

Hot Shots

Editorial Notes

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ONE of life's minor delights: 2YA'S musical programme on Sunday morning.

MR. ERNEST SHORT, who manages Christchurch's Winter Garden cabaret, was Uncle Ernest at 2YA for four years.

IF New Zealand's water shortage grows any worse it might be a good idea to paint Plimsoll marks on bath tubs.

LOST in Saturday's heavy fog: several young things bound for a Wellington night club which has its location on a lofty hill top.

A "THREE DIMENSION" film was given a private screening in Wellington the other evening. This new process threatens to revolutionise the talkies.

SHAKESPEARE was all wrong about Cleopatra. We saw the film, and what Marc Antony really said was, "Cleopatra, I'm mad about you!"

IT is possible that the well-known Bailey-Marston orchestra will broadcast from the Winter Garden, Christchurch on Easter Saturday.

TWO Great Danes and a six-inch-high toy dog, all bosom pals, were a midday attraction in a Wellington main street last week. The tiny one, by comparison, seemed to be getting along in low gear.

FURTHER increase in the radio license figures for last year leads us to believe that the programmes, transmissions, announcers and service of the New Zealand stations cannot be as bad as we have been told.

BOTH "The Sun," Christchurch, and the "Evening Post," Wellington, issued commemorative editions last week—the former in celebration of its 21st birthday, the latter for its 70th.

THE "Japanese Houseboy and his Employer" series of broadcasts are among the most popular ever put on the air from the national stations. Letters asking for more are received by the Broadcasting Board every day.

A SAD sight: 400 of Wellington's brightest and best waiting on the Pipitea Wharf on Saturday morning for the Otranto which was fog-bound all day in Cook Strait. A reception was to have been held on board at 11 a.m.

Wellington, Friday, February 15, 1935.

BAN TO BE LIFTED

IT is indeed good news that, with the enlarging of the Broadcasting Board from three to seven members, the regulations regarding controversy on the air are to be withdrawn. The "Radio Record" has always been firmly of the opinion that, the sooner the ban on controversy was lifted, the better for listeners and the future of broadcasting in New Zealand. The Broadcasting Board has done excellent work when one considers the regulations that have beset its activities on every side, but it has been unable to bring before the microphone many eminent men whose views were likely to bring the board into conflict with the regulations governing controversy. Now, however, while its responsibilities are to be increased, the Broadcasting Board is to have placed in its hands a power that will bring added usefulness and prestige to New Zealand broadcasting.

MAKING PEOPLE LAUGH

MAKING the masses weep is a comparatively simple matter; making them laugh is an entirely different proposition. A play may bring forth the old tear-provoking theme again and again—and it never fails in its object; if the same mirth-making theme is handed out a second time the laughs it raises would make the Sahara seem more like a laughing gallery. The man who would make the public laugh must strike away from existing standards—must make his own characteristics and interpretation the reason for laughter, rather than the words he uses. There are numerous examples of this type of comedian on the stage to-day: George Robey, Leslie Henson, Laurel and Hardy, Eddie Cantor, George Wallace—and everyone has cultivated his own inimitable style of humour.

In another column to-day we announce the engagement by the Broadcasting Board of Harry Thurston, the famous English comedian who, as "Ole Bill," became one of the most famous characters in the history of British comedy. Mr. Thurston hit on a topical subject—the middle-aged, good-hearted old groucher, suddenly transferred to Flanders—and he swept England with his success. New Zealand listeners who are constantly calling for more humour in the programmes should greet the announcement of Mr. Thurston's engagement with joy.

HOW LONG?

WITH broadcasting, the stage, the talkies and a dozen other sources turning out jokes and "wise cracks" as hard as they can go, the question arises, "How long can this sort of thing go on?" Hoary chestnuts are being given a wash-and-brush-up and sent forth into a world which sees through the deception and greets them with jeers and derision. That great war-time comedy "The Bing Boys are Here," was revived in London at Christmas, but the producer was not foolish enough to retain the more obvious of the play's jokes; instead, he introduced new and topical ones—jests about nudism, crooning, Mr. Hore-Belisha and the Saar.

The B.B.C., we learn, is also growing a little worried about the standard of humour in its variety shows. According to "Diogenes the Younger" in "Musical Opinion,"

every radio comedian is to undergo a test, the scheme of which is as follows: the comedian will be put in a room by himself and will deliver his humour into a microphone, while a special board of humour-assessors will listen, through headphones or a loud-speaker, in a separate apartment. For every joke a maximum of ten marks is allotted, and any joke awarded less than six marks is to be considered a poor specimen—unworthy, as we might say, of the National mark (though it might perhaps qualify for a Regional mark). If a comedian's material contains an undue percentage of such inferior jokes, he will be relegated to the "B" list, and his prospects of B.B.C. engagements will not be any too grand.

IT has rained. Good Heavens!—Most obliging heavens, in fact.

2BL'S programme item this week: "Pierrot Peeps." We are telling Pierrette about him.

A LIFTMAN in the D.I.C. building, Wellington, is a King's corporal, one of seven in the British Empire.

RUMOURS are afloat that a well-known picture theatre in Queen Street, Auckland, is to be sold for demolition.

QUICK dispatch: An Auckland man died last week at 12.30 p.m., and was buried less than three hours later.

THE heat in Wellington last week caused a man to lose his head completely. He was a wax dummy in a shop window.

A BIG farewell is to be given the Governor-General and Lady Bledisloe by the citizens of Auckland on March 6.

SO many windows are open these hot nights, that music from loudspeakers fills many Dunedin suburban streets.

THE costumes of the English women's cricket team are necessarily utilitarian, and, of course, they don't all play in slips.

AN eminent English baritone, Mr. Robert Kingsley, has been engaged to make a tour of the New Zealand national stations.

HEADINGS to a cricket report in a Dunedin paper:

North Otago Defeats South Canterbury
A Drawn Game.

"LO! HERE THE GENTLE LARK" is an item by the Grenadier Regimental Band from 4YA on Saturday. Imagine about four dozen big wind instruments and drums telling you about a gentle lark!

ALTHOUGH the Australians would have none of "Smithy" in the Air Race, when it came to dashing across to Norfolk Island to succour an ailing woman they put their "discard" first on the list.

DURING his speech rebroadcast from Daventry the other evening, Sir James Parr complained that New Zealand butter could be bought only under the label of an "Empire product."