



**WALLY'S WALLY?** 'E should 'ave bin 'ere at one o'clock to make this 'ere talkie," I heard in the best W.B. vernacular on arriving at the new studios of

Filmcraft in Miramar on Saturday afternoon to see the first studio talkie made in N.Z. Of course W.B. doesn't always talk like that, but he was just training for this talkie he was going to make.

Wally was missing, and the boys were quite in a way about it. The camera man busy erecting his camera in the open air, and sensing something was wrong I asked, "But where is the studio?"

"There," said Mr. Biere, who was controlling the camera, pointing to a brick wall that was covered with a futuristically coloured canvas, and in front of which was a piano and other studio fittings. Then it dawned upon me that this was open-air photography, to obviate the necessity of artificial lighting. While W.B. and the Three Melody Boys were looking out for Wally I took the opportunity to examine more closely the workings of the many black suitcases around me.

"Where are the glass boxes to shield the camera from the microphone?" I asked, as I understood that talkies had to be made in soundproof buildings with the cameras in glass cases, so that the very sensitive microphone would not pick up extraneous noise and the purr of the motors.

"We have gone a little past that stage," explained Mr. Biere, "the electric motor is housed in a soundproof box and hung in sponge rubber. We no longer turn handles or anything like that. The motor is connected to an accumulator in that box over there and joined to the camera by a cable."

**YOU** don't use power from the mains, then?" I queried.

"No. For outside work we must have our own power, and so have to be self-supporting. Besides, batteries are needed for the amplifiers."

That was news to me, and I was just about to ask why this power could not be drawn from the mains when they were at hand, when W.B. came on the scene again. There was no Wally, and Mr. Biere was just threading the film through the mechanism which enabled both pictures intermittently and sound continuously to be recorded on the same film.

"Car just cum in and no Wally!"

"And there won't be for another half an hour," I ventured, not knowing too much about the Miramar car service.

"If that's the case you will have to take Wally's place," said Uncle Billy addressing himself to me.

"But—" I stammered, for I had never sung a note in my life, and am not likely to. My excuses were cut short. The imperturbable Wally, as though nothing had happened, came on the scene.

"Hullo, boys. Rotten service they have out this way. Had to take a taxi or there would have been no talkie for me. Right oh, Bill.

## Mike Listens and Lens Blinks

**WILL BISHOP** and the Melody Four of 2YA Eight O'Clock Revue fame have made a talkie—the first studio sound picture to be made in New Zealand. And this was done because so many admirers had wanted to see the very famous quintet. To the microphone and camera they have sung their best-liked numbers, and within a few weeks they will be able to be seen and heard



on the sound screen at the principal theatres in New Zealand. They have been assisted by Signor A. P. Truda's orchestra, who play for the titles, and both combinations can be seen and heard in the space of a very few moments. Both combinations have proved popular with 2YA listeners, and this new departure must find favour with listeners.

**MR. WILL BISHOP.**

about; lens of different types were arranged on a turret over the regular lens, so that any desired size of objects could be secured. There was one lens that could take a close-up at 100 yards. "You see, Mr. Bishop, things have altered during the last few years."

At this stage my attention was attracted to another box which had just been opened. I was very interested in this, for there were three efficient-looking meters, the pointers of which took up their respective places when a switch was turned by the gentleman responsible for the sound recordings, Mr. McLean. There is something about meters that always demands my attention, and my first task on seeing them is to find out what they all mean. The one on the left was easy. It was marked "Volts D.C." and the pointer showed five. Of course that had to be multiplied by something, probably ten, I thought, as this was a portable outfit. I suggested that to Mr. McLean, and after he had removed two huge rubber-cupped phones from his ears and asked me to repeat my question, laughed, and said that there were 500 volts, all battery supplied. "There must be no sign of a ripple, for, although it may not be perceptible to the ear, it will become evident when it is recorded on the film. So we provide batteries," he added, lifting the lid from the battery box and revealing a collection of some twelve 40-volt batteries of a make well-known to radio enthusiasts. All this time W.B. was rehearsing at the piano, and keeping in time with his voice was a small needle in the second meter on the amplifier box. Mr. McLean was watching this very closely, and giving instructions for the microphone to be moved.

I'll be with you in a few moments," and he disappeared into the dressing-room.

Everything being in order, W.B. started talking about fades, close-ups, angles, and many other things about which I knew very little. But he seemed to know a great deal about the game. Afterward I learned that he had spent many years in an English picture concern, but before the days of the talkies. All this time Mr. Biere was peering through a little finder that showed the scene as it was going to be filmed, and adjusting his camera accordingly.

"Hi! I want the camera closer," called out W.B.

"You are getting a close-up now," rejoined Mr. Biere, and then he explained that now cameras were not moved

## A Story

which tells  
how a

Popular

## BROADCAST COMBINATION

made  
their first

## TALKIE

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**IT** was all very fascinating. There was Mr. Will Bishop singing a ditty about girls who were crazy over him, the sounds being picked up by the ultra-sensitive microphone (which, by the way, is made in Wellington and is better than an imported one), being turned into electrical vibrations, amplified by a stage in the microphone housing, and passed to the main amplifier. Being strengthened, these vibrations were going through the meter which showed how the sound looked in electricity. From here they were going to the cell that had made the talkies possible. (Concluded on page 3.)