

# SPORTS, NOISES, AND FILMS

## Three New Quiz Sessions At 3ZB

CHRISTCHURCH sportsmen, and Rugby followers in particular, were well represented at the opening broadcast recently from a large city store of the 3ZB Sports Quiz. In this session, questions relating to some nominated branch of sport are sent in by the public, and competitors chosen from players prominent in that particular sport are invited to face the microphone and test their knowledge under the critical quizzing of "The Rep," 3ZB's new sporting personality who is in charge of the session. At the first broadcast even such an experienced player as J. Rankin was hard put to it to answer some of the knotty Rugby problems tossed at him. It is intended that every branch of active sport, from wrestling to table tennis, will be dealt with in turn. Friday night at 7.45 o'clock is the time.

In another quiz session recently started over 3ZB, listeners are required to identify a series of strange noises, varying from a key being rattled in a keyhole to milk being poured out of a jug. The response by listeners has been startling. According to the rules of the session, competitors must bring their list of answers to a city store, where a prize of one guinea is awarded for the first correct list, with a sixpenny block of



"THE REP."

chocolate for every other competitor with a correct list.

What's That Noise? is broadcast at 3.15 p.m. on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Yet another new quiz is the Movie Quiz, broadcast by 3ZB at 3.30 every Monday afternoon. Questions relating to every aspect of the film industry are asked, and there are prizes of free theatre seats.

## SHORT STORY

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to finalise the deal. That is known as lack of sales resistance and they are much harder than the ones who argue with you, because if you hang on long enough you can always break that sort down.

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ONE of my worst experiences happened about a year back. I could see I was in for trouble as soon as she opened the door, and I got in quickly with the good old cheery introduction, because judging by the dirty look in her eye, she was just about to say No, we don't want anything to-day, thank you all the same. But as soon as she had got the hang of it she said, Oh, you're a photographer are you? Come in. Photographer is putting it mildly, madam, I said. I think you will agree that what I am about to show you is not mere photographs but art studies. I'm sure they are, she said. Go on, I'm most interested.

I thought to myself, Watch your step Lionel Hopkins my boy, here's a woman who's going to try and put one over you, a thing which has not happened, so help me, since the day you delivered Mrs. Armstrong four half-plates of a prize bull instead of her small son Robert. But I went on with my sales talk, with this woman saying every now and then, Yes, Mr. Hopkins; Yes, I quite see your point, Mr. Hopkins, and, What did you say the price was Mr. Hopkins?

Just four pounds ten for a whole dozen eight by ten enlargements of your lovely little girl, who I will say quite honestly is the loveliest child I have seen for many a long day. And the only reason I can let you have them at that price is that this is a special advertising offer. I want you to promise to tell your friends all about me and recommend my

work. You wouldn't mind doing that, would you?

I certainly would, she says. And then she starts off. You really mean to tell me you charge that price for photographs like that? I wouldn't be seen dead with one of your photographs on the wall, Mr. Hopkins, and as for recommending you to my friends, all I can say is Pshaw.

There is only one thing to do in a case like that. I turned on some dignity and said, Madam, such recriminations are getting us nowhere. It is obvious, if you will pardon the expression, that you don't recognise art when you see it.

She laughed then, and said, You amuse me, Mr. Hopkins, really you do. And she went to a drawer and pulled out a collection of large mounted photographs of this child of hers, which was a distasteful one to look at, with about four teeth missing in the front. Have a look at these, she said, and I have to confess that they were the sort of photograph you would hang in any exhibition, and I wouldn't like to place mine alongside them. They were all signed at the bottom, and I noticed that the name was hers, and after the name was A.R.P.S., which means Associate of the Royal Photographic Society, in case you don't know.

There was only one thing to do. I didn't let on I had seen they were hers, and I looked down my nose in a lofty way and said, Madam, they are pleasant little studies, but speaking personally, if I couldn't do better than that, I would give up business.

And before she could think of anything to say, I had grabbed my hat and my samples and was out of the door. I haven't been back in that district since.

It wasn't very polite, I know, but what you have done in the circumstances.

## Music In School

"An Experiment in School Music Making." By Vernon Griffiths. N.Z. Council of Education Research. Oxford University Press (Whitcombe and Tombs, New Zealand).

TO most of us school music meant a hymn at assembly, the school choir, or a lusty chorus at the annual break-up. In many schools it still means little more. For this reason, Dr. Griffiths' book will be welcomed by those who believe with him "that music should be a basic activity at least equal in importance to the traditional school subjects." And it is safe to say that the Council for Educational Research could have found no one more competent to write a book of this type, nor anyone who has done more to advance school music in this country. But few who have admired Dr. Griffiths' work have fully appreciated his method. For a few shillings it may now be studied. This book is the story of an eight years' experiment at the Dunedin Technical School, and within the limit imposed by a hundred pages, it is unusually comprehensive, ranging from teaching methods to a carefully prepared time-table of class work. Not the least informative part of the book is the catalogue of music available to the students. Most of the works are by established composers, but those who

question the inclusion of Eric Coates and Edward German will find their answer on page 75. "The practical teacher retains the enthusiasm of young people giving them good examples of the music they genuinely like (suited, of course, to their technical standard)."

When Dr. Griffiths undertook this experiment, there were hardly more than a dozen orchestral players out of a school of eight hundred. A month later, "sixty students had enrolled in instrumental classes, fifty-two pounds' worth of second-hand woodwind and brass instruments had been bought, members of violin classes had their own violins, instruction books had been obtained, the services of visiting instructors had been secured, and a regular time-table was in operation."

To-day, the Dunedin Technical School boasts several large orchestral and choral groups, and a military band.

But, equally important, the school is playing a part in training students in a country that needs orchestral musicians and sadly lacks good woodwind players. It is encouraging to note, too, that the bandmaster of the Otago Regimental Military Band has not only tutored the brass and woodwind pupils, but has taken many of the boys into his band as junior members while they are still at school.

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