

Hot Shots

Editorial Notes

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THE present heat wave has made moonlight bathing popular in Auckland.

A WELLINGTON motorcyclist was thrown from his machine last week when an Alsatian dog dashed out on the road.

LIONELLO CECIL, the eminent singer, starts a tour of the New Zealand national broadcasting stations this month.

"THE Wind and the Rain," the play by Dr. Merton Hodge, formerly of Wanganui, opened at His Majesty's, Auckland, at the week-end.

MARY PICKFORD has written a book, "Why Not Try God?" After all the film star has been through there doesn't seem any alternative.

MORE than 1000 cars journeyed over the Sumner Hills to Lyttelton to watch the departure of the Duke of Gloucester from the South Island.

THE River Avon in Christchurch has developed into a second "Lansbury's Lido" since the erection of a weir. The river is thronged with bathers all day.

YOUNG men who provide wireless music for visitors to St. Kilda Beach, at Dunedin, have christened their station "Nertz"—and nertz to you, too!

JIM DAVIDSON, formerly of Dunedin, now waves a rhythmic baton before the new A.B.C. Dance Orchestra, which broadcasts from the Australian national stations.

AT a Wellington cricket match, Yorkshire Society v. Kilbirnie, a dog ran off with the ball. In future small supplies of Yorkshire pudding will be kept on hand to induce dogs to drop the ball.

A VERY "unrehearsed incident" took place at one of the YA stations last week when the announcer, forgetting to turn off the switch, continued his conversation with friends in the studio.

ISABELLE LUBOW, the blonde dancer with the Frank Neil revue company, decided to go swimming in the Te Aro Baths, Wellington, the other day. But when she appeared in her costume she was surrounded by so many children that she took fright and fled.

Wellington, Friday, February 1, 1935.

A FALSE APPROACH

PUBLIC opinion is stirring to the dangers of the indiscriminate dissemination of music. A correspondent in last week's "Radio Record" pointed out that it is now impossible to shop in peace; another correspondent to-day refers to the "amazing hodge-podge of sublime and jejune music" which continually assails one's ears. This paper has pointed out on numerous occasions the evils of letting wireless sets blare forth from early morning till late at night, and it now condemns with an equal vigour the continual fiddling and trumpeting in eating places and stores.

Music was once symbolic of peace and joy. One sat in the hush of a darkened theatre and listened to the world's masterpieces—or in the leafy shade of a park and listened to a well-balanced band—or at one's own fireside while familiar voices sang the songs that were loved by the whole family. To-day all that is changed. One gulps a hurried meal to the accompaniment of a Beethoven sonata, dashes off to catch a train in a taxi that pours forth a Schubert melody from somewhere in its interior, buys soap and safety pins to the tune of "The Merry Widow." This is truly lamentable in that it is killing youth's appreciation of music, a fact that is brought home by a little sketch in an American paper just to hand. It shows the head of the house tuning in the wireless with his 14-year-old son remarking, "Aw gee, pop, cut out that grand opera stuff and give us some jazz!"

This indiscriminate blare of sound is bringing to young people an altogether false and destructive approach to music. The most difficult problem in training a layman to appreciate great music fully and intelligently is to rid him of the practice of searching in each piece of music for a story, of finding pleasure in only such musical works as may be translated in his mind from tones to pictures. True musical appreciation can come only when the layman has learned, at last, to hear "sound" alone, and to derive impressions, sensations and finally human experiences from different sound qualities. This can be done only by purging the mind of the preconceived prejudice that music tells a story, and by acquiring the habit—either through concentration, experience, or through a knowledge of musical technique—of listening to music as music.

FOR THE MINORITY

THE general use of wireless has induced us to believe that nothing is suitable for broadcasting unless it appeal to thousands. There might be occasions, however, in which broadcasting to hundreds might have farther-reaching results. Roughly speaking, the functions of wireless are considered as three: to give entertainment, information, and education. The listening public simplifies matters by putting the programmes under two headings, the good and the bad. But the practice of shutting off the set when the "bad" number is broadcast is dying; listeners just disregard it by talking, or going on with their game of bridge or eating their supper. And, for this reason, the "good" number is often missed too, so that, in time, all wireless programmes, whether good or bad, become just a background for a family's evening activities. But there will always be a minority that is willing to listen, intelligently and carefully, and for this reason the broadcast that has not a "popular" appeal may be more deeply appreciated than the one that is intended to reach the "heart strings" (as the film advertisements say) of every listener in the country.

"Man of Aran," the British picture that won the American film award for 1934, and "The Guardsman," the picture which starred those two superb players, Alfred Lunt and Lyn Fontane, were not big successes, but the joy they gave to a few thousand discriminating picture-goers more than compensated for their failure as "box-office hits." And so it is with broadcasting.

"ARTISTIC vultures" are snapping up the best of the late Miss M. O. Stoddart's pictures.

IN an eight-oar rowing race at Dunedin last week two oarsmen in different boats broke their oars—a very rare occurrence.

AUSTRALIAN broadcasting officials are showing interest in the new IYA studio, acknowledged one of the most up-to-date in the world.

"YOUR New Zealand girls are great—sporting and broadminded," said an English visitor to Wellington last week.

"CALL a spade a spade" seems to be one Dunedin announcer's pronunciation guide. Hence Wagner pronounced just as it is spelt.

CABLES tell us that Sir John Simon has a clean name. Well, as names go, what could be cleaner than to be named after a couple of disciples?

BEACHES near Christchurch were thronged with people last week when the H.M.A.S. Australia sailed with the Duke of Gloucester for Bay of Islands.

THE piercing screams of a girl in a dark Wellington street the other evening brought several men to her rescue. She had met the King Kong of the rat family.

SIR CHARLES KINGSFORD SMITH, who called in at Auckland on his way home to Sydney last week, looked a sick man. He has been ordered complete rest.

SO IYA has received congratulations from U.S.A. since the power was increased. Imagine what pleasant remarks will be made nearer home when the station is really on full power!

AUSTRALIANS must be sorry to see that Jupp, the English cricketer, has been sent to gaol for doing something to somebody with a motorcar. Now, if it had been Larwood . . . !

AGAIN the liner Aorangi has been held up in quarantine. This time, however, it is understood that the trouble really is small-pox, not fish-rash spots, which on the last occasion cost those concerned many pounds apiece.