

# STATIC

by  
"SPARK"

WE can always rely upon hearing something interesting when Mr. Johannes Andersen appears before the microphone, and his talk from 2YA on the "Legends of the Mountains" was quite up to expectations. Like the mythology of older civilisations, many of the Maori legends have historical facts woven in, and it is difficult to draw the line of demarcation between fact and lore. It is fortunate that some of the learned pakehas early became aware of the beauty of some of the Maori lore, otherwise, as has happened with other subjects peoples who were living in the stone age when the Europeans descended upon them less than two centuries ago, more of the delectable traditions might have been lost for all time.

THE story of how fire was brought from the Maori's original home is a fanciful and very beautiful one. The intrepid explorer on the peak of Mt. Tongariro called for fire, and straight-away bearers started on the journey. The distance, however, was misjudged, and the bearers came to the surface at White Island. Another dive was made, and this time they came up at Rotorua. Another attempt to reach Tongariro saw the bearers emerge at Waiotapu, but Tongariro was reached eventually. And the story runs—so intense was the fire that was borne that even to-day they still have the scalding steam at these places.

MANY translations are given to the meaning of "Aorangi," and it would be news to many that our "Cloud Piercer" was actually named after the shortest and smallest person aboard a vessel that travelled down the East Coast of the South Island when Mt. Cook was first sighted by the Maoris. According to Mr. Andersen "Aorangi" was named after a small child of that name who was aboard the vessel. As he was lifted on to the shoulders of his father to gain a better view of the peak, the boy became the highest on board, and the name therefore is appropriate.

A RELATIVE, recently arrived from England and staying with me, heard for the first time a New Zealand broadcast when the Radio Queen told us all about the lovely toys. Certainly there had been a desultory conversation proceeding during the alluring description, and the stranger was totally ignorant of the objects or the purpose of the broadcast, and might be excused for saying subsequently, "You have the children's hour very late in New Zealand." When everything was explained and confirmation was given, that it was all for charity and the edification of adults, I'm afraid the visitor remained unconvinced that the pattern of broadcasting followed

## CO-OPERATION

THIS par. won "Spark's" 5/- prize for this week:—

A radio dealer who also operated a broadcasting station sent his salesman out with a set to a wayback cocky. When demonstrating, the salesman tuned in to his employer's station. After a few jazz records and two songs by John McCormack, the announcer's voice came through, saying: "Well, Mr. Murphy, I hope you are enjoying the programme; and like the set." Murphy, who had sat enthralled by the wonder of radio, rushed to the set and shouted in the speaker: "Foine, me lad, you're clever with them trumpets and tin whistles; but me bhoy you've a voice like a sweet Irish colleen. Just sing me 'Kathleen Mavourneen' and as shure as me name's Mike Murphy I'll buy this music machine."

(This weekly competition is now suspended until further notice.)

very closely the model created in Britain, and I do think that some disappointment still remains.

THE informative talk on the bane of everyone's existence by a representative of the Income Tax Department from 2YA was well worth hearing. The responses of the fortunate from whom abstractions can still be made were probably very mixed, even though prompted by a genuine belief that the department makes a biased referee, in a game that is not always sporting, and the hurrahs of the vanquished, when it was told how the victorious are pursued, could easily be imagined and almost heard. It was said that a quarter of an hour was not time enough to explain thoroughly the laws and regulations, and this coming from one expert in the matter confirms the opinion held by many that the Act was devised to be puzzling. As the speaker proceeded I should think the majority of listeners became enveloped in fog, just as the reader does as he more closely studies the form, and I partly regret that the talk was not made a series, when the form might have been dealt with, clause by clause. One thing is patent, anyhow. Earning a living imposes liabilities which seem foolish when we learn that the Income Tax Department is prepared to permit everyone to live a quiescent existence, if they will only derive all their income from Tattersalls.

A HAPPY introduction to 2YA's admirably-constructed all-Australian programme was the breathless run around the signal features of Sydney and Melbourne, with Mr. S. W. M. Stilling as guide. In admiring the bravery needed to attempt such a task in so short a time, everyone will accord the courier congratulations for the success achieved in his narrative. No person can help liking both wonderful

cities, or truthfully say that he really has an aversion for either, although friendly rivalry between the inhabitants of each might lead the unobservant to think that one city considers itself superior to the other. Melbourne always admits that Sydney possesses a harbour and a bridge, while remaining content with the knowledge that St. Kilda Road is unsurpassed in the world, and the express—from Sydney to Melbourne—is one of the best trains on the earth. Many people have complained that our Australian cousin is too independent for service, and that a purchaser has almost to solicit attention, but Mr. Stilling, on his journey through the glorious sunlight, mentioned a veritable institution where service is an example to every nation, Young and Jackson's. It was just on the hour for "Time Gentlemen, Please," when Mr. Stilling glanced toward the famous resting-place where the weary traveller goes to feast his eyes upon superb artistic creations. Connoisseurs might be six deep at the elbow rest, but a new arrival can count on a cheery "Yes, sir," before he is over the mat. That's another one up for Melbourne.

ALTHOUGH it might be justly claimed that radio production is mechanical, it is remarkable how intimate a local performer may seem to be. It is possible that a local may be further from the listener in distance, than one whose recorded version of his work is broadcast. A recording never seems fresh, and it may be that we conjure in our minds the cooking which precedes the bottling, and we therefore are unable to associate the preserve with the fresh. Radio is mechanical, but it certainly is not canned. We would be in a sorry plight if we relied completely upon local performers for humour, but when one is available, I'm sure no one would prefer to hear him mechanically reproduced further, than by direct transmission from the microphone to the ether. On Thursday night Mr. Will

Bishop was, as usual, delightful, and he amused his listeners ever so much more than any recording of a funny man. Quite a number of people find it difficult to appear amused by any humorous recording, but can thoroughly enjoy every sentence and quip by Bill Bishop from 2YA's studio.

THE broadcast of the unveiling of the Anzac Memorial at Port Said, and the rebroadcast throughout the Dominion and Australia, was a most affecting happening which must have aroused pride tempered with sorrow in the breast of every listener in both countries. No rebroadcast has shown how radio is linking the world so well as this transmission, which was relayed by wire to London, before being put on the air for our stations to pick up. The distinctness of his Excellency, the Governor of Egypt, and Bishop Wynn, Chaplain-General of the forces, was remarkable, but it is unfortunate that the voice of the Rt. Hon. W. M. Hughes is not so suitable for transmission through so many links in a long chain. Mr. Hughes, fortunately, was more distinct in Australia, and consequently listeners there heard more of his oration. The monument at Port Said will claim the attention of every Dominion traveller to the Homeland, and an added veneration for our honoured dead of the Palestine campaign will be felt by those whose first view of the shrine was prepared by hearing the broadcast of the unveiling. With some sense of the fitness of things, 2YA closed its transmission by playing the National Anthem, but it appeared to me that the stations which felt constrained to end the proceedings by their rapid "good night melody" had very little regard for the occasion, and had merely carried out the rebroadcast in a spirit of lip-service only. Are broadcasters supposed to consider that every transmission is a concert?

IN his very interesting talk on Brazil from 2YA, Dr. Guy H. Scholefield spoke of that country's recent localised revolt—together with earlier revolutions—and mentioned the concern felt by the present rulers in the country's inability to meet its foreign commitments. Mention was also made of Brazil's association with Portugal, and the fact that Portuguese was the language of the Republic. I don't think anyone would assert that Brazil's revolutions had kept the country pauperised. In fact, generally one would be about right in stating that revolt has kept all South American Republics afloat. All other Latin republics in South America speak Spanish, and Brazil alone adheres to Portuguese. The two languages are different, although the difference is not great, and no difficulty is experienced by Latin America through a language problem. Quite a lot of people are under an erroneous impression that