



THINGS TO COME

A Run Through The Programmes



CANTERBURY, as everyone knows, is where the plains are. Now they are almost a chessboard pattern of hedge-lined fields. Big rivers cut across their monotony, but now they are bridged, and their shifting shingle beds held hopefully in place with man-made stop-banks. Hills edge them to the west. Roads pass through them. The sea bounds them to the east. But in the days which George Wilson will discuss from 3YA on Wednesday, October 23, at 7.35 p.m., Canterbury was a mat of wild-growing grasses, of swamps, and of bush. It was not long since Te Rau-paraha had massacred the Kaiapoi Maoris, and not very long in time, in fact, since the glaciers of the Alps had stretched out of the valley mouths where the plains become foothills. Mr. Wilson is to discuss the origin and plantation of the Canterbury settlement on New Zealand's biggest section of alluvial country.

Was—And Will Be

"There'll Always Be An England." Possibly you have heard these words. There's to be a variation at 1YA—"There Always Was An England." Julius Hogben is taking this title for a series of fortnightly talks on English history, with particular attention to invasions and attempted invasions of the tight little island. Mr. Hogben, as one would expect, is not going to treat this

in a conventionally historical style. The series will be a human document touched with humour. This is as it should be. All through the weeks of expectation to-day the English make jokes about Hitler's parachutists and water-walkers. Mr. Hogben, a popular broadcaster, has not been on the air for twelve months. "There Always Was An England" is scheduled to begin this week, October 16, and the talks will be given on alternate Wednesdays.

Ernest the Murderer

Ernest was one of those regrettable people who married too often and inherited too much. Grace he met and Grace he married; and Doris, and Ada, and Pauline, and they all died. Then he met Elsie and Elsie fell in love with him. But she had heart trouble, and everything she drank tasted bitter and



hot. But Ernest was caught before Elsie died, although Elsie would never believe there was any reason for the decision of the Court that Ernest should hang by his neck until he was dead. "My Life with Ernest Rule" is the Bluebeard story revived for broadcast as a radio play by Horton Giddy. The NBS production will be heard from 2YA on Monday, October 21, at 9.25 p.m. Although the plot is ancient, the method of treatment is decidedly original, and makes full use of the opportunities provided by radio.

Local Literature

Is there a definite New Zealand literature, or are we only a pale imitation of the Motherland, with our thoughts still on hedgerows and robins, March springs, and social distinctions? Are we finding ourselves in letters, and if so, in what direction are we going? These are among the questions that naturally arise in Centennial year. An attempt will be made to answer them in one of the last talks in the "Background of New Zealand" series, at 2YA on Monday, October 21, when there will be an interview with Professor Ian Gordon on our local literature. Professor Gordon, who is Professor of English at Victoria University College, came to New Zealand a few years ago, and will bring a detached judgment to bear on the subject.

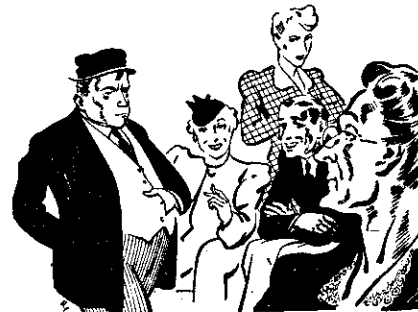
The Bitter Pill

Although by now, most Australians who had not previously heard of him, will know Sir Thomas Beecham as the man who told New Zealand last week

that Australia was devoid of culture, the BBC evidently did not hear immediately the bitter pill of criticism which he left for Australians to swallow when he had finished his recent tour. All unconscious of the statement which Sir Thomas had made to the New Zealand press, a BBC announcer, a few days later, when introducing a recording which featured Beecham's conducting, said sweetly that Australians would by now be familiar with the famous conductor. New Zealanders have not had quite the same opportunity to gain personal experience either of Sir Thomas's conducting or of Sir Thomas's publicity methods. However, "what the eye doesn't see" etcetera; and we may take comfort from the fact that his work is immured safely, if somewhat impersonally, on recordings. For example, he conducts the London Philharmonic on one record which 2YA will play at 7.45 p.m. on Monday, October 21.

Mr. Pratt

If you put an S in front of Mr. Pratt's name, you would get an idea of what he really is by nature. It so happens, however, that he looks like Napoleon. The Emperor is, in fact, his star item of impersonation at parties. Mrs. Pratt, unfortunately, is in no case to appreciate his peculiar genius for looking like something he is not. She is ill. We gather she is about to have a nervous breakdown. Sprat though he may be, Pratt decides to give her a holiday. The radio play by



Val Gielgud and Phillip Wade, "Mr. Pratt's Waterloo," which 3YA will broadcast at 9.28 p.m. on Sunday, October 20, tells how he got the money to go to Brighton, and how luck brought him out of a scrape quite beyond his most un-Napoleonic strategy.

Eradication

Now that the Health and Broadcasting Departments, in co-operation with the Dominion Museum, have achieved (we hope), victory over the mosquitoes on the NBS Pond (see last week), we take leave to suggest that other departments might well give point to the "Unite for Victory" slogan by co-operating for the eradication of another sort of pest which is the subject of a talk from 1YA on Monday, October 21, at 7.15 p.m. J. E. Bell, Instructor in Agriculture, will discuss gorse and blackberry; and although Mr. Bell is not expected to endorse these plans, we suggest that the Department of Agriculture co-operate with the Defence Depart-

ment. In these mechanised days it is perhaps too much to expect that any sergeant-majors remain of the type that used to be able to blast a paddock clear without taking breath, but wherever the troops go with their tanks and flame throwers for exercise, they could crush and scorch the weeds.

The More We Change . . . ?

How much do fashions and customs change? The Roman toga is about as unlike the man's suit of to-day as two attires could be, but there is not the same difference between women's dress of say, the Regency days, and that of ancient Greece; and we know that women of Mediterranean civilisations thousands of years ago used cosmetics. In eating and drinking, there have been many changes. Plato thought a certain Greek colony was gluttonous because its citizens had two full meals a day; what would he have thought of present-day habits? As to travelling, when a British Minister was summoned home in a hurry from Italy about a hundred years ago, he took about as long to get to London as a Roman governor did—but look at the development since. These and other subjects are being discussed in a new Winter Course series at 4YA, which was scheduled to begin on October 15. It should be rich in human interest.

STATIC

A SOLDIER rushed into a small town chemist's and cried: "Our sergeant-major's being chased by a bull."

"I don't see what I can do about it," said the astonished chemist.

"For heaven's sake wake up," replied the soldier, "and put a film in my camera as quickly as you can."

IF Barnum had lived to-day he would have said there's a pool born every minute.

NEWs note from Bremen: Twenty German 'planes flew over the Shetlands and twenty-five returned safely to their bases.

SHE used to use so much make-up he called her his powdered sugar.

THE Duke of Wellington was at a ball when a stranger came up to him and said: Mr. Jones, I believe. And the Duke of Wellington said: Sir, if you believe that you'll believe anything.

SHORTWAVES

SCOTLAND YARD'S task, we hear, is all the more difficult because many of our native Fifth Columnists have had such expensive educations that, although they would betray anything else, they never betray their feelings.—*Timothy Shy* in "The News Chronicle."

THERE are those who say that rumours are as inevitable in wartime as spots with measles and that they do not really do much harm. This is not the view of that dangerous man, Adolf Hitler.—*Harold Nicholson*.

WE have extreme gratification in announcing that there is every probability of our Most Gracious Queen gladdening the hearts and best wishes of the nation by an addition to Her Majesty's illustrious House.—*"Observer," London, May 24, 1840.*

T. S. ELIOT said that he did not care to listen to Beethoven so much as formerly. We both agreed on Bach and Gluck for the war.—*Stephen Spender, the poet.*