

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 Light music
- 5.30 Children's session: "Toyshop Tales"
- 5.45 Laugh and sing
- 6. 0 "Carson Robison and His Buckaroos"
- 6.15 Reserved
- 6.45 "Marie Antoinette"
- 7. 0 Re-broadcast of Official News
- 7.10 (approx.) After dinner music (7.30, Station announcements)
- 8. 0 "Symphony No. 36 in C Major" (Mozart), played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra; Georges Thill (tenor); "St. Paul's Suite" (Holst), played by the Jacques String Orchestra
- 8.45 Rhythm time
- 9. 0 Reserved
- 9.30 His Lordship's Memoire
- 10. 0 Close down

3ZR GREYMOUTH 940 k.c. 319 m.

- 7. 0 a.m. Breakfast session
- 9. 0 Morning programme
- 9.30 Recipes, etc., by Josephine Clare
- 9.45 Reserved
- 10. 0-10.10 Weather report
- 12. 0 Luncheon music
- 12.30-2.0 p.m. Reserved
- 1. 0 Weather report
- 3. 0 Afternoon programme
- 4. 0 Reserved
- 4.30 Weather and shipping news
- 5. 0 Richard the Lion-Heart
- 5.15 Children's session
- 6. 0 Dinner music
- 6.15 Reserved
- 6.30 After dinner programme
- 7. 0 News service issued by the Prime Minister's Department
- 7.20 Trooping the Colour, presenting bands of the Household Cavalry, and the massed bands, drums and pipes of the Brigade of Guards
- 7.30 Oboe solo by Leon Goossens, comedy sketch (Moran and Mack), guitar solo (Nick Lucas), comedy (Sandy Powell), "Melody Masters" (Charlie Kunz)
- 8. 0 Emil Roos and his orchestra, Jaime Plane and Lys Gauty (vocal)
- 8.30 Swing carnival
- 9. 0 Reserved
- 9.20 Walter Gieseking (piano): "The Children's Corner" Suite (Debussy)
- 9.28 George Edwards and Company: "The Forgotten Man"
- 9.54 Carson Robison
- 10. 5 Close down

2YH NAPIER 760 k.c. 395 m.

- 7. 0-9.0 a.m. Breakfast session
- 11. 0 Light music
- 12. 0 Lunch session
- 5. 0 Light music
- 5.30 Uncle Charlie and Aunt Nin
- 6. 0 Light music
- 6.45 Weather report and forecast for Hawke's Bay, "Lorna Doone"
- 7. 0 Re-broadcast of Government News
- 7.15 (approx.) After dinner music
- 8. 0 Concert session
- 8. 2 "Dylan" Prelude, played by the Symphony Orchestra
- 8.14 Schumann songs, by Gerhard Husch (baritone)



THIS SMILING FACE belongs to Marjorie Lawrence, the talented young Australian grand opera singer. She will be heard from 2YN in an operatic programme on Friday evening, November 3

- 8.15 London Philharmonic Orchestra, "Legende" (Dvorak)
- 8.40 Simon Goldberg (violin), and Lili Krauss (piano), "Sonata in G Major" (Beethoven), Second Movement
- 9. 0 Reserved
- 9.20 "Personal Column"
- 9.32 Light music
- 9.45 "Joan of Arc"
- 10. 0 Close down

2YN NELSON 920 k.c. 327 m.

- 7. 0 p.m. Light music and "Carson Robison"
- 8. 0 Concert programme: Light classical music
- 8.30 Light music and sketches
- 9. 0 Grand opera, featuring excerpts from "Salome" (Richard Strauss), sung by Marjorie Lawrence (soprano)
- 9.35 "Japanese Houseboy"
- 10. 0 Close down

2YD WELLINGTON 990 k.c. 303 m.

- 7. 0 p.m. Showmen of syncopation
- 7.35 Leaves from the diary of a film fan
- 8. 5 Musical digest
- 8.28 Carson Robison and His Buckaroos
- 8.45 Wandering with the west wind, by the Wayfarer
- 9.15 Supper dance
- 9.45 Records at random
- 10. 0 Close down

12M AUCKLAND 1250 k.c. 240 m.

- 5. 0 p.m. Light orchestral and popular recordings
- 6.45 Station notices
- 7. 0 Orchestral numbers
- 7.30 Vocal gems
- 8. 0 Maorilanders: "Tit-Bits"
- 8.20 Concert session
- 9.30 Organ selections
- 9.35 Pamela's weekly chat
- 10. 0 Close down

PROFESSOR TOMMY

By John R. Cameron

THE velvet shawl of night enfolds the shoulders of the day, while twilight's hush caressingly smoothes troubles all away, I'm nodding in the comfort of the firelight's dancing glow, when suddenly the spell is merged into the radio. It's not Beethoven's Symphony that fills my cosy den, nor crooners' agonising cries from strong and silent men, it's just a prim announcement—so dignified and trite, "Professor Blair comes on the air at nine to-morrow night."

It only seems like yesterday since Tommy Blair and I played "wag" from school, at Tynan's Pool, in sunny days gone by. The road to fame was far away from tracks we trod as one, with all the world as yet unfurled and life but scarce begun; through all the years between we roved as far apart as poles, he, skirting round the edge of wealth, I, dallying with doles; yet I was known as clever, in the tasks we wrought at school, while Tommy, good old Tommy, was the butt of ridicule.

I knew him when his throbbing life was free from worldly care, when everything we had, was his—and mine, in equal share, sherbet, Persian lolly, or a "fag" upon the sly—'twas all the same with cobbles like Professor Blair and I. He seldom wore a hat upon his mop of carrot red, and freckles like a splash of paint across his features spread, his pants were just a pair of Dad's, with plenty room for ease, cut off without precision somewhere above the knees.

But something must have nestled 'neath his crown of fiery locks, for now he's climbed the pedestal, while I am on the rocks.

I wonder what became of "Spot," the pup we both adored, whose pantry was the garden where his delicacies were stored. "Spot"

made the party up to three when Indians were fought, and now and then, brought home a hen, we know he never bought. What days when we went fishing down to Willoughby's lagoon, or eeling after dark beneath a friendly fading moon, or splashing in the sunshine where the creek bends to the sea—the pup whose greatest friends on earth were Tommy Blair and me.

And where is little Cassie Neil, that Tommy used to kiss, when he was ten and she but nine—a saucy little miss. And would he now "pinch" cherries from the trees behind the school, or run away "au naturel" when chased from Tynan's Pool. I wonder would he wink in church across the pews at me, or gorge himself on doughnuts when he stayed with us for tea? These memories make me happy and I chuckle with delight—"Professor Blair comes on the air at nine to-morrow night."

Now would he "whip behind" the van that brought the mail from town, or crunch a bag of brandy snaps, so sweet and thin and brown; would Tommy climb a bluegum tree to rob a sparrow's nest, and carry eggs down in his mouth, that way we found the best?

Or toil so hard to gather gorse for many weary days, till Guy Fawkes day arrived at last, to dance around the blaze. These things I ask, but in my heart, I answer them all right—"Professor Blair comes on the air at nine to-morrow night."

And so I wait to hear again that once familiar voice. I know that what he's going to say would never be my choice, for we would talk of other days that curl around our hearts—while men are boys and boys are men, though acting other parts; though legion are the highways and legion are our guides, some drift along the current, some swim against the tides, but to-morrow I'll be singing "For the days o' Auld Lang Syne," when Tommy Blair comes on the air to speak to ME at nine.