

# Miss Hargreaves Comes to Life

HAVE you even invented anyone—made them up on the spur of the moment, and then gone on talking about them, as confidently as you like, as if they really existed? That was what Norman Huntley did when he found himself talking to the verger in a ghastly, gloomy old church in Ireland. Norman and his friend Henry Beddow were on holiday, and they'd gone into the church to shelter from the rain. The verger stuck to them like a leech, and it was when Norman mentioned the late rector and the verger asked if he'd known him



A.P.S. photograph

that Norman "got rather foxy" and said no, but he'd known the rector's dear friend Miss Hargreaves—a pure invention. But that wasn't the end of it. For Norman and Henry wrote to their imaginary Miss Hargreaves at an imaginary address and invited her to stay with the Huntleys. And after they got back home she turned up, and with her the hip bath she always travelled with, the parrot, the neurotic little dog, the harp—all of which Norman had also imagined. Did Norman create her, then, or was she always there, somewhere, and, as Norman's father said, merely "needed reassembling"?

That's a question to which listeners may find different answers even when they've heard the NZBS production of *Miss Hargreaves*, but there will be no two opinions about the turmoil she caused, especially in the mind of Norman Huntley, when she turned up in the little town of Cornford. *Miss Hargreaves*, by Frank Baker—who wrote the novel of the same name—was produced by Bernard Beeby, with Davina Whitehouse as Miss Hargreaves and William Austin (above) as Norman Huntley. The music by Alex and Wendy Lindsay is played by Winifred Carter on the harp, and by Lindsay Macdonald on the organ. *Miss Hargreaves*, which is described as "a fantastic comedy," will be broadcast first on Sunday, November 14—from 1YA at 3.0 p.m. and from 4YZ at 9.31 p.m.

CONSIDER me yesterday. Some friends came to a party at my home. They are as lively as kittens. I am always glad to see them. They apologised with the most hilarious explanations for arriving so late. Unfortunately the party is tomorrow.—J. D. McDonald in *Here's My Discomfort*, an NZBS series.

## TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

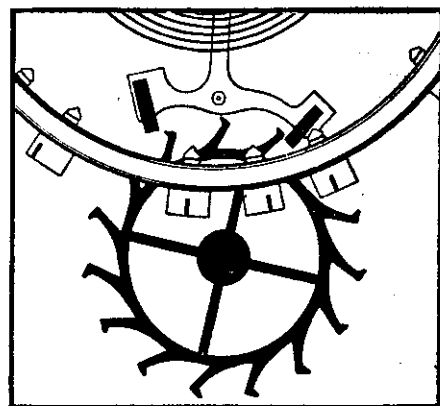
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