



jazz, and I don't think it was a concerto. Jazz remains a comfortable floozie, and concertos remain concertos. —G. leF.Y.

## A Bang, Not a Whimper

G. MURRAY MILNE has written a forceful play in *The Court Martial*, which has been produced by the NZBS with an aptitude equal to its demands. Since the cast is an all-male one, the contrast which would have been afforded by women's voices has been given here by a careful selection of voices of widely differing timbre, so that at no time is the listener confused as to which character is speaking. The case against the prisoner-of-war who escaped, leaving nine comrades to certain death in reprisal, was grimly made out in spite of his friend's half-mitigating plea, a crescendo of suspense being produced which gave the unexpected ending a punch that might be described as a wallop. Altogether, one of the best efforts of the NZBS, due as much to producer and cast as to the material with which they were working.

## Encore!

I CAN recommend *Young Chippy*, a BBC play written by Lewis Grant Wallace, to children of all ages from seven to seventy. It was played in such a sincere manner that the sentimental incident of the youngster and his bicycle seemed no fantasy, but just one of those incredible things which sometimes happen, strange as it may seem. I can't understand why such a late hour as 10.10 p.m. should have been chosen for its presentation—a time when, one hopes, only grown-ups would be listening. Admittedly, any grown-up save the embittered cynic would love Chippy, but thinking of the scores of young people for whom the boy would be a living embodiment of their own desires and hopes, I regretted that 4YA hadn't put the play on at another time—say just before tea on a Sunday evening. Perhaps it isn't too late to hope that we may hear it repeated at some such time.

## Brahms Alone

THE Dunedin Choral Society, under their conductor Chas. Collins, took a bold step in the right direction when they chose to present an entire evening of Brahms. Audiences admittedly would not be so large for this concert as for those with so-called "popular appeal," since Brahms demands almost as much concentration from audience as from performers; but those who were willing to make an active effort towards listening and appreciating two great works of art would find themselves amply repaid with the presentation of "Song of Destiny" and the German Requiem, the solemn magnificence of the latter work being particularly effective. The Choral Society has been altered in membership to provide improved balance and quality, and the change for the better is noticeable, although over the radio the main criticism would be the impossibility of hearing any save the occasional word, and the confused effect in the more contrapuntal passages. In broadcasts of local choirs, these seem faults difficult to avoid, which is strange considering that the same faults do not apply to the best overseas recordings; is it the broadcasting technicians who are to blame, or the singers, or both? —D.S.

N.Z. LISTENER, JULY 22, 1949.

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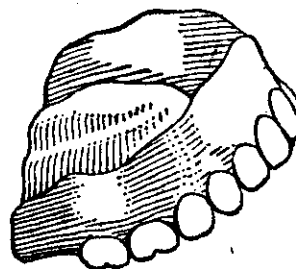
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