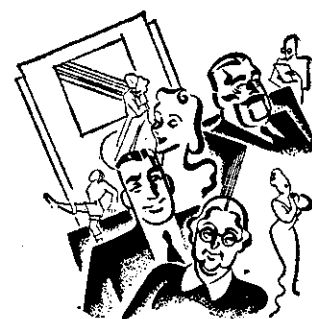




THINGS TO COME

A Run Through The Programmes



IT'S a long leap from the gum trees of Snake Gully to the highbrow-haunted heights of Hampstead Heath, but it's a leap the NBS has no hesitation in attempting. If you're tuned in to 3YA next Tuesday night you will find yourself at 7.52 helping Dad to solve a weighty problem of Dave and Mabel, and a minute later you'll be soaking in sophistication from the songs of Noel Coward. The latter programme includes the well-known waltz song "I'll See You Again," which was sung so feelingly by Mr. Coward on his recent semi-official tour of New Zealand. Those who disliked Mr. Coward on that occasion probably hope he won't. However, the title of the song will remind the keen Coward fan of Noel Coward's latest play, *Blythe Spirit*, which slapsticks with seances, poltergeists, and psychic disturbances.

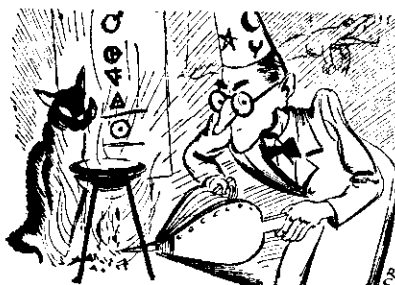
Mementos

Knowing as we do the enthusiasm of ZB audiences and the pains which they will take to secure a lock of hair, a trouser-button or some such intimate reminder of their favourite announcer or technician, we were assailed by fears for the future of the new 12B building in Auckland. In our mind's eye we could see the noble framework filched away, brick by brick, the precious plate-glass pinched, the strip-lighting stripped bare, the murals mucked about, even the Knovachord knocked out. And apparently our fears were shared by the 12B staff. At any rate, they were quick

to include in their reorganised programmes a special session, to be heard on Wednesday evenings at 8.30, entitled *Souvenirs*.

Alchemy

If we had not been told that Dr. C. M. Focken proposed to talk about "Alchemy To-day" from 4YA on Tuesday evening next, we would have said that alchemy was as much out-of-date as alcapone, or, at any rate, that it was something outside the province and beneath the notice of a man of science—



like those marvellous philtres which, their makers swear, will Make You Glow with Personal Magnetism, Add Six Inches to Your Chest, or a cubit to your stature—or your money back. These potions which, if our artist is to be believed, are brewed at or about the Witching Hour and with benefit of cabalistic kimono and black cat, represent, we would have thought, all that alchemy had left to us. But perhaps we would have been wrong. Maybe Rutherford's attacks on the atom, and the work of his successors in subtracting protons and disrupting nuclei is in the direct line of descent from the Philosopher's Stone and all that. Time (Tuesday, 7.35 p.m., 4YA), and Dr. Focken will tell.

Hay Nonny No

Hay, as every schoolboy knows, should be made when the sun shines. Beyond that, our knowledge carries us little further. What, for example, happens in places like Wellington, Greymouth, and Passamaquoddy (Pa.) where there must be insuperable difficulties in the way of effecting a fortuitous conjunction of sunshine and the necessary raw material of grasses? That has us stumped and completely hay-diddle-diddled. But it is simple stuff to Messrs. J. W. Calder and A. H. Flay, who, under the beneficent auspices of Canterbury Agricultural College, are to talk about "Hay Making" from 3YA on Thursday evening of next week.

Tale of the Russian Greyhound

It is interesting in these days of Percy Westerman and Geo. E. Rochester, to lean back in the editorial chair and muse on the yarn-spinners of our youth. Major Charles Gilson was one, who with his stories of the Secret Service, inspired us with literary longings. Perhaps the most versatile, however, was

the French scientist with the imaginative brain, Jules Verne. It was a great pastime to admire the way in which the Nautilus preceded the common or garden submarine and to speculate whether the moon-rocket would achieve a similar fame. Jules Verne's romance didn't rest solely on the glamour of his scientific calculations or inventions, however, but included much exciting narrative. Do you remember the thrill of the race round the world in eighty days with a detective in pursuit? Although we regret not to have read it, we presume that *Michael Strogoff*, *Courier for the Tsar*, is of this adventurous rather than inventive type. It is the title of a serial adapted from Jules Verne and to be played from 3YA on Tuesday at one minute past eight.

Descensus Avern

East is East and West is West, but it doesn't matter a continental to Major Lampen—it doesn't even matter which continental—and just as our indefatigable and gallant friend thinks nothing of weaving a girdle round the earth in an easterly or westerly direction in 15 minutes of programme time, so he is equally at home travelling north or south through the generally impenetrable social strata. Some little time ago, if our memory serves us right (and it serves us right if it does), our inde-



fatigable and gallant etc. was hobnobbing with royalty. Now, for the benefit of 4YA listeners, he will be taking the plunge down into the submerged tenth on Thursday next, with a talk entitled "Just a Night in Slumland." We do not know if he throws himself as wholeheartedly into his Haroun-al-Raschid role as our invariably irresponsible artist would imply, but, knowing Major Lampen, we feel sure that even if he cannot use his glittering eye he will, as usual, hold his audience like any ancient mariner.

Wherefore Art Thou Romeo?

There are many, far too many, theories about Shakespeare. There is the old one about Shakespeare not being written by Shakespeare but by Bacon, and then there's the whole family of Hamlet theories, including the one that there is no Hamlet theory, but that Shakespeare merely had to fill in somehow the three hours gap between the murder in the first scene and the revepge in the last scene. And H. L.

Mencken, the American critic, has come forward with an alternative theory about *Romeo and Juliet*. His idea is that Shakespeare wrote it as a scathing satire on the contemporary ultra-romantic tragedy, probably in a moment when he was regretting his marriage with Ann Hathaway. Mencken states with conviction that after fifteen years of unhappy married life a middle-aged man could not be expected to take a serious view of a fourteen-year-old girl's attitude to Romance. But both those who prefer to keep their illusions and the few who subscribe to Mencken's view will be able to listen in to a special version of Gounod's opera, *Romeo and Juliet*, which will be broadcast from 4YA next Sunday evening.

Water

We suspect that a fair number of Devonport and Takapuna listeners will tune in to 1YA on Thursday of next week with something like mixed feelings for that evening the Auckland station is to broadcast the feature "When Dreams Come True: Water Comes to a Metropolis." And water is rather a sore topic with those unfortunate citizens, for on the North Shore one does not need the nose of an Umslopogaa ("Inkoos, I smell water") to detect the close proximity of Pupuke's *acqua impura*. The North Shore dream of a supply of sweet Waitakerei water is still unfulfilled, but it is said that the new service won't be long now, so perhaps the broadcast will not be inappropriate after all.

STATIC

A WOLF was chasing two rabbits. Hard pressed, they ran up a tree. While waiting, one asked the other "What should we do now? Wait till we outnumber him?"

SOME tourists were standing on the edge of Mt. Vesuvius looking at the molten lava. An American remarked to his companion: "Looks as hot as Hell." An Englishman nearby remarked to his companion "These Americans have been everywhere."

A MEDICAL authority says sisters should be taught that they are the equal of their brothers. However humiliating to the growing girl, it is a fact of life.

THE cowhand left our dairy farm the other day. He said he was going to join the Army. He said it would be nice to lie in till 6 o'clock in the morning.

SHORTWAVES

MR. CHURCHILL took the chair when the company was almost bankrupt. The change has been almost miraculous. Many of the other directors from the bankruptcy period, are unfortunately still there.—*Douglas Reed*.

"WHY married people quarrel" is a three-page essay appearing in *The Women*, an American magazine. We condense it for you: (a) They are married; (b) They are people.—*Walter Winchell*.

THE press could be great and useful if it were the product of trained and independent editors, foreign editors, correspondents abroad and home reporters, but when these specialised craftsmen become the captives of rich-men-with-a-fad, rich-men-with-a-blondie, party-made peers, and "the advertisers," the result is an odious brew.—*Douglas Reed* in "A Prophet at Home."