

IN THE WAKE OF THE WEEK'S ...BROADCASTS...

Chief radio artist last week was again the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. M. J. Savage, and though opinions of the material he delivers vary according to taste, some seeing him as an unconscious tragedian and others as the people's hero, there is no question of his microphone sense. He speaks slowly and comfortably, in a mellow voice that has a distinctly soothing effect. And, apart from these virtues, his voice has the essential quality of all radio, literary and political best-sellers: Sincerity.

During all the time she was with 4ZB, I never heard Kyra Jupp sing until the night she gave a farewell broadcast just before she left for Wellington to marry Lionel Seats in January. Hearing her, I was impressed with the full, rich contralto voice that is hers, and I know I am sorry that I missed hearing a true singer on the many times she has sung in the past. Her final number, "Coming Home"—highly appropriate as Wellington is her home town—was probably one of the most sincere, most deeply-felt renderings of the piece that I have ever heard. I only hope I get a chance of hearing her from 4ZB some time in the future: she is sure to sing again, for she has radio blood in her veins.

One of the best series of recorded talks ever given from 3YA, in my opinion, was that of Professor Arnold Wall, on the "Meaning of Words." It is strange that in New Zealand, with all its resources of education, the wrong word is used at the fatal place not only by the man in the street, but by the politician and even the lawyer, every day of the week. None of us is perfect, granted, but, from experience I can speak of a well-known New Zealander who, in spite of frequent warnings, can never say anything but "mayorality" and "casualty." It's a kink. It is a great pity, I think, that the Professor's talks have ended, for they were highlights in 3YA's programme. Possibly another series is in preparation. If so, it will be widely welcomed.

Humour on the air, unless occasionally unconscious, or reproduced on overseas transcriptions and recordings, seems to be a sadly lacking quality among home-grown New Zealanders. Last Wednesday night, however, I heard a refreshing quarter hour of nonsense broadcast by "Dum Dud" in the form of a mock wrestling relay. It said the final word on all wrestling jokes coined within the last decade, and might well be made into a regular feature for those who like their wrestling light-hearted and in small doses. "Dum Dud" hides the person of Dudley Wrathall, 1ZB's programme organiser. He has broadcast in sketches as "Private Bottle," "Mr. Spoogles," and, in a recent Diggers' session, he made such a comic nuisance of himself to Red Talbot as a dumb Cockney farmer, that several listeners rang the station and requested that "that pest should be kept out of the studio."

Cloak of ignorance that has hidden the beauties of the trumpet has been lifted since the American woman trumpeter, Grace Adams East, began her tour of New Zealand for the NBS. The ordinary man and woman have been astonished, no less than the student, by the charms of the instrument under her touch. Her broadcast from 2YA last week with the studio orchestra gave listeners Tchaikowsky's "None But the Weary Heart," a Russian fantasy, and a ballad, "Just A'wearying for You." The orchestra rightly subordinated itself into a delightful background of harmony to the trumpet.

Listened in, on Monday night of last week, to 1YA to hear the third of the series of old-time melodramas labelled, "The Old-Time Theatre," and was surprised to find that this one, entitled "The Faithful Wife," or "Love Re-Born," was precisely the same, word for word, as the first, called "A Woman's Love," or "Love Re-Born." Apparently the



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NBS considered the sentiments expressed in the first of these recorded "dramas" were well worthy of extra emphasis. Only new thing about the third one was the title—or rather the first part of the title. Someone had blundered. The station officials were not at fault, so one must blame the manufacturers for putting the wrong title on the disc.

Lovers of boxing were really satisfied on Sunday night when 2YD gave a spectator's version of the Jack Dempsey-Georges Carpentier battle for the world heavyweight championship. The reconstruction of the battle was excellently handled and, but for a blemish in the record, listeners would have had no trouble in convincing themselves they were listening to a ringside broadcast of the actual match. Small asides were worked into the description and the spectator who was persuaded to give the description gave the most thrilling broadcast yet put over the air in New Zealand. His name was not announced—a pity; he deserved a pat on the back.

Bright idea of the NBS in these days of sharpening up one's wits has been the Professor Speedee general knowledge session from its four stations. At 2ZB the session is improving both in interest and humour. At first the humour dated, but in recent weeks the

cross-talk has reached a high mark. Listening in the other

Thursday I tried to answer all the questions, and, grouping my answers, found I had tied with the winner. However, working the questions out at home—in the peaceful family atmosphere—is different from answering them in front of an alarming microphone, so, in the meantime, I prefer to listen and anonymously share the laurels with the winner. "Guess What!"—title of a new session at 3ZB—is causing among listeners a demand for cold towels and ice. The idea is to answer twelve comparatively simple questions. At 3ZB, too, Professor Speedee is having a good run. In his session, entrants are asked to state their professions or trades. Here's a sample of a question given, say, to a local body politician, "How many boroughs or towns in Canterbury end in the syllable 'ton'?" Obviously one is Lyttelton. An accountant might be asked something about figures, yet find himself completely at a loss. A typist will be questioned about simple office procedure and wonder how she came to miss out. All very, very interesting.

Listened in last Thursday afternoon to the first of a new series from 2ZB—"Leaves From My Scrapbook," by the Rev. Clyde Carr, M.P. for Timaru. It's really remarkable the effect radio is having on New Zealand politicians, and Mr. Lee and Mr. Carr may yet prove just the nucleus of a group of a dozen or so radio-conscious Members of Parliament, all conducting sessions over the air. I suppose it happens this way, more or less. Admiring constituent hears his member deliver an address in Parliament,

MR. CARR AND SCRAPBOOK

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She Writes Serials For Children

YOUNG New Zealander, whose new serial "Mystery Island" is being produced by the NBS for the children's hour, is Norah Slaney, of Auckland. She has had three short plays accepted by the NBS as well. Some further adventures of the Dean children of "Mystery Island" episodes are



just beginning to click from her typewriter and she is hoping the family will become well known to New Zealand children. Her name is familiar to radio listeners; she once did a good deal of narrating for continuity programmes.

writes to him, "Enjoyed your address so much; you have a fine radio voice, by the way." Member immediately thinks up an idea for a regular radio session. Mr. Carr's scrapbook, judging by the first leaf, is mostly a literary one, and his talk consisted of a pleasantly conducted tour of some moderately interesting literary gardens. He read passages from Alfred Austin, a recent (and very poor) Poet Laureate, from Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," and from an obscure Arabic poet by the name of Abu. The sort of stuff one could cull from any good bookshelf, but there's room for more of it in our radio fare. Mr. Carr's voice is sounding and resonant, but he eloquents too much.

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