

Keeping the Peace

I SYMPATHISE with the correspondent ("Just Joe") who sent this suggestion the other day to the editor of a daily newspaper:

Why all the trouble of making a road into Lake Sumner? . . . I suggest closing the existing track with a few well-placed shots. By doing this we would preserve one of the most peaceful spots in Canterbury from teddy boys, bodgies, milk-bar cow-boys, speed boats, trigger-happy shooters, and the big-time business men who can afford to desecrate the area with their elaborate week-end joints.

It is, of course, selfish sympathy, and useless. The bodgies and big business men have the same rights to mountains and lakes as I

FEBRUARY 19 have, and far better means of asserting them. They will surrender neither their right to go nor their right to gape, their right to open their throats nor their pleasure in opening their throats, in blaring their radios and parading their bellies and backs, in splashing, shouting, rocking and rolling, and doing all the other strange things expression of their selves makes necessary. We want a free country and must not complain if freedom has a price. I suspect, too, that it is better to have the bodgies with the business men than the big-time business men by themselves.

But if I were a sheep-farmer near Lake Sumner; if I were a shepherd or an angler; if I owned a hut there, or lived by killing opossums or deer; if I went there regularly to watch birds, or listen to them; if I had a hunter's, a butcher's, or a naturalist's interest in the wild pigs; if I were young enough to enjoy following the greenstone trail to Westland and generous enough to share my blood with the sandflies, I might approach "Just Joe" through his editor and offer to help with the "well-placed shots."

"FANCY seeing you at a cricket match," she said, turning on me her bright smile and prodding me where my ribs used to be before they sank beyond reach of the friendliest hand. But it was not my first cricket match, or my twenty-first.

FEBRUARY 22 I watch cricket because it is the only game I can follow without asking silly questions: the only game whose rules I know in general and whose terms I used to know when they were English, geographical, and terrestrial. I can't identify the Chinaman they have lately dragged in, and I refuse to be initiated into the atmospheric mysteries. But until last week I thought I knew when a ball was not a ball. I imagined that bowlers who release the ball as often from before as from behind the wicket would be no-balled and disciplined. But I forgot that time marches on; that games are play, not politics, or morality, or law; and that play should be free—freer than it usually is, and in any case as free as the players choose to make it.

But I have another reason for going to cricket matches. More than any other game they awake the dying and the dead. To sit a few rows up and watch the spectators streaming past is to see more old men and more ageing women, more halt and maimed and decrepit enthusiasts of both sexes than will be seen in any other gathering of the same size anywhere. I never know whether to

by either two or three—I forget which—words of command. The only command I can recall with certainty might have been written Gito: it sounded "Ghee-taw," the second part being long drawn out. That was to back. The operation was efficiently carried out.

Now I hardly know which to place first: the timeliness of the letter, the cleverness of the horse, or the fact that an animal intelligent enough to effect such a difficult manoeuvre was not too intelligent to work at all. But if horses had been twice as intelligent and ten times as useful they would still be on the way out—unless they were delayed a little here, as they have been in Britain, by the Continental habit of eating them. I have not seen any recent figures, but it is only a year or two since I read that 40,000 horses had been killed in England and sent to Belgium for human consumption. If a horse has ever been eaten in New Zealand I have not heard of it.

But the Marles-les-Mines incident raises the question of a horse's intelligence, which has been controversial since Alexander the Great. It was probably a cynical joke, an expression of his contempt for human intelligence, when Caligula made his horse a consul. So when Mohomet rode Alborak in one night from Mecca to Jerusalem only Gabriel was allowed to see the horse, which the Prophet apparently took with him to Heaven. We might as well turn to Swift for information about horses as take it from the Koran. But every age has its equine legends, and if most of them are too legendary to be really interesting, the arithmetical horses of Elberfeld in Germany were at least real horses, and near enough to us in time to be accepted without a bucketful of salt. The best account of those, I have been told, is Maurice Maeterlinck's, which I have not seen. But Maeterlinck was a mystic, and the claims made for these horses are wholly mathematical: that they could not merely count, but reckon or calculate, and that their adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing was of early grammar school standard. It depresses me to think that there is no better use in the world at present for these potential Einsteins than keeping down the price of beef.

FEBRUARY 23 When dry horses finally disappear it will be difficult for young farmers to believe that they ever existed. Then I came home again and found this in a letter in my mail:

Some months or years ago you said something about horses being driven or directed by word of mouth. In May—or thereabouts—of 1915 I was stationed in a French mining village called Marles-les-Mines. There was a rough form of central square. Into it about four times a week came a man leading on a single rein a horse drawing a loaded farm wagon. He had to persuade it to turn a half-circle and back the wagon into the mouth of an open shed. This he accomplished by means of some guiding by the rein, but mainly

DX NOTES

THESE notes bring news about stations in other countries, programmes information and details of special broadcasts for New Zealand listeners. They are supplied by the New Zealand Radio DX League, 212 Earn Street, Invercargill, from which further information can be obtained.

AUSTRALIA: 2GL Glen Innes, N.S.W., using 10,000 watts, has begun transmissions on 820 kc., the channel recently vacated by 2NA Newcastle, now on 1510 kc. The 820 channel is the same as that used by 4ZA Invercargill, and it is expected that Australian interference with 4ZA will be greater this winter, but this will be considerably reduced when the station installs higher-powered equipment. The only other Australian stations which are to begin operation in the near future are: 2WN (1580) Wollongong, N.S.W.; 5MV (1590) Renmark, S.A.; and 2AN (1600) Armidale, N.S.W.

The 5MV transmitter is expected to begin testing in March.

Short-wave

Sweden: The popular DX sessions which have been a feature for many years from Radio Sweden, Stockholm, have been put on a weekly basis, instead of a monthly one as formerly. The session comes over the new 100,000-watt transmitter at Horby, and will be carried in 14 transmissions, during the English-language sessions on Sunday and Monday. The session is of six minutes' duration and features news about the stations which are being heard by listeners throughout the world. Best reception in New Zealand will be on Monday, 6.15 a.m. (11705 kc.), 8.0 a.m. (6095) and 6.30 p.m. (15155).

India: All India Radio, Delhi, which serves Australia and New Zealand each evening, 10.0-11.0 p.m., with a special transmission, has been testing 9.0-10.0 a.m. for this area. The night session has never been strongly received, and the recent tests show that a transmission in the morning would be more reliable and stronger in signal strength. The present evening session is carried on 21680 kc., 13-metre band, and 17705 kc., 16-metre band.

"Yes, I am sincerely thankful that I am enjoying the best of health"

Writes Mr. E. G. HARRIS,
1 Gladstone Street, Moonee Ponds, Melbourne
(letter K779). 8.6.53.

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NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT BURSARIES IN MUSIC AND DRAMA

Applications are invited for the 1958 award of Government bursaries. The bursaries are valued at £400 a year plus £50 towards return passage.

MUSIC. Applications will be considered from composers, executants and teachers and scholars capable of research in some branch of musicology. Candidates are required to show evidence of advanced studies in their particular field. **Applications close on October 1, 1957.**

Executive Diploma Course, Auckland University College. Six Government bursaries valued at £150 a year for three years are available for this course and particulars of the 1958 awards may be obtained from the Registrar, Auckland University College.

DRAMA. Applications will be considered from actors, producers, technicians, stage and costume designers, and speech and other tutors. Evidence of advanced studies is required and early application is urged so that the Selection Committee may be aware of work to be undertaken during the year. **Applications close on October 1, 1957.**

Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained by writing to the Secretary for Internal Affairs, P.O. Box 8007, Government Buildings, Wellington.

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