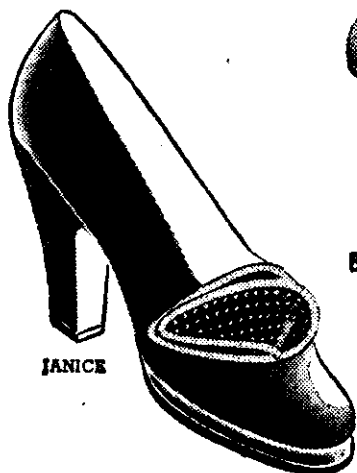




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Radio Review

(continued from previous page)

called "Korean Crisis" or "Whither United Nations?") and in the impressive insertions of documentary material—the recordings of speeches delivered at the first General Assembly, the moving eye-witness account of the assassination of Count Bernadotte.

Women in White

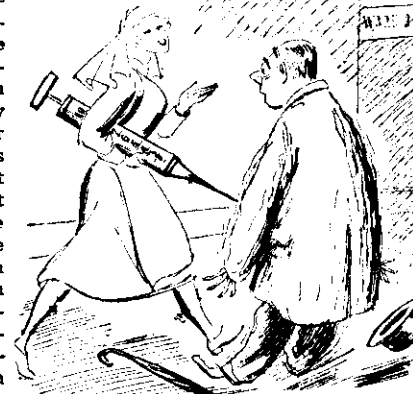
WE call ourselves a young country, but our current passion for looking back on Fifty Years of Progress or a Century of Development has in it more of the mature woman's pleasure in recalling the triumphs and struggles of her youth than the child's naive delight in birthdays. Station 2ZB's *Mid Century Review* is a particularly good example of such stock-taking, and well worth picking your way through the clutter of the Women's Hour to find. Last Monday Miss Janet Moore spoke on the development of the nursing profession since 1900, from the days of the 12-hour day, £25-a-year - and - provide-your - own - uniform era to the present time, when, although conditions have improved, it is still possible to apply the remarks made by some speaker in 1905, that "our nurses are well educated young women, and show a great interest in their calling, a calling they were drawn to by other than pecuniary motives." With four talks still to come on other aspects of 20th Century endeavour (excluding football) the whole series should give listeners something to think about as well as something to chuckle over.

—M.B.

Burl Ives

LISTENING recently to two short programmes by Burl Ives from 1YD, I was struck, for the first time, by the exceptional artistry of this singer. I have heard him, over-frequently perhaps, singing hackneyed pops with aggressive

"name-artists," and as one lending distinction to otherwise mediocre movies. But to meet him in these programmes singing the kind of music so few exploit naked today—authentic American folk-songs—was to realise the qualities of freshness, simplicity and gentle sincerity he possesses. His voice, as such, is nothing remarkable, but his sensitivity is. He responds so completely to the varying moods of these naive ballads that it is often difficult to believe that one has been listening to the same man. And the plain delivery adds a lingering pathos to the cowboy, mountain and jailhouse songs. I have heard the Andrews Sisters wailing *Down in the Valley*, and imagined it was about a vale haunted by exploded factory-whistles, I had heard Kurt Weill's interesting variations on the song. Yet it was only when I heard Burl Ives sing it that I was aware of its poignancy and the beauty of its melodic line. A man who can present such a piece bare of trimmings, and go on to give new depth and dignity to weary *Lord Randal*, is an artist of no mean stature.



Three-Dimensional

STATION 1YA's *Feminine Viewpoint* continues to make a forthright appeal to the kind of woman who prefers Elizabeth Bowen to Anne Duffield. With the exception of *Hester's Diary*, as soapy an opera as one could hear anywhere, the programmes call for close listening, and they give, in addition to good new features, the opportunity for catching up on some of the better BBC presentations we may earlier have missed. One of the most interesting series, which might be repeated for evening listeners, is "Background to the News," provided regularly by the Auckland University Geography Department. These brief talks, on places mentioned in the newspapers, are not just text-book surveys, but graphic descriptions which add a third dimension to the news-items. It is clear that the speakers are talking of places they know

DESERTED HOUSE

CONVOLVULUS was choking the small, the drear garden,
Climbing the wall angled in raw brick; wounds
Were gaps where birds nested. Moths in the crevices
Could not escape the sparrow, the hawk hunter:
All grew, hid, warred in the flesh of the old building.

(Husk, one might say, abandoned to creepers:
No doubt there were rats inside, and spiders.)

TILL one night the light shone, gently, from the window,
And o how the heart stood still, surprising
The reasonable thought; there was no sense to it
Save that now, where none had been, the light shone.

SO is this the need? Let me lie close, now feel,
Who was so sure, your warm shoulder.

FOR the light brought life, and I saw how the garden woke,
And I knew, then, the fear of aloneness.
In a world like a deserted house I was lonely;
There was no light to touch to life the rank creeper,
There were no loving eyes, no other footfall.

—Ruth France

N.Z. LISTENER, AUGUST 25, 1950.