# July 24

### AYZ INVERCARGILL

7. 0-9.0 a.m. Breakfast session
11. 0 Recordings
12. 0-2.0 p.m. Luncheon session
5. 0 Tea dance
5.30 Children's session: "Tar
Tales" session: "Tanglewood Tales"
Light music

Eb and Zab

Lang-Worth Light Concert Orchestra
"The Woman in White"
After dinner music

8.15

Station announcements
Sports talk: "The Ranfurly Shield
Match," by H. S. Strang
Suite No. 4 in D Major (Bach),
played by Adolf Busch Chamber
Players

Studio recital by Marie Searle Mr. Chalmers, K.C. Listen to the band Blythm time 9.30 9.30

10. 0 Close down

### 320 GREYMOUTH 940k.c. 319 m.

7, 0 a.m. Breakfast session

7. U. a.m. Breakfast session
9. 0 Morning programme
10. 0-10.10 Weather report
12. 0-2 p.m. Luncheon programme
1. 0 Weather Report
3. 0 Women's session, conducted by Josphine Clare. "Town and Country"

Afternoon programmie

Weather and shipping news Children's session: "Robin Hood and the Butcher" Dinner music 6. 0 6.30

Dinner music
News and reports
Martial and nautical moments
Mittens (episode 50)
Light Rectals: Fritz Kreisler
(violin), Beniamino Gigl! (tenor),
J. H. Squire Celeste Octet
"Dad and Dave" (episode 67)
"The Clock Symphony" (Haydn)
"The Fourth Form at St. Percy's"
B.B.C. Wireless Chorus
"Hot Spot"
Tit.bits
Edith Lorand's Orchestra; vocal
Interludes by Marcel Wittrisch and
Comedy Harmonists
Close down

8. 0 8.30 8.42

9. 0 9.15

10. 0

### CS V UU

NAPIER 760 k.c. 395 m.

7. 0-9.0 a.m. Breakfast session 11. 0 Light music

## 12. 0-2.0 m. Lunch session 5. 0 Light musical programme 5.30 Uncle Ed and Aunt Gwen 6. 0 Light music

Eb and Zeb Recordings 6.15

After dinner mustc 7. 0 8. 0 Light popular programme "His Last Plunge"

Classical recital programme, featur-ing the music of Russia Don Cossacks Choir Rachmaninoff Preludes, played by

Edith Walton

10. 0

NELSON 920 k.c. 327 m.

 7. Op.m. Miscellaneous light music
 8. O Concert programme of classical music, featuring "Symphony No. 5" by Tschalkovski, played by W. d, played by W. Concert Orchestra Mengelberg and C Frankenstein (8)

9. 0 9.15 Interlude Light music Close down

### DWELLINGTON 990 k.c. 303 m.

7. 0 p.m. Rhapsodies in rhythm

Personal Column Film favourites 7.35 7.45 2YD Sports Club

Connoisseur's Corner 2YD traffer 8.40 8.45 Aerotones

Night Nurse (chapter 21)
Black and white studies: A session
of keyboard rhythm

9.30 Crazy Couplets Close down

## IZM

AUCKLAND 1250 k.c. 240 m.

5. 0 p.m. Light orchestral and popular selections

8.45 News, announcements

Orchestral 7.20 Horticultural Society's home garden talk

"Lorna Doone" Music Lover's session: "Songs of Debussy"

8.30 Music and songs from "Rose Marie"

Band concert
Past and present hits
Close down



AFTER THE BOUT: Paul Boesch, visiting wrestler, is the guest of the Rhythm Girls at the Mayfair Cabaret, Christchutch

### THIS WRESTLING

Some Unofficial Definitions By L. R. HOBBS

O many people now forget everything else but wrestling on Monday nights that it is necessary to help them to forget to the best advantage. Charts and diagrams can be procured which help listeners to follow the holds in a contest. It is, however, difficult to find a glossary of terms. Here is a simple beginning.

Referee: The hardest worker of the piece, and the man whose work is least appreciated. Logically, wherever stands in a square surrounded by people he must always be blocking the view of somebody. And the cash customers like to see all they have paid for. The referee's job is simply to see that the rules are kept, or rather that the elasticity in them is not stretched so far that it breaks. The job is not without its danger. Referees are seldom of more than 12 stone in weight, and a 12 stone man who tries to separate two 18 stone men, both angry, deserves the Nobel Peace Prize. But does he get it? Sometimes all he gets is a torn shirt, at other times he strikes an elbow jolt meant for someone else. When a wrestling bout is over the referee's sigh of relief can usually be heard far above the vells of the crowd. Listen for it next time you tune in to a bout.

(Note: About three years ago a wrestler who doesn't wrestle in these parts any more, actually did begin to wrestle the referee with might and main outside the ring. The referee was Arthur Beban, chairman of the Greymouth Boxing Association for many years, and a boxer. He is bigger than many professional wrestlers, and the hold he put on the unruly wrestler has gone down into the glossarv of West Coast sporting terms. It is now called the "artichoke.")

The Seconds: Their main job is to wave towels at, and whisper encouragement to, the wrestlers in the brief spells between rounds. Not so strenuous as the referee's, nor so risky, the job sometimes demands great physical strength, because the man at the receiving end of some of these modern holds after he has been disentangled, and had his left leg gently unwound from his head, usually has to be carried to his corner. Its wonderful, however, how quickly they recover their health and strength.

Timekeeper: A man in evening dress who beats one mighty blow on a brass plate every now and then, and makes everyone in the nearest five rows jump nearly to the ceiling at the din. He sits near the ring, but only a few wrestlers have yet got on to the dodge of throwing their opponents on to the brass gong when they want to end the round. The practice demands a good deal of accuracy.

The Press Table: A small wooden arrangement behind which sits the power of the Press. In the early days of wrestling, referees used to be thrown with great force and regularity at the table, but a deputation from the Journalists' Union finally approached the wrestlers, pointing out that such major distraction did not make for good reports.

The Announcer: The man who sits way up near the roof well away from the risk that any wrestler, or even the referee, will be thrown into his lap. He describes holds with great rapidity, but has a difficult time whenever a hold has to be applied for any long time. Then he falls back on "He's coming out of it, no, he isn't, yes, by jove, he is, at least he will be in a minute."

Audience: Several hundred otherwise normal persons who one night each week forget all their inhibitions and chivalry, cheer and hoot with the greatest partiality, and occasionally so far forget themselves as to shout out such brutal exhortations as "kick him" and "punch his head off." They are the cash customers whose love of wrestling makes these weekly bouts, and their broadcasts, possible, and their tastes determine the popularity and success of any of the visiting wrestlers.

The Wrestlers: Last, but not least, we have the wrestlers who, for 64 minutes so many nights a week (64 minutes if the bout goes the full distance), go through the evolutions of modern all-in wrestling, with emphasis usually on its many variations such as drop-kicks, elbow jolts, and sometimes even (cries of "Shame!"), punching and kicking. They are usually huge young men, as mild-mannered off the stage as they are pleasant on it, with American accents. Most of them wrestle for the chance of putting by enough for a good start in later life, and some are better educated than most people suppose. They lead a strenuous life in the season, for all-in wrestling demands fitness more than anything else. But they seldom get seriously hurt.

### Just a Story

Here is an anecdote about a young reporter who after enjoying immensely seven rounds of an eight-round match he was covering was distressed and upset in the eighth when one of the wrestlers, a Chinese, was thrown clean from the ring into the orchestral well several feet below. (Fortunately the orchestra had folded up its trombones and departed.) The wrestler lay prone where he fell, against the plane with his head appropriately resting on the sheet music of "The Last Round-Up." Ambulance officials rushed to his aid and he was carried out obviously hurt.

Back at the office the reporter waited a short time and then, wanting to know the worst, telephoned the wrestler's hotel. "Is . . . back from the hospital yet?" he asked. "I dunno about the hospital," said the night porter, who answered. "But he's here. He's just ordered two dozen eggs and some steak for supper."

Yes, wrestling's a hard life. On the