

IN THE WAKE OF THE WEEK'S BROADCASTS

Thanks, Paul.

It isn't often that listeners have such a pleasant surprise number provided them as when Paul Boesch was allowed to give a running description of three rounds of the wrestling contest in Wellington on Monday night last week. The change of voice and manner and commentary ability was refreshing as a cool sea breeze in the tropics. Whatever may be the qualifications of the usual announcer, there can be no gain-saying the fact that even the best announcer of this sort is inclined to stale on the job sometimes. Especially when he has to go along week after week and boost up for the benefit of listeners the entertainment value of a wrestling contest which probably isn't worth a bag of peanuts for admission to the hall. Boesch's commentary was delivered in a pleasant American drawl, without unnecessary excitement, and without tedious repetition of worn-out phrases.

Good Control.

NEWS flashes hot across the Seven Seas that the B.B.C. now provide regular rhythmic music on Sundays; but New Zealand's nearest approach to this is the 9-11 sessions in the mornings—agreed by

many to be the best couple of hours of the week. But the point is this: A week or so ago, in that awkward and undefined gap between the ending of a church service and the beginning of the Sunday dinner music, a youngish voice uttered from 2YA these words without preamble, "Shall we play a fox-trot? This is a good one." Slightly more elderly response: "No, can't very well. It's Sunday, you know." Young engineer's Parthian shot: "Well, this one's not bad. It's not too blatant!" Now, would many listeners have expressed themselves with such splendid control of words about Sunday music if they had been ignorant that the mike was "live"?

In the Flesh.

OSSIE CHEESEMANN'S New Majestic Band turned on several well-played rhythm numbers relayed by 2YA from Wellington's Majestic Lounge on Wednesday night last week, and are worth cultivating for further broadcasts. There was not the same standard in two particular tunes, however, though it's a great band which plays every type of music as well as the best. There was a feeling of reality and friendliness about the broadcast, however, which should improve with later relays. The band was well balanced, and solo work came through splendidly. But a feature which marred the relay was the introduction of some young ladies whose title gave listeners reason to expect something a little like the work of the Pickens Sisters. But from the numbers heard through this relay they need a lot of practice and training before they are in themselves up to broadcast standard. They may well have sounded quite good in the Majestic Lounge, but the mike is a devil for picking faults.

Passing It On.

AFTER spending a few weeks in Christchurch, her home town, since her return from seven years' study abroad, Grace Wilkinson opened her tour of the New Zealand national stations with three re-

citals from 2YA last week. On each occasion her voice came over the air clearly, with pleasant intonation and unusual depth. It is surely a pleasing thing for an artist to have her worth recognised in her own country on such a scale—on the standard of her performance her "fan-mail" should be considerable. It is, of course, unfortunate that more of our artists are either not worthy of recognition before study abroad, or else are kept out of broadcasting studios for other various reasons. But after an artist has spent money and years in hard "finishing" study with a generous measure of success, it is incumbent upon the Broadcasting Board to give listeners the opportunity of hearing the results. Further than this, the educative value of broadcasts of these people to other students along the same lines must be immense, especially in instrumental work, where the very latest and best in technique can be disseminated—and at least appreciated—among thousands.

Pop-Eye.

WHOEVER has not seen "Pop-eye the Sailor Man" on the cartoon films has missed a chuckle or so. Apart from his tin of

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