



NELSON EDDY (baritone) will be heard from no fewer than three stations on Sunday, November 19—1YA, 2YC, and 3ZR. He will also be heard from 3YL on Friday evening, November 24

4YZ INVERCARGILL 680 k.c. 441 m.

- 11. 0 a.m.—1.0 p.m. Sunday morning programme
- 2. 0 Marek Weber and his Orchestra, with vocal interludes
- 2.30 Jubilee scrapbook
- 3. 0 Nutcracker Suite (Tschalkovskt)
- 3.24 Famous artists: Feodor Chailapin (bass)
- 3.30-4.0 Medley time
- 6.30 Relay of Evening Service from St. Paul's Presbyterian Church. Preacher: Rev. W. J. Robertson. Choirmaster: F. H. Johnson. Organist: Mrs. A. E. H. Bath
- 7.45 Gleanings from far and wide
- 8.15 "John Halifax, Gentleman"
- 8.30 "The Life of Emile Zola"
- 9. 0 Reserved
- 9.30 Slumber session
- 10. 0 Close down

3ZR GREYMOUTH 940 k.c. 319 m.

- 12. 0-1.30 p.m. Dinner music
- 12.30 Reserved
- 5.30 Sacred Song Service, conducted by the Salvation Army
- 6.15 Reserved
- 6.30 Tunes of to-day
- 6.46 Carson Robison and his Pioneers
- 7. 0 Barnabas von Geczy and his Orchestra, and Nelson Eddy (baritone)
- 7.30 Drury Lane memories
- 8. 0 Lighter moments with the masters
- 8.30 "The Buccaneers"
- 8.45 Torchlight music
- 8.53 Conrad Veldt: "Where the Light-house Shines Across the Bay"

- 8.58 Ambrose and his Orchestra in concert version of "Escapade"
- 9. 0 Reserved
- 9.20 Frankie Carle (piano)
- 9.23 "Singapore Spy"
- 9.51 Musical dramatisation by Lew White: "Liebestraum," "The End of a Perfect Day"
- 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 Miscellaneous recordings
- 7. 0 Relay of Evening Service from St. John's Anglican Cathedral-Church, Napier. Preacher: The Very Rev. Dean Brocklehurst. Organist and Choirmaster: P. Tombs
- 8.15 (approx.) Selected recordings, station announcements
- 8.30 Evening concert session: The Symphony Orchestra, "Brahms' Waltzes"
- 8.38 Elisabeth Schumann (soprano)
- 8.41 The Boston Promenade Orchestra
- 9. 0 Reserved
- 9.20 London Symphony Orchestra, with organ and chorus, "Selections from 'The Miracle'" (Humperdinck)
- 9.28 Yehudi Menuhin (violin)
- 10. 0 Close down

2YN NELSON 920 k.c. 327 m.

- 7. 0 p.m. Classical music, opening with "The Wasps Overture" (Vaughan Williams), played by the Queen's Hall Orchestra
- 7.30 Light opera and musical comedy selections
- 8. 0 Light classical music
- 8.30 Concert programme: "Concerto Grosso in B Flat Major" (Handel), played by Leon Goossens (oboe) and London Philharmonic Orchestra
- 8.48 "Every Walk of Life—The Stenographer" (episode 4)
- 9. 0 Light classical music
- 9.30 "Pinto Pete" (36)
- 10. 0 Close down

2YD WELLINGTON 990 k.c. 303 m.

- 7. 0 p.m. Eric Coates
- 7.35 "Those We Love" (episode 21)
- 8. 0 Tit-Bits
- 8.45 "The Nuisance" (episode 2)
- 9.22 Did You Know? A review of the development of some well-known airs
- 9.45 Strings
- 10. 0 Close down

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 Piano, piano-acordion and organ selections
- 4. 0 Miscellaneous items, popular medleys, band music
- 5.30 Announcements
- 5.40-6.0 p.m. Light orchestral numbers
- 7. 0 Orchestral programme
- 7.30 Concert session
- 8.15 Scottish session
- 8.15 "A Musical Seascape"
- 10. 0 Close down

Daventry Calling

"NO FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS..."

By W. J. Hay

"IT'S a funny war, this. Nothing ever happens." We hear it everywhere. We say it ourselves, even those of us who hate wars. We crouch over our radios for every possible News Bulletin, shut them off petulantly after the first few items. "Nothing new." We grab up the newspaper, scan the headlines, toss it aside with evident disgust. "Same old stuff!"

"It gets on your nerves," someone says. "Why don't they do something?" We want news; but there is no news. The description of the sinking of a U-boat fills us with momentary delight. Something has happened. A step towards victory? Maybe. We conveniently shut our minds and our imaginations to the significance of the oil floating on the sea, the bubbles rising to the surface. There has been action, and the fact that sixty or seventy human beings have sunk to a horrible death does not bear contemplation. We ignore it.

Some enemy planes are shot down. Fine. Our men are superior. A few more Germans have been sent to their eternal sleep, and our craving for news has been satisfied—for the moment.

What's Wrong With Us?

But then Daventry reports, "There have been no major developments since our last News Bulletin," and we are disappointed and disgusted. For days nothing happens. Even the sinking of one of our own battleships comes almost as a relief. Hundreds of fine young British sailors have gone down to Davy Jones's locker. It is depressing (if we think of that), a setback to our hopes of victory, but "C'est la guerre." And at least something has happened.

What is wrong with us all? Aren't we all mad? Shouldn't we be elated when Daventry has nothing further to report? Shouldn't we feel satisfaction when the newspapers are dull, when "all is quiet on the Western Front"?

Hell's Carnage

The news we are consciously and unconsciously craving for is

something grim, inhuman, murderous. Do we want to hear that London, Berlin, Paris, have been bombed and thousands of men, women and children killed, maimed and gassed? Apparently we do.

Do we want to hear of naval and air engagements in which men are sent to frightful deaths? Clearly we seem to. Do we want Daventry to announce that hell's carnage has broken out on the Western front, that the miles between the Maginot and Siegfried lines are strewn with dead, dying and mutilated bodies? Obviously we do, since we are so eager for news, so bitterly ironical when there is none.

Craving for Sensation

The animal in all of us is still close to the surface. Despite our "civilisation," our streaks of cruelty and insensitiveness are still active within us. Our imaginations and sympathies are not so strong but that they can be easily swamped by our love of sensation. Too often we regard the war as a glorified, real-life radio thriller, put on to satisfy our innate lusts for excitement and gory action.

Can't we surmount this and remain civilised? Can't we be thankful when Daventry reports, "... no further developments..."? For, when there is no news, it at least means a postponement of the madness we are so hopefully dreading.

No News is Good News

Every day, every week, before the full frightfulness begins is a day, a week, nearer to peace. So long as the real horror has not started, anything might happen in the meantime to prevent it. Hitler might throw a fatal heart attack or become fully certifiable. The Germans might revolt. Russia might turn another somersault, this time in our favour.

At any rate, the longer nothing happens at the war, the earlier something might happen—for peace. It may be a slender hope but it should be enough to curb our impatience and make us remember that the more we hear "... no further developments," the more lives are spared, and perhaps the nearer comes the day when Daventry will report, "An Armistice has been declared."

But perhaps even that would disappoint us—some of us. It is a sad thought.