

# A Run Through The Programmes



year. At the time of his death he was trying to write one more song—"The Last Long Voyage." When he had written the words of "The Trumpeter" 36 years ago, Barron asked his mother, "Shall I sell the rights of my song?" "Why not?" she replied, "you can write another to-morrow." Perhaps it was his mother's faith in him that inspired him to go on; three years later he wrote another favourite, "My Old Shako." Now he is dead. But he will be remembered in a special programme, "The Trumpeter," to be presented at 8.20 p.m. on Wednesday, June 19, from 2YA Wellington.

## Health In The City

How many rats in your town? How many homes not connected with the sanitary system? How many condemned dwellings? How much malnutrition? How many cases of contagious disease? How many stagnant pools? These questions are only a few of the many that come to the notice of public health officers. Their work is a vital part of modern living. Without them and the regulations they enforce, disease would ravage civilisation as surely and as swiftly as war. Sometimes, in fact, pestilence strikes more swiftly than any army's blitzkrieg. All this sounds very impressive. Also impressive is the list of letters after the name of Professor C. E. Hercus, who is to speak on public health from 4YA on Tuesday, June 18, at 7.30 p.m. He is M.D., B.D.S., D.P.H., D.S.O., and O.B.E. More than that: he is Professor of Bacteriology and Public Health at Otago University.

## Genuine Spanish

It is not so long since composers who wrote "Spanish" music lived in Paris and were not unlike Sandy, the Laird of Cockpen, who (in Du Maurier's novel "Trilby") "sat in simple attire at his easel, painting at a life-like picture of a Spanish toreador serenading a lady of high degree (in broad daylight). He had never been to Spain, but he had a complete toreador's kit . . . and he had hired the guitar." When Sandy at length went to Spain and painted the real thing, his paintings did not sell. So it has been with Spanish music. But that is now changed. Albeniz, Granados, de Falla, and Turina have shown us the real melody of their country; and if you would like to hear something in truly Spanish vein, listen to Turina's "Fantastic Dances" at 3 p.m. on Sunday, June 16, from 3YA Christchurch.

Oo, 'Orrible!

It was Bill, the office boy, who drew our attention to an item called "Witches and Warlocks," to be presented at 9.15 p.m. on Thursday, June 20, from 2YA Wellington. "Coo," said Bill, "it says 'ere that this is a horrible programme. I always thought music was meant to ease the aching 'eart and not send people potty with fright." And, more truculently, "What's a warlock, anyway?" There Bill almost had us. But Roy 'Ill (pardon, Hill), who will present this "horrible programme," referred us to Shakespeare's



"King Lear" for a definition: "The foul fiend Flibbertigibbet begins at curfew and walks till the first cock. He squints the eye and makes the harelip." Bill interprets this, fairly correctly, to mean that a warlock is a witch's boy-friend. Anyway, Roy Hill's programmes are always full of novelty and interest and we dare to suggest that this one—warlocks and witches notwithstanding—will be no exception.

## Fanmail

Just as most people like soda with Scotch, listeners like comedy with light music—at least that is the evidence to be deduced from fan mail which arrives in ever increasing abundance each week for the session now being presented from 2YA Wellington: "Every Friday Night at 8." The session, featuring Harry Howlet, Esther Katene and W. Graeme-Holder, has made many friends all over the country, who listen in at the appointed hour with unfailing regularity. The band is an excellent one and it is deluged with requests for various items; but as most of the numbers requested are slow ones, they have to be treated in strict rotation. If you haven't already sampled the fare this bright show provides, why not tune in?



## SHORTWAVES

A BARBER was trimming the beard of King Archelaus, and asked him, "How shall I cut it?" "In silence," replied the monarch.—*Plutarch*.

PUT not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.—*O. W. Holmes*.

IN Chicago, Edward J. Collins paced the corridors of the Maternity Hospital, shouting, "I've got to see her. I've just got to see her." Arrested for disorderly conduct, he told the judge: "It's the first one. I'm an uncle for the first time."—*Time*.

HOW many people live on the reputation of the reputation they might have made?—*O. W. Holmes*.

IN Europe it is rather annoying to live now.—*French cartoonist Oscar Fabres, on arrival in U.S.A.*

LIGHTNING must, I think, be the wit of heaven.—*Sydney Smith*.

IN Princeton, Ill., U.S.A., census taker F. J. Fletcher, sitting on a farmer's porch, asked: "Does this house need repairs?" The farmer opened his mouth. The porch collapsed.—*Time*.

LET'S park the corset of hidebound policies and vamp the voters of America.—*Mrs. Worthington Scranton, of Scranton*.

DID you ever hear my definition of marriage? It is, that it resembles a pair of sheath, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them.—*Sydney Smith*.

EVERY toy soldier should be abolished. We should disarm the nursery.—*Dr. Paulina Luisi*.

TO me the charm of an encyclopaedia is that it knows—and I needn't.—*Francis Yeats-Brown*.

WAR or no war, the love of woman is eternal.—*"Daily Mirror," London*.

WARS leave very few ghosts compared with murders.—*Osbert Sitwell*.