

familiarity. If we hear a speaker often enough, we can come, as we do with friends, to accept as likeable reflections of personality, some things which might grate at first. The NZBS is wise in not forcing all speakers into the BBC mould of bloodless impersonality, but in allowing, within reason, the retention of individual ways of speech. On these grounds I would nominate Crosbie Morrison, of the *Wild Life* and *Junior Naturalists' Club* sessions as the best natural radio speaker I know. He is a mine of interesting information; he can be devastating on popular fallacies, but he never condescends to his audience, aware, no doubt, that it contains at least as many adults as children. His ease and his drive provide a friendly atmosphere in which each listener can imagine he is being addressed personally. It isn't surprising that he has lasted so long, while others with neater phrasing and "the voice beautiful" have fallen by the wayside.

—J.C.R.

The Field is All White

VANCE PALMER is not one of your roseate radio speakers working on the assumption that distance lends enchantment to a view his listeners can't see. His talk on *Play-writing in Australia* was oddly satisfying—oddly, considering the comparative barrenness of the field. I was disappointed that, in view of the medium he was using, Mr. Palmer did not devote more attention to radio play-writing—surely a well-stocked field—but with pharasaical respect for the letter of his subject he passed by on the other side. However, assuming even a small proportion of potential dramatists in his audience his talk was most inspiring, for what playwright-to-be could fail to be moved by the view of a clear field ahead, and at the end of it teams of earnest young National Theatre Groupers looking for almost any brow on which to bestow the accolade of their performance?

Four-way Stretch

I HOPE I am wrong in supposing that this switching of women's panels between the four centres is an attempt to wean us from our personal loyalties and forcibly feed us on a more varied diet. I am a strong believer in the value of the personal factor in communicating the idea (who would accept a handy hint that didn't come from Aunt Daisy?), and we had just got to the stage with our Wellington panel of knowing them

"GRAN" RETURNS

LISTENERS who tuned to 12M Manurewa in the early days of broadcasting will remember "Gran" and her Scottish Radio Club. In private life Mrs. Nancy Donne, "Gran" retired from regular radio work in 1946, though she has been heard occasionally since then. Mrs. Donne will give six talks, *Fragments from the Misty Isles*, in the *Women's Hour* from the four ZE stations, on Fridays, the first of them on August 3. Descended from the MacLeods of Lewis, Mrs. Donne will again talk about Scottish subjects: "Flora MacDonald, the Cinderella of Scotland," "Harris Tweed," "The Fairy Flag," "The Weaving of the Tartan," "The Paisley Shawl," and "The Paisley Thread," are the titles of her talks. (See photograph on page 25.)

personally rather than merely as respecting their undoubted intelligence. When you don't know people you are in danger of attaching too much weight to their opinions, especially if these opinions are delivered with the NZBS hallmark upon them. When you listen to the same people every week for a month

Meat Price Broadcasts

WITH the end of the export killing season, the Monday broadcasts at 12.33 p.m. of the New Zealand Meat Producers' Board schedule of prices for the previous week will cease on July 30. They will be resumed when killing begins again next season.

or so, you gather enough of their personal background to be able to screen their opinions in terms of it. Then you develop special affinities—you get into the habit of relying on the good sense of those whose opinions most nearly echo your own. Finally, a constant listener, you are able to appreciate the interplay of personality within the panel, you collect little scraps of gossip that enable you to follow the game more intelligently. But now our pleasure-with-profit panel listening is to be restricted to once a month, and even if our loyalty to the idea of listening to panel discussion glues us to the set every Wednesday at the usual time, it will take months of patient listening to get our dossiers up to date.

—M.B.

WHAT THE SIRENS SANG

WHEN cold Odysseus, strapped to the mast, heard
That siren song sweeter than fluting bird—
What was their burden? Not lust, for he had known
Calypso's cavern, Circe's bed of stone,
And wearied soon. Say then, Fidelity?
Pride was his polestar, never Penelope.
Heroic deeds? The aching of old wounds
In rainy weather charted his battlegrounds.
Did he see shoulder-naked nymphs rise
From the wake with wisdom in their halcyon eyes?
No. He heard those snake-haired brazen-throated
Oracular women cry from rocks foam-sheeted:
"Wildfire is every hope—war, love and praise.
We know the straight end of crooked ways,
Oblivion, the sharp ointment for all harms.
We know what Ruin is. Come to our iron arms."
The oarsmen straining double with wax-stopped ears
Saw on his cheeks the dew of sweat and tears.

—James K. Baxter



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