



# THINGS TO COME

## A Run Through The Programmes



"WE stagger beneath our inheritance," says J. B. Priestley, "Let us burn our books, tear down every memorial, turn every Cathedral and College into an engineering workshop, rather than grow cold and petrify, rather than forget that inner glowing tradition of the English spirit." This "tradition of the English spirit" is symbolically portrayed by our artist on the cover of this week's *Listener*, and it is also the motif of the St. George's Day broadcast from the main National stations at 7.15 p.m. on April 23. Here, in this programme, are the yeomen of England from the ironclads of Agincourt to the ironclads of Jutland; from the henchmen of King Harry to the trenchmen of King George. "English Pageant," produced for the BBC by Laurence Gilliam, is arranged from the works of Shakespeare, Milton, Masfield, Chesterton, Kipling, and others. The music, also All British, is by Elgar, Vaughan Williams, and Warlock.

### Heroic

*Magnificent Heritage* is having its first broadcasts from Station 2ZA next week, and Palmerston North listeners who are interested in the more heroic side of English history, should follow the series from that station. Next week's broadcasts, on Tuesday and Thursday at 7.15 p.m., are typical examples; Tuesday's is concerned with Florence Nightingale, and Thursday's with the Charge of the Light Brigade, two highlights of the last

century which invariably leave a deep impression on the mind of the Standard Four schoolboy when he first stumbles on them. Two distinct trends are evident in the modern treatment of historical subjects. One—and for this we have mainly to thank Hollywood—is to "glamorise" them. The other—that followed by certain historical novelists—is to debunk them. *Magnificent Heritage* follows, in the main, the Hollywood trend.

### Sleeping Out

We have sometimes answered advertisements for Capable Domestic Help, Sleep Out, but whether because of our profound ignorance of even the primary principles of domestic helping or whether



on account of (let us whisper it) our unprepossessing appearance, we have never actually attained to the heights of Helpdom. At first this was a source of sorrow, but now, having seen from our artist's illustration just what Sleeping Out means, we're rather glad we didn't succeed. Anyway in New Zealand we haven't even the Embankment, and what with all the parks being dug up for Air Raid Shelters it's a poor look out for any Capable Domestic Help who has to—though actually it is probably not much worse than trying to sleep on the Limited Express. All this has to do with the fact that Mrs. Alison Grant Robinson will be speaking on "My London: Sleeping Out," from 2YA on Wednesday, April 22, at 11 a.m.

### Several Kinds of Pet

"Pets on Shipboard," the subject of Mrs. O. J. Gerard's talk from 2YA on Friday, April 24, at 11 a.m., may well be a lively topic. There is the pet that the prima donna flies into when she finds that the time for her bath is 6.30 a.m. and there is the old cat who sets up an information bureau from a point of vantage on the promenade deck. Then there is that pet of a little girl who gets so endearingly in everybody's way, not to mention the petting parties that one is likely to stumble over when making one's way across the boat deck after dark. The pets that Mrs. Gerard will speak about will also no doubt bill and coo and squeak and yelp.

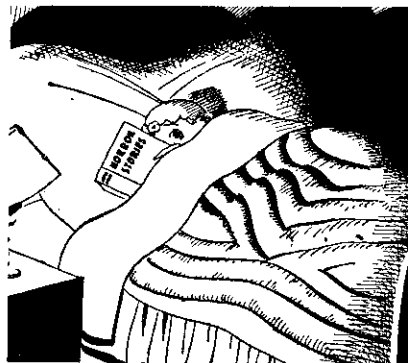
### Water Music

In our case the wings of song on which we occasionally allow ourselves to be wafted function best, not in the pure

atmosphere of the upper sky, but amid the clouds of steam of the Saturday night bathroom, and whenever we hear the term "Water Music" our thoughts turn lovingly towards that sanctuary which has been for us both studio and concert platform. But it is not with this that Handel's "Water Music" is concerned, and listeners will hear it played without bathroom aid by Andersen Tyer and the NBS Orchestra from 2YA at 7.45 on Tuesday, April 21. The orchestra's programme also includes Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture, and Vaughan Williams's "London Symphony."

### Choosing Books

Receiving a book which one enjoys as appropriate to one's mood is one of the minor pleasures of life. Giving away an appropriate book to someone else, on the other hand, is not always such an unalloyed pleasure, what with the money involved and all. A book is usually regarded as a convenient escape from the hurdle represented by What to give Great Aunt Agatha for her Birthday? But even then it is something of a hurdle in itself, so no doubt many listeners will be eager to profit by the talk, "Choosing Books for People," which Miss M. J. Powell will give from 3YA on Wednesday of next week. We don't yet know what line Miss Powell will take, but for what the suggestions are worth, we might recommend *Gone*



*With the Wind* as an appropriate offering to the C-in-C. Royal Italian Navy; General von Rundstedt would no doubt appreciate *And Quiet Flows the Don*; and of course, one could always try *I Lost My Girlish Laughter* on Beverley Nicholls.

### Solomon Comes Second

Gardeners, we know, are single-minded people but we think that 3YA's expert was being even more than usually other-worldly when he selected as his title for next Monday evening's talk "Lilies of the Field." No patriot who reads the programme notice can but be reminded that the lilies of the field toil not, neither do they spin for victory, and that being so, they have no place in the economy of total war. And as if that were not enough, there will be many women who will remember that even though the lilies toil and spin not,

they will continue to be arrayed more gloriously than was Solomon in his palmiest pre-war days. But of course, Solomon had a number of wives and history is not exactly clear as to who wore the coupons in that family, so the comparison may not be so strong as it at first appears.

### We're in love with You, Honey!

Once again the A.C.E. has got us fogged, this time with the title of their talk from 4YA on Wednesday next — "Honey as a Substitute." A substitute, we would ask, for what? We were under the impression that, with milk, honey was an absolute and that in a land flowing with m. and h. substitutes represented so much wasted effort. But apparently we were wrong. All the same, we hope the A.C.E. will sound a note of warning. As Samson put it, what is (stronger than a lion and) sweeter than honey? What indeed. And what is going to happen if the breweries begin using honey instead of sugar — first some atavistic brewer is going to rediscover the recipe for mead and then another of them, still more atavistic, is going to hit on the ingredients of heather ale. And when that is turned out not merely will all our war effort be brought to a standstill but we'll be invaded at all points by friend and foe alike, each one of them panting for a beakerful of the legendary elixir. In short, we hope that the A.C.E. will confine their hints to pudding recipes and such.

## STATIC

WE read that an American has invented a pneumatic saddle. So there may be some use for stirrup-pumps after the war.

"WE have always understood that waterside working is a reserved occupation," writes a correspondent. She can't have heard many waterside workers.

"THOUGH our paper is to be reduced in size, owing to the use of smaller type and narrower margins there will be almost the same amount of reading matter," writes the Editor of a students' magazine. But it will be harder to read between the lines.

"A STRONG personality and a good figure are necessary for the girl who wishes to be noticed in Hollywood," says a film magnate. She must make her presence svelte.

## SHORTWAVES

FLIGHT - LIEUTENANT RAIKES (Cons. S.E. Essex) declared that, following a speech by the Prime Minister saying that we would defend our airfields even if we had only pikes, at several R.A.F. stations pikes were at once ordered.—*Daily Express*.

THE threatened blitz on Hollywood has sent screen stars buying real estate hidden away in the mountains. Eric Blore has named his new house "Inn Disposed." Helen Broderick calls hers "Oak by Me," while Leon Errol's home boasts the name of "Bedside Manor."—*Los Angeles Times*.

I AM not suggesting that every player could become an expert even if he wanted to—and vice versa, but I do suggest that the average standard at Contract Bridge is lamentably low. Why? Because we are determined to look upon a game as a game and not—unless professionally concerned—as a job of work.—*The Observer (England)*.