

# WAITANGI ON THE AIR

(Continued from previous page)

Incidentally, 1ZA was the call sign we used through Mr. Snow's transmitter from Waitangi."

"How were the other two stations used?"

"They were employed to re-broadcast 1ZA's transmission to 1ZB Auckland. You see, transmission by shortwave in the daytime, and sometimes at night, is often unreliable, and in the actual broadcast itself 1ZB received not only a direct transmission from us at Waitangi, but also the relay of 1ZA through each of the other stations. In this way the possibility of being able to receive good results was trebled."

"That certainly seems a comprehensive arrangement. But how did you cover the actual ceremonies—I suppose you would have to have microphones at several points?"

"We planned our broadcast from the arrangements given to us by the authorities covering the complete morning's ceremonies. For example, Captain Hobson and his party landed on the little beach just below the bluff on which the Treaty House is built, and our first relay point was at a point overlooking the beach. After the landing of the party,

they and the settlers who had joined them made their way up what is known as the Nias track past our point of broadcast. Immediately the procession went by me there I handed over to the announcer at our second point, which was in the wireless shack itself. You see, before we could go on with a description of the progress of the party we had to dismantle the gear at the first point and rush it over in the sound truck for re-assembly at another point. This was done in less than two minutes."

"Who took over the broadcast then?"

"As soon as we had re-assembled the gear the commentary was handed over to Ari Pitama, of 3ZB, stationed in the area immediately in front of the tent where the Treaty was to be signed. Captain Hobson and his party passed by here on their way to the Treaty House."

"I suppose your third announcer covered the proceedings there?"

"Yes, as soon as the players reached the verandah of the Treaty House, Lou Paul of 1ZB took over a description as he saw it. That, of course, covered all the time up to the moment when Captain Hobson and the party had seated themselves at their respective posts, and were about to begin their speeches."

"After that, of course, the players spoke for themselves?"

"Yes, but in order to catch their speeches, we had to go to a little trouble beforehand. You see, it would have spoilt the atmosphere of the whole affair had such a thing as a microphone been visible during the proceedings. Consequently, when we arranged our microphones we placed them behind a simple sort of screen on the table in front of the players. Altogether there were twelve microphones placed at intervals along the table, screened behind a wooden shelf which had apertures just large enough to permit the head of each microphone to come through flush with the surface. Over all was draped bunting and flags."

"Actually then, in addition to the elaborate arrangements for the actual transmission through the shortwave stations and the ZB network, you had to have a complicated system of relay points and microphones to cover each phase of the re-enactment as the players shifted from point to point?"

"That's right. The success of this arrangement was largely due to Mr. Kilpatrick, the National Programme Director, who organised the broadcast; to Mr. Illingworth, 1ZB's station engineer, for his remarkably comprehensive technical arrangements; and to the Public Works Department and the Post and Telegraph Department for the willing manner in which they co-operated with us."

"I must mention, also, the splendid collaboration between the National and the Commercial Broadcasting Services. It was not an easy job of work to do, but the willingness of everyone to do their share and more helped tremendously."

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And so another successful broadcast was added to the long list of unusual

## Meet the LADIES



MRS. JOHN A LEE was born at the beautiful township of Granity, on the west coast of the South Island, but left that spot as a girl, living with her parents in Canterbury in sight of the Southern Alps and at Papanui. She was in the North Island in her teens, and as she worked for her livelihood managed to see many towns. Mrs. Lee lived with her husband in Auckland after the end of the war. During many elections Mrs. Lee was a frequent speaker upon political platforms until heart trouble compelled her to refrain from public speaking from 1930 until prior to the last election. In 1931 Mr. and Mrs. Lee became responsible for the welfare of the three boys of her late sister. A little over two years ago Mrs. Lee had her first introduction to the microphone. Singularly enough, her first broadcast from 2ZB coincided with a political broadcast by Mr. Lee from Parliament. There is no record of who had the last word. In addition to radio talks and participation in political meetings and the rearing and caring for three boys, Mrs. Lee found time between 1930 and 1935 to teach herself typing and to type Mr. Lee's first three novels. It is rumoured that she plans some day to write a novel or two herself. She has faith in and love for the country of her birth. She is the fortunate possessor of a contralto voice of good speaking quality, and her platform appearance is as satisfactory as her microphone personality. Conversation with Mrs. Lee soon causes one to conclude that she is no less keen a politician than her husband, even if she is known rather for her non-political broadcasts.

She is convinced that women have played a very large part in New Zealand, but have a large part to play in public life. Mrs. Lee is emphatic that women's place in the world will be much larger when they are more insistent on their rights to help direct the affairs of their beautiful country.

(Next week — "Jill," of 3ZB)

presentations arranged by the Commercial Broadcasting Service. All those concerned, the announcers, organisers, and technicians, and the listeners themselves, will not soon forget the memorable relay from Waitangi.

## Innocents Abroad 2ZB Announcers Go Voyaging

INNOCENTS abroad! With Omaio 40 miles up the coast from Opotiki, as their objective, Kingi Tahiwai and Peter Hutt, popular announcers of 3ZB, hopefully set out one Saturday recently in Kingi's car of ancient vintage.

Their first deed was to do a very successful broadcast from Waikanae, and, that evening, immediately after the broadcast (about 9 p.m. to be exact), they left for the north, intending to get as far as they could, but the fates were against them. They encountered what appeared to be two or three cloudbursts, and managed to make Palmerston North, where they had to spend the night. Peter swears they had to navigate the roads with the aid of a periscope.

There being no garage open till 8.30 a.m., and consequently no petrol available till then, they were delayed in getting away, but once on the high road they made good time, lunching in Napier and teeing in Wairoa. Reaching Gisborne in the late hours, they supped, sitting on the running board.

The hour was late, of petrol there was none — so they camped out, and left early the next morning for Opotiki.

En route, the car was rigorously tested by the long drive through the Waioeka Gorge. She came through with flying colours — much to Kingi's relief. So did the tyres, which was just as well. Certainly there was a spare, but purely for ornament, and the others, in keeping with the car, had seen better days.

Part of the way from Opotiki to Cape Runaway, the road runs along the beach — very picturesque, but not so good in stormy weather. There had been severe storms, and in several places the road was washed away, so the car was towed by a bullock team, adding considerably to the power of the engine. Another case of B.C. going before A.D.

Further along this intriguing road they came to a part literally pinned to the cliff — just a drop of 400 or 500 feet to the sea below. Here they encountered a butcher who was transacting business with some country dweller, chopping meat in his van and chatting the while. Our heroes waited — more or less patiently, and then came a hair-raising episode of backing and twisting to pass on the narrow shelf.

But their troubles weren't over! Half-an-hour previously there had been a slip which a road gang had partially cleared. They were gaily waved on, and gingerly, with a pseudo-nonchalant air, they steered their car across, two wheels well up the slope and two right on the crumbling edge. There were gulps of relief when it was safely negotiated, and with no further ado Omaio was reached.

There Peter and Kingi indulged in a lot of sea-bathing, and were intrigued by the clever diving and swimming of the Maori children. Some actually dived and caught crayfish with their bare hands, something Peter candidly admits he wouldn't care to do. The homeward route brought them through the well-known scenic and tourist resorts of Rotorua, Taupo, National Park and Wanganui.

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