

father learns it is his own son who lies dying at his feet in an Allied uniform. Nevertheless, I believe that in the production of plays the NCBS may be taking a risk by the use of staff rather than "outside" actors. Commercialism's emphasis on personality in announcers makes it peculiarly hard for some listeners to lose themselves in the dramatic character without obtrusive recognition of a well-known voice.

Somewhat ironically I switched from the play decrying war to the rebroadcast of the unveiling ceremony in France of the Villiers-Brettonneux Memorial to the Australian troops. Reception was badly

KING'S VOICE CAME OVER WELL.

marred by static, so that even the familiarity of "God Save the King" was changed into something more like a Donald Duck song. The King's voice came over better than any other—although, of course, his fine speech was the more easily followed because I had read the text first in the newspapers. Nevertheless, the broadcast convinced me King George's voice is the best in quality we have heard from England monarchs—with greater freshness than either his father or his brother possessed. I never hear it in newsreels or on the air without a deep admiration for the way in which he has conquered his stammer—is steadily conquering also the hesitation that still worries him.

Well-knit and eloquent reading of Arensky's romantic work, Trio in D Minor, was given by Leela Bloy (violin), Phyllis Bloy (piano), and Lalla Hemus (cello), from 1YA last Wednesday. Although it conforms to the highest canons of musical taste, this piece is chamber

WOMEN'S TRIO AND ARENSKY.

work which is also enjoyed by the man in the street, rich as it is in intriguing melodies. I thought this particular performance one of the best "flesh and blood" recitals from 1YA for some time, on the instrumental side, anyway.

How we take things for granted! The caste system in India had been one of the many things known to me vaguely, understood not at all. Then Professor Jagan Nath, manager of the

DEAD SUBJECT SPRANG INTO LIFE.

Indian hockey team, gave his interview talk on "Caste" from 2YA last week. The subject, apparently dead, sprang instantly to life. Listeners learned that caste was based on the human organism of a head, arms, belly and feet. The highest caste (corresponding to the human head) were the thinking men, the second caste (the arms) were the soldiers and princes, the third caste (the belly) were the traders and middlemen who distributed goods, and the fourth caste (the feet) were the workers and labouring men. The Hindu people of India had adopted this system of social organisation to make society work smoothly and sensibly; in short, like a complete organism of life itself. All this was only a fraction of the talk, one of the most interesting and well done I had heard. The talk, given on

the interview system, showed how much could be gained by having a trained thinker to do the interviewing.

Boys' voices at their best were heard by 3YA listeners when the Cathedral Grammar School choir took part in the orphanages' aid concert in Christchurch last week.

CHRISTCHURCH BOYS SET A STANDARD.

The boys gave a fine exhibition of placing, clear rhythm and tonal contrasts. Remarkably enough, there was not the slightest sign of forcing. So it should be possible for many city and village choirmasters to emulate their standard. They showed that New Zealand has material waiting. Incidentally, about £700 was raised that night for the orphanages.

Listeners are having hard things to say in daily newspaper correspondence about the recent broadcast description of the first Rugby Test between New Zealand and Australia. It seems they

RUGBY FANS ARE WAITING.

have grounds in some respects, for it was distinctly a pity that the broadcasts should have been broken frequently to give results of small race meetings. Nor were the thirsters after racing news the only interrupters for, when it was nearly time for play to resume after the interval, a recording took the air. There was another break for an announcement about the children's session.

Love of things Spanish gives Mr. Philip Cross's radio work a strange distinction. He contributed two notable items from Wellington stations during the week—the first an interview on bullfighting and the second an original talk feature, "Adios, Paraguay." In both he

DISTINCTION IN CROSS TALKS.

emphasised, unconsciously perhaps, the beauty of the Spanish language. That emphasis contributed much to the atmosphere in both cases. The information contained in the very-naturally-managed bullfighting interview was unusual and educative, but Mr. Cross disguised that second virtue with discreet and charming digression. Personally, I thought that "Adios, Paraguay" actually suffered a little by reason of too much digression! However, tastes vary... Also the constant musical background, though skilfully chosen, was a trifle distracting. I'd like to hear Mr. Cross again with more time at his disposal and the music used as an interlude rather than as a ground base.

What has happened to the children's hour at 2ZB, from which I used to get so much enjoyment? At the beginning of the week I heard from, I think, Bryan O'Brien, about little Harry who

"SAWNY" HOUR AGAIN FOR CHILDREN.

went to live with a badger and learnt to snarl and fight just like one of the ilk. Then he was taken home and the badger followed, later to be shot by an evil neighbour. Listeners, I tell you honestly, that story brought a huge lump into my

throat—told as it was in O'Brien's straight way, with all the power of simple expression. Also in the session was a recording of English children playing on bamboo flugels—such interesting instruments, and so valuable for ear-training, that I wonder they have not yet been heard in New Zealand schools. But all that entertainment came in a session early in the week. Since then there has been a deplorable return to the "sissy-sawny" type of hour, filled out with a lot of children's names and addresses. I'm getting bored, 2ZB! Why?

Mozart's Concerto in C Major, played by Owen Jensen and the 1YA Studio Orchestra last Friday night, is the least known of the composer's three in C Major. Why, it is difficult to understand, for it

MOZART WAS WELL TREATED.

struck me as being a most vital and characteristic piece. The solo player brought off his passage work particularly clearly, and the orchestra showed they could cope with works of this type which bristle with technical difficulties.

Not every radio play is really suitable for the air, but the Mercury Players, of whom Miss Nancy Nicholson, producer for the Canterbury Repertory Society, has charge, chose an excellent

TWO PLAYS THAT WERE ENJOYED.

piece the other night in "The Voysey Inheritance," which was broadcast from 3YA. The story was excellent, and, in the main, admirably done, despite weakness in two of the characters. From 1YA, in the same week, the salient points of "A Tale of Two Cities" were well brought out in the production by Mr. Alan McSkimming. The crowd noises and effects were particularly convincing.

Unfortunately, while northern listeners enjoy their little bit of drama, Dunedin is left lamenting. 4YA obliges only irregularly, and even then the quality of the plays is indifferent.

BUT DUNEDIN WAS NEGLECTED.

It is nearly six weeks since 4YA put on a studio play, a brief 20-minute affair. It may seem, of course, from my complaint about quality, inadvisable for them to put on plays. But the indifference in quality applies only to the actual producers are usually more than capable, but the plays—heavens, one wonders from what source they are obtained! They certainly reveal a lack of appreciation of what constitutes a good and suitable play. On this subject the Dunedin station adopts another curious stand. Only the name of the producer is made public, neither names of players nor of group being announced. It is hard to understand this reticence, especially as the practice is not followed by northern stations.

THE I.L.P. and the Communist, who have a United Front, say terrible things about each other.—Mr. Herbert Morrison.