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Mondays, is not quite up to the standard set by the earlier *Fools' Paradise*. I would have liked the mixture as before, but instead there isn't enough Wayne and Radford in it. A large proportion of our listening time is taken up by other characters, largely sinister, and to our bemused minds, largely interchangeable. One thing that draws us closer to our heroes is that they, too, are completely bemused by the whole business; they, too, are unable to tell David from Simon or estimate the relative villainy of Max and Marie. But they are not granted enough opportunities for displaying their particular brand of fooling (although there is the bread-knife incident: "I say, old man, there's blood on this breadknife." "I know, old chappie, it's mine.") What they need is a real heart-interest (at the moment they have only the Turf). I hope that the scriptwriter will be as indulgent as William Shakespeare was to his sovereign's similar request on behalf of the Elizabethan Wayne-and-Radford.

No Escape

THEY say that the best way to be alone is in a crowd. I suppose the same paradoxical principle is employed in serials where one escapes from the domestic routine of your own everyday life into the domestic routine of somebody else's everyday life. A new type of serial, however, seems to be *First Light Fraser Returns*, which is just beginning from the ZB stations. This is not domesticity with a difference, nor is it—as its name might seem to imply—the adventures of a second Superman or Buck Rogers. At least, after hearing the first broadcast, I don't think it is. It seems that in this serial the listener escapes from politicians and UN wrangles in a chaotic post-war world into a similar one in the radio dimension. The difference is, of course, that in the radio version one may look forward in the course of broadcasts to a satisfactory solution. Everything will come right in the end, and the final episode is within predictable distance. Which is more than one can say of the original at any time.

Radio Talks

THERE seems to be a movement afoot at the moment to educate New Zealanders on the subject of their own country. From Christchurch stations in one week we have had talks on Pioneer Women, Athletics in Early Canterbury, Lyttelton Harbour, New Zealand Birds, and Early New Zealand Newspapers. Whether or not this is a deliberate attempt to establish some sort of historical tradition it seems to me to be a

good thing. This generation of New Zealanders are on the whole, I think, ignorant of their own country—ignorant of what it has been and what it might be, and complacent about it as it is. I am not suggesting that a series of radio talks are going to make even the slightest difference: but the speakers I have heard have delivered their information in a palatable form and all managed to convey some of the interest which they themselves obviously took in their subjects. The radio talk is a difficult thing to handle, and its efficiency depends on many different elements—including that unknown and unseen quantity, the listener.

Golden Silence

LIKE that of any other American commercial radio station, the 1000-watt transmitter of WKYW Louisville (Kentucky) has always made all the noise its advertisers would buy. Last month, an advertiser showed that he considered the station's silence worth paying for. When WKYW signs off for the night, an announcer now says: "The next 11 hours of silence are sponsored by the Logan Company, makers of the famous Sleep Haven mattress . . . Good night—and good rest." The price of this smart spot announcement is reasonable enough—just six dollars a night.

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