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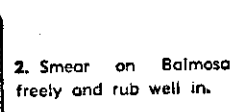
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Radio Review

LOOKING FOR DRAMA

WE seem to have struck a
trough so far as NZBS
plays are concerned. New
productions are promised soon,
but in the meantime the shelves
are being ransacked for usable old
material. Of the seven NZBS plays
offered from Auckland and National
stations during the past month, I have
identified four as venerable oldsters,
and have my suspicions of one other.
One, *The Gathering Storm*, a Cold-
Comfort-Farmish affair, was distin-
guished by the performance of the
simple-minded Frankie by John Sesin-
ger, who was here with the Common-
wealth Players three years ago. I see
no objection to the replaying of the
best NZBS productions. It is good
policy to let new audiences hear them.
But for radio drama to be vital, fresh
offerings should surely predominate.
The Auckland cinemagoer would rightly
feel disgruntled if 70 per cent of the
films in Queen Street were revivals.

Stimulating Singers

SO much of our music comes on link-
up these days, that it was with sur-
prise that I realised that 1YC's playing
of the last half of a public concert by
Andrew Gold and Pamela Woolmore
was for the delectation of Auckland
alone. During their months in New Zea-
land, Mr. and Mrs. Gold have added
an element of charm and vivacity to
our musical life, and Aucklanders in
particular, mindful of their sterling con-
tributions to the Festival, must regret
their departure. They are both un-
usually intelligent singers, who not only
give an individual flavour to their work,
but are also not content to tread paths

worn smooth and deep by local studio
recitalists. In this farewell programme,
Andrew Gold's Wolf songs and the four
Greek Folk Songs by Seiber were
nearly all new to me; while Pamela
Woolmore's singing of the seven Nur-
sery Rhymes by Kabalevsky added an
unusual and welcome note of humour to
a varied bill. It was as much for the
freshness of their personalities and ease
of manner as for their fine singing that
I will remember these singers, who have
given a shot in the arm to radio sing-
ing during their too-short time with us.

—J.C.R.

Displaced and Unplaced

ALAN BURGESS'S BBC programme

The Forgotten People was an ex-
tremely powerful plea for the thousands
of European refugees left stranded after
disbandment of the International Re-
fugee Organisation. Good use was made
of the nagging voices of women, not
those of the D.P.s themselves (who
have, one gathers, long lost faith in
complaint), but of those relief officers
bitterly unresigned in the face of so
much misery and their own helplessness.
Good use was also made of a
phrase from the I.R.O. report, that after
disbandment "there will remain a tre-
mendous problems in human terms."
But was good use made of the
programme as a whole? Having by
such calculated means aroused an
emotional response, those responsible
for the programme should realise that
it is the logical thing to make use of
it. Nothing so banal, perhaps, as an
address to which contributions may be
sent, but perhaps a hint that some New
Zealanders are doing something about
it?

Stealing the Show

I WONDERED why I found the last
quarter of an hour of the NZBS pro-
duction of *The Guinea Pig* somewhat
slow, in spite of the fact that this is
when the ends of the play are satisfy-
(continued on next page)

★ The Week's Music . . . by OWEN JENSEN ★

THERE have been quite a few
splashes of interesting, off-the-
beaten-path music through the micro-
phone the last few nights. Not the least
of this was from some enterprising choral
societies. The Royal Christchurch Musi-
cal Society with the 3YA Orchestra con-
ducted by E. R. Field-Dodgson, gave us
a noble performance of *Dona Nobis
Pacem*, by Vaughan Williams (3YC), a
tough nut for any group of singers and
one which, incidentally, the Christ-
church Society cracked a little more
successfully than Mendelssohn's *Hymn
of Praise* which they sang first. From
Christchurch, too, came a session with
the Liederkränzchen conducted by John
Ritchie (3YC). With all due respect to
the ladies, there is a limit to the charms
of their voices in concert, unsupported
by the less angelic and even earthy
foundation of tenors and basses. Never-
theless, despite the competition of some
of the earthier voices coming in as an
Empire Games broadcast from an ad-
jacent ZB, it was obvious that Mr.
Ritchie's singers had many of these
charms. The sopranos seemed to over-
top the altos a little, but the general
effect measured up to the music they
sang, which was a cycle, *Songs of De-
light*, by Philip Canon. Something new
was added to our listening repertoire,
too, by the Wellington Teachers' College

presentation of Britten's *Rejoice in the
Lamb* (2YC).

Hearing a new chamber music en-
semble on the air, one of the things
that occurs to me—if they're any good
—is how they can be persuaded to carry
on the work, for a musical ensemble,
like wine, improves with keeping to-
gether. It was good, therefore, to hear
the broadcast of a *Trio in D Minor*, by
the Czech composer Vitezslav Novak
announced as the first of a series by the
Ostova Chamber Music Ensemble
(2YC). These three players (Leela
Bloy, Greta Ostova and Ormi Reed)
gave a sympathetic and lively perform-
ance of music that may never shake
the world but was, for all that, uncom-
monly interesting. Incidentally, the mi-
crophone placing seemed to be making
the best of the music, too.

Talking about microphone placing
and all that sort of thing, I can only
conclude, after hearing Frederick Page's
second broadcast on the clavichord, that
this instrument must be one of the most
unbroadcastable. Apart from the fact
that the tone was hardly "the still small
voice" of the clavichord, there was a
background clacking that may possibly
have been Mr. Page shuddering at the
thought of how his sounds were going
out on the air, or, more likely, the
clanking of the tangents on the strings.

N.Z. LISTENER, AUGUST 13, 1954.