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## Back To School

**I**T was an accident that the celebration of Waitangi coincided with the return of a quarter of a million children to school. There was nothing in the nature of things to make the chiefs more ready to sign in February than in March, April, or May, nor is there any unassailable reason why our school year should begin by the calendar and not by the weather.

But it was not an accident, as we pointed out last week, that Waitangi was one celebration all over the Dominion. That was a miracle, and, unlike most miracles, it goes on. To begin with, every speech at Waitangi and every cheer, every word, and almost every sound, was not merely heard at the time, but preserved for all time. We can't recover Hobson's voice, or Hone Heke's, but it is as easy to preserve the voices of those who are making our history to-day as it is to preserve their portraits, and far easier than it is to preserve their clothes. Dried heads, a hundred years ago, were worth more even than muskets. To-day they are priceless. But pickled speeches will be selling soon in the sixpenny stores.

And just as it was a miracle and not an accident that their parents were at Waitangi without going there, it is a fact and not a fairy tale that a hundred thousand school-children this year will live through our first hundred years without knowing it. Ten years ago that would have been impossible, however full of knowledge and zeal their teachers might have been. It is not merely possible to-day, but unavoidable, since every second school in the Dominion has a receiving set, and slightly more than half the pupils in attendance will hear special programmes covering the lives and achievements of the men and women who have made New Zealand what it is.

Grown-ups will, in fact, have to stay grown up this year, and stay awake, or they will find themselves embarrassed by ghosts at the breakfast table — James Busby and Henry Williams, John Gully and Charles Heaphy, Captain Stanley, Alfred Domett, Baron de Thierry, Wiremu Tamehana, and a host of others. They will not only have to buy more history-books than they have ever had before — they will have to read them, and be ready to be cross-questioned about them.

# ANDERSON TYRER'S VISIT

## *Interesting Experiences En Route*

**I**F you think a musician is a fawn-faced, long-haired æsthete, you had better meet Anderson Tyrer, who has arrived in New Zealand to direct the music of the Centennial Celebrations. He comes from Yorkshire, is a family man (when he can get home to his daughter and cricketer son), speaks with a pleasant slight broadness of vowels, and enjoys nothing better than a good joke.

The roundabout route he and Mrs. Tyrer

visited a large Turkish school, founded by two millionaire Turks, at which all subjects are taught, including industrial occupations. Here they heard music by a choir of Turkish children. The melodies were sung on the pentatonic scale and the rhythm was outstanding. "I have never heard such rhythm," says Mr. Tyrer. "I am going to write an orchestral work on it."

After Cyprus, Palestine. Here the strife between Jews and Arabs was in full swing.



MR. TYRER



MRS. TYRER

followed on this visit provided them with some interesting and amusing experiences.

### "Flies Like Camels"

Sailing from England in May of last year, the Tyrers first went to Egypt. In Cairo they spent several weeks. During most of the stay the temperature was round 115 degrees in the shade. It was impossible to go out in the street without a fan, and "the flies were like camels."

Egypt was too uncomfortable to live in for long; but one or two amusing things occurred there. Most humorous was the incident of the Egyptian customs officer who showed much interest in Mrs. Tyrer's violin. Was it new? he asked. If it was new, it was liable for duty, but if it was old it didn't matter. Also the number — that was very important. Where was the number? Mrs. Tyrer protested that fiddles didn't have numbers; but the official was sure it must have one. Soon he uttered a cry of triumph. "There's the number," he said, pointing to the date.

### Turkish Music

In Cyprus Mr. Tyrer found an idea for an orchestral work when he and Mrs. Tyrer

It was necessary to travel on a guarded train, while ahead of the train went a special engine equipped with "feelers" for land mines. The night on which they were supposed to arrive in Jerusalem, but did not, a large, newly-opened cinema was destroyed.

### South Africa and the War

Mr. and Mrs. Tyrer were in Johannesburg, South Africa, when war broke out. Feelings ran high, and Mr. Tyrer has mixed memories of his experiences that night when, returning from the broadcasting studio, he ran into crowds round the German Club, and also into the tear gas with which the police were dispersing the people. Many German cars were burned in the streets.

The South African Broadcasting Service has a fine symphony orchestra, with two conductors, Schulmann and Went. "Dr. Faustus" was performed in the Johannesburg studios, and for the presentation five microphones were used — one for the harp, one for the orator, one for the choir, one for the woodwind, and one for the orchestra as a whole. Mrs. Tyrer assisted in the control room. With so many "mikes" bristling all round the studio, great care had to be taken to get the correct balance of instruments and voices. With the orchestra augmented to 75, Mr. Tyrer was also able to conduct big works such as Strauss's "Til Eulenspiegel" and "Don Juan."

Now, after their long and adventurous trip, Mr. and Mrs. Tyrer are happy to be safe in New Zealand.