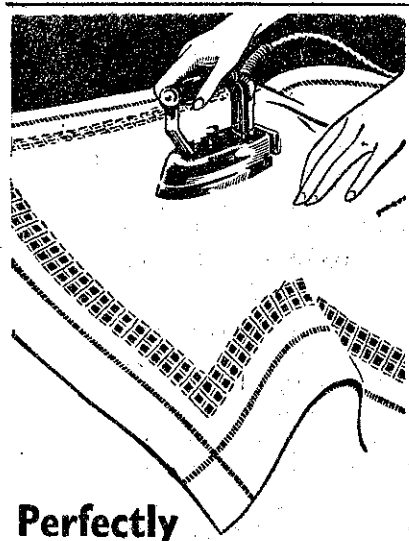


IN THE WAKE OF THE WEEK'S BROADCASTS

Crazy Daisy.

ENOUGH was heard of "Daisy Bell" last week from 2YA to satiate the oldest old-timer. Up to Wednesday one listener claims to having heard the old tune no fewer than three times, and, of course, it inevitably cropped up again during Wellington's first community sing of the season. It's all very well to sing it in a convivial moment at a wedding—though even there it is likely to be unwelcome if the bride's dowry is a Rolls-Royce. "Daisy Bell" was a fine song, no doubt, for the first 25 years of its existence, and one would not suggest its unpopularity. But to have heard it since infancy and still have it served so frequently encourages some people to think that Daisy would have been better in a crazy-house.



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Falling, Falling.

HERBERT F. WOOD came over the air from the De Luxe Theatre, Wellington, via 2YA, in fine style on Saturday night. His voice registered splendidly for light music such as he gave listeners, and his reception by what sounded like a large audience was enthusiastic. One thing which does not sound very attractive over the mike—however acceptable from the platform itself—is a tendency to "scoop" in the manner of the early *genus croonerus*. Without this feature, Mr. Wood's voice would have been completely pleasing. His second number, by the way, was "I'm Falling in Love With Someone," and as the acclamation continued, 2YA announced that Mr. Wood's recall number would be "Good-bye," from "White Horse Inn." Something slipped, however, for the tenor followed the orchestra into a repetition of the "Falling in Love" refrain. Probably pressure of time, for the pictures must go on. So Mr. Wood was obliged to keep on falling.

It Had to Happen.

IT just had to happen. It wasn't very bad, really, when it did happen. But dozens of people have said that some day the slip would come. And last Sunday afternoon, after it had been raining bucketsful all day, the slip occurred. From 2YA Mr. Olive Drummond had to report, on behalf of the A.A., that a slip had occurred on the south side of—then came the other slip—"the Pokaraik—er, Paekakariki Hill." Dozens of people must have rubbed their hands gleefully: Olive Drummond had made a mistake! Well, nearly a mistake anyway. Quite a tribute to his customary immaculateness. Letters will doubtless have now arrived by the dozen on editors' desks to tell them about it. Editors are traditionally interested in that sort of thing.

"Live" Evening.

WELLINGTON had quite a "live" evening last Saturday from 2YA. The first quarter-hour of the concert session was on relay from the De Luxe Theatre of the theatre's orchestra with organ, and a couple of tenor solos for

good measure. For nearly two hours later in the evening Henry Rudolph and his orchestra were heard on relay from a dance hall. What one heard of this dance band was worthy of mention. It was a well-balanced combination, and the placement of instruments for the microphone was effective—a feature which has not been given sufficient thought by many more sedate combinations than a dance band. The tempo was uniformly good, and "swing"

G.K.C.'s Pet Songs Setting the Water- works on Fire

THE late Mr. G. K. Chesterton was once asked by Compton Mackenzie to name his favourite song. Here is his characteristic reply:

"My taste in songs wavers among somewhat different examples; but I think it would probably be between the noble Scottish song, 'Caller Herrin', which seems to me full of the Scottish sense of human dignity for the poor, and some specimen of the broader and more genial English spirit, such as the beautiful lyric that goes:

*Father's got the sack from the
waterworks
For smoking his old cherry
brier,
'He,' said Foreman Joe, 'would
bloody well have to go,
As he'd probably set the water-
works on fire.'*

rhythm—polite term for new dance music—was surely pleasing to those listeners who wished to wear the pile off the carpet to Rudolph's music. Of two vocalists heard, the female voice had rather more appeal than the other. Hers was a really passable effort of near-crooning, and a sight more worth listening to than some of the sob-sister stuff preserved in black wax.

Almost Insulting.

SOME people are almost insulting when they don't want to believe a thing you assure them is true. One