



THINGS TO COME

A Run Through The Programmes



IN honour of the first anniversary of the evacuation of the British Expeditionary Force from Dunkirk, the NBS has produced a feature programme which tells the story in dramatic form, with musical and sound effects. This is the programme scheduled from the four main National Stations for the evening of Monday, June 2, King's Birthday, and entitled "Their Finest Hour: Dunkirk," from a phrase in one of the great speeches by the Prime Minister. The programme includes eye-witness accounts of one of the greatest sea stories of modern times, the conveyance of 335,000 men across the Straits of Dover within two or three days by an armada of humble coastal vessels, and it will also re-create the event as we in New Zealand heard about it. There will be a description by a New Zealand woman who cared for the weary soldiers as they landed at a south coast town, and extracts from speeches by Ronald Cross, then Minister of Shipping, Anthony Eden, Winston Churchill, and the famous and moving address by J. B. Priestley. The programme will be completed with a quarter-hour of "Music in the Navy" by the Band of the Royal Marines and the Royal Naval Singers.

Warning

After reading through the 4YZ programmes for next week, we feel that we should warn adult listeners, particularly those who are interested in the works of Prokofieff, not to confuse the item "Peter and the Wolf" at 7.45 p.m.

STATIC

THE war, we are told, will put cricket back twenty years. So we will have to go through all that body-line controversy again.

A GOSSIP-WRITER mentions that he got up at dawn the other morning just to see the sunrise. He could not have chosen a better time.

THEN there were the two ghosts who had a quarrel and weren't spooking to each other.

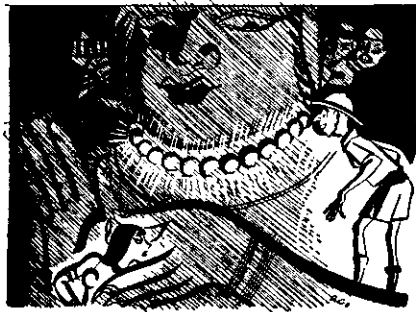
ITALIANS have to do without ice-cream, cake, or fresh pastry these days. They can have their Mussolini, but they can't eat him too.

AN American paper observes that a cat watching a mouse seems the ultimate in alert attention until you see a small town watching a widower.

on June 6 with "The Adventures of Peter the Wolf Cub," scheduled for broadcast on June 7, at 5.0 p.m. We are in a position to say that the two items bear only a superficial resemblance to each other. At the same time, we do not think it necessary to warn the younger generation, who are likely to find words and music equally diverting.

Dirty Deeds

If all the places where dirty deeds seem most mysterious were placed end to end they would reach either to a haunted Buddhist temple in Tibet or to



the curse-ridden burial place of the Kings of Ancient Egypt. Alone, these two settings would have provided as sinister a background as the makers of radio serials could require, but the producers of *Adventure—The Quest of the Jewels of the Sacred Necklace*, have gone several points better. They have worked out a plot which takes the hero and villainess to all the lands of the mysterious East in turn—Egypt, Persia, India, Burma, Siam, Tibet—and at each stopping-place another precious jewel is retrieved after the prescribed quota of double dealing and shots in the purple darkness. If your taste runs to the sinister and bizarre, tune in to the first episode from 3YA on Saturday, June 7, for a good deal more than your money's worth.

Book, to Screen, to Radio

Wuthering Heights, Emily Bronte's strange story of strange frustrated love on the Yorkshire moors has been rated one of the greatest psychological novels in the English language. Many New Zealand picturegoers will remember that the film made by Sam Goldwyn and starring Laurence Olivier and Merle Oberon recaptured much of the wild atmosphere of the novel. A radio adaptation of *Wuthering Heights* has also been made, and listeners who are interested in comparing the radio and screen versions should tune in to *Cavalcade of Drama*, which 2ZB features on Monday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons at 3.15 p.m. *Wuthering Heights* is the series now being played.

Hare To-day, Jugged To-morrow

From 4YA on June 4 the A.C.E. will be presenting another of their so very topical talks, this time "Hare, Rabbit and Other Game Recipes." We are look-

ing forward to it, if only in anticipation of learning how to jug or otherwise dispose of the hare which Cousin Egbert shot in the cabbage patch (or, to be more specific, the hindquarters) at the old homestead on the 30th ult. We are aware, of course, that the hare, unlike the criminal, must be hung before it is jugged, and even before that, if we are to believe Mrs. Beeton, it must be caught and killed. Still, in determining how long before, we consider that there is room for more moderation than was shown by Egbert. We therefore await the words of the A.C.E. more or less breathlessly, though we think we should point out that within the meaning of the Fish and Game Act and its Amendments, the rabbit is not "game."

Night Photography

Is there anything more completely annihilating to composure of one's features than waiting for a magnesium flash? The strain of keeping that set expression while tensed for the sudden frightening flash has produced so many bad photographs that the talk to be given by Thelma Kent from 3YA on Friday, June 6, is more than necessary. Although scientific gadgets have done as much to turn the head of the once cheerfully ignorant amateur photographer as hydroponics have to simple gardeners, there remains the barrier of night, and here there are still the only alternatives of



long exposure or flashlight. Miss Kent combines scientific knowledge with an understanding of the person with a new box camera, which is probably the secret of her popularity.

Who Was Havelock?

"Havelock" is the bald announcement of the *Magnificent Heritage* programme from 4ZB next week, and being shaky (to say the least) on our history, we were hard put to it for a moment to remember just who Havelock was. All we could summon up was a confused jumble of India in the 19th century, the relief of Lucknow, and an old woman who heard the pipes playing a long way off. Looking him up in a handy work of reference, however, we found that Sir Henry Havelock was the famous British soldier who fought in the Afghanistan War and in the Indian Mutiny. After a notable series of victories over the Sepoy rebels, he was captured and was shut up in Lucknow until relieved by Sir Colin Campbell. A

week after the relief, he died of dysentery. We admit that our ignorance on the subject of Havelock and the great part he undoubtedly played in British military history is reprehensible, and we advise Dunedin listeners in a similar position to listen to his story, which will be told from 4ZB at 11.15 a.m. on Wednesday, June 4.

Talks on Literature

A short while ago we noticed in an article in *The Listener* that one of the judges of P.E.N.'s Mackay Memorial Poetry Contest was Prof. Arthur Sewell, of the Auckland University College. We saw, too, a photograph of the harassed secretary, snowed under piles of entries from all over New Zealand—it reminded us of those traditionally harassed sub-editors we see in the films. Perhaps it reminded Professor Sewell of old times too, for he was once on the staff of Cape-town's *Cape Argus*. Be that as it may, the work involved in judging all those entries can't be quite as heavy as it looks, for Professor Sewell has found time to prepare a series of five talks on literature, to be given from 1YA, starting on Thursday, June 5, and dealing with the literature of the United States and the Dominions. When he comes to New Zealand it will be interesting to see how he treats the much discussed question in local literary circles of whether our writers should stick to our New Zealand muttons or take the whole world as their oyster.

SHORTWAVE'S

MEN are to blame for the present war.—Alice Paul, founder and chairwoman of the World Women's Party for Equal Rights.

HITLER'S bombs have failed to do as much damage as the disastrous hailstorm of 1879.—Sir Arthur Hill of the Royal Botanical Gardens, Kew.

IF the Allies can win the war in spite of the handicaps we have put on them, dandy. We've saved ourselves a blood bath and perhaps a lot of money. If they can't we've got nobody but ourselves to blame if we are the next to get it in the neck.—Claire Booth.

IN the old days in Constantinople, according to *Fact Digest*, the colour of your fingernails showed what political party you belonged to. Over here, it's the length. If they're bitten short they belong to a Republican.—Walter Winchell, New York columnist.