husky contralto. However the premature revelation in no wise affected my enjoyment of the main part of the play. The scenes in the prison and on Gallows Hill are played with a matter-offact gusto, as if the 18th Century's easy acceptance of the facts of life was extended also to the facts of death. All goes merry as a marriage up to the departure of the happy couple to their honeymoon at Bristol. And then comes the excruciating business of unravelling a plot already satisfactorily reduced to its elements by a perspicacious audience. It takes a long, long time, while we shift from foot to embarrassed foot, for the Bishop to catch up.

Raleigh's English

OUITE by accident I happened to be tuned at 10.12 p.m. to 3YA, and heard something which riveted my attention to the station for the next halfhour-a half-hour which I wouldn't willingly have missed. It was a BBC feature entitled A Portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the main attraction for me was the actor in the part of Raleigh, who gave his character a most fascinating Devon accent. Why on earth we should expect all our radio heroes to speak BBC English I don't know, but in most radio plays, historical or otherwise, they are apt to do so, whether the accent is true to fact or not, so the hero with a regional accent is a novelty. I know that the Devonian Raleigh sounded to me more manly, more adventurous and admirable than he would have sounded if he had spoken in the English which I am accustomed to hear from the unseen lips of my radio heroes -but why this should be I don't know. By the same arrangement of accents appropriate to the character, James the First in this play was allowed to speak broad Scots. Another point was the re-semblance (I don't think this is all my imagination) between the Devon accent and that of the people of the Southern States of U.S.A.—perhaps not so much a coincidence, either, considering that one of Raleigh's ventures was the organising of the expedition to found the colony of Virginia!

Sex Instruction

THE 4ZB Citizens' Forum chose a sufficiently controversial topic in the question "Should Some Form of Sex Instruction be given in our Schools?" imagine, however, that although only a few voices can be heard in the halfhour of these sessions, the voices we did hear represented the opinions of most of us. Few parents would want their children to remain totally ignorant on the subject of sex, even supposing that this were possible. But divergence of opinion exists on certain aspects of the question of how the child is to gain the knowledge.

Who is to instruct the children? At what age should sex instruction be begun? What shall be the nature and extent of the instruction? Shall we impart sex knowledge at home, at school, or in special classes from which parents may elect to keep their children away if they so desire? All these, and other points, were brought into the discussion, but, as may be imagined, unanimity was impossible on most of them. The most that came out of the session was a general feeling that some form of sex one and Out we send in the answer instruction ought to be given, although and the experts ask the questions.

NINETEEN FORTY-EIGHT

WE fought a war to end war, W And in the end we won.
We wiped our bloodied bayonets,
And we said "Thank God that's done";
And we built some lovely monuments In every kind of stone.

THEN, with the war well over, And the world again at rest, We sang the Nunc Dimittis, And Whatever is is Best; Pul roses on our Cenotaph, And medals on our chest.

 $W^{\mathtt{E}}$ fought that war to end war Some thirty years ago, And then we fought another war— Just why we did not know— But we lost our grand illusions In that late lamented show

NOW the shooting war is finished, And we go our peaceful ways; But we sing no Halleluiahs, And we chant no hymns of praise, For our lives are in confusion, And our minds are in a daze.

A ND we see, as in a vision:
A Beneath a leaden sky,
On a field of desolation
That even God passed by,
Stark, and in death united,
Victor and vanquished lie.

AND we long with dreadful longing For the peace we thought had come, But in the breathless waiting Our hearts grow cold and numb, For, menacing the silence, Sounds a faintly beating drum....

-Winifred M. Ponder

to entrust such a responsibility entirely to the teaching profession would raise innumerable difficulties.

If parents wish their children to know what every child should know (according to one speaker, what most children probably know already), then in the opinion of most of the Forum, some form of parent-education on how to impart sex-knowledge would be a desirable preliminary step!

Question and Answer

ONE of the refinements of civilisation which radio has procured for us is the ability to participate in games without playing them. I am not thinking this time of the football commentary which blares through the house of a Saturday afternoon for the benefit of someone digging in the back garden. I am thinking of the old parlour game "Animal, Vegetable and Mineral," which through the compère, we can now play in absentia. Twenty-one and Out appeals to me particularly because we know all the answers (having been previously informed by "the Mystery Voice.") So it's better than an ordinary quiz where we don't always know the answers; and better than a Brains Trust where at times nobody knows the answer. In the latter category our local panel, 3ZB's Let's Be Frank, seems to specialise in the unanswerable. "What is the cure for Communism?" and Where is civilisation leading us?" are two of their recent questions --- proverbial camels which the BBC Brains Trust has learnt to put neatly on one side, but which our panel swallows whole. The trouble of course is that these question-andanswer games, like so many sports today, are played by experts, and all the rest of us are merely onlookers. We send in the questions. But in Twenty-



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