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UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAIT OF PEER: LORD STRABOLGI SUMS UP AFFAIRS

*Forecast Of Events Given By Britain's Deputy-Leader
Of Labour In Special "Record" Interview*

Heir to an old British peerage, dating from 1300, Lord Strabolgi arrived in New Zealand last week on Exhibition business.

Much interviewed, Lord Strabolgi, who reconciles the positions of an hereditary peer, a captain of industry in tubular steel, and Deputy-Leader of the Labour Party in Britain, granted the "Record" a few moments on a busy afternoon.

Story printed below gives an unconventional portrait of a peer and his terse, direct, sometimes cryptic, replies to the "Record's" questionnaire.

PACING his private sitting-room at the St. George like a quarter-deck, except that he wore morning clothes instead of uniform and his suede shoes made no sound as they went into the carpet, Lord Strabolgi, Deputy-Leader of the Opposition in the British Parliament, was in the middle of a busy afternoon when the "Record" saw him by appointment.

The sitting-room was filled with Lord Strabolgi, a business associate, a lady secretary, cigar smoke from cigars smoked by his lordship and business associate, the "Record" reporter and a telephone.

The telephone was holding the floor. Every two minutes it rang.

In between answering the telephone, his lordship glanced at the "Record's" list of typed questions, moved over to the reporter and dictated his answers with astonishing mental speed.

ON the tables of the room were two hotel tea-sets, a bottle of Vichy water and a tin of 50 Gold Flake cigarettes.

On the writing table was a little "Where Is It?" book, and on the top of the cover, printed in ink, were the words "New Zealand." When read from the top down, the effect was disturbing: "New Zealand, Where Is It?"

Down in the street below the window, traffic poured up and down. The city thought it was being busy. It should have taken a look at Lord Strabolgi and learned a bit about being busy.

Lord Strabolgi read over the first question on the "Record's" list sotto voce and answered it.

The telephone rang, and his lordship made some arrangements for his tour up north, to Gisborne, Tauranga, Rotorua.

As he got instructions over the telephone about planes, hotels, times of arrival and departure, he repeated them aloud. The lady secretary took them down.

THE telephone stopped for a moment, and Lord Strabolgi came back to the questionnaire, gave his views on the Spanish question, clearly and succinctly.

The telephone rang again. Lord Strabolgi answered it, spoke to it, broke off to ask

what date was next Tuesday, didn't anybody know what date was next Tuesday?

Nobody knew, except the business associate, and he was one day out. He said the sixteenth.

Time was going by.

Lord Strabolgi began to answer the "Record's" questions in monosyllables.

"Yes."

"No."

"Emphatically not."

Once the "Record" ventured to make a suggestion:

"Would you please elaborate on that?"

"No," said Lord Strabolgi.

Later, once again, when Lord Strabolgi said there was every chance of Labour being returned, the "Record" said: "Would you please elaborate on that?"

"No," said Lord Strabolgi, politely but firmly. "I am trying to help you. I haven't the time. I have an important

business man on his way here to see me."

The telephone rang again.

HIS lordship returned to the questionnaire, the business caller entered, accepted a seat, declined a cigar.

Lord Strabolgi glanced at the last question.

"No," he said. "Emphatically not."

The "Record" reporter wanted to ask him to elaborate, but felt that the answer would certainly be:

"No. Emphatically not."

The telephone rang again.

Giving it up, the "Record" reporter got up to go.

"Good-bye," said his lordship. "Thank you so much."

With his right hand, he shook hands. His left was still holding the telephone to his ear.

IN those few minutes, high-pressure Lord Strabolgi had managed to give some interesting snapshots of his views for
(Turn to page 2.)

Hot Shots

A SEISMOLOGIST says that earthquake shocks occur mainly in March. So do income-tax demands.

THINGS are improving these days. People are taking their bills out of their envelopes.

HE called her "Brown Sugar" because she was sweet, but unrefined.

"QUITE the contrary," the man on shipboard answered, when asked if he had dined.

GOLF is like a love affair; if you don't take it seriously, it's no fun; if you do take it seriously, it breaks your heart.



IT seems as though this year the usual unusual weather has been more unusual than usual.

THERE'S one thing about baldness. It's neat.

ADD definitions: Bachelor—A man who couldn't take "yes" for an answer.

A WOMAN is as old as she looks, but a man isn't old until he stops looking.

LOVE is a gross exaggeration of the difference between one person and all the rest.

EXPECTANT father: "Posterity" is just around the corner.

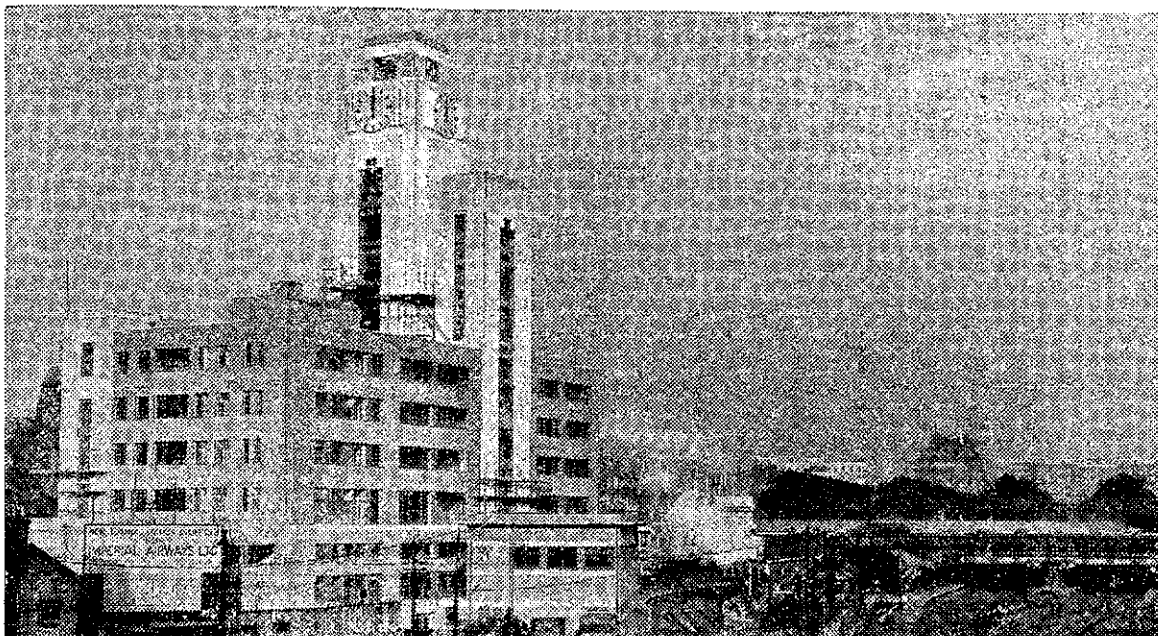
SIGN on a dance hall: "Good Clean Dancing Every Night But Sunday."

DO right and fear no man. Don't write and fear no woman.

SOMETIMES it is advisable to begin love letters: "My darling, and gentlemen of the jury."

THE best reducing exercise is to shake the head violently from side to side when offered a second helping.

MAE WEST, commenting on her own stage roles: "When I'm good, I'm very, very good, but when I'm bad, I'm better."



★ Rising high above the familiar Victoria Station, London, is the new terminus for Imperial Airways (pictured above). The most modern airways terminus in the world, it will direct the great services which, in a few months will radiate to every Empire country, including New Zealand. This building will become familiar to Dominion travellers covering the journey to the Old Country by air. ★