

(continued from previous page)

quiet earth, I shook the willies from my shoulders and made myself a cup of strong tea. *Wuthering Heights*, concentrated into three hours, made strongly dramatic listening, but seemed to me, in spite of the atmospherics, to miss the emotional atmosphere of the novel. Any attempt to precis the original must result in strengthening to the verge of melodrama the already strong emotional material, and the suggestion of Old-Time Theatyr was heightened by Mr. Bernard's addiction to the rolled "r." And the whole thing was of necessity speeded up, a process which made an improbable plot almost impossible. Young Catherine sprang from childhood to marriage and widowhood in a quarter-of-an-hour, Birth wheeled in the characters by one door while Death stood ready to push them out the other. In spite of this, of course, the programme would be welcomed by those familiar to the novel, but those to whom it was an introduction to the author would be scarcely likely to pursue the acquaintance further.

Fun and Games

THERE'S plenty of humour going the rounds of the Wellington stations for those who are taking a holiday from instructional listening—it must be Father Christmas who has been giving us two ITMA's and two Radford-and-Waynes per week. *Crime, Gentlemen, Please*, deserves special mention, if only because it repeats so successfully the old Radford-and-Wayne formula, and connoisseurs of the blend will find it interesting to compare 2YC's revival of *Fool's Paradise* (cricket and espionage) with 2YA's "new" thriller *Crime, Gentlemen, Please* (archeology and smuggling). But however far from their natural habitat (the

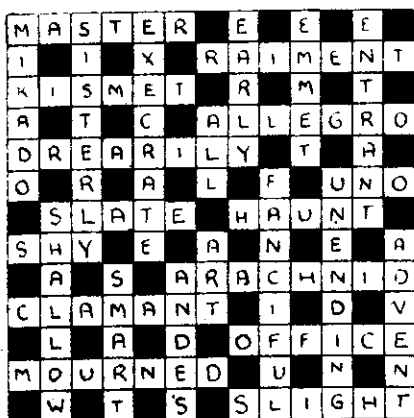
Oval) Radford and Wayne may stray, their cricketers' code never deserts them, and the conflict is always, in essence, between the holders of a Straight Bat and the bodyline bowlers. Confident by intuition and past experience that the Straight Bat will triumph the listener does not suffer any of the uncomfortable excitement attendant on the average thriller and can leave his heroes in the jaws of death from Monday to Monday without a qualm.

Plummy

I MISSED the beginning of the 4YA programme of readings for the Christmas season, arranged by Dorothy Neale White, and what I did hear convinced me that I could have eaten and digested a much larger portion of this particular plum pudding with great enjoyment. When I tuned in, Dick White was reading from Pepys, with such a perfect style and delivery that I wonder someone doesn't think of asking him to read a whole programme of the same writer. I felt that reader and writer were in familiar accord. Interesting, too, on this programme was the description of the Cromwellian attempt to do away with Christmas Day altogether. John Evelyn's account of his arrest for the crime of taking Holy Communion on that day makes fascinating but grim reading in 1948. The programme ended with some ancient and unusual carols—why is it that the lesser-known carols are only heard in radio programmes or concerts sponsored by the more eclectic type of music-lovers, while the brass bands and school choirs generally regale us with "Hark the Herald Angels" and "Adeste Fideles," as per usual? I was only sorry that I hadn't tuned in earlier to the programme mentioned; let's hope the Christmas season will produce a few more such plums.

"THE LISTENER" CROSSWORD

(Solution to No. 423)



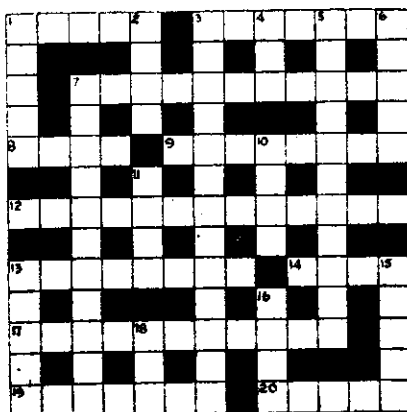
Clues Across

- Sluggish.
- Charged—in the manner of Zola, not the Light Brigade.
- Dogberry said they are odorous.
- He who pays the piper has the right to call it.
- They are not always loud, although they are frequently too long.
- Abnormal.
- What Jack did. (2 words)
- Famous Italian actress.
- Not put into words.
- Did this early colonist always pay his debts?
- Burns called it "Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower."

Clues Down

- Teller of the tale Macbeth calls "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."
- It marches on.
- What I wish you all.
- Without me crime raises a shout in France.
- "The Angel of the Lord came down, And glory ——" (N. Tate) (2 words)
- "Stick close to your —, and never go to sea, And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Naves." (W. S. Gilbert)
- "She never told her love, But let —, like a worm i' the bud, Feed on her damask cheek." ("Twelfth Night," Act 2, Scene 4)
- You have probably heard Marian Anderson singing in this Rhapsody by Brahms.
- March, head, pan, lock or heat?
- Fed us (anag.)
- Hard black wood.
- 14 across is confused here.
- There's more than one in the Alps.

No. 424 (Constructed by R.W.C.)



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