

## 312 ROAD USERS KILLED LAST YEAR!

To help stop this toll and stimulate public interest in road safety the packers of Choyso Tea announce a NEW competition . . .

# CHOYSA

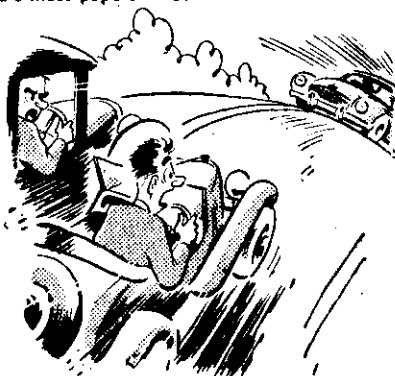


# CAMPAIGN

## £20 PRIZES

FOR CHOYSA ROAD-SAFETY RHYMES LIKE THESE!

New ads. appear and new prizes are announced almost every week. A prize of £20 will be awarded to every road safety rhyme or slogan, suitable for illustration, which is published in this series. No entry fee—just send your entry, with name and address to "Choyso Tea Road Safety Rhyme," C/o Box 2034, Auckland. This announcement is inserted in the interests of road courtesy and safety by the packers of Flavour-Fresh Choyso—New Zealand's most popular tea!



You're in a hurry . . . already late,  
There's a car in front, a curve ahead,  
So, slow up, man, and don't tempt fate.  
It's better to be late than dead!

ALWAYS DRINK



the best "one for the road"

## Use PALMOLIVE BRILLIANTINE

for that smart well-groomed appearance

If you care for your hair

LIQUID — 2/3 & 3/  
SOLID — (in jars) 2/3



## Radio Review

# OPERA IN ENGLISH

STATION 1YC gave us a treat recently with its broadcast of the National Opera of Australia's opening presentation of *The Barber of Seville*. Whatever purists may say, I've no doubt personally that, if an opera libretto is any good at all, singing it in English greatly increases the listener's enjoyment. The story of *The Barber* may be thoroughly familiar, but the sprightly translation this Company sang made much of it, especially the somewhat tiresome recitatives, delightfully new. Since the players worked the opera "for laughs" as energetically as they sang, this resulted in a performance which was as entertaining as it was musically sound. The nasal whine of Almaviva in his disguise as Rosina's singing-master, and the Figaro's pert asides were among the many inspired comic touches. The audience's laughter and applause confirmed my impression that this was an unusually gay and lively show. I readily believe the story I was told of a man who, dragged unwillingly by his wife to this performance, inquired anxiously of a friend during the interval: "Is this Grand Opera?", and, on being assured that it was, said, in a tone of astonishment, "But I like it!"

## Return to Book Shop

NOT having heard *Book Shop* for over a year, I tuned in to a recent programme wondering if it had changed at all in quality and form. The session was quite as agreeable as I had remembered it—urbane introduced, determinedly not too heavy and *John-O'-London*-ish Douglas Mackenzie gave a thoughtful review of Sir John Hunt's *Ascent of Everest* with some valuable comments on its literary merits: Nelle Scanlan provided reminiscences of literary figures, and Hector Munro gave the *pièce de résistance* with a mock-solemn dissertation on Public Notices As a Form of Art. However, on the evidence of this one programme, shaped exactly as I had remembered it, I wonder if *Book Shop* hasn't settled into a rut and is content merely to exploit the formula which made it, at the beginning, so fresh as a "bookish" session. Just as a newspaper needs, I feel, every so often a change of lay-out and headings, so perhaps *Book Shop*, good as it is, might sometimes substitute dialogue for the straight talk, give us a talk wholly in verse, even do as Groucho Marx does during the summer, give us an occasional programme composed of some of the highlights of past sessions—anything to keep it as bright and lively as it has so often been.

—J.C.R.

## Minutes Packed With Seconds

STUDIO audience and listeners sometimes seems to operate on entirely different wave-lengths, and there's nothing like vociferous reaction from outside to make you deny your first response in favour of something a little more exclusive. Station 2YA's *One Minute Please*

was, however, gratifying proof that emotional rapport between inside and outside audiences can be achieved. The first binding factor was mutual, heartfelt relief that we had not been called upon to perform such extempore antics as pretending we were Lady Godiva explaining to Sir Walter Raleigh what had happened to our horse: the second, admiration for the gameness of the team members. But much of the credit for the happy family feeling inspired by the session could well go to chairman Ulric Williams, whose wit and warmth seemed beamed equally to present and absent friends.

## Strangely Compelling

[I]AVE the Russians (I mean the pre-Revolutionary Russians) some particular affinity for radio? The power of *The Seagull* and *A Month in the Country* to bring into focus for us a piece of universal human nature (another country, but the same mores) cannot be the same power that won me to *The Pistol Shot*, an adaptation by Jon Manchip White of Pushkin's melodramatic short story. There is little recognisable common ground for the listener to dig his toes into. The time is 1830, the setting for the most part a Siberian village in winter (I remember a hot sultry Wellington evening being such an aid to comprehension of *A Month in the Country*), the cast largely male and concerned with horses, duelling, dicing and drinking (little possibility of self-identification here). The hero, Count Silvio, is by modern standards a couch-case, and his triumph over his rival (*my hero*) I found despicable. But in spite of this the play was strangely compelling, and was presented with such conviction by the talented NZBS cast that I have difficulty in believing it's fiction.

—M.B.

## Progress in Aviation

LITTLE as I share William Courtney's enthusiasm for military and aeronautical progress, I could admire it from the distance. He was at least all of a piece. The breezy voice, punctuated with coughs like gun reports, ever conscious of Empire, and the historic struggles of an "Island fortress," was well suited to the task in hand. Perhaps progress in civil aviation affects me more than I know, but I have never been airborne, and the part of these 3YC talks which interested me was the proposal to have helicopters in New Zealand. Mr. Courtney was thinking largely of helicopters as a rapid means of transport for senior staff officers and V.I.P.s. I was thinking of alpine accidents in inaccessible regions from which such machines might be an effective means of rescue. Mr. Courtney also stressed their value as ambulances to move the wounded with a minimum degree of pain. Later the speaker discussed the unlovely reality of the guided missile and proposed counter measures, stressing the fact that for 40 years of this century England was wide open to attack. He also emphasised the "great spiritual virtues" of the British, one of which, I submit, is the fact that they are not a blueprint nation who consider success simply a matter of planning.

## The Dolmetsch Manner

THE Dolmetsch Trio was one of the most fascinating musical groups to visit these shores. Since curiosity is often a quickening element in appreci-

N.Z. LISTENER, MARCH 26, 1954.