

# THINGS TO COME

## A Run Through The Programmes

**V**INCENT D'INDY, the pupil and biographer of Cesar Franck, pointed out that though the string quartets of youthful composers may be ear-tickling and seductive, they seldom stand the test of time. Franck, on the other hand, did not attempt the composition of a string quartet until he was 65, and it was not until two years later that he was called upon to meet the ovations of an audience enthusiastic over his Quartet in D Major. "There, you see", he said to his pupils the next day, "the public are beginning to understand me." This quartet, which is now a well established favourite, may be heard from 1YA on Wednesday, August 26.

### Fire And Water

Those of us who find rhythm in rain on the roof, who sing in the shower, and who fall asleep happily to the syncopation of the surf are, though we perhaps do not realise its full significance, devotees of water music, and as such we should find pleasure in the rendering by the British Light Orchestra of the minuet from Handel's suite of that name. But for the benefit of those of us who exhibit a tendency in another direction the minuet from "Firework Music" is included in the same programme (3YA, Wednesday, August 26, at 8.55), and we confidently recommend the latter to all those lonely Wellingtonians and Aucklanders condemned to watch for incendiaries by night.

### Having Fun

When it was reported some time ago that a successor to Dr. Goebbels was being sought, Mr. Punch's comment was that "no stone was being left unturned." This ability to get some fun out of even the most dismal forms of life should not be construed as implying infirmity of purpose. The quality of the froth on the top indicates the gravity (specific and otherwise) of the brew underneath. Anyone who doubts the matter-of-fact sensibility of the Allied fighting men has but to recall that incident of the last war when the German soldiery hoisted above their snow-crusted trenches a banner with the strange device "Gott Mit Uns". And from the opposing lines rose the grim defiance "We've Got Mittens Too!" There spoke the realists. Which brings us back to the wisdom of Getting Some

Fun Out of Life, and, if you are that way inclined, of listening to the session of that title which 3ZB will broadcast on Friday of next week at 10.0 p.m.

### Thema con variazioni

At last the A.C.E. is getting down to rock bottom, as Mr. Epstein said when he chipped out the last chapter of Genesis. From 4YA next Friday the association will present its ideas on "The Basic Dress, and Variations". The title



sounds almost musical in the ear, but whether the treatment is fugal or frugal, we hope that (in view of the diverse figure-types who will be listening-in) the foundation garment in question will be as elastic in application as foundation garments were in the days when foundation garments were foundation garments, if you follow us.

### New Rooms From Old

One rub of his magic lamp and Aladdin could command the presence of a powerful genie, and bid him transform

a humble bungalow into a block of ultra-modern luxury flats. But to-day the transforming of old rooms into new requires considerably more elbow grease, and in many cases elbow grease alone is powerless to effect a transformation. The housewife then who cannot procure a genie through the usual channels for this all-important job will probably find the A.C.E. the next best thing, and is advised to pay particular attention to the next talk "New Rooms from Old" which will be heard from 1YA, 2YA and 3YA next Monday afternoon, August 24. We expect this to be flowing over with helpful suggestions, for example how to make a too lofty room appear half its height by lowering the ceiling six feet, or contrariwise how to make a room which is too low appear twice as high by polishing the floor to such brightness that there seems twice as much of it.

### Stays And Braces

At a garden party given in his honour Tennyson found himself seated beside a lady whose awe of the poet was so great that she remained speechless throughout the interview. At last Tennyson broke the silence by gazing squarely into her eyes and remarking "Madame, your stays creak". Covered with confusion the lady fled, only to find the lanky figure of the poet pursuing her. He caught up. "Your pardon, Madame, it was my braces". The story may not be true but it is the kind of story that makes the masters of literature breathing realities, and it will be interesting to hear what can be said about Wordsworth from 3YA on Friday, August 28, at 8.26 p.m.

### Ho-o-ome Sweet Home

Home, as the poet has pointed out, is where the hearth is. And in this lonely little country of ours, with changeable weather at all seasons and without the questionable benefits of central heating,

the phrase is double true. The hearth is the focus of the home and is, indeed the chief factor in keeping the old focus at home while the wintry blasts are still blasting outside. There are, of course, other factors. The standard of cinema entertainment is fairly low and hardly worth the labour of struggling through the blanket of the blackout, and as any wife or mother will point out, she hasn't a stitch to wear anyway. What, then, can be done about it? Madeline Alston, who has prepared a talk "On Staying at Home", for broadcast from 3YA next Tuesday, may be able to provide an answer.

### Clashing of Symbols

It is said that the human race needs symbols behind which to march into battle and out of the misty ages comes a whole galaxy of different coloured crosses, crescents, yogi stars and swastikas. Of course if we were really up-to-date we would insist on an overhaul of the usual ones. For though we may not agree that the typewriter is mightier than the tank, it is probably as true as it used to be to say that the pen is mightier than the sword. And though crossed sewing machine and vacuum-cleaner would be rather complicated to weave into a banner, how much more abreast of the times than the old fashioned needle and thread. However, in the interests of saving paper, time, and the good old traditions, we admit a loyalty to the banner of St. George which waved over the legendary anti-dragon campaign and which spurs modern knights on to fight the yet more formidable dragons of to-day. We shall look for inspiration to "The Banner of St. George", with music by Elgar, which may be heard from 2YA on Friday, August 28.

### Noises In A Flat

Those of us who are apt to condole with flat dwellers for the miscellaneous noises (not to mention smells) that rise through the floorboards, will hesitate to do so when they realise that it was flat life in its noisier moments that first introduced the pianist Simon Barer to piano playing. The story goes that his parents found him lying motionless on the floor, and instead of thanking their stars as so many parents might have done, for the few moments respite from trumpet-playing, train-pushing, and imitation zoo noises that can make home almost uninhabitable, they picked the child up and asked him where the pain was. Little Simon protested loudly. He had been listening to somebody playing the piano in the flat below. He was six then and five years later he began his intensive study of the pianoforte from which he emerged as a notable player. You may hear him from 4YA on Sunday, August 30.

## SHORTWAVES

**T**HE news of the Quebec Rebellion (1837) was so bad, said a member in the House of Commons, that it had cost the Colonial Secretary many sleepless days.—*Basil Howard*.

**A** HARD fact is seldom so entertaining as a soft fallacy.—*Ken Alexander*, 2YA.

**T**HORWALDSEN, the Danish sculptor, found weeping by his latest statue, was asked if he were not satisfied with it. He replied that he saw no fault with it, so he knew his imagination was in decay.—*John Oman*.

**C**HIEF gripe of the French is that the English get paid so much more (58c. a day to the Frenchman's 2½c.). "Les femmes", says the French soldier bitterly, "sont toutes a eux!" ("They get all the dames!")—*"Time"*, December 25, 1939.

**L**AUGHTER says more with less expenditure of air than any other form of human expression.—*Ken Alexander*, 2YA.

**T**HE job of the Director of the BBC is the last job I would have if I had every job in the world to choose from. I have succeeded now and then in pleasing thousands of people every night, but he has to please millions of people every hour of the day.—*C. B. Cochrane*.



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