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hard and joyless lot of the depressed classes of Blake's time, and rather grim extracts from Blake's verse and prose written in inguished protest against these seemingly overwhelming evils, did not make for a light or cheerful broadcast; one of the pleasantest things in it was the all-too-brief mention of the charming wife, the patient and lovely Mrs. Blake. It was rather a relief to realise, when the programme was over, that most of the worst evils of those times have been relegated to the dust of forgotten things-but where is the Blake to cry out in mystic and impassioned words at the even ghastlier evils which are arising to take their place?

Spaniards or Spinach?

STATION 3YA's Garden Expert contrives to pack more interesting information into the quarter of an hour allotted to him than one would think possible. I say "interesting" rather than "helpful" advisedly, out of fellow feeling for other listeners who may hear his earnest advice from the depths of an ermchair with genuine interest, but without the slightest intention of doing anything about it. But frequently these broadcasts have an appeal for even the least actively garden-conscious of us, as in the case of a recent talk on "Some New Zealand Plants." Without experiencing any real urge to arm myself with the necessary implements and go aplantin' and a-diggin', I found this talk of great interest, particularly as it was not confined to garden plants. One of the specimens mentioned was the vicious and spiky Spaniard, remembered with pain by many an unwary tramper. It was at this stage that I wished the talk had not been really intended for the home-horticulturist. I should have liked discussion on the old controversy of how the Spaniards got their spines—were they designed as a mark of respect to the moa or not? But when he passed on to the gentle kowhai, and the lace-bark family, I abandoned my plan for Spaniards rampent in the front garden. New Zealand spinach, as recommended in this talk, would probably better satisfy the three-fold need of patriot, naturalist, and home cook.

Teller of Tales

NE of A. P. Herbert's most inspired flights of fancy is "The Human Hen;" recently told by Tusitala. It is, like so much of the best humour, very close to pathos, with its ironical finger pointed at the limitations of our civilisation. The inspired hero of this story-madman, if you must-is arrested for running along a crowded pavement armed with a motor-horn with which to clear his passage. Admittedly this is an odd pastime, but he has some good reasons for it. Although he cannot be proved to have done any damage, a long list of charges is brought against him-culminating in a recommendation that he shall be exemined by a mental specialist. The man's defence is a masterpiece of logical nonsense, capped by the magistrate's sympathetic summing-up. It was an original trifle, and told with Tusitala's consummate skill, an impressive one. To the

(continued on next page)



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