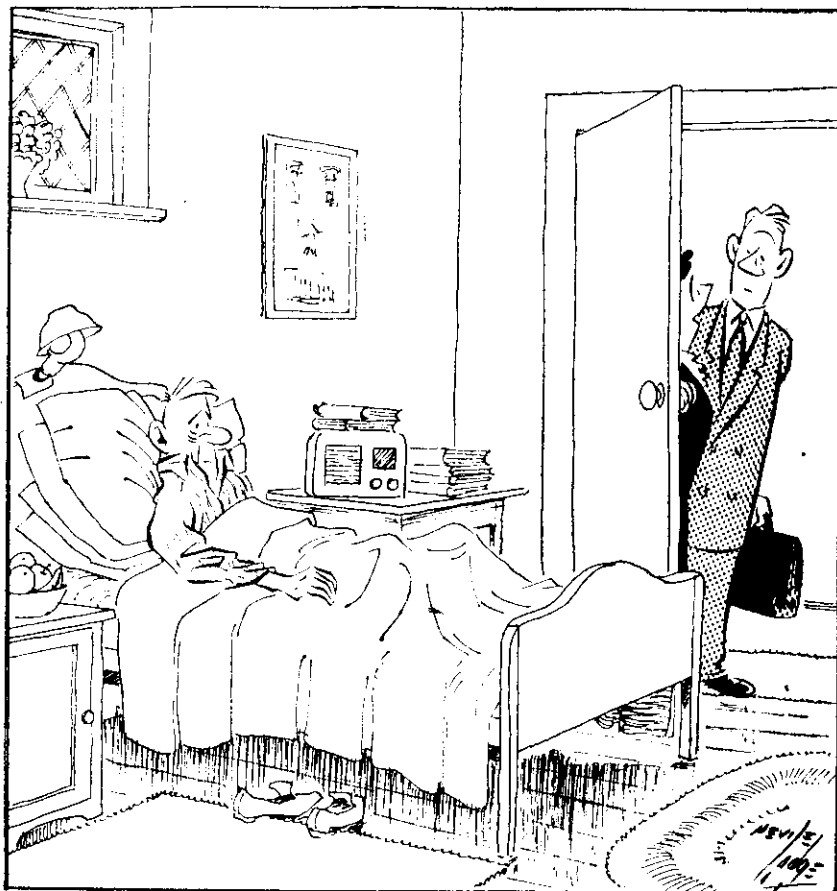


Lodge Listens . . .



"I wouldn't say he's a hypochondriac exactly, but he thinks that Dr. Turbott talks to him personally"

their news-noses to the grindstone to furnish us with hot-platter interviews with visiting celebrities. Last week's interview with Faith Baldwin was particularly enjoyable. Miss Baldwin was folksy and forthcoming, and I found her comment on living forty miles from New York all too human—"I very seldom go there, but it's nice to think it's there if I want to go to it." This for me came on the heels of J. C. Reid's talk on the cultural scene in New York and Chicago, and it occurred to me to wonder if the NZBS could institute some sort of check-up on our distinguished visitors. It would be nice to know that they went home and gave admiring little talks on the New Zealand Players and the National Orchestra.

—M.B.

Novel Adapted

THERE is a touch of poetic melancholy about Frank Baker's novel, *Miss Hargreaves*, especially in its ending, which I missed from the NZBS radio version (1YA). Still, as this is Mr. Baker's own adaptation of his book, the adaptor can't be made the scapegoat this time. And, given the somewhat uncomplicated characters they had to portray, the NZBS cast made a good fist of this fantastic comedy about a character invented as a jest by two young men, who comes to life, and becomes a kind of Old-Woman-of-the-Sea around the neck of the organist Norman Huntley. Davina Whitehouse (a decided acquisition to our drama division) was a fruity and domineering Miss Hargreaves; William Austin a suitably per-

plexed Frankenstein; and Roy Leywood gave a neat sketch of Huntley's father, the philosophical musician. Miss Hargreaves's harp, and her cockatoo, Dr. Pepusch, were equally expertly played. But I am still wondering a little why Frank Baker robbed Miss Hargreaves of most of her pathos and even provided some ghost of a psychological "explanation" of her in his radio version.

Pattern for Variety

I HAD suspended judgment on *Radio Roadhouse* (1YA) until it had a chance to develop, and until I became used to its pattern. It is pretty clear now what that pattern is; the reduction of the amount of music originally played, the sequence of patter and sketches, the introduction of the page-boy, the crystal-ball news bulletin give it a shape rather like British radio shows. But it has now a personality of its own, with more than a hint of the University extravaganza in its combination of satire and topical jest. I especially enjoyed the "Italian" scene recently, although a sluggish Air Force audience missed one of the best jokes ("Which twin has the Toni?") Barry Linehan has just a tendency to throw away some of his punch-lines; yet both he and Noeline Pritchard have clearly the versatility necessary to carry the weight of a weekly show on their shoulders. As it stands, *Radio Roadhouse* is the best locally-made programme of its kind I have yet heard. And it seems to me to be improving with each session.

—J.C.R.

N.Z. LISTENER, DECEMBER 3, 1954.

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