

STOMACH upsets

Here's the Family Standby



so QUICK
so SAFE
so RELIABLE

A teaspoonful of De Witt's Antacid Powder in half a glass of water gives prompt relief when excess acid upsets the stomach. Indigestion, heartburn and flatulence are quickly corrected by this reliable family medicine. Keep a canister in the home. Price 3/-, double size 5/- (inc. tax).

First dose relieves!
Away from home
—always carry a few

De WITT'S
ANTACID TABLETS

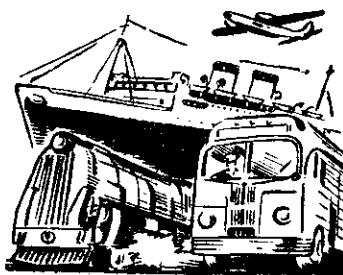


Automatic-opening tin
1 1/2 inc. tax,
refill bottle 3/6
Products of
E.C. DeWITT & Co. (N.Z.) Ltd.
9 Herbert St., Wellington, N.Z.



De Witt's
ANTACID
POWDER & TABLETS

TRAVEL SICKNESS overcome!



AIR, BUS, CAR, SEA, TRAIN

SEARLE

DRAMAMINE
TABLETS

Obtainable all Chemists.

A product of G. D. Searle & Co. Ltd.,
London. D7

IMMEDIATE RELIEF FROM HOUSEHOLD BURNS

Banish pain immediately from household burns apply JOHNSON'S BURN CREAM — pre-eminent too as a general purpose ointment in the home. At chemists everywhere. Dist. POTTER & BIRKS (N.Z.) LTD., Federal Street, Auckland.

Radio Review

NORTHERN VOICES

LISTENING to the late Sir Hugh Robertson introducing songs by the Glasgow Orpheus Choir over 3YA it was difficult to reconcile the soft-spoken almost, one might say, sentimental Scot with the man whose ear was so fine and whose discipline so exacting that in particular the male voices sang as one man, with a consequent clarity of diction seldom met with in massed singing. The combination of sentimentality and rigour may not be as paradoxical as it seems to me, though the production of good art is almost incompatible with the former. But I was reminded of a striking phrase describing a kind of criticism which, whenever it is practised, strips a regional art of its richness. The reviewer spoke of the "cauld blait" which swept up from Cambridge. In some way like the Scottish poet MacDiarmid, Sir Hugh

... beneath the random field
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stubble-field,

On the interpretive side, no less than the poet on the creative, he has grown up in his native warmth, peacefully and sturdily, uncut by the harsh and unproductive winds from the south—which, however they may brace in other places, are fatal here.

Symbols and Choruses

LISTENING to Professor Isaac's discriminating and leisurely talks, *Twentieth Century Theatre*, heard over 3YA, I thought it unlikely that I would have understood the expressionist plays if I had only read them instead of hearing the competent extracts given in the talks. Indeed, nowhere more than here have I been more aware of the meaning of our insularity. I see that a tide has flowed and ebbed and all I can know of it is through the rich deposit it has left in the mind of one who understood what the plays were about. Twice Professor Isaacs referred to the future of this kind of play in radio. Certainly the use of symbols rather than people, the introduction of choruses, and the intonation of ghostly voices, lends itself much more readily to radio techniques which do not have to grapple with visual realism. Radio can extend and intensify the meaning of sound so much that the loss of vision is swallowed up in the triumph of a new art still hardly aware of its own potentialities.

—Westcliff

Hope Unfulfilled

THE microphone is not always kind to its friends. It seemed this way in the broadcast—a national link—of Hindemith's *Canticle to Hope* to words by Paul Claudel. Written by poet and composer for Unesco as a contribution to international understanding, and performed by a choir of 250, an orchestra of 100, 36 brass and grand organ, with the audience roped in for the climax, this should have been as inspiring an occasion as it was significant. That it wasn't like this was largely due to grievous miscalculation by the recording engineers. The freshness of the voices was lost, the orchestra, for the most part, retreated into the vocal

thicket, the brass only occasionally became really brassy. Altogether, Hindemith's music sounded a bleak rather than a hopeful prospect. The composer, in an introduction to the work, had written: "Music must be brought back to simple forms," which is fair enough; and to this end he even wrote bits and pieces towards the end for the audience. But, after all, we in New Zealand linked together by wide-band line, were the audience for the occasion. We were very much out of it, French language and all. Maybe, bad recording or good, this was not a performance that should have been broadcast. Sometimes, at least, you have to be there.

—O.J.

Before the Battle

IT is good to be safe this side of a critical moment of history. But usually we are not perceptive enough to realise just how critical such moments were—we have the verdict of history that they were surmounted. Alan Gibson's programme *Trafalgar, the Decisive Battle*, was so successful in setting us down in the past that I emerged feeling distinctly grateful for the victorious outcome—and also the richer for some well-documented information. Did you know that during the threat of invasion from Napoleon's *Grande Armée* women in red coats were set to marching along the Dover cliffs to give the enemy the impression of strength? There was some leavening of fiction or what could have been fiction—Lady Hamilton sending Nelson back to duty and sounding so much the perfect navy wife, and the cabin boy who wished Nelson would stop hoisting signals and let everyone get on with the job—but the programme in general was a striking example of what can be done by the cunning arrangement of historical material.

Old Acquaintances

A SERIAL that's going to last more than a month or so should be easy to live with, and its characters should not be too far outside the normal family circle. I find *The Good Companions* good listening. It has fascination but no urgency, and family living tends to make you prefer the type of serial that can be taken or left alone. I began my listening with blurred memories of book and film, sufficient to make me hail the characters as old acquaintances yet not such close ones that I need resent differences in interpretation. When the serial is finished I shall probably re-read the book, and find it difficult to realise that Jess Oakroyd came before Wilfred Pickles.

—M.B.

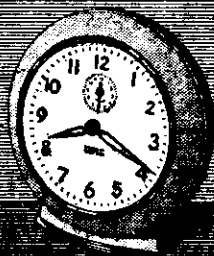
Missing Playwrights

ONE of the most disappointing features of recent NZBS drama has been the preponderance of adaptations and BBC scripts, and the almost total absence of locally-written plays. We have never had many good New Zealand radio dramatists; but it is hard to believe that we have no writers who can do at least as well as the BBC *Consider Your Verdict*, a singularly pointless mystery play without a mystery (1YC). What has happened to John Gundry, for instance, who used to produce extremely able radio plays? I wonder whether the paucity of New Zealand radio drama isn't due less to the absence of talent than to the fact that it is cheaper to pay someone to "adapt" Shaw, Shakespeare and Congreve than to purchase

N.Z. LISTENER, MAY 28, 1954.

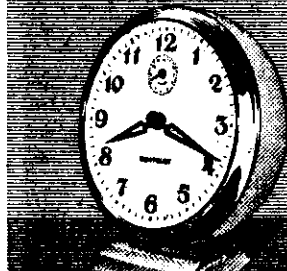


At 12.30 in LONDON ... it's 9.30 in BOMBAY



WESTCLOX "Baby Ben"

The "Baby Ben"—adjustable (loud or soft) alarm, whisper-quiet tick, dust-proof case and charming design. Fashionable pierced hands and plain dial. Obtainable either in ivory with a gold-colour trim or gun-metal finish with a chromium trim. Also available with luminous dial.



WESTCLOX "Consort"

New, modern design. Sturdily made and finished in ivory with gold colour trim. Loud, persuasive alarm.

but they both wake with **WESTCLOX**

WESTCLOX LIMITED . STRATHLEVEN . DUMBARTON . SCOTLAND

Agents in New Zealand:

Messrs. Brown and Durnan Ltd., 22-24 Brandon Street, Wellington

66179