

# What is a good Eye Lotion?

First of all it is a Lotion—that is, a LIQUID medicinal preparation.

Secondly, it is a Lotion which is prepared, not in the factory, not even in the home, but in the aseptic conditions of the laboratory.

Thirdly, it is a Lotion that is kind to the eye—like its own natural fluid.

Fourthly, it is a Lotion that can safely be used for all eyes of all ages, at all times, whatever their state of health or sickness.

Fifthly, it is a Lotion that your eyes can go on using, however frequently or copiously it is applied.



## EYE LOTION

answers all these requirements, but some essential ingredients are still hard to get and supplies are not plentiful at the moment.

Please don't blame your chemist—he'll have supplies later.

Optrex (Overseas) Ltd., 17 Wadsworth Road, Perivale Middlesex, England

## TROLLEY WHEELS



Strong Iron Trolley Wheels, two sizes. Price per pair, complete with 18in. axle, 4 1/2 in., 8/-; 5 1/2 in., 6/6. Postage on one pair, 1/d; postage on two pairs, 2/-. Skates & White Ltd., 48 Fort St., Auckland.

# RADIO VIEWSREEL

## What Our Commentators Say

### In Cottage and Castle

A RECENT Sunday Evening Talk was given by Miss Jean Begg who has been in charge of the Y.W.C.A. in the Middle East and South East Asia Command. Fifteen minutes is not a long time to have for the description of such a varied and magnificent achievement as that of the Y.W.C.A. during the war, and Miss Begg faced the problem which often arises in such talks, of having to decide whether to give an all-over cover in generalities, or to concentrate on building up a detailed picture of one small corner. From the general listener's point of view there is no doubt at all which is the more telling. The closer a talk comes to the annual report form of composition, the further it deviates from the art which is proper and peculiar to radio, where much must be left unsaid if an impression is to be built up which the imagination can grasp and hold. Miss Begg began very effectively to do the latter, but half-way through her talk she seemed to remember that she was representing a great organisation whose thanks were due to several noble ladies who had given active patronage. I could not help feeling that the wives of kings and generals might be the first to agree with me that one might take it for granted that all ranks concerned had worked as hard as they knew how, and that when time is very short, their own work might be lightly passed over in favour of ampler details of the Y.W.C.A.'s most significant contribution to the war—its homemaking in foreign cities, jungle and desert.

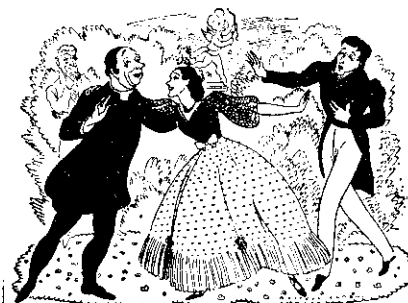
### The Action of the Tiger

THE overture to the "Dream of Gerontius" is played, and I am reminded of the dreadful story of Vaughan Williams, who is said to have been seen leaving a concert early and asked if he was not staying to hear some part of this great work, next on the programme. "What?" said Vaughan Williams, "stay and listen to Gerry's nightmare? Not me. I'm going to the pictures!" Those, moreover, were the days when sheiks were sheiks. There can be no doubt that the way in which the great misjudge one another is one of the minor delights of cultural history, but I cannot help hoping that this knock-down-and-drag-'em-out little tale is apocryphal. It is the sort of uninhibited anecdote which should really be kept hidden in the interests of our illusions about greatness.

### Gilbert and Sullivan Return

THE best news of the radio new year was the announcement of Gilbert and Sullivan presentations, which were begun from 4YA with "The Sorcerer." The copyright arrangements regarding these operas are probably the toughest ever devised, and under the circumstances I suppose a bare half-hour was all that was allowed. According to the programme and the announcer, the performance was limited to Act One. This would have left the company in a state of intoxicated bliss as if they had imbibed a love-potion administered in the tea-pot during a church bun fight, a perilous situation for singers and listeners alike; and it was as well that the plot was not left in mid air, but rounded

off with a verbal commentary and the inclusion of a chorus from the end of the last act. It was scrappy but it did enable the best things of the opera to be heard, including the stately duet between the elderly lovers (in which Sullivan has dangerously entrusted a specimen of his famous "patter" to a contralto voice), and of course the ditty of the famous John Wellington Wells, the "resident djinn," No. 70, Simmery Axe." (Correspondents taking part in the English



place-names Pronunciation Controversy, please note.) Altogether it was a tantalising performance, and I felt afterwards as one who has been asked to dine on soup and fish, followed by a printed description of the rest of the meal. Better half a loaf, however, than to starve for Gilbert and Sullivan as we have done in the past. If all the operas are presented as well as this one (effortless singing by voices of quality with every word audible) then the Broadcasting service is to be congratulated on its venture in giving us the opera, even in a necessarily abridged form.

### Intelligence Service Needed

WITHIN a few hours of his arrival in New Zealand, General Carpenter, Commander of the Salvation Army, was heard from 1YA, and other main stations were linked for the broadcast. Because celebrities are just as liable to put their first foot ashore in Auckland as in Wellington, it is important that the NBS should not become so centralised as to miss these opportunities. So far 2YA has had by far the highest proportion of good talks, particularly daytime ones, and although Wellington may be the logical place in which to deal with most overseas speakers, the other stations might well scout round more busily to round up visitors from other parts of New Zealand. I notice that Miss Cecil Hull and Mrs. Judith Terry, both well-known speakers at 1YA, are this month to be heard from 3YA and 2YA respectively. This is a good sign, though it is not clear whether they are there in person. At 1YA two or three good singers from the South have given recitals in the past few weeks. Yet the spoken word has languished as it does usually at this time of year, though every day crowded express trains unload visitors from all parts of the country.

### Women Outclassed

THE Radio Editor at 12B the other night plunged into a survey of women's achievements in the arts and professions—or rather their lack of

achievement. He ran through music, painting, and sculpture where they have not made a good showing, literature (where they have done rather better than he allowed), law, medicine, politics, and so on. "Why not?" he kept asking. I was misled by his tone of voice into expecting that his answer would be a contented assurance that they had chosen nobler and less conspicuous spheres of influence, and was surprised when he ended up with a strong exhortation to them to make their opportunities and go to it. I used to think that the complete apologia for women's failure in these fields was written in Virginia Woolf's "A Room of One's Own," until the 1945 medical journals featured a large-scale survey of intelligence of boys and girls. This seems to show that although the average ability of both sexes is equal, there are more males than females at either end of the scale. The Radio Editor appeared to jib at the idea of women judges. Was he influenced perhaps by Shakespeare who allowed Portia to give a thoroughly bad judgment on a shocking quibble? I have found that in real life most women seem to have much less respect than men for the mere technicalities of law.

### Father Brown

CHESTERTON'S priestly detective, whom he once described himself as an "officious little loafer," with nothing better to do in his holy office than to loiter around where murders were being committed, is a figure particularly well adapted to radio drama. The stories in which he figures are usually simple as to incident but eloquent in a rich, non-realistic way as to dialogue and speech, and greatly dependent on atmosphere and genuinely poetic uncanniness. However, I only know of two dramas made from the Father Brown tales: one, which I heard some years ago, was a rather unsuccessful version of his "The Man in the Passage," ruined by an apparent belief that the Father habitually spoke like the Private Secretary; the other was "The Purple Wig," broadcast as part of the Dickson Carr "Appointment with Fear" series. This tale is not only a superb hair-stiffener, but a lovely satire on Liberal newspapers in the nineteen-hundreds. The Carr manner harmonised well with and subjects itself admirably to the Chesterton manner. The only complaint I have is that the Father was a little man, and the radio voice was that of a large one. But I recommend to any skilled radio dramatist out of a job that he instantly go to work on the Father Brown stories. There are about fifty of them.

### Words

Cecil Hull's talk on "The Romance of Words," exiled from 3YA to 3YL last week by the intervention of the United Nations, carried one with rather confusing swiftness from one branch of its enormous subject to another; but it succeeded in creating the right picture in the listener's mind—that of language as a vast living and growing thing, spread out through time and space, and registering in its successive changes, trends and developments, successive deposits of human habit and imagination; the way in which men have laid down new societies, lived in new lands, encountered new peoples, used new tools, believed in

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