

THINGS TO COME—



WE predict a great tuning of dials in the direction of 3YA all over the country as the Centennial Music Festival, which has just finished a season in Dunedin, during which, the weather did its worst and the Festival its best to entertain the citizens, begins this week in Christchurch. Despite the weather, the reception given the visiting artists during the Dunedin week was anything but cold; and for music-lovers who have not yet managed to make a date with their sets for these concerts, we would suggest that they consult the 3YA programmes, and make up for lost time.

Fred's Birthday

Lovers of Gilbert and Sullivan may remember that February 29 this year was the date on which Frederick, of the "Pirates of Penzance," became twenty-one. Having been born in Leap Year, the melodious hero



of this light opera has had to wait sixty years for his coming-of-age. Now, although the happy event is a few months past, we may join in the celebrations with the Pirate King and all the rest; for the NBS is presenting a special broadcast of Act 1 of "The Pirates of Penzance" from 1YA, Auckland, at 8 p.m. on Saturday, June 1.

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Well, well, well, dear me—or rather, dear us, to perpetuate the impersonal. The exclamation is occasioned, in this case, by our having just noticed another of the talks in the intriguing "Music and Flowers" series. Last week, you may remember, we expressed mild puzzlement at "Flowers in a Soldier's

Life," having always thought that flowers played a rather small part among The Military; but now to perplex us even more comes "Shorthand and Flowers." Where, as the lost traveller said, is the connection? Obviously you are required to do the Sherlock Holmes act with your wireless; here are, however, a few clues. The speaker is Dr. Robert John Gregg. The time and place are 10.45 p.m. on Saturday, June 1, Station 2YA, Wellington.

Daddy of Them All

To use a colloquialism, as far as opera is concerned, "Orpheus and Euridice" is the daddy of them all. Christoph Willibald von Gluck, who wrote it, was born in Bavaria in 1714. In his twenties, he composed operas in Italy; in his forties, he wrote them in London, where he also performed on certain musical glasses, which he claimed to be of his own invention. This opera, which tells how Orpheus sought and found his dead wife, Euridice, in the Underworld, is the earliest operatic work of any composer which still maintains a place on the regular stage. It will be broadcast at 9.15 p.m. on Sunday, May 26, from 1YA, Auckland.

Music of General's Daughter

Dame Ethel Mary Smyth is the daughter of an artillery general, and it has been said that she has never been unwilling to fire a shot in those causes in which she believes—such as, say, national opera or feminism. In 1911, she spent two months in one of His Majesty's gaols as a militant suffragette, and in 1922 received from the King's hands the equivalent of a knighthood. Her main work has been as a composer, and several of her operas have been produced, besides orchestral and choral works. "The Wreckers" is an opera dealing with the inhabitants of the Cornish coasts, who lured ships on to the coast and plundered them for spoil. Music from the Dame's opera will be heard at 2 p.m. on Sunday, May 26, from 2YA, Wellington.

Snow

Most people will swear black and blue that snow is white, and rock, photographically at least, black. But those peculiar people who like to roll in it, or slide over it, or climb up it, will insist that snow is very colourful stuff, and rock, from the point of view of any but a road engineer, just as attractive, artistically. Separately and together, they both attract photographers. Usually, they baffle photographers, for the lights that play among them, in atmospheres thinner and clearer than most



STATIC

HITLER has the Firth of Forth on the brain, says a Dutch journalist. We always suspected it was water of some sort.

WE read of a Berlin resident whose house has been burgled six times during the black-out. He now makes a practice of searching the premises every evening and putting the burglar out for the night.

ANAVAL officer says there's nothing like brandy as a cure for seasickness. Unless it's port.

APARISIAN actress recently appeared in a costume made of coloured glass beads. Tinkle, tinkle, little star.

AMILLIONAIRE tobacco magnate declares that although he had a public school education he started at the bottom. Just a fag to begin with?

THE average woman's vocabulary is said to be about 500 words. A small stock, but think of the turnover.

HOW'S the wife, George?
She's just had quinsy.

Gosh! How many does that make you've got now?

IT is so cold in parts of Alaska that a speaker's breath on meeting the air is immediately converted into ice. Politicians there seldom use long words, in case they are forced to eat them.

"THE clock has more than once shaken the alibi of the criminal," asserts an ex-Detective-In-spector. Time, the great squealer.

FIRST visitor: My dear, these cakes are as hard as a stone.

Second visitor: I know. But she said "Take your pick," when she passed them round.

IT is usually easy to forgive those people who lie about you. But not so easy with those people who tell the truth.

AMONG new economy hints is the suggestion of paper instead of linen handkerchiefs. Atishoo paper.