

than we have at Titree. My stars, if I were to—

Mrs. Soaring (ignoring Lizzie): What were you saying about the new Mrs. Parrington, Mrs. Snobbe-Cranston?

Martha re-enters, bangs pot of tea on table, then exits, still muttering.

Mrs. S.-Cranston: Oh, I haven't called yet—I am kept so busy with all my calls. (Mrs. Soaring pours tea and hands to Lizzie and friend.) But I am hoping to get along very soon. You see—

Lizzie: Mag—just a moment.—May I introduce—

Mrs. Soaring (staring stonily at Lizzie): You were saying, Mrs. Snobbe-Cranston?

Mrs. S.-Cranston: Oh, yes—it appears that Mrs. Parrington has expressed a great desire to meet me.—(Lizzie and her friend look blankly at each other.)

Miss Wimple (excitedly): Really!

Mrs. J.-White: Quite.

Mrs. S.-Cranston: Yes. Of course, they are very wealthy.

Stella: They say the old man's got wads!

Mrs. S.-Cranston: Simply rolling, my dear!

Miss Wimple: Really!

Mrs. J.-White: Quite!

Stella: And there is a son, I believe?

Miss Wimple (arohly): Now—now—

Miss Soaring. (Wags finger at her.)

Mrs. S.-Cranston: It seems that Mrs. Parrington is a very great friend of a very great friend of mine—so naturally she is hoping that we will be very intimate.

Mrs. Soaring: Well, isn't that just wonderful!

Stella: Tophole for you!

Miss Wimple: So charming, I think.

Mrs. J.-White: Oh, quite!

Lizzie: Oh, Mag! May I—

Mrs. Soaring: Have you an invitation to her house warming? I hear she is having one soon.

Mrs. S.-Cranston: Of course. I have mine with me now. (Begins searching in handbag.)

Such a lovely card! So original, I thought. Oh, so sorry; it's not in my bag. I must have left it at home. Oh, of course, now I remember—it was in my crocodile skin bag that I put it. Such a pity. Such a sweet card!

Mrs. Soaring: I think it is such a lovely new house—

Stella: Perfectly adorable!

Miss Wimple: Oh, perfectly!

Mrs. J.-White: Oh, quite!

Miss Wimple: I am quite looking forward to seeing it.

Stella: Are you invited to the house warming, Miss Wimple?

Miss Wimple: Oh, surely. The vicar—of course—you understand—

Mrs. Soaring: Oh, perfectly!

Mrs. J.-White: Oh, quite!

Lizzie: A party! How lovely! When is it, Mag? Is it likely to come off while I am here? I do love house-warmings. I well remember the last one we had out in Tussockdale—

Mrs. Soaring: More tea, Lizzie? More tea, Mrs.—Er?—Yes, Mrs. S.-Cranston, I'm sure it's going to be a delightful occasion. So splendid to get some really nice people in our district, isn't it?

Mrs. S.-Cranston: Oh, rather!

Mrs. J.-White: Oh, quite!

(Commotion in far corner. Lizzie's friend makes hurried exit. Mrs. Soaring looks annoyed.)

Mrs. Soaring: Really, Lizzie!

Lizzie: Well, Mag, perhaps you will let me speak at last. I must say you

have a queer way of treating your guests. My stars, if I had done what you have done out in Titree, I'd've been howled out of the district!

Mrs. Soaring: Really, Lizzie, if you will bring your strange acquaintances to my "at home"—

Lizzie: Did you say "strange acquaintances"? My stars! I like that!

Mrs. S.-Cranston: Most unseemly behaviour!

Miss Wimple: Oh, most!

Mrs. J.-White: Oh, quite!

Stella: She was rather a yell, Aunt Lizzie. You must admit that.

Mrs. Soaring: And such an undignified way to leave. Really, Lizzie—

Lizzie: She found it impossible to stay longer. The strain was too great. She asked me to apologise to you, Mag, for her bad manners, but since they are the fashion here, I shouldn't think you'd notice. And she asked me to tell you—(addresses Miss Wimple)—I don't know your name, but you are evidently something to do with the vicar—may his God help him—she desires you to know that she is a strong Presbyterian. And you—Mrs. Snobbe—

Something-or-other—(Did you make it up, by the way—never did I know a name suit anyone so well—not even Mrs. Ducktoes down in Tussockdale—she had webbed feet, poor dear.) Well, she said, that you carried off your little bit of bluff real well. My stars! The way you hunted through that bag was real clever. Considering that you never got an invitation at all—

Mrs. S.-Cranston: I beg your pardon!

Mrs. Soaring: LIZZIE! What are you saying?

Stella: Help! I smell a rat!

Miss Wimple: I'm sure the Vicar will be quite reconciled to the fact that that very Queer person is not an Anglican.

Mrs. J.-White: Quite!

Miss Wimple: But why she should mention the fact—

Stella: Stung! Oh, what a yell!

Mrs. Soaring: Lizzie! What do you mean by all this nonsense? Explain yourself!

Lizzie: I'll explain all right. You people seem to consider yourselves so high and mighty—

Miss Wimple: Indeed!

Mrs. J.-White: Quite!

Lizzie: Well, they say pride goes before a fall. I reckon that's right—and someone's going to fall—hard—right now. You are too grand to meet me and my friend, eh? Too Snobby—that's what—

Miss Wimple: Indeed!

Mrs. J.-White: Quite!

Mrs. Soaring: LIZZIE! For mercies' sake, what are you talking about? How dare you? If you are rude to my guests, you must go—

Lizzie: I'm going. Don't let that worry you. (Goes toward exit.)

I am going to spend the rest of my time here with my friend. She said to tell you that she is sorry—she was hoping to meet you all and give you an invitation to the house-warming.

Mrs. Soaring: The HOUSE-WARMING!

Mrs. S.-Cranston (On a high key): The HOUSE-WARMING!

Stella: I guessed it! Oh, what a yell!

Mrs. Soaring: Then your friend is—

Lizzie (At exit): MRS. PARRINGTON!

(EXIT LIZZIE.)

COLLAPSE OF EVERYONE.

CURTAIN.

SECOND CURTAIN.

Curtain rises on scene of confusion. Mrs. Soaring is sobbing profusely into a d'oyley. Mrs. S.-Cranston is in a faint. Miss Wimple is fluttering around waving a handkerchief between both of them. Stella is in an attack of hysterics. Mrs. Jefferson-White is knitting fiercely. Martha has entered and stands at back of stage, gaping dazedly.

Martha: Lawks! Lawsa-mussy! Stella (giggling): Oh, what a yell! Mrs. J.-White: QUITE!

FINAL CURTAIN.

THE END.

Programme Jottings

A PERFORMANCE of "The Arcadians," by the Hamilton Amateur Operatic Society, will be relayed by 1YA on Wednesday, October 7.

Mr. Te Ari Pitama has been engaged by 3YA for further lectures on "Maori Customs."

On Thursday, October 29, a concert by the Wanganui Garrison Band will be relayed by 2YA.

A concert by the Temuka Municipal Band, to be given on Sunday, October 18, is to be broadcast.

3YA will relay from Ashburton on Monday, October 19, a programme by the Ashburton Choral Society. "A Tale of Old Japan" will comprise part of the concert.

A recital of negro spirituals and plantation songs will be given at 3YA on Friday, October 30, by Mr. Hubert Carter, the well-known tenor.

On October 25 and 26, 3YA will carry out special relays of the celebrations marking the centenary of the sacking of 'Kalapohia Pa by Te Rauparaha. Mr. Te Ari Pitama will be the announcer.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Simpson will give a piano and vocal recital at 3YA. In musical circles Mrs. Simpson is well known as Thelma Gallagher.

Celebrations in connection with the Jubilee of the Christchurch Cathedral, to take place on Sunday, November 1, will be broadcast by 3YA.

Prior to her departure for London to avail herself of the scholarship granted by the Royal College of Music, Marjorie Alexander, the brilliant young Christchurch pianiste, will give her final radio recital at 3YA on November 11.

3YA has in course of preparation a programme called "Old Christchurch." Many of the old identities of the city will contribute.

A Dunedin entrant in the Ashburton Competitions, Miss Margaret Howden, gained first place for the sacred solo (the judge stating hers was an outstanding performance), second in the test piece, second in the national and own selection section, as well as three h.c.s. Miss Howden is a well-known Dunedin contralto and 4YA artist.

Suva Likes 2YA

An Appreciative Letter

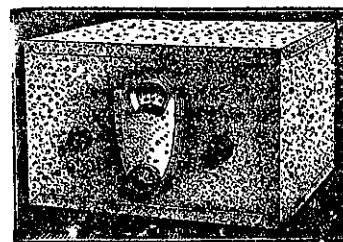
MR. CLIVE DRUMMOND, announcer at 2YA, has received an appreciative letter from a Mr. A. L. Titcomb, electrician and engineer of the Grani Pacific Hotel, Suva, Fiji. In the course of his letter Mr. Titcomb says: "I feel I must tell you how very much your concerts are appreciated in Fiji, and that for our islands it is the best broadcast we receive by far. If you went off the air I'm sure we would feel very lost here."

"The time I listen-in is from 8.30 p.m. (8 p.m. N.Z. time) onward."

"If you happen to see the gentleman (who happened to be Mr. Herbert F. Wood) who sang 'I Like You in Velvet,' you may tell him all the listeners-in in Suva were more than charmed with his interpretation of this and the two encore items. A number of guests were from U.S.A., England, and the Continent, and compared him favourably with the best opera singers."

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