



THINGS TO COME

A Run Through The Programmes



EVEN before the days of the Old Time The-ayter, the Stage has been looked on with suspicion by parents and with ambition by daughters. The Puritan mother didn't even deign to look down her nose at it, though later in the century it provided her with a good deal of gossip. During the next hundred years the rumours grew to such dimensions that fond parents abandoned their traditional policy of laissez-faire and exercised their authority to the full whenever their children were in danger of hearing about such goings on. Or so we are told. No wonder Noel Coward said "Don't put your daughter on the Stage, Mrs. Worthington." However, we don't listen to rumours. We have an open mind and would much rather listen to Evelyn Gardiner, who has had many years experience in Gilbert and Sullivan companies, telling us what she thinks about it all. She is to speak in a recorded talk from 2YA on June 18; her subject—"The Stage as a Profession For Your Daughter."

Hogs, Hock, and Piggs

Where exactly is the Hogs Norton where Gillie Potter heard all those things about the BBC which he will tell listeners to 4YA on Saturday, June 21? Someone once wrote to the *Radio Times* pointing out that in Swift's *Collection of Genteel and Ingenious Conversation*, Mr. Neverout says: "Faith, I believe he was bred at Hogs Norton, where the pigs play on the organ," and the Editor said in a footnote, "The true

name of this Leicestershire village is said to be Hock Norton, vulgarly pronounced Hoggs Norton, because the organist there at one time was named Piggs." When interviewed, Gillie Potter himself revealed the secret, in his characteristic style:—"Flattered, as I confess myself to be, by the continued interest shown in Hogs Norton, particularly with regard to its exact 'locus,' none the less my humanity prompts me to announce to the topographical investigators that they are, alas, wasting their time and energy. Were the Ordnance Survey to issue a 'mile to the inch' map of this lovely land, yet should not they discover it. Wherever the tower of a noble church keeps gracious guard over many gabled old houses about a market square, from which by-ways and lanes lead past gardens to the meadows where the stream glides over the old mill wheel, to meander to the far off sea; where there are no multiple shops or American films or Teuto-Semites—there is Hogs Norton, for there is England."

Rewards and Punishments

We must confess to holding strong views on the subject of families. If one is to keep young (we think) the children should do their fair share of the chores, preferably all of them, and we consider that it is better (and cheaper) to use the rod, rather than spoil the child. Mind you, we would not go so far as the parent in the old rhyme:

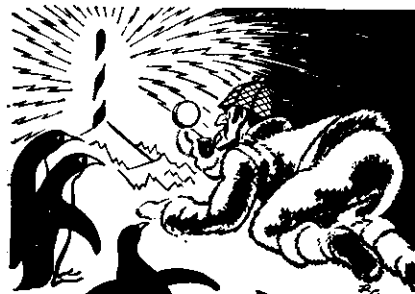
*Baby roused its father's ire
By a cold and formal lisp;
So he placed it on the fire
And reduced it to a crisp.*

All the same, we think that domestic bribery spells corruption. However, for those listeners who would prefer a

Dr. W. Creser. In 1903 he married the Danish soprano, Anna Steinhauer, and with her toured with great success in Denmark, Germany, and England, and also visited New Zealand. He has composed over 300 effective and soundly written songs, many of which are great favourites with serious singers. From 2YA on Tuesday, June 17, Lois Davys will sing four of Mallinson's songs.

Magnetic Mystery

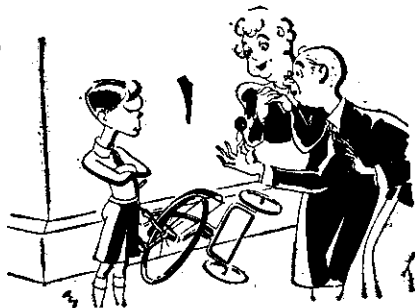
It was with some surprise, not to say consternation, that we noticed that the Unsolved Mystery scheduled for discussion from Station 12B at 7.45 on Wednesday night is the magnetic pole, which, moreover, is described



as "earth's greatest puzzle." Somehow or other we were under the impression that the mystery had been cleared up long ago. And in any event, where does the mystery come in? We know that the magnetic pole is some distance from the geographical pole, and that it shifts round from year to year, but we thought it had been definitely located, and its course even plotted over a number of years: We can only suppose (and we intend listening in to 12B to confirm our suspicion) that the magnetic pole's behaviour hasn't been all that it should be, and that it has a skeleton in its scientific cupboard so to speak. If there's much more fuss over it, we'll send up our second cousin Arbuthnot, who is an enthusiastic amateur sleuth, to find out what's wrong and administer a rebuke to someone.

Chicago Heard It First

The driver of a wartime ambulance in England was pleased to hear recently that one of his musical compositions had been loudly applauded in Chicago. He had never heard it himself. The ambulance driver was William Walton, and the piece he had never heard was *Scapino*, a *Comedy Overture*, commissioned by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra as part of its 50th anniversary celebration. His score arrived in Chicago only three weeks before presentation and a team of nine musicians had to work for ten days inking in the hundreds of annotations he had made in pencil. One music critic said of it: "A blithe scapegrace, carefree sort of score, it makes you think Walton must have whistled it when he drove his ambulance through the London streets, spiritually thumbing his nose at Hitler." This new overture has not yet, of course, reached New Zealand, but Walton's



weightier opinion than our own, ponderous as that is in years and erudition, we would draw attention to the discussion, which will be broadcast from 3YA on Monday evening next, between Miss D. E. Dolton and a parent. It is entitled "The Place of Reward in the Family."

Mallinson's Songs

For some reason the songs of Albert Mallinson have never been recorded, and if we are to hear them we must depend on local artists who include them in studio recitals. Albert Mallinson is a Yorkshireman and received his earliest musical training as a choir boy in the parish church at Leeds and later at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, under

Symphony, played by the London Symphony Orchestra under Sir Hamilton Harty will be heard from 3YA on Wednesday, June 18, at 9.30 p.m.

The Post Office

Don't tell us that there is no drama in the Post Office—not after last payday. We set out bravely into the unknown, complete with our five bob and our coupon book and our nil declaration and several thousand other people similarly equipped. It was like the charge of the Light Brigade and the wreck of the *Méduse* rolled into one. While still a good half-league from the counter we lost count of the notches we had cut on our fountain-pen. Tragedy reared her ugly head. Some little way ahead of us a taxpayer, conspicuously garbed in the purple and green lozenges of the McWhamphrey tartan, went suddenly mad and had to be cast overboard. We ourselves were down to our last cigarette before our half-crowns passed beyond that bourne whence no half-crowns return and we could at last feel socially secure for another quarter. And if you still don't believe after all this, that there is no drama in the Post Office, we suggest that you tune in to 3YA on June 15, when the NBS will present at 9.28 p.m., an adaptation of Rabindranath Tagore's play "The Post Office." And we might add, despite the seeming inconsistency, that Tagore is someone to be taken seriously, and that his Post Office, besides being Indian, differs radically from the type of which we have been speaking.

STATIC



MESSAGE flashed across the screen of a cinema: "A five pound note has been found in the stalls. Will the owners please form a queue outside the box office to-morrow night?"

LAUGH and the world laughs with you: cry and they put you in one of the *Aunt Jenny Real Life Stories*.

THE successful bridge player is an example of the triumph of mind over chatter.

AN artist boasts that he can place a face anywhere. But wouldn't it look silly anywhere else?

WELL, you're growing into a big lad now and we're wondering if you will be important like your father, or just be a gentleman.

SHORTWAVES

SCHOLARS are uncertain whether it was Curzon or Balfour who said that "the sole result of popular education is that rude words are now written on my door a foot lower than they used to be."—*National Review*. London.

TO say it plainly, the great majority of women who work do so in order to buy fancy clothes.—*Henry Ford*.

IT is a cruel deception to tell ill-informed people that this is merely a war of machines. It is and will remain, like all other wars, at the last, a war of muscle, courage and cold steel.—*General Hugh Johnson*.

THE people must be worthy of victory; the peace must be worthy of the people.—*London's 1941 Committee*.

THIS country is in for a lot of lumping and having to like it.—*James Agate*.