

A Run Through The Programmes



his characters and work out his plot? To what extent is he dependent on real life for characters and incidents? Of course, different writers work in different ways. For instance, one writer may construct his plot before he starts, and another may choose a set of characters and give them their heads. New Zealand listeners are to be given some light on these mysteries on Thursday, October 19, at 8.42 p.m., when a popular New Zealand novelist will speak from 2YA in the "Job Of Work" series. For writing a novel is a real job of work. Try it and see.

Street Names

Someone said that the river Thames is liquid history. Well, it might be said that many street names are frozen history, and one wonders what they mean to people who pass by. Salamanca Road, in Wellington for instance; it recalls the day when Wellington and Marshal Marmont manoeuvred in sight of each other, and Wellington was getting the worst of it and thinking of retreating. Then Marmont made a mistake, and Wellington leapt upon him and won the Battle of Salamanca. What does Abel-Smith Street signify? What Hill was Hill Street called after? And so on and so on. There is plenty of romance in Wellington place names, and you are to hear about some of it in a talk by Miss Irvine-Smith at 2YA on Monday, October 16, at 8.40 p.m.

Grieg, of Norway

If one loves a thing enough it is bound to exert a strong influence. Edvard Grieg loved his native Norway, and his melody somehow suggests the cold, sparkling splash of waterfalls, the calm peace of fjords and the grandeur of mountain peaks in sunlight. Many of his most lovely songs were written in a tiny village on the branch of the Hardanger Fjord. This little retreat consisted of a single room where he could work alone, perched among the tall trees above the fjord with a tumbling waterfall nearby. Small wonder his music is so beautiful. The composer's "Sonata in C Minor for Piano and Violin" is to be played by Ina Bosworth and Leo Whittaker from 1YA, Auckland, at 8.38 p.m. on Wednesday, October 18.

Sassegnashings

"Man, ye should ha' been at Angus McWhirter's cottage yestreen. There were seeven pipers playin' thegither, and, a'playin' different chunes. Ye wud ha' thocht ye were in heaven." A Sassenach may jibe about Scottish pipers, but even a Sassenach feels something go up and down his spine when he



hears a pipe band coming along the street. It's a great art, the playing of the pipes, and it's an ancient one, for it's a few hundred years since the Irish invented the pipes and passed them on to the Scots, though the Scots haven't seen the joke yet.

The story of the pipes is a fascinating one, and A. J. Sinclair, who is popular with listeners for his talks on Scottish subjects, will be telling it soon on the air.

Swing, You Swedes!

We don't know if swing has yet shattered Swedish calm and sent the good Scandinavian folk jittering round the fjords; in fact, we are not very well acquainted with what people use for music in Sweden when they bring in the crops and row the boats, and dance in the evenings. So the talk "Sweden and Its Folk Songs," which Anna L. Gerdtmann is to give from 4YA, Dunedin, on Thursday, October 19, at 8.40 p.m. should be instructive as well as entertaining.



SHORTWAVES

I HAVE an old friend who tells me that—forgive the homely phrase—he "did his courting" in the British Museum. Neither he nor his wife can pass a broken-nosed statue without a sentimental sigh for the happy days gone by. They tell me that their esteem ripened into warm affection in the Pleistocene period, and that they held hands right through the Dynasty of Cheops.

—A. A. Thomson, in a *Strolling Commentary*

HATRED is a hindrance to the truth.—Laurence Housman, in an article on Dr. Goebbels's reply to the *King-Hall News-Letters*.

THE only difference between me and a lunatic is that I am not mad.—Salvador Dali, *surrealist*.

GERMAN submarines have launched attack after attack on our ships, even on Sundays.

—Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill.

THE king thought the goldsmith had stolen some of the gold, but didn't want to accuse him until he was sure of his guilt.—From a boy's essay on Archimedes and his investigations into the purity of the gold used in making Hiero's Crown.

A WOMAN golfer friend of mine motoring to her course was slow in "getting away" when the amber light changed to green. The taxi driver behind: "Go on, miss, it won't go any greener!" —*Evening Standard*.

SOME day I hope to go back in the winter-time. Then I shall see the Aurora over a world of white. Some of the people there are afraid of it; they say that if you whistle the lights will surround you and you'll never be seen again. Others — and I rather like to think they know best — say that it's "the spirits of the dead at play." —Audrey S. Monro, in an article on the workers of Newfoundland.

PEOPLE say to me, "But whoever goes to all these lectures in America?" Three years ago I could not have answered this question; but now, having done three tours across the United States, I can reply, "Mostly women." —V. C. Buckley, describing an American lecture trip.

NOW, supposing that somebody stood me a holiday with unlimited money to spend, what would I do? Well, I've always liked brass bands, and I've always liked four-poster beds; and I think it would be grand if I went for a tour of these islands (British Isles) in a four-poster bed on wheels, preceded by a brass band playing seductive airs.—John R. Allan, in a story, "Money To Burn."