

IN THE WAKE OF THE WEEK'S BROADCASTS

Big, Bad Wolf.

IT'S funny how, every time an overseas visitor condemns advertising over the air, the New Zealand press gives his remarks full publicity. The Rev. Dr. David Lang, of Canada, who has been speaking from the national broadcasting stations in the Dominion, threw a couple of bouquets at the press and radio in Wellington last week, ending up by remarking that New Zealand was fortunate in not being subjected to a "lot of cheap advertising over the air—one of the most objectionable features of the wireless service of America." It's funny how afraid the New Zealand newspapers are of advertising over the air, especially when it has been proved the world over that radio advertising has not affected the revenue of newspapers in other countries.

Sydney's "Troc."

RANKED now with the Harbour, the Bridge and the shark that Zane Grey caught off North Head, is the Trocadero, the palatial Sydney cabaret that was opened just before Easter. Rumour says that it belongs to the owner of a group of well-known New Zealand and Australian weekly papers—and, if it does, he has certainly spent a pot of money on it. The band—it has been heard over the air a number of times in the past few weeks—is outstanding: an entertainment in itself. Among its members is John Robertson, the young New Zealand cornetist. Miles of carpet cover the floors of the lounges, hidden lights glow and change seductively, exotic dancers, specially imported from

America, twirl in the glow of a purple spotlight and, nearly every night 2000 Sydneyites sway and glide to one of the best bands in the Southern Hemisphere.

Hey, Hay!

WHEN 2YC provided, last Saturday night, a couple of double-sided recordings of Will Hay, that "brilliant" schoolmaster, having the usual encounters with his pupils, one was given to wondering when he would send a new recording or so out to New Zealand for them as likes 'im. He doesn't seem half as enthusiastic about recording as lots of other entertainers who are of a lower order. He is a bright soul in his rare films, too, but he owns a high horse on which he has been known to ride. About October last year he was chopped off two minutes before he had finished his allotted time in a B.B.C. broadcast. He lost no time in saddling the horse and letting the press know that he was not going to play polo any more ever again with the Big Broadcasting Colts. But the B.B.C. had a square-off as sweet and real as a chocolate éclair, and in the course of a few days the horse had been stabled again and Will Hay was soon headlining again in the brighter sections of the programmes. Everybody was very joyful, because they liked Will Hay, and Mr. Hay didn't mind, either, because he liked the terms of engagement he had secured.

Vienna in London.

VIENNA needs only to be mentioned to most radio listeners nowadays and they will immediately think of lilting waltzes, caring not, and perhaps knowing not, whether Vienna is the capital of Austria or Lapland. A couple of years ago the Viennese vogue was in full swing in the entertainment world, and one of the most popular of the film efforts along this line was "Good-night, Vienna," with the murmuring Jack Buchanan doing a lot of singing. Afterwards it was turned into a successful radio musical comedy on the other side of the world. In New Zealand we have heard the tunes from this attractive show innumerable times, and they don't

pull yet. Now the whole thing has been re-written as a stage musicale—reversing the usual order of adaptation—and is to be produced in London by a most enthusiastic band of amateurs—a challenge to orthodoxy!

Changed Over.

IT was rather unfortunate that owing to the broadcast of Parliament on Thursday night last week each main station's programme had to be relegated to low power broadcast on an evening when each had to offer listeners something rather special. 1YA had promised listeners an hour with Duncan Morison and Sydney MacEwan, the unusually popular Scots on tour of the "nationals," including half an hour twined round the love story of Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Bothwell. From 2YA careful rehearsals of the second performance within a month of Tschalkowsky's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in B Flat Minor culminated in the broadcast which was put through 2YC. Christchurch's auxiliary undertook 3YA's programme, which included a B.B.C. recorded show and two talks—one on dancing. Dr. Galway had to put his illustrated music talk through 4YO, which station also broadcast Gladys Lorimer.

FOR SALE or EXCHANGE.

The rate for small advertisements under this heading is 1/6 cash for 20 words and twopence for every other word thereafter.

MEN or Women can make big money anywhere. Complete Business Course, £2. Particulars free. Union Distributing Company, Box 1154, Christchurch.

CLEAR-TONE Antiwrinkle Face Cream. Make 1½ pints splendid Toilet Cream for 2/3, posted. Union Distributing Company, Box 1154, Christchurch.

FOR SALE, Pedigree Airedale Terrier Pups; make good companions and guards; ready now. W. Hill, Rutherglen Kennels, Havelock North.

SPECIAL OFFER!—Send 6 penny stamps to "Perfect Pal," Box 903, Wellington, for wonderful new polishing cloth for cleaning silverware.

JOHNSON'S

RADIO COLLEGE



MR. JOHNSON,
A.M.I.R.E. Principal

Provides full personal training for P.M.G. and all radio exams.

Full details and prospectus — call, write or 'phone 42-468.

BRANDON ST., WELLINGTON.