

Annotations of Annabel

DEAREST:

Wellington is exulting in season of modern drama, presented by the incomparable Vanbrugh-Boucicault pair of artists and lesser dramatic stars of their constellation. Each night stalls, circle and gallery bulge with hot and enthusiastic habitues, causing regretful backward glance at apathetic audiences accorded Mr. Allan Wilkie's magnificent courage in bringing Shakespeare to our doors.

"ON Approval" met with favour, except with conservative minority which turned doubtful eye and ear upon that blend of frothy dialogue, improbable situation, and verbal dash and daring that go to make a Lonsdale play. Chic and slick Miss Vanbrugh appears as a determined mondaine who, like many another, desires to take no matrimonial risks; her vitality miraculous, movement and posture swift and sure, and enunciation so delightful in accent and audibility that one sighs to remember how our poor beautiful language is mangled by those who ought to know better. In portrayal of that supreme egoist and amusing bounder the Duke of Bristol, another facet of Mr. Dion Boucicault's many-sided adaptability delights his admirers; while the two remaining actors of the quartet are excellent as a nice girl and a still nicer man, the latter so divine in self-abnegation that fain would he have been annexed by a large section of his feminine audience.

BROADCAST music of delightful quality, rendered by Mr. Harrison Cook and others of musicianly attainment, delighted the crowd who responded to generous and charming entertainment provided for patrons at the opening of new D.I.C. premises in the Capital City. The last word in modernity is the new emporium, with its escalator which "without haste and without pause" conveys freight of slightly nervous humanity to desired bourne. At first a curious sensation, this stepping heavenward willy-nilly, and of a composite thrill suggestive of 'Appy 'Ampstead, P. & O. Liner, and Underground at rush hour. After a moment of seemingly eternal motion, one steps out on velvet of new and lovely carpets which cover the floors of the establishment, and admires artistic taste of manufactured beauty of tulips and hydrangeas that provide great splashes of colour. "Helen, do look at the baby," said one pretty schoolgirl to another; and there in a case displaying fluttering babelet garments of le dernier cri, coyly reposed a waxen infant, very plump and

fascinating, upon a bed, not of roses, but of lilac, with, for a background, sheaves of the lovely lavender blooms anent which Walt Whitman wrote a few melodious verses.

"WILL you walk into my parlour?" beckoned beauty parlour with rose-coloured curtains of velour and manifold modern appliances; my admiration concentrating upon cunning contrivance for reducing the too, too solid flesh that refuses to melt even in this torrid season. A few treatments, it appears, the perseverance of the busy bee, and we shall all be slim as Undine. So courage, mes enfants, and go on striving, as Napoleon once said in a different connection.

"THE goods" are lavish and lovely, but there was no time for more than a glance at display of crystal that flashed appeal to weak woman; sprays of apple-blossom fashioned of pink mother-o'-pearl; humble ash-trays transformed by magic of blue butterflies' wings; china plates with lordly parrots and flaunting flowers like a modern impressionistic poem. All dots and dashes. And there were glimpses of shoes of rose and gold to suit Oriental taste and opulent purse; and a gown of green with a strap of leaves suggestive of the Garden of Eden, and calculated to move the heart of most adamant Adam. Richard, unwilling escort in this orgy of femininity, with his usual good taste admired the gowns of velvet, in black and brown, worn by courteous assistants, very dignified and attractive.

FROM the heat and glare we escape to the Quay, comparatively deserted after reek and roar of the day; and stroll homeward under a mackerel sky to China tea on suburban balcony, from its height reflecting how our young Dominion foots it blithely in the march of progress, its small towns of a decade ago putting on brave air of cities.

Your
ANNABEL LEE.

Pneumatic Suspenders.

ANY means of prolonging the life of a pair of stockings is always welcomed.

There is now a new suspender patented by an English firm which behaves very well, because it never tears the top of a stocking, as the old type did. Each clasp on this suspender has a tiny pneumatic button so that it cannot possibly tear the silk.

Big Brother Bills' Radio Picnic.

Great Crowd of Radio Children Entertained

A BLUE sky, a warm sun, a cool wind, and a little farm that is cuddled in the lap of the green Dunedin hills; these are the stage properties of Big Brother Bill's Radio Picnic. To say the number of people who were the actors sounds like an advertisement for one of the latest super-pictures that appear on the screen. Fifteen hundred men, women and children went to the picnic grounds in motor-buses, private cars, taxi-cabs, and on "shank's pony." One thousand tickets were issued to enable transport arrangements to be made, but hundreds of people didn't bother about tickets at all.

From 10.15 a.m. on the morning of Saturday, February 23—The Great Day—until 2.30 p.m., a constant stream of Corporation motor-buses packed with people, left 4YA studio for the farm of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Stenhouse. Half Way Bush, which had been generously loaned for the occasion. The police, with traffic inspectors, took charge of the crowds as they gathered, and, in spite of the phenomenal crush, everybody being in the best of tempers, packed them expeditiously away on their journey.

The Picnic began with a TREASURE HUNT. A tin containing money had been hidden in the early morning in a five-acre paddock of green broom on a hill-side. In the twinkling of an eye after directions had been given, the dark green broom was a background for a moving picture of vivid colours. Boys in white shirts, and girls in dresses of every colour, drifted in and out among the bushes searching for the Pirate's Hoard.

After this the fun was fast and furious. The Station Director, Mr. Announcer, and others, took charge of the races and sports. Big Brother Bill, with Mr. Jack Ledgerwood, Boys' Work Director of the Y.M.C.A., organised the field games. Aunt Shiela took charge of the Chickabiddies' events. There hasn't been so much laughter and chuckling and cheering heard among those hills since they were first piled in heaps. There were races for everybody, from the Chickabiddle of the family to dad and mum. And prizes for all the winners, from the loveliest dolls and manicure sets and

boxes of handkerchiefs, to a set of boxing gloves, a live Angora rabbit, a half-dozen handsome crystal sets, and loudspeakers. There was a Hitchon's ham for dad's race and a goose for mum's.

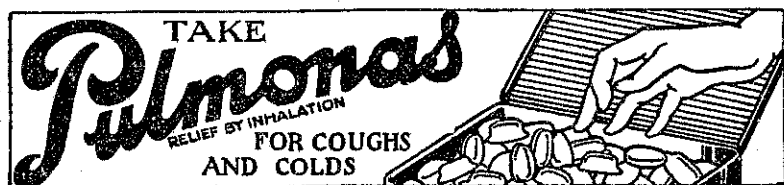
AND the fun and laughter! The pillow-fight and the greasy pole were centres for gales of it. The incidents that remain as happy memories and will provoke laughter for many, many days, were too numerous to mention. One man took a milk bucket of orange syrup into the middle of the paddock to enable the crowd of thirsty youngsters to dip their cups; he came back again without the bucket, and his head and face streaming with sticky syrup. The eager youngsters had tripped him as he set the bucket down, and he fell head-first into the syrup. Another man was scrambling lollies; at least, he meant to do so. A crowd of hefty boys dragged him down and took the tin from him. And one too curious boy fell into the pig-sty. Certainly there were pigs in the sty, but it was hard to say who got the biggest fright.

Three hundred pounds of boiled lollies and 200lb. of biscuits were distributed among the children during the day—scrambled, of course, in the good old-fashioned manner. And at the end of the day 4YA went on the air to tell the world what sort of a day it had been. If you were lucky enough to hear the broadcast, you would tell by the community singing that closed the picnic how much everyone had enjoyed themselves.


One very pleasant thing should be recorded. Although two ambulance men were in attendance they had nothing much to do. One little girl fell down in a race and was carried to the ambulance tent, but she was not seriously hurt. And Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Stenhouse, to whom the farm belonged, on which the picnic was held, wish it to be said that not the slightest damage was done to anything on the place.

Already the suggestion has been mooted that so happy an event should be an annual fixture in Dunedin, and, by all the signs and tokens, the suggestion will be given the most serious consideration.

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AND COLDS



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