

the Armistice, November 11, 1928. The records included the reception of their Majesties the King and Queen, the singing of war songs, addresses by Earl Jellicoe and the Deputy Chaplain-General of the Forces, a prayer offered by the Bishop of London, and the hymn (community singing) "Abide With Me." The very human touch of the programme was that characteristic talk of the Dean of Canterbury, fondly known to the troops as Dick Sheppard, from the text, in a Tommy's letter in reply to a complaining one from home: "Let me enjoy this 'ere war in peace." The proceeds derived from the sale of the festival records go to the funds of the British Legion, and for this and their historical value, should be in every gramophone library.

FEAR that the high-class programmes to be given by the new "C" stations in Australia might be of wavelengths above a thousand metres, has been allayed by the Director of Postal Services, who has intimated that the stations will operate on the ordinary broadcast band. What many in New Zealand will fear now is that heterodyning will spoil reception. We all know that annoying whistle on 1YA.

I UNDERSTAND that a very famous footballer, is to be heard shortly from 2YA, and whether the listener is a follower of the game or not, he cannot afford to miss him.

LISTENERS thought they were in for a treat when fire broke out opposite 2YA studio on Saturday night and Mr. Announcer got his microphone in full view. Then the fire brigade interfered. Have listeners no rights?

THE Apollo Singers are to be commended for rendering us a musical English history lesson in singing "Sumer is iumen in" and awakening again the doubt expressed by Kingsley as to whether the Norman Conquest had done anything for England or not. Reading, made famous by Oscar Wilde, and to-day an outer suburb of the metropolis, was the heart of rural England 700 years ago. The singing of the historical round transported us to the common with the yeoman and the yokel pleasantly pictured cavorting on the green. There will arise one day a new Richard Green who will teach us to hold Brother John of Farnsete in greater reverence than the conquering raider.

2YA'S football announcer, Charlie Lamberg, has got his second wind again and he causes a great deal of excitement among the children in my neighbourhood. I saw a little fellow listening to the match last Saturday booting an imaginary ball each time the description led one to believe a kick was opportune, and whenever a player made a spectacular run, he crouched in readiness to collar him. The youngster is just six years old, but he will be on the field in a year or so.

MR. E. T. FISK, of Amalgamated Wireless, recently expressed the opinion that an error was made when 2FC and 3LO were compelled to shorten their wavelengths. All

will agree that the normal broadcast band is becoming overcrowded. My set of the early days had a coil each for high and low. With its wide range it did not give quality reception as we know it to-day, nor was it as selective as the modern set, although the later sets cannot bring the programmes in from a distance any better, if as well. Even in those days in Sydney the lower band seemed

to be crowded and the quietude up on top was remarkable in comparison.

IRELAND'S new 80,000 watt broadcasting station, to be built by the Free State at a cost exceeding £10,000, will be situated about three miles from Athlone and is expected to be in operation by September next.

Is there too much Music?

Plea for more Varied Fare

HERE is a letter on "Must Music Monopolise Radio Programmes?" from "Call Boy":—"The fear that too much music on the radio is in danger of defeating its ultimate object, that of entertainment, is perhaps not so far-fetched as it might seem at first blush. When Oliver Wendell Holmes urged his generation to 'take a music bath once or twice a week for a few seasons,' there was no radio. But perhaps he had not in mind the kind of music that is demanded by and given to owners of wireless sets. 'The Poet at the Breakfast Table' said that 'You will find music is to the soul what a water bath is to the body. It elevates and tends to maintain tone to one's mind. Seek therefore, every clean opportunity for hearing. Purchase some kind of instrument for the home, and see that its beneficent harmonies are often heard. Let music be as much a part of a day's routine as eating or reading or working.' Well, now that radio is universal the amiable little doctor's ideal is within reach.

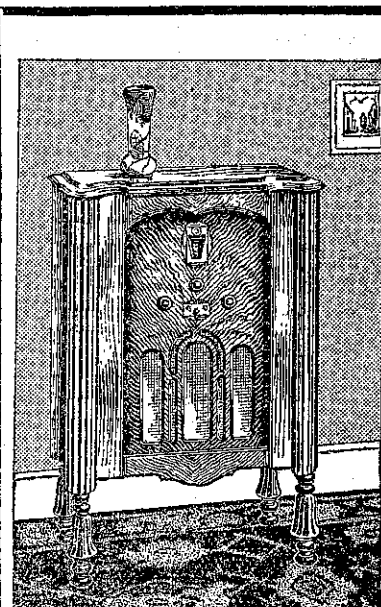
"But, when all is said and done, music would substantially benefit, or, rather, our appreciation of it, would be enhanced if there were more often some other fare by way of contrast. Personally, I plump solidly for plays, but a little investigation reveals that radio plays which are worth while are very few and far between. New Zealand has no playwrights of any consequence, indeed, Europe, Britain, and America have so far produced only a handful of radio dramatists. The reason is there is very little money in the business. St. John Ervine put the thing in a nutshell the other day when he pointed out the time-lag between the date on which a dramatist completes a manuscript and the date on which the play is performed is seldom less than two years. He points out the notorious fact that Eden Phillpotts (an author of established standing) spent twelve years in obtaining production for his popular comedy, 'The Farmer's Wife.' Sir Arthur Pinero has published plays which have not been performed. Several works by Bernard Shaw have not yet been produced in America, although they have been available in book form for at least a dozen years. Everyone who enjoyed the New Zealand actress, Miss Ethel Morrison, in St. John Ervine's comedy, 'The First Mrs. Fraser,' last year, does not know that the time-lag between the date it was complete and the date when it was produced at the Haymarket Theatre in London was rather more than two years. Meanwhile, of

"When it comes to radio plays, which all conform to the 'Positively one night only' rule, what possible reward of any consequence can await the author who, after mastering the new technique required, does essay to turn out a decent radio play. The fees are generally low, and always more or less problematical. The demand exists, but the conditions of production are such that sufficiently payable fees cannot under existing circumstances be guaranteed. Nothing short of a kind of Imperial association of broadcasting authorities, organised to pool the efforts of the ablest writers, and contribute on a performing royalty basis direct to the author himself, will satisfactorily meet the position. Meanwhile the daily music bath must continue, for woe or woe, bad plays being worse than no plays at all."

IN the main I agree with "Call Boy," and fully concur with his opinion that something is needed as a respite if we are to profit by the musical banquet that radio thrusts upon us. Before accepting the belief that plays offer an avenue for the way out, though I would want a qualification of the term "play." Heaven forbid that we should have all-night plays flung into the household, with its varied interests, although I cannot see there could be any objection to some kinds of playlets, such as, say, Barrie's "The Ten Pound Look," or single acts of Shakespeare's plays—the Bard whose dramas do not require any alteration for radio presentation, as they live by the word alone. If I want an all-night play I go to the theatre to hear it, and see the acting as well. If I wish to merely hear a play I go to the Play Readers' Club, or I might stay at home and quietly read a score. From this "Call Boy" will recognise that like any normal person I would deliberately tackle a play because I feel that way inclined, but I would not expect the whole household, with its multitudinous interests, to be so inclined too.

THE suggestion that broadcasting authorities should pool efforts to assist writers is an excellent one, and this arrangement might profitably be extended to other activities too—in fact, it might ultimately be forced upon broadcasters.

It is possible that a foreign play might not suit us, although we now eagerly swallow American rubbish with distaste. Where cultured actor's art is lacking recorded versions would meet most approval, and it is in this direction I believe that the future of broadcasting in this country lies.



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