

nouncing a record between his script, said with naive emphasis: "This is sung for you by—PHIL—Regan."

Sporting men have come to rely on the radio for on-the-minute results of matches—which puts the onus heavily on the services to be accurate to the last detail. Bad slip by an announcer of 2YC on Wednesday night was the statement that the All Blacks had won their game against Western Suburbs at Wellington, Australia. As the dusty, dirty town of Wellington, home of Australian country Rugby, lies on the plains some 200 miles or more from Sydney, "Western Suburbs" was a rather parochial nickname for Western Districts.

Very boring was last week for listeners not interested in speeches. On Tuesday from 2YA came series of long and dull verbiage on the proposed Wellington Cathedral, and on Wednesday night from all the main stations was Budget, Budget. Budget—as if most of us didn't have quite enough of that at home with the price of coal up. One realises, of course, that numerous listeners do like their Parliament to be audible (if not intelligible) and ordinarily I give in politely on this point, turning to the ZB's or the alternatives for solace. Still, I think the Nationals are rather inclined to overdo the broadcasting of public events like the Wellington Cathedral discussion. Unless politicians and others adapt their speechifying to radio requirements—which stipulates terseness of phrase, conversational charm and good delivery—I cannot see that they should be allowed to wear out good valves at listeners' expense. Why not a journalist-announcer on the NBS who could take notes and give us

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But generally speaking there is nothing the public so detests as the suggestion it is being solemnly educated. And talks—far more than music—shout aloud of their mission. Whatever the NBS likes to say, the Whirligig is an adult educational series and—as such—it is bound to be avoided by the majority.

What the NBS talks need to hold the public is a dash of the Commercial's homely enterprise. That excellent series some time ago on the lives of women married to men in various professions and trades—talks given by the women themselves in unpractised, honest sentences—was a step toward a field of human interest that is unlimited. But the NBS preferred not to explore the field.

Well, Whirligig of Time is showing that listeners like humanity, humour and colloquialisms in their talks. Academic treatises, read no matter how precisely, do not amuse. Maybe it is the fault of the educational system, maybe it is our own earthly natures—whatever the reason we listeners simply don't want to go back to school. And if we must take our pills now and then please, we say, not with their sugar coats off!

all the "meat" of meetings in a brief, interesting quarter hour or less? Why should radio digests not prove as good sellers as literary digests?

Sorry features from the NBS are two dramatisations of incidents in the history of the British Trade Unionism which go under the name of "The Dorsetshire Labourers" and "The Sheffield Outrages." The service is nebulous in its classification of these two "dramatic inter-ludes," but listeners have at least definite adjectives for them—not at all flattering. Dull in presentation, these propagandist scraps are at the best boring and at the worst infuriating. I am sorry to see them doing the round of the National stations. Christchurch suffering the "Outrages" last week.

Greatest regret of my listening this week was in tuning in five minutes late to the final New Zealand broadcast of Professor G. B. Alexander, manager of the Le Moyne University Debating Team, who spoke his farewell from 2YA on Thursday night. His subject was

America, but he saved enough time at the end for the most moving and sincere little "thank you, New Zealand" that I have ever heard from any visitor—on stage or air. The talk that went before was also excellent, not at all academic but, good, humorous stuff about American football and American English. The professor's accent and quaint intonation gave it all extra appeal—made me doubly sorry to hear that charming farewell.

Circumstances alter cases, they say, and I am coming to believe it. For a time I have been attempting to make something of this new piece of music, "Vieni, Vieni"—wondering how it could be classified. I didn't know exactly what to think about it, except that it was lively and hopelessly meaningless. I suspect I did not like it. Then the other night Tino Rossi, Italian tenor, gave a rendering from 4YA, and suddenly "Vieni, Vieni" had all the dignity of a song. I still don't understand it, but I know now I like it.

Perhaps it is not right to be always harping on the virtues of "Scenes from the Sporting Past," the new NBS series, and to leave singers, musicians, speakers, character actors and others

in the lurch. So I shall say just this of the series and promise not to mention it again: The audience it serves is larger, I suppose, than any other block of listeners. Sport is New Zealand's highest common factor (or should one say, lowest common denominator?) and this series—including the extracts from 2YA last week of the Rugby match between the 1905 All Blacks and Scotland—

feeds our passion for sport in as satisfying a manner as any radio provender possibly could. To all concerned, I dips me lid.

Fine example of how a radio talk should be delivered was given by Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, speaking from 1YA and 3YA recently. These talks on English celebrities and on Roosevelt were well presented and all the more interesting because the speaker knows intimately the people he discussed. Mr. Ratcliffe is one of the outstanding radio speakers in England and is not only a member of the BBC committee but has often broadcast from Daventry. It was he who described President Roosevelt's first inauguration. A distinguished English journalist, Mr. Ratcliffe was acting-editor of the Calcutta "Statesman" for three years, and has been connected with the English "Spectator" and the "Manchester Guardian."

I would be more than human if I did not relish the opportunity of criticising the talk of my friend and colleague Gordon ("Honest-to-goodness") Mirams, given on the quaint subject of duelling in the

ed into his subject at such express speed that it seemed in the beginning he did not intend to stop at any stations—full stops, paragraphs or others. Though somewhat exhilarating, this technique made the early part of his talk difficult to follow, but later he slowed down and one could absorb some of the extraordinarily interesting aspects of the art of duelling. Though he obviously knew his subject with all the intimacy of loving study, Mr. Mirams surprised me by treating duelling with the utmost contempt.

Experts at wise-cracking, the two members of the Le Moyne negro debating team gave Christchurch a new form of entertainment the other night. Debates are generally such solemn affairs,

probably because the subjects are too weighty; but these American visitors, though not descending to vaudeville, had the crowd rocking with laughter every few seconds. An exceedingly good impression was made also by one of the Canterbury College speakers, Miss M. Dalziel.

Too many orchestras in New Zealand have the idea that orchestral music must necessarily be taken at slow tempo. It is all very well to strive for the round organ tone, but incisiveness in combined work is all-important. An instance was provided by 3YA Orchestra the other night when the "Tales of Hoffmann" suite was presented at a speed which quickened interest in this colourful work.