

## Roundabout

By "Thid"

PERHAPS when this is in print, the sun will be shining again. Lately we have been working and living in shadow, with the wind swinging back and forth across the dark city, clouds and rain with it.

It is not a good thing, this living out of the sun. Bad enough to muffle ourselves in clothes, worse to hide ourselves away in small rooms all day; and worse still when those few free hours we earn in the week are spoiled by rain.

Not quite flooded, as Taranaki has been flooded, we are not able to assess our loss in terms of roads scoured away, animals drowned, land silted over. Our loss is not in cash, but in health. Every dull day we lose a little more of it, and with every additional hour spent in our ever busier offices we lose another chance to recuperate the loss.

Which brings me to the delicate question of dress. I have never attained the poise necessary for complete nudism. Few have. Not long ago a man carried a brick by his finger tips through Wellington City. Others have travelled the roads in wheelbarrows. But no one since Lady Godiva has brought off a nudist stunt in public, and even in Coventry the blinds were down, by order of the Mayor. There seems to be some objection to that sort of thing, so I shan't offend you by any further use of the unholy word, in case any of you are members of the local bodies which attempt to control the length of bathing suits.

No, this is not a plea for the morality of no clothes, but a plea against the immorality of too many. Wherever you see a pot belly I will guarantee you could discover flannel underwear, heavy socks, and that completely superfluous garment, the weskit. Wherever you see a pasty face you will find, I feel sure, a fear of exposure. Under hats you will find bald pates. Inside goloshes I'll be bound there are some corns. In a body strange to sunlight you will find little or no Vitamin D, and I'm sure that's very serious.

So much for the practical view. It's clothes that fill the hospitals and put the polish on all the brass plates.



A JOY FOREVER: A fine example of the work of Spencer Digby, "The Listener's" Wellington photographer. Miss Joy Asquith posed after winning a physical perfection contest arranged at the Exhibition last month

There is also an æsthetic view. A body covered has no need to look beautiful, its chest can cave in, its legs can spindle, its spine can sag, its neck can flop. And all these things inevitably happen. Perhaps, to any remnants of the generation that wore wing collars and prim black neckbands, all this may be heresy. But they don't matter. They stifled their minds and they stifled their bodies, and look at the mess they left us.

For shame, a body in a bathing suit simply must improve. So let us have more beaches, more bathing suits, more body, and more beauty competitions.

If I have not convinced you, look at the picture above, and you'll find conclusive proof.

Personally, I'm very enthusiastic. I'm working now in my shirt sleeves. Shortly, I may roll the sleeves, at least as far as the elbow. To-morrow, no collar or tie.

(To-morrow, I confess, is Saturday.)

## She Was The Youngest Fellow

MERLE CUNNINGHAM, of Sumner, began her musical career as a pupil of the Sisters of the Mission, Ferry Road Convent. With them she gained her L.R.S.M. and L.T.C.L. She was at that time the youngest Fellow in New Zealand. Other success included the Advanced Grade Exhibition, the Final Grade Exhibition and gold medal, the Violet Ward Prize, the Bristol Scholarship at the Christchurch Competitions, and a bronze medal for 'cello playing.

In 1933 she was awarded a scholarship at the London Royal Academy. In London, she studied pianoforte under York Bowen, 'cello playing with Cedric Sharpe, and the violin with Constance Phillips. During her first year at the Academy Miss Cunningham gained her L.R.A.M. and, the following year, her A.R.C.M. She also won two silver and two bronze medals during her terms there.

In 1936 she returned to New Zealand and has since been playing and teaching professionally. She is a member of the Eroica Club and has been a soloist at several of its concerts.

She will broadcast from 3YA at 9.25 p.m. on Sunday, March 10.



MERLE CUNNINGHAM

## Jean Scott Is Scots

JEAN SCOTT, dramatic soprano, on the air from 3YA at 8.38 p.m. on Wednesday, March 13, is a native of Scotland. She was born in Edinburgh, and was a member of the Edinburgh Royal Choral Union. In New Zealand she has studied with W. H. Dixon and, after Mr. Dixon's departure for England, with Will Hutchens. In 1935 she won the dramatic operatic solo in the Christchurch Competitions and, in 1936, the Alice Gunner Gold Medal.

Once, at a week's notice, she studied the part and substituted successfully for the soprano soloist in the "Bohemian Girl," a Christchurch Musical Society production.

She has sung as soloist also for the Harmonic Society, the Male Voice Choir, and the Canterbury College Choral Society.



JEAN SCOTT

## He Is An Englishman

CLAUDE H. DAVIES, an Englishman, is organist at St. John's Anglican Church, Christchurch.

His playing will be on the air during the relay by 3YA of the evening service at 7 p.m. on Sunday next, March 10.

He was educated in England at a private school and Palmer's School, Grays. For seven years, in London, he studied the piano and organ under James Bryant.

His musical studies were interrupted during a three years' stay in India, but when he came to New Zealand he re-



CLAUDE H. DAVIES

sumed and won his diplomas. He has been in Christchurch for eleven years. He was organist at St. Paul's Church, Papanui, but is now at St. John's, in Latimer Square, where he has been for six years.

His hobby: repertory work. He is a foundation member of the Christchurch Society and takes many leading parts in productions. He teaches music, and judges competitions.