

NEWS OF BROADCASTERS, ON AND OFF THE RECORD,

By *Swarf*

to fill up awkward little lacunae in the columns of newspapers and magazines. . . . All I've found so far is that if you try to keep a foot in both camps you inevitably end up by doing the splits. From an NZBS Book Shop programme.

E. V. TIMMS, author of *The Pathway to Wealth* (the four ZB stations, 2.0 p.m., Wednesdays and Fridays), and of many other Australian historical novels, radio plays and short stories, never wanted to write. But his wife did and she pushed him into the work which has now occupied half his life.

His career began on a wet afternoon at Lismore, Australia, soon after World War I, when his wife said, "Let's both write a short story." Timms, who wasn't very interested, wrote a tale called *Jerry*, and sold it to a weekly newspaper. Mrs. Timms, who wanted to write more than anything else, still



E. V. TIMMS

hasn't completed the story she began that day in the early 1920's. Timms, or "E.V." as many of his friends call him, was born at Charters Towers, North Queensland, in 1895. His grandfather, who came from a land-owning family in Worcester, England, was a surgeon in the Indian Army. His father was a lieutenant in the Navy. Timms was badly wounded at Gallipoli. His doctor said, "You'll have to live a quiet life. I advise the bush." And so E.V. took a property on the Richmond River where for seven years he farmed, ran cattle, and gradually recovered from the war injury.

As history had always interested him, and he had made a special study of the 17th Century, Timms wrote, at the rate of one a year, six novels of 17th Century England and Europe. Hutchinson of London published them, and they brought him a lot of money. The French Society of Literature and Arts made him a member after the publication of one of these novels, *Conflict*. In World War II Timms was Commandant of a P.O.W. camp outside Cowra

during the mass Japanese revolt and camp break on the night of August 5, 1944. He still has the Japanese bugle which started the revolt and the home-made weapon the prisoners intended for him. Today, while he produces all the books he once never wanted to write. Mrs. Timms, the frustrated novelist, does much of his historical research, runs her home and takes her husband his meals during his long bursts of work at his desk in a book-lined workshop.

DOMESTIC humour is the oldest form of humour in the world. Socrates used it against his scolding wife. Xanthippe; Shakespeare introduced it into many of his plays, and it's the basis of *Punch and Judy*. Since the days of John

HOUSEHOLD HUMOUR Henry and Blossom domestic comedy has made up a large part of radio entertainment. Eddie Maguire, who has written more than 150 domestic sketches for Ted Ray and Kitty Bluett (*Ray's a Laugh*), was once asked if there was any secret about it. His reply was: "I really don't know—I can only say that I'm a happily married man." Maguire recalls what he describes as the most satisfying sequel to a broadcast of a domestic sketch, as told to him by a North of England clergyman. The minister had missed a rather nice young couple from his congregation one Sunday, and the following week he asked them what was wrong. They

confessed they had quarrelled and had not spoken to each other for nearly a week—until they both listened in silence to a passage-at-arms between Ted Ray and Kitty Bluett. They, too, were quarrelling—about exactly the same thing—and the young people then realised how foolish they had been.

PETER COOPER, the New Zealand pianist, and one of the guest artists to appear this concert season with the National Orchestra, likes to present as

RARELY HEARD MUSIC often as he can good compositions that are seldom heard. "There is quite a large field

of good music which is rarely played," he told an Australian interviewer the other day. Since his last visit to New Zealand in 1949 Peter Cooper has appeared in many parts of Britain and Europe, and he has broadcast frequently for the BBC.

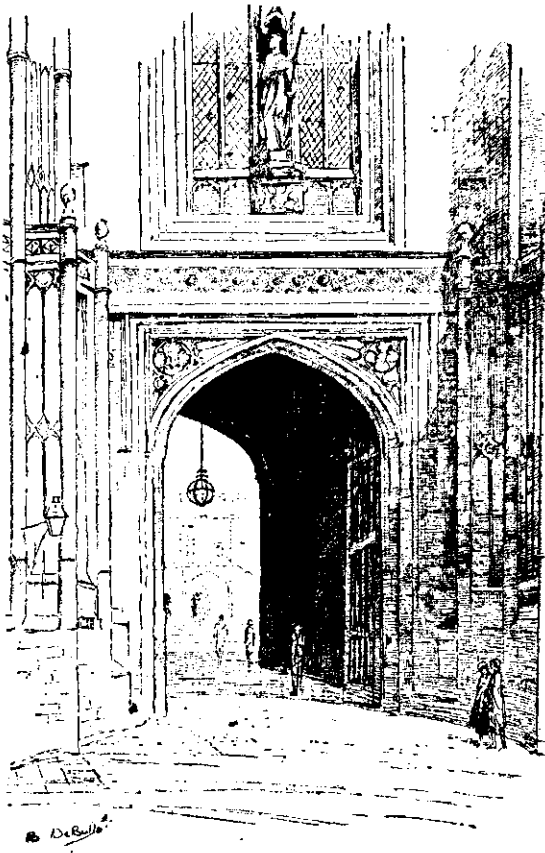
"We Falstaffs are in a class by ourselves. We're sartorially neglected—down at heel and out at the seat. Perhaps you think it's funny, but how would you like to be left with the choice between a yellow and puce checked overcoat that's tight under the arms, and a sea-green double-breasted one that the wife could probably make single-breasted for you if you buy her a new hat?" Jack Faint, who weighs 18 stone, in a BBC Home Service talk on the drawbacks of obesity.

HE COULDN'T STAND THE MUTTON

(O)NE hundred years ago—on July 5, 1853—Cecil John Rhodes was born in an English country vicarage. His father was kindly and well-to-do. He had seven sons and he hoped that they would take Orders. His sons were no Churchmen; three went to the colonies and four joined the army. Cecil attended the local grammar school. At 16 he was found to be tubercular (writes Denis Mitchell), and he was packed off to try his hand at cotton-farming in Natal. He gave it out that his real reason for leaving England was that he couldn't stand the cold mutton. He was no family man, and he appears to have looked on his brothers with amused tolerance. Of Bernard he said: "He's a charming fellow . . . rides, shoots and fishes . . . in fact, he's a dam' loafer." Cecil Rhodes decided to make money. By 1882 he was worth £20,000 a year, and he had been elected to the Cape Parliament. By the time he was 37 he was a multi-millionaire and Prime Minister of the Cape, and his pioneers were making a road into a new country which was called Rhodesia. He died in 1902.

Rhodes's life work did not end with his death, for he left behind him a will in which he bequeathed the bulk of his vast wealth to found scholarships at Oxford University to be held by students from every im-

portant British colony and from every State and Territory of the United States of America. This Sunday, July 5, at 10.45 a.m., listeners to 2XN Nelson will hear a talk by Brenda De Butts called *Empire Builder's Birthday*. Our illustration is an etching by Miss De Butts, who lived for many years in Oxford, the "city of bells." It shows the Tom Tower and the entrance to Christchurch College, Oxford.



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"I WENT TO
YOUR WEDDING"

"KEEP IT A SECRET"

"HIGH NOON"

"HIGH NOON"

"RED'S BOOGIE"

"I LEAVE MY HEART IN
AN ENGLISH GARDEN"

"LOVE'S ROUNDABOUT"

"AUF WIEDERSEHN
SWEETHEART"

"BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE"

"BLUE TANGO" "I'M YOURS"

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