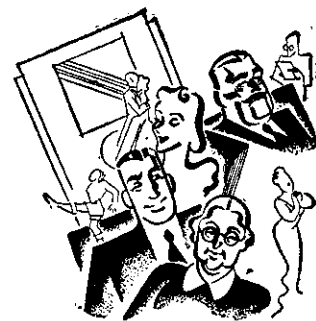




THINGS TO COME

A Run Through The Programmes



EVER since 1905 New Zealanders have respected the music of the Welsh, so T. D. Williams will have an audience when he sings from 3YA studio during the band programme on January 13. He was trained by his father, the late Evan Williams, of South Wales, and was an outstanding pupil at the Guildhall School of Music. Sir Granville Bantock took a keen interest in his singing. In New Zealand he has taken bass solo parts in several operas and oratorios, and was an early radio performer in Christchurch. He was a member of the "Melodious Four," who had a long run over 3YA. Jean Scrimshaw (soprano) will also sing interludes through the programme.

Waste

The "Round Table" discussions at 3YA on the results of the impact of European civilisation in New Zealand produced a sheaf of appreciation from listeners. One writer referred to examples of farms whose fertility has gone back sometimes through faulty farming methods, but more often through land speculation. Too often the soil was robbed in an effort to pay the rent, while general upkeep faded into the background. A sheepfarmer in South Canterbury quoted with approval Henry Ford's criticism that on American farms the working of the land had been mining rather than farming. A North Canterbury listener told about erosion in his own district. A listener from Auckland province wrote from a property that was "forest land ruthlessly cleared, left

to secondary growths of scrub and fern—very poor and liable to slips." The work of drawing attention to such problems is being carried on by the NBS. "Belinda," who is talking in the women's morning session, will deal with difficulties raised by the introduction of birds and plants. "Belinda" has a science degree. Her second talk will be from 2YA on January 13 at 10.45 a.m.

Dirty and Dear

Dublin, says an encyclopaedia, "is remarkable for the fine proportions of its main thoroughfares, the beauty of its surroundings, particularly in the south, where the mountains come in to the view of the streets, and the magnificence of its public streets." Why, then, do people talk of "dear, dirty Dublin"? The answer may be indicated partly by that word "main" in the description quoted. However, Diana Craig, who is telling listeners about her experiences with a theatrical company in Eire, has taken "Dear, Dirty Dublin" for the title of her third talk, which is to be heard from 2YA on January 15.

"O Mistress Mine"

All the sweetness of youth in love—and youth does sometimes still fall in love—is surely to be found in Shakespeare's "O Mistress Mine, where are You Roaming?" This may be accounted by many as the best of all his songs but there are plenty of others that still hold the freshness of Shakespeare's world. They have attracted several



great composers: magical words are matched with magical music. Listeners will have an opportunity of hearing them in the next three weeks. Beginning on Friday, January 10, 2YA is to broadcast a talk-and-music series of three sessions entitled "Shakespeare and his Songs."

Gary Polo

Most people know very little about Marco Polo except that he went to China and discovered macaroni and firecrackers and looked very like Gary Cooper in a film made by Samuel Goldwyn. (Well educated people, of course, know that the Emperor of China at that time was Kublai Khan, and that Coleridge, who used to take opium, had a dream and wrote a poem which started "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan a stately pleasure dome decree," and then woke up and couldn't remember how to finish it.) The fact is that Marco Polo really was a widely-travelled person, and would to-day have been elected a life member of the Geographical Society without question. And even if Chinese girls are seldom as exotic as Mr. Goldwyn's lovelies, he did have

some exciting adventures. They are excellent material for radio, and the serial feature "The Adventures of Marco Polo" is an established favourite with YA listeners. Another episode will be heard from 3YA on Thursday, January 16.

Tenth

Margaret Johnston has not yet told us what she intends to say about American women writers in the tenth of her talks in 2YA's morning women's session (Saturday, January 18, 10.45 a.m.), but it should be interesting. Quite apart from Mickey Mouse comic strips and the Katzenjammer Kids, New Zealanders are taking an increasing interest in American letters, mainly because



American letters are becoming increasingly interesting. Even the super-English "Times Literary Supplement" said not very long ago that sheer worth was forcing its editors to give more and more space to American publishers. Miss Johnston has a subject worth biting on.

"The Women of the West"

An Australian poem whose title has become a household word is "The Women of the West," by George Essex Evans:

*They left the vine-wreathed cottage
and the mansion on the hill,
The houses in the busy streets where
life is never still,
The pleasures of the city and the
friends they cherished most;
For love they faced the wilderness—
the Women of the West.
In the slab-built zinc-roofed home-
stead of some lately taken run,
In the tent beside the bankment of a
railway just begun,
In the huts of new selections, in the
camps of man's unrest;
On the frontiers of the Nation, live
the Women of the West.*

The Women of the West now have a better time, but they are still women on a frontier. Listeners are to hear something about the lives of these out-back women in a talk by Michael Terry at 4YA on January 17. Mr. Terry is the author of several books on Australia, and knows the back country well.

Menial to Musician

Even the immortals sometimes had menial tasks to perform before they became famous. Henry Purcell is a case in point. After his voice broke, he left the Chapel Royal Choir, and at about fourteen he became assistant keeper, maker, mender, repairer, and tuner of

the regals, organs, virginals, flutes, recorders, and other wind instruments. The Treasurer's accounts of Westminster Abbey show that, from 1675 to 1678, Purcell received annual sums for tuning the organ there, and for work done as copyist. All this was a splendid apprenticeship for one of England's greatest musicians. Purcell's "Four Part Fantasia," transcribed by Warlock, opens 1YA's evening programme at 7.30 on January 15.

Yes, No, Noel

Just what to do about Noel Coward we're at the moment not quite sure. Weeks ago we started writing about him, confident that he would arrive in Auckland on January 4 or was it 3 or 2? No matter. We even read his autobiography. We counted up how many plays he'd written, how many songs, books, reviews; and discovered where and when he had been born. In between all that, we spent hours altering the broadcasting programmes; first when he was due to arrive one day, and then when he was due to arrive another. Now it seems that he might not arrive until nearly weeks later. Alas! and this was to be our big part in the war effort. At the moment we can't know exactly what the position is, except that his schedule up to and including January 12 must be cancelled. But before the printers slam in the final slug we hope to have something more definite for listeners. Let them wait meanwhile with properly bated breath.

STATIC

THE latest theory about the tank traps in English lanes is that they are there to catch Hermann Goering.

A WOMAN who threw a heavy dictionary at her husband but missed him, says it is the first time words have failed her.

"DURING the last war Herr Hitler tried to save the life of a drowning Italian," says the *Giornale d'Italia*. Still, he has done far worse things since.

AN English journal reports that the small field in the Eastern countries in which no German plane has yet crashed is to be thrown open shortly in aid of the Spitfire Fund.

THEN there is the sports announcer who said there wasn't very much doing in sport yesterday, the heavy rain having washed away all the events.

SHORTWAVES

BETWEEN 1914 and 1924 *The New York Times* all but achieved Dominion status; now it has only a mild British flavour.—Quincy Howe, American author.

THE inhabitants of Bergen-op-Zoom tell you German occupation is just hell.—A message tied on the leg of a stork captured in South Africa after a 7000 mile migration from Holland.

I THINK kindness is the most wonderful thing. When anybody does anything nice for me I just about fall flat on my face, but every time I even smile at a man the papers have me practically married to him. Outsiders don't understand about things.—Betty Grable, Broadway and film star.

THE notice clinging to the Editor's battered door still holds good: "Do not disturb." Hitler, we are not disturbed.—Editorial in London *"Daily Sketch"* after their building was bombed almost to rubble.