

STATIC

by
"SPARK"

IN shortly surveying the writings of of D. H. Lawrence, the Rev. W. Jellie (1YA), in his virtual apology for Lawrence's alleged blasphemy, rather belittled the speaker's own appreciation of the sincerity of this talented writer. The recital of the poem to his dead mother, however, gave us the speaker's true estimate of the poet. No writer has caused or merited more controversy among the orthodox since Shaw, whose technique and palpable perversions had been well studied. Without the graces of life, Lawrence, though floundering in the slough of unhealthy sex, could yet rise to spiritual heights, but his stamina was not stiff enough to keep him betwixt and between. The unhealthy outlook snapped the thread that suspended him.

NUMBERS of newspaper readers never do more than scan the headlines of cable news, relegating to the waters of Lethe all details as being too dry for consumption. These readers, however, are often avid for such news if verbally imparted, and for this reason Dr. Guy H. Scholefield is a great boon. The talk given from 2YA on "The Sterling Convoy," explaining the cause and effect of exchange instability, was timely and would be welcome to many. I hope our commentator on world topics is a permanently established institution.

IF Captain A. Torrance, who complains of the lack of humour in N.Z., had listened to the Ipana Revue on Wednesday night, from 2ZW, he would now surely qualify his remarks. Sailor-like, he might have had his growl and say the voyage started off too respectable-like to be realistic, and that expurgated versions of sea songs are too purified to be really humorous, but he would recognise that allowances have to be made. Environment is often necessary for full appreciation of the subtlety of some humour, and New Brighton, N.Z., not being Douglas, I.O.M., might have something to do with it.

ON Monday afternoon, wishing to see the carillon ceremony, I made early tracks for the scene, but was unable to get anywhere near. Recalling that a friend intended viewing the happenings with a party from a position quite handy, I wended my way toward his vantage point. There, in the full sun, out of the wind, with a picnic basket and a portable receiver, we saw and heard everything comfortably.

THE hurried visit with Mr. Von Haast to the Florentine galleries and churches, with their riot of colour, their priceless frescoes and

the old masters' chef-d'oeuvres was a transport of joy to the wayfarer and non-traveller alike. To that transitional period with the renaissance of learning and freedom of thought which the mediaeval age so effectually crushed, the modern world owes all its culture. This reincarnation of intellectual emancipation rapidly spread throughout Europe and penetrated eastwards as far as India, where Akbar the Great—the seer of the Mogul Empire—firmly founded

Are "B" Stations Necessary?

LAST week's editorial set me thinking. I have never been convinced that B stations were an advantage, and before arriving at that conclusion I am sure I viewed the matter from every conceivable angle. I would like to know the opinions of readers, however, and for this reason propose offering a prize of one guinea for the best letter on the subject. I want to know definitely just how listeners view the B class system. Letters should be of no more than 500 words, and may be either for or against B stations. The Editor of the "Radio Record" will be sole adjudicator, and entries must be received before Wednesday, May 11. That will give distant listeners a chance to express their views. Address replies to "B Class," c/o "Radio Record," Box 1032, Wellington. The winning reply and a summary of the others will be published in our issue of May 20.

European culture, which was, unfortunately, strangled less than a century later by Asiatic intolerance. We in the Dominions lose much by being domiciled so far from the source of culture, but Mr. Von Haast does much to fill the void that is enshrouded by the greatneses which we boast of—frenzied football and butter-fat production.

I WAS glad to hear 2ZW, in giving details relative to Anzac Day observance, mention that 2YA was to broadcast the proceedings in connection with the handing over and dedication of the National War Memorial Campanile. Plain duty to listeners demands such announcements, and approbation being the greatest incentive to every effort, there is a unanimous murmuring of "carry on."

DISTANT listeners interested in Dr. Fisher's talks, "What I Saw in Russia," were disappointed on Tuesday night, and consequently his impressions of the working of the "Five Year Plan" were not heard.

Static was never worse. 4YA, until quite recently, has given good reception in Wellington, but at the beginning of the week the station somehow or other became unhitched and is now like an abandoned woman—painful to listen to.

OIL is found in such outrageous places that I am apprehensive of Mr. Voco's visit with 2ZW to some of them. With a stretching of the imagination and assistance from Ketelby, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Co., we traversed Persia very nicely, but if we are to be treated to national music when we get further east I shall be required to switch off, I think. Still, nobody knows—Mr. Voco might have something surprising up his sleeve and make the musical portion of his concert as acceptable as his car talks.

MR. MCCARTHY, of Mack's Radio, tells an interesting tale of the early days of broadcasting bell music. For the Palace of Engineering, Wembley Exhibition, Messrs. Vickers, Ltd. made a set of bells at their Barrow-in-Furness works. When the exhibition was opened, half the workmen were sent to London—the other unfortunate half, of necessity being required to remain to attend to urgent work. London had never been heard in Barrow up till that time, and Mac, who happened to be there, with his Rolls-Royce of those days—a four-valver—offered to let the works hear the broadcast. This was gratefully accepted and reception being good, Mac. was quite the hero.

ONE of the foremen of the works was so impressed with the reception of London that his thoughts flew backwards and he told Mac he would give anything for his old folk to hear the new miracle. Prompt offer to oblige was again made, and on Sunday afternoon the set was installed in a house far away in the Cumberland hills. The bush telephone of those parts must have been cussy, as forgathered at the house were people from scattered parts of the country. After listening for some time, one burly farmer asked, pointedly if Mac expected them to believe that the music and speech came from London. "You just heard the announcer say '2LO, London,' didn't you?" said Mac, and that started the arguing, as prior to this the gathering had somehow vaguely assumed the set to be a new-fangled gramophone, which was understood even in those remote parts. Those who know Mac can understand that his endeavour to convince an incredulous crowd could easily make them hostile, and understand, too, that a

hurried return, unfeted, undaunted, yet unhurt, was a lucky escape from Wild Cumberland.

ALL will agree that oratory is not totally unassociated with public speaking in New Zealand after listening to 2YA recently, on two consecutive Sunday afternoons, and on Anzac Day at the Campanile.

THE Otago Electric Power Board has adopted the attitude that it is not their responsibility to locate leaks that affect wireless reception. It contends that as the Post and Telegraph Department collects the fees for the Broadcasting Board, the department should locate the leaks, which the Power Board would then attend to. Now, what does that mean? If a faulty joint in the ceiling of a private residence is causing trouble, must the P. and T. Department put its finger on the spot, or will a general direction be sufficient? There are places where a fault-finder would show a leak on every degree of the compass. In that case, will the Power Board make a start on reticulation renewal? Further, is the Public Works Department to have no say in the matter?

I LISTENED to the broadcast policy speeches of the Acting-Premier of Victoria and the Leader of the Opposition in New South Wales with keen interest, and do believe that a similar departure would be acceptable to listeners in New Zealand. It seems a pity that the greatest vehicle for the dissemination of vitally important matter should be withheld merely because of the justifiable apprehension that politicians might use the occasion as a wedge to introduce eternal party propaganda. The butt end of the wedge can be kept out without causing any political jealousies. Not even the most bigoted party hack would claim that party bickering and recriminations are of universal interest. Only the peculiar want to listen to parliamentary debates, as a visit to the Strangers' Gallery will demonstrate, and the only ones who have advocated that debates should be broadcast are a few self-opinionated politicians. I believe that the general body of listeners would be magnanimous enough to help save the parliamentary tradition by refusing to listen to debates. Policy speeches, however, are different.

THE Anzac Day evening programme of 2ZW was that beautiful one, the recorded version of the "Daily Express" Remembrance Festival, held at the Royal Albert Hall, under the auspices of the British Legion, on the tenth anniversary of the signing of