

# DID YOU HEAR THIS?

Extracts From Recent Talks

## Land of the Jaunting Car

IRELAND was always a land of fine horses. Even the coming of the motor-car didn't entirely kill the Irishman's interest and pride in his horse. It was far more fun when you visited Ireland in the old days, to be driven around by a Jarvie in his jaunting car, than to make the tour in the swifter, and more modern, motor-car. The old Jarvies were becoming almost obsolete. A few had taken to cars and taxis, but it wasn't the same thing. Now, with the shortage of petrol and the restriction upon private cars, the Jarvie with his old horse and jaunting car is coming back into popular favour. The great event of Ireland in pre-war days, was of course, the Dublin Horse Show,

which drew entries from all over Europe. Last August the show was shorn of much of its old splendour, and its events were very limited. But it still carries on. Still, it doesn't require this annual event to stimulate the Irishman's love of horses—good horses. There is, I believe, something in the soil of Ireland which enables them to breed some of the finest horses in the world. The blood stock sales, which were an exciting part of the Dublin Horse Show, were attended by men from many countries, who competed in the purchase of young thoroughbreds. These horses, later on, were sure to figure among the winners of great racing events.—("Shoes and Ships and Sealing Wax," by Nelle Scanlan, 2YA, December 30.)

## Evolution of the Needle

THE finest textile products of all ages began with the early processes of intertwining fibres, grasses and threads, by which man supplied his material needs. Their glory of patterning and colour became the expression of his spiritual and emotional nature, whether by the method of weaving or by the use of stitches; which gradually developed from the useful stage to the more elaborate process of embroidery, called by the Romans, "painting with the needle." Many lovely modern examples of this embroidery can be seen in New Zealand to-day. The only way in which the size of materials could be increased for effective use was by tying, binding, knotting, and intertwining, and for these processes man found that he needed something in the way of tools to help him—and he made the needle. Of all the tools which those early inventors evolved from their own necessities, none was to endure longer in its original form, or to be of more service to humanity, than the needle. In the various stages of bone, bronze and steel, the needle remains unchanged in structure and use, except, perhaps, for the wider field of service and fineness.—("Needlework Through the Ages," by Mrs. Stamp-Taylor, 2YA, January 7.)

## Music in Holland

THE golden age of the Netherlands from 1350 to 1625 saw their trade make them one of the wealthiest and most important nations in the world. The resultant wealth could not lie dormant, therefore much of it was used in the erection of noble buildings, in encouraging painting, and developing the then infant art of music. It was the Netherlands that produced the first great world-school of music. Through the enterprise of these pioneers, music was brought into contact with the ideas of the world instead of being limited to local associations. It thereby took on a universal form and feeling never before experienced and never to be relinquished. For this reason, music unconsciously advanced from

## Agriculture In The Philippines

THE Filipinos are primarily an agricultural people, but, even so, only about a quarter of the cultivable land is being used. Twenty-five thousand square miles of land have not even been explored. It is mountainous land clothed with virgin forest. Many of the trees are of great value as timber. The mahogany trade has been in the hands of the Japanese. Another tree, the gaiac, which grows only in poor land, is so valuable that it is sold by weight, and not by measurement. It produces the hardest of all wood, known in the trade as lignum vitae. A Filipino farm occupies on the average less than six acres. The soil is immensely rich, and grows in profusion all the most delicious tropical fruits. The largest acreage is under paddy rice, which is grown on skillfully constructed terraces on the hillsides. A mountain stream is gently conducted from terrace to terrace over the sprouting rice, until it reaches the valley. The next most important crop is sugar, which finds a ready market in the United States. Tobacco is grown in northern Luzon, and anybody who has smoked a manila cigar will know that it is of very fine quality. But the most individual crop of the Philippines is hemp. In Manila, the hemp is woven into the highest quality rope, which goes out to tie up ships in all the great ports of the world.—("The Philippine Islands," National Service Talk, 2YA, December 28.)

Paris to the Netherlands, towards the greater sphere of influence, stopping for only a short period with the Gallo-Belgic school, where it was prepared technically for its new growth as a world form. From the time of Hobrecht, the first real Dutch composer, down to the very popular modern Heykens, we find that the Netherlands has been the home of musical composition, music making, and true musical appreciation. More than one international star has said that Holland has the finest audiences in the world.—("Our Allies and Their Music: Holland," 2YA, December 28.)

## Discipline Through Doubt

TO his children a father's face no longer represents the menace of the great unknown as in the days of whiskers and wrath. The jungle has been cleared, disclosing a map which shows exactly how the land lies. This gives the child an enormous advantage over his elder, who has plenty to conceal but little to conceal it with. This was not the case when man was in the flower of his whiskers. And it is a significant fact that child-psychology only came in when dad's whiskers went out. Prior to that, an insight into little Willie's deepest emotions was considered unnecessary. If dad's whiskers failed to touch them, dad's slipper usually did. Child psychology became the means of saving father's face when it lost its natural defences. As one who remembers the brooding mystery that lurked behind a set of paternal red whiskers I can say definitely that man lost much more than his whiskers when he said to the barber "Take away those baubles!" and allowed the world to judge him on face value. Whiskers, in addition to aiding parental authority, were capable



of producing the fiction that deep wisdom lurked behind them. A set of Dundrearies, a black Ned Kelly, or even a pair of mutton chops, lent a face a certain something which went a long way towards maintaining discipline through doubt.—("The Influence of Whiskers—and Other Home-Fire Problems," by Ken Alexander, 2YA, January 3.)

## "Easy" Ways to Earn a Living

AT one time I used to think that keeping bees was about the easiest way of earning a living known to man. The bees worked hard all day making honey, and then you just collected the honey, sold it and perhaps built another hive or two with part of the proceeds. Then I met a bee-keeper and found out that it wasn't such a sweet proposition after all. Nowadays, people know better, of course—they know that radio announcing is the easiest job in the world, not bee-keeping at all. And this is where I do a bit of disillusioning on my own account. Apart from the fact that an announcer often has to work very awkward hours, the job entails far more than the mere



reading of announcements and playing of gramophone recordings. Most announcers on a Commercial station conduct two or three special sessions, the preparation of which occupies a considerable portion of the announcers' time when not actually on the air. Then, even when he is handling a period of ordinary sustaining programme, the announcer is far from idle. After he has announced a recording and closed his microphone, he must put his next recording in position on the second turntable; change the needle, test the length of the run-in before the music begins and set the pick-up accordingly; enter the time played, title, artist, composer, number, and make of the previous recording on his log sheet; stamp the date of playing on the record cover; and, if a commercial announcement is to follow, read it through carefully. All that, my friends—and the standard 10-inch recording plays for just three minutes! You still think it's an easy job? That's all right—I still don't think there's much to bee-keeping, either!—("Behind the Mike," 4ZB, December 17.)

## Chopin's Love For Poland

PADEREWSKI once said of Chopin that he was the priest who carried to the scattered Poles the sacrament of nationalism. This fine image vividly recalls the revolution of 1830; the last despairing effort of Poland to rid herself of Russian suzerainty. Chopin, a boy of twenty, had left Poland only a few weeks before the revolution broke out. He was alone in an unfriendly city, aching to be back again in Warsaw where all that he loved in the world—his family and his country—were in peril; hungering for news that came only at long intervals; a prey to fears which only a torturing imagination could raise. Little is more pathetic than the thought of him in this hour, looking down at his long delicate hands, his fragile body, and realising their utter uselessness. He wandered from Vienna to Munich, from Munich to Stuttgart, where on September 8, 1831, he heard of the collapse of the revolution and the capture of Warsaw. From that day one must think of him always as the exile, bearing in his heart a permanent wound, the tragedy of his people. Their songs, their dances—and in Poland the very ballads of the country are dances—became the warp and woof of his music. She is the land of the dance, and the rhythm of Polish dance sounds through nearly the whole of his work. When he left home, he had a presentiment that he would never return. His friends gave him a silver cup filled with Polish earth. This he kept by him all his life. It was this earth that, when he died, they scattered on his coffin in Paris. It was all that remained of Poland, save in his music; those "few score pages in which," as has been beautifully said, "were to burn for three-quarters of a century the mysticism of a nation."—("Our Allies and Their Music: Poland," 2YA, January 4.)