



"LIFE AND LANGUAGE" is the title of a recorded talk by Professor Arnold Wall (above), which will be presented from 1YA on Tuesday evening, October 10

## 4YZ INVERCARGILL 680 k.c. 441 m.

- 7. 0 a.m. Breakfast session
- 9. 0-10.0 Morning programme
- 11. 0 Recordings
- 12. 0-2.0 p.m. Luncheon session
- 5. 0 Tea dance
- 5.30 Children's session: "Toyshop Tales"
- 5.45 Light music
- 6. 0 Eb and Zeb
- 6.15 Reserve
- 6.45 "The Moonstone"
- 7. 0 Rebroadcast of Official News Service
- 7.10 After dinner music (7.30, station announcements)
- 8. 0 "Septet in E Flat Major, Op. 20" (Beethoven); Feodor Chaliapin (bass)
- 8.45 Mr. Chalmers, K.C.: "The Inquest Case"
- 9. 0 Reserve
- 9.20 Supper dance
- 10. 0 Close down

## 3ZR GREYMOUTH 940 k.c. 319 m.

- 7. 0 a.m. Breakfast session
- 9. 0 Morning programme
- 10. 0-10.10 Weather report
- 12. 0-2.0 p.m. Luncheon music
- 1. 0 Weather report
- 3. 0 Josephine Clare conducts the women's session
- 3.30 Afternoon programme
- 4.30 Weather and shipping news
- 5. 0 Children's session: The Legends of Umbagog, "The Story of the Birds and Bats"
- 6. 0 Dinner music
- 7. 0 News Service issued by Prime Minister's Department
- 7.15 Dad and Dave
- 7.38 "Marie Antoinette"
- 8. 4 Musical programme by Maurice Ravel: Marguerite Long (piano-forte), & the Symphony Orchestra, conducted by the composer, "Concerto for Piano and Orchestra"
- 8.24 Rose Walter (soprano)

- 8.27 Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Freitas Branco, "Pavane for a Dead Infanta"
- 8.31 Search for a Playwright
- 8.43 Light recitals by Joe Green (xylophone), Milt Herth (organ), Bing Crosby (vocal), and Andre Kostelanetz & his Orchestra
- 9. 0 Hot spot, featuring Chick Webb & His Orchestra
- 9.15 "Personal Column"
- 9.30 The Salvation Army Band, Frank Luther & The Lyn Murray Quartet in "Stephen Foster's Melodies"
- 10. 0 Close down

## 2YH NAPIER 760 k.c. 395 m.

- 7. 0-9.0 a.m. Breakfast session
- 11. 0 Light music
- 12. 0-2.0 p.m. Lunch session
- 5. 0 Light musical programme
- 5.30 "Eb and Zeb"
- 5.45 Uncle Ed and Aunt Gwen
- 6.45 Weather report and forecast for Hawke's Bay
- 7. 0 Rebroadcast of Government News Session
- 7.15 (approx.) After dinner music
- 8. 0 Light popular programme
- 8.25 "His Last Plunge"
- 9. 0 Light classical programme: Selection from the Orchestral Suite "The Flute of Sans Souci"
- 9.15 Miliza Korjus (soprano)
- 9.30 Vladimir Horowitz (piano)
- 10. 0 Close down

## 2YN NELSON 920 k.c. 327 m.

- 7. 0 p.m. Rebroadcast of News Service issued by Prime Minister's Department
- 7.15 Light music
- 7.30 First Aid Talk, St. John Ambulance Association
- 8. 0 Concert programme: Classical music, "Triple Concerto in C Major" (Beethoven), played by Odoposoff (violin), Auber (cello) and Morafes (piano), with Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra
- 9. 0 "The Circle of Shiva" (episode 6)
- 9.15 Humorous interlude
- 9.30 Light music
- 10. 0 Close down

## 2YD WELLINGTON 990 k.c. 303 m.

- 7. 0 p.m. Rhapsodies in rhythm
- 7.35 Personal Column
- 7.45 "Sing As We Go"
- 8.15 "The Woman in White" (episode 4)
- 8.28 Aerotones
- 9. 3 "His Last Plunge" (episode 5)
- 9.15 Black and white studies
- 9.30 Crazy Couplets
- 10. 0 Close down

## 12M AUCKLAND 1250 k.c. 240 m.

- 5. 0 p.m. Light orchestral and popular items
- 7. 0 Orchestral numbers
- 7.20 Horticultural Society's home garden talk
- 7.45 "Lorna Doone"
- 8. 0 Music lovers' session: "Les Sylphides" (Chopin)
- 8.30 Concert hour
- 9.30 Latest hits
- 10. 0 Close down

# NEW SEASON'S FICTION Angling Began a Week Ago

(Written for "The Listener" by "Indeus")

**H**ERALDED by a tempestuous staccato of barometer-tapping, a minor offensive broke out on the New Zealand front on October 1. Once again, as has been so sapiently pointed out in other connections, truth was the first casualty. We refer, of course to the opening of the angling season. And, of course, in spite of the assiduous attention paid to the barometer and to all forecasts from all stations, the weather was rotten. It always is. It has to be, as part of the game. Otherwise, how can one explain the Empty Creel to the Uncomprehending Relatives?

This attitude of the angler to the weather is deeply-woven, in his sub-conscious, with his attitude to the concept of Truth in the Abstract and Truth in General. And an appreciation of his difficulties is so vital to the sympathetic comprehension of his character that of our charity we offer these random thoughts to readers, in the pious hope that by the time Christmas arrives the piscatorial fraternity will not be isolated, as sometimes happens, from the engulfing tide of goodwill, bonhomie, or what have you.

When we remarked that Truth was the first casualty in the angling offensive, the impression conveyed was, perhaps, more serious than the facts warrant, for the angler is not a wanton liar, whatever the comic papers would have us believe. He deviates from literal accuracy, but always for a reason. First, in most cases, to preserve his self-respect, or to add colour to his narrative—for the truth has usually a decidedly unvarnished look—and, ultimately, because he really believes what he is saying.

Take the case of Francis Bacon. Not that we want to revive the Baconian Heresy; the question that arises is not was Bacon Shakespeare, but was Bacon an Angler? Strong evidence in support of this belief is to be found in his essay, "Of Truth," where occurs the illuminating remark: "The mixture of a lie doth ever add Pleasure." No one who has gone angling but has experienced that pleasure and few of those who have not angled would have thought of writing about it.

Difficulties for the angler are, naturally, complicated by the disparity of his own motives in going a-fishing and the motives ascribed to him by the uncomprehending. The angler goes angling in the first place, not to catch fish, but to avoid being haled off to mow the lawn, trim the hedge, dig potatoes, chop wood, et hoc. Once he is clear of such domestic entanglements, he may fish, or snore in a sheltered corner by the riverbank, but such freedom of will does not alter the firm conviction of his mother, wife, landlady or relatives, that he is out after trout. Consequently, if he has fished and caught nothing, or merely slept and missed the bus like the Foolish Young Ladies in the parable, he must explain why there is nothing more than the remains of his lunch in the new creel that Aunt Ermytrude paid 35s for last Sexagesima.

And that brings us full circle to the weather again. At the beginning of the season, the weather is always rotten, because at that stage of the year the angler has not yet attained his mid-season proficiency in apologetics. Besides, the weather can explain anything from an empty basket to a ditto hip-flask — "Jolly cold, the water, at this time of the year, m'dear." If it has rained heavily, a condition which is supposed by the uninitiated to be essential to success (possibly on the ground that it's an ill wind, etc.), the angler need only remark that the river "came down brown; not a bit of use. Water too cold; we need more sun."

If, on the other hand, sunshine and blue skies have been the rule, it is "too bright; fish could see you a mile off. Besides, they're sluggish. They need a spell of cold weather to tune them up and make them rise properly." There are a score of ways, sanctified by usage and a library of angling authorities, in which to pass the buck to the Weather Clerk. Water can be too cold, too warm, too clear, too turbid, too high, or too low. Wind, likewise, can be too high, low, cold, warm, gusty or steady, or from the wrong quarter (i.e., the one it has been blowing from). That by no means exhausts the list of early-season excuses, but it is a fair sample. As the season progresses, they are supplemented by explanations of an increasingly technical nature, as the fund of comprehensible reasons ebbs away. But it is wise to treat them all with charity and accept them unquestioningly, if only for the sake of peace in the home. After all, if one is not an angler oneself, should one sit in judgment upon the fraternity? Rather let him that never excused himself cast the first stone.