

A Run Through The Programmes



Musical Society and Christchurch Cathedral, and at 8 p.m. on Saturday from 2YC by the Royal Wellington Choral Union.

In Old Ceylon

It was not until after Bizet's death, when people realised the greatness of "Carmen," that the question was asked, "What other operas has this brilliant composer written?" Then the previously unsuccessful "Pearl Fishers" was revived, and this opera of ancient barbaric times in Ceylon revealed a wealth of beauty. The music creates the spirit of ruined temples, tropic shores, and brilliant ceremonial dances. "The Pearl Fishers" will receive its first presentation in this country from 3YA, Christchurch, at 9.25 p.m. on Sunday, December 3. Tune in and hear this story of Leila, the beautiful priestess, Nadir the pearl fisher, and Zurga the King.

Oh, Law!

Laws of other days are sometimes tragic to us and sometimes funny. Quite possibly some of the laws of this year, 1939, will seem very funny to two generations hence, and so will some of the cases arising out of them. Law is a reflection of the social and economic life of a community, and as such supplies much of the material on which history must work. Julius Hogben is giving a series of talks at 1YA entitled "Oh, Law: Some Side-lights from Early New Zealand," in which he gathers from the highways and byways of the old days information and diversion. Mr. Hogben has a way of his own at the microphone, and these talks are both instructive and amusing. He gives another at 7.40 p.m. on Saturday, December 9.

Paolo and Francesca

The tender, tragic story of Paolo and Francesca is one which must have appealed greatly to Tchaikovsky's romantic mind. Feeling he must capture the essence of this sad tale of the lovely Francesca, who was wed to a deformed brute named Malatesta but was in love with the handsome brother Paolo, Tchaikovsky wrote the ballet "Francesca da Rimini." This ballet, with choreography by David Lichine, received its first performance at Covent Garden as lately as in 1937. The ballet will be presented in the "Music from the Theatre" series from 2YA, Wellington, at 9.25 p.m. on Sunday, December 3.

Wise Old Roman

Life, so it has been said, is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel. Like most epigrams this is only partly true, for what is to prevent a man thinking and feeling at the same time? We imagine the Roman satirist Juvenal was a man like that. However, he took life seriously. Horace could smile at human nature, but Juvenal lashed the vices of his age with righteous



indignation. It was the Roman Empire of the first century A.D., so there was a good target for his shafts. Perhaps, however—at any rate if certain of our own satirists are to be believed—we are not so greatly superior in morals to those old Romans. It may be that Professor Pocock will touch on this question when he speaks about Juvenal's Satires at 3YA, Christchurch, on Thursday, December 7.

First Prize Play

A first prize radio competition play, "Endeavour," by Isobel Andrews, is to be broadcast by 1YA at 9.25 p.m. on Sunday, December 3. It won the 1938-39 competition conducted by the NBS, and has been produced for broadcast in the NBS studios. Mrs. Andrews uses a pioneering theme, topical to the centennial minute. She tells the story of Mrs. Robert Ansell, and her work in building a great estate out of the unbroken land she found in New Zealand when she arrived, just married, from England. Her husband is killed by Maoris. She carries on, determinedly, and the action of the play covers her remembrings when, to-day, she looks back over her share in the work of the last 100 years.



SHORTWAVES

THERE isn't a thing produced from the soil that we cannot use in industry. Name anything grown on the farm and I will tell you an industrial use for it.—Henry Ford.

I find it odd, my biped self, that these
Peace-loving rodents do not use our rational
And righteous arguments of guns and gas.
For, though black rat with brown rat disagrees,
And individuals quarrel in the mass,
The rat is resolutely international.

—From "The Writing on the Wall,"
by Siegfried Sassoon.

THE fact is that there no longer is an Open Door in China and the indications are that there never will be again.—Luther A. Huston.

EVERYBODY wants a natural-looking girl now. Her hair mustn't be too curly. Mascara's taboo and lipstick is out.—John Powers, employer of models.

IN San Francisco there is only one race. The race of the living.—William Saroyan.

THE modern crooner keeps on peevishly asking: "Why am I blue?" The answer is (a) that he is neither red, orange, yellow, green, indigo, nor violet, and (b) that nobody cares, anyhow.—A. A. Thomson, in a Strolling Commentary in the "Radio Times."

HEAVY as this trial is and bitter as is the setback to our hopes, it is not the end of Western civilisation or one of those creative principles of mercy and of justice on which the best of that civilisation is built. It is good to think that in common service and common tradition there is one of the continuing strands of that civilisation which has survived so many shocks and which will survive even this sore disruption.—Sir Hector Hetherington, Principal of Glasgow University.

I HAD an unprecedented experience to-night in the black-out. A postman asked me the way.—A writer in the "Yorkshire Post."

THE old lady, turning up at the last moment, was with difficulty fitted with a gas mask. She seemed reluctant to leave the depot, and at last inquired, plaintively, "And now, where do I get my gas?"—Manchester Guardian.