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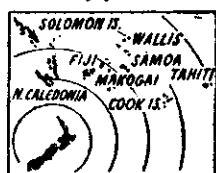
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Radio Review

MONEY GOING ROUND

GATHERINGS like *Money-Go-Round* seem largely to have taken the place of such things as community singing as a means of getting people together under circumstances which make them feel they can let themselves go. The causes for which *Money-Go-Round* are held are worthy, and this takes away from the stigma which would otherwise attach to our all-absorbing concern with money. Selwyn Toogood, never one to let grass grow under his feet, keeps the show moving at a brisk pace, though you can't help wondering how he feels when the session is over. The 3ZB recording of an Invercargill show, dragging in the chips for the local branch of the Plunket Society, was nevertheless exceptionally bright with both questions and replies. Mrs. Orbell was asked if she had anything to do with that "Nortornis character." Another person, on being asked where he would obtain liquorice, suggested he would get his from the chemist. And to cap the evening's hilarity, one person on winning the £10 jackpot for answering the question, "What is the largest river in Italy?" was told that it was a natural for a woman with a young baby.

When Winter Comes

DESPITE the onslaught of winter, listening has been leaner than usual for the time of the year. Eminently enjoyable as was Priestley's time-play *I Have Been Here Before*, it was too modest in its requirements to draw anything extraordinary from the New Zealand Players. The surprising thing about it was the clever way in which Priestley dressed up an obvious moral and passed it off as an entertainment which kept you waiting till practically the last line to see which way the die was cast. Later in the week, in a 3YC session of Dvorak's music, Marjorie Nightingale and Vera Martin sang a handful of solos and duets. Duets come so rarely and these were so well sung that they kept the thought of the bedraggled drizzle at bay for the better part of an evening. This was rounded out with the *Sonatina* played on the violin and piano by Frederick Grinke and Kendall Taylor, full of the liveliness, colour and "soul" that seem so effortlessly to come from Dvorak's pen.

—Westcliff

Home-grown Variety

THE road to a really good local radio variety show is lined with the tombstones of gallant triers and littered with the bones of a thousand laboured jests. But 1YA's *Auckland Variety Stage* seems to be developing into a very agreeable combination of acceptable variety turns and amusing sketches. This programme has improved week by week. Given time and encouragement, it shows every sign of becoming a distinctive and engaging feature. The recent broadcast from Whenuapai was the best yet. Nancy Harrie, Jimmy Warren and other artists, crisply introduced, played pleasant light music, and Athol Coates, Pat McMinn and Barry Lineham brought zest to several sketches. The latter's Laughtonish "Captain Sly" was a first-class piece of mimetic comedy. There are, perhaps inevitably, traces of the *TIFH* manner in the style of these scripts; but they

are genuinely original and the gags are rather fresher than those of some BBC comics. A little brisker pace, and time to allow the personalities to establish themselves, as all comedy teams must, and *Variety Stage* may prove to be the home-grown product we have been waiting for for so long.

A Scientist's Convictions

ALTHOUGH I felt that some parts of the talk by Professor M. L. E. Oliphant on *Science and Mankind* (1YC) might be regarded as hot-gossiping for the dogmas of scientific positivism, as a whole it was a most informative and thoughtful address. The NZBS deserves commendation for recording all this talk to the Science Congress, and broadcasting it later on the evening of its delivery. Whether or not one agrees with Professor Oliphant's attitude towards art and literature, and his assumption that the only real knowledge is scientific knowledge (not to mention his curious errors about the Book of Genesis) his description of recent scientific developments and his forthright presentation of the atomic dilemma, delivered with clarity and incisiveness, must impress even the most prejudiced listener. His plea for a new ethic of responsibility for scientists, and his concrete proposals for preventing the futility and horror of atomic war, made this one of the most important lectures I have heard broadcast. It is right that this distinguished scientist's convictions on matters about which scientists are perhaps too often silent should be heard by as wide an audience as possible.

—J.C.R.

Ordeal in a Courtroom

LIBEL, a play by Edward Wooll, was a good example of the sort of thing Professor Isaacs warned us about in the first talk of his theatre series, when he spoke of the difference between good drama and mere good theatre. And, since *Libel* provided such exciting listening, it may equally be regarded as an example of the advantages of refusing to become an aesthetic wowser. *Libel* is concerned with the problem of a baronet who goes to the war and returns a different man. The setting is a court of law, concerned with establishing whether the hero is literally or merely figuratively a different man. We, the audience, were treated with almost Roman prodigality to the spectacle of raw and quivering human emotions impaled on nasty little points of law. The NZBS cast avidly devoured the meaty parts assigned them, and I felt that Olive Lucius's playing of the flummoxed wife was as near as we're likely to get to the incomparable Siddons.

Programme for a Tradition

THE commemorative programme on Hans Andersen struck me as doing more credit to the official conscience than to Hans Andersen. To listeners in Denmark, to whom this is an annual tradition, such niceties as the broadcasting of the programme from the author's own home, and the message from Sir Winston Churchill (written, though not read, by him) may have had significance; in radio terms they meant nothing. To me, also, the two stories chosen appeared to illustrate, not Hans Andersen's particular genius, but the faults he shared with other makers of stories for Victorian children. "Little Ida's Flowers" appeared to my children too long and prettified, and I found myself resenting the smugness of the author's ironically reiterated "Fancy stuffing up a child with such nonsense," with its further

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