

Lodge Listens . . .



"Don't mind me—we just want to hear the last quarter of an hour before lunch of the Test cricket"

to run for cover now when a talk-title signals, "This is a SCREAM, chums!" Not so with Denis Glover's *Papers in Top Right-hand Pocket* (1YC). Lurching round the bend, with a passionate quiver of indignation in his voice, Mr. Glover outlined a fiendish plot to sabotage our national sports, and degrade our sacred totem, the football—by teaching horses the rules of football. *Horseball*, as he described it, would strike at the roots of the calf that lays the golden egg, and gnawing at the wheels of New Zealand sport, would drag the foundations of the nation into the dust. His outlining of the social implications of this subversive game, and its diabolical rules, was a delightful piece of dead-pan clowning, with not a dip or a dull moment. Perhaps he rode the joke a little hard. But, in the main, this piece of comic irony was on the ball.

—J.C.R.

"Tiger Tim"

SINCE the Nesta Pain productions, particularly the ones on the ant and the spider, I have not heard anything presented in a more entertaining way than the BBC *Dear Boys and Girls*, a survey of comics. Specially written music underlined many of the statements; the editor, characters from the comics themselves, and the narrator for intervening comic script all had their own voices. There was no padding, although one might imagine that it would take longer to cover the same ground when using all these devices. Probably the most surprising thing brought to light in the first of these talks (which I have heard twice, from

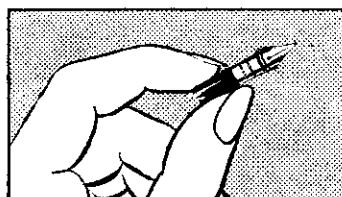
4YC and 3YC) is the fact that a visual convention can go on with a life almost completely separate from the changing world in which we live. "Tiger Tim" is immortal. Parents should be reassured by findings on the usual British comics dealt with in this session. "Oxa Space" and all that is yet to come, and I am waiting impatiently for the next part of *Dear Boys and Girls* in the hope that I shall not be cheated out of it by circumstances beyond my control, as I was when it was broadcast from Dunedin.

Clear and Lively

SARAH CAMPION'S *My Cambridge* brought the shouting and the turmoil of another day almost to the living ear. As it happened, I had been reading the Rupert Brooke memoir when the first 3YC talk touched on a slight encounter the young girl (as the speaker then was) had with the poet. It rather fitted in with the general picture I had formed, for though Sarah Campion was neither greatly taken with him nor now highly rates his verse, she has never forgotten the incident. Like an Arthurian figure projected straight into the early 1900s, Rupert Brooke can hardly be blamed for being bound securely within his own myth. He and his poetry were so much at one that even if he had had the time left him or the energy to break out into a more substantial self he would have had much the same trouble as the boy soprano who becomes a baritone. This is by the way, however, in a view of Cambridge and her daughters which was as clearly and lively as it was lacking in sentimentality.

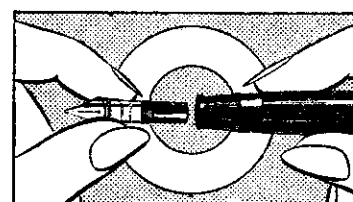
—Westcliff

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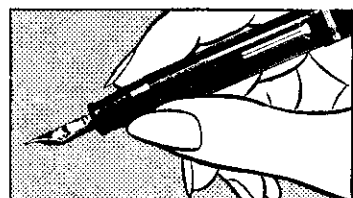
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