

# A Run Through The Programmes



important even than the winds of heaven, to music-lovers, at any rate, will descend upon the city—the Centennial Music Festival, which, having run a highly successful course through the other three centres, is to arrive in the capital city for its big finale. The Wellington Festival received detailed attention in our last week's issue, but may we remind you that before Saturday, June 29, arrives, Wellington will have had the musical time of its life. Such works as Gounod's "Faust," Haydn's "The Creation," and Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, are outstanding—but for details, see the programmes.

## Argument

Although most of *The Listener's* argumentative correspondents have lately been concentrating on swing, there have been moments when heights of vilification have been reached by anti-crooners. Well, we cannot repeat on this page some of the things crooners have been called, but one definition is that they are singers who ignore intervals in music and slide from one note to another much as dripping slides about the pan when the heat comes through. Instead of singing, for example, "Down de Lovers' Lane," they produce some sound, almost defying phonetic transcription, like "Dahhhnnn d'lervers' laa-aaain." But that such light and tuneful numbers as the aforementioned can be sung in other presentable ways is proved by Paul Robeson, who will be heard in a bracket of two numbers (the other is "Lullaby," by Gambs), at 9.44 p.m. on Wednesday, June 26, from 1YA Auckland.

## New History for Old

An attempt to teach New Zealand history from a new angle is to be made shortly in the Winter Course series of talks at 2YA. Did you ever wonder why your great grandfather came out to New Zealand in the very early days? It must have taken a good deal of resolution to make the break. We read in general terms about the work of the traders and the whalers and farmers and so on in the early days, but do we really know what their lives were like? Station 2YA intends to throw some light on these questions by presenting, in the form of discussion, first of all a picture of England in the 'thirties; then when this background is painted in, there will be talks about the life of various types of adventurers. The idea is to reconstruct the early and the middle period by showing how people really lived, and the whole series will conclude with a sort of balance sheet of

achievement of what we have gained and what we have lost in one hundred years. The first talk will be on June 24.

## New Serial

Like Charles Dickens, Charles Reade wrote propagandist novels—novels, that is, which were designed to draw attention to, and so remove, various small wrongs. "Hard Cash," a serialised version of which will begin at 8 p.m. on Thursday, June 27, from 1YA Auckland, is perhaps the best known



of Reade's propagandist novels. Designed to expose the abuses prevailing in lunatic asylums, it met with vigorous protest on its first appearance. It concerns a certain Captain Dodd, who has amassed a small fortune; a rascally banker, who steals the money and to prevent his son marrying the Captain's daughter has him put in an asylum where Captain Dodd is confined, having lost his reason through the banker's wickedness and the loss of his savings. Strong meat, perhaps, but a serial which should make thrilling listening.

## They Must Be Raw

Sad as it may seem to be to disillusion all the good pie-makers of New Zealand, apples and Vitamin C are separated in cooking. This is a blow, no doubt, but it is true, as the A.C.E. people intend to confirm in their talk which will be broadcast from 1YA at 3.30 p.m. and 3YA at 2.30 p.m. on Thursday, and from 2YA at 3 p.m. on Friday. Vitamin C is a very elusive fellow, they will tell listeners, and runs rapidly away at the first smell of fire or sight of a pot boiling. Once he's gone, he's hard to catch, except in the strange case of dried peas allowed to sprout. He doesn't like winter, either, and when he runs from frost all kinds of unpleasantnesses arrive in his place. The title of the A.C.E. talk is "For Vitamin C—Eat Those Apples Raw," and that speaks for itself.



## SHORTWAVES

THE best thing that the war can do for us is to inspire us with an irresistible desire for better things.—Lord Elton.

ONCE, in Florence, where so many of the Island Race have retired from time to time, having left the Motherland by reason of a roving nature, or at the request of the Motherland's police, we met a British resident who, though England was fighting for her very life against Australia, expressed no interest whatsoever in the daily score or batting averages.—D. B. Wyndham Lewis.

OUR propaganda, even to our own people, has been hopelessly inadequate.—Lord Snell.

TOTAL war must be waged by total means.—Mr. Hore-Belisha.

IT cannot be a sound peace if small nations live in fear of powerful neighbours.—President Roosevelt.

BY and large, it costs at least a fiver to feed and water a Glamour Girl for one evening; whereas, for about four-and-a-kick one can regale the average country maiden almost to bursting point—and stand her a seat at the movies.—K. R. G. Browne.

THE day is perhaps coming when the public schools may feel that they would like to share with other classes the tremendous benefits that they have to bestow.—Lord de la Warr.

WARS are won by anticipating events, not by waiting on them.—Eric Macfayden.

THE celebrated Beau Brummell died at Caen, in Normandy, on the 30th ult., at the age of sixty-two. He had been long in distressed circumstances, living on the charity of friends, and latterly had been confined in a madhouse.—Extract from "The Observer," London, April 12, 1840.

THIS war is part of the eternal struggle between right and wrong.—Lord Halifax.

WE would indeed be a decadent nation if we cared more for peace than for justice and freedom.—Sir Neville Henderson.

THE average woman has no idea of what suits her.—Sir W. Gilbert.