

he interviews the French contingent on its chances of success. The Frenchman replies, in a tone of melancholy satisfaction: "It's not so important whether we win or not, but many will lose." What more vivid illustration of the defensive role of the French in modern Europe? So to the plums. The wonderfully bumbling speech of the Governor, mixing all sports into a wild ragout: you could see that old bag of bones, tottering on the podium, drawing any stray fact from the capacious wastebasket of his memory; the Germans, formidable, plaintive and authoritative, obsessed to madness by the physical problems of standing for the Duke of Edinburgh with their drivers' legs extended fore and aft at 180 degrees; the darkly saturnine and stonewalling Russian, the touchy and voluble Spaniards and Italians, the British Public Relations smoothies, and finally—*pièce de résistance* for me—the affectionate and wholly endearing account of the arrival of the Duke of Edinburgh, in triple-coloured Morris Minor, like Noddy (Parp! Parp!) hurtling into the tunnel and emerging first in the field, casting over the occasion the aura of inspired amateurism which belongs unmistakably to His Royal Highness. Hardly space now for admiration at the astonishing virtuosity of the engine noises, all Ustinov's own, just time perhaps for one note of criticism: that in an hour-long show, the plot of the Grand Prix ambled too much and was without an effective climax. But what a display! No wonder Ernest Bevin, after a long day at the Foreign Office would summon Ustinov to amuse him. Truly, he is a prince of entertainers. —B.E.G.M.

Vision Splendid

A QUIET revolution, that most of us know nothing of, is taking place in our world—part of that even greater revolution, the adaptation of the Maori race to the European way of life. At the 1939 Conference of Young Maori leaders, women attended merely as observers; a similar conference this year found one in four of those leaders a woman. In *Point of View* (YAs) three Maori women, fluent, serious and informed, spoke with understanding and vision of the problems of their people and held an illuminating discussion of the part women play in facing and solving those problems. The speakers in the discussion acknowledged that Maori women have adapted themselves to

change more easily than have their men. They spoke of the difference between the two cultures and of where the Maori could teach the European; of Maori leadership on the marae and in the community beyond it; of how traditional values must not be lost though changes come. An impressive introduction to some of the Maori leaders of today (and even more illuminating perhaps because the speakers were women), this discussion left us aware of the surging vitality in Maori affairs, and from this glimpse of the vision that inspires their young leaders we could take heart and pride in the future of New Zealand as a whole.

Miss Grenfell at Home

I UCKY Australia to be entertaining Joyce Grenfell in person! In an informal talk on "The Need for Quiet" (BBC), 2YA's Saturday Miscellany introduced us to a slightly more serious Miss Grenfell than usual. Throughout, it had a tiny core of absolute sincerity, but her exploration of the subject—the need for quiet, how to find it, and what to do with it when found—allowed her to use her "voices" enough to remind us of her better-known self. Shot through with autobiographical detail, this was really Miss Grenfell at home;

the talk revealed the serious woman behind the comic artist. Confirming the impossibility of planning for quiet, her account of the invasion of privacy by wildly irrelevant telephone calls and the front door bell was reminiscent as well as amusing. As "afters," Claire Mazengarb served us the introduction to "Joyce Grenfell at Home," a joyful medley of opening-choruses-we-have-known, from the *blase* line of young ladies in *Today's Fiastaday* (and they couldn't care less!) to the graduates from the Slade School clamouring for attention with their "Hark at me, Oh, hark at me, I'm Barking!"

—N.L.M.

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SPRING SONG

SEPTEMBER I recall
did not bring ease or song;
no light-shaft speared
the gloom-thick walls
of the heart's valley.

From another shore
brought a hurt bird leaning
on the jagged air.
Eerie whistle of wind
through trail plumage sounding
the wail of lost stars . . .

Still,
did sun and worm
quicken the earth's blood,
loosened stiff tree limbs
and bird tongues from
the hoar frost's clutch.

But September I recall
was a month of drear Sundays:
savoured no cyclic tumult
nor glad newness of pain
in the season's change.

—H. Tuwhare

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