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Here at last is an entirely new treatment for piles (haemorrhoids)—Hemotabs. It is a simple tablet treatment, clean and easy; and it brings relief from pain.

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Apply without delay to the Principal, Wellington Technical College. Applications must be lodged no later than October 31st, 1957, and a duplicate copy sent to the Director of Education, Department of Education, Wellington. Conditions and application forms are available from either office.

## RADIO REVIEW

# A Few Kind Words

ONE of the best talks in the recent *New Zealand Attitudes* series was by Ralph Brookes on Civil Liberties. It was a forthright and controversial talk and said, among other things, that it is not possible to be forthright and controversial in New Zealand. Which shows the difficulty of generalising about the radio in New Zealand. I will risk generalising, and say that seditious thoughts do more often appear in YC talks on general topics than on other programmes. In the past and still elsewhere the object of keeping dangerous thoughts quiet has been that someone might act on them. In New Zealand this fear is secondary to the fear that someone may object, and YC listeners (if there are any) possibly object to free speech less than most. They do, sometimes, object to the lack of it; and we should by all means complain about the NZBS or the Government or the system when our radio is timid. But we ought to remember that there are subjects of some importance which are scarcely discussed at all in New Zealand except on the radio, and happenings of some importance which would not happen except for the NZBS. One

achievement of democratic control has been an undemocratic apportionment of services. If we were as hag-ridden by the electorate as some suppose there would be no YC programmes.

## Words of Another Kind

HAVING given the devil his due, I shall now give myself the pleasure of listing a few radio items I could do without. *The Nutcracker Suite*. American records for juveniles. Donald Peers. Politicians, especially those who will shortly sit in a studio and address a million electors apparently without benefit of microphone. Visiting statesmen, trailing clouds of cliché. Teeny talks from the Minister of Education. *Kindergarten of the Air*. Announcers who like to call Dr Falla, of the Dominion Museum, Dr Falya, and who rhyme Delius with Sibelius. Forecasters who forecast for Woirappa and Cennabry. So-called Hawaiian music. Synthetic calypso. Gilbert and Sullivan on the cinema organ. Brass bands with ideas above their station. Young men who discuss their dandruff and B.O. in public. Young men who arrange flowers ("these daffs are utterly *fabulous*"). Musical versions of *Tom Sawyer*. Talks about the Nature of Man or the Universe or Truth or Reality. Poetry read with *feeling*, and comedies hammed out of existence. I'm just getting into my stride, but it's time to sign off. Finally.

—R.D.McE.

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## Local Talent

[T is too soon yet to make any comment on the general standards of *Variety Round-up*, whose stated aim is "to give most New Zealand towns a chance to show off their talent." A laudable objective, no doubt, perhaps formulated partly to attract those who believe that there are masses of gifted flowers wasting their sweetness on the country air. But, so far, little has happened to substantiate this. The opening Auckland programme, featuring mainly well-established radio artists, had a professional polish not yet quite matched elsewhere. Perhaps there lie ahead bright gems of variety. But if there are to be many programmes like that from Wanganui, I am afraid that I shan't stay the course. I have no desire to be unkind to a city which I am sure has ample talent, yet its contribution to *Variety Round-up* reminded me of nothing so much as the parish concert beloved of parodists. One singer, with a good, but hardly variety-style, voice, sang painfully outdated songs to the accompaniment of what I finally decided was either dubbed-in artificial laughter or a wrestling crowd next door. Another, claimed as "the King Country Elvis Presley," had his namesake's defects, but none of his vitality. More half-hours like this could set our radio back 20 years.

## Hullo, Please

[T must be I don't know how long since I heard the cheery Oriental Malapropisms of the Japanese Houseboy, Frank Watanabe. The lengthy chronicle of the misadventures of the Houseboy, Mr Hipplewhite, the Hon. Archie, and the rest, was, like *Easy Aces*, one of the first non-musical programmes to attract an earlier generation to radio. But Frank had vanished into the limbo of pre-war half-memories until, last Sunday, my eye caught, incredulously, the title *The Japanese Houseboy and His Employer* in IYD's programmes. Would the old appeal have