

A Run Through The Programmes



listeners that Lower Hutt Sunday School is celebrating a *Centennial* on Sunday next, it is a shock to find that The Word (see "Centennial Commandments," also in this issue) has been Taken in Vain, even by the National Broadcasting Service. Among the items in next week's programmes may be found two in what the NBS carelessly calls the *Notable Centenaries* series. They should, of course, be called *centennials*, although either way the main point concerns the number of years which is, as we pointed out in the par about Lower Hutt, one hundred. This week's birthdays, as you will see from the programmes, are "Commerce, Culture, and Wedding Bells" (1YA, Sunday, November 19, 2 p.m.), and "From Occident to Orient" (4YA, Sunday, 3.30 p.m.). Funny things to have birthdays, of course, but you can't say it's not novel material.

A Sex Secret

Women have secret rules and regulations about putting flowers in pots. A man can grab a bunch, shove them in, stand back to admire, and be satisfied. For a woman the task is a ritual. The flowers must be cut, just so; carried inside, just so; trimmed, just so; singed, just so; sighed over, just so; and arranged, just so. All our women readers will have their own ideas just how so it all is; but it's always interesting to be contradicted, or find your opinions confirmed, so the president of the Society of New Zealand Professional Florist Artists, whose identity, and sex, seem from our glance at the programmes to be a close national secret, will probably have a wide audience for his (or her) talk about Flower Arrangement, from 2YA, on Saturday, November 25, at 10.45 a.m.

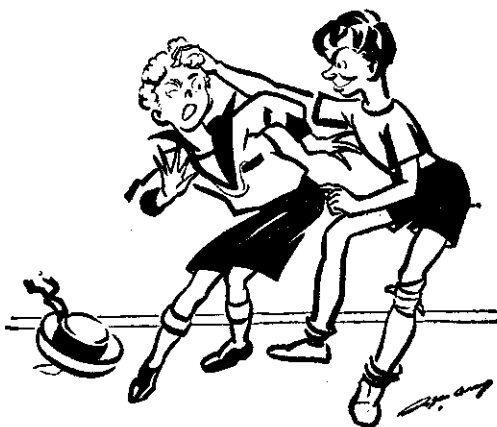
Peru and Wales

What, if you don't find the question impertinent, do you know about Peru? To some, it undoubtedly exists as one of those highly improbable South American places with exports of bananas, postage stamps and revolutions. But there is more to it than that; Peru is a historied place, where once the Incas flourished. Perhaps the history of Peru stopped when the Spaniards arrived to conquer, and amid loud wails, the people of one of the greatest ancient civilisations saw its structure perish. And speaking of wails, we come to Wales. Wales, as any schoolboy will tell you, is on the left of England on Mercator's projection, so long as you don't hold the map upside down. The people wear tall

hats, and the language looks like this: "Y Ffydd Ddi-fuant." "A Visit to Peru" will be presented from 4YZ Invercargill at 9.30 p.m. on Tuesday, November 21, and "A Visit to Wales" from 2YD Wellington at 9.20 p.m., also on Tuesday.

Our Artist Comes to Light

Our artist has been inspired, this week, to keep more closely to the point than usual. When we told him that Miss D. E. Dolton was to speak from 3YA (at 7.35 p.m. on



Wednesday, November 22) about Children We Know—The Aggressive Child, we fully expected him to produce some poor snivelling brat, or at the best a politician, since humour in Parliament has lately turned his thoughts that way. But no, he really has drawn an aggressive child, with Eric, or Little by Little, only a secondary figure. His picture of this unmentionable young person will no doubt stir memories in many parents' minds, and, we hope, excite some curiosity about Miss Dolton's ideas on how to remove the aggression without spoiling the spirit.

Falla's Spanish Songs

One of the best-known among modern Spanish composers, Manuel de Falla can look back, at 63, upon a long life of work for the native folk songs of his country. He has probably done more than any other composer of recent years for the music of Spain. Falla first began to attract notice when at the age of thirty he won a prize offered for the best national opera with his "La Vida Breve" ("Life is Short"). This work, ironically enough, had to wait eight years for its first performance. Listeners to 2YA Wellington at 9.37 p.m. on Thursday, November 23, will hear a group of Spanish Folk Songs by Manuel de Falla, sung by Nancy Evans, contralto.



SHORTWAVES

A FOREIGNER asked for butter at a German restaurant. When he tried it he pulled a face and exclaimed: "Now I know why you prefer cannon."—*Pariser Tageszeitung*.

HITLER cheated even me.—*Old Moore*.

WHEN France is in danger we must not forget her philosophers and thinkers, and their contributions to the ideals of the free Latin peoples. We cannot tolerate the destruction of world civilisation by the Prussian jackboot and helmet.—*La Prensa, Argentina*.

TO plunder, to slaughter, to steal, these things they misname empire; and where they make a desert they call it peace.—*Caigacus, addressing Britons at the battle of the Grampians, referring to the Romans*.

PEACE cannot be kept by force. It can only be achieved by understanding.—*Albert Einstein*.

TO make peace in Europe possible, the last representative of the pre-war generation must die and take his pre-war mentality into the grave with him.—*Edouard Benes, in an interview in 1929*.

IF this is a Maori track we're safe. But if a fly made it we're sunk.—*Atlas research expert at Centennial House*.

THIS is a revue to warm the cockles of your heart, to make you laugh with that rich internal laughter which is the best, and to make you truly thankful you live in a country where heavy-booted oafs have no power to neutralise irreverent entertainment. Perhaps parody and satire will be the last line of demarcation between the so-called democratic and totalitarian states.—*From a criticism of "The Gate Revue" in Punch*.

IT remains true that "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance," and it therefore behoves all who would preserve our hard-won freedom to be alive and alert.—*Rev. Leyton Richards*.

WARS of revenge are out of date. In the old days a deliberate maker of war may have been a patriot; to-day he is a traitor, leading his people in the valley of the shadow of death. . . . Nobody in this Germany, nobody in this unified and disciplined State wants war. Moreover, nobody here will ever take any step to cause war.—*Herr Hitler in May, 1935*.