

FEEL TIRED  
AFTER A GOOD  
MEAL?



Does a good night's rest refresh you — or leave you tired and heavy? Does a square meal put life and energy into you — or make you sleepy, disinclined to move? Get twinges of pain in the back? Headaches?

There must be something wrong with you.

*It's probably constipation.*

You may be "regular." Still, it's probably constipation. Elimination must be complete as well as regular. If it isn't, poisons get into the blood, cause vague lack of well-being.

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THE HEALTH CRUSADE

# FROM THE ARMY TO BROADCASTING

*Study Of Himself By A Man  
Who Studies Others*

FROM the dusty plains of the Punjab and the table lands of the Deccan to the New Zealand Broadcasting Service; from the musketry squad in Karachi to an office chair and table in Wellington—this might seem, to some, a long journey. But it is one which Major F. H. Lampen, D.S.O., has taken in his stride, as he has, during an eventful life, taken so many things. You have frequently heard "The Major" over the air from Wellington. One of his hobbies is gleaming facts about other people's lives, interviewing strange characters in unusual occupations; the other day we turned the tables on "The Major" and interviewed the interviewer.

We were lucky. Major Lampen is one of the most pleasant and genial of people to interview. "I was born in India," he said, "of Cornish parents. In fact, I'm one of the 'Tre, Pol and Pens'. You know the old jingle:

*By Tre, Pol and Pen,  
Shall ye know Cornish men.*

Only in my case the Pen, which is usually at the beginning of the name, comes at the end.

"I have always been a wanderer by choice, with India as the home hunting ground," he added. There are few places between Aden and Singapore that he has not visited—China, Japan, Korea, Malaya, all these places he knows well.

Having decided early in life to make the Army his profession, he went to England, to the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, where he gained a commission; but it was during his army life in India that he acquired a hobby which he has stuck to ever since—theatricals. Because, after all, in India white people usually had to make their own entertainment.

## Military Service

Major Lampen first came to New Zealand before the last war and served with the New Zealand Defence Forces from the establishment of the territorial army in 1911. When war threatened in 1914 he was in England, but he had actually booked his passage back to this country on a boat scheduled to leave Home on August 4—the day on which the Great War broke out! He was however retained in London to take charge of the New Zealanders then in England. These men were trained on Salisbury Plain, on the actual site of what was later to become Sling Camp.

This body, known as the British Section of the N.Z.E.F., arrived in Egypt on Christmas Eve, 1914. Later Major Lampen served on Gallipoli and in France. In the later days of the Gallipoli

Campaign he was Brigade Major with the N.Z. Infantry Brigade. After the evacuation, he was appointed Brigade Major to the Second N.Z. Infantry Brigade under General Braithwaite.



Spencer Digby photograph  
MAJOR F. H. LAMPEN

Returning to New Zealand in 1917, Major Lampen was made Camp Adjutant at Trentham and afterwards Infantry Instructor. In 1924 he retired.

When radio "arrived" Major Lampen was in Dunedin, and he well remembers the amusing early days of experiment with the new medium. Broadcasting was done from a studio consisting of two rooms, and the "programme" more or less constructed itself as they went along. During this period Major Lampen took parts in plays, and gave many talks.

## Entry to Broadcasting

Then, three and a-half years ago, he came to Wellington and began "freelancing" with the NBS. He is still doing it; a "spot of announcing," work in a play sometimes (one of his biggest and best-liked roles being "The Wayfarer" in "Wandering with the West Wind"), and interviews.

It is for these interviews that he is probably best known to-day. "If you dig deep enough," he says, "everybody has a story to tell." He goes after that story. "The people I interview," he says, "come from all walks of life. I never know what interesting person another day will bring. The scope is almost unlimited—from the learned professors to the people in unusual jobs, like deep-sea divers, whalers, ladies sailing round the world in 30-foot yachts, the loneliest telegraphist in the world, the milkman on his round, the lighthouse-keeper, the French Foreign Legionnaire, the man who defies

death in motor-cars for his bread and butter—all these have been grist to my mill."

Yes, all these and many more Major Lampen has interviewed, and the work still interests and occasionally excites him. Sometimes the people being interviewed provide him with amusement too.

There was the case of the gentleman who simply could not pronounce pneumatic. He would say "poonamatic." So Major Lampen carefully inscribed "new-matic" on the script. At rehearsal everything went well. But with the actual broadcast, the gentleman found force of habit too strong, and coming to the fatal word, said ripely and distinctly, "poonamatic"—gulped and reddened, consulted his script, said—"Sorry, what is it, I should have said NEWMATIC; won't forget next time!"

## Interviews Sometimes Go Wrong

Of course all interviews are thoroughly rehearsed and a complete script is prepared, but the person being interviewed is encouraged to use his own language and turns of speech. He sometimes alarms the interviewer, however, by gaily adding a line or two on the spur of the moment. There was a celebrated example of this *ad libbing* when Major Lampen was interviewing Lotte Lehmann. On being asked, during the rehearsal of the interview, if she would return to this country, she replied blithely, "Oh yes, if the Fates and the Tails permit. She was warned that this smacked rather too much of advertising and that it would be better left out. But her love of apposite rhyme must have overcome her discretion, for when the red light was winking the fact that they were on the air, she once again with a merry twinkle in her eye used the line. "One just had to forgive her."

## Trams and Milk-Carts

Among the people Major Lampen has interviewed are a milkman, a tram conductor, a postman, photographers (studio and street), and an auctioneer. It was the tram conductor who revealed that, although the ordinary male has between ten and 16 pockets to cope with, he is much faster in producing a fare than a woman, who has only a bag.

The milkman, of course, had some comments to make on the late-nighters who sometimes accompanied him home on his round. For example, he was accosted once by a young couple with a request for a bottle of milk, as "we're just going off to Otaki to get the mushrooms early." The pair, on being given their milk, jumped into a car and drove off; and when the car passed him the milkman saw a boot hanging from the back and a notice, "Just Married!" A rather queer idea of a honeymoon, he thought, especially as mushrooms were out of season!

From the City Council workman on his daily routine, to the man who plies a hazardous living, like the whaler, each person has had something interesting, new, amusing to say. Each is going about his appointed work with the realisation that there is virtue in small things.

As for Major Lampen himself, his parting shot was: "It may seem a big change from soldier to broadcaster, but it's not really as big as it seems. You never lose the soldier spirit!"