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ATAMAX

THE CAUSTIC CLEANER

THINGS TO COME

A Run Through The Programmes

MUSIC lovers who listen to the "Music Lover" session from 3YA next Sunday (December 6), will hear two recordings of which most of them will ardently approve. Kirsten Flagstad and Lauritz Melchier will sing the "Love Duet" from Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*, and Edwin Fischer will play Beethoven's "Pathétique" sonata.

Escape to Freedom

Now that the West is no longer wild, and Africa not particularly dark, darker, or darkest, we have to look to countries once considered civilised and unexciting to supply fare for adventure-lovers. This is what we may expect to hear next Wednesday evening at 9.46, when the adventures of three French students and their "Escape to Freedom" will be retailed from 2YA.

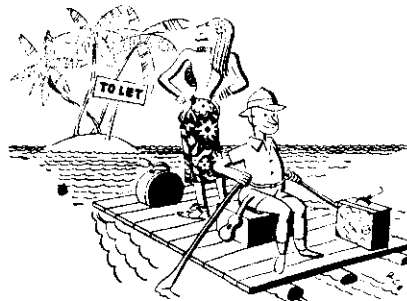
Where Cash and Coupons Meet

We are looking forward to the A.C.E. talk on "Caring for Clothes" from 1YA on Monday, November 30. We have heard of some people going about cadging coupons for clothes, but we never seem to be able ourselves to make our cash meet our coupons anywhere but half-way (13½ still in our first book). However, if people are coming

out with good ideas for preserving clothes with the object of helping Those Who Have No Coupons Left, we'll be glad to listen-in, because the same methods should be good for keeping both kinds of old clothes free from the corrupting influences of moth and rust. We'll also be glad to hear of short cuts to dry cleaning costs.

Island To Let

In these days when most Pacific Islands are claimed by two nations at once, it's unusual to find one unclaimed by anyone at all, and that is why we have admiration for Ben Slade, resourceful hero of 2YA's new serial



Nobody's Island, who manages to discover a scarcely shdp-soiled Pacific Paradise of his very own. Ben is a typical clean-cut Australian, who cuts clean through convention to carry off to his atoll his typically golden-haired English Edith who is, as far as we can gather, a Nordic version of Dorothy Lamour. We cannot promise listeners typhoons and sarongs, but we have it on excellent authority that the plot is full of incident and aglow with romance. *Nobody's Island* has just begun at 2YA, and is heard on Saturday evenings.

Pimpernel Fraser

Who is "First Light Fraser?" We don't know yet, but we hope to find out by listening-in to 2ZB each Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 6.30 p.m. And why is he "first light"? Is he light-fingered, light-footed, or light-headed? It will take us a good many half-hours to answer all these questions, but in the meantime we are getting ourselves ready for hairbreadth escapes from Gestapo officials, and for the plottings and mysteries of underground activity in oppressed Europe.

For Schubertians

Some of the less known Schubert songs will be heard in the "Schubert Half-Hour" programme from 2YA on Sunday, December 6, at 9.27, when Alison Cordery, soprano, will sing "My Peace Thou Art," "The Question," "Sunset Glow," and "Serenade." The song recital will be followed by two Schubert recordings: "Rosamunde" Ballet Music (State Opera Orchestra), and the "Sanctus" and "crede" from Mass in G, sung by the Philharmonic Choir.

Hard Tack

We are not sure if we approve of the A.C.E.'s intention to talk from 4YA next Wednesday about "Food Drying at Home." We have been in boarding houses which could give the Empire Marketing Board points on dehydration,

RECENT MUSIC

(No. 38: By Marsyas)

HAVING lately been twitted for writing about something other than Recent Music, I suppose a risk attaches to writing about Recent No Music. I can only recall the barrenness of one or two casual programmes of assorted "classical music."

I have never met a man who would start the evening off with the evening paper, turn to a satire by Donne, pick up Dickens and enjoy a page or two, read his friends a passage from Damon Runyon and a Barrack Room Ballad, sip a little Swinburne (for private pleasure), and then read himself to sleep with Dale Carnegie. Nor have I ever been in a house where there was Michelangelo in the hall, Burne-Jones over the fireplace, a coloured print of Bedouins and camels on sand-dunes (pyramids in right background), over the writing desk, Picasso on the east wall, and "The Monarch of the Glen" on the west, with a Rodin plaster in one window and a big porcelain spaniel in the other.

But every day some National station broadcasts a programme of this night-marish kind. In John Dowland you will find sweet Elizabethan solace, but in a moment, Verdi will destroy it; Haydn may restore sanity, but if there happens to be something by Massenet on the back of the Verdi record, this will be handy as a "vocal number" (even so-called sometimes). Finally, perhaps, the Hassan Serenade by Delius.

Yet all the time one knows there are records available of good things that are rarely but gladly heard, and one knows how programme organisers can rise to the occasion with sane, balanced, and unified programmes, far removed from late 19th Century self-indulgent romantic medleys, lush harmony, and voluptuous melody. Too often though, it seems as if the compiler didn't know where to look for something more that would suit the context, and has had to fall back on something so familiar that the record can probably be located without reference even to a card index.

WHEN this kind of thing ceases, programme organisers will find that listeners are taking them seriously, and that might lead to recognition of the fact that a programme organiser has a position of responsibility about equal to that of the principal of a metropolitan high school. As long as the listener can feel with his ears how little credit for taste the programme organiser gives him, the listener will be unable to take the programme organiser seriously. And just as long as that situation exists, the programme organiser will be a far less useful unit than a teacher in a sole-charge backblock school.

and we have no particular desire to see the process extended to our own domestic establishment, especially now that there are so few worts (or is it orts?) in the beer. Even in Darkest Africa, where the darkness can be veldt, *biltong* and mealies is only a stand-by. But perhaps there are cases where one man's meat is another man's pemmican.

For The Young

(By WHIM-WHAM.)

[That strong action is needed to ensure a healthful and purposive use of leisure by a greater number of young people was contended by a deputation from the Auckland branch of the Young Women's Christian Association, which waited on the Minister of Internal Affairs (the Hon. W. E. Parry) at Auckland.—Press Association message.]

WITH ever-rising Consternation
I watch the Older Generation,
Unhealthy, idle and ill-taught,
Undisciplined in Act and Thought,
Proceeding in
The Paths of Sin—
A poor look-out for Youth, that strives
For better Days and brighter Lives!

BY much industrious Research—
In Pub and Club, at Home in Church—
I've dug up Facts, and Figures too,
Which, if exposed to public View,
Would raise the Hair
Of All who care
For Decency—Ah, they would find
Dark Corners in the Adult Mind!

THE Things I could, but won't report
Are not of the immoral Sort
Presented as the horrid Truth
By Workers in the Field of Youth:
No, at the Stage
Of Middle Age,
The Sin in which we specialise
Is casting Motes from Others' Eyes.

WHEN Social Evils multiply,
Youth get the Blame at once. But why
Correct and scold the Youth alone,
Exempting all the Fully Grown?
Why be content
To regiment
The Young, and not prescribe a Cure
For Those who think themselves mature?