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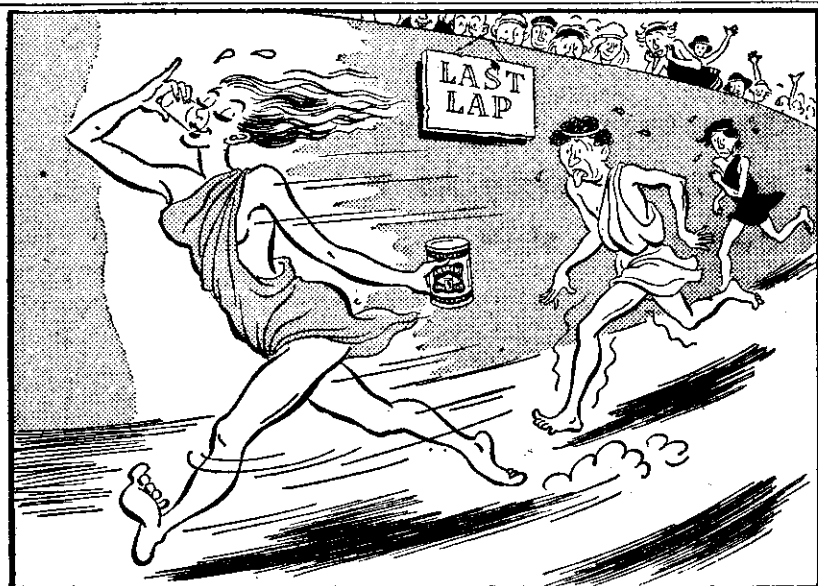
D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION
for Skin Troubles

LANDS

for

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YESTERDAY-TODAY-TOMORROW



The Greeks had a Word for it

According to a Greek legend, Atalanta was the swiftest of mortals. The average man and woman has no desire to win races, but life itself is a contest in which the prize of health is worth seeking. Everyone knows the word Andrews means a pleasant way to health. You only look and feel your best when you're enjoying Good Health. To get it, just take a glass of pleasant-tasting Andrews as often as your system needs it. Andrews refreshes the mouth and tongue, soothes the stomach and relieves acidity, checks biliousness, and finally, gently clears the bowels, correcting constipation.

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6/6

RADIO VIEWSREEL What Our Commentators Say

Other Times, Other Morals

THE potted version of Ibsen's *A Doll's House* in 22B's *Playhouse of Favourites* preserved all the drama of its original while completely sacrificing its subtlety, so that at times it was horribly reminiscent of the Olde Time Theatre. ("If I am to be dragged down to the gutter I shall take care to drag you down with me" snarls villain Krogstad to heroine Nora.) And lacking the Ibsen patina the bare bones of the plot had the brittle chalkiness of age. It was clearly revealed that *A Doll's House* is, by modern standards, outmoded. For Torvald's moral indignation at Nora's venal sin seems to the loosely-moralled present-day listener out of all proportion. Nora was beautifully played by Muriel Steinbeck, Christina even more beautifully by a person unknown. The men, however, were less deserving of verbal bouquets. Torvald's sliminess, viscous from the beginning, robbed his final downfall of any surprise value it may have had, and Nils Krogstad was played in his more villainous phases with so much gusto that the listener was convinced that that nice girl Christina had, in offering him her heart and hand, gone further than a wise girl would.

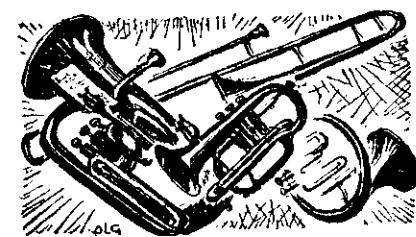
Democratic Programme

STATION 22B's Sunday night *Citizens' Forum* provides a good illustration of the positive use of that usually derided (and justly derided) body, the studio audience. Now, usually one thinks of the studio audience as one knows it from the Bob Hope or Bing Crosby shows, a collection of sycophantic automatons schooled to respond with Hitler-Youth precision to the placarded "Laugh," "Whistle," "Shout 'Atta Girl'." The studio audience at *Citizens' Forum* is a much more democratic institution, and amply justifies its place in the programme by contributing considerably to the life and spontaneity of what is already to live and spontaneous expression of opinions. I am tempted to compare last Sunday's *Immigration* discussion with the recent Monday discussion from 2YA on the report of the Gaming Commission, and while from the point of view of reasoned argument the 2YA discussion was conducted on a more intelligent level the 22B Forum was vastly more entertaining. And for this the studio audience deserves a fair measure of the credit.

Bandsmen Show the Way

IT is many years since Dunedin was the scene of the Brass Band Championships, and those who have not previously attended such an event have now some idea of the tremendous enthusiasm and technical ability which is evidenced among competing bands. As one who was unfortunately unable to attend many of the events, I was thankful for the broadcast coverage, and especially for the replaying of recordings of the winning bands and soloists. Most of the records were very good ones, and band enthusiasts in other centres will await them with interest—for I presume they will be considered good enough to be sent the rounds of the various stations. There is always a great deal of public support available for the brass band, and, it

would seem by the youth of many of the present competitors, any number of proficient young bandsmen coming on to provide the necessary talent in the future. Every city and town of any size in New Zealand boasts not one band but several—but how few are the cities and



towns which can support even one moderately-sized symphony orchestra! If the support that is accorded the bands (both among audiences and performers) were as widely evidenced among audiences and performers of orchestral music, then the future of amateur music in this country would be rosy.

Recorded Prom

THE broadcast from 4YA of a recording of one of the famous Promenade Concerts was a thrilling occasion—indeed, the nearest thing to being one of the vast audience. One fact a listener so many thousands of miles away might be thankful for—one didn't have to stand throughout the performance as did so many of the packed enthusiasts in the hall. This was a memorable concert, including as it did the first London performance of the 9th Symphony of Shostakovich. A solitary radio listener, hearing for the first time a record of a new work, forms a strictly private judgment, which certainly makes for an unbiassed opinion; but in a record of an actual concert performance, as at the performance itself, the same listener's reaction cannot help but be influenced by the behaviour of the audience. I should probably have come to the same conclusion in either case—namely, that this symphony, full of gaiety and effervescent high spirits, will probably find a firm place in the hearts of most concert audiences; but the excited buzzing of the audience after each movement, and the storm of applause after the finale, made me realise that hundreds of other people had also shared my opinion—always a pleasing thought. The applause for Shostakovich, however, was as nothing compared with the wild outburst of enthusiasm when the symphony had been followed by a barbaric and brilliant performance of Borodin's *Polovtsian Dances* from *Prince Igor*. This was a spontaneous tribute to a splendid rendering of music which is as vital and arresting now as the day it was written.

Unhappy Far-off Things

THE BBC feature from 4YA, "The Man Without a Mask," was not describable, on the whole, as anything but depressing during most of its length, but it was so well done, and the subject so interesting, that I for one was in the position of the wedding guest in the poem, who "could not help but hear." The subject was William Blake, and the programme approached him through the times in which he lived and worked and wrote. Descriptions of the grindingly