

jungle stage, and gave, in addition, a quite illuminating lecturette on the history of the common or garden chair. All this was admirable, but when the speaker came to the recipe, I thought in my artless male way that no listener save a slick shorthand-writer would stand a chance of getting it down, notwithstanding the fact that the recipe was repeated at the same pace. In some of the educational sessions, lecturers tell the children to write down important notes, and actually write them with them to ensure enough time being given those at the loudspeaker end of the business. Some one told me that this was the method used by the dynamic Aunt Daisy. I was glad to hear that, and to know that she was never in too great a hurry to get the result aimed at. Will the 2ZB lady please accept this well-meant suggestion?

Perhaps it was just a "pipe-opener," that group of ballads by Frederick Collier, Australian bass-baritone on tour of the NBS, sung from 2YA on Friday night. As an average listener,

I was frankly disappointed. There was a tightness in the throat and an uncertainty in some of the notes that surprised me. He sang much better on Sunday night, but, considering his reputation and standing, he needed to.

With scones and macaroni cheese. I have lately been taking Leon Gotz in the 2ZB luncheon sessions—and enjoying him sometimes as much as the meal. This announcer of bits and pieces—in more

PROSE READING senses than one. AS for he has lost IT SHOULD BE parts of limbs and an eye in this world

—has an unaffected masculinity of voice which is refreshing, and he never gives me that uncomfortable feeling of being aged "two and a peanut" which other commercial announcers do. He doesn't talk down to his listeners and his jokes escape puerility. But Leon Gotz is really "tops" in the reading sessions about 1.45 p.m. every day. At present he is wading through

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and satisfying interpretation for all that.

Why can we not have more of this type of play by this type of performer? Is it not possible to buy recordings of good plays from Australia and England? The ABC at present are running the plays of Shakespeare with a good deal of success. Surely what is appreciated in Australia ought also to be appreciated across the Tasman. Isn't the number of dramatic-minded and literary-minded in this Dominion large enough for us to have a Listeners' Panel for the criticism of plays—such as the Australian Commission have?

Professor Shelley, you give the music-lovers their operas every Sunday. Don't you think there are sufficient word-lovers in this benighted land to warrant a serving, occasionally, of their little bit of highbrow also?

I think there are. But they haven't been found yet.

a rather difficult Dickens passage of not much possibility—yet I have seldom enjoyed Dickens more. University professors and others please note: this announcer is far and away the best prose-reader I have yet heard in New Zealand—over the air or not. I only wish he were given more profitable material.

Talking of commercial announcers reminds me of a grievance that is beginning to bite into my temper. Commercial announcing, by its very nature, demands that the voices possess individuality. In the

NOT TOO MANY OF YOUR TRICKS.

commercial field, mannerisms not encouraged at the national stations are an asset, becoming as familiar and dear to listeners as a trick of smiling or a rugged cherrywood in a film personality. Aunt Daisy is the supreme example. Her emphatic enthusiasms have made her the greatest radio personality in New Zealand. But remember, commercials, that everyone can't get away with it so successfully. I'm mentioning no names, but watch lest your tricks of voice become too pronounced and annoy more people than they please.

Station 2YA will be winning a large block of women listeners with its new daily session by "Margaret," broadcast at 10.45 a.m. This speaker has a voice that is rather too light and high to be ideal, but her

THE WOMEN WILL LIKE THIS.

material is excellent. For housewives it is practical, straight talking about all the thousands of details that seem to make a woman yearn for emancipation and service flats.

Elgar's delightful "Sea Pictures," as played by the 3YA Orchestra under Gil Dech, the other night, made up a programme highlight. The softly-flowing melodies with their restful sequences, allowed

STRING LOVERS WERE MADE HAPPY

the orchestra to produce a remarkable organ-like tone. Just as a hymn is supposed to be the "test" for a brass or military band, so, with an orchestra, legato works are most difficult. Unfortunately, I missed the other items by the orchestra, but, if the Elgar numbers were anything to go by, lovers of the strings were given a happy evening.

From 2YA the other Sunday afternoon, I heard a recording by Heifetz, the violinist. The music was one of those old-time suites by Vivaldi, or, to give it the full-dress title, "Sonata in A major" (Vivaldi.

GREAT HEIFETZ AND TWO STORIES

arr. Busch), a blithesome affair that took only six minutes to play, and proved how alive can be the music of an old Italian who died nearly two centuries ago. It reminded me of two stories of Heifetz. He is said to be appearing in a film some time this year, at a cost to the film company of some £50,000. This would suggest a Heifetz

who knew his value. That Heifetz is a very fair-minded man, however, is proved by the second story of a recent contract to broadcast from an American radio station. He named his fee under the impression that he was to play for an hour. The fee was agreed upon. When the day and the time of the recital were sent to him Heifetz found he was to play for only 15 minutes. Thereupon Heifetz told them that he considered the time set was too short, and the fee too large.

Sometimes I think that nobody should be allowed to speak over the air in New Zealand but Maoris with their slow, unburied, and melodious diction. Latest time this impractical desire took

PAID TRIBUTE FOR HIS RACE.

me was when I listened to Bishop Bennett talk last week from 2YA on the "Life of Samuel Marsden." When no hard-headed skipper of those early days would take a ship from Sydney to the land of Maori massacre, Marsden took his own ship, in November, 1814, with a motley crew of savages, Christians, teachers and tradesmen, as well as a horse, two mares, a bull and two cows, sheep and poultry. The Maoris, who had heard of him, received him with kindness. "Never once, in his seven visits," was his life in danger. They called him in their tongue, "Father." It would have pleased that old missionary, surely, whose life was lived for the Maoris, to hear a Bishop of that race paying tribute to his memory.

Is nothing sacred nowadays? Moving round the dial one evening last week I heard a man's voice burst out in excited tones, "He's slapping him on the stomach. There, hear that?"

Some amazing anatomical details about Messrs. Pat Fraley, 16st. 3lb., and Joe Tonri, 15st.

5lb., were flung through the microphone. Here are a few samples: "He's standing on his face just to get a little more leverage; now he's walking back to his corner and taking a gargle of water from a bottle; his back is a beautiful crayfish tint. Ah, there goes a pile-driver—hear the bump?" And so on. A friend who was listening in with me, and who is not radio-sophisticated, said, "Upon my soul, what is it all about?" I told him it was wrestling at the Theatre Royal, Christchurch, and that a capacity house, with a number of ladies in the crowd, was watching two brawny gentlemen getting cross with each other and not bothering to hide their feelings. My friend said he supposed the sport called for physical fitness and was therefore to be encouraged. But he simply couldn't make out the necessity for the more intimate details. I was happy to inform him that it would be a queer person who couldn't get a thrill out of a hard bout and that many New Zealanders positively drank it in, both in the halls and over the air.

My anchor is democracy and more democracy.—Mr. Roosevelt.