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there was a particularly well-balanced and integrated hour and a-half of music in which each work led to the other, without violent contrasts or monotony. The Elly Ney Trio with Walter Trampler gave a quite exciting rendering of Schumann's Piano Quartet in E Flat. The viola playing of Trampler prepared us for the thoughtful and sensitive performance from the studio of Beethoven's Sonata in G Minor, by Winifred Stiles and Gwynneth Brown. A group of placid, tuneful songs by Schumann, Schubert and Brahms, sung in the studio by Reginald Spence, and finally the Griller Quartet's playing of Dvorak's "Nigger" Quartet disclosed other aspects of Romanticism. There were stimulating "bits" throughout all these, and plenty of different musical statements, but there was a close relationship established between the recorded and the "live" performances, and a unity of spirit suggested through the introspection of all the works, their intensely personal character and their characteristic lyrical sections.

—J.C.R.

The Harrowed Parent

IT was happy programme planning that placed F. L. Combs's series *The Schools of Sixty Years Ago* right next to 2YA's other Monday night constant *Sixty Years of Song*, for the contrast between them is so marked that the listener is tempted to toy with the idea of some correlation. Can it be a fact that the more repressed the child the more carefree the parent, and that normally exuberant children have an enervating effect upon the adults of the community? Mr. Combs has now passed Standard 2 in his saga of the ascent to S.G. Slowly and imitantly he narrates the story of his progress to ultimate Proficiency, the marching up and down the long columns of digits, the patient gathering of facts, the traumata of inspectorial visits. His story is purple-patched with extracts from class Readers of the period,

Father, dear Father, come home with me now,

The clock on the steeple strikes one,

and with his own Jacobean turns of phrase. Yet while little voices lisped *Casabianca*, and little bottoms smarted unjustly for inherited inaptitudes, adults of the period let themselves go in "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" and "The Belle of New York." Today when inspectors are spectres only to the profession, and A. A. Milne irradiates school journals, we sing songs like "Cool, Clear Water," "Riders in the Sky" and a dreadful thing called "Life gets Teejus, Don't It?" Awful, ain't it?



Back to School

SOON, I am afraid, there will be no such thing as "getting rid of the children," a phrase always used at the end of the holidays as a synonym for getting the children back to school. What with Parent-Teacher and Home-and-School Associations, the parent, once a happy isolationist, is being dragged into the orbit of the school, and I must rank 2YA's recent Monday night discussion *Education Questions* as a very good length of tow-rope for the purpose.



The panel was a distinguished one—distinguished enough in both reputation and mike-performance to deserve the Chairman's repeated use of synecdoche when addressing them—"And what have the Brains to say about this?" (Though when you come to think of it we shall not be able to use the term much longer, since we are constantly being reminded that education is for the Whole Man.) Members of the panel cast the clear beam of their understanding and experience on such teased and tousled topics as the Three R's and Discipline, and spotlighted briefly the problem of Clerical Aid for Headmasters. The discussion was notable for the fact that all contributions were given the Standard Mark "I'm so glad you mentioned that aspect," and for the refreshing up-and-comingness of the female member of the panel, whose firm "Just a moment, Mr. Chairman," always presaged something worth hearing.

—M.B.

Waltz Time

THE cinema's ideal of romance has left a trail of sticky sentiment in many places. Personally, I do not care much what they do to South Sea Lagoons, Wild Western States, or regions South of the Border, but the defilement of Old Vienna is a different matter, for with it they have defiled the waltz. As a result it is hardly worth one's reputation to be found listening to Strauss these days. And this is a great pity, for a Strauss waltz, if properly played, is the very perfection of one type of light music. Too often, however, we hear only unworthy arrangements for popular orchestras, where the tune is monotonously insisted on, its accents lingered out for a supposed romantic thrill and the true spirit of the piece lost. But discriminating listeners will find great pleasure in listening to the postwar recordings of the Strauss waltzes by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Karajan. These show that the great tradition of Viennese performance has not been lost. I listened recently, too, to a performance from 4YA of the old *Tales from the Vienna Woods*, by Krips and the Philharmonia Orchestra, played with a crisp perfection of rhythm and restraint of effect which even our grandfathers, to whom we owe this music, could, surely not have bettered.

—K.J.S.

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