

A Run Through The Programmes



housing construction and housing problems generally, so his first talk, at 11.15 p.m. (our summer time) on April 25, will cover "His Home is His Castle—Housing in New Zealand"; while the second, at 10.45 p.m. (our standard time) on May 2, will be entitled: "Exalted Valleys and Hills Made Low—The Roads of New Zealand."

Handy Andys

Any dripping taps to-day, m'am? Any tubs that leak? Do you habitually slip on the third stair past the landing? Does the bedroom door squeak after midnight? Make a box for the milk for you, m'am? Fly trap on the window ledge? What about a non-slip clothes prop? Anything for Handy Andy to-day? Those are some suggestions. The whole business has been investigated by the A.C.E., which has arranged to give talks next week on "Odd Jobs for Handymen," from 1YA on Monday, April 22, at 3.30 p.m., from 2YA on the same day at 3 p.m., and from 3YA at 2.30 p.m. When it is all over listeners, we are sure, will lack nothing but the Handyman himself; and he usually lives next door, or just around the corner.

What He Likes

With that peculiar perversity that goes for humour in English-speaking countries, that paradoxical sense of opposites, that crankiness, that love of ridicule, or the inane, the mind can think of one thing, and one thing only, when it comes across the announcement, in 4YA's programmes for next week, that an executive of a cordial factory will tell local listeners what he likes at 9.25 p.m. on Monday, April 22. It is extremely likely that he will ask for anything reasonable and ordinary from Brahms and Boyer to that Gracie Fields who headed a recent popularity poll in Dunedin. It is possible even that he will like some higher flight of classics, or some lower exhibition of what these days is called music only for the lack of a more suitable name. But as an executive of a cordial factory there is only one thing he ought to like, and that is "The Beer Barrel Polka," diluted, perhaps, for the occasion.

Akaroa Again

The postponed Centennial celebrations at Akaroa are now to be held on Sunday next, and 3YA will relay from the scene at 3 p.m. Features of the programme will be a re-enactment of the proclamation of British Sovereignty, a re-enactment of the actual landing, the receiving of a gift from the President of France to the municipality, and

Maori items. Present by invitation from the Minister of Internal Affairs will be eight direct descendants of the first French settlers. The gift from the President of France (M. Lebrun), is to be handed over by the French Consul for New Zealand (M. Pouquet). A brief history of the Akaroa "affair" was given in *The Listener* for March 21.

Vindication

Ralph Hogg's "The Trampled Herbage Springs," is a triangle play with a difference—the theme is the vindication of one man's honour; the sins of the other man find him out.



Vindication takes place high up among New Zealand mountains. Amid the snowy peaks three climbers come together, and a wrong done in the Great War is repaired. This play, which won a prize in the 1937-38 radio play competition conducted by the NBS, is by an author who knows how to handle characters and situations with adroitness. Time: 9.25 p.m. on Sunday, April 21. Place: Station 3YA Christchurch.

Great Music on Celluloid

A good seat at the opera rarely costs under half a guinea, but you can go to the cinema for a shilling or two. That is why the films have been such a boon in bringing great artists to people who would otherwise have little chance of hearing them. The programme organisers of 2YC Wellington, who can generally be relied on to produce bright shows, have just thought up a new one—a session of the opera arias and excerpts you have heard at the pictures. You will hear such people as Lawrence Tibbett, Deanna Durbin singing "Lib Iamo," Grace Moore singing "One Fine Day," and Stokowski conducting "Lohengrin" Prelude. Listen in at 8 p.m. on Friday, April 26, to 2YC Wellington.



SHORTWAVES

WHEN I hear the word "culture," I slip back the safety-catch of my revolver.—*Hans Johst, President of the German Poets' Academy.*

DURING the last war with Germany, in July, 1915, the following appeared in the personal column of *The Times*: "Jack F.G.—If you are not in khaki by the 20th I shall cut you dead." The Berlin correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* was so much struck by this threat that he telegraphed his version of it thus: "If you are not in khaki by the 20th I shall hack you to death."—*British Australian and New Zealander.*

THE British, because they believe in the power of words, are not afraid of them. The Nazis do not respect words. They are terrified of the magic properties they themselves have assigned to them.—*New York Herald-Tribune.*

GERMANY is enjoying unheard of prosperity under the Third Reich. Not a hair of a Jew's head has been touched. Uncle Moritz, who expressed a contrary opinion, has just been buried.—*German table about a Jew who wrote thus to relatives abroad.*

IN the case of Goethe we also find that he loved the blondes the most deeply.—*Der Blonde Mensch.*

LET America do what she will about the war, but for God's sake don't let her have anything to do with the peace. Last time she left us with a large baby called the League of Nations; now she is busily engaged in dressing up its poor little corpse and calling it Federal Union.—*A. P. Herbert, M.P.*

WE don't ask anything of you that we, the leaders, are unwilling to bear ourselves. Too much fat creates big bellies. I have been eating less butter and have reduced twenty pounds.—*Hermann Goering.*

THE system of thought and life in the German state and its ambiguous associate—the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics—are systems intrinsically hostile to the Christian doctrine.—*Archbishop of York*

WE are not out against the hundred and one kinds of Christianity, but against Christianity itself. All people who profess creeds are smugglers in foreign coin, and traitors to the people. Even those Christians who really want to serve the people—and there are such—will have to be suppressed.—*Der Fuehrer.*