

RADIO SESSION PROHIBITED---Cont'd From P. 1.

After all, says he, New Zealand is strongly pledged, through Mr. Jordan, to the principles of collective security and the machinery of the League of Nations, however sadly the machinery may have failed.

First intimation of impending trouble came when the sponsor of the session, Mr. Horace Bull, of Auckland, received an anonymous telephone call threatening that if the session was not stopped, official protests would be made, and it would be stopped anyhow.

Following this, Mr. Melvin's time on the air was cut down to three nights a week instead of six, and his material was heavily censored and cut.

Following this again, a deputation consisting of four Auckland Labour Members of Parliament, a member of the Auckland University Council, the sponsor, and Mr. Melvin himself waited on Mr. Savage at Wellington to discuss ways and means of conducting the session in a manner which would satisfy everyone.

To Mr. Savage the deputation proposed that an advisory

ered, was that the session was embarrassing the Government, and that protests had been received from the German Consul. Finally, about a fortnight ago, the session was banned from the air.

That Mr. Melvin had a large following of listeners was soon apparent from the number of phone calls and letters of protest. It is also understood that several trade unions are interested, and are working for the session to be restored.

Mr. Bull, the sponsor, is also considerably aggrieved, and not

unnaturally. Listener interest, which has taken him over two years and cost him a considerable amount of money to build up, has been destroyed overnight.

But, quite apart from personal disappointment to Mr. Melvin, his sponsor and 12B listeners, the whole incident raises some important issues.

If, as it would appear, protests by the German Consul have prompted the Government to ban the session, the first question to be asked is just how much jurisdiction does the consul of a foreign Power have over the domestic affairs of the

country in which he is stationed.

Such rigorous Government censorship is, moreover, a disquieting omen. What will be the next step? Are we to be allowed access only to the orthodox and official sources of news?

THAT the Controller of the NCBS, Mr. C. G. Scrimgeour, has given considerable thought to Mr. Melvin's session was evident from the promptness with which he was able to give the "Record" the official reason for the ban.

"The Prime Minister's position is perfectly sound, and I think the sponsor recognises it," said Mr. Scrimgeour. "The policy of allowing a sponsor to

comment, through his session, on international affairs, is considered extremely unwise, especially at a time of international unrest.

"The incident has brought to light a rather remarkable situation. Had the programme been broadcast from any but a Government-owned station, the position would not have been regarded as serious. But those interested can hardly be expected to draw the distinction between an utterance by a Government-owned station and an utterance made in a sponsored programme broadcast from a Government-owned station."

This World of Ours

"WHO wrote this stuff?" asked Producer Sam Goldwyn when the incidental music to a certain film did not please him. "Mozart," was the reply. "Fire him!" said Goldwyn. "Get someone more jazzy."

"The jamboree had been most successful and the boys had thoroughly enjoyed themselves. During the whole trip there had not been a single breach of conduct.—News item.

Business men in the main cities last week went scurrying

wind through the wires of the frame of the uncompleted Exhibition Tower and not, as was wrongly suspected by some, the sound of the wind through the hairs on Scoutmaster Blenkinsop's legs.

This Week's Fairytale

"When Franco has conquered in Spain, Italy will stiffen in its demands from France. A crisis may be expected in April."—Cable item.

Well, after everybody else had been having crises, it seemed a bit mean that Germany and Italy and Japan should have all the fun and the British people not having a look in, so one day a clever young chap at the Foreign Office went to his chief and said, Look here I've got an idea why shouldn't we have a crisis, see what I mean.

Trouble Here

So they gave him a month's notice (nobody being allowed to have ideas in the Service) and sent the idea on to Cabinet. Well, Cabinet had a good talk about it and decided to send a notice to Holland saying you Dutch people are a bit offside, we may remind you that our late and well-beloved sovereigns William and Mary came from Holland to Britain some decades ago, and they forgot to bring you with them, but this being obviously an oversight we do think you really belong to us. After all, if you belonged to our sovereigns in those days you ought still to belong to our sovereigns now.

Protest

The Dutch people said, say, big boys, you lay off that rough-house stuff, but the British Cabinet said we haven't had a decent crisis, everybody else is having them, you're for it. The Dutch people said was that so, if that was the line the Empire was going to take they'd cut off supplies of gin and tulips to Britain and the Dominions, but the British Cabinet after a long

and serious meeting said the people of the Empire must tighten their belts, not gins, but guns is the motto, and you can't eat tulips anyhow, we must have a crisis.

Cut It Out

Well, Germany by this time was very anxious about Britain taking Holland and being on her frontier and Herr Hitler sent off a Note saying, Is this your vaunted cricket, you cads, demobilise, can't you, but the British Cabinet said the Navy had got steam up and the Air Force is just spoiling for a crack at something, they've got some bombs they want to try out, we're invading on April 1, if this is convenient for you.

I do call this a bit thick, said Signor Mussolini, I'd pencilled in that date. You'd better see if you can do anything with Mr. C. Adolf. Fly over or something, get a move on, I think he's going nuts.

For all the newspapers now said Mr. C. was sitting in his cottage in the Highlands surrounded by tanks of his favourite trout and listening to the sound of the bagpipes because he wasn't fond of music.

What About It?

So Adolf wired to Mr. C., what about the neutrality treaty with the Netherlands, and Mr. C. wired back saying he was so sorry but his secretary had been going through some old papers in his desk the day before and had carelessly torn it up, so it wasn't binding any more was it, or was it?

Oh, dear, said Mussolini, there's nothing to do but make a dramatic flight and see the man, do get a move on Adolf, this frightful Navy's got some new 18-inch guns it wants to try out, so away Adolf flew to Mr. C.'s Highland cottage and pleaded with him and got him to sign a No More War Pact and for God's sake, said Adolf, don't let that secretary of yours start tidying up again.

Peace-maker

And Adolf flew home and was hailed as the Peace-Maker by his people, and Mr. C. said to the Dutch, it's O.K. boys, we're going to take you by a Commission instead, and the British people said, Hooray, gins, not guns is our motto now, and Signor Mussolini said he would have to postpone his crisis, there'd been too many flesh-and-blood shows lately and they didn't draw the crowds they used to.

And ten years later, after all the German professors had been doing historical research on this crisis, one of them with a keener sense of humour than the others suddenly began to laugh like anything and said, don't you see, April 1 is April Fools' Day in Britain, it was all a big have.

Well, nobody wanted this blot on the escutcheon of the Peace-Maker passed down in history, so they liquidated the professor, and everybody but the academician lived happily ever afterwards.



—"Bystander."

"I should change up now, Miss Murphy."

STRANGE VETO

No Readings From

"Mein Kampf"

REMARKABLE official ban imposed recently on Kenneth H. Melvin, who conducted 12B's "History Behind the Headlines" session, was a veto that he must not read extracts from Hitler's book, "Mein Kampf," presumable reason being that some of the passages might be provocative. And this, in the face of the almost universal circulation of the book in Germany, and of the fact that it is, in effect, the gospel of Nazism.

Possibly it was feared Mr. Melvin's extracts would be taken not from the expurgated English translation, which is a very innocuous, milk-and-water affair, but from the unexpurgated edition, which gives a much franker exposition of the blood and hate of Nazism. It is interesting to note that England's Left Book Club hopes to publish in the near future a cheap edition of the unexpurgated "Mein Kampf"—that is, if there are no protests from German consuls in the meantime.

council, consisting of a university professor, a representative of the Minister of Broadcasting, and the station director of 12B, should be given full control over all material for the "History Behind the Headlines" session.

IN the event of any persons or interests still taking offence at a broadcast, the sponsor offered to buy time on the air for rebuttal of Mr. Melvin, or presentation of further facts by the persons or interests affected.

Mr. Savage was able to give the deputation little satisfaction, and both suggestions were turned down.

Reason for Government displeasure, the deputation gath-

about their work with a hunted look in their eyes when the newspapers reported that the Boy Scouts had returned from the Sydney jamboree, none of them knowing when one of the boys would do them a bad turn. Cub Hyphen-Smythe, of the Wolves Patrol, endorsing the news report of good conduct, said that, except for a few snakes put in the beds of the less popular boys so that the others could do them a good turn by making an incision and sucking out the poison afterwards, the trip had been devoid of incident.

Most of the scoutmasters changed into longs on arriving at Wellington, the knickers being little protection in the capital, said one chap, and he'd like to know how a Highland regiment was going to get on there.

But one thing he would like to say, and that was the peculiar noise heard by Wellington residents somewhat resembling the note of a deep organ or wind through the rigging of a huge ship was the sound of the