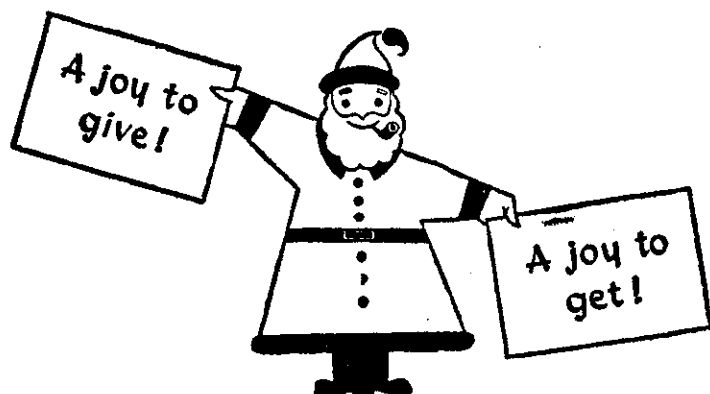


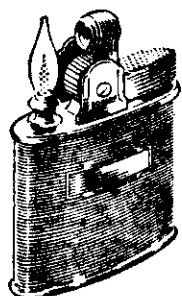


RONSON

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

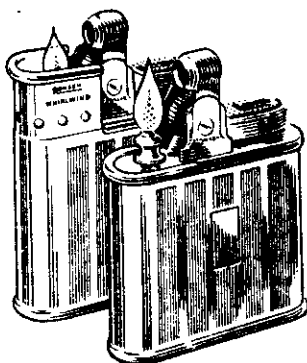
PRINCESS

Immaculately styled, exquisitely finished, delightfully feminine. Chrome Butler, Leather Covered, Engine Turned, Enamel Finished, Silver Mounted. From 55/- to 90/-.



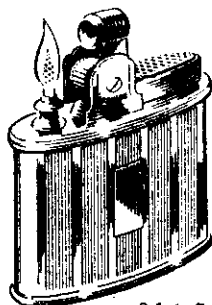
WHIRLWIND

Rain, shine, wind or snow, Whirlwind's famous disappearing windshield—outdoors up, indoors down—ensures "first time every time" action. Chrome Butler, Leather Covered, Engine Turned. From 65/- to 75/-.



STANDARD

A sign of impeccable taste, never out of place. Jewellery finished and built to the world-famous Ronson precision standard. Chrome Butler, Leather Covered, Engine Turned, Silver Mounted. From 55/- to 90/-.



Other models, including Ronson Table Lighters, up to 127/6

Wholesale only: Ponsford, Newman & Benson

1948 Ltd., P.O. Box 2085, Wellington.

33.G.7

Rub in BALMOSA

For Lumbago, Sciatica, Sprains and Rheumatism in 3 easy steps.



1. Bathe the part with warm water and dry thoroughly.

2. Smear on Balmosa freely and rub well in.



3. Cover with wool or flannel. This prolongs the effect of Balmosa's soothing warmth.



FROM ALL CHEMISTS

IODISED BALMOSA
Distributed by MUIR & NEIL PTY. LTD., AUCKLAND.

M/3B1

Radio Review

AT COVENT GARDEN

THE adroit use of commentary, in the programme on Britten's *Gloriana*, enabled the listener to imagine something of the glittering magnificence that must have filled the vast Covent Garden stage with scenes of tented field or pillared ballroom. It was enough, at least, to make one understand that the spectacle would make all the difference: for the opera itself, heard (as it were) with the eyes shut, seemed patchy going, sometimes broad and exciting, sometimes thin and dull. Britten can write a tune, and is an inventive orchestrator: but can it be that his real talent is for "chamber orchestra" on the scale of *Peter Grimes* or *Lucrece*, and that it is here over-extended? Or was it that pall of reverential dullness that descends on all (except Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson) when they set out to glorify *Gloriana*? Or is the best opera, in any case, raised on foundations of nonsense—either a nonsensical fairytale like *The Magic Flute* or roaring melodrama like *Il Trovatore*—but that, of course, leaves out *Boris Godunov*. In any case, it was wise of the NZBS to give us a second hearing of *Gloriana* within a short interval.

A Voice and a World

THE first of the *Paroles de France* programmes (from 1YC) forcibly yoked together François Rabelais and the late Paul Eluard under the heading of "Men and Liberty." The conjunction remained an odd one, and was not helped by the two fact-packed, quick-delivery biographies which introduced each of the two writers. In fact, Gordon Troup's tactfully condensed translations could have stood on their own, and more agreeably, as introductions to the extracts. Nothing can really conceal the fact that they stand for different things. Eluard "to Party gave up what was meant for mankind": all the same, his "Liberty," which we heard, is an admirable and moving poem—one of those moments of intense patriotic feeling which happened also in the wartime poetry of Aragon. (By contrast, the Song of the Partisans sounded, with all due

respect, like a French imitation of Oscar Hammerstein.) But Rabelais is a "humanist" in a fuller sense. He is, as Hilaire Belloc said, "the guide of youth, the companion of middle age, the *vade mecum* of the old, the pleasant introducer of inevitable Death, yea, the general solace of mankind." Eluard is a voice, but Rabelais is a world.

—M.K.J.

Pleasures of Eating

MR. J. D. McDONALD'S 3YA *Table Talk* wins a reluctant admiration from me. His knowledge of the ways of preparing fish, flesh and fowl leaves me aghast at the possibilities. The series of talks is delivered with an almost gurgling relish, which brings the food like a mirage before the eyes. I remain nevertheless fascinated rather than converted, not because Mr. McDonald lacks talent, but because I, presumably, belong to a different food group whose ideal lies in the fresh fruit and vegetable realm. Descriptions of cooked foods invariably pall on me, whereas the variations which might be dealt with in fresh raw foods continue to whet my imagination. Moreover, where there is a garden of any appreciable size, quite exciting meals of this kind can be provided far more cheaply than those on Mr. McDonald's menu. In any case, I am keeping my fingers crossed in the hope that some day a champion of my own cause will take the air with a competence equal to that shown by Mr. McDonald.

The Cheerful Captain

STATION 3ZB's *Spin a Yarn, Sailor*, is a lucky find for me, since I had not noticed *The Listener* article on Captain Billy Howse. Even although the end of the Captain's stories can often be guessed, there is art and humour to the telling that sets one rocking on the castors. Many of the Captain's ways of saying things may belong to a naval idiom, but to a mere landlubber it is amusing to hear, for example, that a man wasn't two-faced otherwise he wouldn't have worn the one he did. Of course, there is an added gusto in the Captain's West Country (?) speech rhythms which end each phrase and sentence like ringing iron. All this being so, and the Captain being such a good story-teller, we are prepared to forgive him for not recognising "Horse Face's" voice, thus leaving his hapless superior locked up as an

"I KNOW WHAT I THINK..."

VERDI WITHOUT ITALIAN

THE BBC recording of excerpts from "The Force of Destiny," by Verdi, revived the old question of "opera in English"—a question over which there will never be any agreement. This recording, sung in English, struck a valiant blow in favour of the original Italian. I do not know who was responsible for the translation, but it was no better than those paragons of poor verse perpetrated by Mrs. Macfarren last century. As a parody of romantic opera it was highly amusing, but Verdi must have spun in his grave.

The performance did not compensate for the deficiencies of the translation. Appleton Moore, as the Marquis of Calatrava, was unable to produce a single firm note, and Frank Titterton, who was in his heyday about twenty years ago, made a very decayed hero. The best singer was Joan Hammond, but her efforts to make her words clear seriously marred the smoothness of her vocal line.

This recording is no credit to the BBC, but I commend it to all listeners as an object lesson how not to translate, and how not to sing, Italian opera.

—Falstaff

(Readers are invited to submit comments, not more than 200 words in length, on radio programmes. A fee of one guinea will be paid after publication. Contributions should be headed "Radio Review." Unsuccessful entries cannot be returned.)