



FOR the forthcoming ZB production of "We Are Four," a player for the part of Tony was not available, so 2ZB took listeners into its confidence and invited applications. The appeal was soon answered—between 60 and 70 boys arrived and wanted the part. The general standard was surprisingly good, particularly as a big majority of the applicants had never been before a microphone before. But in the end, the field was narrowed down to two. For the final judgment, 2ZB again turned to its listeners: A scene from the serial was played over the air twice, with the part of Tony taken in turn by the two finalists. Listeners were asked to indicate their preference and to post their decisions to 2ZB. It has now been announced that Frank Johnson, of 179 Seatoun Heights, was the public's choice. The other competitor, Graham Duffy, of 227 Eden Street, Highland Park, will take the role of "Fat" in the same feature. In our photograph the winner is on the left, the runner-up on the right.

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Listening While I Work (20)

By "Matertamilias"

THERE was a time in the years before the war when we were continually buzzing with funny stories about the Nazi leaders. Charlie Chaplin's *Dictator* was symptomatic of this period—though by the time the film came to New Zealand, Hitler had ceased to be a joke. The last four years of war have brought a lull in our jesting. Hitler, Goering, and Goebbels have no longer been even very bad jokes. They have come nearer to being nightmares. But perhaps now at length we are coming back to joking. That, at any rate, is what I felt as I laughed at the story of the Luxemburgers who offended the Nazis across the river by hurling abusive words at them. The Nazis complained and made out a list of expressions that must not be used. Accordingly the town-crier next day went through the town crying out: "These words must not be used: 'Hitler is a pig'; 'Hitler is a swine'; 'Hitler is an etcetera, etcetera'"; each expression being welcomed with loud peals of laughter. This was just one of a series of sketches in the BBC Wednesday night feature from 2YA, *Pictures from Europe*. I should like to think that this sort of laughter may soon once more be spreading over Europe.

SUCH a programme goes down better than the more bloodthirsty propaganda. We know that atrocities are committed, but if we have any imagination at all we cannot listen any more to them. So among our propaganda let us have some that we can laugh with. Two other BBC programmes that I heard this week were not so lighthearted. In *Which We Serve* found and left me astonished. It was announced as "comprising a broadcast synopsis of the well-known film, preceded by a brief survey of Noel Coward's life and work." I have often been surprised at the extraordinary telescoping that goes over the air, but to find the BBC putting Noel Coward's life, work, and latest picture (full-length) into 15 minutes, struck me as a masterpiece of condensation—had it been possible. It wasn't. The result was as sketchy as a trailer of the film: in fact it sounded so like a film advertisement that I wondered what was becoming of the BBC's scruples about radio advertising.

LATER the same evening I heard the BBC feature *Battle Honours: The Brigade of Guards*. Three or four years ago it would have sounded phoney to me, but our knowledge of fighting as it is to-day in Italy, as it was in Libya and Greece and Crete, has made stories credible which might otherwise seem unbelievable. The stories were just exploits, but they are nowadays so much a part of our lives that they fit in even on a Sunday evening. They are, after all, a modern version of one of the oldest forms of literature and history. But there has never before been an age when the brave deeds of single individuals have reached so wide a public.

IT may still be necessary to impress us here in New Zealand with the need to ration meat so that the people of

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