



THINGS TO COME

A Run Through The Programmes



WE have often come across an expression about strong men weeping, but we have never actually seen one doing so. Even Tarzan in his most anguished moments, though untutored in British reserve, did little more than gnash his strong white teeth. But there are occasions when strong men are forgiven—nay, even applauded for a display of emotions. The story is told that Haydn, in Westminster Abbey, hearing the *Hallelujah Chorus* from Handel's *Messiah*, rose to his feet with a crowd, wept and exclaimed, "He is the greatest of us all!" The Auckland Choral Society's presentation of *The Messiah*, featuring Harold Williams, the well-known Australian baritone, will be relayed from the Town Hall on Saturday evening, December 13.

Let's Be Simple

"Simple" is really a charming word, recalling as it does the delightful sound associations of "wimple" and "dimple." Until a short time ago, however, its meaning was against it, and instead of simple village maidens (dimple, wimple, etc.) we found ourselves thinking in terms of village idiots and pie-vendors. But now the simplicity idea has come into its own again. First in the realm of dress. Frills and furbelows, which previously added to the wearer's reputation

as a woman of taste now have the opposite effect, and their absence is the first criterion of chic. And now even coiffures are disappearing and the latest hair-styles are simple to the point of non-existence. So woman in despair found outlet for her love of elaboration in the preparing of new meringue confections for afternoon tea and *recherché* savouries for supper. But it sounds as if even this consolation is to be taken from her, for the A.C.E. will present from 1YA next Thursday afternoon a talk entitled "Simplicity in Refreshments."

Pest Take It

The A.C.E. proposes to entertain us from 1YA, 2YA, and 3YA, on Monday afternoon, December 8, with a dissertation on "Controlling Flies and Other Pests." Most of us are fairly familiar



with that inelegant contrivance, the fly paper, and those popular insecticides that the children delight in flitting about the place. But listeners will be grateful indeed if the A.C.E. can give advice on how to deal with other species of household pest, viz., the hawk, the bore, the neighbour's cats, the borrower, the busy-body, and the confirmed organiser. To get back to the flies we suggest a relay to the Western Desert where the fly problem seldom lacks enthusiastic attention.

Two Kinds of Harmony

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, we are told, are very fond of playing duets together. And the sight of the two young figures at the keyboard is a happy symbol of the harmony existing between them. But this solitary example cannot be regarded as final proof that keyboard harmony is conducive to domestic harmony. Otherwise we should have husbands and wives queueing up in front of our music studios begging to be taught how to play duets together, and whole families demanding of our popular dance band leaders methods of forming themselves into swing bands. If parents and children are musically inclined to begin with there is some chance of achieving domestic bliss by this means, and we can picture a whole family with jew's harps and mouth-organs settling down for a quiet evening at home. But if even one member of the family is tone deaf not only musical but

domestic harmony is threatened. Before equipping the children with mouth-organs, therefore, we advise listening to find out what it's all about by tuning in to "Domestic Harmony," an item to be broadcast from 1YA on Saturday, December 13.

Allez Oop, Buttercup!

Passing Parade of Agriculture is the title of something or other from 2ZA, Palmerston North, on Tuesday, December 9, at 8.30 p.m., and if there's any suggestion in it of dramatising the all too drab business of extracting milk from cows and wool from sheep, we are all in favour. Possibly *Passing Parade of Agriculture* is a sort of show-ring presentation of some of the more sensational aspects of the business, with not so much emphasis on the ruck and rabble of two-tooth wethers and fat bullocks as on five-legged calves and Jersey cows which have produced three times their own weight in butterfat five seasons running. And there's probably something to be said for jazzing up our agricultural shows. Less emphasis on well-developed hindquarters; more points for ability to perform tricks such as sitting up to beg for a mangel.

Poste Restante

In the United States, if we are to believe a contemporary author, The Postman Always Rings Twice. Here in New Zealand, he is usually content to whistle once, but whether he rings, knocks, or whistles there is always the same undercurrent of excitement attending his arrival. Even we with difficulty remain



seated once we have heard the familiar click of the box—and all that the post usually brings us these days is a reminder of the existence of H.M. Commissioner of Taxes. How much more ably we feel sure will Major Lampen evoke the elfin spirit of the P. and T. in his talk, "Just Mail Day," from 2YA on Thursday of next week. We assume, of course, that he will be speaking from the point of view of the receiver, or at least the sender, of mail, and not from that of the humble mail-carrier (as illus-

trated) who looks as if he would be more happily employed wetting the Whistle at the Postmen's Picnic than plodding on what is to him the daily round and common task.

Up With The Morepork

We have always felt sympathy for those workers of the world who have to sleep in the daytime (if they can) and rise in the evening, to work while the rest of the world sleeps—the policeman, the nightwatchman, the nurse, the reporter on the morning paper. The ordinary man or woman wakes by gradual stages to the cooing of a radio announcer. He need not even stretch out a hand to his watch—some stations announce the time at three-minute intervals. Cheering little pep-songs about the joys of morning seduce him into believing that it isn't as bad as all that outside. But there is no such provision for the man who rises at 9 p.m. That is why we vote orchids to 2YA for their enterprising programme of Morning Songs to be heard next Wednesday, December 10, at 8.46 p.m. Leaping out of bed to the accompaniment of Richard Crooks singing "Open Your Window to the Morn" should be comparatively easy. Our only fears are for those who go to bed at seven and after opening their windows have to go back to bed again. But it's healthier that way.

SHORTWAVES

HOLLYWOOD is doing its best to adjust itself to the national emergency. In a recent script about submarine combat, the U-boat commander spots the enemy and calls down to his men: "All hands on deck! We're going to submerge!"—*New Yorker*.

BEER shortage has led to a pleasant bit of symbolism at Marlon near Paignton, England. Some of the customers of a 500 year old pub have to walk some distance for their pint. To save them a wasted journey, the pub now flies the Union Jack when the beer's in.—*William Hickey*.

ACCORDING to the Minister of Transport, the following are entitled to have compartments reserved for them on trains—Persons suffering from infectious diseases, corpses, lunatics, convicts, and Cabinet Ministers.—"Truth," London.

STATIC



A WRITER predicts that one day Arabia, owing to its atmospheric conditions, will be a great film producing country. Mecca will then become the Hollywood of film aspirants.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI had a fit of coughing while making a speech recently. And Hitler wasn't there to give him a pat on the back.

THE Americans, we are told, are trying to rid themselves of Isolation. A bargain; hardly been used at all.

A FILM STAR has a sun-suit of white sharkskin. Superseding blue goose-flesh.

ITALIAN planes attempting to raid Gibraltar dropped bombs on a Spanish town 45 miles away. Spain thinks very little of Italian war aims.