

A Run Through The Programmes



on May 28, at 7.30 p.m. Miss Graham sailed from Ireland in the Caplin with her father two years ago, and in that time has learnt a lot about navigation and strange lands seen "from under the arched white sail of ships." She will tell listeners something about the routine of life at sea, and what she saw on the way to New Zealand from Ireland.

For 4YZ Listeners

There are two things in Invercargill, and elsewhere, constantly subject to criticism—the weather and radio programmes. Most Southerners have given up any idea of improving the weather, but listeners are to be an opportunity to try their hand at building a programme. Station 4YZ has arranged a session, "Listeners' Own," to begin on Tuesday, May 21, at 8.15 p.m. Listeners are invited to submit programmes of fifteen minutes duration, and so give expression to their criticism. They are invited to post their programmes to the Station Manager.

Our Own Musicians

Andersen Tyrer believes that the English have never given sufficient recognition to their own great musicians, and there are many who will agree with him. Sir Edward Elgar is a typical example of a musician whose greatness went for long unheralded, and whose fame, even now, has only just begun to spread. Yet such works as his "Dream of Gerontius," the Violin Concerto, and "King Olaf," among many others, will surely live. We are being given the opportunity to become better acquainted with this English composer's work during the Centennial Music Festival. "King Olaf" will be presented at 8 p.m. on Saturday, May 25, by visiting artists and a special choir and orchestra, under Andersen Tyrer, from 3YA, Christchurch.

All at Sea

Everyone knows that marine radio operators receive a lot of messages every day, and send a lot, too. But what we can't understand, and probably our difficulty is shared by all those other people who only see the front of a wireless set, is how they manage to know when someone wants to send them a message. Do they just guess when their receiver should be tuned to a certain wavelength, have they some special instinct, or do they keep searching through all the

wave bands on the off chance of picking up a message intended for their ship? These are mysteries to the lay mind, but they might be resolved by a talk listed from 1YA at 7.40 p.m. on Saturday, May 25, in the Job of Work series. It is: "A Wireless Operator's Day at Sea."

A Policeman's Lot

Traditionally, policemen are most famous for feet, and our artist suggests that their musical taste is not much higher. But there is more to a cop than the leather of his boots, as any self-respecting policeman will say. It is probable, too, that "Prisoner's Song" is not the end and beginning of their radio likes. There may even be some who do not tramp



the pavements to the imaginary strains of Bing, or Gracie, or the Duke. Just what happens to the mighty arm of the law when it reaches out for the knob of a receiver will be told by Station 4YA on Monday, May 21, at 9.15 p.m. A Policeman is the star in the What I Like Series.

Radio Horror

The scene is a narrow back street in Paris. It is dark there, and people walk as if they do not know what may be waiting round the corner. Behind the rotting buildings the yards are darker still, and dirty; gloomy enough in daylight, sinister by night. It is the Rue Morgue. Murder comes to the Rue Morgue; mysterious murder, that comes silently and leaves the corpse with no clue to the murderer or his method. This is the stuff of which Edgar Allan Poe made one of his best horror stories. It has been arranged for radio, and will be heard on Monday next, May 20, at 6.30 p.m., from Station 3ZR, Grey-mouth.



SHORTWAVES

A NEW YORK detective agency that specialises in tracing missing persons has been employed by more than 70,000 wives to find their husbands, but only 15 husbands to find their wives.—*Writer in American Journal.*

THE Difficult is that which can be done immediately; the Impossible that which takes a little longer.—*George Santayana.*

AMONG all the strange things that men have forgotten, the most universal lapse of memory is that by which they have forgotten they are living on a star.—*G. K. Chesterton.*

WAR will disappear, like the dinosaur, when changes in world conditions have destroyed its survival value.—*Robert Andrews Millikan.*

IF women would watch the slow progress of a Persian cat into a crowded drawing room—the delicate tread, the tail held at exactly the right angle, the sudden pause, the glance over the left shoulder, and then the final exquisite nonchalance of the attitude in which it curls itself by the fire—they would receive a perfect lesson in poise. If they could enter restaurants like that they would break even the headwaiter's heart.—*Beverley Nichols.*

IF you saw the film "The Good Earth" you'll have some notion of how the Chinese peasant lives—though no Chinese throws his arms about as awkwardly as Paul Muni, nor would his wife make soulful eyes at you like Luise Rainer.—*James Bertram, in an NBS broadcast talk.*

YOU and I must say this to Marshal Goering: "Your conception of civilisation is an animal and not a human conception. If you talk this zoo language to us we shall, much against our will, have to reply to you in zoo language."—*Harold Nicholson, M.P.*

BYRON was exceedingly fond of animals. At one time he owned ten horses, eight huge dogs, three monkeys, five cats, one eagle, one crow, one falcon, five peacocks, two guinea hens and an Egyptian crane, all of which—with the exception of the horses—he allowed to walk about the house.—*This Week.*

THERE is nothing so degrading as constant anxiety about one's means of livelihood. Money is like a sixth sense without which you cannot make a complete use of the other five. Without an adequate income, half the possibilities of life are shut off.—*W. Somerset Maugham.*