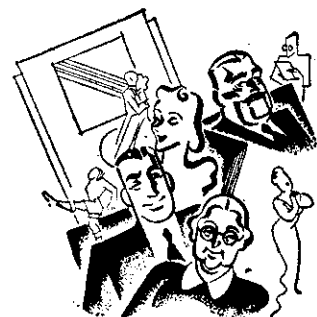




THINGS TO COME

A Run Through The Programmes



IF you tune in to 2YA on Friday, September 6, at 9.32 p.m., you will meet Mr. Meek at last. Mr. Meek is a little, old man with spectacles on the end of his nose and he lives at the back of his shop, which is in a narrow street in Chelsea, down by the River Thames. Across the window of his shop, in faded letters, are the words "Meek's Antiques," so it's not surprising to find that his shop is full of treasures and curios—old silver candlesticks, pewter jugs, rare china, cut glass, and a grandfather clock or two. It's one of those shops that are harder to get out of than to get in to—for two reasons: the antiques, and Mr. Meek. Not that Mr. Meek's a persuasive salesman, but he's what you might call "a bit of a character." Mr. Meek, by the way, has a pretty young assistant named Sally, who spends most of her time trying to mother him despite his protests. But he wouldn't be without her, he says. Especially when such strange things are always happening in his little shop down by the river—and strange things do happen, as you'll hear when you meet him next Friday.

A Medico-Author

A Scottish classic comes into O. L. Simmance's reading hour at 3YA on September 4. This is "Rab and His

Friends," by Dr. John Brown, an Edinburgh doctor who wrote little, but wrote that little extremely well. His light but imperishable writings which include the stories of Rab the dog, and Marjorie Fleming, the child-friend of Walter Scott, were collected in three volumes entitled "Horae Subsecivae," and when he died Swinburne hoped that he would pass to: *Some happier isle in the Elysian Sea, Where Rab may lick the hand of Marjorie.*

The Age Between

Adolescents are sometimes small in stature but their problems are often large in nature. These problems occupy much of the attention of teachers and parents, to say nothing of the adolescents themselves. What to do with the boy who insists on writing fan-mail to dis-



tant film stars to the detriment of his homework is just as important for the boy and his parents as it is for the boy's teacher—though not so important for the film star. But the problems of adolescence are being more realistically faced to-day than once was the case, and there are to be a number of talks on the subject in the Winter Course series from 1YA Auckland, beginning on September 5. A. B. Thompson will lead off with "The General Nature and Characteristics of Adolescence."

People in Pictures

No, this isn't about the portrait of dear Aunt Agatha that hangs in the hall—it's about those extraordinary people who move in movies and are sometimes called actors and actresses. As anyone will tell you, it's just as important to-day that you should know about them as that you should remember to use the butter knife when you're dining out. But the film stars whose names glitter and glow outside the theatres aren't the only people in pictures—there are others like directors and cameramen, set designers and scenario writers whom you never hear about at all. So if you want to get the "lowdown" on them you can do it by just tuning in to that bright little feature, "People in Pictures," which is broadcast every Friday night at 7.35 p.m. from 2YD.

Dad's Big Day

As the first day of September has been set aside by someone or other as "Father's Day," this is the one day of the year when Dad is "top dog." So what about having a "Brother's Day," a "Sister's Day," an "Uncle's Day," an "Aunt's

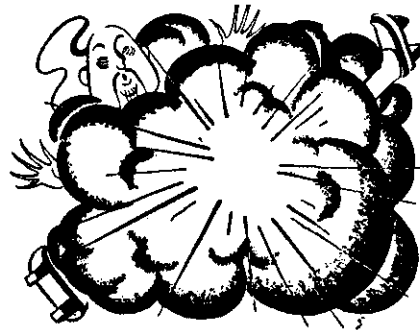
Day," and so on? And to get some idea of what can be achieved in celebration of "Father's Day," take note of the Institute of American Meat Packers who last year dispatched tender, three-inch thick porterhouse steaks to their selection of famous fathers. The Institute kept secret the identity of all but one of the recipients—he was the world's No. 1 Daddy, Mr. Oliva Dionne. Still, if you don't want to go as far as that you could just sit quietly at home on September 1, and by tuning in to 1YA at 9.15 p.m., listen to "Father's Day," a radio play which tells how one father spent "the day of his life."

Brothers Under the Skin

The runholder and the small farmer have been distinct types in the history of New Zealand. Both have contributed to the building up of our prosperity, both have been essential, but they have often clashed. Land monopoly forced the Liberal-Labour Government of the 'Nineties to introduce legislation to break up large estates. Even to-day there is a world of difference between the small dairy farmer of North Auckland and the Waikato and the runholder of the Canterbury Hills, though of course they are brothers under their skins. Having dealt with the runholder in the "Background of New Zealand" series at 2YA, it is proper that L. R. Palmer and T. G. Hislop should have something to say about the small farmer. The talk will be heard from 2YC on September 2 at 7.40 p.m.

Scientific Fireworks

The recent announcement that the manufacture of fireworks (harmless) in England was to cease was probably a great blow to many small boys. It's strange how we always seem to associate fireworks, "stinks" and amateur chemical experiments with small boys, but the same type of "mucking about" in dark cellars with a few jam jars and



chemicals has often led to great things—not always unexpected explosions, as our artist suggests. There's continual argument about whether the Chinese or Roger Bacon got in first with the discovery of gunpowder; but Bacon anyway had to keep quiet about it for a long time because the Church in his day looked down on friars who made chemical experiments, just as parents often frown on the same dangerous pastime when it is indulged in by their youngsters to-day. Still, official disapproval hasn't stopped discoveries being made;

and if you want to find out about some of them, from a safe distance, then you probably couldn't do better than tune in to 4YA Dunedin, on Tuesday, September 3, at 7.30 p.m., when Professor F. G. Soper will talk on "Modern Trends in Scientific Thought—The Evolution of Chemical Ideas."

Talepiece

It used to be the fashion when we were very young—and probably still is—for all good fairy stories to begin with "Once upon a time"; and it used to be equally fashionable for every incident worth relating to have a tailpiece introduced by the words "and thereby hangs a tale." But "Thereby Hangs a Tale" is neither a fairy story nor the tailpiece of an incident; instead it's an interesting and entertaining radio feature now being broadcast every Sunday afternoon from 2YA at 4 p.m. In it you will hear something of the lives of famous composers and musical artists and the stories behind some of their best-known creations. Moreover, you will be able to join in the feature yourself by testing out your musical knowledge. So have a pencil and paper handy when you tune in to 2YA next Sunday afternoon at 4 p.m.

SHORTWAVES

WAR has been stripped of any glamour it had. Most of the poets deal with the fate to which they would like to consign Hitler, and that is not regarded as a suitable theme for good poetry.—*London Poetry Society.*

MY goodness, but skirts are short this year!—*First remark of Mrs. S. D. Burson, U.S.A., when her sight was restored after nine years' blindness.*

MR. and Mrs. Fletcher Harrison entertained fifty friends last night at a cocktail party on their souse-boat.—*"New York Herald Tribune."*

THE terrible geography lesson still goes on.—*"The New Yorker," commenting on the war news.*

TOMMIES have been forbidden to write x x x x at the end of letters because enemy agents might use this symbol to indicate the numbers of divisions of air squadrons in a particular area.—*"News Chronicle," London.*

IN Buenos Aires, when a man wants to assure you he is speaking the truth he says "Englishman's word!"—*Australian broadcaster.*

STATIC



PEET-TOE shoes, we are told, are definitely "out." Along with the other vanished pumps of yesterday.

AN offer from a publican to provide beer for a battalion of soldiers on the march was refused. Apparently the C.O. thought it would take too long for his men to leave a given pint.

IT is said that when working in his study the Fuehrer is inspired by a bust of Bismarck. Heartened by his recent birthday gifts, Herr Hitler has hopes of going down in history as the Scrap Iron Chancellor.

GERMAN chemists hope to extract food from coal. British babies have been conducting experiments on these lines for years.

A PRODUCER says he once selected the entire chorus for a musical comedy in an hour. My, my, he must be quick at figures!

IN England a regiment of journalists has been suggested. What a shame the Army is becoming so mechanised. How picturesque would be a company of Free Lancers clattering down Fleet Street.