

Classics Read Aloud in Public

A GREAT uncle still living in Lawrence remembers the time when reciters of ballads held large audiences in the diggings there. There was a time, too, in living memory, when every shearers' hut had its reciter of the proletarian ballads, the Australians with their Lawson and their bush ballads, and always someone who knew the complete "Dan Magrue" and "Man from Snowy River."

Collaboration between the Auckland Adult Education Centre and the Auckland Public Library has resulted in a revival of these earlier recitals along slightly more sophisticated lines. Instead of Dan Magrue there is T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral," read by Professor Sewell, instead of "The Man

from Snowy River," a mixed grill of sonnets, conversations, and letters presented by A. R. D. Fairburn.

The reading of poetry aloud being something of a lost art, the committee in charge is faced as much with the problem of training readers through experience in the technique, as of training the audience to listen. Few have as natural gifts the sense of rubato, the range and flexibility of voice (something different from elocution), and the dramatic sense which good poetry readings demand. These can only be cultivated through experience. In contrast to the music lunch-hour recitals then, these will have to serve a certain apprenticeship.

Sooner or later, the committee hopes, there will be readings not only of good

prose and good poetry, but also of bad prose and bad poetry—the stuffed owl and the spurious kinds—in the belief that one only has to read Warwick Deeping aloud to give him the raspberry.

—J.F.M.

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"I'M NOT NEWS!"

Colin Tapley Back in New Zealand

THE loud-speakers on the troopship were busy with instructions and information as the troops, with kit-bags and suitcases, began to move.

Threading our way along a crowded deck where nearly everybody was in

khaki, navy or air force blue, we bumped into a civilian, wearing a brown jacket and grey slacks.

"Aren't you Colin Tapley, formerly of Dunedin?" we asked.

He was. So we mentioned the *New Zealand Listener*, and suggested an interview. But then Tapley destroyed the tradition that all Hollywood film people go to any length for the sake of publicity. "Look here," he said, "I am not news! This is war heroes' day, and surely you don't want to interview me."

"But weren't you in the Royal Canadian Air Force?"

Yes, he had been a member of the R.C.A.F. and he joined up in Ottawa in 1940. He had been away from New Zealand twelve years, doing film work mostly, but lately as a member of the flying control staff.

Four months ago he was demobilised in England but his present anxiety was to get his wife and two children out from England.

Did he intend to go back into films?

Like many ex-members of the fighting forces, he was quite vague as to his future. "I feel delightfully indefinite," he said. "I haven't the faintest idea what I shall do next, and I'm not worrying about it."

We talked briefly about the film industry. "It is going ahead tremendously in England," said Tapley. "They have made great strides there during the war years and, from what I have seen, I would say that the prospects for British films are very bright." Hollywood artists had made a good contribution to the fighting forces, he added, for many had dropped their careers for the far more serious business of helping the Allied cause.

"CAN You Top This?" the Jack Davey show, is now playing from all the commercial stations at 7.15 p.m. on Saturdays. It is a half-hour show.

GILBERT and Sullivan broadcasts started at 22B with *The Sorcerer*, on January 6. Station 3ZB will make its first G. and S. presentation of the series on January 20.



COLIN TAPLEY

Not worrying yet about the future

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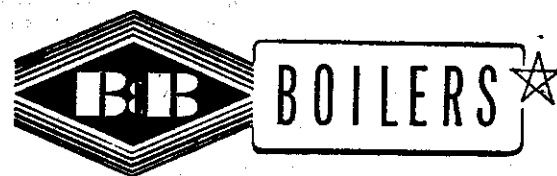
Captain West, runs: "The finding of the court was . . . that the safety of the survivors is, in the opinion of the court, primarily due to the skill and energy of Charles West, who, holding a master's certificate, was responsible for the navigation of a boat during a voyage of 1,800 miles in 23 days under the most terrific conditions, with only a sextant and a marine almanac to guide him; also to Clifton Cornish, boatswain, who was responsible for the distribution of the scanty supply of food and water and general order and discipline."

We had met Captain West quite casually—in a way which suggests that whether one is standing in a cigarette queue or sitting in a bus, the man next door might have done things about which most of us have merely read in books or seen at the cinema.



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