

THE bright spot in IYA's programme last week was the first cruise of "Old Wire Whiskers," from the Auckland station. It was great stuff from end to end, no boasting about it, but it had the tang of the sea in every syllable. It was a stirring story very well told, the best thing of its sort I've heard over the air and along with many more, I look forward keenly to the next "Lie from a Skipper's Log." The "Kathleen Hilda," a new Zealand barque with an all New Zealand crew was loading in New York. Every man for'ard later held his master's ticket: some later commanded large steamers and one is now an Anglican parson in the Dominion.

BUT it wasn't of the "Hilda" the lecturer dealt. He was in the fo'c'sle of a Yankee ship with a driving Down-East skipper and German and Scandinavian Yanks as bucko mates. The Yank challenged the "Hilda" to race from Sandy Hook to New Zealand, and a silk hat was made the stake. The Yank's crew, mostly drunk or doped were put aboard by the crimps and with boot and belaying pin soup those mates started 'em moving. There were Greeks, Belgians, Turks, Spaniards, and Bulgars, half the races under heaven in fact, but as the "Old Man" said they must beat that "old Bluenose Maori" at all costs. The mates soon knocked some sort of ship's English into them. She became a "blood-ship," but the mates had taken the sound precaution to grind the points off all the sheath knives of the crew.

However things went wrong. The Old Man's dog committed deliberate suicide, and they saw a mirage of a dismasted ship, which all hands deemed unlucky. They cracked on, 10 or 11 knots through the S.E. Trades and with the ship wet as a half-tide rock and two men at the wheel, did 14 running the Enslaving down in the Roaring Forties. There the two mates, one holding, the other booting, smashed in three of the speaker's ribs and made a holy mess of his face. He vowed to break even with the pair, and even when the skipper heard of it, later, said he would "butter his own bread." Carrying on in a heavy squall and in pitch darkness, the rudder broke adrift and 40 feet of the mizzen mast crashed on deck, while sails thundered and split loose. Two-thirds of the spars were broken or damaged and the ship quite out of control.

They drifted helpless down to 62S, before the ship could be brought round, then still with no rudder, sailed north for 1500 miles. There in calm seas, they rigged a jury rudder and limped into Mauritius 180 days out from New York.

The lecturer (with some others of the hardy used crew) went into hospital there to mend his ribs. When he came out he found the second had been fired and, ashore, paid half his debt with interest. At sea again they lost a royal yard in a hurricane and took another 90 days to sight Port Chalmers, a total of 307 to the "Kathleen Hilda's" 98. (There the debt with the remaining mate was paid in full.) Both vessels finally ended their days in Auckland harbour. As it was told that race half round the world made an epic story.

AUCKLAND'S City Engineer, Mr. J. Tyler, an Auckland boy, who has climbed to the top of the tree in his own home town, in his initial appear-

ance before a IYA microphone, told listeners of the wealth of data required in a town-planning survey which he described as a civic stock-taking. Among many benefits that would follow such a survey he contended that land values would be stabilised by effective zoning.

THIS last week musical items of real merit were again as scarce as oysters in midsummer. At one time Wednesday used to be band night at IYA, and this rule was revived when the Congress Hall Band provided last

he told how Angelina was added to the strength of the British Army. A Pathan came to his office and asked what he'd give for a new recruit, and was told the usual 5 rupees. The visitor produced a tiny snow-leopard cub, Angelina, who at once upset a full inkwell over the Sahib's official papers, scared seven bells out of a police officer and, later, enthusiastically scratched an irate Colonel behind his knees. So Angelina was put in a zoo and chained on account of her fierceness. Six months later the captain saw her, called in Pushtu and the

Auckland Notes

By "Neutron"

Grand Opera

The Imperial Opera

Male Chorus

Assisted by

Madame Annette Chapman

will broadcast from 2YA.

Sunday, November 6

Relay to 3YA and 4YA.

Numbers include:

"SOLDIERS' CHORUS" from "FAUST."

"ZITTI ZITTI," from "RIGOLETTO."

"LOVE ETERNAL" (BRAHMS).



Wednesday's programme. The band is not the best in Auckland, but it was a pleasant evening to which Mr. M. T. Schroder's fine baritone contributed its full share.

MR. G. O'HALLORAN took us far back into the Dark Ages when he spoke of "The Art of the Troubadours" from IYA, to the period when intellectual night had fallen over 11th Century Europe. As Latin decayed, a new language of romance type took form in French Province, and while the rest of Europe was almost barbarian, here literally, thousands of wandering poets sang their lyrics or retailed their epic verses of these latter some, said the speaker were as much novels as "Vanity Fair" or "Tom Jones." The "best-sellers" of this Provencal period were not remarkable for their morality, but we of this cinema age can hardly be censorious—as the censor isn't. One of the interesting things about this great output of poetry and minstrelsy is that it took place in this limited area while, for instance, Ethelred of England was massacring his Danish mercenaries so that other Danes could show what a real massacre could be, while the balance of Europe was about equally intellectual.

CAPTAIN FALCON continues to furnish us with light and shade on India's North-West Frontier. First

sweet young thing came to him. He explained to an amazed attendant that he had a way with wild animals, but declined the suggestion to enter the cage of a truculent tiger on the ground that he only did these things once each day. Captain Falcon commanded a Pathan Territorial Battalion and most of his men were potential rifle thieves and robbers. The police once rang up to say: "Did you know that Abdul Something or Other, the well-known dacoit and all his gang are in your battalion?" Abdul, sent for, proved to be a pleasant little man speaking excellent English, who said he was formerly a clerk but found rifle-pushing far more interesting than pen-pushing. A bargain was struck that Abdul and Co. should vamoose and steal no more British rifles. Abdul even offered to go round the camp with the Sahib and show how and where an expert such as he could collect many rifles, despite all existing precautions. It was interesting to learn that his checkmate ideas on rifling rifles are in the Indian Army regulations of today. Finally the Captain told of company sports when eight men aside held the tug-o-war rope. More and more spectators joined in till finally those who could not pull on the rope pulled out their knives. British troops present had a busy time getting the Pathans to their tents with a promise that any tribesman who put his head outside the canvas would have it filled with lead. Even a sports meeting has pos-

sibilities on the North Western Frontier.

THURSDAY, as a change, IYA broadcast the final debate for the Athenaeum Cup between teams representing St. John's College and the Papatoetoe Debating Club. "That Britain and the U.S.A. have a common destiny" was opposed by the Collegians, with Mr. M. Sullivan able chief spokesman. Both sides called the citizens of the U.S.A. the American people, which they aren't—yet. There may seem something offensive about the term Yankee, still our orators should not connive at the biggest stain in history—the theft of two continents. To a point the debate was interesting then interest flagged. There's no doubt these whole evening discussions, however good, do tend to drag. But don't let's be hypercritical: at least it was an effort at variety, something of which IYA is far too seldom guilty. By the way, the cup for which the orators debated was lost some time ago, so St. John's, the winners, get a scroll to say they've won the Cup.

IYA has discovered a new humorist with possibilities, Bert Hall, capable of providing his own material. As the simple country lad (a pretty rare bird by the way) with some sense to his nonsense, he was clever, and reminded of Sandy of 2FC, but his finale with rhyme, but no reason was tiresome rather than funny. Still he's a discovery and worth watching.

IN her final talk, on "Maori Weaving," Miss L. M. Cranwell was as interesting as ever last Thursday from IYA. Among other things she mentioned that old Maori flax yielded 15 per cent. of fibre against the 2 per cent. of Manila. The Maoris brought paper mulberry and other islands plants to provide material for weaving, but these gradually died out, and they were forced back on the products of the local forest. That they succeeded so wonderfully in producing articles of beauty and utility for wearing or other use and generally in adapting themselves to the new conditions in their adopted country, suggests that here a race was evolved superior in many ways to the Polynesians of the Islands. Did you know too, that the intricate and often beautiful patterns on cloaks and mats were close tribal secrets, and it was a deadly insult for a stranger to inspect these too closely.

Political Broadcasts

THE Radio Act of the U.S.A. permits broadcasting stations to refuse the use of their facilities to all political candidates, but it provides that if one candidate is allowed use of the facilities, equal opportunity must be offered to all other candidates. Under the law the station has no right of censorship over material broadcast by politicians other than to see that no obscene, indecent, profane, or defamatory language is used.

A WIRELESS station in France recently conducted a radio tour of Europe. This took the form of a relay from the principal broadcasting stations of Europe.