

AUCKLAND NOTES.

N.Z.'s Big Chance In Britain

Elliot Davis Talks on Export of Bacon Pigs—How Sir James Parr Gained His Reputation as an Orator—Beerbohms from IYA.

MR. ELLIOT DAVIS, one of Auckland's best-known business men, has just returned from a two years' holiday in England, and late on Friday evening he gave some of his impressions from IYA, together with an appeal to farmers to take advantage of what to him appeared a golden opportunity. There was a steady and increasing improvement in trade conditions in Britain, he said, but there was still a long way to go before she was out of the wood. Heavy taxation had caused dukes to open butter and egg shops, sell afternoon teas in their ancestral homes, and stately homes in city and country had To Let or For Sale signs out. Still the trade prospects were undeniably brighter for our one and only customer. The big opportunity for New Zealand, he said, lay in producing bacon pigs for the British market. With no skim-milk feeding, it cost British farmers 4d per lb to produce this, against New Zealand's 3d. The British Pig Commission was determined to raise prices to a profitable level, and an Empire quota had been arranged so that every pig shipped from New Zealand meant one less from a foreign country. Since, last year, the Danes shipped £21,000,000 worth of bacon pigs to England, our farmers had a glorious opportunity. Next Thursday Mr. Davis talks on butter marketing, which he studied while at Home.

SIR JAMES PARR won an international reputation as an orator at Geneva. Last Tuesday at IYA he let the cat out of the bag about this. There are two official languages at the League of Nations, English and French. English is spoken by only four or five of the 50 nations represented. When Sir James was finally persuaded to mount the rostrum, before 300 pairs of the keenest eyes in the world, he was nervous and, so he said, made the worst speech of his life. He came back dejectedly to his secretary while the French interpretation began. Sir James was astonished to hear bursts of "Bravissima!" and applause from all quarters, including a Viennese lady economist, who waved an admiring lorgnette at the New Zealander. "You were lucky," the secretary explained, "to have the finest interpreter in the

world. He took some of your ideas away from your poor words and clothed them in magnificent French oratory." That night Sir James gave that interpreter the finest dinner to be had in Geneva—and always saw that same interpreter for ever after handled all his speeches. There were lots of more good stories in this talk on "The Lighter Side of Public Life"—about the millionth case of apples and the green one the Prince tried to eat—and Higgins, M.P. Higgins was a wire-whiskered Queenslander who threw a water-bottle at Mr. Speaker in Brisbane. "However did such a man get into Parliament?" Mr. Parr, then Mayor of Auckland, asked. "We'll see, said his friend, and marched up to the suspended M.P. in Brisbane's

C.T. and Warehousemen's Choir, in the studio, another good concert is certain. "The Twa Macs," who returned very brightly last Saturday to the "mike," appear again with humour, song and story, on Monday. By the way, there is no wrestling relay this week, since there was a double dose last week.

THE Beerbohms, newcomers on the air, proved a decided acquisition for IYA listeners last Thursday. They presented two refreshing sketches, with nothing moth-eaten about them, with surprise endings, snappy dialogue, and all that goes to make real entertainment. The sketches were in sharp contrast, the first being a comedy of London flat life, bright throughout, with clever doubling parts, clear enunciation, and good English well spoken. The second presentation, quite a different type, was a dramatic little bit of Australian life outback. This was the real thing, wonderfully well done with Aussie intonation and dialect seeming to be the players' natural medium. These players provided the best and most arresting entertainment heard for some time in the north, and undoubtedly their further appearance will be welcomed very warmly by IYA listeners.



TO GIVE A CONCERT NEXT WEEK.—Ana Hato and her Maori Concert Party which will give a concert from the Auckland Town Hall Concert Chamber on Friday of next week, August 18. It will be relayed by IYA.

main street, to say. "The Mayor of Auckland wants to know how ever a man like you got into the House, Higgins." "Does he, now?" Higgins answered. "Well, he wouldn't if he'd only seen the cows I beat!"

MRS. ALBERT RUSSELL came before IYA's studio "mike" on Wednesday last with "Cameos of Song Land." She sang a varied collection of songs with pleasant little interpellations, ranging from Schubert's "Who is Sylvia?" to "My Old Dutch." Mrs. Russell's voice does not carry well in a large hall, but it came through well from the studio, though she seemed nervous. Next week, on Friday evening, the same station will relay a Maori concert from the Town Hall, the Ana Hato Rotorua party being the entertainers. This should be something out of the ordinary, and prove decidedly popular. On Thursday, too, with the

interesting details about the island of Penang, with a cable car journey 2500 feet up in 25 minutes and, back in Singapore, the silver music of innumerable wooden clogs. The speaker came home with an admiration for the British genius in the government of native races, and with kindly feelings for the Chinese, and in less degree for the happy-go-lucky Malays, rather like our Maoris. There are, said the speaker, ten white men to each white woman in Malaya, and many of the men live lonely lives. For the most part they are University men, who live clean, temperate lives. A pleasant place for a visit, but for a home, one judges, "Episcopus"—and most others—might prefer New Zealand.

"EPISCOPUS" concluded his Malayan ramblings at IYA last Thursday, with some in-

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