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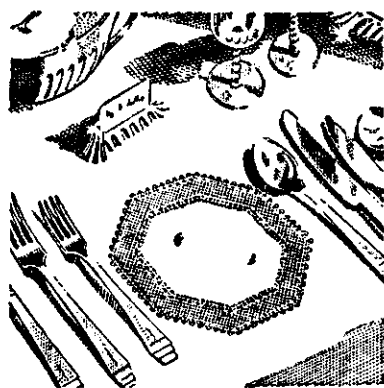
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So. 25

RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

Contagion

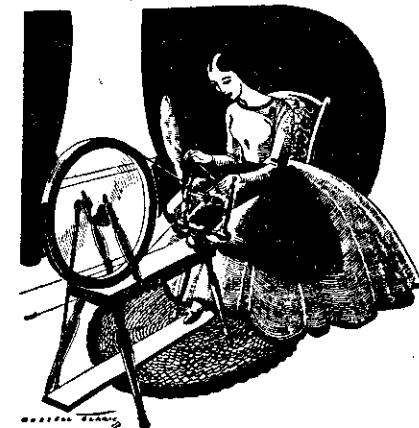
THE influence of ITMA penetrates into the most unlikely places. Whom should we find but Professor Tocker, in the broadcast *Provincial Letters from Canterbury*, perpetrating an unintentional joke at which his audience of students roared, and commenting dryly that classical scholars would doubtless recognise an example of the *lapsus linguae*. Likewise, during the celebrations of the Otago Boys' High School, the Hon. F. Jones was not allowed to get away with his slip of the tongue when he referred to the Prime Minister as the "Rt. Hon. Feter Praser." I wonder whether either of these two speakers ever listens to Tommy Handley? Tommy gives us in each episode as many examples of this form of aberration of speech as would lend humour to a score of public speeches. Some of the examples are too intricate to follow quickly, and it is not until after the programme that the best bits of it are remembered. There is only one thing wrong with this type of humour—it is contagious. There must by now be many homes where the family regularly wish one another a touching bood-gye.



ials flourish. The crop, they decided, had vastly improved over the last two years or so. A continual diet of any of the serials could not do the child much harm, especially as most children seemed to prefer the *Daddy and Paddy* and the *Bluey and Curley* to the more stimulating *Perry Mason*. (Not, as one speaker pointed out, that there is anything wrong with a good thriller. After all, what else are *Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Antigone*?) However just as listeners were becoming lulled by this idyllic picture of the young sitting contentedly while their serials are spoon-fed to them, one speaker began to cast doubts on the whole system of spoon-feeding. Even if the material fed was harmless it robbed the child of his appetite for better things, and discouraged more active forms of entertainment. The feeling of the panel was therefore that in general radio was more of a hindrance than a help, that it was up to the Service to see that nothing wildly unsuitable for children was aired between 6.0 and 8.0, and to parents to select and ration children's listening time. Furthermore that in a radio programme harmlessness is not enough. There must be positive cultural and aesthetic values sufficient to compensate for what the child loses by being passively rather than actively entertained.

Women's Hour

THERE is rather too much consciousness of time's winged chariot in the ZB Women's Hour. When the session was new I found myself stimulated by the sense of urgency that pervaded it, but now I am like the un-cooperative passenger on a conducted tour, who wants to potter round the Colosseum while the guide hustles him on to the



catacombs. The session has perhaps jelled a little too firmly into its original mould, whereas its purpose could be served much better if its internal divisions were less rigid. On a recent Friday, for example, we had an excellent talk from a diffident speaker on the carding and spinning of raw wool. Half-way through the talk the speaker discovered that she had only five minutes left, rattled through the remainder of her carefully prepared material, asked if she could have another minute to touch on wool-dyeing, and was refused because "it was now time for our record." Whereupon we listened to the *Spinning Song* from the Flying Dutchman. One of the chief merits of the

(continued on next page)

A Different Triangle

"WHAT does a man want when he's in love with two women at once? Both of them!" With this unequivocal statement coming from the hero's lips in the first few minutes of a play, it would be a dull listener who wouldn't sit up and ask for more. C. Gordon Glover, in this play from 4ZB, *O.U.T. Spells Out*, certainly provides plenty more, and rings a change on the usual triangular plot which it would spoil a prospective listener's enjoyment to reveal. The macabre element is dealt with in thoroughly macabre fashion, and yet succeeds in sounding thoroughly credible—due not only to the playwright but to the actors. I was pleased to hear the names of the cast read out after the play, and look forward to familiarising myself with the voices of the NZBS production unit, who made an excellent job of this play. It is refreshing to find a playwright able to make the eternal triangle completely understandable. He succeeded in the difficult job of making both women attractive and lovable and only the very puritanical listener will fail to commiserate the luckless hero in his half-hearted attempts to decide between his two loves.

Our House in Order

LITTLE time was wasted in defining the topic of discussion from 2YA's Monday discussion, "Does Radio Help or Hinder the Child?" (though speakers felt bound to point out that each word, "radio," "help," "hinder" and even "child" permitted of a very wide interpretation). Having thus demonstrated their awareness that they were sitting in the middle of a forty-acre paddock, they proceeded to explore one little corner of it, the one where the ZB ser-

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R. Carpenter, Rangiora.
The Empire Depot (Alex. T. Fraser),
South Canterbury Agents, 261
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Oamaru.
Shepherd's Radio Service, 215 Moray Place
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