

Pan American offers  
the only one-carrier  
service to the

**U.S.A.**



Fly **PAA** all the way!

• Only on Pan American can you fly all the way to the U.S.A. without change of airline! A big Pan American Clipper\* flies you to Fiji. There you connect with Pan American's giant double-decked "Strato" Clipper for Honolulu and the U.S.A.

One Pan American ticket, one baggage check — the same friendly PAA service all the way! Two Pan American flights a week from Auckland — your choice of de luxe first-class service or thrifty tourist service.

For reservations, call your travel agent or  
Windsor House, 58-60 Queen St., Auckland  
Telephone 31-834

Pan American World Airways  
Inc., Ltd.  
Incorporated in U.S.A.

**PAA**  
PAN AMERICAN



WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED  
AIRLINE

\*Trade-Mark, Pan American World Airways, Inc.

SF2141

**EXTRA SAFE**

ZAL Antiseptic is backed by 60 years' experience in antiseptic manufacture. ZAL is non-poisonous and can be used with confidence for the most tender cuts, sores or insect bites, as a gargle, personal deodorant or for a refreshing bath. ZAL harms nothing but germs and spreads its healthy freshness instantly.



KEEP

**ZAL**

HANDY

Distributed by Salmond & Spraggon Ltd., Wellington.



3.5

## RADIO REVIEW

### PROCRUSTEAN BED

WHAT formidable problems are proposed to speakers who have to squeeze their subject into the Procrustean bed of a 14-minute talk! Uniformity of time in a series is inevitable, but it does have the effect of making all the topics appear equally important. Michael Turnbull, speaking on Sir Donald McLean in the *Parliamentary Portraits* series (IYC) seemed to be faced with the difficulty of stretching the limbs of his subject a little to fit into the time, but Mary Boyd, given 14 minutes for Edward Gibbon Wakefield, had a much less easy task. The curious and interesting early career of Wakefield demanded special attention, and the whole of her talk might easily have been devoted to it. I wondered for a while if we were going to reach New Zealand at all, but Miss Boyd managed it, and with quite admirable economy, gave us a good, crisp introduction to Wakefield's New Zealand life and work. If the result lacked depth, at least it was a workmanlike talk, and the speaker merits praise for compressing her much-documented subject into the inflexible couch without having to maim him irreparably in the process.

### Portrait in Focus

IT is always a pleasure to be proved wrong when one has made a gloomy prognosis about a new radio series. A couple of weeks ago, I recorded my disappointment with the opening talk in the *Imaginary Persons* feature, based upon my feeling that a chance for lively satire had been missed. But its successor,

Dennis McEldowney's "Horatio Fulsome," was all that one could have wished—a bright, clever, imaginative portrait of a fabulously successful quiz-master. The whole concept of the session, *Loser Takes All*, in which prizes are given for the *wrong* answer (checked by lie-detectors) allowed for some juicy irony on the subject of one of the most extraordinary of radio phenomena. Thus far, Fulsome might have been a flat character, but the revelation, with psycho-analytical implications, that he is an erudite man posing as an ignoramus, and a secret reader, on a par with Butler's secret eaters, added the third dimension which made him fantastically believable. Shrewd comment on modern follies, allied to a novelist's sense of personality, made this talk really good fun. I hope that Mr. McEldowney's example will be followed by later contributors.

—J.C.R.

### Under the Spell

[CAME fresh to the NZBS version of Eugene O'Neill's *The Emperor Jones* (2YA, March 4), having neither read the play nor seen it staged, and the impact was terrific. And what a play for laying the boggy about radio's limitations! That scene where the hunted ex-Emperor blunders around in the night jungle haunted by visions from his own and his racial past and dogged by drums as inescapable as his own panicked heartbeats was the very stuff of excitement—it is difficult to see how the stage could have contrived the distinction between illusion and actuality without distracting us even momentarily from suspense in admiration for its contrivance. In the radio version, from the time the voodoo first begins to take, we too, in our identification with the hero, are under the spell. It is only with the death of Brutus Jones that we are able to shake ourselves

(continued on next page)

### ★ The Week's Music . . . by SEBASTIAN ★

NORMALLY I shut the window when a band practice happens to be in progress nearby, and I have never thought the euphonium the most euphonious instrument, while the strains of the sweet cornet rarely move me to tears. Yet a National Band Contest is a very different kettle of fish, and I heard the winning performances (YA link) with every appearance of enjoyment. Especially good was the A Grade Test, the Second Rhapsody on Negro Spirituals by Eric Ball, who was also adjudicating; these old tunes were deftly woven into the brass fabric, with a splodge of jazz to brighten the edges, and, in the case of the winners, came off resoundingly. Almost as successful was a rather more old-fashioned piece, the Thames Valley Suite by Henry Gale, a light tone poem which received several pleasant performances, with as many contrasts as a brass band has at its disposal—which is more than one might imagine.

I'm glad I didn't miss the last Auckland Prom (YC link), since it contained the Debussy Rhapsody for Saxophone and Orchestra, in which the soloist was George Hopkins. This "testimonial to the instrument," as Owen Jensen called it, was full of Debussy at his most plaintive and whole-tonal (very *Apres-midi*), but not without plenty of Gallic

good humour and the peculiarly pagan noises which a saxophone can be made to produce. All in all, a fascinating mixture, the more so in the hands of this particular expert.

Later the Orchestra shifted to Wellington, gathering fresh soloists into its fold. Robin Gordon's tenor I have admired for some eight years now, and it has rarely shown to better advantage or with truer intonation and tone, than on this occasion in the Flower Song from Bizet's *Carmen*. In the same concert, the pianist Jocelyn Walker was soloist in the Saint-Saens (however you pronounce him) G Minor Concerto; this work has never entirely pleased me—it has been aptly compared with a trip from the cathedral to the pub—but there was nothing displeasing about the playing in this case: the audience were obviously of the same opinion.

A nice bit of programming from 3YC recently brought Cara Cogswell with her smooth contralto singing a bracket of Liszt songs, preceded by an equally smooth NZBS recording of Bela Siki playing the same composer's B Minor Piano Sonata, with the expertise and brilliance that we would expect of him. If all stations took this care with the surroundings—or should I say background?—of their studio recitals, the ether would carry fewer unpleasantly-mixed bags of an evening.

N.Z. LISTENER, MARCH 18, 1955.