

RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

The King's English

PRESENTING one's humble duty to His Majesty, one may thank him not only for the sentiments of his Christmas broadcast, but for the pure King's English in which it was couched, and the accent-less English in which it was spoken. His message handled the simple and the complex—his own domestic affairs and those of the Commonwealth—with equal ease, and in the words that touched mind and heart there was both economy and grace. One little point of style particularly struck me. Referring to the distressing decision he had to make about his tour, His Majesty said he had taken the advice of "my doctors." He did not say "my medical advisers." Public men and newspapers please note.



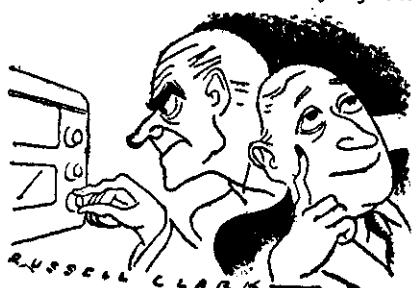
has given to players and listeners alike. Mr. Page's aim seemed to be to let Bach speak for himself. His interpretations were models of clarity, academic in the best sense of the word.

College Without Syllabus

FROM 2YC on Tuesdays at 7.0 p.m. comes a session called *The College of Musical Knowledge*. I sometimes listen to this and nearly always wish that it were a little better. The idea behind the programme is excellent; to play records without titles and ask the audience to listen for something in the music, then tell them the answer later. But the choice of music is usually naive, sometimes futile. To play the record of a viola solo without naming the instrument is one thing. To invite the audience to identify a tenor who sounds like a recording of Tauber, or to play a fragment of a well-known symphony and then follow up with the perversion of it by Tin Pan Alley is a little too silly to attract those who want to know more about music. I wish the Principal of the College took his syllabus more seriously.

The Other Fellow's Radio

I HEARD a play one evening whose name I don't know; and I don't even know what station it came from. It was one of those occasions when other people's radios are turned on and off by their owners, and visitors have to be content with their host's taste in listening; when the thing the visitor wants to hear is switched off in a fury by the

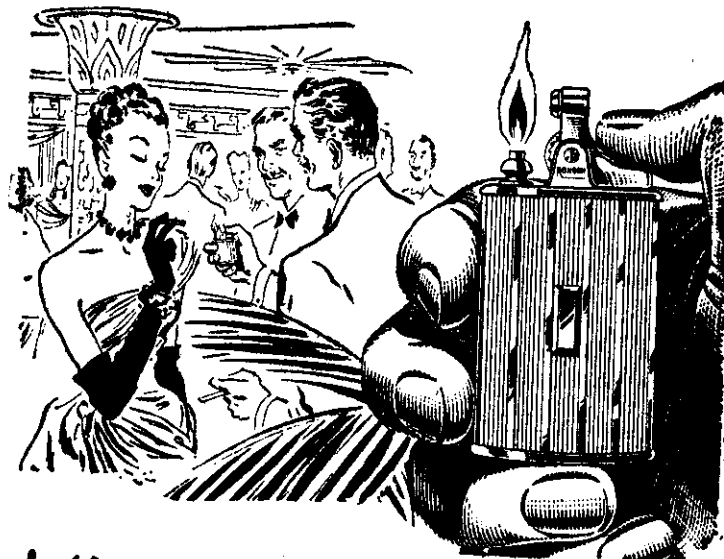


host, and the thing the host enjoys is an agony to the guest. My host tuned to this play a few minutes after it had begun. It seemed to be a wedding party. Aunt Somebody was marrying Uncle Someone. Speeches at the wedding breakfast deteriorated into partisan attacks against (or in favour of) women's suffrage. At the finish there were tender scenes between the newlyweds, and a contretemps about the luggage. My host and family chuckled appreciatively and switched off in a gale of laughter, while I sat and writhed in embarrassment. When asked for my opinion I mumbled something incoherent, not daring to say in cold blood that I had never, in my whole listening career, heard such a lot of unmitigated twaddle. But I determined never again to be inveigled into listening to other people's radios.

No Agreement

IF the recent *Citizens' Forum* from 22B, "Should Divorce be Made Easier," turned out to be little more than a studio discussion the fault lies with

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... you will always see fine things—amongst them Ronson Lighters. People of taste and discrimination prefer the elegance and smartness of this Masterpiece of Lighters, appreciate its unfailing reliability. A Ronson Lighter makes the most acceptable, most flattering of gifts.

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different series which may prove more interesting. It is called the *Musical Paintbox*. Each film in this group deals with a separate part of Britain, linking together in one sequence songs, music, old legends, English countryside scenery, and cartoon characters. In *The Thames*, for instance, the audience is taken through England from the river's source down to the sea. From the Magdalen Tower at Oxford the scene passes to the Henley Regatta (where the ghost of the Vicar of Bray is encountered), to the playing fields of Eton, and, in the next sequence, as cartoons are able to move at will back and forth in time, to a shot of King John signing Magna Carta at Runnymede. Then the finish of the boat race is seen at Hammersmith, and finally the cartoon moves through London itself and ends up at Southend pier. Similar cartoons about Scotland, Yorkshire, and Devon are also reported to be near completion.

THE British cartoon film industry is at present located at Moor Hall in Berkshire, where 200 people are working under David Hand's direction. Cartoons such as *The Thames* run for about eight minutes and are 700 feet long. And since for a 10-minute film at least 20,000 drawings are needed, and an expert animator can produce only about 15 feet of film each week, 80 or more artists have to work on each production. Although it is difficult to know at this stage just how good these films will be, or even how different from the usual run of American products, they should at least be something worth looking out for in 1949.

WOMEN and GIRLS

For that Nursing Career Train as a

PSYCHIATRIC NURSE

There are vacancies for Nurses at the following Hospitals:—

North Island:

Auckland Mental Hospital.
Kingseat Hospital, Papakura.
Raventhorpe Hospital, Bombay.
Tokanui Hospital, Te Awamutu.
Porirua Hospital (near Wellington).

South Island:

Nelson Mental Hospital.
Seaview Hospital, Hokitika.
Sunnyside Hospital, Christchurch.
Seacliff Hospital (near Dunedin).

PAY: Commencing at £4 3s. 4d. per week, after payment of tax, and with board, lodging and uniforms provided

LEAVE: Two months per annum in addition to days off.

TRAINING: Full course of training is given for Registration as a Psychiatric Nurse.

HOW TO APPLY: If you are near to one of these Hospitals, call and see the Matron or write to the Medical Superintendent of one of the Hospitals. They will be pleased to explain the work and conditions.