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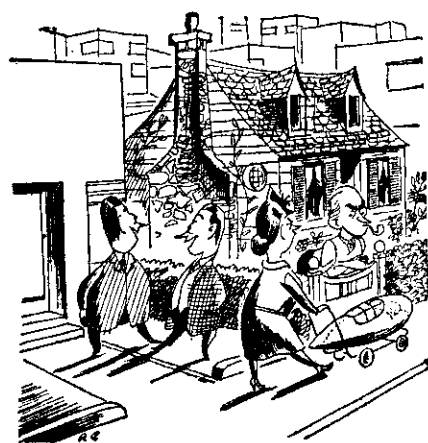
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RADIO VIEWSREEL What Our Commentators Say

Big Ben

WHETHER you enjoyed 2YA's broadcast of *The Story of Big Ben* last Thursday night depended to a large extent on whether or not you still feel a sentimental attachment to the nine o'clock chimes. To Londoners throughout the blitz the voice of Big Ben must have been a source of strength and comfort, aural symbol of their unchanging and unflustered defence of the British way of life. During the war we in New Zealand needed Big Ben. We needed the comfort of the minute of silent prayer. We needed the sense of kinship with our people in England which listening to a common symbol brought to us. We needed to listen to the news bulletin which Big Ben introduced. But now that the war has been over almost two years, Big Ben's voice has something of the monotonous and inescapable insistence of the next-door dog's barking. If this programme had been produced two years ago we would have been considerably moved by it. But to-day such statements as "As far afield as New Zealand Big Ben has become an institution and an integral part of everyday life" remind us mostly of our far-afielness.

of entire turn-of-the-century villas rather than rubble formed from even the best architecture. In any case we have only to look about us at many of our architect-designed public buildings to realise that architects are not infallible, and furthermore many of the most esteemed of our art critics are united in telling us that a simple sod-hut circa 1850 flung up by an early settler on his Saturday



Another Win

A WARM glow of satisfaction could be felt over New Zealand on the weekend before last. First of all there was, of course, the impressive victory over New South Wales on the Saturday afternoon, then on the Sunday evening fans were permitted to hear their heroes acquit themselves with equal glory in the intellectual field, when Jack Davey steered them deftly through a quiz which, from the point of view of quantity if not quality of question, might have caused many an experienced quiz participant to feel faint. *Quizzing the All Blacks*, heard from 2ZB, was remarkable for three things. First, deft handling and pretty ad-libbing by Jack Davey; second, the brave conduct of our Boys in Black; and third, the way the audience (at any rate the audience of which I was a member) lapped it up. With many an adjuration of "Down to the scrum," "Hook it out," and "On the ball, boy," Mr. Davey proceeded to put the lads through their schedule. Team-work was of a very high standard, and no member was permitted to drop a pass if anyone else was in a position to help. Mr. Davey was coach rather than referee. Typical of his methods was his asking of the question: "How many races did Phar Lap win? Now I don't want you to say anything vague like 36 or 38; I want the exact number," whereupon the young man deftly piloted the ball between the up-rights. New Zealand is obviously continuing its policy of exporting its best brains.

afternoon off embodies more of the basic principles of good architecture than, for example, Wellington's architectural triumph, the Largest Wooden Building in the World. Without shame I confess that I am not as allergic to the ugly as Mr. Barry Martin, and I would not think death preferable to the "living death of life in an inefficient housebox." Listening to him talk I felt something of the detachment of a Dissenter sitting beneath a clergyman of the Established Church, conscious that the individual has in him a divine spark that can guide him to architectural salvation, and that this spark is not the monopoly of any particular cult.

Man His Own Priest

D. E. BARRY MARTIN, giving the first of his series of talks on architecture from 2YA last Friday, took a firm line right from the start by announcing that good architecture was as important to mankind as the atomic bomb or the question of peace or war. *Um-m-m*. I do not think I am exceptional in preferring to live peacefully in a builder's bungalow rather than dangerously in an architect's chef-d'oeuvre, to gaze upon street after street

Appointment With Fear

"THE MAN WHO DIED TWICE" had nothing on the hundreds of listeners who must have Simply Died, My Dear, any number of times during the unfolding of this gruesome tale. This was the first time I had managed to make an Appointment With Fear, and I am not at all sure that my constitution will stand another. The story was a not-specially-subtle one of a crazily jealous husband administering poison to his wife under the most blood-curdling circumstances imaginable. The poison, of course, is a particularly loathsome one, and there is no visible means of escape. But the atmosphere is so cleverly suggested, and the subsequent twists of the plot are so unforeseen that there is an impression of something like genuine horror at what might easily be an occasion for scornful laughter. The sudden squeal of the accordion which is heard at intervals is an extremely effective device which is, moreover, not overworked. (It has occurred to me as I write that the ghostly tapping of a typewriter in the blackout might be an equally effective trick, and one that could easily be attributed to rats in the empty coal-bin). A telling contrast was made, too, between the normal lunacy of the Parish Concert

(continued on next page)