



It's only natural . . .

. . . for a vigorous young boy to want to play at the seaside, sailing his yacht in the pools among the rocks. Boys are the busiest people . . . their energy seems to know no bounds. But should a minor tummy upset put a fellow out of sorts . . . should the seaside lose its attraction and games seem not the fun they used to be, then mother turns to delicious 'Califig' to restore regularity and clear the cobwebs away. 'Califig', the kindly, pleasant laxative contains the juice of ripe figs with an extract of senna. Purely vegetable . . . naturally nice.

Califig
(CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS)

Another product of Scott & Turner Ltd., Andrews House, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

16.9

W.6



I've grown up
the **WRIGHT** way

with

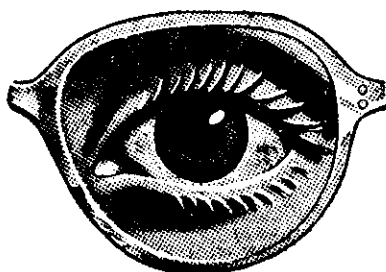
WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap

Also

Shaving Soap, Liquid Shampoo, Shampoo Powder

N.Z. Agents:

S. A. Smith & Co. Ltd., Albert St., Auckland



SPECTACLE WEARERS

Your eyes probably need more than the usual amount of care. They are liable to become easily irritated or strained. Give them every assistance with Optrex Eye Lotion. Optrex Eye Lotion helps tone up tired and strained eye muscles, keeps the eyes sparkling and fresh; Optrex gives glasses an opportunity of doing their real work.

Optrex
the
eye lotion

Optrex (Overseas) Ltd., 17 Wadsworth Rd.,
Perivale, Middlesex, England. 6.8

CLEANS FALSE TEETH



- Kemdex cleans scientifically by immersion. No brushing required.
- 10 minutes immersion and false teeth are cleansed of stains, film and stickiness, also deodorised.
- Kemdex is harmless to all denture material including Acrylic Resin.
- Kemdex cleans by one of the most powerful germicides known — Oxygen.

KEMDEX

Manufactured by reg. user, Salmond & Spraggon Ltd., a Customhouse Quay, Wellington.

RADIO REVIEW

Something New! Something New!

DEEMS TAYLOR tells the story of a horn player who was once vigorously criticised for his playing of a solo in a Tchaikovsky symphony. By years of study and practice he played it one night as it had never been played before. Next morning he opened his paper with anticipation to read the praise he knew would be his; he read "last night in the horn solo, Mr. A. was in magnificent form." Mr. A. was the conductor.

I think programme organisers are like the horn player. When they do good work in getting together groups of items the praise for the selection naturally goes to the performer. When the works are poorly grouped and the organisation creaks we are inclined to say, "Why on earth did the programme organiser let stuff like this through?"

I have been looking over my notes on 30 groups of songs I have heard broadcast by local singers in the past three months. I placed 19 of these groups as being really good examples of programme organisation, the songs of excellent standard placed in reasonable association. The other 11 groups I have thought had some very decided weakness in the selection of the songs or in their juxtaposition, matters which were within the control of the programme organiser. I don't know whether any criticism I may make of these groupings may be helpful to the harassed programme organiser, with whose troubled life I have the greatest sympathy, but here it is.

First, I think that there is not so much as there used to be of the sin of grouping together the songs of four or five divergent schools. This was the principle of trying to please everybody at once and pleasing nobody. It is not dead, however, as a Rotorua programme showed with Beethoven's "In Questa Tomba," an English traditional song, a Negro Spiritual, and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Hindu Song"—the whole being the musical equivalent of sardines on chocolate biscuits.

I WONDER whether Plunkett Greene's famous book *Interpretation in Song*, with its warning against such groupings, is much read by singers to-day. It would be a salutary lesson to some of them.

I suppose it is quite useless to complain of women singing songs the words of which are so obviously meant to be sung by men. The young woman who this week sang Vaughan Williams's "Silent Noon"—did she, as I suspect, not bother to think at all, but just make as pleasant a sound as she could?

A far more serious weakness which programme organisers are allowing to flourish is the singing by local performers of groups which contain four or five examples of the greatest songs ever written—songs recorded (and broadcast) over and over again by great artists. Singers who do this are asking to be compared by the regular listener with the recordings he knows; it is impossible to do otherwise. How much more

enterprising are those performers who explore the less well-known paths of song or, if they feel they must sing a famous masterpiece to show how much better they are than Marian Anderson, who surround it with two or three less familiar works. Singers are the most



unenterprising of people, and it is the duty of the programme organiser to jolt the lazy ones out of the rut. How many songs did Brahms write? Enough to prevent "The Vain Suit" from being broadcast four times in a

fortnight, as it was recently. And the baritones who will sing "The Wanderer" over and over again—how many of them explore the fascinating and dramatic songs of Loewe in the same vein? When did we last hear a group of the delightful songs of Franz, so ideally suitable in their intimate way for broadcasting? Where are the minor Russian masters, to say nothing of the major works of Moussorgsky? — I'm tired of "The Dreary Steppe." As Leslie Henson says, "Something new! something new!"

—D.M.

Idle Fancy

A FRIEND of mine who fancies himself as a philosophical pessimist once declared that, life being what it is, a series of trials and discomforts, happiness can be defined only by negatives. An analogous notion came to me the other evening while listening to a 1YC broadcast of Schumann's *Carnival* (yes, again!). Might not an ideal week's listening be fancied as one containing a "light classical" session in which the Overture to *The Bartered Bride* was not played; a week when John Charles Thomas did not ham his way through "The Open Road"; when neither *Carnival* nor *Capriccio Italien* was presented in any form whatsoever; in which an operatic programme concluded without anybody having sung "Largo al Factotum" or "The Toreador's Song"; in which there was one comedy programme barren of Claphamndwyer and Harry Tate; in which 12B completed an entire Sunday without a single work by Gershwin or Kern, and when a 1YA Saturday night studio recital featured neither "Love Came A-Riding" nor "When I Have Sung My Song"? An idle fancy, indeed. And what place have such idle fancies in the cold realities of radio programmes?

Good Material

THERE are two main kinds of good radio speakers—the "natural" ones, who can talk impromptu, or who at least give that impression, and the more formal ones who convey an impression of speech heightened, of a quasi-colloquial utterance which, while fluent and friendly, gives added pleasure in enabling us to see the smooth pattern of well-wrought sentences beneath the speech. Philip Matthews in the opening talk of a series from 1YA, *Along the Chinese Gold Trail*, seemed to me to belong to neither group. His script was

(continued on next page)