

A Run Through The Programmes



have a foundation to justify them. He has been talking about the rocks, and the natural forces which threw them up, and scoured them down, to make hills and valleys and fertile plains. These are large matters, but rather more tangible than the performances of the people that move about over them and live off them. Dr. Turner is giving no prophetic talk about men and their mad ways. He deals with facts, and facts which in this case strike the imagination. If he were talking of the future of Man as an inhabitant of the Earth we should be more doubtful.

'Cello And Harp

That attractive musical combination Nancy Estall ('cellist), and George Glaysher (harp) are playing again from 3YA; on Sunday, June 9, at 9.15 p.m. They have selected such mellow pieces as "Softly Awakes My Heart" and Kreisler's "Liebesfreud." Much as she has deserved them, Miss Estall has not always had good audiences. Where she played in Sydney while studying under Edmund Kurtz, she was worried about the reactions of near-neighbours to her practising. However, one said, "Go ahead, I can't hear you for my radio"; and another, "It's all right, I'm deaf"; but the third said, "I could listen for hours." This last, we expect, will once again be the verdict of listeners, next Sunday.

The Face Changes

The face of London has changed drastically during the past few months. Where there were pleasant parks and gardens are now steel-roofed shelters against air attack. Noble buildings greying with the centuries' dust are now buttoned up to the chin with sandbags. And while we all hope that Macaulay's words about the New Zealander viewing the ruins of the city will not come true, we know that the old London is slowly passing into legend and story. All of which serves to draw attention to the BBC programme "London—A Somewhat Misconducted Tour," to be broadcast by 2YA Wellington, at 8.32 p.m. on Tuesday, June 11.

Modern Composer

As a student of Stanley Oliver's, both privately and as a member of the famous Schola Cantorum, Merle Gamble is very interested in modern composers and, as may be expected, is well able to interpret them. Her items from 2YA on Tuesday, June 11, at 9.30 p.m. are concerned exclusively with

one of them: Peter Warlock. This musician died young. His real name was Phillip Heseltine. He is described as having combined high artistic idealism with a cynical outlook upon life. The combination was evidently too much for him. In 1930 he died, "apparently by his own hand." Mrs. Gamble has found a group of five of his songs suitable for her soprano voice. She has been in Wellington only 18 months. In Wanganui, her home town, she was Merle Spurdle, daughter of a well known Wanganui musical family. Her mother is a member of another, the Webb Joneses.

Making Fun of Legend

The Rev. Richard Harris Barham successfully made fun of many a medieval legend when he wrote his "Ingoldsby Legends," clothing venerable tales in grotesque or



frankly comic garb. Perhaps the best known of his humorous stories in verse is the one about the thieving jackdaw of Rheims, which stole a ring from a Cardinal. Our artist illustrates this poem: O. L. Simmance will illustrate some others when he gives readings from "Ingoldsby Legends" at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, June 12, from 3YA Christchurch. We think you will find that Barham's poetry has lost none of its wit and raciness.

Best Play

There are some critics who consider that "Othello" is not only the best play Shakespeare ever wrote, but also the best play in the English language. There is action in "Othello," exciting and compelling action, and shattering final tragedy. Yes, we know the story was borrowed from an old Italian tale. But as the French artist Gauguin said, "Art is either a plagiarist or a revolutionist"; and Shakespeare's art was both. If you do not know the play, listen in at 9.15 p.m. on Sunday, June 9, to 4YA Dunedin, and see how he elevated a simple story by the genius of his imagination and poetry.

SHORTWAVES

THE Trojan War was fought because of one very beautiful woman. This one is being fought because of one very ugly man.—A. P. Herbert, M.P.

"RIFLE SHOOTING. Good Prospects for the Summer."—The Times.

OH, blast it!—BBC man who went on the air by mistake recently.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW, from a play by William Shakespeare, added dialogue by Sam Taylor.—Hollywood advertisement.

IF parents in this country give their children topical and newsy war names, let them choose such spirited names as James Spitfire, or Robert Hurricane.—London evening paper.

THE dogfight as to who is to pay for the war, will be worth watching.—Ellen Wilkinson, M.P.

LORD HAW-HAW seems to qualify as flop-ganda.—Toronto Daily Star.

DANCING to-day is a paralytic shuffle with no form of beauty. If this represents the youth of England, God help England!—Lord Mayor of Bristol.

PERHAPS the loveliest self-delusion we are enjoying at the moment is the picture of America acting as a sweet holier-than-thou peacemaker when the war ends.—Lawrence Hunt, New York.

FRANCO is returning to the grandees the land taken away from them by the Republic. Now all that remains to be done is to make poverty popular with the masses.—New Yorker.

I HAVE never seen such hideous hats as women are wearing now. Most of them seem to consist of a curtain down the back and a bunch of flowers attached in front.—Sir Walter Gilbey, aged 80.

A SCOLDING wife can say endless disconcerting things, and she hits or misses; but a silent woman says everything.—H. G. Wells.