

October 8

4YZ INVERCARGILL 680 k.c. 441 m.

11. 0 a.m.-1.0 p.m. Sunday morning programme
2. 0 Dajos Bela Orchestra, with vocal interludes
- 2.30 Friml fancies
3. 0 Le Cid Ballet Music (Massenet), played by Grand Opera Orchestra
- 3.12 Famous artists: Ernest McKinlay (tenor) and Cecil Dixon (piano)
- 3.30-4.0 Medley time
- 6.30 Gleanings from far and wide
7. 0 Relay of Evening Service from St. Mary's Basilica. Preacher: Father J. Murphy. Choirmaster: A. Mahoney. Organist: Miss R. Shepherd
- 8.15 "John Halifax—Gentleman"
- 8.30 "Coronets of England: The Life of Queen Elizabeth"
9. 0 Reserve
- 9.30 Slumber session
10. 0 Close down

3ZR GREYMOUTH 940 k.c. 319 m.

12. 0-1.30 p.m. Dinner music
- 5.30 Sacred song service, conducted by the Salvation Army
- 6.15 Sweet music
- 6.30 Tunes of to-day
- 6.46 Carson Robison and his Pioneers
7. 0 Freddie Hippman and His Orchestra and John Hendrik (tenor)
- 7.30 From the London stage
8. 0 Melodies of the masters
- 8.30 Musical Feature: "The Buccaneers"
- 8.45 Piano and organ
9. 0 The Pall Mall Revellers: "Steeplechase," "Pitter Patter"
9. 6 "Singapore Spy" (episode 18)
- 9.30 The singer in the spotlight
- 9.45 Masters of the organ
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 Recordings
7. 0 Relay of Evening Service from St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Napier. Preacher: Rev. Stuart Francis. Organist & Choirmaster: Arthur Pacey
- 8.15 (approx.) Selected recordings, station announcements
- 8.30 Evening concert session: "Marta-tana" Overture
- 8.38 The Madison Singers
9. 0 Cotillon ballet music
- 9.20 Alfredo Campoli (violin)
- 9.40 Lawrence Tibbett (baritone)
10. 0 Close down

2YN NELSON 920 k.c. 327 m.

7. 0 p.m. Classical music, opening with "Prelude and Fuge in F Minor" (Bach), played by Philadelphia Orchestra
- 7.30 Light opera and musical comedy selections
8. 0 Light classical music
- 8.30 Concert programme: "L'italiana in Algeri" (Rossini), played by New York Philharmonic Orchestra
- 8.48 "Every Walk of Life—the Clerk" (episode 2)
9. 0 Light classical music
- 9.30 "Pinto Pete"
10. 0 Close down

2YD WELLINGTON 990 k.c. 303 m.

7. 0 p.m. Horace Heidt and His Music
- 7.35 "Those We Love" (episode 15)
8. 0 Tit-bits: A session of tuneful favourites
- 8.45 Dad and Dave
9. 0 This week's special: "Dawn Over Sudan"
- 9.45 Strings: Fifteen minutes of smooth rhythm
10. 0 Close down

Sessions For Women

The NBS has introduced some new features into its morning sessions for women. At 2YA "Margaret's" talks are being given three times a week, and on the other three days there are series by "Kathleen," "Isobel," and "Housekeeper." "Kathleen" interviews some city working girls and finds out how they live and what their tastes are. "Isobel" calls her session "Bits and Pieces," and it is what it says—odds and ends of advice and information with a touch of literature. "Housekeeper" gives household hints.

1ZM 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 Organ selections, miscellaneous and light orchestral numbers
4. 0 Piano and piano accordion items, band music and miscellaneous recordings
- 5.30 Announcements
- 5.40-6.0 Light orchestral programme
7. 0 Orchestral items
- 7.30 Concert session
- 8.15 Scottish session: J. M. Deas
- 9.15 Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, No. 94 in G Major
- 9.40 Choral selections
10. 0 Close down

THAT OTHER SEPTEMBER

By Alison Grant

★ **T**HAT other September I was in London. We New Zealanders are travelling folk—quite a few of us who are here now were then—in London, that other September. The difference for me was that it had been, and I thought it was to be again, my home. I had no return passage booked. I had instead a husband, a dog, a very new kitten and a small boy of six. Not things one can fling in a suitcase and make off with.

I don't know which day of that nightmare week is supposed now to have been the most grim, but, for me, in retrospect, it all seems to focus round that Tuesday. London suddenly became a trap. And petrol—that day—was sold in Kensington for three guineas a gallon.

What were you doing—how was it with you here? Did the sun shine out across this harbour that day and turn Ward Island into a nugget of gold? Was the gorse ablaze on the hills? Did the seedlings in your gardens stand straight and tall after the rains?

I took my little son to school with his gas mask carried carefully—my own, that wouldn't fit, slung on my arm. He stood, tremulous, with 300 others in a concreted yard and looked at me. The Infant Headmistress saw me loitering, my cheeks white and drawn, at the gate and she—blessed woman—came out.

"I'll tell you where we go. We've seven different instructions this morning. But as soon as I know where it's likely to be I'll send one of the children round..." She took my arm and thrust me, ever so gently, outside the gate.

In the street stood the mothers. I moved through them in a daze. I didn't see them. I saw instead our Tinakori hills, green and bare with the winds sweeping over... Suddenly I stopped. I'd found I couldn't go. I stopped, and saw for the first time the faces of the mothers and noticed their silence that seemed audible, like a cry. And suddenly one of them, a Chinese woman I'd often spoken with, came and stood before me. "I don't care if I'm killed," she said, "I want to be with my

babies..." and she broke down, shaken horribly with sobs, on my shoulder.

I found I could not answer—only stand rigid with my arm about her. That day there seemed no answers. And then an old voice muttered, "They can't make masks for babies..."

That moment seemed a thousand years.

* * *

I found myself passing the great gates of the British Museum. Without thought I turned and went up the wide familiar steps. I found Arthur Waley, the translator of ancient Chinese manuscripts, standing there. Somehow we didn't want to see the pigeons, as we so often had, quarrelling for crumbs. We turned and went inside and sat on a bench and stared at great trunkless or limbless masses of stone—fragments that remained from other catastrophes when England was nothing.

He said, "It all seems so strange... There's no yesterday and no tomorrow—only now, and us, here..."

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Turning the corner of our street I came face to face with an old woman. She was carrying a worn leather collar and lead and she came to a stumbling halt. "I had me dog put away..." she said. Tears streamed down her face.

* * *

At the steps that led to my flat a man raced up to me. He was middle-aged, white-faced, ill. He started shouting incoherently, gesticulating, diving this way and that to get my attention.

"Missus—ave yer got a spade—kin yer tell me where I kin git a spade? I bin ter all the shops round 'ere and they 'aven't one left. Missus—I bin on the dole six years—an' now I kin git a job! A shilling an hour I kin git—round the corner diggin' up the Park—if I kin git a spade..."

I shrugged my shoulders helplessly. And then I noticed his eyes. They were feverish with excitement, a strange exultancy. And I saw how it was. Six years on the dole he'd been—six years starved, unwanted. And now all in an hour they wanted him—they were going to give him a job—at a shilling an hour—digging his grave. If he could get a spade.

O Christ.

* * *

As soon as she knew she would send a child round to tell me... I climbed the stairs to our flat. My husband was out. I sat down and waited.

* * *

I wonder, what were you doing?