

W.E.A. Broadcasts

New Series from 2YA

Education To-day & To-morrow

By Mr. A. E. Campbell, M.A., Dip.Ed.
Thursday, Oct. 13.—I: The Forces of Change.

Thursday, Oct. 20.—II: What Should Children Learn?

Thursday, Oct. 27.—III: New Methods with the Child.

Thursday, Nov. 3.—IV: Nationalism and Education.

Science and Civilisation

By Professor P. W. Robertson.

Saturday, Oct. 15.—I: The Meaning of Civilisation.

Saturday, Oct. 22.—II: The Nature of Science.

Saturday, Oct. 29.—III: Some Illustrations.

Saturday, Nov. 5.—IV: The Future.

PROFESSOR P. W. Robertson is Professor of Chemistry at the Victoria University College. He has lived for many years in England, also in Germany and Burma. He has published a number of papers on chemical subjects in European and American journals, and is the author of two books, "A Soul's Progress" and "Life and Beauty."

Boxing Broadcast

Blay v. Trowern

ON Tuesday, October 11, 2YA will carry out a ringside description of the Bobby Blay versus Reg Trowern boxing match to be held at the Winter Show Buildings. Neither Blay nor Trowern require any introduction to boxing fans in the Dominion, and a fine bout is anticipated. The broadcast is expected to commence at approximately 9 p.m. Not since the Donovan-Sarron contests has a first-class professional bout figured on 2YA's bill, and no doubt many listeners will appreciate the broadcast.

Chief Engineer Resigns

Farewell Presentation

Mr. J. M. Bingham, A.M.I.E.E., Assoc. I.R.E., who recently severed his connection with the Broadcasting Board, was made the recipient of a presentation from the technical staff of the A stations last Saturday afternoon.

The presentation took the form of a silver cup suitably engraved, and was accompanied by an address signed by all the members of the technical staff of all the stations, setting out their appreciation of the close association that they had had with Mr. Bingham throughout many years, and of the friendly and happy relationship which had always existed between the late chief engineer and every member of the operating staff.

Best wishes were conveyed for success in future undertakings. The address was signed by the entire technical personnel of all four stations.

Auckland Notes

By "Neutron"

THE past week has been rather a thin one so far as IYA's concert programmes are concerned. When wrestling finished early on Monday there were records to follow. Tuesday was a record evening. Wednesday had two artists supplying the concert programme, and just as two swallows don't make a summer, two artists, however good, don't fill out a varied concert programme. Thursday gave us a brilliant orchestral and choral programme, and Friday evening was varied and tuneful, but taken by and large there was a notable lack of variety in the week's fare. The Dominion's largest city can surely do far better than that.

AFTER this little kick it is fair to add that Vincent Aspey's violin solos on Wednesday left little to be desired. They were tuneful, capably presented, and well worth hearing. Gwladys Edwards, soprano, presented a number of Coleridge-Taylor songs and did full justice to the negro composer. With a background of contrast and a spice of humour, it could have been an enjoyable evening. The questionnaire and record preference? Why, this is the cause of it—insufficiently varied programmes.

MRS. A. M. MANN told listeners that "there are few subjects that deserve greater consideration by man than cooking." The lady knew her subject, but isn't it possible that there may be a few benighted souls who don't have gas stoves? There may even be some listeners out in the wilderness who still use antediluvian wood stoves. To such, "Cook with No. 7 Regulo!" would sound like a decree of Nero in the original Latin. Mrs. Mann's useful talks would win her many more friends if this little fact were recognised.

THURSDAY evening's relay of the Bohemian Orchestra and Commercial Travellers' Choir concert was thoroughly enjoyable. The orchestra's Wagnerian selections were brilliant, and he must have been a captious listener who did not enjoy them. There was a time down Bay of Plenty when the annual Travellers' concert for charity was the musical event of the year. It is fourteen years since last I heard one of these, but the "Knights of the Road" seem as tuneful as ever. Under the baton of Mr. Harry Woolley, their choir, especially in several sea chanties and "The Keys of Heaven," was extraordinarily good. Some choral singing does not come over too well, but this did. Every word was clear. The relays of the Bohemian Orchestra concerts have been very welcome features of the present season, and it is interesting to note that broadcasting does not seem to damage the attendances. It is an undoubted fact that broadcasting did much to put wrestling firmly on the map up here, and it appears to be a sound deduction that any combination that really has "the goods" will benefit rather than suffer by broadcasting.

MAORI words put over from IYA at one time sounded rather like a cross between Chinese and Zulu, with a

dash of Pushtu thrown in for full measure. All that is changed, and Mr. Culford Bell now looks almost any Maori word full in the face, secures a Boston Crab, and gets a submission fall the first round. There is just one amendment that could be desired. Paeroa is not "Pie-ro-er" with heavy emphasis on the "ro," nor should the scene of the recent earthquake receive similar unkind treatment. Wairoa has had a sufficiently tough time without adding insult to injury. And, by the same token, while I'm being nasty, why should poor Tom Bowling be attributed to poor Tom Diddin? Faith, he's bin did a long time, but he's still Thomas Diddin to those many who love his old sea songs. But just the same, IYA's senior announcer is coming along fine with his Maori, and even if he says a thing wrong, as all of us do occasionally, he says it with great clearness.

CAPTAIN R. B. FALCON'S "North-West Frontier" talk from IYA on Wednesday was decidedly interesting. In Auckland we have a Khyber Pass, on which Captain Cook looks down. It is the haunt of the Lion and the approach to one of his Majesty's guest-houses, but few of us knew how to say the highway's name. You say Khyber Pass, it seems, as one in the last stages of a catarrhal affliction, trying to clear his throat. Try that hold on the piano, as Gordon Hutter says, and you have Khyber Pass as pronounced by the residents of India's unrestful North-West corner. Our announcers who have only such trifles as Paekakariki to whisper don't know how well off they are. The man behind the mike in India must certainly stand up to his neck in a drain all day so that he has a sufficiently bad cold to be able to say the names correctly in the news session.

THE law is sometimes an ass, but when expounded by Mr. Julius Hogben, it is never dull. His Friday talk from IYA, "Crimes of the Good Old Times," was the highlight last week. It is a safe bet that no one who tuned in to him twisted the dial till after he'd finished. I always thought the expression to "sock" a person had its origin in the good old Irish custom of a stone in a sock, but it appears "ham-socken" was a recognised Anglo-Saxon sport, although it is called assault and battery to-day. Quoting from "The Mirror of Justice," a legal text-book of Saxon times, compiled by an enterprising fishmonger of the period, the speaker said Alfred hanged 44 judges for bad decisions. Mr. Hogben then was guilty of a base innuendo, the one black spot of the lecture. He said one of the Richards hanged some of his judges and banished the rest to Ireland, and he left his hearers to judge which was the worse fate! Trial by battle was a due process of law down to last century, it seems. Under it the accused took an oath against enchantment, entered a 60ft. square at sun-up, and if he could hold this till star-rise against his accuser he was held not guilty. In 1815 a criminal with the gulls ahead demanded trial by battle. The

Crown Prosecutor who wished to argue not fight, was, so to speak, in the soup, so the law was repealed three years later. All this and more, compounded with real humour, provided a delightful quarter-hour.

AN instance of the senseless opposition to "Made in New Zealand" was given by Mr. A. G. Thomas in his further talk on "Home Industries," from IYA. After looking at a timber mill and getting, and putting over, a capital recipe for—of all things—a real omelette from the man who made the sawdust, the lecturer wandered into a one-man factory in the heart of the city. The proprietor was hand-forging knives for butchers and shoemakers. He is one of the very few exponents of this ancient craft left in the world. During the war Sheffield was mechanised. The best butchers' knives, in spite of modern machinery, must be made by hand, so when the war ended and things were slack, the old hand craftsmen of Sheffield decided that their services could be best used in the great meat-export countries. So some went to Argentina, some to Australia, and this particular man came to New Zealand. Foolishly, as it proved, he branded his knives "Made in New Zealand." The prejudice against the local article proved too strong, and the Sheffield man regretted that he had come here. In despair he took off the local brand, and it worked like a charm. Butchers discovered how good the knives were, and they sold. "Even a first-class craftsman, straight from Sheffield, dare not stamp his wares 'Made in New Zealand!'" the lecturer stated.

Children's Sessions

FROM 2YA.

Monday, October 10.—Uncle John and Aunt Molly will be the guests of honour at a little play in the studio to-night called "The King of Hearts." Radioland is invited, also an invitation has been sent to Kipling Lady asking her if she will tell us more about "Alice" before the curtain rises.

Tuesday.—Madame de Mauny is bringing a miscellaneous programme to the studio to-night, with songs, recitations, choruses, and pianoforte items. Listen-in, children, and see if Mr. Gramophone Man has a surprise for you.

Wednesday.—Do you remember the first Snowflake had a birthday the other day, and had issued invitations for a fancy dress ball at the Snow Queen's Palace, but the weather was not fine enough to hang the fairy lanterns outside, so it was postponed until to-night.

Thursday.—What is the weather like for to-night? If it's fine enough we are going to visit the sun, but if it is not, we will have to wait until to-morrow. Big Brother Jack is to come, too.

Friday.—A big? What are we going to do to-night. Wait and see.

Saturday.—Uncle Jasper, Aunt Molly, and Spot have received an invitation to go to Ireland. Aunt Molly has a friend over there who is to meet them and give them a lovely time. We've never been there before, have we?

Sunday.—The Children's Choir from the Karori Methodist Church will be at the studio this evening to help Uncle George, who will conduct the service.