

ON Wednesday evening I looked forward expectantly to hearing Dr. Guy H. Scholefield's discourse on some international topic—perhaps the dramatic developments in Spain or the intriguing possibilities in Rumania, where once again the eternal feminine seems to be juggling with political matters. The keenness of my expectation, therefore, caused me to be a little disappointed when "Michael" told me that I was to hear, not Dr. Scholefield, but Mr. Howard, with whose effort I was so entertained the preceding week when he dealt with South Africa. Mr. Howard was to pursue his topic in detail upon gold and diamond production. Oh, thought I, this will be a romantic talk, and I looked for some thrilling tales of gold discovery and more thrilling side-lines on the life of the diamond fields, prompted thereto possibly by boyish recollections of "I.D.B.," in which Kaffirs bravely swallowed diamonds, or secreted them in their head-pieces, armlets, etc., and gay adventurers carried on the good work by filling their hollow teeth, heels, wooden legs, corsets, crinolines, and other miscellaneous articles of attire, with the scintillating gems. But no such luck. Mr. Howard adopted the practical and statistical method. Interesting to a point, but not quite thrilling, although he did display a neat touch of humour in indicating the sad fate of the gold after its laborious extraction from the bowels of the earth. Some 800,000,000 sterling of gold has been extracted from the Rand field since its discovery; it employs 18,000 white men, and 160,000 coloured men, and with the illnesses and fatalities from their occupation Mr. Howard dealt faithfully, inspired thereto naturally by his labour sympathies. There are 3000 miles of tunnels—three times the approximate length of New Zealand—some being 1½ miles deep, and reaching below sea level from Jo'burg's height of 6000 feet above the sea. All this activity and scientific effort is devoted first to taking the gold from the ground, and then, said the lecturer, it is taken to America and laboriously placed by other labourers again safely in the bowels of the earth! Quite a good point, which prompts reflections upon the extraordinary mountain of credit and currency built throughout the world upon a relatively mean quantity of crude metal. To diamonds Mr. Howard devoted some attention, and his description of the methods attending upon the extraction of the diamonds from the "biggest man-made hole on God's earth" was quite entertaining.

THE early evening talk on Wednesday dealt with pigs, and on the figures presented by the speaker, it is obvious that the porker is an infinitely more valuable gold mine than the South African field, and contributes vastly more to the wealth, health and happiness of the world. It was the purpose of the speaker, Mr. Elliot Davis, of Auckland, to urge our farmer friends to produce more pigs. To this end he held out the golden bait of an attractive market. Britain, it seems, imports upwards of £50,000,000 worth of pork products annually, mostly from Denmark. Why should not much of this come from New Zealand? Why not indeed? Listening, I was convinced that it should. And I hope my farmer friends felt duly spurred to action, for action certainly is needed. There is definitely an opening here, and

The VOICE of MICHAEL By "CRITIC"

talks such as this must serve a useful function. I notice from the programmes that similar enthusing talks have been given from IYA and elsewhere. Thus far-sighted encouragement is being given through radio to the development of a new industry, which will go far to restore that prosperity which for the moment seems hiding its head. Our present pig exports represent less than a quarter of a million annually. Denmark makes more from her pigs than from her dairy cows. While we have been making from £16,000,000 to £20,000,000 in the past from our dairy cattle, we have almost entirely neglected pigs. The two go together admirably. Hence full endorsement can be given Mr. Davis's urge to rectify the position. He proved himself an enthusiast in his subject, and spoke vitally, a little quickly, but vigorously and clearly. Although not a pig fancier myself, save in the form of pork chops or good bacon, I found myself applauding his vigour and enthusiasm. I hope he wins many converts. Oh, yes, and I applaud his thrust at the Department of Agriculture. This department, having a heaven-sent opportunity to "make" this country from a productive point of view, has allowed itself to become the victim of red tape bureaucracy, meriting condemnation where praise should resound. If a changed spirit should occur in the course of this slump readjustment, it would mean much to the country.

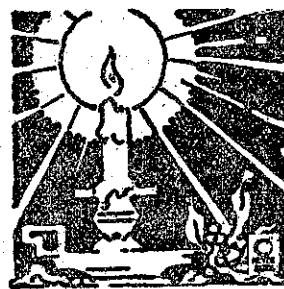
FOR it's Tommy this and Tommy that an
"Chuck 'im out, the brute!"
BUT it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns begin to shoot;
AN' it's Tommy this, and Tommy that an' anything you please;
AN' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—
You bet that Tommy sees!

So wrote Kipling, the greatest friend of the English Tommy Atkins, and so G. W. Lloyd, past president of the Christchurch R.S.A., reminded us of our own beloved Anzacs in his appeal broadcast from 3YA last Wednesday. "Appeal" did I say? Here was no appeal! Here was something much grander—a stern clarion call to duty. A veritable reveille for those of us more happily placed, financially, than many of our returned soldiers. To our eternal shame let it be recorded that Christchurch alone claims no fewer than 170 unemployed and needy Anzacs. Let us hope that Mr. Lloyd's call for immediate action met with the most sympathetic response on Poppy Day and, for the rest, let us re-

member that we can never, never put "Paid" to the debt of gratitude which we owe our Returned Men.

ARE you one of those fussy folk who consider that port wine out of a china cup tastes all wrong? I am! And listening to the gentleman who super-

From IYA
Tuesday, May 5
"And So to Bed"
by
J. B. FAGAN
presented by
J. William Bailey
A Comedy in Three Acts



sided Mr. Lloyd Ross, M.A., LL.B., unavoidably absent from Dunedin last Tuesday night, I wished that I were not so particular. For the talk was on "Old and New in Vienna" and if ever a subject offered possibilities for an enthralling half-hour surely here it was. The matter was undoubtedly fine; but the delivery was unfortunately very poor. Somehow "the ancient 'Ouse of 'Apsburg" coming doubleforte over the air dispels for me all the imaginative glamour which should be conjured up by reference to the past glories of such a proud lineage.

Similarly the fact that the "municipal authorities are leaving to the inhabitants of Orstria 'appy and contented children" leaves me distinctly cold. Among other verbal pictures of famous Viennese sights were the City Hall; the Palace of Justice, burnt down in 1925, and just recently rebuilt; the vaults of past emperors and empresses wherein are inter-

red no fewer than 137 members of the House of Hapsburg, including Maria Theresa and her beloved consort, Francis of Lorraine, down to Francis Joseph, who died in the Great War. The wide divide between the luxurious living of the rich and the appalling squalor of the poor was ably drawn. Vienna must present a series of extraordinary comparisons and absorbing interests for the fortunate visitor.

I LEARNED quite a lot about forests on Thursday last when I tuned in to 3YA and heard Mr. C. E. Foweraker talking on the subject. Besides quoting many interesting figures which, unfortunately one cannot remember, he stressed the fact that unless very stringent forestry regulations were observed our forests would be cut out in fifty years—an alarming statement when we think how much our native forests mean to us. The prevention of this is the main function of the Forestry Department. Besides being an asset to the beauty of the country, the forests have a large influence upon the rain distribution, upon river erosion, and even upon climate. Afforestation is being taken in hand and many thousands of acres have already been planted with exotic trees. Among these pine bulks largely, and the timber will be available shortly. Among the statistics given the following appealed to me as being interesting; there are in New Zealand 103,000 square miles; fifty per cent. of this is agricultural and twenty per cent. forest land. Of the forest area the State owns 300,000 acres, representing seventy per cent. of our forests. There are nearly 30 private companies engaged in afforestation work. In making observations on the private companies Mr. Foweraker slipped badly in that he spoke of one of these companies by name. A splendid advertisement for these people, but quite against the regulations.

"MANNERS Makyth Man" is a favourite old saw of mine, so that my interest was intrigued when, picking my way through last week's programmes as is my careful wont, I lighted upon a lecturette on the "Teaching of Manners to Children." Here, thought I, is something to my taste, and made mental note of the date. But, alas, when the time came I heard little of the discourse. Either my set was out of tune, or the speaker not possessed of the desirable attribute of a radio voice of audible quality and attractive timbre.

Some advice, of the obvious variety, was given as to the training of youth in this desirable branch of the social cosmos. "Company manners," one had thought, are extinct as the moa, but apparently not, for it was suggested that children be taught to abjure these, as such, and, in the home and out of it, practise the virtues of courtesy and self-control. Parents, remembering that children are inveterate copyists, should cultivate a cheery visage and pleasant ways in domestic circles; father in especial being recommended to put off his face of gloom and surly demeanour at eventide, and not keep all his chippy remarks for chance acquaintance who rings up on the telephone. Quite rightly, the lecturer emphasised value of tact in dealing with youth; they being keenly susceptible, like their elders, to being held up to ridicule. "You were