



"I got the sack"

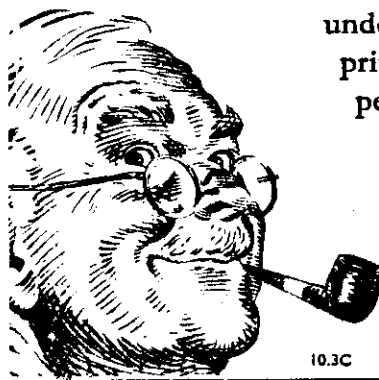
said Uncle Chris . . .

"First time a young fellow gets the sack it 'rocks' him—the humiliation, knowing that friends know, facing one's parents. I remember shamefacedly telling my Dad, and his quiet response: 'Son, I think you've learned an important lesson. Look up the word security in the dictionary. It says a secure state of *feeling*.'

"Notice that word feeling. Security is not something a boss gives you. Security is something you give yourself. The most secure man is the man who knows he's good at his work. Mark my words, the boss will know it too.'

"Next job, make certain it's something you've got your heart in, and then set out to be the best bloke at doing it that ever there was. Create personal security by the worth of your work and material security will follow like night follows day.'

"How right he was! I've seen his simple philosophy work—in my own case and in others—many times under the progressive system of private enterprise and competitive endeavour."



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RADIO REVIEW

Hornblower Afloat

ONE of the marks of a great writer is that he has the power to create characters whose vitality makes them almost independent of him. Yet in this respect a certain type of born story-teller may be equal to the masters; in the country of the mind, Sherlock Holmes is as substantial as Falstaff. In our own time, Captain Horatio Hornblower has surely earned the right to a place in this honourable company. And who better to impersonate him than Michael Redgrave, who can so well suggest both the man of action and the man of thought? This alone makes the new Hornblower series (from ZBs, Friday nights) worthwhile. Married, loaded with honours, Hornblower has five minutes of domestic bliss before the urgent message comes from the Admiralty, and we're off to force the narrows of the Kattegat, with Lady Barbara left standing misty-eyed on the quay. There are flat, heavy sounds of battle as the Danish forts open fire . . . shoals below, the leadsmen singing out . . . a crippled ship to tow, and there goes our mizzen-tops'l. . . With a bit of applied ballistics, up goes the enemy's powder-magazine; so it looks as if we'll stay afloat for another week, anyway.

Dream and Experience

AMONG the many well-deserved tributes to Walter de la Mare in his eightieth year, the programme *Poet and Child* (from IYC) found a way of saying something both new and moving. To the narrator of this programme, a girl grown up in a smoky city in the "Black Country," the poetry and stories of Walter de la Mare gave what she knew of beauty, turning the poor city garden into a garden of enchantment. But she never made the mistake of thinking that because his writing is childlike, it is merely pleasing. It can be strange and terrible, even shrewdly real. For this child, the drunken madwoman dancing in the street became "Miss Duveen"; she knew a "Seton's Aunt," a cynical and dreadful old woman; and although it had no real counterpart, the tiny voice of the Midget spoke to her. She felt the call to strange quests—the phantom soldiers from the sea, the summoning birds, the lure of Tartary—and knocked and listened with the Traveller. For her, these were the books that solved the conflict between dream and experience. I should add that I have never heard the poems better read, even on the excellent Columbia disc.

—M.K.J.

Mr. Loveday's Music

TO see as well as hear Alan Loveday play adds much to the enjoyment. Out of the radio come the abstract technical formulae, the accepted stock-in-trade of the virtuoso violinist, smoothly displayed, effortless and better than most. On the concert platform, however, there is added Alan Loveday's infectious smile, his easy but unostentatious assurance and his evident delight in playing, and, what is more, playing to his audience. In Wellington

on July 4, Alan Loveday played the Khachaturian Violin Concerto with the National Orchestra and Warwick Braithwaite. Mr. Khachaturian's recipe for "music for the people" seems to go like this: Take a little 19th Century crackling and warm gently; add a spoonful or two of folk sugar (unrefined); throw in a handful of Tartaric rhythms; soak in light red Wienawski; blast occasionally with brass; stir well and serve with spice to taste. Messrs. Loveday and Braithwaite presented this confection with the omniscience of experienced chefs. The audience found the dish exciting but easily digested, and seemed ready for a second helping. In fact, a good time was had by all.

—O.J.

Raucous But Vital

BEFORE I knew his show, George Wallace spelt vulgarity to me. So much for preconceived ideas. In actual fact, 3ZB's *George Wallace Show* is raucous, hilarious and full of vitality. It is, more or less, ourselves shouted loud with that little more readiness to quarrel which probably distinguishes the Aussie from the Kiwi. Of vulgarity, or the common rather than witty allusion, there is none to speak of. The whole show demonstrates that if you feed corn fast and furious enough and wink at the audience while doing so you can get away with it. I laugh every time George Wallace nastily comes up with his "Ha! ha! false laughter," and even at the ancient dodge of having an actor quote his stage directions as well as his real lines. For me the *George Wallace Show* has been a breath of fresh tornado after the doldrums of *Take It From Here*.

—Westcliff

Missing Prose Writers

LOCAL radio programmes suggest that we have become a problem-ridden nation indulging with Puritanical zeal in a searching of our problematical souls. Having recently studied the problems of the welfare state, and the problems of religious belief, we now embark on an inquiry into the foundations of mental health. *Country Calendar* provides research into family problems in the high country, while a country panel in the Women's Sessions discusses "Are the Country People Community-minded?" A respite from problems is occasionally given, however, in the form of glimpses of ourselves carefully observed and reported, as in Garth Sim's *Country Township*, or Gwen Sutherland's series on *Growing Up in the Country*. With all this activity, one wonders that our prose writers do not make more of a showing, particularly as one gathers from literary periodicals that our literature has entered a productive period. This contention is not borne out by local radio, which has not had more than half a dozen pieces of local fiction this year, and which, as a result, has had to lean heavily on inferior imported short stories.

Programme Titles

THE present erratic system of programme titling has many pitfalls for the inexperienced or unwary listener. Light and Bright is immediately comprehensible, but what of Music to Please? That music designed to please should occupy less than an hour a week appears—if one takes the title seriously

N.Z. LISTENER, JULY 17, 1953.