

HALF TREATMENT RELIEVES PAIN

Mrs L. Hubert, 169 Struben street, Pretoria, writes in praising R.U.R. for relieving Neuritis.

She says: "I have tried your R.U.R. treatment with such great success that



Mrs L. HUBERT,
of Pretoria

I would like to thank you right away after the first half treatment. I suffered terribly with Neuritis. It was so bad in my hands and fingers I could hardly hold a needle when sewing, and another nerve or muscular pain I suffered for the past two years under the left breast. I have been to different doctors and even went under X-Rays, but could only put it down to nerve or muscular pain. So thank you again, that pain has also disappeared since using your famous R.U.R. treatment. I feel quite free now."

R.U.R. contains the fivefold health action of a laxative, liver stimulant, kidney cleanser, blood purifier and acid corrective. So Take R.U.R. and Right You Are! A product of R.U.R. (N.Z.) Ltd., 141 Cashel street, Christchurch.

BANISH SORE THROAT NOW!

'Dettolin' mouthwash and gargle is fatal to germs and leaves the mouth fresh and healthy. Its regular use morning and evening gives real protection. There is no better weapon against mouth and throat infection.



Antiseptic Deodorant
Cleansing Refreshing

'DETTOLIN'
BRAND
MOUTHWASH & GARGLE

From your chemist

Reckitt & Colman (New Zealand) Ltd.,
Bond Street, Dunedin. Dn.7.

Listening While I Work (39)

By "Matertamilias"

THOSE who like to hear about the fighting forces will enjoy the BBC's "eye - witness reports" series. Last week I mentioned one programme, *To See the Vacant Sea*, which I heard from 2YA. On Sunday evening I heard a similar, if rather less ambitious, programme from 2ZB, *Escort Destroyer*. There is nothing sensational about this. We do not hear a naval battle, with ships or U-boats sunk; there are no hours in the water before rescue comes. The reporter goes aboard a destroyer that is escorting a convoy up the Channel to Scotland. It is a dangerous route, and we get the feeling of tense alertness as the convoy makes its way up the coast, prepared for attack from surface ship, plane or submarine. There is no more to it than that, but it is an attempt to bring to friends and relatives and all who can imagine the dangers that go with the ordinary routine work at sea in wartime, a half-hour of living experience.

* * *

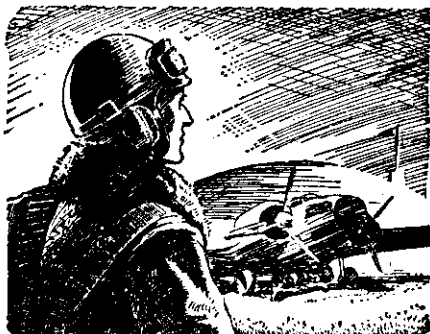
THERE is one special difficulty in radio plays and programmes. We get to know disembodied voices even better than we know stage or screen actors. True, our screen stars tend to become typed in certain roles. Charles Laughton will always be Henry VIII. for some and Captain Bligh for others, while George Arliss was inevitably Disraeli. But an actor can do much with his grease paint and costume. It is not so easy when you have to rely entirely on your voice. It has been worrying me lately to find the principal players in *The Man Born to be King*, whose voices are now familiar to most of those who listened to these plays, popping up in all sorts of unexpected BBC features. The disciple, John, with that distinctive hesitation in his speech, turns up disconcertingly. All sorts of small mannerisms and little turns of accent that might never be noticed on the stage are easily recognised over the air. It would, I think, be safe to assume that radio play producers will have to call upon an increasingly wide variety of actors to prevent the listening public from becoming too familiar with a small group of voices.

* * *

THE Wednesday night BBC play *The Ghost in Your House* was a simple ghost story without shrieks, clattering chains, or creaking chairs. It was a yarn centring round a murder, and the unexpected end—not altogether unexpected, either—also satisfactorily laid the ghost. A pleasant interlude, not suitable for younger children, but generally harmless and entertaining for parents and others.

* * *

A SOMEWHAT unusual BBC feature was the reading of poetry about Swans (2YA, Sunday, August 6). We do not have much reading of poetry over the air, and probably most adults do not hear much poetry read at all. I browse so seldom among poets that I like to be reminded of the poems that I used to enjoy, and I like to hear others that are new to me. I found the reader's voice in this case rather too low and rather too mournful. But I enjoyed this unexpected programme.



Where Your Woollens Go!

Here's a New Zealand airman just about to soar into the cold upper air. His leather jacket is lined with fleecy wool. He has thick woollen socks and light woollen underwear. When he comes down he'll sleep under warm woollen blankets. Now, this is just one man in one of the forces, so is it surprising that Bruce Woollens for civilian use are in short supply? Bruce—King of Woollens—asks you to be patient, and promises more Bruce Woollens for you later.

The armed forces must come first, but even now it's worth while asking for Bruce Woollens. Your retailer might have just what you need.



BRUCE

*King of
Woollens!*

THE BRUCE WOOLLEN MANUFACTURING CO. LTD., MILTON, OTAGO.

15.4