



NEWS FROM THE ZB STATIONS

VOX POP broadcasts can be good. They can also be embarrassing. The other day, Mac, of 5ZB, tried a vox pop session at the Australian pavilion at the Centennial Exhibition. All went well for a while. Then came the snag. To a simple question, Mac received a totally unexpected reply, and before he knew where he was, he was listening to a lecture on women's dress, or rather, undress. Mac tried to escape, but this time he was bailed up. He was on absolute tenterhooks for a few agonising minutes, wondering what was coming next. The speaker, a man of determined mien, eventually noticed the look of horror on Mac's face. The broadcast concluded abruptly. Vox pop broadcasts aren't so popular with Mac now.

Wondering

The NCBS Exhibition Station comes in for a good deal of attention from visitors. Equally interested are Mac and his assistants in their comments. Quite regardless of the circumstances, or whether the unfortunate victim can hear the remarks, visitors often have some frank and candid comments to make. Mac himself was the latest target. A small group moved slowly along the platform peering in the studio windows at Mac, who was seated in the lounge. "Look! there's Mac," one female voice exclaimed. "That's not Mac," came the scornful reply. "Mac's a big man." As Mac stands something over six feet and weighs 15 stone, he's still wondering.

Happiness Cures

"Dr. Davey, the Happiest Man in the World," is a new feature to commence on January 23 at all ZB Stations. It will be heard each week at 9.15 p.m. on Tuesdays. "Dr. Davey" prescribes musical and laughter cures for his patients—and incidentally provides a bright entertainment for his listeners. This is a laughter feature. The chief characters are Jack Davey, Al Thompson and Lizzie Tish.

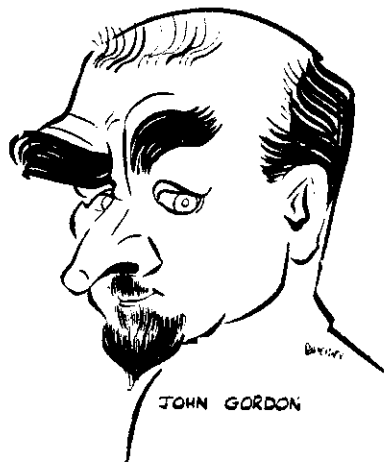
Confessions

This is Leap Year, so we are making the ZB radio bachelors confess. They must tell the truth, the whole truth

and nothing but the truth. A questionnaire has been sent asking for their views on marriage, and for some candid confessions as to their likes and dislikes. The answers should provide interesting (and perhaps instructive) reading.

A Rustle in the Files

The scene was a very, very staid Government office—the sort of office where there are masses of files and bundles of papers, and all the formalities that seem to go with such offices. From the Enquiry Desk, where hushed consultations were taking place between anxious enquirers and dignified enquirees, came the first murmur of ex-



JOHN GORDON, production supervisor of 1ZB, as seen by a caricaturist

citement. "About these papers for Mr. and Mrs. Howell" came one voice. "Who?" was the reply. "Mr. and Mrs. Howell—otherwise Fred and Maggie Everybody—you know . . ." The lady clerk did know. "Fred and Maggie!" she exclaimed. "Oh, aren't they coming in themselves?" By this time the magic words "Fred and Maggie" had worked a miracle. Doors furtively opened and heads peeped round. Enquirers and enquirees stared frankly. For a moment there was quite an animated scene, a buzz of chatter. "I wish they'd come themselves." "Gee, isn't Fred's laugh funny?" "They look very natural—you know, just like anybody else." The original enquirer was—for a brief while—the centre of warm

looks and cheery chatter. Then, as he left, basking in reflected glory, the office, like a pond disturbed by the ripples from a cast stone, settled down to its former quietude. But from somewhere among the files the ghost of Fred laughed.

Picking the Winner

"Out of the Box" is a popular ZB feature. Many recordings heard for the first time later become favourites, and some listeners get a decided "kick" out of trying to pick the "winners" from among the new releases.

Some Chuckles With Jerry

Dud: "I don't think you know anything at all about music, Jerry."

George: "I bet you don't know your scales. What are scales? Can you tell me?"

Jerry: "I'd say freckles on a fish."

* * *

Dud: "I tell you frankly, Jerry, I'm getting very worried."

Jerry: "I wouldn't do that if I were you, Dud . . . If you get any more wrinkles in your forehead you'll have to screw your hat on."

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Dud: "Have you done any carol singing this year?"

Jerry: "George's wife has—she's been practising all this week."

Dud: "Go on—you don't say!"

Jerry: "Yes, and George spends all his time walking up and down in front of his house while she sings."

Dud: "Whatever for?"

Jerry: "So that the neighbours can see he's not thrashing her."

* * *

Dud: "How do you spend YOUR income?"

Jerry: "Oh, about 30 per cent home, 30 per cent clothing, 40 per cent food and 20 per cent amusement."

Dud: "But that adds up to 120 per cent!"

Jerry: "You're telling me!"

* * *

Jerry (to George): "I've been dying to tell you a few home truths about Dud. Did you know he studied medicine once?"

George: "No, Jerry, I didn't know that."

Jerry: "Oh, yes, but I wouldn't let him treat a jackass. One time he doctor'd a man for five years for yellow jaundice before he found out that his patient was born that way!"

Teller of Tales

Radio story-telling is an art in which few people succeed. "Tusitala," Robert Louis Stevenson's famous Samoan name, which hides the identity of a well-known radio commentator, is, however, one of those people who have succeeded, and his story sessions are eagerly listened to by thousands of people. Stories that read well in print do not necessarily provide the ideal broadcasting material, but "Tusitala" casts his net far abroad in his search for material. O. Henry, Guy de Maupassant, H. G. Wells and William Saroyan are a few taken from his large library of short story writers. He has also read several stories by New Zealand writers. His session "Tusitala, Teller of Tales," is heard on every Tuesday and Thursday night at 7.45 from 1ZB, and from 2ZB, at the same time on Mondays and Wednesdays.

It's A Winner

With one of the largest followings in the world, horse-racing has been referred to not only as the "sport of kings," but also the "national pastime of New Zealanders." Very few people fail to find some kind of interest in racing. In broadcasting, 1ZB has become well known for its average of turf events, but it is now possible for radio audiences to take a direct part in a big "horse race" by entering their own "horse," and winning a considerable stake for an entrance fee of 6d. 1ZB's exciting feature, "Pedigree Stakes," broadcast every Tuesday and Thursday at 9.30 p.m., makes this possible, and serves the additional purpose of releasing the proceeds, less the prize-money and expenses, for various charity funds and institutions approved by the sponsors. The idea is this! You think of a name for anything and anybody and add the pedigree. For example, "Chicken Pie" by "Rabbit" out of "All Recognition," or "Nightmare" by "Crayfish" out of "Season."

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