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MIND YOUR I's and Q's Radio's New Current Affairs Quiz

WITH memories of programmes like last April's Empire Quiz, Citizens' Forum, and the Brains Trust sessions conducted here by Donald McCullough of the BBC, no one should be greatly surprised to hear of the latest development in this form of fireside entertainment. It is a ZB session described as "a current affairs probe with an impromptu background to the news," and has the catchy title *Mind Your I's and Q's*. It is not strictly a quiz session, and not exactly a Brains Trust either, but an entertaining combination of both. The first broadcast of *Mind Your I's and Q's* will be heard in a link of all the ZB stations at 8.30 p.m. on Sunday, September 12.

The procedure for a 15-minute broadcast will be much the same as it was for the Empire Quiz, that is, in Wellington a compere (or questionmaster or quizmaster, whatever his correct title should be) will ask questions (transmitted by land-line) of four "I.Q." experts representing Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin, who will be in the studios of 1ZB, 2ZB, 3ZB and 4ZB respectively.

The experts are selected for their intelligence, wit, general knowledge and radio personality. Each is asked a quiz-type question, which requires a simple, straightforward answer that could be given by anyone who reads his newspaper carefully, and a Brains Trust type question which has to be replied

(continued on next page)

SONG TO GLUTTONY OUT OF REACH

POUR in cream until the mass of porridge stirs

And circles gravely in the breakfast bowl;
Shake on brown sugar, stuck in lumps like butts,
While smooth contentment steals into the soul,
Plunge in the spoon, knowing with insurance ad. serenity
Of things to come; omelette, crisp, curled bacon,
Thick, butter-dripping toast and bitter Oxford marmalade,
Three cups of coffee, fragrant, freshly ground—
But not for me, chum, never more for me.
Pass me that tablet, fifty milligrams of C,
Treatment prescribed for a protein allergy.

SQUEEZE thin juice from the Meyer rind

(Essential oils lie waiting in that skin),
Green essence from the heart of cabbage grind,
(You're right, it doesn't taste like gin)
Munching a frozen carrot greet the dawn with glee,
Dance until noon, knowing full well a cold and meatless lunch
Usurps the place of savoury spiced casseroles, fricassees of fowl,
Kinetic curried stews, a tender fried sole—
All for you, chum, never more for me.
Histamine conquers, mucus courses free,
Just benadryl and glucose for a protein allergy.

WERE these the hands that lingered in the bowl?

Rubbed wholemeal, onion, butter, egg and chives,
Diverse entities, into a sensuous mystic whole
Called stuffing, merged their lives
To plump out a roast duck? Let me sniff before the flavours flee;
A hint of opulent pork crackling lingers yet,
An oyster nuance, a clinging breath of nutmeg from rum punch,
A faint stain of summer's cherry pie—
Over to you, chum; you never more will see
Or dine with the sweet glutton that I used to be,
Now hoisted with his protein allergy.

—G.leF.Y.

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