

constantly, people telephone the station in their hundreds asking for what they must already have heard.

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Listening to a recorded talk by Mrs. H. E. Vaile on South America from 2YA last week, I was worried by the fact that the last part of many sentences was utterly lost through the dropping of the voice. Twice lately I have had the same experience in listening to women speakers. It is a defect that is apparently much more noticeable in the woman's voice over the air than in a man's. The consequence was that what I hoped would be a pleasant mental travel in South America became soon an uncomfortable journey in which I found myself dumped off at places just before I reached the view. So, at last, in despair, I gave up and came home again.

JOURNEY WAS NOT COMFORTABLE.

The other week Mr. H. A. Glasston spoke from 4YA on "Dunedin Place Names," giving entertaining odd scraps of information regarding the bestowal of certain names. During his remarks he referred to some white people who settled on an island near Taieri Mouth. Not long after the settlement was established a girl was born, and this child became an object of great curiosity to nearby Maoris, who had not before seen a white baby. That was in 1864. A day or two following his talk, Mr. Glasston received a letter written by a woman on behalf of her mother. The mother had thoroughly enjoyed the talk, and particularly the reference to the white baby, because she had been that very baby.

TALK BROUGHT UNEXPECTED REPLY.

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Interesting to radio listeners would be a statement of NBS policy regarding its seven o'clock news sessions. Government news is given in full, of course, and this is natural—even though it does often savour of propaganda. But the selection of overseas news seems to be made haphazard, with very little regard to what most attracts listeners. No doubt there is good reason why we should not be given murders and blood over the air, and there is a certain amount of "heavy" political and

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(Continued from previous page.)

Drum like an enlarged cotton-reel, connected with a gramophone pick-up—measures only nine inches by five.

From the loud-speaker, when the "talking newspaper" is in action, will come descriptions of big fights, races, court cases, public functions, with actual noises making them vivid, real.

Reporters will cover their assignments armed with recording machines, and the records they take will be printed on the presses like ordinary stories and pictures. A full page of comic strips can be "told" on only one inch of sound-track.

Mr. Fluch will demonstrate his talking newspaper to American publishers at their New York convention this month.

financial details which are indispensable. All the same, there could surely be a little sub-editing done before the day's events go over the air. Radio news sessions could be highlights of the programmes, with the messages arranged according to news value—just as they are in a well-ordered newspaper. Instead, they mostly sound tediously like father reading the commercial page.

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More quiet and careful work goes on behind the microphone in children's sessions than most listeners realise. The idea that the child mind needs only trivial food is now fortunately obsolete in New Zealand radio. As an example, a session was given in the children's hour last week from 2YA that was just as fascinating to adults as to the young, and yet must have had a direct appeal to the latter. There were two main features, the first a charming little sketch based on the friendship between Sir Walter Scott and his eight-year-old playmate, Marjorie Fleming, and the second a clear-cut dramatised version of the tragic flight of R101, given in a series called "This Was News." Both showed signs of careful, indeed, affectionate workmanship, and paid the child mind the tribute of treating it as something deserving respect—and that, of course, is the way to get it to respond.

TREATING CHILD MIND WITH RESPECT.

New session on 2YD Sunday night programmes is a celebrity concert about 8 o'clock, compered by "Man in the Gallery." Last week it started off well with some excellent recordings of famous artists in music, not too classical to be popular. "Man in the Gallery" himself was the weak link, for his voice was rather uneven and hinted at nervousness. Maybe that will pass off in time—anyway, the main staff of the feature is worth trying.

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Talks on trials are not hard to listen to when they are handled as has been the short series of curious and historical trials given recently from 4YA by a Dunedin barrister. Last week the second of the "Historical Trials" was given, and I could not but be impressed by the manner in which the speaker obtained every scrap of drama and human interest from his stories, which, for time reasons, had to be pruned to the veriest essentials. Many people destroy the whole effect by improper pruning, but this speaker lost nothing at all, indeed, his pruning rather enhanced the dramas he related. The speaker's identity is really quite well known. He is Mr. C. J. L. White, one of Dunedin's foremost barristers to-day. I have often heard Mr. White in court—he is invariably defending counsel in most of the big criminal cases—and, after comparing his court manner with his radio manner, I believe he has two distinct personalities. In court he rants and declaims so that you wouldn't think he was human, but you couldn't have wished for a more human speaker

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on the air. Incidentally, I was pleased to hear Mr. White outline the story of Jock MacKenzie last week. I have quite a soft spot for the notorious sheep-stealer, because he is about the only decently picturesque criminal we have in our history, and in some degree measures up to Robin Hood or Claude Duval. I have always believed that some day MacKenzie will occupy a place in New Zealand "penny dreadful" fiction that the outlaw and highwayman already mentioned occupy in other countries.

Capping procession staged by students of the Otago University was well handled by 4ZB. From the City Hotel two announcers gave the first really comprehensive account of a students' procession ever given in Dunedin, and the novelty of the broadcast was widely appreciated. Student humour being what it sometimes is, the announcers had to exercise care in reading out some of the signs and placards, and more than once a titter into the "mike" followed by the remark, "We wouldn't be allowed to broadcast that" (no reflections on Norman Long), suggested that whatever amused the announcers was outside the "over-the-air" censorship laws. Nevertheless, one of the announcers was caught napping, and he repeated something which I know quite well would be deleted if I set it down. "Lord Gallstones" and members of his party had a few amusing remarks to make later on

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It seems appropriate to follow this up by inquiring if there is any particular reason why all the YA stations should go dumb between 9 and 10 a.m. Me, I'm a lazy fellow, I know, but quite often I don't start breakfast till about 8.45, or later (having worked till about two in the morning); and there's nothing to encourage my consumption of toast except the voice of Aunt Daisy or Sylvia, or someone, telling about foodstuffs far more enticing than toast. In all New Zealand there doesn't seem to be a bar of music on the air until 9.30—except the occasional brief interludes which the ZB stations sandwich in between the recipes and the household hints.

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