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'BLISS WASHES WOOLLIES SOFTER, FLUFFIER THAN NEW,' SAYS ELIZABETH



'BLISS CUTS GREASE COMPLETELY—LEAVES DISHES SPARKLING' SAYS MRS. DOROTHY M.



'I GAVE MY HUSBAND A TIP ABOUT CAR WASHING' SAYS MRS. L.B. 'PUT A LITTLE BLISS IN THE WATER AND



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RADIO REVIEW

Fundamental or Practical?

"**W**ORTHY" is, I think, the word for the Unesco programme *Experiment in Mexico* (from 1YA). It was a record of fine and immensely necessary work, carried out by enthusiasts who (as the final comment pointed out) work on a microscopically small budget. Yet the whole tone of it was smug and vaguely irritating. The very title of "Fundamental Education of Backward Peoples" is condescending and misleading: for it is arguable whether a training in the necessary rudiments of public health, industrial techniques and modern commerce can be considered fundamental, though it is certainly practical. And it seemed to be overlooked that the "backward people" had a way of life which, however poverty-stricken, was at least their own: one would have liked to hear more about the great effort of adaptation which it must cost them to catch up with the 20th Century. I hasten to add that the general tone of the programme—that of brisk young executive plus Fitzgerald travelogue—did not appear to reflect the attitude of the Unesco people themselves. When they spoke of the need for "humility" and "affection," one began to understand why such things work.

Contrasts and Rewards

OF the broadcast of Bartok's Second Quartet by the Griller String Quartet, one can only applaud, again, both the performance and the choice. As yet, Bartok may not be everyone's cup of tea, but at least those who wish to argue about him have increasing opportunities to hear him. In the end, one surely had at least to respect this deeply felt and rather private music. In contrast, the concert relay from 1YC was followed by the excellent recording of the Choros 4 and 7 of Villa-Lobos—jolly and extravert music, displaying the Brazilian's flair for odd orchestration, with its horns and trombones, flute, oboe, clarinet, saxophone, bassoon, violin, cello and gong. In a way, it

served as a transition to the Dvorak 'Cello Concerto which followed, and in whose breadth and openness the balance was restored. There was, perhaps, a real contrast to be felt between the Bartok and the Dvorak—and not merely a contrast of nationalities and periods, but of the two types of artist on whose complementary existences any art depends, since one speaks for the common man, and one for the uncommon man.

—M.K.J.

Music from Africa

THE music of other countries always attracts me, not because it is better or worse than that which the West has to offer, but because to explore the way another people think and feel is as exciting as climbing a hill to look into a mysterious and unknown valley. Before listening to Fela Sowande's "African Melodies" from 3YA, I, too, thought that rhythm would predominate over melody, but so far as the music of Southern Nigeria is concerned this is a mistake. The first song was a lullaby which, in its final form, resembled "The Waters of Minnetonka." In fact, I did wonder, comparing the original song with Sowande's composition built around it, whether the folk theme had been buried in a European idiom; the more so as the song about the Crucifixion, "The Awful Tragedy Occurred," was far more impressive when sung by several unaccompanied voices than in the Gloria from the larger work which leaned so heavily upon Bach. In view of the size of Africa one would have preferred a series of talks to a single half-hour session on its melodies, and one which dealt also with the dominantly rhythmical African works.

Stories for Entertainment

IN a week of scrappy listening, induced by an irresponsible holiday feeling, I have nodded a good deal more than Homer. Station 3YC's "The Old Cottage" in the *Slightly Out of True* series, a ghost story set in Akaroa, did, however, impress me as being good light entertainment. The story had an acceptable explanation of the supposed suicide of its heroine. This makes two good stories in a row when lined up with the one of the previous week by G. C. A. Wall, in which a heavy and irascible robot was induced to have a shot at swimming, a venture which put an end to his brief, mechanical career. The

"I KNOW WHAT I THINK . . ."

UP TO THE MINUTE

"**MICROMANIA**" is an occupational disease which afflicts radio speakers much as long-windedness attacks after-dinner orators. This distressing malady has been effectively prevented for some months past by Station 2XA, Wanganui, with a discussion programme limiting each speaker to just 60 seconds. "One Minute To Go" is slick and fast, springing highly-diverse topics on to its four speakers who, faced with the need for quick comment, have brought out reflex opinions and statements that might have been lost with second thoughts. Though perhaps not as balanced as prepared opinions, their comments have had the virtue of spontaneity, providing a rare insight into the immediate reactions of a bunch of fairly average New Zealanders to a variety of questions. Thus, the panel has just struck a glancing blow at married women who desert their children for careers; more or less agreed that we don't really gain much leisure from the 40-hour week; split fairly evenly on the merits of old furniture versus modern; converged again on New Zealanders' attention to good food, and decided that the dissemination of Communist literature, while theoretically democratic, might have its hazards in uneducated hands. Impromptu speaking up-to-date, in fact.

—M.P.G.

(Readers are invited to submit comments, not more than 200 words in length, on radio programmes. A fee of one guinea will be paid after publication. Contributions should be headed "Radio Review." Unsuccessful entries cannot be returned.)