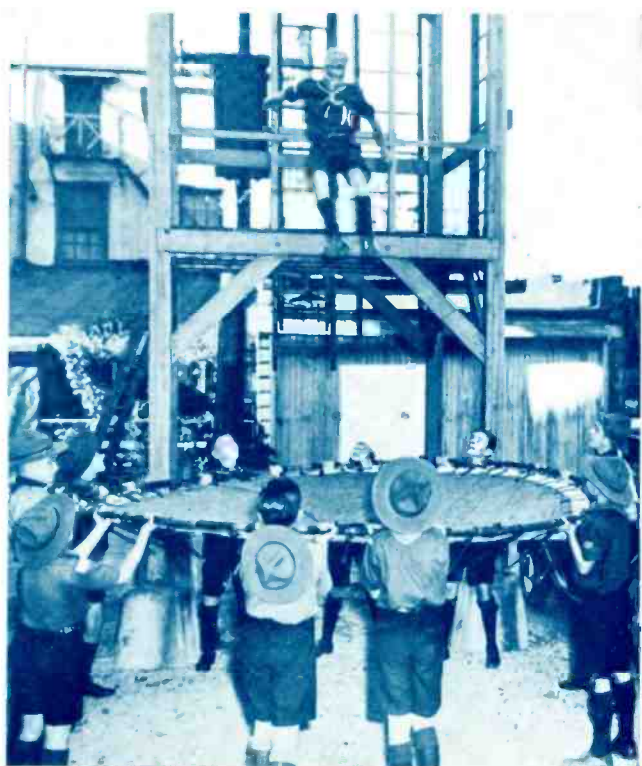


Manitoba Calling

AUGUST 1944





Training for the Fireman's Badge



Scouts learn useful lessons in the study of "tracking".



Address all communications to Public Relations Department,
Vol. VIII, No. 8. CKY Radio Branch CKX
Single Copy Manitoba Telephone System,
5c Winnipeg.

August, 1944.
12 Issues, 60c.
Post Free.

"Coming in on a Wing"

We will omit names, because we are not sure if listening to radio entertainment while engaged in aerial operations is permitted by Air Force regulations, but here is the story as it came to CKY in a recent letter from a Winnipeg lad overseas. The letter was addressed to his mother, who forwarded it to us with this comment:— "Our Canadian sons are trained to fight and kill, but it is gratifying to know their morale is high and that they continue to appreciate some of the finer things in life":—

"It was Dominion Day yesterday. There was a Canadian radio programme (from Canada) dedicated to all Canadians overseas. It said 'to those in khaki and the airmen battling in the skies over Europe, and to those in navy blue'. If you all over there only knew how swell those programmes sound to us over here, and under what conditions we sometimes hear them, I am sure there would be more programmes on the hook-up. When we heard this special programme dedicated to us yesterday we were on our way back from a daylight raid. The cloud formations were most beautiful. Most of the lads remarked about them many times. The big billowy clouds were about three miles thick and many miles long . . . beautiful indescribable valleys of them, with a bright sun playing on them, and the shadow of our machine dancing from one cloud to another. Then small rainbows would form where wisps of

cloud would break away from their main cloud formations. Spitfires were with us, mothering us like a bunch of chickens. The noses of our machines were pointed slightly down, with throttles open, streaking for home like bats out of Hell. Then the programme came through, with nice waltzes, fast snappy pieces, then Canadian songs, followed by a speech. After landing at base we found that many of the chaps had tuned in. . . . Love to all, Jack."

Remembering parts of that programme which did not appeal to us, and recalling how critical we were of some of the items, we are humbled. We are all so apt to want our radio programmes tailored to our own measure that we forget the preferences of other folks whose tastes differ from ours. If Canadian radio is giving so much pleasure to the heroes who are risking their lives for the land they love, perhaps we should be more tolerant when some of its features displease us.



Early Days in the Boy Scouts

By W. F. SELLER (Manager CKX)

In August, 1907, two men, an orderly and 20 boys pitched tents and hoisted a Union Jack on Brownsea Island, near my home at Poole, Dorset, England. The leader of the party, General Baden-Powell with a friend (Major MacLaren), was making his first experiment in teaching English lads the scouting games he had learned himself as a boy and had used to such good advantage in South Africa, to test his idea of an organization for boys.

The twenty boys were gathered from several sources, from Eton and Harrow and from elementary schools; from the homes of the aristocracy and from the fisherman's cottage. The troop was divided into four Patrois—each with a leader, Curlews — Ravens — Wolves—and Bulls. From morning till night they were busy learning to live in the open, to cook their own meals, to develop their powers of observation and above all to cultivate comradeship.

Baden-Powell taught them how to follow trails, how to find a few grains of Indian corn in an acre of heather and how to hide and find messages in trees. Then, too, there were organized games and bathing and all the time these twenty boys were unconsciously acquiring habits of self control, fair play and manliness; in other words, the underlying principles of the Boy Scout Movement. The evenings were topped off with the group gathering round the campfire listening to thrilling stories, bird calls, lessons on stalking and singing, all led by "The Chief".

By the end of two weeks Baden-

Powell had proved that his scheme was sound to the core and he settled down to launch it upon the world. Its value was soon realized, the movement grew and Baden-Powell not only became a hero to but beloved by boys throughout the world.

It was not my good fortune to be in on the experimental camp but a cousin of mine was and his glowing accounts of Baden-Powell and his ideas fired a small group of us with enthusiasm, so in 1908 after purchasing one of the first issues of "Scouting for Boys", we decided to become Boy Scouts. There was no local organization, we just got together, ten of us, using a shack at the bottom of the garden for our "club house". We

met Thursday nights and Saturday afternoons. There were no uniforms at first and then we were able to buy Scout supplies and started to become real Scouts. This, too, was tough, it was all so new.

For the first few weeks after getting our shorts, shirts, hats and shoes, etc., we used to carry the stuff up to the woods, change under the rhododendron bushes, practise our scouting and then in native's dressing rooms change back again and amble off home.

After a while we decided that this would not do: if we were going to be Scouts we should be proud of the fact, and so we went one step farther and we changed into uniform in the shack and all marched in patrol formation to our scouting practises. For a time we had to take the public taunts of other boys whose ideas of sport were not always



W. F. Seller saw the beginning of the Scout Movement



satisfied with wordy insults, but were backed up with sticks, stones and sometimes eggs!

Paying Their Way

Soon, however, we had two patrols of ten each and we looked for a scoutmaster and rented accommodation in one of the schools. To pay the rent, we each donated a few coppers each week to the club funds. If one could afford six-pence o.k., if only a penny, again o.k. But often when rent day came around funds were inadequate, so instead of "scouting" on the Saturday afternoon, we would all go out and hunt up odd jobs, running errands, digging gardens, cutting lawns, etc. Everyone brought in whatever he had earned to the common funds and it worked. Came the day when we had three patrols and could officially qualify as a "troop". We applied for a Charter and Troop Flag, which was presented to us at a special ceremony at Canford Manor by Lady Wimborne and so we became the first troop of Boy Scouts in the world, registered as the 1st Parkstone Troop, afterward Lady Baden Powell's own. We attended the first scout rally which was held at the Crystal Palace, London. 15,000 I believe were present, and we were impressed by the size of the old Crystal Palace, when due to rain the march past was held entirely under glass. The following year we attended the rally at Windsor Castle and later one at Birmingham. This last, numbering close to 200,000, was made most interesting for us by the presence in our troop of a prince of the royal house of Ethiopia, dressed in his native costume, one of the sons of Haille Selassi. The lad, about 13, had stowed away on a liner leaving his country for Great Britain and had to remain in England until dignatories from Ethiopia could arrive and return with him in befitting splendour. He was sent to our home town and in despair the gentleman responsible for his care asked our troop to share the responsibility and many were the interesting episodes provided by this young man.

I believe the troop justified its membership in the great brotherhood of

scoutdom. Our ambulance patrol was on duty at most public functions and a sports gathering including the first flying meet ever held. This was at Bourne-mouth, and during this meet the pioneer A. V. Rowe was killed in a vol-planing competition. Bleriot, the first man to fly the English Channel, was there and we also saw Latham flying one of the first monoplanes, a crazy looking contraption with the appearance of an over-developed kite. We had the first King's Scouts and the first Silver Wolf; won many district and national trophies, and had a good time doing it, with clean keen competition and the joy of contest rather than conquest being strongly stressed.

I could ramble on like all pioneers, to tell you of the time when camping, the troop saved a group of cottages from destruction by forest fire, the time a boat-load of us were nearly drowned but for the timely rescue of the Coast Guards, the course of home nursing undertaken by some of the boys, the concerts we ran, the bazaars we organized to raise our own funds.

"B.P.'s" Marriage

I could tell how we got news of Baden-Powell's wedding at St. Peter's Church, Parkstone, and were able to turn out in time to salute him and his bride.

We were very fortunate that Baden-Powell had selected our district for his experiment and that he chose a lady from our home town for his bride, for as a result, we enjoyed many informal visits and interesting evenings at our club rooms with the Chief himself.

Many members of that first troop of Scouts are living in Canada and most of that same troop served in the first World War. We all carry pleasant memories of the wonderful experiences we had as Scouts and one of my prized possessions is the old Scout shirt resplendent with badges, all-round cords and service stars, together with the scarf and many pictures that are now historical but unfortunately not good enough for reproduction.



Our Morning Rhymes Continue

Not every morning, but as the spirit moves him, our radio rhymester puts into verse the appeals for various good causes broadcast in the week-day "Manitoba Calling" period on CKY.

When the Magazine Section of the Regional War Service Library Committee called for magazines, for shipment to the girls and boys of the Armed Forces, our poet urged:—

SAVE THAT MAG.

Don't throw away your latest magazine:
When you have read its contents, it may mean
A lot to some lad serving overseas
Who hungers so for reading. Will you please
Remember? Sure you will—just drop it in
At any Post Office, or in the bin.
A useful little war job you will do
By giving what's of no more use to you.



He loves a quiet spot for reading

To give variety to a series of announcements asking for dietitians to join the Navy, our rhymester went into verse, thus:—

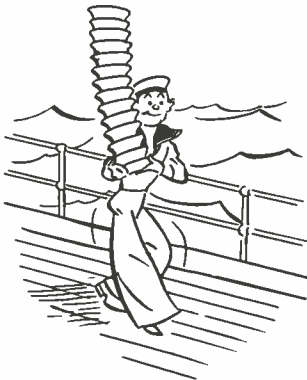
"VITTLES" FOR VICTORY

The Navy calls for dietitians now
To plan the meals for naval personnel;
To supervise the gallant sailor's chow
And see that what he eats will keep him well.

For though afloat the sailor seldom dines
Like folks ashore, upon an even keel,
He'll tell you very straight he still inclines,
When hungry, to enjoy a balanced meal.

And whether he's in port or out at sea,
Aboard a saucy frigate or corvette,
His gastronomic troubles mustn't be
Attributed to anything he's "et".

"Please send some dietitians if you can!"
From coast to coast the urgent signal reads—
"For Canada expects that ev'ry man
This day will get the vitamins he needs."



Balanced Rations

Says the versifier, "Our radio spots can sometimes be given a little more punch if set in rhyme. If not overdone, I think it helps."



CONTROL OPERATOR



Joe Lacosse, control operator at CKY, was born in Edmonton but has lived 16 years in Winnipeg. He joined the staff of the Manitoba Telephone System in July, 1943, and transferred to CKY in April, 1944. Joe expects to enlist in one of the Armed Forces shortly and wants to be in the Canadian Navy.



AIR CADET QUIZ

CKY's morning "Manitoba Calling" talks now include a daily quiz question of special interest to Air Cadets. Each morning a question relating to some feature of Air Cadet training is asked. The answer is given in the same period the following day.



There is sometimes more excuse for mispronunciation in news bulletins than most listeners appreciate. The bulletins come from the teletype machines printed entirely in capitals, and the best operators and most efficient circuits are apt to make errors in handling the dispatches under high pressure. In order to feed a news-hungry public the sheets are rushed to the microphone with little or no time for correction, and when you hear the news broadcast the announcer is often reading at sight, having had no opportunity to glance through the material before putting it on the air.

BOY SCOUTS

This issue pays tribute to the value of Scout training for citizenship. Many readers who were Cubs or Scouts in their boyhood will be reminded of the thrills of camping, tracking, signalling, etc. and of the useful lessons learned in woodcraft, first-aid and a wide variety of other subjects. Designed as peace training, the Scout organization has a fine record of services to the war effort.

More than 100,000 boys have passed into the Armed Forces from the Boy Scouts in Canada. Of the 63 Victoria Crosses awarded in this war up to May, 1944, eight were won by former Scouts. Hundreds of other decorations have also been presented to other Scouts, and in Great Britain many Cubs and Scouts earned awards for gallantry and devotion to duty during the Blitz.

In Canada, Scouts conducted the first "scrap" drives and spread the work across the Dominion. One of the first of such campaigns was the collection of used medicine bottles for use by the Armed Forces. As a result of that and subsequent drives, most of the R.C.A. M.C and R.C.A.F. medical centres have been kept supplied with medicine bottles since the beginning of the war.

In one Winnipeg collection, Cubs and Scouts gathered more than 10,000 gramophone records for the Salvage Corps.

The Boy Scouts' Association has some 90,000 members in Canada, including several thousand adults who are giving their services voluntarily.

A VETERAN SCOUT

W. F. "Bill" Seller, Manager of CKX, is probably the veteran of all old Scouts in Canada, for he was in one of the very earliest troops, in fact the first official troop, formed in England. When Lord and Lady Baden-Powell visited Winnipeg in 1935, Bill met them both and enjoyed a chat in which many recollections of the 1st Parkstone Troop were exchanged.

OUR COVER

The Boy Scout on our cover this month is Patrol Leader Frank Lay of the 67th Winnipeg (St. Aidan's) Troop. The picture was posed specially for Manitoba Calling.



So You Want to Write for Radio?

By Walter H. Randall, Continuity Editor, CKY.

(Continued from last issue)

I cannot, of course, tell you what you should write about. That must be left to your own individual taste and ability. There are, doubtless, many potential radio writers among the readers of *Manitoba Calling*, and some of you may already have dabbled with radio scripts.

Each one of you has a mental picture of what you would write a radio play about. One might be a murder mystery—another might be of young love—another might be a romance with a war background—and yet another might have a humorous slant. Thus, each script is different and my job is to try and give you brief outlines of some of the better methods of getting different types of plays rolling!

I doubt if any of you will be writing Soap Operas, so we'll turn the dial to another station. Ah, here we are—a spooky, scary, Hermit Drama is just starting.

First we hear the wolves howling. These are sound effect animals, by the way. Then the Hermit fades in with:

Ghooooost stories—spooky stories. Turn off your lights—turn 'em off. Then the Hermit cackles and the wolves howl again. Then the Hermit says . . . Have you heard the story about the man from the ocean bed? Listen and I'll tell you the story.

That's what is known as establishing the atmosphere of the play. And notice how it is all done through playing on your imagination.

By the way, I might add that just about the best place to learn how to write a play for radio is by your radio. Study the dramas you hear—notice the

sound effects and musical bridges, etc.

If your play is about young love, music can establish the theme for you. Then you can set your scene with a few deft words and, bingo! Your main characters are about to meet and your play is spinning along.

If you want, you can combine a narrative opening with a musical background or sound-effects background to establish

the mood of your play. As your mind sharpens the tools you are working with, you will devise new and novel ways to open your plays. Which is all to the good. Just be sure that your opening scene has reality, that it establishes what you want to say and gives the listener a clear picture of the setting.

You will find in listening to plays

from Canadian and American stations, that many different techniques are used. Usually, the name of the play is announced, and if it's a big show, the names of the stars. And, if it's a sponsored programme, the announcer will come in right after with the sponsor's message. On sustaining programmes, that is, plays without a commercial sponsor, you will find plays introduced by narration, sound effects or music separately, or interwoven combinations of these three.

Some of you may be familiar with the Lux Theatre, the Kirbys, etc. Next time you listen to them, notice how they get underway. Mention of these programmes brings me to an important part of radio play writing.

If you plan to write for commercially-sponsored programmes, study them as



The author, Mr. Randall, has had all-round experience in writing scripts for radio.



they come over the air. This is very necessary because you will notice these programmes have definite breaks for commercial announcements. Thus you must write your play so that the climax of the first act ends on a high note. These programmes, incidentally, are shorter than the non-sponsored programme because of the commercials. In sustaining programmes, you can write your play right through, building to your climax and closing without a break for a commercial in the middle.

Now, before we summarize, you might be interested in the type of material purchased in Canada and the United States and the rate of payment.

First, the Canadian markets, the ones you are most likely to aim for—and hit. The CBC buys largely from Canadian writers—and the CBC does like good Canadian themes in its plays when it can get them.

Many of you will be familiar with the type of Canadian material the CBC prefers “Folksy” stories—farm life—problems created in Canadian homes by the war, etc. Romance and humour, of course, particularly if blended well, put your script right in the groove.

If you plan on aiming at the CBC, it might be a good idea to send your script to Mr. Esse Ljungh, care CBC, Winnipeg. Mr. Ljungh produces all radio dramas originating in the CBC studios in Winnipeg. If he likes your play, he will send it to Toronto with a recommendation. Your play, if accepted, may be produced in Toronto, Winnipeg or in Vancouver. Very few plays are bought by privately-owned stations.

The market for commercial scripts, that is, plays for sponsored programmes, is limited. These plays, as I mentioned before, are shorter than sustaining ones, and must have a definite break or lift at the end of the first act.

Now the American markets. The competition is pretty stiff, and a lot of plays are staff written, either by the station concerned if it is a sustaining show, or by the agency if it's a sponsored programme. But—the American stations, sponsors and agencies are always very receptive to good scripts. Before attempting scripts for the big American markets, though, try and hear two or three programmes and study them thoroughly.

Some stations and agencies buy 10 minute sketches for variety programmes, and prices range from \$50 to \$100. Anything that is catchy and novel, with good lines and a clever twist, will click.

If you can turn the scripts out very quickly, get an American agency to handle your work. Your payment will be on a royalty basis, varying with the number of stations taking your sketches on such subjects as beauty hints, household talks, etc.

The big timers—plays for NBC and CBS—demand the very best writing. The pay is worthwhile if you can click—anywhere from \$100 to \$300.

By the way, don't let thoughts of setting up a radio script worry you any. It isn't so very involved. First of all, use foolscap paper, if you can get it. About 24 to 26 sheets of foolscap make a fairly tight half-hour script.

Names of characters should be at the left hand side in capital letters. Dialogue should be started about 12 or 14 bar spaces from your margin. Don't use quotation marks around speeches.

Indicate sound effects in capital letters and in parentheses. If a sound effect occurs between two speeches in the same scene, put the sound effect on a line by itself a few bar spaces to the right of the dialogue.

(To be continued)



The control operator rehearsing a script with the players



Scouting and Ins

1. Morning parade for flag break.
2. Preparing flap-jacks.
3. Daily patrol inspection.
4. Rope-bridge construction.
5. Hungry Scouts must eat.
6. Altar in open-air Chapel,
Camp Gilwell, Manitoba.



A Scout promises that he will do his best—

To do his duty to God and the King;
To help other people at all times; and
To obey the Scout Law.

The Scout motto is—
Be Prepared.





3



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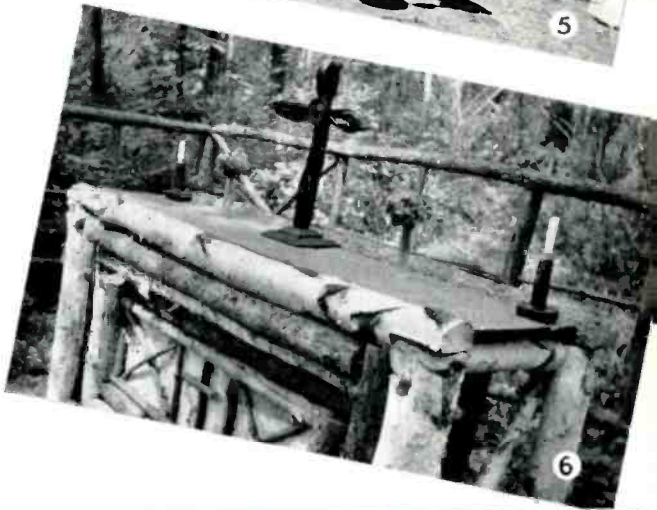
Fun

ctive, Too!

- 7. A talk on bridge building.
- 8. Wolf Cubs at Grand Beach, Man.
- 9. 33rd Winnipeg Wolf Cub Pack.
- 10. Wolf Cubs in Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg.
- 11. Trestle bridge built by 28th Winnipeg Troop.



5



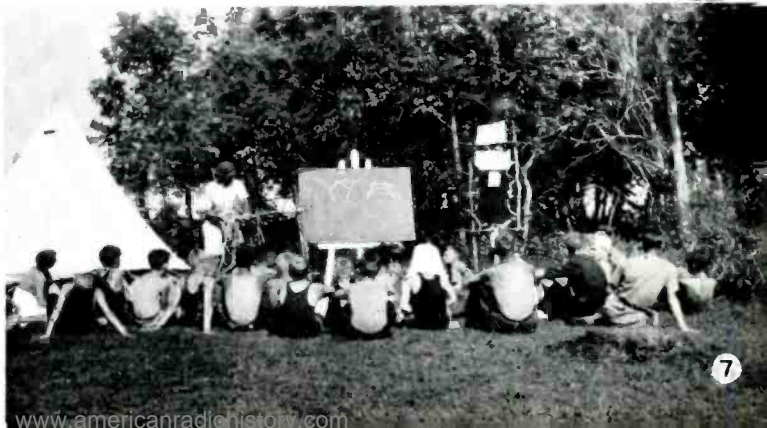
6

The Scout Law calls for,
Honour, Loyalty, Usefulness, Brotherliness, Courtesy, Friendship, Obedience, Cheerfulness, Thriftiness, and Cleanliness in Thought, Word and Deed.

The Scout Slogan is—
Do a Good Turn Every Day.



8



7



Water

By W. H. RAND

Man is born a land creature, but about two-thirds of his body is water. Throughout his life the air he breathes must be dissolved in the moisture in his lungs, and the food he eats must be liquified before he can assimilate it. Man, in common with virtually every other form of life, lives in and upon water. He has developed no means of storing it, since his prototypes stayed within range of a water-hole or perished.

Almost three-fourths of the globe is covered by water. Were the earth to be levelled — mountains flattened and oceans filled—water would cover it to a depth of nearly two miles. It is known that the earliest type of man was nomadic of necessity, because he lived by the chase. As his prey wandered, so roved he; and the water-hole was probably the greatest factor in their mutual survival.

With the beginnings of agriculture and a more settled existence, however, the situation began to change. The fertile valleys of the Danube, the Euphrates, the Nile, the Ganges and the Yangtze, to mention only a few, attracted more and more settlers. Over-population soon became a danger, and these rich lands were jealously guarded against intrusion. Increasing numbers of food gatherers began to see the advantages of food producing; and these were forced back to higher, dryer and less fertile land. Man commenced his struggle for water when he perceived that the more nearly he could approximate conditions in the valleys, the more prolific his crops would be.

If a stream ran near where he had settled, he would bale water from it. Sometimes he dug a shallow well and baled from that: baling is still used in remote parts of India and Egypt today. When it rained, this primitive agriculturist gathered what he could in his earthen vessels, but this, too, was unsatisfactory. Where he had a clay subsoil to work with, ponds or dugouts



Pole and counterweight baler at
Whitemouth, Manitoba.

might be used to store the spring run-off for use later. In England, especially in Essex, where it is 480 feet down to water, these are much used today.

It appears that these makeshift methods did not satisfy some of the primitive tribes, for traces of irrigation systems are found in very early cultures. Old irrigation canals have been found near the excavated remains of ancient settlements in the Eastern Mediterranean, in Egypt, in China and in India. In Peru, immense irrigation works were discovered. Here systems of terraces with stone retaining walls had been run thousands of feet up the Andes. Masonry dams so old that the lakes they formed have become jungles have been discovered in Ceylon; in the Carolines, too, elaborately built irrigation systems have been found.

In China, land of cheap labour, the rice is grown under water. The farmers operate big water wheels which lift buckets of water from a stream, dumping it into a trough or ditch. This principle is, of course, utilized by modern engineers. The two types of water wheels most commonly used today are



the turbine for large volumes of water with but a slight fall, and the Pelton, used chiefly for small streams with a high head, such as are found in mountainous regions.

On the chalk Downs of Surrey we find the dewpond. The Romans frequently dug wells through the porous and absorbent chalk, sometimes to great depths, so it seems likely that the dewponds pre-dated them. Lined with puddled clay, these dewponds are from forty to a hundred feet across, and from eighteen to twenty feet deep. Beautiful little carp are found in them, together with plentiful weed. It is believed by the natives that these keep the water pure for drinking purposes. Local tradition has it that these pools are kept filled by dew, although the exact method is not known.

The disused quarry at Stony Mountain, Manitoba, has become a small lake heavily grown with weed and teeming with small fish. How fish got into this old quarry is not known, but it seems possible that if they were introduced into the dugouts so common on prairie farms, together with weed, it might make them fit for drinking water. Certainly it would furnish a valuable check on the mosquito larvae which breed in them.

At Matlock and Gimli, on Lake Winnipeg, are many flowing or artesian

ing natural springs like these that the water diviner is called in today, exactly as he was in the time of the Medes and Persians. As the meteorologist's forecasts have banished the rain god, so is the geologist ousting the water witcher from his ancient and profitable game.

In Manitoba and the other Prairie Provinces, climatic conditions prevented the Indian from entering the agricultural stage of evolution as his neighbours to the south did. It remained for Lord Selkirk to colonize the rich and fertile Red River Valley. After considerable opposition, a band of men and women about a hundred strong were established there in 1812, and the settlement of the west had begun.

A city the size of Winnipeg requires enormous quantities of water. Pumping machinery and pipes must carry it from reservoirs often situated, as in the case of Winnipeg, at considerable distances from the city itself. The technique is not new: we read in the Bible that King Hezekiah made a pool and a conduit and brought water into the city of Jerusalem; and some of the masonry aqueducts of ancient Rome still exist.

The danger of epidemics is ever-present: if the water is not chlorinated, frequent tests must be carried out to ensure that it remains uncontaminated. For all our civilization, we are as dependent upon our water supply today as was the primitive food-producer who left his irrigation ditches for the archaeologist to study.



THE NAVY REPORTS

Broadcast by CKY on alternate Sunday afternoons at 3.30 is a series of talks descriptive of the activities of the Canadian Navy.

DEANNA DURBIN'S DAD

A welcome visitor at CKY recently was Mr. James Durbin, father of Deanna. The film star is, of course, a native of Winnipeg and Mr. Durbin, a modest gentleman who shuns personal publicity, visits the city from time to time and renews contacts with his old friends here.



Outlet of artesian well at Gimli, Manitoba.

wells. These are caused by water following a porous stratum underground, and draining water from hills many miles away. It is in the hope of locat-



I Wish They Wouldn't Do It

By JOE ZILCH

The views of Joe Zilch are not necessarily endorsed by CKY.

Radio broadcasting is a boon to mankind, which is a way of saying it is good for us. All honour to Marconi, De Forest and a legion of known and unknown scientists. Thanks, also, to the men and women who assemble vacuum tubes and who wind transformers in factories; to the salesmen who have put radio receivers in our homes; to the programme people who have provided things to hear; to the radio editors who by telling us when to listen to what have contributed more to the success of broadcasting than will ever be credited to them; to the sponsors who have invested in our goodwill; and to the hosts of other folks who have worked, gratuitously or for pay, that we may turn a dial and draw music from the reservoir of aethereal space.

It's all very wonderful. In the main it's beneficial. The most critical can find something pleasing in the programmes and the average listener admits considerable delight in the medley of things received.

Exposure to the output of loudspeakers has had varied effects upon us. It has made us familiar with many musical compositions we might otherwise never have heard, including some we wish we hadn't. It has probably enlarged our understanding of good music and, paradoxically, it has in a measure extended our toleration of the poorer kind.

The constant dripping of the jazz we once despised has perhaps worn away the stone of our dislike. Whether we are better or worse for the experience should be a question for psychologists rather than musicians to decide without prejudice. For my part, I am no more conscious of an improved moral condition resulting from a radio-gained acquaintance with the classics than I am aware of a degraded state attributable to familiarity with the rhythm of boogie-woogie.

Much exaggeration has been given to

Ex-ship's
"Sparks"
and
veteran
broad-
caster,
Joe Zilch.



the uplifting influence of music on the human mind, or why have some of the world's leading musicians been so deficient in good manners when their absorption of the artistic product should have made them models of refinement? One could question the effects of literature likewise and do some wondering about some famous writers whose lives do not appear to have been purified by their immersion in their art.

Beethoven for Brats

Radio unquestionably has educational value, though its effectiveness as a substitute for the teacher and the blackboard has not given the pedagogues much cause for alarm. I remember visiting a school in England some years ago to enquire into the subject of broadcasting by the B.B.C. to the classroom. It was what we in this country would call a public school. The youngsters had been receiving lessons in musical appreciation by way of a loud speaker. I had with me one of my sons, not yet in his 'teens, and when we had left the schoolhouse he remarked, "They have queer manners, haven't they? While you were talking to the teacher the kids were all sticking their tongues out at me!" Which raised some questions in my mind



as to one's preference for brats full of Beethoven or for moderately well-behaved children unsprinkled with radio culture.

In other fields, religion and politics especially, radio has proved a powerful force. A popular old-time fiddler or a successful radio comedian has a better chance of being elected as a legislator than ever before, which may ultimately result in brightening debate.

Radio's usefulness as a distributor of news needs no argument. In the present extraordinary condition of world affairs news has assumed a place of importance in the daily radio menu which it never attained in the days of more hum-drum happenings. There are listeners who want the news, the whole news, and nothing but the news, and these people do not seem to care how often it is repeated. They listen through every moment of the day when a receiving set is available, and they sit up far into the night twisting the dial in search of news leftovers just as, years ago, enthusiastic experimenters devoted long hours to catching station call letters. What they will do when the war is past and we settle down to the business of international trading is a matter for speculation.

Whatever it may have done to our morale, radio has been lavish in distributing material rewards. It has put a lot of money into many pockets, though no excessive amount into mine. It has expanded the sales of proprietary articles and, while we hope we are a Godly nation, we certainly are a cleanly one, or much drama has wasted its sweetness on the desert air.

Do These Annoy You Too?

Radio is a blessing, not an unmixed one it must be admitted, but a blessing just the same. I am grateful for it. So many of its features give me pleasure, and yet, when I hear people doing some things at the microphone I wish they wouldn't.

Item 1. I wish, for instance, that announcers wouldn't shout at me. I use the radio in my home and sometimes in my office. I am never listening at a distance of more than a few feet from the set. Why, therefore, must some an-

nouncers pitch their voices as if they were ballyhooing the fat lady on a midway in competition with other barkers and the noise of the merry-go-round? I am not referring to the level, you understand—I can turn down my volume control, thank goodness. My complaint refers to the pitch of the announcer's voice and his style. He forgets that the microphone is an ear and that he is only a foot or so from it. On the radio he is not addressing a mob but a number of individuals, mostly in their homes. I object to being exhorted to buy somebody's product as if I were standing in the market place. I wish they wouldn't do it.

Item 2. I don't like commercial announcements interspersed with too many trick sound effects, and I don't like to hear announcers using the "hollow voice" echo effect. I wish they wouldn't do it.

Item 3. I dislike attempts to dramatize commonplace features by presenting dry information in dialogue form. If the subject is not entertaining in substance but is one on which the public needs to be informed, let it be well delivered as a short and sincere talk. I find it uninteresting to listen through a long period of discussion between speakers who, no matter how familiar they may be with the matter discussed, are not actors and know very little of microphone technique. I wish they wouldn't do it.

Item 4. I abhor listening to patent medicine claims which are patently absurd. I have every respect for the efficacy of many of the articles which my druggist sells, but I don't expect miracles in a capsule. Some radio copy writers are much too extravagant in their claims. I wish they wouldn't do it.

These are a few of my pet peeves, for the delivery of which I feel much better. As a believer in free speech, toleration of other people's opinions, and so forth, I must not be too arbitrary. Maybe there are listeners who like the features I dislike, so in fairness to them I will compromise. Of those responsible for the types of presentation I have named I will say: I wish they wouldn't do it—too often.



NEW ZEALAND AIRMEN RECORD MESSAGES FOR THEIR RELATIVES "DOWN UNDER"



Happy occasions at CKY are those on which the studios are invaded by airmen from nearby R.C.A.F. training schools, for the purpose of recording messages to their folks at home. The recordings are shipped to New Zealand and broadcast there.



The upper picture shows L.A.C. Edminston recording greetings to his loved ones in Auckland.



In the centre photograph L.A.C. D. A. Anderson is thinking of his New Zealand home as he reads his message at the microphone. Back to the camera, on right, is L.A.C. Charles Moroney, who acted as Master of Ceremonies or "Com-pere" as they call him in New Zealand broadcasting practice.

The lower view shows the line-up of airmen waiting their turn while others sit around the walls in readiness to take their places in line.

Welcome Boys' and Girls' Clubs

When a party of more than 100 representatives of Manitoba's Boys' and Girls' Clubs visited Winnipeg recently they were conducted on tours of CKY's studios, had the constructional details explained to them and were shown motion pictures in natural colour of artists and announcers engaged in various programmes. Particular enthusiasm was displayed when the young visitors saw Brian Hodgkinson on the screen in a sequence taken when Brian made his last appearance in the studios prior to his departure overseas.



Band of H.M.C.S. Chippawa



The band is heard on CKY at 3.30 p.m. alternate Sundays. In front row centre, left, Lieut. Commander G. E. Kernohan, Commanding Officer H.M.C.S. Chippawa; right, Warrant Officer Holroyd, bandmaster.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Wilf. Carpentier prepares and Maurice Bedard illustrates a very newsy bulletin each month, copies of which are mailed to CKY and CKX staff members who are on Active Service. We know from our own experience how welcome these sheets are to personnel in the Armed Forces who are away from home and hungry for news of their friends and former colleagues. From the sixth bulletin, dated July 12th, we have culled the following:

Lieut. Nelson Gardiner, of CKY's engineering staff, is in the Canadian Army overseas. He recently spent some leave in Salerno and visited the much-sung-about Isle of Capri. Its glories, like those attributed to many parts of Europe, appear to have been very much over-rated.

Lieutenant Maurice Burchell, CKY announcer now in the R.C.N.V.R., is a deep water sailor and numbers several Winnipeggers among his shipmates. He confesses to having been seasick twice,

but is by no means sick of the sea.

Ron. Deacon has been discharged from the Army for medical reasons and will be back at the microphone on Aug. 15th.

Wilf. Davidson's talents have been recognized by a transfer to the Army Show. He may go overseas, but we're not telling—See, Mr. Censor!

Dibbs Woods, veteran control operator of CKY and very well known in hockey circles, is with the Canadian Army overseas and may be in the thick of things by the time this is published. It won't surprise us if Dibbs takes the puck right into Berlin.

Flight Lieutenant Calvin Pepler, listed as "missing" in our last issue, is now reported a prisoner of war, following air operations in northern Italy. We are all pondering the possibility of his finding himself in the same camp with Brian Hodgkinson. What a meeting that would be!



CKX STAFF MEN



Derek Nelson, left, was born in Winnipeg but moved to Brandon "almost immediately" and took his parents with him. He operates CKX transmitter. Gordon Garrison, right, is a native of Brandon. He produces the "Jump Town" programme. He plays the clarinet and makes a hobby of collecting dance records. They were examining CKY's recording equipment when photographed.



WRITE? RIGHT!

A number of imaginative people have from time to time come forward with the suggestion that there should be invented an instrument which would enable radio listeners to talk back to the broadcasting stations during the transmission of programmes, after the fashion of hecklers at public meetings. There is always the telephone, of course, but what is desired is a system which will permit interjections by members of the audience so that the rest of the listeners might hear the interruptions.

Such a device is scarcely likely to appear. It is possible to provide arrangements which will give stations a rough estimate of the variations of listener preference and so indicate the popularity of programmes. This could be done by electrical means and there are numerous survey systems employing simpler methods. Then there is the postal service, available to the listener wishing to express delight or disgust with the programme menu.

THE LISTENER WRITES

We welcome letters from our listeners at all times. Names and addresses of the writers must be given, but will be treated in confidence.

CRITICISM ACCEPTABLE, ESPECIALLY FROM HOUSEWIVES: — "I don't know if you accept criticism, especially from housewives, but no doubt most of your listeners are comprised of housewives, during the day at least, so I am taking the liberty of writing to you. I trust what I have to say will not offend, but this jazz music sure gets me down. Once in a while I think we should have something quieter. Of course, one cannot please everyone, but the way some of those bands mix up some real good music, to my way of thinking, is disgusting"—St. Boniface, Man.

Doubtless, many listeners will agree with our correspondent, but the music in question is tremendously popular. Broadcasters cater to a variety of tastes and there is more serious music on the air than anti-jazz fans realize. Many lovers of dance music think there is too much of the other kind.

SWINGING THE CLASSICS:— "Sometimes I hear long-loved music and song tortured by those incongruous monsters jazz and swing. Shades of departed composers! Small wonder they are not shaken from their graves by repercussions of anguish when their original works are so shamelessly misrepresented. Copyright, and whatever that embraces, of present day composers' work is zealously protected, yet the genius and expression of composers long since away to Valhalla is being so changed and tampered with by present day 'arrangers' that the beauty and original interpretation of some of these works will soon be entirely lost to coming generations. Many, like myself, are not musical, yet there is real sentiment and to most of us memorable associations in these fine old songs. This present day outrage against them is heart-sickening. . . ."—St. Boniface, Man.

The tendency to imitate and parody the works of the masters has been noticeable in literature for generations, and no-one seems to have done much about it. In music it is probably wider and deeper in its effects. Some who see nothing wrong in parodying the Hamlet "Soliloquy" object strongly to the swinging of a Chopin nocturne. Some resent both efforts while others delight in them.



There are Sea Scouts, too. These Ottawa boys are training in boats purchased from funds raised by a series of wastepaper campaigns.



Inspection of model corvettes constructed by Sea Scouts



Trained for peace, the Boy Scouts perform useful services in war-time. The bags contain wool clippings salvaged from tailoring establishments.



Used medicine bottles collected by Scouts and Cubs have kept most of the R.C.A.M.C. and R.C.A.F. medical centres supplied since the beginning of the war.