

DID YOU HEAR THIS?

Extracts From Recent Talks

For Rainy Saturdays

AT the age of 5 the average boy makes boats out of match boxes, walnut shells, and the lids of boot boxes. At the age of 50 he is still making boats, only he is using more expensive materials, to derive the same pleasure. Not every man takes to making boats as a hobby. Some of them take to making trains or aeroplanes. Others like to fiddle with glorified Meccano sets and make engines that work cranes and windmills and such like implements. We all knew that. But until we held an exhibition none of us knew to what quaint and fantastic uses some men turn their spare time. We didn't know, for instance, that one man spent the rainy Saturday afternoons for six years building up an exact replica of a Viennese palace — that another had collected — with what patience one can only imagine — 21,410 dead matches for the purpose of building a palm stand, and an almost similar number for making a miniature garage, complete with motor tractor. Beside such industry the average woman stands appalled and thinks of her little efforts with a becoming humility. — ("Hobbies for Husbands." Mrs. Stamp-Taylor, 1YA, November 19.)



Have a Sandwich

"WHO was the man who first taught us how to make the useful sandwich?" This man's name was John Montague, fourth Earl of Sandwich, who was born in 1718 and died in 1792. During his life he was connected with the British Navy and he became First Lord of the Admiralty. Captain Cook named the Sandwich Islands after his chief in London. Not only did Lord Sandwich very badly mismanage the naval affairs of his king and country but he spent a lot of his time gambling. He was so fond of gambling that he did not like wasting time by leaving his game of cards to take his meals. One day he ordered his butler to bring him slices of meat between bread, so that he could still play cards and have his food at the same time. Thus he gave his name to the item of food which is so common to-day. — ("Junior Encyclopædia of the Air," by "Ebor," 2YA, November 10.)

Do Dogs Like Music?

WHEN Pongo came to our neighbourhood we were informed that he liked classical music but not romantic. He detested Schumann and disliked Chopin. Broadly speaking, he liked his music to be restrained and dignified—I can only think because he wishes to reserve to himself the right to let go and express himself without any dignity at all. Whatever his reason, he has his own way of enforcing his likes and dislikes. When his mistress sits down at the piano in the evening, Pongo is usually in the room—I have said that he is a spoilt dog, and, because of his age and his infirmities, allowed all sorts of liberties. You see, he is now nearly ten and takes full advantage of the fact. So he is generally one of the audience—but not a silent one. If his mistress begins to play Schumann, he becomes plaintive at once; low moans; little whinnies, imploring grunts—Pongo is working himself up. "Now watch," says his mistress over her shoulder; for a time Pongo is content with expressing himself from his own corner of the room. But presently it is too much to ask an

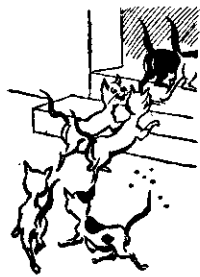
When Ignorance Is Best

WHY do we talk about ships and their movements? Is it not because some times some of us desire to show off—to let Mrs. So-and-So know that she is not so up to date with her information as we are, or that we are very knowledgeable people, really, and are "in the know"? Some of us take a pride, don't we, in ferreting out this information and, having got it, passing it on to Mrs. So-and-So, who perhaps, last week, scored one over us because she knew when a certain ship was going out and we didn't. And so it goes on, and consequently, the information spreads and spreads and is eventually picked up by the enemy. Now, I am sure you will agree with me that this must really stop, and perhaps the best way to achieve this is to resolve not to talk about ships at all. Let us take a pride in knowing nothing about ships and their movements, rather than knowing everything about them, and be prepared to point out plainly to that person who will talk to us about ships that we don't want to hear it, and that he or she as the case may be, is not helping our war effort by talking about ships, and, maybe, helping the enemy. If you would do this you would be taking a personal part in this campaign to stop talking. — (Talk to Women from the ZB stations, November 19.)

old dog to bear—and he rises with soft groans and makes his way over to the piano, casting himself with a resounding sigh at his mistress's feet. Should she still persevere in her Schumann, Pongo suddenly, as if by accident, brings his chin hard down on the soft pedal. Almost unbelievable I know—and I said so; I said it was an accident, a lucky fluke—and his mistress repeated the whole performance. There is no doubt at all that that is Pongo's rather despotic way of expressing his preferences. — ("Pongo—a Dog with a Personality." Mrs. Mary Scott, 2YA, November 1.)

The Animals Went In . . .

LAST century the little Cornish parish of Morwenstow had for its vicar a rather eccentric but clever clergyman and poet called the Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker, who was as fond of animals and birds as he was of his human flock of parishioners, which is saying something. He was usually followed to church by nine or ten cats, which entered the church with him and careered about during the service. While saying prayers Mr. Hawker would pat his cats, or scratch them under the chin. At first ten cats accompanied him to church, but one having caught, killed and eaten a mouse on a Sunday, was ex-communicated, and from that day was not allowed again within the sanctuary. The life of Mr. Hawker was written by another clergyman, the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, and in this fascinating book the author tells a rather strange story that one Sunday morning a friend of his went to Morwenstow Church—and saw a strange thing there. A little dog was sitting upon the altar step



behind the clergyman, in the position which is usually allotted to a deacon or a server. The visitor spoke to Mr. Hawker about the dog and asked him why he did not turn it out of the chancel and church. "Turn the dog out of the ark!" he exclaimed: "All animals, clean and unclean, should find there a refuge." — ("The Junior Encyclopædia of the Air," by "Ebor," 2YA, November 10.)

Worse Than The Rack

ONE of Punch's editors confessed many years ago that his best stories about Scotsmen were usually conceived and put into circulation by the Scots themselves, and this no doubt accounts for their almost invariable accuracy in portraying Scottish life and character. I can recollect only one occasion where he went astray; it was one of a series of humorous drawings entitled: "Scenes from our Rough Island Story." This one was entitled—"Beyond the Wall of Hadrian: Ancient Scots Torturing a Roman Prisoner of War." A Roman centurion was shown, tied securely to a tree, while eight stalwart Highlanders paraded around him in a circle, with their pipes going full blast. The inference was that they were all playing different tunes! Punch forgot that, to a Roman centurion, the music of the pipes in a foreign land was better than a letter from home. It was the Romans who brought the pipes to Britain. — ("Punch's Scottish Humour." A. J. Sinclair, 12M, November 23.)



Hoots, Mon!

WHEN broadcasting became popular about fifteen years ago, Punch got in early with a clever drawing which showed a Highlander (in the kilt, of course) displaying his wireless set to his neighbour. The guest has adjusted the earphones, and there is a beatific expression on his face as he says:—

"Donal, I can hear the bagpipes, and it's chust like heaven."

"Hoots awa'," says Donald, doubled up with laughter; "that's nae pagpipes whateffer, Sandy; it's chust the valves howlin'."

("Punch's Scottish Humour." A. J. Sinclair, 12M, November 23.)

Episcopalian Dyspepsia

ANOTHER guest I don't like is the finicky eater. Such people never seem to be pleased with any of your efforts, turn their food sadly about with their forks and then leave most of it on their plates. They're most annoying and make you feel yourself a real failure, so that I comfort myself with the true story of a rude little boy whose mother lately entertained a very distinguished prelate. Now, this small child had a regrettable habit of swearing—and you must put in the bad—very bad—words for yourself. He had been bribed with the promise of a tricycle if he didn't swear while the bishop was there—but unfortunately the great man was suffering from indigestion and the hungry little boy had to watch his mother's best cooking efforts being refused: "No, he never ate that. Thank you, but the other was quite impossible for him." At last the child could bear it no longer and exclaimed with quite his worst oaths—"Never mind the tricycle; give the old beast an egg!"—and the bishop left by the next service car. — ("Between Ourselves: The Perfect Guest," by Mrs. Mary Scott, 3YA, November 18.)