

## THIS WEEK'S SIGNED ARTICLE.

# The Postman Has Knocked More Than Twice...for Paul Boesch

THE postman has not only knocked twice, but dozens of times since my first wrestling broadcast some weeks ago—and I've gathered so much information about the wants and "don't wants" of New Zealand

listeners, that I feel like stepping right up for that job of Director of Broadcasting. More than 600 letters—from farmers, from men in the goldfields, from blind people, from bedridden old ladies—and they all tell the same story: "We live the whole week for the wrestling broadcasts and wouldn't miss them for all the tea in China."

This is very interesting, especially as I find my bread and butter on the wrestling mat, but my stay in this country of yours has made me interested in broadcasting as a whole. It would be easy enough to fill up this page with a lot of questions—Why don't you do this? Why don't you do that? But I'll confine myself to one or two—Why in the name of the Statue of Liberty don't you have one or two of the national stations on the air between nine and ten in the morning? There are four YA stations and four alternative stations in New Zealand and yet between nine and ten every one of them is as silent as a New York bank during the depression. That's the time I'm eating my breakfast, and it's probably the time that a lot of other people are eating theirs too, reluctant as they may be to admit it. And if they're not eating breakfast they're washing the

## Introducing . . .

PAUL BOESCH, star of the visiting American wrestling team. Mr. Boesch's popularity in the ring has almost been eclipsed by his popularity as a broadcast commentator from the ringside, a job he has undertaken more than once since his arrival in New Zealand at the beginning of the season. Our readers will probably recall the amount of favourable correspondence published in the "Radio Record" following Mr. Boesch's first broadcast some weeks ago.



Paul Boesch.

plates—so why not a spot of bright music to help the chores along?

The children's educational programmes in the afternoons are swell—I've learned a lot of things from listening to them. But I'd like to see some physical education talks put into this series—instilling into the young idea the fact that a sound mind in an equally sound body is pretty important. These talks could be extended to include football, cricket, boxing and so on. After all every good schoolmaster realises that sport is as much a part of the school curriculum as the three R's.

I've noticed that a lot of the American transcriptions broadcast from the New Zealand stations are by third-rate artists, people who wouldn't get on the big continental networks in a month of Sundays. If the National Broadcasting Service is going to spend

money buying recordings from the United States, it might as well buy the best. There's Eddie Cantor's programme for instance—it's a wow! And there's Hollywood Hotel, a weekly programme with Dick Powell as the master of

ceremonies, big stars acting a scene from a new film, Irene Dunne singing a song, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in a bit of cross patter. This programme is put over the network from the west coast to the east, and it probably has a listening audience of anything up to 25,000,000. Then there's Show Boat, a weekly variety programme originating in New York, and Jack Bennie and Cornelia Otis Skinner—all top-liners and all making recordings of their broadcasts. I'm pretty certain these programmes would go down in a big way in this country. If the population of a country forbids the importation of these radio stars—and New Zealand broadcasting couldn't entertain the idea of Eddie Cantor's fee—then the next best thing is a transcription.

When advertising comes on the air in New Zealand—you are going to have radio advertising, aren't you?—advertisers will probably welcome these snappy American transcriptions. It would be a good idea in my opinion to arrange for a four-hour programme consisting solely of up-to-date transcriptions to show advertisers just what they can get for their money.

Sporting broadcasts have reached a high plane in America. The commentators in the big money—Graham McNamee and so on—build word pictures of the events, just as the commentators in the newsreels do, only their job is easier because the actual film is in front of your eyes. These radio men work you up to a pitch of excitement—if it's the Kentucky Derby they carry you along on the winning horse's back, and you feel almost as happy about it as the jockey (unless your money's on another horse!).

Wrestling isn't broadcast over the national networks; it's put over the intermediate chains. I've broadcast several times from the ringside in Portland, Oregon. In N.Z. there's been a lot of talk about the broadcasts hurting the gate at wrestling bouts. Maybe that's right (Continued on page 58.)

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## AOTSAOTS

THE lion cub quadruplets born in Auckland Zoo are a popular attraction.

EXCERPT from Auckland wrestling report: "Young was well ahead on pints!"

MR. AMADIO was actually born in Christchurch, Carl Bartling at the piano.—3YA announcer.

"STOP that unholy din!" shouted an old man to a youth who was whistling at the other end of a crowded Wellington tram.

DISCUSSION rages in Wellington as to the ethics of comparing local orchestral performances under Dr. Malcolm Sargent and under their usual conductor.

FREDDY CHOLMONDELEY, at last week's charity concert, gave a new name to Auckland's famous statue—"288," he said. "But that's just too Grose." (Mr. Grose was the sculptor.)

## AOTSAOTS

NO more worry about taxation. Lindbergh has given us new heart.

M. DE ROSE has resigned the conductorship of the Dunedin Symphony Orchestra.

"I DON'T follow horse-racing," replied a Wellington hotel maid to a guest who remarked on Lovelock's great win.

SPANISH rebels have enclosed a coastal strip including Irún—named, presumably, by the loyalists.

MANY Auckland listeners complained because the two test matches between the English League tourists and the Dominion players were not broadcast.

"It is not running shoes, but a pair of comfortable carpet slippers they are giving us."—Mr. W. E. Leadley, when the Christchurch Unemployment Committee went out of existence last week.

Nola Luxford, well-known New Zealander in Hollywood, has written next week's special signed article.