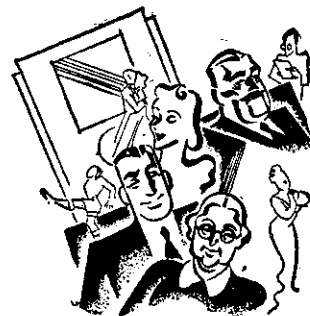




# THINGS TO COME

## A Run Through The Programmes



**T**WO famous artists will be visiting New Zealand toward the middle of November under contract to the NBS. They are Ignaz Friedman, the Polish pianist, who will be making his second tour of the Dominion within 18 months, and Harold Williams, the Australian-born English baritone. Friedman is due to make his first broadcast from 2YA on Sunday, November 16, and a public concert in aid of patriotic funds has been arranged for Tuesday, November 18 in the Wellington Town Hall. He will then visit Dunedin, Christchurch and Auckland, broadcasting from the YA stations and giving patriotic concerts in all centres. Harold Williams, who is well known to New Zealanders through his recordings, has just completed a tour for the ABC. It is expected that he will be in New Zealand about six weeks, and that he, too, will give patriotic concerts as well as his broadcasts. Regarded as one of the greatest oratorio baritones of the day, Harold Williams has sung opera at Covent Garden, toured England with the British National Opera Company, broadcast opera from the BBC on several occasions, and has twin daughters, Verita and Veronica.

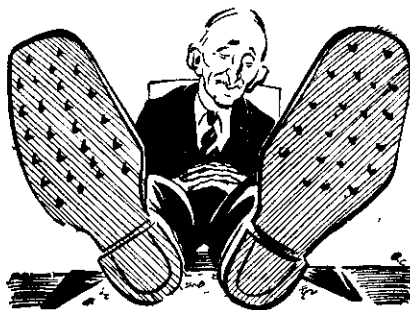
### Think of Thinimonier

You may have heard of Jean Jacques Barthelemy, August Marseilles Barthelemy, and Saint-Hilaire Barthelemy, all eminent French scholars and men of letters. But have you ever heard of Thinimonier Barthelemy, the inventor

of the sewing-machine? You will hear more about him in the session *When Dreams Come True* from 4YA next Sunday afternoon. There is a legend about Thinimonier that he could have made his dream come true eight years before it did, if it had occurred to him to put the point and the eye both at the same end of the needle. So next time the sewing-machine gives a bit of bother don't become exasperated in the first five minutes, but think of the persistency of Thinimonier Barthelemy.

### Boots, Boots, Boots

Like our Russian allies, Major Lampen the one and indivisible is a Master of Surprise. You never know where he's going to bob up next—unless you hap-



pen, like us, to be in possession of advance information. The title of his talk from 2YA on Thursday of next week, "Just Boots," suggests that after hobnobbing with royalty and diving down into the dives of slumland he has decided to be good and bourgeois for a change. But even we cannot guarantee the accuracy of that diagnosis. The illustration which our egregious Russell Clark has provided has something of a military suggestion for us. It may be a matter of association of ideas—we keep being reminded of the Number Nines which our military friends talk about so feelingly. On the other hand, the still small voice of hope whispers that perhaps our gallant friend is going to give us some news about the boots that are to be issued to the Home Guard. But all that is but the wildest conjecture. For all we know, Major Lampen may propose to chat about his adventures on the African Welt. Only those who listen to him can find out.

### War Bird

Listeners who delight in "war bird" adventures, will be interested in the life story of Major Mick Mannock, V.C., D.S.O., with two bars and M.C. with bar, which is currently being presented over all CBS stations every Friday night at nine o'clock. Another famous war bird, Squadron-Leader Ira Jones, described Mannock as "the king of air fighters," and his story is a thrilling one. Mannock's official score of German machines shot down exceeded that of McCudden, Ball, Bishop, Guynemer, Boelcke, and even that of the famous "Red Knight," Richtofen himself. Unlike Richtofen, Mannock deliberately gave away successes to other

members of his Flight and Squadron for the sake of "boosting" morale. There is special interest for New Zealand listeners in the fact that the dramatisation introduces the name of Major (as he then was) "Grid" Caldwell, New Zealand's most famous aerial fighter in the last war. Caldwell commanded the 74th Fighter Squadron, of which Man-nock led "A" Flight.

### Making the Best of It

Passing over in silence the disproportionate amount of time devoted recently to the sordid business of spring cleaning (and the talk "At This Time of the Year"—2YA, November 3—which looks suspiciously like coming under the same heading), we offer the A.C.E. a round of applause for deciding to say something about "Making the Most of Your Holidays" (4YA, November 7.) We anticipate that with their assistance we will be able to avoid much of the heart-burning, soul-searching, and (may we say it?) belly-aching which the festive (sic) season seems inevitably to bring in its train. We trust, for example, that the A.C.E. will be able to tell us how to pack a suitcase without bouncing round on top of it like a Mexican jumping-bean (see illustration). Failing that, they might be able to tell us where to get a suitcase big enough to hold all we want to put in it. Ours are always too small by at least half-a-bushel. But that only scratches the surface of the holiday problem. We hope that the indefatigable



Otago researchers will be able to tell us where to get enough petrol coupons, or, alternatively, how to convert sunburn oil into fair B-grade motor-spirit, where we can get a reliable weather forecast without giving away information likely to be of value to the enemy, where we can get accommodation at a reasonable figure, where . . . but as we suggested before, the scope of inquiry is limitless. We can but wait and listen.

### Cats Come Third

We can't help feeling that cats have not been given a fair deal in English literature. The comic papers are full of jokes at their expense, and even a reputable writer like Shakespeare gives them only brief, and usually dishonourable mention. After the cat, by making eight of his nine lives, had finally eradicated the stigma of a reputed connection with witchcraft, he found

himself hurled from the extreme of disrepute to the extreme of ultra-respectability and began to be regarded as the familiar, not of a purveyor of black magic, but of a lady of moderate means and celibate life. Among modern writers the only man who can claim to have understood the cat soul and its essential aura is Don Marquis, whose Mehitabel endears herself to all cat-lovers. But Mehitabel has admittedly led the gay life, and those listeners who prefer their cats less sophisticated may prefer to tune into 2YA next Saturday week, when Mrs. Mary Scott will give a talk entitled "Cats Come Third."

### A Hungry Professor

"Actors Must Eat" says the title of a *Dramas of Life* play which Station 4ZB will broadcast at 10.30 a.m. on Monday, November 3, and no doubt the statement will be accorded an enthusiastic vote of support, as they say, from all who have ever followed what is often the hungriest of all professions. For apparently, just like writers, no actor is supposed to be worth his salt who has not, at some stage of his career, taken in his belt another notch instead of dining. There is even a tale of an old actor who lasted for months on the four-course dinner which the play required him to eat in Act 2, and who quietly starved to death when the play was changed. All of this, of course, betrays the fact that we are completely ignorant as to what this particular *Dramas of Life* is all about.

## STATIC



**T**HE author of *Gone With the Wind* is to christen a new U.S. battleship. In the hope that it will become a best-sheller?

**I**T is understood that one result of the growing numbers, and prosperity, of those engaged in the smash-and-grab business is the formation of a musical society whose first production will be *The Pirate of Pendants*.

**A** FACTORY girl recently confessed that she staked every penny she could scrape together on a horse which ran at 20 to 1 and won. She was poor—but she was on it.

**A** DOCTOR proclaims that whisky is no cure for snake-bites. The kill-joy!

**A**NOTHER acquaintance suggests that the best way to kill time is to work it to death.

## SHORTWAVES

**I**N Louisville, Kentucky, a naval recruit was rejected because of a nude woman tattooed on his arm. Two days later when he returned a bathing suit had been tattooed on the girl. Accepting his application, Navy officials said he showed perseverance and resourcefulness.—*"Time."*

**A** BIG effort to improve the intellectual standard of Conservative M.P.'s is behind the Party chief's move to make character and ability, rather than wealth, the qualifications for adopting Parliamentary candidates.—*Evening Standard.*

**D**URING Lord Halifax's Western trip, one of his henchmen earnestly assured the train-man that he would find his lordship a thoroughly democratic fellow. "He'll find me just the same," said the train-man cheerfully.—*New Statesman and Nation.*