

X STATION HOURS

AS from Monday of next week, September 2, X station listeners will enjoy an additional 13 hours of broadcasting weekly. The X stations, which have hitherto closed their weekday morning sessions at 12 noon from Monday to Friday, and at 11.0 a.m. on Saturday, will now close down at 2.0 p.m. from Monday to Saturday inclusive.

and full of theatre. My salutations go to all, but in particular, to Mr Robertson and Mr Munro, for making it possible for us to hear modern opera in this full, rich way.

—B.E.G.M.

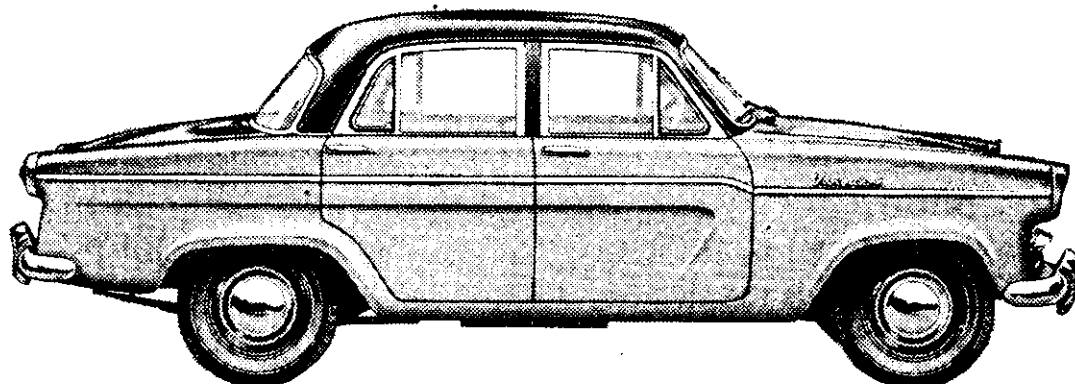
Good Out of Nazareth

CAN there any good thing come out of Nazareth? I asked myself—or a good play about the Fourth Crusade out of New Zealand? And when I listened dubiously to John Dunmore's *Masque for Old Bones* I was so taken aback by the confident opening that the reminiscence of Saint Joan which suggested itself did not seem wholly incongruous. The reminiscence was not accidental, I should think. There was a familiar air about the conversations between churchman, general and prince, and about the epilogue pointing (in this instance) a rather obvious 20th century moral. But there was no Saint Joan and this was not *Saint Joan* either. What argument there was amounted to little more than a statement that holy wars tend not to remain holy: the world of reasons and consequences remained largely unexplored. This was pointed by the failure to realise fully the one historical character, Dandolo, Doge of Venice, whose resemblance to the conventional villain weakened the point. Yet the fact that the play raised such comparisons and demanded such criticism was a startling enough achievement. The language was almost all the time eloquent and evocative, the picture of the times vivid enough to convince the listener it was true; the NZBS production was vigorous, and escaped from too many familiar voices without sacrificing ability; the music was appropriate and attractive. Altogether something to be proud of.

Radio—Does It Exist?

CATS are, I suppose, among the most sensitive organisms known; which is no doubt why tranquillising drugs are tested on them. Ours jumps at all untoward sounds and is particularly disturbed by continuous sound, high wind or the vacuum cleaner, which makes it hard to hear what else is going on. They make him as nervous as a kitten. Considering which, he ought to be equally disturbed by all the odd sounds that come from the radio—Parliament, *Kindergarten of the Air*, the *Goon Show*, music by Stravinsky. He ignores them all. Occasionally as he sleeps near the radio his ears (those semaphores of feeling) give an irritable flick, which might be taken as an expression of opinion; but they're just as likely to do this if the radio is turned off. The obvious inference is that radio really has no objective existence. We humans think there is such a thing as radio. So, I believe, do cows. But cats know it does not exist, and I have a higher opinion of the sagacity of cats than of men, or of cows.

—R.D.McE.



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to tell us again and again about all the features such

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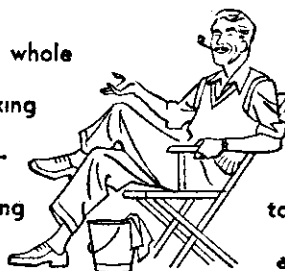
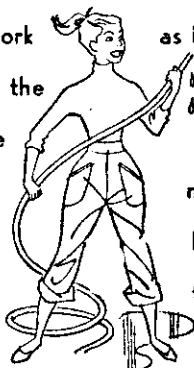
—and the newer, softer seating arrangement for six people. He says

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