RADIO VIEWSREEL What Our Commentators Say

Controversy!

AT last we have been granted permission to view that Shangri-La of radio malcontents, the Controversial Session. which like many another promised land is rather less promising at close quarters -and perhaps I should add, at first sight. Station 2YA, the other Monday, presented a Discussion on Consumer Co-operation, a nice long session in which two hard-headed business men debated with two Co-op supporters the merits of the Hutt Valley scheme, dissected to make a listeners' holiday. The level of discussion, I felt, was not as high as it could have been, partly owing to the lack of experience and consequent mike-fright of the four disputants. There were several unpregnant silences, many a promising sentence died in mid-air without the coup de grace of its predicate, and the gallant chairman bridged the gaps as best he could by leaping gaily to other people's conclusions. But these are minor matters, and by the time 2YA's 40th discussion takes the air it is possible that we shall have bred a race of Joads and Campbells. Mean-

while let 2YA carry on the good work, for better a dish of unsalted herbs where controversy is than a stalled ox without.

Other Days

STATION 2ZB's Dusty Labels session fits in well with that mood of gentle nostalgia characteristic of Sunday evenings, when we surrender ourselves gladly to the tunes we used to dance to and the songs they used to sing at us in the days when the thing that looked like a trumpet blew far fewer soul-animating strains than now. But last Sunday's session went even further back-to the days of the First Great War, thus achieving an antiquarian value without losing its sentimental appeal. Songs such as "When Father Jointed the Territorials" and "Kaiser Bill is a Merry Old Soul" have tarnished with time, since, like the last war's "We'll Hang Out Our Washing on the Siegfried Line" they are too closely linked to date and mood to have any universality. But the greater number of the songs were concerned with the simple valid emotions of the longing for peace, homecomings, and reunionssongs such as "Till the Boys Come Home" and "When the Bells of Peace

are Ringing." Perhaps, therefore, considered purely as entertainment, this session of Dusty Labels was not up to the standard of its predecessors, since it was bound to remind listeners that right sentiments are no guarantee of desired results.

Story Reading

I ISTENING to Dermot Cathie reading J. Jefferson Farjeon's The Twist from 2YA recently made me wish that we had more stories even if it meant having fewer plays. For one thing, there seem to be more suitable stories available for radio than there are plays (at any rate The Twist was much more dramatic than either of the plays I heard that week, Caligula Objects or Simon Curle) and how much simpler for a producer to cull a selection from A Century of Creepy Stories and hand it over to the local Kai-lung rather than go to the bother of casting and directing an Appointment with Fear, since in the former case the meeting should be even more effective. It seemed to me as I listened to Mr. Cathie that a much greater concentration of purpose is achieved by the solo performer, particularly when the item depends for its effect on the surprise ending. For listeners have been known to lose their way in attempting to follow the unseen entrances and exits of a diversity of characters, and when the final unravel-

they are as often as not still in the pantry with the butler or in the summerhouse with the second sleuth. This, of course, cannot happen when an experienced raconteur gently leads the listener (not by the nose) along the by-paths of the plot, seeing to it that he duly circumvents all the twists in the narrative and making sure that he has his expected reward of being in at the finish.

Guilty of Murder

ANYONE who takes any kind of pleasure, even if vicarious, in crime knows by now that murderers do the most unaccountable things in the stress of the moment. But in the case of a "whodunit" these blunders have to be cut down to a minimum, leaving one little mistake to be detected by the hero in the last-scene-but-one. Consider your Verdict has a new angle on an old subject by asking you to judge instead of detect the criminal: and now, judging from the last I heard in this series, the subtleties of detection seem to be remarkably simplified by the gross blunders of the murderer. This particular one leaves no stone unturned. He and his beautiful secretary leave the corpse of his wife in a trunk where the electrician is sure to stumble over it; they drop one of her slippers in the stair cupboard; and crowning folly, they remove the weights and chains from a valuable antique clock in order to weigh ling takes place in the drawing-room down the body with them. Crime, what





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