

ODDS

SO far, "Boomps-a-Daisy" has always been done as a three-four waltz tune, but Jim Davidson, conductor of the ABC Dance Band, has turned it into a march for the troops.

"Back Again To Tipperary Days" and "Wings Over The Navy," are two other war-time numbers which the band is featuring regularly.

The band is becoming really martial-minded, with such songs as "There'll Always Be An England," and the first march version in the world of "Boomps-a-Daisy."

Success at Sixty

For 60-years-old Mrs. Marie McDonald, mother of seven, of Prestbury Road, Liverpool, one Wednesday recently was the greatest day of her life.

For 50 years she had been writing songs inspired by her dreams—but not one had been published.

On that Wednesday she heard her composition "Whisper Good-bye, Missouri," broadcast from the organ of the Ritz Cinema, Birkenhead, by Henry Croudson.

"I have waited all my life for this moment," she told the *Sunday Chronicle*. "Now just as I am getting too old to appreciate it, people are acknowledging that I can compose dance tunes."

Now, at the moment of success, she has given up composing. She cannot read or write or play a note of music. A friend wrote them down for her.

But her old friend has died.

Prove this yourself. A listener one mile from a town clock can hear two strokes of the hour on his set before the sound comes to him through the window.

"Telling people something for their own good seldom does any."

—Phil Cook, in an American broadcast.

"Civilisation seems long on the calendar of history, short on that of biology; the most rapid changes are the most recent. It is not merely streamlined trains, but jazzed life that travels fast and makes the rhythm to which we swing a dizzy one. The pervasive symptom is emotional restlessness. What we need are safety refuges of calm scattered through the day and occasional curfews at night."

—Joseph Jastrow, in an American broadcast

Research experts for Amalgamated Wireless, Australasia, use a tuning fork for testing station wavelengths. It is carefully kept at even temperature to give a frequency of 1,000 cycles and checked regularly against astronomical time signals from the world's observatories. When they are checked against this standard it is claimed that station wavelengths can be placed on their proper frequency within a very small margin of error.



Beryl is very doubtful about wearing all this on the ship; but even babies can't float by themselves

Orchard Piece

The Sun most decorously woos the peaches
Well-restrained ardours, languishing looks and sigh,
"A fellow can't be rough with gardeners' darlings
Booked for the local show-tent and First Prize—
Hail and farewell. . . . But in the apple-orchard
(Below the salt) it's different—"Hey," he cries,
"Come on, my hearty wenches"—and he grabs
Big bouncing cookers and bright light crabs—
The lusty golden god without disguise—
—Mary Holden, in "The Countryman."

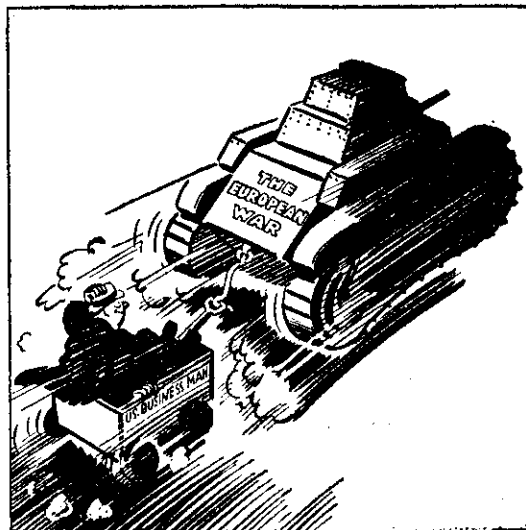
AND

Headline of the Week:

AMERICA STEPS ON THE GAS—IN NOOTRAL.
—Sydney Bulletin.

* * *
Wisecrack of the Week, from an Eire official, releasing interned British airman: "Sure we're neutral, but who are we neutral against?"

TAKEN FOR A RIDE?



(New Service Inc.)

American Businessman: "Of course, it's a little dangerous"

Priceless Violins

Instruments owned by members of the National Broadcasting Corporation's symphony orchestra in America include two Stradivarius violins, one Guarnerius, and one Guadagnini. Their total value, if their owners would regard them as anything but priceless, would be about £30,000. Excluding these instruments, "World-Radio" estimates the value of the remainder in the orchestra at £60,000.

High Praise Indeed

The famous pianist, Artur Schnabel, has recently been featured in New Zealand broadcasts. Of him, the well-known English critic, Neville Cardus, wrote: "Artur Schnabel is not just an affair of piano-playing; he transcends the virtuoso's vain job; he is the living medium of Beethoven's spirit, simply that and nothing else."

Remote Control

It is claimed that remote control of radio sets is now possible without the use of wires within 100 feet of the set. The control unit is a box about six inches square. Technical details are not, however, made public by the American firm producing this mystery box.

ADOLF IN BLUNDERLAND

The title comes from a BBC broadcast and the verses from a Lynn Foster Australian programme (2UE, October 22):

The walrus and the house-painter
Were walking out one day
Along the Polish Corridor,
Where all was bright and gay.
"If a million troops with a million guns
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the house-painter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"The time has come," the walrus said,
"To talk of many facts,
Of guns and tanks and aeroplanes,
And territories and pacts."
So they signed a treaty there and then
And called it non-aggression,
And went off along the Corridor
With guns and ammunition.
And there they had an awful fright,
Which rocked each simple feller,
For up above them in full sight
Was a great black umbrella.

A "Fake" Chill

Producing a film in Hollywood proved something that, on the face of it, sounds a wee bit incredible: we can contract just as wretched a "cold" from exposing ourselves to artificial snow as to the real thing!

The blizzard in this case was made with corn flakes and plaster of Paris. It hurtled down through the summer-warm air of a Californian studio. Yet—stars, extras and cameramen—all were smitten with severe "colds."

The dust of such a storm proved just as irritating to the lungs, throat and nasal passages as the smoke and soot of a London fog, the sharp gales of Wellington, or the cold and dampness of a Dunedin winter! We have omitted to remark on Auckland and Christchurch only for reasons of space!

ENDS