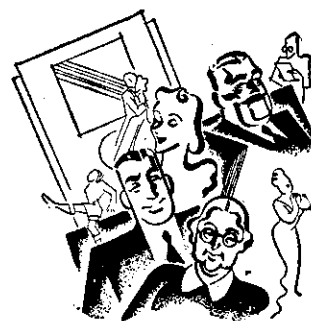




THINGS TO COME

A Run Through The Programmes



AMERICA (or the United States as some of our more critical correspondents would put it) stands for many different things—Aid for the Allies, Big Business, Broadway, Aimée Semple McPherson or Sam Goldwyn, according to one's point of view and the interest of the moment. But there are other and more permanent features of the American scene, and listeners are to hear something about these in a new series of talks which will begin from 4YA on Tuesday evening next, under the general title, "Spectacular Features of the American Landscape." The first talk, by Dr. F. J. Turner, is entitled "The Grand Canyon," and we commend it to the attention of listeners, particularly those who still believe the old canard that the canyon was created by a Scotsman in search of a bunkered golf ball.

Nerts to Nuts

In spite of Mr. Churchill, the "V" campaign, and circulars from city councils, it is feared that war might create an odd tendency or two among odd citizens to go odd, or over the odds, so to speak. This is not at all odd, in spite of our odd way of introducing the subject, and the problem where it exists must be tackled firmly. We must face up to the . . . Oh, well. . . . The point really is that the strain of living these days necessitates that brains and nervous systems are kept in first-class order, or

they don't stand up to the continual bombardment of crises, victories, failures, retreats, and other propaganda. A consideration of the effect of strain on war-time nerves is to be offered 4YA listeners at 7.35 p.m. on Tuesday, August 5, by H. H. Ferguson, M.A. We are going to listen in, ourselves, to see if Mr. Ferguson has any cure for paromania.

Only Just

Major Lampen's "Just" series next week will concern itself with oriental splendour. "Just Oriental Splendour" will be broadcast by 2YA at 11 a.m. on Thursday, August 7. A glance at our illustration will show that our artist has taken the speaker at his word. Although we would not go quite as far as Russell



Clark in his suggestion of Major Lampen's subject matter, we do think that the Major manages in his talks to bring out many interesting points. Most of his material is collected from a great store of personal recollections, and in this series he strikes just the right note for eleven o'clock in the morning.

Progress—of a Sort

When most of the nations of the world are busy preparing to blow their neighbours to pieces, or actually getting to work on the job, some people may think that time marches on without us and that progress is a tie. But listeners to 1YA next week will find grounds for more optimism than this. K. M. Griffin, Government Analyst, is going to tell about progress in our knowledge of milk (Thursday, August 7, 7.35 p.m.) and a recorded feature the following evening will discuss Robert Herrick in the *Lives of the Poets* series (Friday, August 8, 7.39 p.m.). Anyone who is not convinced about progress by Mr. Griffin can make sure by listening to the talk about lyric-writer-Herrick, and then by asking the local programme organiser for a request item like "Is He an Aussie Lizzie Is He?" or something like that.

Plans for Pumpkins

According to authentic reports received from the battle zones, the world is in a state of chaos. But the human mind has a funny habit of switching from one extreme to the other, and to-day, according to other authentic reports from the lips of the prophets, the world is entering into the age of planning. Plans are being discussed and worked out everywhere and in every department of

life. Some are put into practice—plans for fighter planes, torpedo-boats, balloon-barrages. Others are placed in pigeon holes, for the time being at any rate—plans for city reconstruction, society reconstruction. But the A.C.E. have hit on something new—plans for growing vegetables. We have the greatest admiration for the A.C.E. Our best laid plans for growing peas, potatoes, and pumpkins have so often gone astray that we have seriously doubted the possibility of organising against the garden Fates. Still, we hope to "know different" after listening to the broadcast from 4YA on Friday next.

Emotion in Music

It is with interest and some wonder that we announce Alexander Borowsky's rendering of a Prokofieff *Sarcasm* to be played from 1YA on Saturday evening, August 9. We are interested because we are eager to see, or rather hear, how such an emotion as sarcasm can be portrayed on the piano. Percy Scholes says that Prokofieff "aims at the realisation of primitive emotions, and playfulness and satire are characteristics." We all remember the lyric playfulness of *Peter and the Wolf*. Now we are to hear the satire. And we wonder, because it is recorded that this Soviet composer wrote several *Sarcasms* for the piano, which particular one he is to indulge in. Is he going to be bitter with the bourgeoisie, or caustic with the Communists? Or is he merely going to parody the work of some other artist?

End of the Rainbow

There is really no reason to draw attention to the broadcast of the drawing of the Art Union, from all the ZB stations and 2ZA Palmerston North, at



9.30 a.m. next Wednesday. Everybody who has bought a ticket, and thousands of others besides, will no doubt drop whatever they are doing and sit with bated breath and an ear glued to the radio. It is pleasant to imagine the scene in any average New Zealand home next Wednesday morning. The housewife, her breakfast dishes washed and most of her chores already done, has located her ticket from among the debris in the bottom of her handbag and has switched the radio on in readiness. The crucial hour of 9.30 approaches. A small fortune (in alluvial gold) may be but two minutes away . . . and even if I don't win the first prize my dear, I wouldn't turn my nose up at a fiver, I

can tell you. But what would I do with two thousand pounds? There lies the fascination of it, the careless spending of a fortune which seems so near and yet may be a million miles away. Heigh ho! The luckiest we've ever been ourselves is winning a cake in a raffle at a church bazaar.

Biology and Life

The influence which biology has on our everyday lives is not as obvious as the influence of, say, physics. We do not notice the improved quality of grapes and peaches as much as we do improvements in radio sets or the invention of washing machines. Biology, comparatively speaking, is in its infancy yet, and though the material it deals with is much more difficult to study scientifically than the material of physics, great results may be expected from it. Biology has achieved much already—remember the way the wheat germs spread? And if biologists were listened to more often, they might achieve even more—for instance, at least one eminent biologist holds that the wider use of poison gas would make warfare not only more effective but more humane, and that the wider use of anaesthetics would decrease the prevalence of disease by some 80 per cent. N. G. Stephenson will probably have many more such topics to talk about when he speaks from 1YA in the Winter Course Talk on Thursday next.

STATIC



DOG biscuits were recently issued in error to one battalion. However, the sergeant-major consoled himself by demonstrating to the troops that his bite was as good as his bark.

BRANDY was always the accepted cure for seasickness until our discovery that port was better.

AUSTRALIAN political note: Will it be Curtin for Menzies if Sir Charles Marrs his plans?

"THE annual report of the Social Security Department will probably throw further light on Social Security finances . . ."—Extract from daily newspaper leading article.

MEMO for mass observers and party organisers: You can't make votes without straw.

SHORTWAVES

WHILE it is said the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, it can be answered now that the Battle of Britain was won on the playing fields of the State schools of England.—Charles Ammon, M.P., in the House of Commons.

I'M tough. Man, I've been snake-bit six times, been bit by a mad dog, had nine husbands, and I'm still here.—Mrs. Deever, an Oklahoman widow, aged 110, at her wedding to a man of 77.

OUR system of education is impossible when considered in relation to modern life. Why, we have children 10 and 11 years of age who can't even throw a bomb!—Dublin Opinion.

TALKING is a race run by the tongues against time, in which, generally, the smaller the weight carried, the greater the speed.—Herbert Spencer.