

As Holly-would . . .

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"Want any help, missus?" carolled a dozen eager voices. "No, no," I said, scarlet, "Tony, dear, come on."

He went quietly, the strangest smile on his face.

I WAS shivering like an aspen, hot and cold by turns. There was a taxi at the corner. I bundled Tony into it and gave the driver the address. Tony came to life with a bound: "Drive out into the country, driver," he demanded.

"No, please don't," I cried out desperately, "we've only got five shillings, driver. Please. My husband is not well."

Stolidly the driver got out and opened the door again. "Come on, lady," he said in a voice like a grater biting into dry carrot. "Get h-out! I don't ride nuts in my car."

It was easier after that, except when Tony snatched a man's hat off his head, put it on his own and struck an attitude. "How do you like me in that?" he asked me.

The man started to call out rude words, but Tony cut him short with a hand raised like Hitler's. "Pardon me, sir," he said courteously. "Are you addressing me?"

"Look here, you d— young pup," replied the man curtly. "Quit acting and give back that b— hat or I'll call a cop."

"Oh," said Tony in a tone of great surprise, "Your hat? How did I happen to get it? Must have been the wind. Good-night, sir, good-night!" And he bowed deeply and raised an imaginary hat in greeting.

The man said softly, "Gawd!" and looked at me pityingly. Tony and I sauntered on.

WE went in the back door and I said, "Tony, would you like a drink of cold water?"

He knocked over a crystal glass on the edge of the sink and hurled another after it. "I love the sound of smashing glass," he said, and snatched up a third. "Don't you worry about me, sweet cauliflower," he said, "I can look after myself. I'm going out now, but I'll bring something home that'll open your lovely peepers wider than ever, girlie."

"All right, Tony," I said soothingly, "just sit down a minute, dear, while I ring up Mabel about my haircut." I thought he might get violent if I suggested a doctor. . .

THEN something seemed to happen to Tony. He collapsed on the kitchen table, waving his legs in the air and screaming. There was a sound so much like sane laughter in the scream that I stopped half-way to the door.

"Anne," he gurgled, "you're the stupidest person to play film heroes with! You won't play up to me at all. . ."

In that moment I realised.

Everything Tony had done that night had happened in "Pyjamas for Two, Jeeves."

Microphone "Crash"

BBC MUST APOLOGISE

(Continued from page 9.)

GENERALLY speaking, the BBC apologises casually for such contretemps and lets it go at that. As a matter of fact Clapham and Dwyer have the distinction of causing the BBC to apologise "officially" to the public for the first time. I've never been able to discover just what it was the famous comedians got tangled in, but the BBC said to its listeners "it regretted certain highly objectionable remarks violating standards firmly established by practice."

Something, however, that the BBC can't apologise for trawler skippers carrying on blistering conversations with one another and wandering off their wave length! It has happened more than once that English drawing-rooms have been deluged with crimson invective because some trawler "sparks" didn't watch his instrument closely enough. Listeners started lodging complaints about it as far back as 1935, and the occurrences are rarer now than they used to be.

WITH broadcasting as complicated as it is in Europe to-day, and with the ether as crowded as it is, the only

thing to wonder at is the relative infrequency of such bombshells as have been described above.

Anyway, let's hope the good days are yet to come in New Zealand. My impeccable New Zealand radio programmes have been boring me a little lately.

THE Empire Day broadcast from New Zealand was arranged and recorded by the NBS, and was sent to England in disc form for transmission. This programme will be the fifth of the special Empire Day broadcasts arranged by the BBC in collaboration with broadcasting organisations in other parts of the Empire. The four previous broadcasts were provided by Australia, Canada, South Africa, and India and Ceylon.

A message by the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. M. J. Savage, speaking from Parliament Buildings, Wellington, was the principal feature of "A New Zealand Panorama." The programme opened with a Maori "haka," which was explained by Henare Kohere Ngata (a Maori announcer in the NBS), and included examples of ancient and modern Maori music; a broadcast from a wool sale; a description by a Maori woman guide of Rotorua, the famous centre of thermal activity; and the story of the settling of the town of Waipoua, told by a grandson of one of the pioneers.



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