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While Food is Short . . .

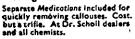
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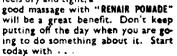
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RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

Our Largest School

NOBODY who has read the interview of a "visiting" teacher in a recent Listener, and heard the broadcast reminiscences of two travelling pedagogues given the same week, can fail to picture some of the difficulties under which backblocks children work. But the product of a city primary school of a generation ago may listen to the Correspondence Schools Sessions with a certain amount of envy. We lived in classes of 80 and 90 where harassed teachers had no time to go beyond the bare elements of formal instruction. "Art" was the faithful reproduction of a teapot, and "music" was mass singing with a tuning fork - same room, same teacher. Admittedly the curriculum has been liberalised, but classrooms are still cruelly overcrowded and specialists scarce. The modern Correspondence School pupil may be more of an individual in his teacher's eyes than the city child can be, and he needs the support because of his isolation. On Tuesday and Friday mornings we hear talks which are evidence that a wide range of interests is fostered, and notices of libraries and clubs that show how much trouble is being taken to make the pupil see himself as an active member of the community. Though nine-tenths of the work of the School is hidden from us in the post. the broadcast sessions give us a glimpse of the vision and energy with which it functions.

Treasure Hunt

WHEN an hour's good programme has been planned under the unrevealing title "Classical Recitals," I can never see why the job is not completed by an announcement of details at the beginning of the hour. Station 1YX runs such sessions on Wednesdays and Thursdays at 9.0 p.m. and the details of these programmes are supposed to be given at 6.0 p.m. This is a bad hour for most of us, and as 1YX does not begin transmission until 5.0 p.m., ceases from 5.15 to 5.45 for power conservation, transmits from 5.45 till 6.0, and then has an hour's rest until 7.0, it is quite troublesome to be there at 6.0. Added to which the announcements are not always made then, nor are they always accurate. Further, 1YA's afternoon programme of classical music is also worth two minutes' announcing at 2.30. This little extra trouble on the part of the station would save a good deal of fidgeting and argument in many households. After all, we are not all omnivorous where classical music is concerned, and we have other competing interests.

Vivat Bacchus

I SWITCHED on rather late to a 3YA recording advertised as "Student Songs" and heard, somewhat to my surprise, the music announcing that there was a tavern in the town. I had not known exactly what to expect, but this took me by surprise for a moment until I remembered the contents of a large decaying anthology called the "Students' Song Book." This put me on the right track—those odd 19th century ditties in German and dog-Latin and Aberdeen

Scots and even Gaelic, not to mention English; sentimental, facetious, most often bacchanalian, but all characterised by a faint heartiness and a dim adumbration of adolescent moustaches. Many are extinct, many still crop up with varying regularity in the programmes of glee clubs, but quite a few, most surprisingly of all, survive with indomitable persistence in the very different student repertoire and tradition of today. The lusty romanticism which gave



them birth has faded like the dew on the leaf before the ungentle warmth of "Frankie and Johnny," the little-known masterpiece called "Weeping and Wailing," and others which shall be nameless; but these odd bowler-hatted ghosts still start up from time to time to recall a past which made such strenuous efforts after dissipation, but which seems to us who come after so singularly innocent.

Burn, Burn!

MURDER most foul was committed this week, and at a respectable station like 4YA, moreover! A two-piano combination battered Sinding's "Rustle of Spring" and Grieg's "To the Spring" until both pieces were quite dead; then, they launched boldly into a Grande Polonaise in the Chopin manner, the theme being Sinding's aforesaid. The second side of the record proved to be "Morning," by Grieg, somewhat more calmly mismanaged. Since the latest in musical comedies is Song of Norway, in which I believe Grieg is treated to much the same sort of indignity as Schubert was in Lilac Time, it will not be long before his music becomes even more 'popular" than it now is. Surely if the BBC has banned "arrangements" of the classics, it is not too much to expect the NBS to do likewise; it would hurt nobody if all such records were quietly removed from the studio shelves, taken to some dark vault, and destroyed.

Feijoa

STATION 1YA's gardening expert has promised that one Tuesday evening in March he will talk on hedge plants of greater variety, use, and beauty. Auckland will be much in his debt if he can convince householders that sombre ramparts of tecoma are not essential to comfort and respectability. The other night a listener's question caused a preliminary discussion of the feijoa, which will be high on his list of recommendations. This plant is a neat edition of its cousin the pohutukawa;

(continued on next page)