



CHAGAS DISEASE

In large areas of South America, up to half of the population suffer from the effects of Chagas disease—an illness that causes acute debility, fever, and often idiocy, paralysis and death. There is no known cure for Chagas disease, and, until recently, there was no effective method of preventing its spread, for the large, bloodsucking bugs that carry it are immune to most insecticides. In 1948 I.C.I. undertook experimental work in the control of the Chagas disease carrier when a technical service man from I.C.I. General Chemicals Division visited South America in connection with the use of "Gammexane" insecticides. Laboratory tests carried out in Chile, Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay gave such promising results that a full scale field-trial was arranged. This took place at an up-country village in Uruguay where the interior of every infested building was sprayed with a "Gammexane" preparation. The trial was an outstanding success. A single application of this powerful insecticide wiped out the entire bug population of the village. As a result of this technical service work by I.C.I., campaigns to eliminate Chagas disease are now being undertaken in a number of South American republics.



IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES (N.Z.) LTD.

The Friendly Road

CELEBRATES ITS
25th ——— BIRTHDAY ——— 25th

NOW AVAILABLE
THE SILVER JUBILEE BROCHURE

36 pages—size 7½ x 9½ inches. Printed on art paper, containing 34 photographs with the story of "the years between."
Full-page pictures of Uncle Tom and the Combined Choirs corolling to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth on Christmas Morning in Government House Grounds, Auckland.
Other full-page pictures of the Choirs and personalities well known on the Friendly Road.

SOMETHING TO KEEP ——— SOMETHING TO SEND TO A FRIEND.
PRICE 3/6 — OR — 3/8 POSTED.

Write, enclosing postal note to Friendly Road, Box 615, Auckland, when copy of "The Silver Jubilee Brochure" will go to you by return post.
Also obtainable at all Whitcombe & Tombs Ltd.'s Bookshops.

Radio Review

ALL PART OF THE FUN

THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE must be one of the noisiest plays the NZBS has ever recorded. Sometimes during this hectic comedy of school life, I thought that the play had got tangled up with a relay of a French crowd at one of the current Rugby League games. But the noise was all part of the fun. Every member of the NZBS cast seemed to be enjoying enormously the absurd situations and the wise-cracking lines in a production which had all the speed which farce demands. Although a special word of praise must go to Harry Painter's grouchy-happy porter, Rainbow, I think the women had a slight acting edge over the men this time. I certainly enjoyed Davina Whitehouse's Headmistress and Ruth Alley's Miss Gossage ("Call me 'Sausage'") very much, despite distinct echoes of Margaret Rutherford and Joyce Grenfell. If ZB Sunday evening plays continue to be as entertaining as this one, they may help to breed a new audience for plays from the ranks of listeners whose norm of programme-length has been soap-opera's thirteen minutes.

The Personal Touch

THE easy friendliness of 1YD's music sessions is, to my mind, especially attractive, because, while shunning the impersonal-oracular approach, it does not degenerate into the hearty-facetious. Doug. Laurenson, one of the most experienced and accomplished of Auckland announcers, is largely responsible for the maintenance of this happy mean. He draws upon an unusually large store of knowledge of popular music for his racy but economical comments, and his own evident pleasure in the pieces he plays often make rather ordinary or hackneyed works sound quite new and original. In his *All-Time Hit Parade* recently, he played that durable chestnut

"Manhattan" twice—once for the music, once for the words—and because, he said, he liked it. And he almost persuaded me that I did, too. This touch is out of disc-jockey class. It is the kind of thing that gives a station personality, which, as some of our announcers have yet to learn, is not something you can turn on like a spigot.

—J.C.R.

Without Enthusiasm

THREADING my way through a week's listening in search of something I could let myself go on I have come to the mournful conclusion that there is nothing. Cotsford Burdon, from whom I always expect great things in the way of wit and the ridiculous rolling phrase, lay stranded in a script that refused to let him move forward in any set direction. That was in 3YC's *Youth at the Prow*. Having begun to listen to 3ZB's *The Joker* I shall stop because I neither approve of, nor can bear, the cruel attitude of the chief narrator, laughing and crowing over the fate which overtakes the clever criminals whose stories he tells. Compassion is one of the main values which modern criticism looks for in the first-rate story. Its absence may be bearable in the melodrama or the thriller, but its opposite is unbearable. Had I the words to match the rich contralto voice of Mary Pratt singing "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair" over 3YC, then indeed I should be justified in a more fulsome treatment of the programme in which she and Maurice Till (piano) took part. But in common with thousands whose feelings outstrip their imagination these few words are the only indication I can give of unstinted admiration.

All About Democracy

ELECTORS who, like myself, heard 4YA's "Power Through the Ballot Box" will have been disappointed to find themselves really listening to an "Historical Survey of Democracy." One expected to find instances where the ballot had brought striking things about which no one had foreseen, examples of what occurs when the ballot system is corrupted; instead of which we found ourselves back with King John and the

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

MANUEL DE FALLA'S "Ritual Fire Dance" must have been tossed off at one time and another by pretty well everything in the instrumental gamut from the symphony orchestra to the mouth organ. Latest faggot to be thrown on the fire was an effective arrangement by Ken Smith played by the St. Kilda Band (4YA). Brass bands are as typical a New Zealand form of music-making as you could name. When they play as interesting music as St. Kilda did the other night and turn it out as well, you may very well ask why we don't make more of it.

As Falla can be exciting, Fauré can be dull—sometimes, anyhow, and at the hands of the wrong performer. Nancy Weir, visiting pianist, sounded like the right player. Two nocturnes and an impromptu by Fauré were made imaginatively beautiful. The sonorous tone colours Miss Weir extracted from the piano were just the sort of approach Fauré's romanticism needs to bring it alive.

I have been trying to keep abreast of Alex Lindsay in his disquisitions on music as a life or living in New Zealand (2YC). *Suite in Six Movements* he calls his talk series. So far, the movements I have heard seem to be *Andante doloroso*. In fact, by and large, Mr. Lindsay tends to take a dim view of the professional musician's prospects in this fair land; and he's not far wrong, either. "Unsympathetic" and "apathetic" were words that seemed to creep in when he was talking about the average New Zealander's attitude to music, and "pioneering" when he described the musician's line of action.

Freelancing in music, as Mr. Lindsay pointed out, is a hazardous occupation in New Zealand. You see how it is. Here's Mr. Lindsay, as he mentioned, giving these talks to put the butter on his bread; and here am I cutting another slice off the same loaf by commenting on his comments. Talk about taking in each other's washing. After all, it's just practical social credit, I suppose.

N.Z. LISTENER, NOVEMBER 26, 1954.