

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

PRIZES of one shilling each will be awarded for the best announcers' slips heard by listeners, but entrants must be fair to announcers by leaving words in their right context. Address letters to "Pepperpot," c/o "Radio Record," Box 1680, Wellington. Payments are made at the end of each month.

ANNOUNCER 4YA Dunedin, December 27, 7.10 p.m.: "The weather in Dunedin today was brilliantly fine but cloudy."

ROMANCE.
CINDERELLA, riddle time, children's session, 1YA, December 24: "Caught him! Caught him! Hooley! Now I'll have a happy Christmas. Caught Uncle Alec at last!"

CONTORTIONIST.
GORDON HUTTER, 1YA, December 26, 9.45 p.m.: "And now Jones is sitting on Steele's chest with his head between."

PARTY?
DOROTHY, 12B, Thursday afternoon, December 29: "After I had counted up to 8000 my eyes were running round, and I said 'Come on, Dorothy, it is time for you to go home!'"

NATURALLY.
GORDON HUTTER, 1YA, 12.15,



December 28: "The winner was Very Glad."

ALL-POWERFUL.
ANNOUNCER, 4ZB, sports session, 8.30 a.m., Sunday, December 25, giving scores of Otago-Wellington Plunket Shield match: "Rain was stopped for play."

INTERIOR DECORATION.
MARGOT, 2ZB, 11.45 a.m., December 30: "... If you want a carpet fitted into your walls."

COME HORSE—GO HORSE.
ANNOUNCER, 3YA, 1.39 p.m., Monday, January 2: "Blair Athol, second favourite, driven by Pringle each way."

BADLY DRESSED.
ANNOUNCER, 4YA, 4 p.m. Tuesday, December 27, describing race: "They are all lined up now. Night Dress is turned round the wrong way."

NEW HOLD.
GORDON HUTTER, 9.25 p.m., December 26, describing wrestling



contest: "Jones smartly gets a double wristlock on Steele's head."

MAGICIAN.
NICOLA, 2ZB, December 23: "I carry fifteen people with me."

EVENT of most striking personal magnitude in radio of recent weeks was the re-broadcast by the NBS from Australia of an H. G. Wells talk.

TALK BY MR. H. G. WELLS Parallel that leaps to the mind is the broadcast of George Bernard Shaw some years ago in New Zealand. The great Wells spoke on "Fiction About the Future," a poor subject on which to play the searchlight of his brain from the average listener's point of view. I don't know who chose it, Wells himself or the ABC. Its appeal, however, was extremely limited. Personally I missed nothing, but there must have been thousands who were really not interested in what actually amounted to a writer's explanation of his craft, though countless numbers must have thrilled to the thought that this was the voice of the man who wrote "Kipps" and the "Time Machine." The subjects of his future talks sound much more promising.

Just about the bitterest pill the modern school-child strikes when back at school after the holidays is the set essay on "How I Spent the Christmas Holidays." Station

HINTS TO THE YOUNG ONES 3ZB earned the thanks of listeners when Mac, Syd. Farmer (from the programme department) and Sally explained in very simple, but graphic words, how this lesson could be a winner. These three members of 3ZB staff could each remember spending Christmas many thousands of miles from Christchurch and their descriptions took in the whole globe. For instance Mac (Lionel McGovern) told about Christmas when he was with the Air Force in Iraq; Sally (Miss Millicent Jennings) described an embarkation camp in Antwerp, and Sydney Farmer gave New Zealand Australians a thrill with his talk about Christmas at Mullum Creek—a banana plantation in Queensland. Mac and Sally are old hands at the microphone, but Syd. Farmer is a comparative newcomer. He talked blithely about aborigines, Chinese, Italians, Kanakas, Japanese and Greeks, and wound up with the remark that surgically leeches were good but very unpleasant in the Australian bush. Farmer mentioned, too, that the Australian bat has a smell all its own. He did not include the name of Bradman; neither did he talk about the Sydney Harbour Bridge.

Baldly described as "a radio comedy," a little play "A Marriage Has Been Disarranged" provided 30 minutes' of unusual entertainment from 4YA during the Christmas holiday period. Story concerned a young man who had the chance of getting away for a world cruise just about the same time as he had arranged to marry. He wanted to make the tour, so he at once set about to do his utmost to cause a rift between himself and his wife-to-be, so that he could have an excuse for walking out on her and leaving her for a year. It was purely and simply a lot of nonsense, and, considered coldly afterwards, not remarkably cleverly done, but it did succeed in being

WAS SLIGHT BUT AMUSING

YOUNG BOY AS AVIATOR The story, I gathered, is concerned with the adventures of a young lad—Howie Wing, to wit—and his endeavours to break into aviation. Most of the episodes deal with his life and training at the famous Randolph Field flying school. Both the voices and the technique employed are frankly American, but in the episodes I

amusing—and there are plenty of more pretentious productions that fall a long way short of achieving that result. This really brings up the old question: What does constitute radio entertainment?

"Concert Hall of the Air" is a feature which has been running for a good time now from 2ZB, and I am always impressed by the catholic and representative choice of records. I must confess there is one point about the session which annoys me a little, though I

QUESTION OF ETHICS

am at a loss to know how it could be presented without it. The point I am referring to is the interpolation by the announcer of descriptive material designed to give the listener the impression that he is actually hearing a relay from a concert hall. Thus, during the session I heard recently, 2ZB's announcer prattled away something after this fashion: "What a reception the huge crowd gives to Fritz Kreisler



DUSOLINA GIANNINI.—The statuesque Italian singer was heard in the new commercial feature Concert Hall of the Air.

as he stands there with his Stradivarius under his arm (sound of prolonged applause). The chandeliers are slowly dimming; he is about to play "Song of India." And then, when the record has finished, "Time will not permit him to play an encore, but he will be with us again in our Concert Hall of the Air." Again, a little later, Paul Whiteman is introduced to us, "Looking as sartorial as ever." The whole idea of the session is excellent, but the deception, though quite innocent, is ethically unsound, and leaves a (very) slightly unpleasant impression. But, as I confessed before, I don't know how the session could be presented without it, and I have no constructive suggestions to offer. I enjoyed every one of the records presented, Dusolina Giannini singing "One Fine Day" from "Butterfly," Kreisler playing "Song of India," Jack Buchanan singing "You Must Say 'Yes' to Mr. Brown," and Paul Whiteman's concert orchestra playing Cole Porter's "Night and Day."

Had the privilege of previewing two new features which the NCBS is releasing over the four principal stations. First, and to my mind, the most interesting, was "Howie Wing," which is modestly described in publicity material as "A Saga of Aviation." The story, I gathered, is concerned with the adventures of a young lad—Howie Wing, to wit—and his endeavours to break into aviation. Most of the episodes deal with his life and training at the famous Randolph Field flying school. Both the voices and the technique employed are frankly American, but in the episodes I

heard there was so much excitement, "punch" and carefully sustained interest that I could not but be gripped. A feature of "Howie Wing" which will make it all the more interesting to air-minded New Zealanders is its instructional aspect. For instance, in one episode the youthful Mr. Wing, who is 5000 feet up in the air receiving dual instruction, makes a careless turn, and falls into a spin. Hard-boiled instructor, after dressing Mr. Wing down, then explains to him carefully how to pull the plane out of the spin. Maybe not many listeners will ever be in a position to benefit from the knowledge imparted, but it's nice to know all the same. Altogether "Howie Wing" is a more than ordinarily interesting feature, and if my judgment isn't sadly amiss, it should prove something of a hit.

The other feature I heard was "The Elusive Pimpernel," radio dramatisation of Baroness Orczy's famous tale. Heaven knows, the worthy Baroness wrote enough

BARONESS STILL EXCITING

adventure and blood-and-thunder to thrill the most blasé small boy, and who ever adapted "The Elusive Pimpernel" has certainly retained the excitement. Atmosphere is heightened at the beginning of each instalment by glamorous "atmospheric" music and by the Scarlet Pimpernel himself reciting, in the foppish, inane voice of Sir Percy Blakeney, that well-known jingle "They seek him here, they seek him there." A highlight of the first instalment is the mysterious escape of two aristocrats, and some choice dialogue between two very worried officials, one of whom exclaims desperately and dramatically, "Do you know what failure to recapture them means? Our heads, 'arville, our heads." In every way a very exciting serial.

Passing through Christchurch recently, Muriel Lee Petty, BBC comedienne, gave from 3YA's microphone the most novel turn of the year. She "did" the life of a soprano, taking the progress from a baby singer to jazz; to musical comedy, to swing and finally to "G.O."—grand opera. Miss Petty then told the illustrated tale of the girl who married a tenor who was "recognised" through his bath-singing and ended her act with a brilliant excerpt from "Madame Butterfly." Spontaneity of this type is more than heartily welcomed.

BRIEF VISIT OF COMEDIENNE

A word of praise goes to the author of the production "Puss in Boots," pantomime for children, presented from 12B. Lasting nearly an hour, "Puss in Boots" was, from conception to production, the work of 12B's staff. Book and lyrics were written by

Arthur Collins, editor of the "Children's Magazine Of The Air," while the opening and closing choruses—gems in their way of music likely to appeal to children, were composed with a light, fanciful touch by Miss Pauline Rodgers of 12B's programme staff. An accomplished solo pianist, Miss Rodgers studied at the New South Wales Conservatorium of Music. She has also composed all the incidental music for the popular

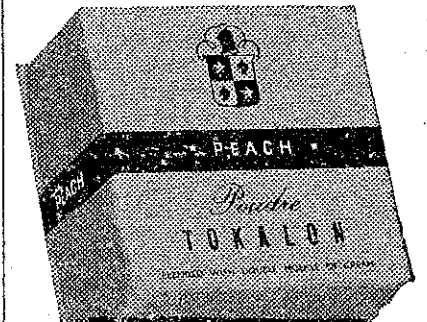
THEY WROTE IT THEMSELVES

Kim's session on Sunday evenings; played accompaniments for every type of broadcaster imaginable in the amateur trials; and in the routine job has the exacting task of pleasing Auckland listeners by choosing bright and cheery music for the breakfast session.

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