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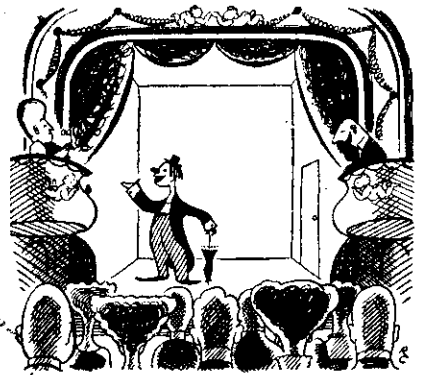
studded with birds" is an item from one manufacturer's collection) Mr. Ford made a safe descent to modern times, and probably felt less embarrassment when dealing with leg coverings destined for a public career. In spite of his intimate connection with the manufacturing side, much of Mr. Ford's information was perforce second-hand ("I am told that nylons have not that lovely clinging warmth of pure silk") so that he deserves all the more credit for the competence and vigour of his presentation. The following week he promised to give us an insight into the manufacturing side, together with some hints on the care of stockings, and the best way to wash them. Let us hope the A.C.E. is not meditating action for trespass.

Volume Control

THE listener who wrote a protest about uncontrolled dynamics in broadcasting has only re-voiced a complaint which has been made again and again by listener and critic alike. One of the most annoying things about listening to an entire evening's programme is the frequency with which one has to get up and alter the volume-control. But can't this be done on the spot, in the studio? The British critic Basil Maine explains the reasons for studio control in an article, "The Control of Broadcast Music." In this article he describes a visit to the Balance and Control Department of the BBC, where he found a Mr. Stanton Jeffries in charge, following every broadcast work with a full score! The result of having a musician as technician in this department, he says, was that the composer was kept in the centre of the picture, and his work so carefully controlled that each nuance and variation of tone was given the fullest value possible. But I imagine that in a small country like New Zealand, radio technicians who can follow a major orchestral work with an expert knowledge of the full score are so few as to be countable on the fingers of one hand.

Making History

THE history of the Theatre in Canterbury from the early days was the subject of a series of talks by Paul Latham from 3YA recently. One can scarcely call it the development of the theatre, since with the exception of the last 15 years nothing very much seemed to develop. But though the historian will



hotly deny that a list of names and dates constitutes history, that is up till now the story of our theatre—famous actors, famous companies, famous plays, musical comedy and vaudeville, all in a succession of breathless gulps—with presumably long barren stretches in between when nobody bothered to visit

us. Mr. Latham's personal recollection of so many of the famous names gave added interest to what might easily have become a mere catalogue. One could feel with him the excitement of a first night—especially when he lovingly recalled back-stage suppers in the good old days! Yet the fact remains that the history of our theatre is not one of endeavours and set-backs, experiments and successes. It is merely a passing parade of the shows of the day whisked through the country for the delectation of our envious but apathetic eye. Soon, perhaps, our achievement—and our history—will be really established.

Shall and Will

UNLESS one happened to be a grammarian or a foreigner—or of course a Viewsreel Commentator—one would not, I think, have made any special effort to take up one's station by the radio at the hour of Professor Arnold Wall's talk on "Shall and Will." And yet some may even have been fooled by the very directness of the title—unable to believe that the Professor was really going to talk to them, so-called adult audiences, about when they should say "shall" and when they should say "will." Many, on the other hand, may have been quite unprepared for the interest that the talk contained. Of course there are many more puzzling titles which Professor Wall could have used to inveigle listeners. He might have called his talk, for instance, "Simple Futurity v. Determination." A new and useful reflection came to me, however, as I heard Professor Wall recounting the story about the syntax of the Irishman, floundering in the river, who expressed his frenzied Determination to drown and not to be saved instead of mere Futurity. The Professor went on to explain that the Irish, the Scottish, and the Welsh were, apparently by time-honoured custom, considered incapable of mastering this distinction. The sanctity of such a long-standing failure would surely be ample excuse for the offender to explain with a happy smile when confronted with the Professor's rules "Ah, man—but Ah'm Scots the nool!"

Forgotten Barrie

AFTER hearing the radio version of J. M. Barrie's *The Fight for Mr. Lapraik*, one can perhaps understand why this play was relegated to the depths of its author's desk. Apart from obvious difficulties of production—and one gets the impression that the revolving stage which Barrie considers essential would be the least of the difficulties—the illusion of Mr. Lapraik's two selves fighting over Mr. Lapraik's personality is an extremely difficult one to maintain convincingly (the radio is usually kind to illusion, having to deceive one sense only). The play is very much in Barrie's usual vein, fantastic, macabre—and let's face it—sentimental. In this case, however, the sentimentality is not upholstered with what is generally called Barrie's "whimsical charm," for which, moreover, the theme of the play allows no possible scope. Applause is due to the BBC for an excellent production, and a stand-up clap to Bernard Miles, in the part of Lapraik. This was magnificently done, the same slow drawing voice subtly varied to express the despair of the younger Lapraik and the gruesome degeneracy of the elder. One feels, however, that Barrie cannot have been really satisfied with this play, and that some day he hoped to rewrite it.

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