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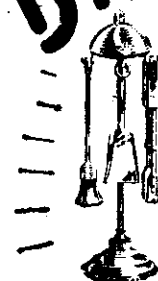
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RADIO REVIEW

IT ALWAYS RAINS ON SUNDAY is the sort of play I like to hear over the air—it seems to me to be emotionally on the right scale for radio presentation, since its main drama is interpreted in individual terms and its verities are simple and domestic. The sort of thing you can take in at your own fireside without too great a feeling of the incongruity between your snugness and the passions raging just behind the dial, and which nevertheless gives plenty of scope for our fireside emotions of compassion and understanding. The play was beautifully interpreted by a large NZBS cast which included several well-assimilated newcomers. Outstanding among the leading players was (I thought) Peggy Walker, whose interpretation of the role of Rose was sensitive and three-dimensional.

In the Wake of the News

I AM rather addicted to the *Wellington Newsletter* which comes over the Women's Session on First Fridays and which, while as matey as anything you get over the commercials, is mercifully free of the sound of grinding axes. It is surprisingly catholic in its choice of topic—last week's ranged from baby shows to Pryagopol, the Indian dancer—and aims at keeping you in touch culturally and communally not only with what goes on in the Big City but even in Greater Wellington. This, I feel (speaking as a housewife who doesn't get around much any more), is the sort of session to take the distance out of the dormitory suburb, the varicose veins out of pregnancy. By neatly sidestepping such real obstacles to actual participation in what goes on as lack of time and lack of inclination (we can't all be as catholic as the *Newsletter*) it manages to keep listeners, if not in the swim, at any rate in the wake of recent events.

—M.B.

Magazine of the Air

STATION 1YA's *Town Crier* has established itself firmly now as the most successful radio magazine Auckland has so far produced. Naturally, it is too much to expect every item every week to be of first-rate quality, but, in recent issues of *Town Crier*, the number of squibs has been surprisingly small. Most of the visiting celebrities seem to be caught in the *Town Crier's* net, but local artists also have their place, and some unusual occupations have been brought to the surface, notably a most articulate deep-sea diver. I like the variety of topics and the care with which interviewers are selected who have something in common with the interviewees. And just as pleasing is the frequent injection of unusual music, as, for instance, recently, a recording of an Indian "hit parade" number which managed to sound jivey and Eastern at

the same time. Such tit-bits, *calypso facto*, as it were, keep a session lively.

Gentle Dominie

I CAN think of no more appropriate St. Andrew's Day feature than James Bridie's *Mr. Gillie*, which 1YC gave us in the admirable BBC version, with James McKechnie splendid as the idealistic schoolmaster. As Scottish as haggis and as full of nourishment, *Mr. Gillie* considered the meaning of "success" through the apparently wasted life of the gentle dominie, whose swans all turn out to be geese. Yet, as the Heavenly Judge says, before seating him between Abraham Lincoln and John Wesley, "This man devoted his life to opening cages. . . . He taught his birds how to fly; it wasn't his fault if they were weak on the wing." *Mr. Gillie* does not seem to have succeeded on the stage. Yet the radio version, with its wit, its essential "metaphysical seriousness" and its comic vehemence, held my delighted attention throughout. I should much like to hear the NZBS tackle *Mr. Boltry* or *The Dragon and the Dove*. Shaw was a much greater dramatist than Bridie, yet there is a good deal of the crackpot pure and simple in Shaw. To my mind, Bridie was the saner and wiser spirit, and his swan-song, *Mr. Gillie*, is a monument to Scottish common sense.

—J.C.R.

New Ideas at School

IN the 3YC talks defining the New Education, showing how it works and presenting some of the problems inherent in it, L. V. Bryant combined vision and exactness. If all teachers were guided by the same purposes errors in these new ideas would be counterbalanced by the idealism informing them. One of the difficulties the ordinary parent encounters is that of deciding whether certain features of school life and of school children are the product of the "bad" old ideas or the "good" new ones. Who, during writing lessons, taught my child to draw conventionalised symbols of dogs and ducks destructive of that fresh, individual vision which, in the drawing period, is considered the proper basis for artistic activity? Who or what is responsible for the inability of youngsters to see that a certain tidiness and order in their new jobs belongs to the whole of life and can give it an economy which makes for full living. As these and similar questions rose to my mind I felt that the subject needed a lot more air, that a slightly rehearsed panel including sympathetic but critical and inquiring minds would give us all a better understanding and might also reveal places where the philosophy of the New Education might be made even more adequate than it is.

Nothing to Eat But Food

THE fourth course in 3YA's *Pleasures of the Table* enables us to gauge the degree of complacency or dyspepsia the diet is inducing. Gordon Troup's devilled kidneys and paté de foie gras smelt of the midnight oil upon which they were cooked. The succession of rich dishes ushered in with a too unctuous oratory were slightly nauseating, and the "ritual burps" of the gratified guests shocked

