



THINGS TO COME

A Run Through The Programmes



WITH the blitzkrieg, radio has become a co-partner with the newsreel in recording, for presentation throughout the world, flashes of the greatest drama of this generation. Writing of the great fire of London in 1667, Samuel Pepys says in his memoirs:

They saw the fire grow; and as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the city, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. It made me weep to see it.

But the Nazi's fire-raid on London exceeded in horror anything that Pepys saw, and something of that horror is communicated through the recording made by the BBC on the spot. This production "Fire Over London" will be presented from 2YA on March 28. First there is the actual noise and roar of the fire-raid, then visits to a crypt under a church where people are sleeping, then to a communal feeding centre, to another kitchen for children, to a depot for new clothes for those burnt out, and so on. It is a remarkable radio commentary on how London can take it.

Coincidence

Although they have all literature to draw on, both O. L. Simmance of 3YA and Professor Adams of 4YA notified the NBS that they had chosen the same

book for their readings in the coming week: *Sir Andrew Wylie*, by John Galt. Apart from the coincidence, the choice in itself was unusual. John Galt, we discover from the Oxford Companion to English Literature, wrote three admirable studies of country life (of which *Sir Andrew Wylie* is apparently not one), but his other work, according to the same authority, "calls for no special notice." Yet Mr. Simmance and Professor Adams apparently both thought this book sufficiently typical or significant to pick it out for reading over the air. To avoid duplication, Mr. Simmance changed his choice. Florence Robinson, of 1YA, who is back again for another reading, and who is in no danger of duplication because her method is to deal with several books and authors, also made a curious choice for the coming week, with a selection from "Asolando," a book of poems published on the day of his death, by Browning, the Mr. Browning who married that nice Barrett girl from along Wimpole Street.

Annual Meetings

An American expression we came across the other day described an organisation which was "spark-plugged by a live-wire president." Electrically this seems dangerous, though actually all it means is that the president directed an organisation with power and purpose. Many people have had the same ambition but have found, when to came to controlling their first committee meeting, that there is a lot of difference between precept and practice and that they were

radio plebiscite 15 years ago this song came out on top of all others then current in the programme. However, although the charming old poems to be sung by Miss Read are unlikely to achieve the same fame as *Sea Fever*, the same craftsmanship has gone into their musical settings.

Cook was First

Dunedin, as everyone knows, is where the Scots settled, and few cities celebrate their Anniversary Day—it falls on March 23—with more enthusiasm. This year there will be a talk on Tuesday, March



25, from 4YA, entitled *Otago's First Residents*. Scots folk may be disappointed to find that this is not just another tribute to Cargill and the passengers of the John Wycliffe, but to far earlier residents, earlier by 80 years, namely Captain Cook and the men who set up house for several months in Dusky Sound. The speaker will be Mrs. A. G. W. Dunningham, wife of the Dunedin City Librarian, and herself a librarian from the Turnbull Library, Wellington, so her authorities should be unimpeachable.

For Gardeners

It is well known that Christchurch residents are mighty proud both of their Gardens and their gardens, a fact of which every visitor who hopes to make friends in that city should be apprised. Gardening, in fact is the ruling passion in life of every right-minded Christchurch man and woman, which is obviously the reason for the popularity of the 3ZB gardening session conducted by Dave Combridge. The session has been suspended during the summer months, when Christchurch gardens bloom without any help whatever. But come autumn, with the hounds of winter not far behind on its traces, to mix a couple of misquotations, horticulturists clamour for advice and assistance, and 3ZB rallies round again. The Gardening Session is presented on Saturday mornings at 8.15, a time when most breadwinners are at home and just preparing to sally out and pursue slugs. There can be no question about Mr Combridge's qualifications for the job; he is a Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society.

More Games Than One

It was Drake, you may remember, who played the game, and like a cad, insisted upon finishing it. We feel that any E.P.S. worker who exhibited the

same sangfroid during an air-raid on Wellington would be severely reprimanded. But then, Drake shares with Alfred the Great, Nelson, and Winston Churchill the honour of being the father of the British Navy. He was obviously an excellent yachtsman (Round the World in a Threemaster) and no mean performer on the drum. All these and other happy schoolboy memories will be revived in the recorded presentation "Francis Drake," a narrative with music, which will be heard from 1YA on March 25, at 7.54 p.m.

Kings of Jazz

In a recent plebiscite to determine the world's greatest musician the students of the University of Arkansas placed Paul Whiteman first and Beethoven second. But Whiteman is a generous victor and frankly acknowledges the debt of his own age to the ancients when he says, "At least nine-tenths of modern jazz music is stolen from the masters!" So any staunch classicist who likes swing does not need to defend his lack of constancy. And the lyrics of Irving Berlin are a happy blend of classic and romantic. Well known favourites such as "Say it with Music," "Lady of the Evening," "All Alone," "Remember," and "The Easter Parade" are featured in selections from Irving Berlin played by Paul Whiteman and his orchestra, which will be heard from 3YA at 8.26 p.m. on Tuesday, March 25. We are glad that the word "Berlin" still suggests bonnets and bluebirds as well as blitzkreigs.

STATIC

IF envy of Germany caused the last war, as the Germans say, they certainly did quite a lot to prevent this one. * * *

MODERN American child: "Dad, how old am I? At school they say I have a psychological age of 11, a moral age of 10, a chronological age of 8, an anatomical age of 11, and a mental age of 9." * * *

NAZI teacher in propaganda lesson: "And now, thanks to our total blockade of Britain, the English are getting less butter." Pupil: "Please, Herr Teacher, what is butter?" * * *

FIRST a bomb went off, then cook went off, and now the milk has gone off. * * *

*AND to my beloved son I bequeath the choice of either £5,000 or two petrol coupons."



lamentably ignorant of the gentle art of chairmanship. Apparently the A.C.E. people also think that chairmanship is a lost art, for they are sponsoring a talk from 2YA on Monday, March 24, on "Annual Meetings." We can be sure, however, that the A.C.E.'s idea of a properly conducted annual meeting is vastly different from our artist's.

By John Ireland

John Ireland's name crops up in the programmes next week in a reference which may surprise a few people; he set to music the group of 16th century poems which are to be sung by Phyllis Read from 1YA on Wednesday, March 26. Ireland is the man who set to music Masenfeld's *Sea Fever*, and his perfect reproduction of the poet's thought has captured the British public's imagination so completely that to many people John Ireland means *Sea Fever* and *Sea Fever* means John Ireland. In a British

SHORTWAVES

ANGLO-AMERICAN relations have not improved much by the printing of the childish column specially cabled over by Walter Winchell.—Hannen Swaffer. * * *

THE state of mind in the United States to-day is about what it was in France a year before they engaged in war with Germany.—W. C. Bullitt, U.S. Ambassador to France. * * *

I KNEW he was a great man—I know it now even more.—Wendell Willkie after meeting Churchill. * * *

WHEN I enter Addis Ababa I shall lead my victorious troops into the capital mounted on a white horse, just as Badoglio did.—Haile Selassie. * * *

HOW about buzzing off and doing a bit of banking?—London policeman to Montague Norman, who was inspecting crater near Bank of England.