

THINGS TO COME

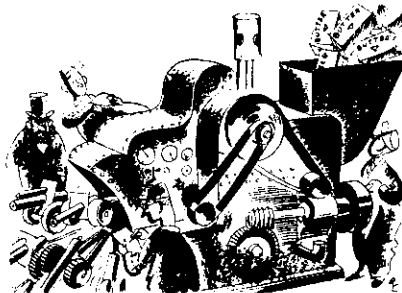
A Run Through The Programmes

NOW that we have passed the first New Zealand Centennial we may expect all sorts of centennials of this and that event in New Zealand history to crop up. On Thursday of next week, for instance, there is the centennial of Captain Hobson's death which, at the time, was of considerable consequence for the colony, leaving a gap which could not immediately be filled. Hobson's mission, if it can be called a mission at all, was to find some basis of harmonious agreement between the Maori population of New Zealand and the rather turbulent settlers who were coming thick and fast, and who threatened to undo the work of both missionary and British government in their contacts with the native people of New Zealand. The story of Captain Hobson and his importance in New Zealand history will be the subject of two talks next week. Dr. Guy Scholefield, the biographer of Hobson, will give a talk from 2YA on the afternoon of September 6, and on the evening of September 10, the anniversary of Hobson's death, the talk from 1YA will be by the Rev. G. A. Naylor.

Onward and Sideways

Science, which has been advancing in all directions from 1YA during recent weeks is at the moment regrouping for another break-through from 4YA on Tuesday next, when Dr. R. Gardner will give a talk entitled "Advances in Science: Substitute Materials." How far the sub-title qualifies the general topic we leave Dr. Gardner to say. Grace before meat is one thing, guns before butter is another, and to advance in the manufacture of ersatz seems, if anything, more *reculer pour mieux sauter* than a direct step forward. We will not readily forget the case of the unfortunate bloke who bought an ersatz suit. Being ersatz, it was made thicker at those points which are most subject to wear so that a premature hole in the elbow, knee, or elsewhere, would not put the entire outfit out of circulation at one fell swoop. Unfortunately, the tailor builded better than his customer bargained for. The suit lasted well; it got shiny, true, but it got uniformly shiny all over. It seemed as if it would last

for years, then one day the wearer was walking down the main street when there was a loud Ping! and he suddenly went goosey all over. And well he might, for on looking down he perceived that his suit had completely disappeared.



What was even worse, the magistrate would not listen to any explanations. Quel Dommage, as the Fighting French would say.

Curiouser and Curiouser

"I don't believe in ghosts," said the gentleman in the corner seat of the railway carriage. "Don't you?" said the other occupant of the carriage, and vanished. Not many of us have had experiences quite so odd, but most of us try to dress those that we do have in more elaborate language. Since the CBS invited listeners to send in accounts of any strange personal experiences, the postman—or rather post-girl—has been staggering up to the

head office laden with tales of dabbings with the occult. About 70% of these lend themselves to dramatisation and the best will be produced by George Boyle of 2ZB. For those of us whose strangest experience has been that little Willie remembered to put out the dust bin when we told him, or that those studs were exactly where we had hoped, these stories should charm magic case-ments opening on the foam of perilous seas. If you are one of the .5% of the population who prefer dry land, these programmes are not for you, but those who like odd happenings will listen-in to ZB stations on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8 p.m.

Beside The Shalimar

How time does fly! "Lotus Petals," the title of ReWa Glenn's talk from 2YA next Monday reminds us of those dear dead days before we got cashiered in Kashmir, of pale hands we loved to touch and dust beneath our chariot wheels and all that. And how times do change too, to be sure! The little lotus-flowers we knew are probably up to their necks in civil disobedience now, or sikhing on the Sikhs or somesuch. Anyway, lotuses, like the lilies of the field, are a bit out of date, and when it comes to helping the war effort and salvaging essential materials, lotus petals have nothing on bicycle petals. Miss Glenn may draw some such moral.

Yes, We Have No Potatoes

We foresee that the ether will be fairly crackling with anticipation next Monday night when 4YA will present the Talk of the Week in its farmers' session at 7.10. At that time J. O. Wallace is going to talk about the "Potato Growing in the South." Where this potato is growing, we regret to say,

is not specified, or, having benefit of advance information, we would ourselves have taken steps to secure it. But viewing the matter from the common-sense angle, we will concede that Mr. Wallace is following a wise course. Were he to disclose the information he apparently has received, the wholesale invasion of Otago by starch-starved Northerners might well neutralise the North Island as a base for Allied operations in the South-west Pacific.

Macaulay's Lays

Whatever else every schoolboy may know he's bound to have more than a nodding acquaintance with the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. For the action and colour and general dash of the Lays are bound to commend them to the school-boy heart, and indeed in the literary sphere they have as much appeal as the cowboy epic in the cinematographic. This does not mean that the Lays are not suitable for adult consumption, and few of us will agree with Macaulay's own dismissal of the Lays as mere trifles. They may not be great poems, but they are at any rate memorable poems, and to-day we may be more than ever tempted to recall such lines as

"The harvest of Arretium

This year old men shall reap;

This year young boys in Umbria

Shall plunge the struggling sheep.

And in the vats of Luna,

This year the must shall foam

Round the white feet of laughing

girls

Whose sires have marched to

Rome."

It is now a hundred years since the Lays were first published, and a centennial tribute will be heard from 1YA on Friday, September 11, at 7.48 p.m.

New Lamps For Old

A "Wise Virgin Ballet" brought up to date would no doubt feature such essentials as battery refills, black-out curtains, utility clothes which can be worn inside-out, or upside-down, or back-to-front, the all-purpose saucepan hat, and the Churchill smile. It might be danced to the tune of the "Star Spangled Banner" under the sign of the Hammer and Sickle. But what with the battery shortage, the Wise Virgins of the New Testament, with their old-fashioned but well-stocked lamps, would still have an advantage over their modern sisters. And these are the Wise Virgins who feature in the Ballet Suite by William Walton. This suite is arranged from Bach Cantatas and it will be heard from 4YA on the evening of September 10, played by the Sadler's Wells Orchestra.

SHORTWAVES

EVEN the vast white continent of Antarctica, which to-day supports at its northern extremity only two poor species of flowering plants, once knew the song of birds in the trees of the forests which clothed its shores.
—L. H. Millener, 1YA.

A WOMAN'S fondest wish is to be weighed and found wanting.—Walter Winchell.

THE basis of humour is the satisfaction we feel at the discomforture of a fellow man.—Basil Howard, 4YA.

THE Hope Metal Products Company is doing well", Bob Hope told a Chamber of Commerce. "You know the big bombers with the huge wing span? We make the clips that keep the blue-prints together."—Readers Digest.

THE work of the Ultra-moderns is like the reply of the cookhouse recruit when he was asked how to make hash. "You don't make hash", he said, "It just happens."—Ken Alexander, 2YA.

THOSE who say that religion has nothing to do with politics do not know what religion means . . . Politics bereft of religion are a death-trap, because they kill the soul.—Mahatma Gandhi.



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