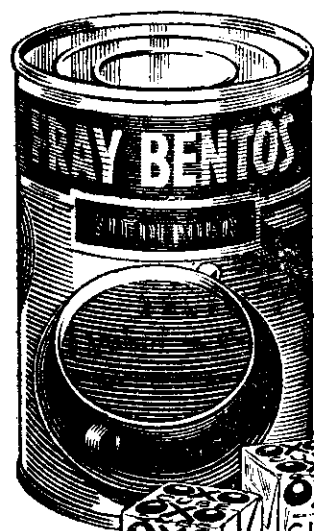


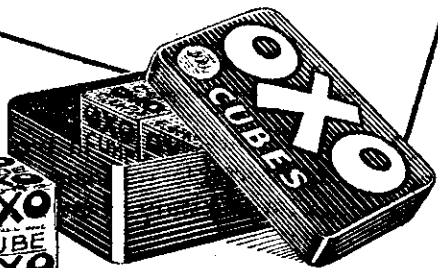
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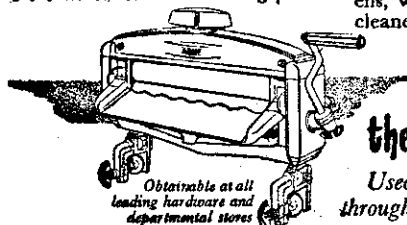
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## Dark Doings in Morocco

THE only things stirring at noontime in the Moroccan port of Agadir are mad dogs and two Englishmen named Boulcott and Plumley. The place is decidedly hot, and before they've been there long it grows decidedly hotter. Boulcott, the pessimist, knew it all along. "In the first twenty-four hours," he had said, "we'll find a body. We always do." And he wasn't wrong; he was right.

"And before we've been there three days we shall be up to our necks in some fantastic welter of crime and treasure-hunting, in cliff-hanging and general what-have-you. That, Plumley, is what will happen to you and me if we go to Morocco for a quiet winter." Right again.

Anyone acquainted with the late, great comedy team of Basil Radford and Naughton Wayne will have no trouble in picking Boulcott and Plumley for what they really are. The radio show *May I Have the Treasure*, set in Morocco, was, in fact, written for them. It was originally produced and broadcast by the BBC. Soon, New Zealand listeners will be able to tune in to an NZBS production of the play. Produced by Jack Dobson from the BBC script, it has David Kohn and Alfred Farrell as Boulcott and Plumley respectively.



Jack Dobson

The pair of rather pukka Englishmen arrive at Agadir in the first place to look after the Moroccan home of their friend Puffy Graham. Puffy had inherited the place from his uncle, one of the Middle East's less savoury characters, along with a number of "businesses," including a house in Cairo complete with dancing girls. At Agadir, the pair encounter a number of types even less savoury than Puffy's uncle. There's a Frenchman named Mimmig, an Italian with the forbidding title of



Malevolecci, an American, Herman Rosenbaum, a Yorkshireman named Harker, who doesn't object to murdering foreigners, but stops at Englishmen, and assorted Arabs with long knives and no such scruples. All are after the treasure that lies hidden somewhere near Puffy's house.

The treasure-hunters, by no means subtle men, leave clues to their calling that not even the bumbling Boulcott and Plumley can ignore. Rosenbaum assures them, however, that's all fair and above board; they're hunting for uranium. If he finds it, he says, he may persuade the U.S. to give a little of it to Britain. This touches Boulcott and Plumley on the patriotic raw. "Just for once in a way," says Boulcott, "why shouldn't we have the stuff, and give them some afterwards, if we feel like it?" Without any very clear idea of what uranium looks like, they start searching. Even the discovery of an iron-bound chest filled with jewels and crowns fails to divert them from their patriotic purpose. "Pity you hadn't found half-a-crown," says Boulcott. "—been more useful." Plumley remains interested for a time, but is finally vanquished by the argument: "Plumley, if these were real jewels, d'you think they'd be lying about in a cave? The insurance companies wouldn't allow it."

*May I have the Treasure* will be broadcast in eight half-hour episodes, starting from 1YA at 8.0 p.m. on Thursday, August 19, from 4YA at 7.50 p.m. on Saturday, August 21, and from other YA and YZ stations during the ensuing two months.

## Odd Dishes from the Tropics

THERE were once two skunks named In and Out. When In was in, Out was out, and when Out was in, In was out. One day when Out happened to be in, Mother Skunk sent Out out to bring In in. Out returned very quickly, bringing In. Mother Skunk was surprised. "How, in all this great forest," she asked, "did you find In so quickly?" "Oh, that was simple," said Out. "Instinct."

This advice on how to catch your skunk might well be remembered by housewives likely to engage in tropical cooking. According to a recipe book which recently fell into the hands of Elsie Lloyd, the Commercial Division's Supervisor of Women's Programmes, skunk is a superb dish, "rather like chicken, but more deli-

cate." This delicacy is attained by removing the scent glands as quickly as possible and parboiling the carcass in salty water for 15 minutes before cooking in the ordinary way. It's in the book!

Other recipes suggested in the book (*Tropical Cooking*, by Gladys R. Graham) are for tasty dishes of turtle, tapir, jaguar, leopard, panther, ant-eater, puma, otter with noodles, monkey, alligator, iguana, parrot and armadillo. Mrs. Lloyd will talk about some of them in a programme, *Tropical Tit-bits to Titillate Tired Tastes*, to be broadcast in Women's Programmes from all commercial stations in the next few weeks. She promises to give recipes in detail to anyone possessing the raw materials.



N.Z. LISTENER, AUGUST 13, 1954