



THINGS TO COME

A Run Through The Programmes



A NEW radio play by W. Graeme-Holder, *Dr. Shalmaneser*, has been produced and recorded by the NBS, and will soon be broadcast. Set in a Nazi-infested central European area, with the rolling of drums and the sound of the firing squad as off-stage effects, the play has for its title character a Syrian Jewish surgeon who is taken from a concentration camp as the last hope of saving the life of the Nazi-dominated local governor. But Dr. Shalmaneser plans a subtle revenge which is not the obvious and crude accident with the surgeon's knife. It will excite you to discover what this is.

Community Carolling

Christmas, the shop windows and the newspaper advertisements are reminding us, is not so very far away, and apparently word has got round to 22B, for they will be providing an early taste of Christmas music in a relay from Homewood, a well-known residence in Karori, Wellington, on Sunday, November 30. The occasion is a Christmas carol afternoon in aid of the Wellington Free Kindergarten Association; and the Wellington Harmonic Society, the Apollo Singers, and the Boys' Institute Band will all be there to show how Christmas music should be rendered. Community singing of carols is the chief attraction of the afternoon, however,

and Wellington residents who intend going along had better brush up their "Good King Wenceslas" and "Silent Night." Between carols, guests will be able to inspect the glow-worms and even take a plunge in the swimming pool if they are hardy enough. Station 22B will be on the scene from three o'clock in the afternoon.

Let Your Dog Relax

What happens to your dog when you go on holiday? Whether he is a wonder dog, a dog with or without personality, a shepherd's dog, or any other kind of dog, holiday time for you will be misery time for him unless you do something about



him. On Friday, December 5, from 3YA, Mrs. Spence Clark will tell you what you ought to do to provide "Summer Care for Your Dog." In the meantime our artist has treated the subject with his usual irresponsibility.

Ever Seen A Drummer Walking?

You may have seen a dream walking—but have you ever heard a phantom drummer playing, or seen him walking in the ghostly small hours? You'll meet him, and a number of equally strange and intriguing characters, in a lonely castle in the Carpathian mountains if you follow *The Phantom Drummer*, the first episode of which will be heard from 2YA on Wednesday evening, December 3. This George Edwards production is based on the story of *Carmilla*, by Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, a 19th century writer whose flair for the eerie wins him a place in most collections of creepy stories.

Out of Doors

Hitherto, in his readings from the Seventeenth Century, Professor Sewell has, in each of his broadcasts from 1YA, presented extracts from the writings of two or more literary figures of the period. In his session on December 5, however, he will confine himself to one only—Izaak Walton—and those anglers who forget to listen-in will have only themselves to blame. Professor Sewell might have quoted from numerous 17th Century writers who described external nature but the sub-title which he has given to the talk, "The Open Air," explains why Walton was the sole choice. For no other writer of the time, and few between Walton and Wordsworth, so truly loved the country scene or depicted it with a more apostolic simplicity and dignity. "When I would begot content," he wrote, "and increase

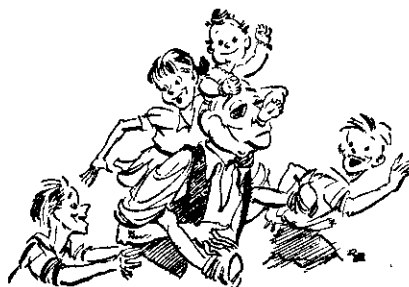
confidence in the power, and wisdom, and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows, by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living creatures that are not only created, but fed, man knows not how, by the goodness of the God of Nature, and therefore trust in Him. This is my purpose; and so, let everything that hath breath praise the Lord; and let the blessing of St. Peter's Master be with mine . . . and upon all that are lovers of virtue."

Remnants

Most of us are familiar with those "left overs" which make their unerring way to Monday's luncheon table. Possibly Major Lampen proposes to deal with these remnants when he speaks from 2YA on Thursday, December 4. Or his talk may have something to do with Leap Year, wall-flowers, or bargain sales. Anyway, the title is "Just Left-overs"; the time 11.0 a.m.

When Mother's Away

In the good old days Mother took the children for a holiday, encumbered by several trunks of frilly pinafores and all Mary Jane's dolls, and perhaps young William took his pet rabbits also. But times have changed, and evidence of that will be given on Monday next when the A.C.E. will broadcast from 1YA, 2YA and 3YA on the subject of "Holidays for Mothers." The A.C.E. evidently thinks it's time that Mother had a break. Station 3YA will



deal with a similar theme in a comedy duet entitled "Holidays," which will be presented at 8.49 p.m., and should Dad be still feeling despondent he can listen at 10.39 p.m. to Clapham and Dwyer who may cheer him up with "A Spot of Income Tax Bother." By that time, we hope, he will have got the children to bed.

Great Snakes!

Schoolmarmas have queer adventures, but we will admit that we were brought up with a round turn when we found that the title of Miss Cecil Hull's broadcast from 2YA on Saturday week was "A Schoolmarm Looks Back: Serpents." If that was what we saw when we looked back, we wouldn't bother looking back twice—we'd either be streaking for the tall timber or the nearest Band of Hope secretary. Of course, as you will have gathered, we are not Miss Hull and she may have quite a simple (perhaps even a literal) explana-

tion of the title. She may have taught the serpent to the school music-class. She may be going to tell us all about the Schoolmarm and the School-mamba. She may even be confusing serpents with those scholastic processions called "crocodiles." But break it gently, Miss Hull, when you get back among the basilisks and the cockatricycles and such.

The Laughing Man

We have not yet met the "Laughing Man" of the NBS, with whom our *cara sposa* has an occasional morning-tea date, but from what we can gather, from her typically vague accounts of these forenoon rendezvous no married man need lose any sleep about him. And after all, a little laughter now and then is no doubt good for weak women as well as wise men. We can think of many worse afflictions than a laughing man on the air around 11 a.m. There was that anonymous, but neurotic acquaintance of ours, for example, who wrote:

*As I was going up the stair
I met a man who wasn't there,
He wasn't there again to-day—
I wish to God he'd go away!*

All of which just goes to show you how necessary a good laugh can be sometimes. "The Laughing Man" is heard in the *For My Lady* session from 4YA and 4YZ on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

STATIC



A MERICAN physiologists who recently produced a fatherless rabbit have now turned out a motherless frog. It's only a matter of time, they say, before we shall have the mother-in-lawless husband and the grandmotherless office-boy.

IF Hitler, Goering, and Goebbels were in an aeroplane and it crashed, who would be saved? Answer: the German people.

A TIBETAN monk spent forty years of his life working on a great invention. In the year 1941 he presented it to the world. It was a bicycle.

A MAN who is always declaring that he's no fool usually has his suspicions.

A DRAMATIC critic is a person who surprises the playwright by telling him what he meant.

SHORTWAVES

I DON'T know why they keep so many sheep out here in the country. Why not raise minks and silver foxes, and ermines and skunks? Anybody can get silly old wool, but there aren't nearly enough fur coats to go round.—*An imaginary society land-girl, in the Australian "Wireless Weekly."*

PEOPLE having to do with the arts are the worst people in the world, and all that remains is to establish a rank, a sort of hierarchy of offensiveness among them.—*Gilbert Seldes.*

A FRIEND is a fellow that knows all about you, but likes you.—*Ten-year old schoolboy.*

NEVER trust a man who speaks well of everybody.—*Churton Collins.*

I LIKE work; it fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours.—*Jerome K. Jerome.*