

A Run Through The Programmes



purple passage at the end of "The Church at Brou." Well, we'll see what choice Professor Sewell of Auckland University, makes when he reads his Personal Anthology from these two poets at Auckland on Friday, November 10, at 8 p.m.

Debunking Turpin

Dick Turpin was a fraud! He was not romantic, nor gallant, nor debonair, nor a hero. In fact, he was none of the things legend says he was. He stole horses, insulted women, and murdered without compunction. His undoing was brought about by an act of bravado; he shot a cock-bird with his pistol. The shooting of a "privately-owned bird" was a bad offence. Turpin, who was posing as a wealthy gentleman-horse-dealer was taken to court and tried, and while he was on trial, his former misdemeanours came to light, and he was hanged at York on April 10, 1739. His story is dealt with in the feature "Two Worthies And A Highwayman," one of the "Notable Centenaries" series, to be heard from 1YA Auckland on Sunday, November 5, at 2.0 p.m. Because most people seem to take a vicarious delight in wickedness, the highwayman may be found a more interesting character than the two worthies, John Galt, who wrote the famous "Annals of the Parish" and Nicolas Saunderson, the brilliant English mathematician.

Historic Road

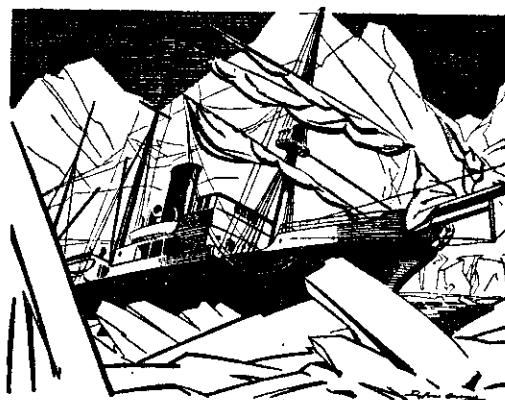
There is a lot of history in the Ngahauranga Gorge road, the main highway out of Wellington to the West Coast, and old-timers will recall some of it when the reconstructed road is opened on Saturday next, November 4. Further back than their memories go, Ngahauranga (properly Ngauranga) was an historic place. Te Wharepouri lived by the stream that comes out of the gorge, and it was there that Colonel William Wakefield had his first talk on land about the purchase of Port Nicholson. It was a beautifully forested spot in those days. Later when the road was made, it was an important stopping place, with several hotels. Will Lawson has described:

*How, with hot brakes a-scream,
Cobb's coaches raced here long ago,
Before the days of steam —
Five Yankee lamps like jewels glowed,
And five staunch horses tore
Along the old Ngahauranga Road
In those brave days of yore.*

Listeners will hear something about the history of this old road from 2YA on Friday, November 3, the evening before the opening.

Wreck

Bear Island lies 210 miles from Norway, well north of the Arctic Circle. Bitter gales sweep its desolate wastes and huge seas pound its battlements of cliffs. It was here, in November of 1931, that the ship *Howe* was wrecked during a fierce storm. Her feeble wireless signals attracted the attention of neighbouring fishing trawlers, and several went to her rescue. On the opposite side of the island to the wreck is a wireless station and from here the two Norwegian operators set out to the rescue. It was only after 48



hours of struggle that a line was got down from the cliff-tops to the vessel and the crew saved. "Arctic Rescue," a vivid dramatisation of the event by "Taffrail," will be presented from 1YA Auckland, at 9.25 p.m., on Sunday, November 5.

Waltz King

A few weeks ago the municipality of Vienna seized the estate, the royalty rights, and the personal relics of one of its most beloved citizens—Johann Strauss. But the composer would probably have wished it to be so. On his death in 1899 he left his royalties to his widow and everything else to the Vienna Friends of Music Association. Since Johann Strauss is one of the most beloved of composers, listeners should find his "Tales from the Vienna Woods" well worth tuning-in to when it is presented from 3ZR Greymouth at 9.20 p.m. on Tuesday, November 7.



SHORTWAVES

THE BBC should assist in inducing people in civil life to carry on as they usually do. Somebody asked me to-day what the soldiers would sing in this war. I haven't the faintest idea. But I think that no bad song for the BBC could be made out of an adaptation of one from the last war. Only three verbal alterations have to be made and you get:

Pack up your Goebels in your old kit-bag
And Heil! Heil! Heil!
Etc., etc.

and
What's the use of Goering?
J. C. Squire, in a letter to "The Times."

LET these pacifists and conscientious objectors be alone. You girls, for goodness sake don't let us breed from them. Unless we do that we shall be under this great Nazi domination.—Mrs. de Bathe, of Stanwell Women's Unionist Association.

THE authorities, now all-powerful, should at once set to work to provide new theatres and picture houses where these are lacking. During the last war we had 80,000 soldiers on leave to amuse every night. All actors, variety artists, musicians and entertainers of all sorts should be exempted from every sort of service except their own all-important professional one.—George Bernard Shaw.

THE Indians are gentle, charming creatures who will do anything for you, when they are not feeling lazy, except help you look for gold. Gold bores them and they will take no interest in it.—Gwen Richardson, in an article on jungle life in British Guiana.

I HAVE already made a study of the stars. An Astronomer can never be an atheist. He sees too much of the wonders of the skies—Dr. A. F. Winnington-Ingram, recently-retired Bishop of London.

I HAVE found out from my talks to cinema managers and exhibitors that the kind of things that the public likes are unrequited love, love for the children, self-sacrifice, and love in adversity. Thrillers are always popular even in respectable dormitory suburbs such as Ealing and Kelvinside. Audiences here are not too fond of sentiment in case it should break down that self-control and reserve which are their hallmark of good breeding.—Oliver Bell, in an article of films in England.