

sensation, and it is time these subjects came in for consideration, and famous women (and other repeated material) were left alone for a time. The second series in 4YO's feature, due to start next week, is "Madame Curie." There is more likely to be freshness in that subject. I only hope it is brought out.



That curious drama, "Murder in the Silo," presented over 3YA by The Civic Players recently, touched a high-water mark in its type of entertainment. The first play of the evening, given by the same group, was "One Goes Alone," a story of the air.

**CIVIC PLAYERS  
ADD  
TO LAURELS**

It was short, but splendidly produced. The Civic Players are steadily winning themselves an appreciative following in Christchurch and beyond.



One of the plums to be gathered on shortwave during the past week was a concert from Daventry about 2 p.m. on Sunday, featuring a personal appearance by Eddie Cantor. The famous pop-eyed American comedian, who is at present making his second visit to England, gave a bright programme of songs and patter. I tuned in too late to catch the preliminary announcement, but recognised the Cantor voice and the Cantor manner almost at once, thanks to a long experience of Cantor films.

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(Continued from opposite page).

Was the reason lack of knowledge? Even that excuse does not stand examination. Kipnis came here practically unannounced, largely unpublicised. But once he had come every newspaper and magazine in the country shouted his praises—every person who heard him agreed that here indeed was true musical gold. Yet neither critics' panegyrics nor word-of-mouth recommendations did much to fill the Town Halls.

Maybe, then, we may blame the radio for the small attendances: Was the Kipnis audience sitting at home? One cannot believe even that pretence. People who enjoy wrestling prefer to see rather than hear their matches; the Lightsome Comedy Harmonists had no difficulty in coaxing people out of doors; Rugby fans turn out in their thousands on the bitterest winter day. Why did Kipnis fail to draw his following—Kipnis who was fifty times better to watch than just to hear?

Did the misery of New Zealand Town Halls deter the music-lovers? One is reminded of Arthur Bliss speaking of concert halls in England:

"If there is a policy in which cinemas have shown the way, it is in the matter of comfort. To go to the average concert-hall is to exchange luxurious ease for a penitential rigour. If at the end of a day's work you have to choose between the armchair or the wooden plank, which calls you?"

Apparently it was the armchair, nearly every time, that called the vociferous, lip-serving music-lovers of New Zealand. For once the blame has come to the right door. It is not the artists but the audiences who are responsible for the way in which Culture shuns the Pacific!

His jokes were not particularly brilliant in themselves, but in the way they were put over they sounded extremely funny. Eddie went serious toward the end with a rather emotional, but very effective, appeal for road safety, imploring motorists to take care of children on the roads. I wonder if Mr. Semple heard it—it might give him some new ideas.



So well was the Fitzsimmons-Jeffries fight for the world's boxing championship reconstructed by the NBS in its "Scenes from the Sporting Past," heard last week from 2YD, that I know of at least one listener who

**WONDERING  
HOW  
HE MISSED IT**

was wondering how on earth he had happened to overlook the fixture in the newspaper cables. Considering the fight took place in 1902, this lapse on his part was not surprising. The fact that, for a moment, he was taken in gives some idea of the realistic manner in which the radio ghosts of these former giants were conjured up to strut their brief hour once more. The announcer was "seeing" the fight in his mind, and listeners saw it too, quite clearly; saw Jeffries (almost beaten by the New Zealand wonder) come back with amazing resilience and drop Fitzsimmons at the last while the announcer shouted above the roar of the crowd, "He's down! He's down! HE'S DOWN!" "Scenes From the Sporting Past" is one of the most ingenious radio productions yet heard from the NBS, and, in its own way, a work of art.



A certain New Zealand male singer, heard on recording from 3ZB not very long ago, sang very pleasantly about the "meeune" and the "teeune." This distortion of the "oo" vowel sound is heard whenever you

**TAKE NOTICE,  
CREEPERS  
AND OTHERS!**

like to listen to amateur trials on the stage or over the air. There it can be forgiven, but when it comes to recording there should be a higher standard.



Black mark against 2ZB last weekend was the commentary on the women's hockey match, New Zealand v. England, at Wanganui on Saturday afternoon. Handled by Kingi

**BLACK MARK  
FOR  
SPORTS RELAY**

Tahiwi, this was probably the worst sports broadcast of a major game that has yet been heard over the Dominion network—convincing proof if one were needed that sports commentary is a study in itself, not to be undertaken haphazardly by announcers who have had their training in other sessions. Kingi's too staccato delivery, which he speeded up to tell every detail of the game, came tumbling over the air so fast that the whole relay, with its background of girlish shrieks and barracking, was faintly reminiscent of the Spanish war—Kingi as a slightly faulty machine-gun. For my part, I was so puzzled deciphering individual words in the torrent that I couldn't tell my best friend now what the game was like, who was outstanding or how the scores

fell. Kingi even failed to announce the goal-total as it altered, probably assuming, the optimist, that everyone who was interested in women's hockey would tune in at the beginning of the match and stay through the bitter, bitter length.



If a prize were offered for the most unusual and most interesting radio talk given from any New Zealand station in the last 12 months, I might nominate Mr. W. G. McClymont's talk on "The

**RADIO TALK  
DESERVED  
FIRST PRIZE**

Records Office," recently heard from 4YA. This London office houses all important State papers dating from the Conquest until today—a remarkable collection headed by the Doomsday Book. There is no original of Magna Carta, strange to say, only a facsimile; but there are many other documents which the harassed nobility forced wicked King John into signing. An interesting record, dated 1567, shows the actual spot where the body of Lord Darnley was found. There is the letter to Lord Montague which led to the arrest of Guy Fawkes, and saved the life of King James I. There is the last letter Lord Nelson wrote before he lost his right arm, and the first he wrote with his left hand. There are letters from Commander Bligh about the mutiny on the Bounty. There are no fewer than 176 "authentic" signatures of William Shakespeare. Without a doubt, had Mr. McClymont's talk been extended to twice its length it would still have been brief!



Some time ago complaint was made in this section against the too-frequent use of "Maytime" records over the air. I had meant later to beg for the soft pedal on "Donkey Serenade," but by

**FAR TOO MUCH  
OF  
GOOD THINGS**

now the shotgun must be pointed on the latest Nelson Eddy importation—"Rosalie." Why is it that the perfectly good tunes from the films of both Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald seem fated to be ruthlessly played to death? Admittedly, there are listeners still who get a dreamy look in the eye when the radio gives them "Donkey Serenade." On the other hand, there are tens of thousands who would cheerfully send Allan Jones on a Russian holiday and not even pray for his soul. Incidentally, entertainers who are going to curse New Zealand radio one day for a deadly blow are the Comedy Harmonists. Their concerts have been echoing far beyond natural phenomena. As for "Eb and Zeb" and the Japanese houseboy, I gave them up long since. They are like porridge on summer mornings—always there for someone to eat, but so traditional everyone has learnt how to ignore it.



Fifteen minutes of piano rhythm comes to listeners from 1ZB every day in the form of recordings by such pianists as Raie De Costa, "Fats" Waller, Charlie Kunz and Phil Green.

**PIANO RHYTHM  
WITHOUT  
ANNOUNCERS**

This new session is entertaining and a distinct change. The recordings are easy-to-hear with no announcements between. It gives the listener a "breather," so to speak.