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RADIO VIEWSREEL What Our Commentators Say

The Performing Leopard and his Spots

THE present-day tendency to regard education as a cure for all human ills was really, I suppose, the back-cloth against which Mrs. A. W. Gordon, Dr. G. Blake Palmer and Eric Halstead catried on their discussion in the Let's Talk It Over session at 1YA on Sunday, October 3. The title was, "Can Educa-tion Abolish War?" I had the impression that Mr. Halstead was handling a brief. rather than speaking out of his deepest convictions. At any rate, he put up a good performance, and gave the hounds a run for their money, before he was run to earth. As might have been expected, a good deal of the discussion hinged on the effect of intensive education over a long period in Germany. The failure of modern secular "enlightenment" to prevent disastrous distortions of the human mind is painfully evident in the history of that country; and Mr. Halstead struggled gallantly, but I think ineffectually, to throw off the heavy burden of disillusionment. Of course, it is generally agreed that education is a good and necessary thing. But what sort of education? It may be replied, "The right sort"—that which is based on certain principles. But what are those fundamental principles upon which an education system should be based? That is a difficult question; we have not yet managed to answer it satisfactorily in the modern world. Obviously certain other principles, the "wrong" ones, can lead to most shocking results. Mrs. Gordon and Dr. Blake Palmer, with their measured scepticism, seemed to hint at something that Mr. Halstead was not prepared to allow into the picture: I suppose we shall have to call it Original Sin. A good discussion, this, carried on with smooth efficiency by the three speakers, and providing as much illumination of a vast and complex question as one could expect from a half-hour session.

Voyage of Discovery

THE BBC's special programme for New Zealand on Dominion Day reminded me of a famous Liberal cartoon depicting the surprise of leaders of the Conservative Government at the successes of the Boers in the early stages of the South African War. "By Jove, Arthur, they've got horses!" "Yes, Joe, and guns!" There was a naive touch of discovery about the BBC programme. 'I say, here's a red patch in the South Pacific; let's go and have a look at it!" So they found New Zealand, and then proceeded to tell this country all about itself. This may have had some value for the outside world, but to salute a Dominion by informing it of local conditions and achievements with which its people are quite familiar, strikes one as odd. Then there was that stock figure, the Englishwoman who is surprised to find that a New Zealander is of much the same clay as her own countrymen. However, this airman guest from New Zealand was rather a crude chap; he addressed his hostess as "Missus" and told her something would be "jake." "Jake?" she commented. "What's that?" These queer colonials! And they must include "Now is the

Hour." Are we ever to get away from the tune? At the risk of being considered hopelessly adolescent, may New Zealanders suggest to the BBC that they prefer to be treated as grown-ups, their country not as a curiosity, but as part of the recognised furnishings of the world? Also that a special programme addressed to a Dominion should be an English programme—related to that Dominion of course, but still English? Would we greet England with a detailed description of Westminster Abbey or the Tower of London?

Lions and Lambs

THE chairman was as much to the fore in last Monday's 2YA discussion on the Accommodation Problem as the ref in an all-in wrestling bout. And his job was equally tough. For under present accommodation conditions the gulf that divides Landlady from Boarder is wider



Worker, Haves from Have-Nots, Exploisters from Exploited; and even on the neutral ground of the studio it is impossible for representatives of each class to work as a team for the benefit of all those concerned. On this occasion the exploited were too obsessed by the memory of ancient and recent wrongs to give thought to the betterment of the industry, but expressed themselves in terms of inefficient geysers, low-powered light globes, and sixpence for the iron. These elbow-jolting tactics were consistently discouraged by the referee, but with little effect, which emboldened the opposition (who up to now had been perfect ladies) to rabbit-punch with charges that many young people to-day have no sense of moral responsibility, and to deny that they knew any landlady who wanted to make friends with her lodgers. Towards the end of the discussion the referee exercised his authority to such an extent that lions and one lamb (the other had been virtually disqualified) got together to voice a few pious platitudes on Give and Take, and the Spirit of Service. But it was much nicer being shocked by the savagery of the class war than being edified by the bogus amiability of the United

Champagne and Mothballs

IN spite of Anton Walbrook, who did his best for me, I did not enjoy "Anatole," a series of sketches of Vienna in the 'nineties, which took the place of the usual hour-length play we get from 2YA on a Friday night. There was, of

(continued on next page)