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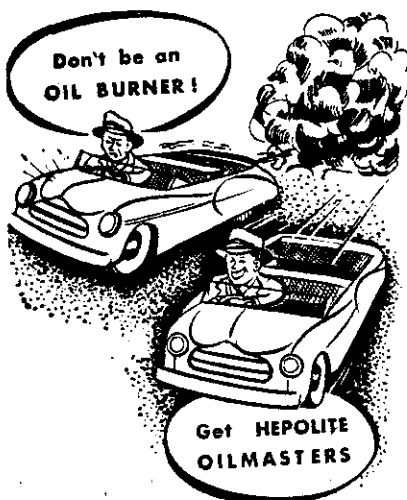
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"I AM now recklessly blueing my life's savings going round the world because I have the wanderlust," says Kathleen Hodgson, by way of explaining her presence in New Zealand. For



Amalgamated Studios photograph
KATHLEEN HODGSON
Victim of wanderlust

several years an officer of the Grenfell Association (an international medical mission to Labrador founded by Dr. Wilfred Grenfell in 1892), Kathleen Hodgson recently recorded three talks for the NZBS about life in Labrador—"Land and People," "The Grenfell Association" and "It's a Cold Life." These have already been broadcast in IYA's *Feminine Viewpoint*, but they will be heard later from other stations. She has also given three talks under the general title of "A Journey to the Straits of Magellan." These have yet to be scheduled. About seven years of her childhood were spent in Valparaiso, where her father was a chaplain for 14 years, and she then studied at an agricultural college in England. "After

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that," she said. "I had a job near Stratford-upon-Avon, and used to go to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre about five nights a week." Subsequently she went in for political organising and was Conservative Party Central Office Agent for the Northern Area. "I planned two major conferences, neither of which took place. One involved such things as arranging for a liner to be anchored in the Clyde to accommodate delegates who could not be housed ashore. But then came the war, the conference was cancelled and I never really found out whether my 'arranging ability' was any good," she said. During the war Miss Hodgson was Senior Regional Officer for the Women's Land Army, in full charge of Land Army work in Wales and four counties of England. This work won for her the M.B.E., which, she says, really belongs to Wales. "I just happened to be the symbol for all their tremendous endeavour."

Miss Hodgson started her world tour with a journey which took her through Canada, the United States, Chile, Bolivia, Peru and Ecuador. Incidentally, she owns a few shares in a sheep farm in Tierra del Fuego, "where it's not a question of how many sheep to the acre, but acres to the sheep. This farm has 3,000,000 acres and 1,000,000 sheep."

In New Zealand Miss Hodgson has spent a good deal of time visiting farms and inspecting agricultural research stations. She plans to complete four and a half months here, then go on to Australia early in April for an indefinite stay. Later she will make her way through New Guinea, Indonesia, India and Pakistan.

EDWARDS. James Keith O'Neill, D.F.C., M.A., gets up before daylight. It is the belief of his friends that

HANDLE-BARS RAMPANT no sane man would wear clothes like that if he could see what he was putting on.

The usual professorial ensemble is a flat cap, ageing duffle-coat, drooping

check suit, and a mauve tie decorated with miniature handle-bar moustaches. The other *Take It From Here* people have christened this rig his "Farmer's Set." Writing in the BBC Year Book, F.M. and D.N. say it has now been grudgingly accepted that the Professor's enthusiasm for farming is as strong and deep-seated as the clothes he wears. His farm in Sussex is a well-ordered and successful enterprise to which he applies himself with an unsuspected seriousness, shrugging off the inevitable references to "corn" and "laying eggs."



BBC photo

J. K. O. Edwards Nevertheless, the Comic Muse is never far from one of her favourite protégés. So, of course, the Professor's long-awaited pedigree Ayrshire herd, ordered from Scotland, went astray on the rail-road and turned up at a Sheffield slaughterhouse. One of his farm horses was found to be an ex-circus veteran and, when idle, still insists on rehearsing. It can be seen cantering round in stately circles, tossing its head to an invisible audience. "We can't help feeling that in 50 years' time, on his pleasant green acres, the Professor will present a similar picture," add F.M. and D.N.

THE day after I was married I was buying some evening shoes in one of the smartest shops in New York, and I was served by a very nice young man, and I asked him if they'd go well with my evening dress. He said, 'Listen, Honey, when you get one of those strapless evening gowns on nobody ain't going to look at your feet.'—Monica Dickens, speaking in a BBC programme about her life in the United States.

DESPITE the almost universal possession of wireless receivers in Britain there are still in existence guileless customers who know nothing of the possibilities of radio, let alone television. A listener writing to the *Radio Times* assured the editor that a friend installed a wireless set for a lady who, after he had explained the use of the knobs for tuning, volume, etc., asked, "Which knob do I turn to make it go slower?"

KAY SHARMAN, announcer in the British Broadcasting Corporation's Overseas Service, originally intended to go on the stage. But along with quite a few other girls with similar ideas, she decided to take part in the 1939-45 war. Kay, who was training at the London School of Drama, became an ambulance driver and then took a job in an office. She left this to join the BBC as a secretary and later became a studio manager in the European Service—a job she held for several years. For a little more



"WHAT'S MY LINE?" which has replaced "The Lives of Harry Lime" at the four ZB stations and 2ZA (Fridays, 9.0 p.m. to 9.30 p.m.), is a sort of radio parlour game not unlike "Twenty Questions," broadcast by the NZBS a year or so ago. The idea in this case is for a panel to guess the occupations of various contestants who might be anything from a coal heaver to a maker of fine lace. The photograph above shows the revue artist Margot Holden, of the guessing panel, talking to a man who, by occupation, is a cutter of soles for boots and shoes