

4YZ INVERCARGILL 680 k.c. 441 m.

- 11. 0 a.m.-1.0 p.m. Selected recordings
- 2. 0 Harry Horlick and his orchestra, with vocal interludes
- 2.30 Fireside reverie
- 3. 0 Adagio for String Orchestra, Op. 3 (Leken), played by the Boyd Neel String Orchestra
- 3.16 Famous artists: Raoul Koczalski (piano)
- 3.30-4.0 Medley time
- 6.30 Relay of Evening Service from St. Paul's Presbyterian Church: Preacher: Rev. C. J. Tocker, Choir-master; H. P. Weston. Organist: Mrs. A. E. H. Bath
- 7.45 Selected recordings
- 8.15 "John Halifax—Gentleman"
- 8.30 Recital by Richard Tauber (tenor)
- 8.45 Coronets of England
- 9.12 Sea spume
- 9.30 Slumber session
- 10. 0 Close down

3ZR GREYMOUTH 940 k.c. 319 m.

- 12. 0-1.30 p.m. Luncheon music
- 5.30 Sacred Song Service, conducted by the Salvation Army
- 6.15 A music delicacy
- 6.30 Melodies of the moment
- 6.46 Carson Robison
- 7. 0 Grand Orchestra Polydor, and Herbert Ernst Grah (tenor)
- 7.30 Melodies from musical comedy
- 8. 0 Lighter moments with the masters
- 8.30 "The Buccaneers"
- 8.45 Grand massed brass bands
- 9. 0 Memories of the ball
- 9. 6 "Singapore Spy"
- 9.30 A day in the Tyrol
- 10. 0 Close down

2YH NAPIER 760 k.c. 395 m.

- 11. 0 a.m.-1.0 p.m. Selected recordings
- 2. 0-4.0 Afternoon concert session
- 6.30 Miscellaneous recordings
- 7. 0 Relay of Evening Service from St. Matthew's Anglican Church, Hastings. Preacher: Rev. W. T. Drake. Organist and choir-master: Cecil B. Spinney.
- 8.15 Selected recordings, station announcements (approx.)
- 8.30 Evening concert session: "Ruy Blas" overture
- 8.50 Russian Cathedral Choir
- 9.15 Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra
- 9.30 "From opera and operetta"
- 10. 0 Close down

2YN NELSON 920 k.c. 327 m.

- 7. 0 p.m. Classical music
- 7.30 Light opera and musical comedy selections
- 8. 0 Light classical items
- 8.30 Concert programme: "Mefisto Waltz" (Liszt), played by Boston Symphony Orchestra



"WARLOCKS AND WITCHES" is the fearsome, but intriguing, title of a talk to be given by A. J. Sinclair (above) in a Scottish session from 12M on Sunday evening, August 20

- 8.48 "Every Walk of Life": The Taxi Driver (episode 3)
- 9. 0 Light classical
- 9.30 Pinto Pete
- 10. 0 Close down

2YD WELLINGTON 990 k.c. 303 m.

- 7. 0 p.m. Jay Wilbur and his Band
- 7.35 "Those We Love" (episode 8)
- 8. 0 Tit-Bits, a session of tuneful favourites
- 8.40 2YD trailer
- 8.45 Dad and Dave
- 9. 0 This week's special: Mr. Chalmers, K.C.
- 9.43 Strings: Fifteen minutes of smooth rhythm
- 10. 0 Close down

12M AUCKLAND 1250 k.c. 240 m.

- 10. 0 a.m. Sacred and orchestral selections
- 11. 0 Concert session
- 12. 0 Luncheon music
- 2. 0 p.m. Selections from the shows and musical comedies
- 3. 0 Piano, light orchestral and miscellaneous selections
- 4. 0 Organ and piano-Accordion numbers, vocal and miscellaneous selections
- 5.30 Announcements
- 5.40-6.0 Light orchestral
- 7. 0 Orchestral and instrumental
- 8. 0 Concert programme
- 9. 0 Talk by A. J. Sinclair: "Warlocks and Witches"
- 9.30 Choral selections
- 10. 0 Close down

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER: Modern Style

(Written for "The Listener" by A.E.B.)

ONE of "Margaret's" broadcasts mentioned in a recent issue of "The Listener," told how nature appears indulgent to the efforts of a very young gardener who crowds flowers and vegetables into his garden, and secures quite successful results from his unorthodox plantings.

The following story told to me by a retired school-mistress from Scotland, and still in New Zealand, would indicate that the stern God of the Covenanters also deals out very special dispensations to the small descendants of God-fearing Scots.

A new assistant teacher had taken charge of the smaller children, and my friend, willing to allow her to create her own "atmosphere," merely gave an occasional glance through the glass dividing door. As the days went on she became puzzled to see the infants quite frequently sitting with bowed heads or with small fingers spread over devoutly closed eyes. At last, unable to smother her curiosity, she paid a visit to the infant room, opening the door in time to hear her assistant saying, "Well, Willie, you must just ask God what to do about it." Whereupon Willie—his teacher called him "that wee deil Willie McNab"—duly spread grimy fingers over his very wide-awake blue eyes. After a decent interval Willie removed the hands and sat comfortably back in his seat, completely idle and completely happy. His teacher, glancing at him, also seemed quite satisfied. Not so my friend, who sharply inquired, "Willie McNab, why are you not doing your sums?"

"Weel, ye ken I left ma sum book at hame, an' when I asked God the noo about it, he said, 'Never heed, Wullie, ye needna dae ony sums the day.'"

Disturbingly aware of new influences the head mistress withdrew, leaving Wullie to follow the Heaven-sent advice.

There was a whist drive in the school that night. Mrs. McNab, mother of the prayerful Wullie, greeted the lady who had successfully taught six little McNabs, with an embarrassed but determined air: "Eh! Miss — I'm glad to see ye the night, but I'm finding it gey hard to tell ye. Deed I'm sweir to tak' Wullie awa' but his feyther an' I juist canna thole anither week o't. Though it's an unco' walk for the bairn he'll be gangin' tae Mr. —'s schuil frae the beginnin' o' the month."

"Indeed, Mrs. McNab, I am truly sorry to hear this. But just what is the trouble?"

Mrs. McNab's pent-up feelings broke in a spate of indignation. "Weel, it's yon new teacher lassie ye hae! She's aye tellin' the bairns to ask God to guide them. What like way's that? An' what way can she no guide them hersel' as she's paid to? Prayin' aboot things in the day time is maybe richt for foreigners" (the teacher was English) "but Scotch laddies dinna dae weel on it. I tell ye, Miss —, it's a fair scunner! When Wullie comes in I say 'Wullie, gang an' get the mornin' sticks,' or 'Wullie, rin an' feed the hens,' but does he? Na! He juist sits an' asks God if he must, and it seems God ay says 'Ye needna bother the nicht, Wullie.' An' juist hoo can I pit masel' against the word o' God? Na! Na! Wullie mun gang, I doot, an' maybe he'll sune forget. Eh! I mean maybe he'll no pray till bed-time wi' Dominie B—— aboot!"

Thankful that the hour of her retirement was at hand, my friend joyfully booked her passage for New Zealand, leaving Wullie to his accommodating Deity.