

SECOND INNINGS

LISTENERS who missed the first broadcast of the Old Trafford centenary programme on July 28—and those who have been clamouring for a second innings—may hear a repeat broadcast from the YA stations and 4YZ at 10.0 p.m. on August 25.

fortunes of his hero, Sam Palmer; together they rush to the Oval in time to see him out for a duck. All very cosy, with real cricketers and commentators taking part, all very tear-jerking and (being Rattigan) very neat and in parts very funny. It might appear that I did not enjoy this play. On the contrary, I made an atavistic return to childhood and wallowed in it. And I suspect Rattigan had done the same.

—R.D.McE.

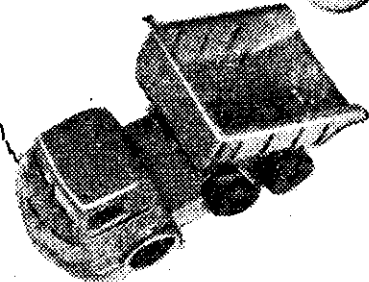
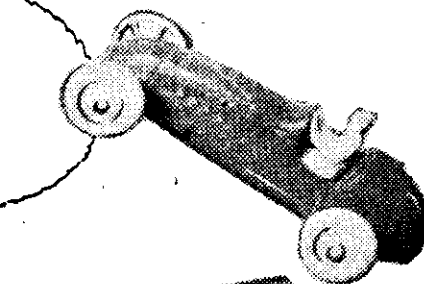
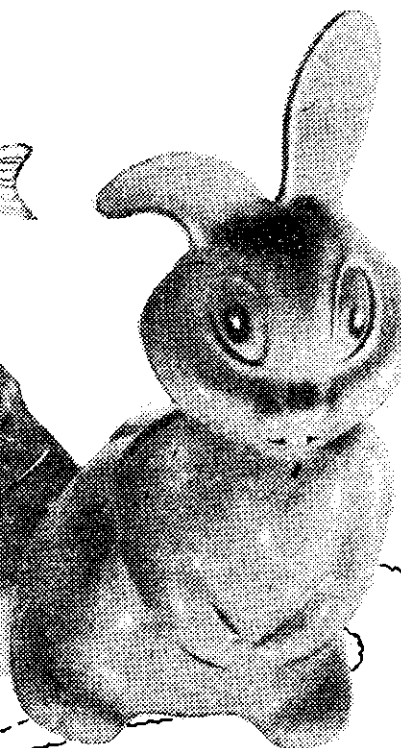
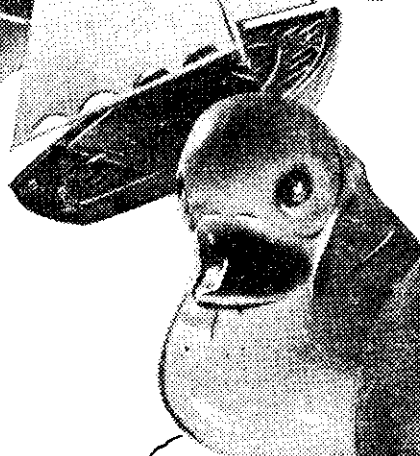
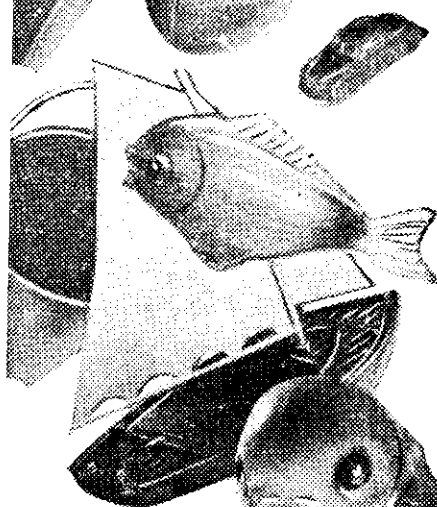
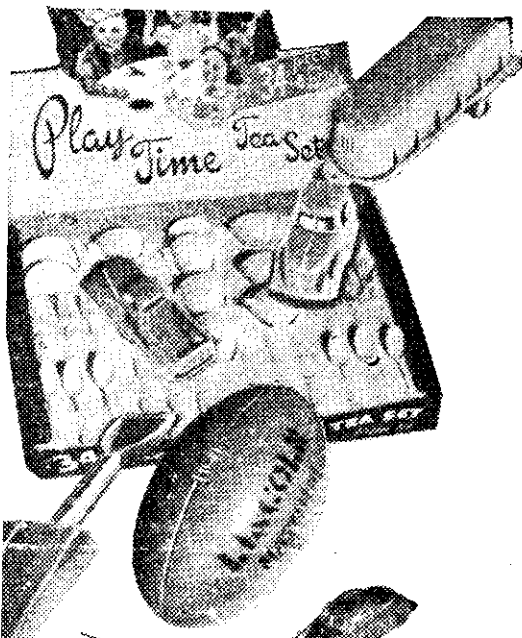
A Bit of Fluff

I CONFESS to a weakness for the meatier kind of radio play—*Death of a Salesman*, *Wolves*, *World Theatre*, and the like. One and a half hours seems to me a shade long to spend on a cream-puff piece, even for reviewing purposes. A theatre-minded friend of mine disagrees. Too many radio plays, he claims, are more "solid" than the average commercial play or amateur stage production; more should be broadcast to suit plain John Filmgoer. It is true that, with the rise in NZBS play standards over the past decade, the "merely entertaining" ones no longer predominate. This is hardly a Bad Thing; but we can scarcely complain at the occasional broadcast of pieces which, as stage-plays, might be spurned even by certain of our repertory societies, yet, on the air, provide undemanding light relief. So with Sunday Showcase's *Mate in Three*, an L. du Garde Peach confection about a thrice-married authoress deciding which of her ex-husbands she shall remarry. Somewhat long-winded for its fragile plot, it still bounced along, thanks to Davina Whitehouse, Peter Reed, William Austin and Roy Leywood, gaily enough to satisfy any Sunday gardener anticipating Monday's repose in the office. "See what I mean?" said my friend.

Le Diable du Village

MAURICE CRANSTON'S fascinating documentary, *Rousseau in England*, dealing mainly with Jean Jacques' relationship with David Hume, taught me more about the character of the strange genius than books have done. It seemed throughout as if Mr Cranston were doing his level best to be both dispassionate and faithful to the records, and the playing of Robert Eddison as Rousseau (as of James McKechnie as Hume) was most sympathetic. Yet what a distasteful personality emerged—mean, touchy, hysterical, neurotic, more than half-mad with delusions of persecution, imprisoned in the cell of his own ego, spitting in the faces of his friends—a hopelessly inadequate character, a creature to be pitied rather than admired. As the most influential of his writings had been produced before the English adventure began, Mr Cranston was spared the tackling of the problem of how such a character could have turned out such potent works. But the programme was, in many ways, a disturbing one. "Rousseau," says Dr Alex Forman, "was one of the creators of the modern consciousness." If he is right, this would go far to explain some of the odder features of the contemporary climate of thought.

—J.C.R.



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