HIGHLIGHTS ON THE SHORTWAVE BAND

Special Victory Parade Celebrations

THE BBC has arranged for an extensive coverage of the Victory celebrations on Saturday, June 8, in London, and recordings from all over Britain of the afternoon Victory Day entertainments. The marshalling of the Mechanised Column in Regents Park, and the assembly of the Foot Column in Hyde Park, will be heard at 8.05 p.m. and the Pacific Service will conclude with a commentary on the Mechanised Column leaving Regents Park.

The best frequencies, although other special transmitters may be put on the air, will be

GWE 15.435 m/c, 19.44 metres GSP 15.31 m/c, 19.60 metres GSN 11.82 m/c, 25.38 metres GVZ 9.64 m/c, 30.96 metres GRX 9.69 m/c, 30.96 metres

The columns will begin to parade through the streets of London at 9.10 p.m. and the broadcast will include eye-witness accounts taken at well-known points through the city. The four major events that the BBC commentators will cover are, first, the King's departure from Buckingham Palace, and his drive to the saluting base in the Mall. Then the drive-past of the mechanised procession, the march-past of the foot procession, and the R.A.F. fly-past. Music will be heard from the Massed Guards' Band in the Mall, and from Massed Pipers who will march and counter-march in front of the saluting base.

Reception of the stations on the air at this time is only fair, but possibly other stations may be put on the air to cover this special event. The frequencies are:

On Sunday morning at 7.30 recordings of the afternoon Victory Day celebrations from all over Britain will be broadcast, and at 8.20 a.m. a programme entitled "Victory Celebrations," which will include the description of a river display at Westminster, will be heard.

The frequencies are:

GSB 9.51 m/c, 31.55 metres GRF 12.095 m/c, 24.8 metres GRU 9.915 m/c, 30.26 metres GSF 15.14 m/c, 19.82 metres GSD 11.75 m/c, 25.53 metres GSG 17.79 m/c, 16.86 metres

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Where are our fair lads resting, with seawrack for their shrouds. The Sealwoman, hot from her work, slides into the sea, and with a keek up and a keek down, sings her Sealwoman's Seajoy.

There is the handsome lad frae Skye "that's lifted a' the cattle, a' oor kyc; he's ta'en the black, the white, the dun—and I hae mickle fear he's ta'en my heart forbye." This is the basic stuff of song, wrought by the folk themselves. "Like watercress gathered fresh from cool streams, thy kiss, dear love, by the Bens of Jura." Simple effects, yet poetry in every breath.

If we are to have a song about a girl, let us have Hogg's lassie who is "neither proud nor saucy yet, neither plump nor gaucy yet, but just a jinkin', bonnie, blinkin', hiltie-skiltie lassie yet." Or let us have Kate Dalrymple, "with a wiggle in her walk and a snivel in her talk," rather than that peroxided cutie who is "lovely to look at, delightful to know."

Stephen Foster compares his lady to an arbutus; and while we're botanical, think of Schumann's fine-spun Snowbells, not to forget his Green Jasmine Tree and his better known Almond Tree, all tremulous with its tripping arpegios. We all know Schubert's Linden Tree, with the hero hanging stoutly on to his hat in the middle of it. Moreover, Schubert has a whole garden of flower songs that are never sung.

Real songs can tell of so many things; even of a ladybird—and you may be sure a humorist like Schumann knows how to deal with it. Perky, too, is his Sandman (Brahms has one also) who, sack on back, sneaks comically and very

staccato up the stairs with grains of sand to drop into the children's eyes.

If he apostrophises his maiden with the best of them, Schubert can make music of other matters: the miller with the wanderlust, Atlas grumbling with the world on his back, the postman who brings no letter, the green ribbon, the pigeon-cote, the greybeard, the tricky trout that is not quite tricky enough, the mournful raven, barking watch-dogs, the stormy morning, the inn which is in reality a graveyard—one could go on indefinitely.

He has little stories of the poor hurdygurdy man out in the freezing cold while round him yap the curs and not a soul puts a penny in his little plate! But wait a minute—somebody feels for him:

Let's go on together, turn and turn about, I will make the songs, and you shall grind them out.

There is his intrepid traveller, in the heights above Wildemann, forging his way in snow and storm through forest heights, keeping out the weather by remembering past delights.

Words Were Worthy

In those great days, the song was taken so seriously that none but the finest poets were used and none but the finest composers to set these poems to music.

There is the substance of one Schubert song with words by Goethe: "Lash your heroes, Time! No dawdling for me! I would devour life, not nibble it crumb by crumb, I would pack the thin life of many days into one day of glory; and then, come what may, so the end come quickly." To-day that theme would be treated something like this: Come on Baby, let's have a Big Time, sister, let's make Whoopee!



HANDKERCHIEF HINTS

No. 13

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