

THURSDAY night's relay by IYA of the Leys Institute concert was as pleasant as usual. There is never anything heavy about them and the considerable section of orchestral offerings were, as usual, tuneful and enjoyable. I could not help, however, noting again something that has often struck me. Noni Wright's elocutionary efforts were obviously enjoyed by the people in the hall. Yet over the air there was something unreal about her efforts. Women's voices in spoken pieces over the air, to me at least, are often exasperating. The mike seems to make many of them sound artificial, though actually they may be nothing of the sort.

MR. S. F. TEMPLE'S dog talk from IYA on Wednesday was light and fanciful and quaintly real in its picture of dog psychology. Personally, like Beverley Nichols, I prefer cats to dogs, though many consider this sheer bad taste, but I did enjoy Mr. Temple's dissertations with Dougal the dog. Dougal has been in low spirits lately: the Gny Fawkes stir-up got on his nerves. His master explained to him that these celebrated the attempt to blow up the Houses of Parliament. When the rockets and other weird things went off Dougal dived under a chair in a blue funk. "Have they blown up Parliament House yet?" he asked, and to justify his retreat added: "I don't mind the blowing up. What worries me is what it's going to do to us when they come down."

However, Dougal perked up when he saw new neighbours moving in along the street, and inquired what was in the boxes left by the lorries. "Oh, just litter and rubbish, I s'pose," his owner said, shortly. Dougal rushed off to investigate, met a lady collie at the new place, and by her was proudly shown her small puppies. Dougal dashed back, greatly excited. "You were right about the litter," he told his master. "There are five boys and two girls." Dougal, if not a pedigree animal and unable to grasp that show dogs have blue blood that is red, is quite a character and jolly good company.

WHAT little IYA gave us of Phyllis Gribbin and Mr. Robert Simmers on Wednesday came through very well. It was pleasant to hear Lillian Quinn at the piano after a rather lengthy absence. Her two numbers came over excellently.

"ROADS and Transport" in relation to town-planning gave Mr. J. Tyler a good opportunity when he faced the microphone at IYA on Tuesday. We have no real traffic problem in New Zealand yet, but it will come unless we take matters in hand soon. The loss through traffic delays in portion of London had been estimated, said Mr. Tyler, at almost £12,000,000 a year, the London Omnibus Co. alone reckoning its annual loss at a million. If, said the speaker, Sir Christopher Wren's plans prepared after the Great Fire of London had been adopted there would be practically no traffic problem in London to-day.

There were three chief types of town lay-outs. The square or gridiron type of many American cities was evolved in Egypt 2500 years ago and was exemplified in old Peking. With this type of squared road system there were delays in getting from the heart of a city to the outer suburbs. The second type with a diagonal

road system radiating from the heart meant a much quicker get-away for traffic. Washington, D.C., capital of the U.S.A., town-planned some 130 years ago, was of this type.

The modern development was the spider-web lay-out of roads, with radiating arteries and ring-roads at different distances from the centre. Coastal cities such as Auckland should adopt a fan system of roading (modification of the spider-web), influenced by local topography. "The present style of go-as-you-please traffic is hopeless and impossible," the speaker added. "It is beginning to be realised that co-ordination of all branches of transport is better than rivalry. What is needed now is national co-ordination. All waste must be eliminated. This and its consequent reduction in transport costs can only be achieved by town, regional, and national planning."

ANOTHER illusion gone west. Mr. G. O'Halloran told us in his second

Auckland Notes

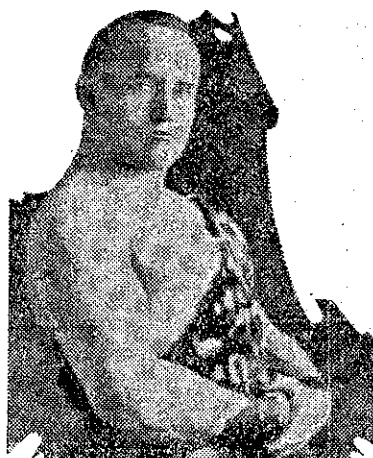
By "Neutron"

"Art of the Troubadours" talk from IYA that, after all, King Richard of the Lion Heart was not rescued by the wandering minstrel Blondel—in spite of my Chambers' Encyclopaedia. Richard was imprisoned in an Austrian castle, and when his barons failed to find the ransom promptly he composed a song slating his subjects. Blondel did not take the stage at all, according to the lecturer, and Richard, although a bonny fighter, was a bad son, a bad husband, and a bad King. Mr. O'Halloran's analysis of the literary phenomenon of the astonishing troubadour era is worthy of attention.

AFTER a barren start for the week, IYA presented a very fine programme on Armistice evening. The Clarion Quartet, Haydn Murray trio, and the sketch "Armistice" by G. A. Thomas, laid firm foundations for a real evening's entertainment. The sketch was very well done and was really impressive. There were times when

the atmosphere was almost too real, almost too "all quiety," especially for people with memories, but the scenes with Marshal Foch were thoroughly well conceived and well done. The whole evening was worth while.

"THE Powers of Dominion Parliaments," as explained by Mr. L. K. Munro in IYA's W.E.A. session, should appeal to all students of political history. One of the striking things he said was that in spite of the recent Statute of Westminster, modern Magna Carta of Dominion self-government, a Dominion is not a sovereign State. Neither South Africa, nor Ireland, for instance, could vote themselves out of the British Commonwealth of Nations; they cannot secede. Nor can any of the sister States remain neutral if Britain declares war on another country. Again, in Britain (and New Zealand) there is nothing in the Constitution to say the Prime Minister need be a member of either House of Parliament. Under the new Irish Constitution the Irish Prime Minister must be elected to the popular Assembly, but if (Hurunui would never do it) Mr. Forbes were personally beaten and yet his party won, he could still legally remain Prime Minister.



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