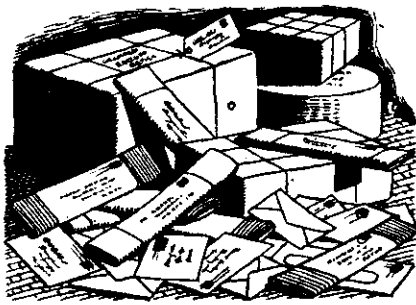


half-past four in the afternoon. So we decide to lunch first. In theory, that is. Actually, after the good resolution has been taken, one of us tries to steal a march on the other and silently open a particularly promising letter or parcel. That begins the avalanche and in five minutes the floor is a sea of paper and string, with letters lying about in wild confusion, while we heatedly accuse each other of breaking the agreement. Lunch, of course, is indefinitely postponed.

Slowly the exhilaration of having received any mail at all fades as we become more and more aware of the things that have not arrived. Usually at least one thing that we have set our heart on and confidently expected is missing, and that means a wait for another fortnight. We carefully explain to each other why these things have not arrived, but the disappointment remains like a nagging tooth.

THUS, more or less contented—excited yet disappointed—the second phase ends. The paper and string are collected and tidied away after a hopeful last search for any cheques that might—just might—have got in among them, and we prepare a belated meal. All seems calm, but we are busy with our thoughts—Joy is wondering why her patterns haven't put in an appearance, while I am sure that the books I ordered should have arrived. Secretly we run over all the accidents that could befall a parcel—a wrong address or our order lost. We picture calous businessmen nonchalantly tossing our letter out a window, or contempt-



tuously lighting a cigar with it, or an indifferent postal clerk popping it into the tray marked *Greenland* just for the hell of it. You see, out here we tend to become a little suspicious of mainlanders.

But that, too, passes, as on the Thursday the third phase, the *post mail-day neurosis*, begins.

Our tempers are a little frayed, our reactions a little uncertain as the repressions arising out of what we have got and what we haven't got rise to the surface. An overdue account accompanied by a sticky reminder, a few innuendoes, real or imagined, in a letter, a parcel with the incorrect order in it, these work their way with us. We feel that mail-day did not live up to expectations—was a bit of a farce in fact. We find ourselves with a tendency to bicker or take each other up short. The children steer clear of us. The day passes through a series of short arm jabs and with it go the last bitter-sweet remnants of yesterday's excitement.

Then, some 12 days later the wheel will have described the full turn and we will be once again feverishly accusing each other of deliberate sabotage as we search for the pen, the ink and the envelopes. Then the tapping of my typewriter will again be heard and Joy will slam all the doors between me and the kitchen as she wearily prepares for the evening's torture. Then will the very elements rise up once more to confound her—for the wind will carry the accursed tapping to her ears, while the ink bottle will be dry, and the damp will have stuck all the envelopes together before we have had the opportunity of enclosing any letters in them.

PROGRAMMES FROM 1ZB

IN response to requests, 1ZB will play, at 8.30 a.m. on Sunday, November 28, a musical story for children (told by Paul Wing) with orchestra and sound effects. This is the tale of *Little Black Sambo's Jungle Band*, wherein Sambo teaches the animals of the jungle how to make music. Characters in the story are the elephant, carrying a bass horn, the brown bear with a saxophone, a monkey with a piccolo, a tawny tiger with a bass drum, a chimpanzee with a mandolin, a baboon with a bassoon, a black bear with a saxophone, and a honey bear with a very small saxophone.

THE *Grand Canyon* suite by Ferde Grofe, American composer, will be presented from 1ZB by Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra at 10.30 p.m. this Sunday, November 21. Grofe is known mainly as the orchestrator of Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*. He started his career working in a bank, but later took to the road as a pianist with carnival shows. Later he played with symphony orchestras and in this way met Paul Whiteman, with whom he worked for 10 years as pianist.

A SESSION called *Behind the Microphone*, which has been broadcast by 1ZB for the last six years, has now been

replaced by a programme entitled *How Do You Do?* which is heard every Wednesday at 10.0 p.m. In each programme, Rod Talbot will introduce a representative of some particular vocation and interview him or her with a view to finding out the interesting points of the job. The session will not be conducted from any prepared script, the idea being to make it as spontaneous as possible.

Juvenile Playwright

The BBC believes in encouraging new authors, whatever their age, and the latest recruit to the scriptwriting ranks is Keith Ross, eight-year-old son of the headmaster of Dalriada School in Ballymoney, Northern Ireland. His first play was a three-act thriller which lasted two-and-a-half minutes and was produced last August from the BBC's Belfast studios. His second venture is a tense three-act drama called *Napoleon's Mistake*, a much longer affair than his first effort, for it lasts precisely three minutes and 33 seconds. It has eight characters and many unusual effects, one of them, a teaser for any producer, being "a lick noise" as Napoleon seals an envelope containing an important document.



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