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THE WEEK IN BRITAIN

Britain's Butcher Is The Man Of The Moment

(Sunday Tribune Correspondent)
LONDON, Saturday.

year.

REMARKABLE SHOW

THE other night I went along to see a show which—now that its crowded six weeks' run is at an end—most people are agreeing was one of the most remarkable shows seen in London for some time. It was a new musical revue entitled "The Good Road," at His Majesty's Haymarket, one of London's largest theatres, and certainly not the least remarkable thing about it was that no salary was received by any of the cast and no member of the audience paid any sort of fee for admission.

Put bluntly, it was "an Oxford Group show"; and when it was first shown some London critics hit it pretty good and hard. But I, strongly agree with Beverley Baxter, who writes a more leisurely weekly critique for the Evening Standard, that they were much too hot on the trigger.

GREATNESS IN THE AIR

BAXTER found that for at least half an hour there was "greatness in the air" at His Majesty's. Apart from good acting, there were certainly some exceptionally clever lighting effects; and I find myself still haunted by at least one of the melodies sung by a chorus (without makeup), drawn from moral rearmament enthusiasts of all nations—including, I doubt not, Southern Africa.

But then, you see, some of these melodies were written by one of the most famous song writers in France, and I am quite prepared to believe that some of the producers, technicians and singers were almost equally accomplished in their especial spheres.

This particular effort, so the programme informed us, was sponsored by what was termed "The National Committee of Invitation," which included earls, peers, admirals, generals, politicians, playwrights and internationally known businessmen.

FROM CONTRIBUTIONS

AT the close of the show I asked one of the organisers where all the money came from to run such a show—for it was obvious that a tremendous amount of money was required. He answered simply: "From contributions. There is a growing number of people in the world to-day who realise that the only possible way of solving most of our problems is to get men and women to approach them with changed minds.

"They give, therefore, unstintedly to our cause as being a primary need."

How many more causes, I wonder, will now try and use the stage as a means of legitimately emphasising their merit and importance? During the last three weeks of "Good Road," I am told, applications for seats had to be turned down at the rate of 1,000 a night.

The pamphlet, the book—even the silver-tongued orator and the radio—may have to look to their laurels.