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## RADIO VIEWSREEL (Cont'd.)

the organisers who have taken the forum from its citizens and converted it into just another exhibition of indoor fireworks. Of course, one should feel thankful for the fireworks, even if there are a few damp squibs among them, but I for one miss the informality of question-time. Mr. Wadman is, of course, an excellent chairman (Long May He Reign), but even he found a natural difficulty in evaluating the progress towards agreement reached by two speakers whose viewpoints on marriage were as different as Nigel Taylor's and Monsignor Macrae's. It was a pity that Mr. Wadman could not have put forward his suggested dichotomy of marriage into Civil and Christian at the beginning of the discussion instead of at the end—perhaps we could have got somewhere from there. Miss Kathleen Ross who, by sex and occupation, seemed to represent the interests of women and children, might have made a better stand had she not been charged down by hobby-horses.

### Unconditional Surrender

THE recent Monday evening discussion "Has Psychology Any Practical Value?" was chiefly remarkable for the graceful *volte-face* performed by Kenneth Melvin. I think it was the first time (and I have given the best Monday evenings of my life to listening to radio discussions) that I have heard an unconditional surrender offered and received, and Mr. Melvin undoubtedly had many members of the radio audience to keep him company. Generally speaking, participants in a radio discussion take up a certain position and defend it to the last, concerned more with parrying the opinions of the other speakers than yielding to them, and it takes a very good chairman to persuade these young Fortinbras to yield an inch or two of ground apiece to provide something for the discussion to rest on.

### Women Who Play Games

AFTER work, play, and with happy though I suppose fortuitous logic we now have from 2YA on Thursday mornings a series of talks *Women in Sport* to replace *Careers for Girls*. And very good talks they are too, even for those of us who have never so much as patted a ping-pong ball. Madge Cox has a wide and detailed knowledge of her subject which permits her to cruise over the field picking out colourful details without necessarily dwelling on geological formation. In her first talk she told me quite a lot about Suzanne Lenglen's temperament and appearance without listing details of her career, and heralded the first appearance of shorts on court with as much *éclat* as the emergence of a new champion.

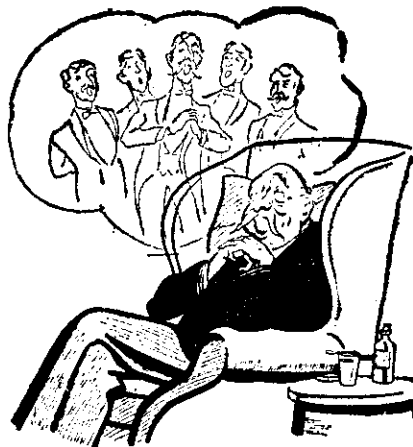
### Serials and Juveniles

I HAVE always regarded Freedom from Serials as important as the other four, but since the arrival in the household of a serially-minded 10-year-old I have become almost attached to my chains. Hitherto I have been on the side of those who deplore the serial-habit in children, not only on the grounds of sensationalism but because (as I thought) it encourages in the child a

passive attitude, the attitude of being entertained. But I have revised my views. There is nothing passive about young John listening to *Windjammer* or *The Golden Boomerang*, and any lingering residue of sensation is worked off the next day in the wildly dramatic games inspired by the story. *The Search for the Golden Boomerang* sounds very much like the sort of thing our generation read in *Chums* at the same age, and from the health point of view it is probably preferable to take your quarter-hour ration twice or three times a week than strain your eyes poring over small print for hours at a time. There can certainly be no question of straining the ears when the Golden Boomerang's big chief can be heard in the furthest corner of the house.

### The Song Did It

I LISTENED to C. Gordon Glover's *Fly Away Herbert* in the company of an elderly relative who chuckled all the way through and said at the finish that it was the only decent radio play he had ever heard. Further questioning elicited the fact that it was the only radio play he had ever heard—he always turned them off after the first few lines and went questing round the dial after his favourite radio fare—old-time dance music and Songs of Yesteryear. In fact, although he does not approve of the practice of letting radio characters carry



an orchestra round with them — being of literal mind—it was only the reiteration of the theme song "O For the Wings of a Dove" (and outside pressure) that kept him faithful to one station long enough to get interested. I shouldn't be surprised if from now on he becomes a regular playgoer, provided the play is introduced by a few bars of "Because," or Tosti's "Good-bye." This I regard as significant, for it is a fact that our listening habits are regrettably hidebound. The classicists flinch at the bare mention of a Hit Parade, the low-brows reject the possibility of elevation. Many of us who condemn the morning serial have possibly never listened to a single episode right through. The holidays have given us a listener exchange between homes which should function as well as the teacher exchange between countries. It is up to us to take full advantage of it.