

A Run Through The Programmes

lived in U.S.A., probably does not worry unduly about it. If the Comrades do not like him, even if they call his "The Bells" the mystic rallying call of the White Russians, elsewhere he has been acclaimed as one of the world's greatest living pianists and composers. One of his most widely-performed works is the second Piano Concerto in C Minor. It was first performed at a concert of the Philharmonic Society of Moscow, October 14, 1901, and was published in the same year. It gained for the composer in 1904 the Glinka prize of 500 roubles, founded by the publisher Belaieff. The concerto will be presented at 2 p.m. on Sunday, January 28, from 2YA, Wellington.

Whoops!

For the last three months something has been missing from the common round of life in the wide open spaces of the smallest and emptiest member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. And we are not talking about the war. We are talking about Station 2YD, and a place called Snake Gully. "Aw, cut it short, Dave." Well, to tell the whole truth, new releases of Dad and Dave from Snake Gully have been withheld for the past three months, but now, in response to vociferous inquiries from the multitude, they are to be resumed. For the facts of the glad news, see 2YD programme for Sunday next, January 28.

Beginning

In the year 1839, Edward Gibbon Wakefield completed his plans for the colonisation of New Zealand. A man with a vision, he saw what he called a Britain of the south growing up in the southern ocean. But, as Governments sometimes are, Her Majesty's Government, under the Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, was uninterested, antagonistic, and did not share his hope for a future colony. With colonial troubles already on their hands, the English politicians thought the scheme hare-brained and wild. That is how the "Tory" came to flee from Plymouth—and that is how the story of New Zealand's colonisation began. The story has never been told more vividly or interestingly than in Agnes Henderson's "The Honour is Theirs," a play which won a prize in the 1937-38 Radio Play competition conducted by the



NBS. "The Honour is Theirs" is to be presented at 9.25 p.m. on Sunday, January 28, from 2YA, Wellington.

New War Dance

It is strange what a soldier will do if you suggest it to him musically. Last war he put his troubles in his old kitbag, kept the home fires burning, wound along lots of long trails; this war he went straight off the mark, and in the first flush of honest artistic endeavour, managed to clap hands, knees, and boomp his Daisy with the best of them. Then the realisation came that cleanliness was im-



portant, and he proclaimed his proud intention of hanging his washing on the Siegfried Line. And now, strange, inconsequential creature that he is, he is rolling the old beer barrel about. Latest hit tune, the "Beer Barrel Polka," is proving most popular of all that have been boosted since war began. Not only soldiers dance it, of course. Our artist, swayed by his chronic taste for the ludicrous, gives his idea of the "Beer Barrel Polka." The number will be played at 8.36 p.m. on Monday, January 29, from 2YH Napier.

Friedmann Escaped

Admirers of the Polish pianist, Ignaz Friedmann, will be happy to learn that he escaped the German-Russian invasion of Poland, leaving his country just before it began. Madame Friedmann, ironically enough, is a grandniece of Tolstoy, who would certainly not have approved of the Polish partition. Ignaz Friedmann is the soloist with the orchestra conducted by Phillipe Gaubert, which will play Grieg's Piano Concerto in A Minor at 9.31 p.m. on Thursday, February 1, from 4YA Dunedin.



SHORTWAVES

THE moon is still front-page news every night. As soon as a poet ceases to be excited by the first daffodil, love, God, flowers, the world in general, what Kipling called "the whole glooming welter," he stops being a poet by the grace of God.
—Joseph Auslander.

HE never gets rowdy in the home. I sure wish I had his poise and calm.—Mrs. Joe Louis, on her husband.

RUBBISH! — Augustus John's opinion of his daughter Vivien's landscapes.

MY room was so small, when anyone opened the door, the doorknob got in bed with me.—Jack Haley, American comedian.

MY room was so small the mice were hump-backed.—Fred Allen, musing ditto.

PERHAPS after all Chamberlain was responsible for the Munich bomb outrage; the explosion was 15 minutes late.—David Lloyd George.

WOMEN'S clubs are boloney.—Theodore Dreiser.

YOU could close every university in the U.S. and it wouldn't make any difference. You can get a degree to-day on the most asinine subjects you ever heard of. Most of the youngsters are sneaking and cheating their way through school. — Theodore Dreiser.

THE London policemen in Hyde Park have learned that the surest method of exposing incompetent charlatanism is to give the charlatan a protected forum.—President Charles Seymour, of Yale University.

OFFICIALS in charge of Epstein's "Adam" at Bjackpool discovered five small holes chiselled into the right leg. The marks were put down to a desire for souvenirs.—News Chronicle.

I BELIEVE in remaining mediocre. — George Robey.

SIXTY years ago I would have revolutionised the whole world. I would like to do it now; but it is a long job. — Ben Tillet, 79-year-old Trades Unionist.