

Columbia Records

QUEEN'S HALL LIGHT ORCHESTRA

The Runaway Rocking Horse	The Night Has Eyes	DB 2272
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ANDRE KOSTELANETZ AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Kiss Me Again, A Kiss in the Dark, When You're Away (Herbert)	Habanera, from "Natoma"	DX 1021
Tales from Vienna Woods (Strauss)	Voices of Spring (Strauss)	DX 1263
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Waltzes from Faust (Gounod)	Adagietto (Bizet)	DX 1714

REGINALD DIXON (Cinema Organist)

Teddy Bears' Picnic	Parade of the Wooden Soldiers	FB 3294
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Jungle Fantasy	Buzzing Bees	FB 3604

TORALF TOLLEFSEN (Piano Accordion)

The Carnival of Venice	Poet and Peasant Overture	FB 1986
Dance of the Hours (from "Gioconda")	Dance of the Comedians ("Bartered Bride")	FB 3571
The Moose March	Elvira Waltz	MC 3128

MENDELSSOHN HAWAIIAN SERENADERS

Indian Summer	The Woodpecker's Song	FB 3271
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South Sea Sadie	E-liliu-e Hula	FB 3512
Moonlight Over Tahiti	O Sole Mio	DB 2667

SILVESTER'S STRINGS FOR DANCING

Blue Danube Waltz (Strauss)	Count of Luxembourg Waltz	FB 2705
Tales from Vienna Woods Waltz (Strauss)	Wine, Women and Song Waltz (Strauss)	FB 2746
Die Fledermaus Waltz (Strauss)	Unrequited Love Waltz (Lincke)	FB 2773
Roses from the South Waltz (Strauss)	Thousand and One Nights Waltz (Strauss)	FB 3062

BAND OF THE ROYAL MARINES

Springbok March (introducing "Sarie Marais")	Royal Vanguard March	DB 2713
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BAND OF H.M. GRENADIER GUARDS

H.M. Queen Elizabeth March	Marching	DC 455
Post Horn Galop	Bullfighters' March	DB 364
Blaze Away March	Colonel Bogey March	DB 1885
Washington Post March	Under the Double Eagle	DB 1915
Voice of the Guns	National Emblem	DB 2051

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Radio Review

SPEAKING FOR THEMSELVES

AFTER all we have read, seen and heard of Hitler's Germany and its collapse, it was surprising to find in the first part of *Follow My Leader*, a programme which retold the dismal story with such force. Its method was simply to dramatise three typical people—business-man, party glamour-girl, and embittered baron—and allow them to speak for themselves. In a way, the programme undoubtedly made its point, for it showed, through these three case-histories, how the Nazi spirit corrupted business and motherhood and soldiership. We were left in no doubt that they were all responsible, as far as individuals can be, for a monstrous system of wrong; yet somehow the monitory voice at the end rang hollow. The programme had done its work too well; what we had heard was not case-histories, but people. How different in effect and feeling was *Return to India* (also from 1YC, a few nights later), which surveyed with a lively and cheerful eye the growth of the new India. Between the two stories, there was the enormous and obvious difference between a bad dream and a fine morning. And the second had something extra—an affection for people.

Battle for Daylight

WHAT THEY SAID AT THE TIME (from 12B, Sunday afternoons) kept up its standard with the programme on Daylight Saving. Like its predecessors, it recreated, with a nice sense of the ridiculous, the rough-and-tumble of parliamentary debate, the rotundity of the newspaper editorial, and the explosive irritation of writers of letters-to-the-editor. And it illustrated very well the universal irrationality of the human race with regard to time. We cannot help feeling that what the clock and calendar measure out is "real." We become abruptly older at New Years and birthdays; we grudge the days that disappear at the dateline; and, faced with a change in the calendar, we should no doubt riot for our lost eleven days, like our ancestors of 200 years ago. The battle of daylight saving was fought out with a passion worthy of a serious subject—T.A.B., for example. As a Wellington newspaper put it at the time: "Human nature is curiously conservative when it comes to a change of habit."

—M.K.J.

Fashions in Humour

MONDAY evenings having been engaged during the last few weeks, I have only once heard Olive Lucius's *Song and Humour* over 3YA. Miss Lucius's usual speaking voice is quiet, with a touch of melancholy that gives the introduction to her programme a pleasing

intimacy, but leaves you totally unprepared for the flood of wit and vitality which comes once she begins on the actual item. The impersonation of children of different nationalities saying "Little Miss Muffet" and that of the strenuous Holiday Camp Hostess were most enjoyable. This kind of humour harks back a long way. I have never been able fully to understand fashions in humour, and why so many people think that what was regarded as humorous 20 or 30 years ago is necessarily dull now. Possibly Miss Lucius has helped to destroy that impression where it exists. One fault, which detracted from the polish of the performance, was in the sudden bursts of vigour that nearly lifted the radio from the shelf. This may have been because Miss Lucius is used to the stage, where a greater range in voice intensity is quickly equalised by the distance between artist and audience.

Fairies for Adults

UNTIL a recent English translation of his works appeared, it had been the complaint of the Danes that we knew Hans Andersen only through his fairy stories, thus doing an injustice to one whose honour extends beyond these in his own country. Whether *Twelve by the Mail*, a BBC masque broadcast over 3YA, and adapted by Francis Dillon from Andersen's story, usually ranks as a fairy tale I do not know. Certainly the reproof given to some of the Seasons by the coachman for the brevity of their skirts or wanton gaiety shows that the story is addressed to adults. As such it was a revelation. Nowhere, for example, was there a hint of the irritating Hans who made himself, his misfortunes and his sense of wonder the focus of the plot. Skittish and brilliant in dialogue and songs, the masque became the literary equivalent of Rubens's *Bacchanals* or *Diana's Return from the Chase*; a light but vigorous allegory of the springing appetites which move us when the seasons pipe their tunes; a fairy story for grown-ups in which the only misfortune for antipodeans is that the names of the seasons have to be changed.

—Westcliff

Hearts and Brains

HAPPY FAMILIES would seem to be a most aptly-titled session, if only because its first instalment, a discussion "What part should parents play in the education of their children?" provided such a nice example of graceful differing. But this alone, of course, would not make the session memorable: we are used—nay, resigned—to civilised discussion over the non-parliamentary air. But this discussion really got somewhere, thanks largely to the ruthless Socratic technique used by Dr. Sutch as chairman. His point-blank questions required answers specific and sincere, and the apparently trivial incident was cleverly used to headlight the larger principle. It shows what can be done when you get a panel of ex-

Voices from the West

TO what extent are the broadcasts beamed by the BBC to Soviet countries serving any useful purpose? This is a question which has been vigorously debated in the Press and on public platforms, and the BBC have endeavoured to give some of their own answers in a half-hour feature programme, "Through the Iron Curtain," which will be heard from 4YZ at 8.30 p.m. this Saturday, April 25. The fact that Russia has gone to much trouble to jam them is proof enough of the importance that the Kremlin attaches to broadcasts from Britain, and the programme puts before listeners a balanced picture of the reasons why these broadcasts go on the air at all. It explains their purpose and content, and from evidence that comes from behind the Iron Curtain, whether they are getting through to the Russian and satellite people, and what effect they are having on them.