

UN Anniversary Programme

UNITED NATIONS

ALBUM, broadcast by 1YD, 2, 3, and 4YC, and all YZ stations on February 6, at 9.15 p.m., will be taken up with the anniversary of the Declaration of Human Rights. Human Rights Day is December 10, the Declaration having been signed on that day in 1948. The first anniversary celebrations took the form of a concert at Carnegie Hall, New York. This was broadcast by United Nations Radio, and a quarter hour of excerpts was recorded and sent to the NZBS. In the transcription Sir Laurence Olivier reads movingly the Preamble to the Declaration, which expresses noble sentiments everyone can subscribe to in a general way. Olivier's sincere art brings home to the full the value of these sentiments, however stereotyped they may have become. Aaron Copland, the well-known American composer, wrote specially for the occasion, a work he called *Preamble*, which is given its first performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Leonard Bernstein. The first part of *Preamble* is purely orchestral; the last is a recitative of some of the Preamble



SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER

to the Declaration, with orchestra accompaniment. This is declaimed by Sir Laurence Olivier. Lastly there is a stirring performance of the Shostakovich United Nations March, played by the Boston Symphony, with words sung by the members of the Collegiate Chorale.

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implies that Lombroso would have some interesting comments. Of course, she continues, it's a great mistake to let the hair grow so long. It makes the operator's task so much harder.

"I find," I retort, "that I have better things to do with my time than waste it in beauty parlours."

"Believe me," says Goldilocks, "you are making a Great Mistake. A Woman's First Duty is to Make the Most of Herself." Then she relinquishes the catechismal tone in favour of the yearningly evangelical. "I could do so much for you if you would but put yourself unreservedly into my hands. But—" she shuts her eyes and takes a couple of vicious snips—"I fear you have not the right attitude. Then, too, it's largely a matter of bones. Good Bones are the Basis of Beauty."

I eye the operator's bones, but they are hidden deep beneath the well-nourished layers of complexion.

"And tell me," I ask sweetly, "what do you do about bones?"

(Ho, infidel, I have thee on the hip.)

She shrugs. "In your case I'm afraid nothing. But we have a new electric ray treatment that completely revitalises the bone cells. Unfortunately, it can't alter the facial contours."

AT last it is finished. Deftly she gathers up the folds of the enveloping sheet and tips the trimmings down the back of my neck. The cubicle resembles the scene of a cat-fight. It is easy to see who won since all the tufts of hair on the floor are mine.

The operator has the grace to be a little ashamed of her easy victory.

"It may," she suggests, "look a little better after it's washed. Try fluffing it

up, like this." She runs a comb through it. The hair crackles back at her viciously. She retreats. "I'm afraid I find your hair rather hard to manage."

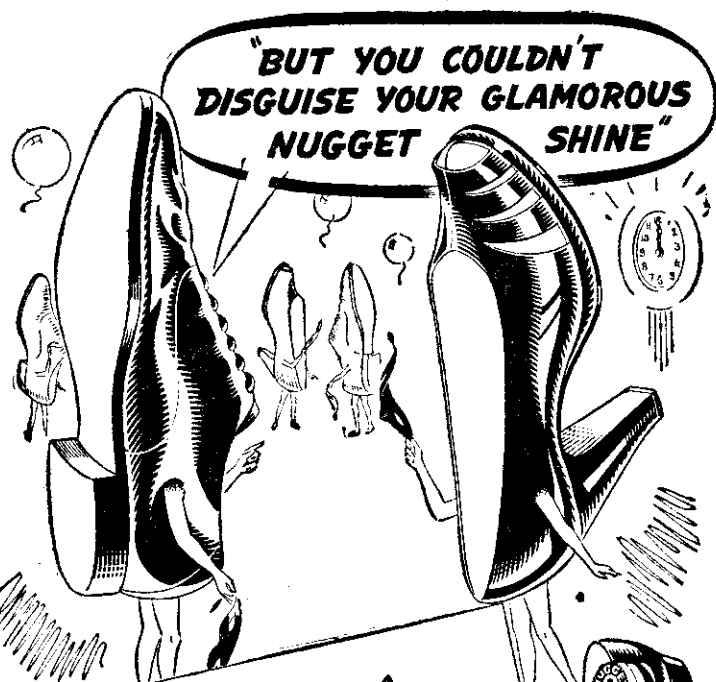
"Think nothing of it—so do I. But then, of course, I'm only an amateur." (A hit, a palpable hit.) I shroud my animated dish mop in the scarf I have presciently brought for the purpose and sail out of the salon, briefly borne on a wave of exultation for my Pyrrhic victory.

It's not even an urchin cut, I reflect sadly as I trudge home to face the jeers of the family. Merely a Housewife's Hack, very labour-saving, requires little washing, no ironing, simply rinse out overnight, wrap in a dry towel and shake well in the morning.

But there is consolation in the fact that I won't have to go through that for another twelve months.

And the Kitchen Sink?

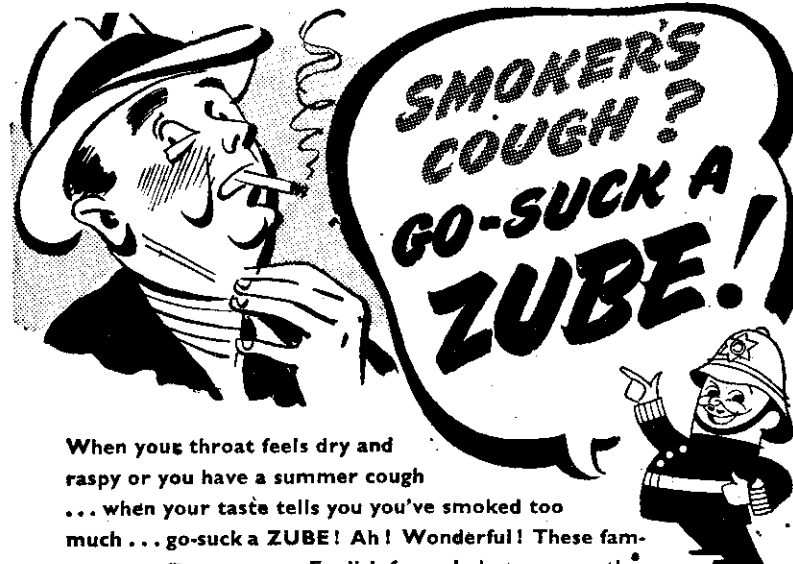
[IN the last couple of centuries women have clapped on their heads the contents of the Botanical Gardens, together with much of the Zoo—flowers, vegetables, birds, nests complete with eggs, snakes, scorpions, bluebottles, dragonflies, cockchafer, stuffed kittens, bits of rabbit, foxes and other beasts of prey. But in all this bewildering variety of headgear there have been two basic types; one echoing the message of the dress, the other adding a postscript to it. One elaborate mode of hairdressing reached such a pitch that when women's hair was pomaded, powdered and dressed, it was left for three months and could not be combed."—Dr. W. Willett Cunningham, telling "The Story of Hats" from the BBC.



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