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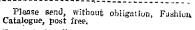
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It Is Not So Naive To-day

RADIO ENTERTAINMENT FOR CHILDREN

(Continued from page 15.)

Commercial Service have been experimenting to make the children's hour really interesting for intelligent children. From that experiment has emerged the new 2ZB session which has had immediate success. It features the "Young New Zealander's Radio Journal," which is compiled by some of the best brains in Wellington. Closely following regular news magazine practice in its design, it is introduced every evening at 5 p.m. by the caprole Bryan O'Brien, who acts as editor. The leading article is handled by Mr. O. N. Gillespie, whose name as an impromptu speaker on every conceivable subject has been known all over the Dominion for many years now. Cutting right away from the beaten track of the teacher, Mr. Gillespie talks sanely and intelligently to his boys and girls on subjects that are topical, vital and full of interest. A common mistake in former children's sessions was to adopt a patronising, superior tone and flounder along with inane drivel that became acutely painful to parents and children alike. But Mr. Gillespie speaks to his child audiences as his equals, and he has real enthusiasm for the qualities of the young people in the country he loves so deeply.

Other personalities at 2ZB are a prominent educationalist (The Question Man), a first-class woman singer and pianist, an outstanding Maori personality and a widely-travelled an-nouncer (the Story Mrn). The work of these entertainers and instructors is varied with talks on famous explorers, voyagers, discoveries, inspiring deeds and with chats about hobbies, tricks, puzzles and games.

THE aim and method of presentation of 2ZB's children's session is best explained in the words of Bryan O'Brien himself. "The endeavour is," he said, "to cater for every taste and age. Not only does this apply to the whole journal but also each particular Each feature comprising an issue, with one or two exceptions, runs no longer than $7\frac{1}{2}$ minutes. A new page is audibly turned for each feature, which differs radically from the preced ing one. Provision is made for illustrative stories, with the result that correct atmosphere is created. Descripious of scenes, and so on, play the part of setting and scenery on a stage and naturally makes the whole presentation much more vivid.

"It is our belief that even the very small children are not interested in pointless chatter. This has been entirely eliminated.

"We also believe that in a proper presentation it is possible to instruct as well as to entertain. The small child is forever asking the why and wherefor of things. Surely this is an indication that the child is genuinely interested in the things so often uninvitingly wrapped up in the 'education parcel.' So we have a special page for the 'Question Man' who regularly has to

deal with some pretty stiff posers.

"Provision is also there for music, history, literature, Maori mythology

and stories of great men, and great achievements, as well as fiction, suitable for children. It is good to think that the work put into this new session by Mr. Strachan, the Programme Organiser, Mr. Gillespie and others, has been rewarded by high praise from par ents, especially those living in the country.

Though it is not the policy of the Commercial Broadcasting Service to standardise its programmes-for each station is apparently left to work out its own destiny to suit the individuality and needs of its territory-yet it would seem that the ZB stations, and particularly 2ZB, are bringing a vitality to the children's hours that has too long been missing. Children are at last getting credit for intelligence.

Music in His Blood

(Continued from Page 9.)

There are a few rehearsals that are as vivid in Mr. Muston's mind as a triumphant concert. There was that time when a drunk man burst into the old Choral Hall in Airedale Street, Auckland, and pointed a loaded revolver at the conductor's head. The orchestra thought they would be playing the "Dead March" for him, but the hold-up was ruined by the speedy removal of the principal performer in it.

Another memory from rehearsals goes back a few years to the time when the Bohemian Orchestra was first putting the last polish on the overture "Robespierre." It will be remembered that the guillotine scene of this work is followed by a gruesome sound from the bass drum, suggesting the fall of the victim's head into the basket.

"This had been gone over by the drum many times without producing enough realism for my demands," said Mr. Muston when he recalled it to me. "The rest of the orchestra sat taut and longed for their beds. The first clarionet could stand it no longer. Rather sleepily he said to me. How would it be if I made a noise like blood?

"He made a juicy noise with the reeds which broke up the whole show. A few minutes later we all left for home."

Little things like this brighten a conductor's life. But sometimes Mr. Muston has felt a pang of regret lately. "I begin to think I'm getting old," he said. "The other day, a little girl I am teaching brought along her father's studies which I used to teach him. And the violin she uses is the same one that I once taught him to play."

So. Mr. Muston sighs lightly and rolls his wood down the Auckland Bowling Club greens. He supposes he must be getting old, but those who know his patience and unquenchable enthusiasm at orchestral rehearsals can never quite believe it.