

IN THE WAKE OF THE WEEK'S ...BROADCASTS...

Radio has been the accepted form of home entertainment in New Zealand for so long now that it can be said to be well past its infancy. Therefore,

SHOULD BE TOTALLY SCRATCHED

when, in 1938, one hears a scratched or cracked record clicking its way over the air, there is room for complaint. Station 3YA was the transgressor on November 7 when, at just on 11 p.m., a Clapham and Dwyer sketch developed an attack of the itch for the first hundred or so words. Obviously records bearing any fault should go into the dustbin; when "aired" they take listeners back to the days when any old thing would do so long as it was a demonstration of the wonders of wireless.

The programmes broadcast by that enterprising little Wellington station 2YD, have, in my opinion, a high entertainment value, but I would like to see the end of Rosalie and Her

SHE IS ONE TO BE DISPATCHED

Romances, a half-hour feature which has been going I don't know how long. As the title suggests, it is concerned with the love affairs of a young woman—flapper would be a more correct term—by the name of Rosalie. And Rosalie, who, in my opinion, is typical of everything that is undesirable in the modern flapper, waltzes happily from love affair to love affair. Her life is a succession of vapid young Percys, Berties and Georges, gallants who help out their incoherent expressions of adoration with recordings of popular songs. It's all rather pointless and the sooner Rosalie is knocked on the head and dispatched for good the better.

Until the last two years November 5 in Dunedin went by much as any other day. But in the last two years the day has become more important and bonfires, fireworks, and

HE RECALLED MARTIAN SCARE IN U.S.

more "beggars" are the rule. This year one of the biggest chain of bonfires ever lighted in Dunedin dotted the hills and vacant sites elsewhere. Station 4ZE, up to the minute as usual, carried out a description of these from the top of the Post Office, and the description was good enough to send me outside on a tour of inspection, which was worth while. Commentator began "Dunedin's on fire," then apparently recalling the American Martian sensation, hastily added "or it seems to be, from here!" Relay carried a sensational note when two fire-engines howled past, the sensitive "mike" carrying the siren wails as far as the radio waves reached.

One may be a good radio announcer from one point of view, it seems, unsatisfactory from another. Last week I criticised the radio delivery of "The Toff" from 3ZB. This week I have to praise what he delivered. For listeners to 3ZB, although warned that his forecast could not by any stretch of the imagination, be taken as gospel, were given some remarkable indications of form by The Toff. This expert, while obviously needing a great amount of training and experience to become a radio announcer, "had them well taped," and listeners who took his words at their value did not go far wrong.

HE WAS GOOD IN OTHER WAYS

for the soul. When the band was heard the other Monday evening, it was plain that its members were shaping better than they had ever done and the credit must go largely to the conductor, Lieut. W. H. Osborne, formerly conductor of the Timaru Municipal Band. Mr. Osborne is a stickler for precision of attack and release and is making an excellent fist of this band which is centred exactly halfway between Christchurch and Timaru.

Listened to Olga Krasnik's piano recital from IYA on Sunday of last week and enjoyed it immensely. This little lady is the pianist with the J. C. Williamson Company

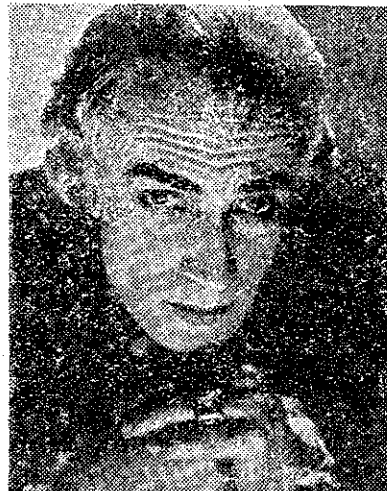
PIANIST OF "BALALAIKA"

which has played "Balalaika" and the "Desert Song" to New Zealand audiences during the last month or so. A pupil of Laurence Godfrey Smith, Sydney, Olga Krasnik showed herself to be equally at home playing Bach and Scarlatti, and in the more romantic numbers by modern Spanish composer Albeniz. This was a fair test of her versatility, for the numbers she played so well called for entirely different treatment. Although booked to give another 15-minute recital from IYA, she will be unable to fulfil this engagement because the company leaves sooner than was intended.

I wonder if as many people have gone mad trying to solve the riddle of what causes a particular tune to become a craze, as in trying to solve the mystery of perpetual motion.

WHAT MAKES IT A CRAZE?

Nearly every Sunday for weeks past "The Light house Shines Across the Bay" has been asked for in 4ZB's request session. It's not a bad number—umpteenth hundred listeners can't be wrong—yet



Conrad Veidt's lighthouse still shines.

I fail entirely to see what it has about it to demand such frequent repetition. It cannot be Conrad Veidt's voice, for that is hardly a 100 per cent. winner; the sentiment, tune and words are all right, but no better than a thousand other songs one could name; the general presentation is really little more than fairish. Yet, there it is, it is a popular favourite beyond any argument, and I'd like to know just why. It is not by any means a new song. It first made its appearance several years ago in a talkie "F.P.I." and apparently did not create any sort of a sensation then. Well then, why now?

Some issues ago the "Record" had minor faults to find with a presentation, over 3YA, by the Ashburton Silver Band. This band has now improved out of sight, perhaps showing once again that a little gentle and well-meant criticism is thoroughly good

BAND SHOWS BIG ADVANCE

for the soul. When the band was heard the other Monday evening, it was plain that its members were shaping better than they had ever done and the credit must go largely to the conductor, Lieut. W. H. Osborne, formerly conductor of the Timaru Municipal Band. Mr. Osborne is a stickler for precision of attack and release and is making an excellent fist of this band which is centred exactly halfway between Christchurch and Timaru.

I rather imagine if a radio star popularity poll were ever conducted in this country—and why not?—Frank Crumit would be well up among the headlines. Frank's lively and always tuneful numbers have a wide appeal; not hard to understand. His

HIS SONGS BREAK THE ICE

songs are based on more or less familiar incidents, every one has a complete story to tell. They aren't just a pretty-pretty arrangement of words, almost meaningless. Crumit may not be a Tauber when it comes to voice, but he puts his songs across effectively, and other shortcomings are overlooked. Most of his songs are good fare for "stag" parties, also eminently suitable for any gathering seeking vocal entertainment, for they have an ice-breaking swing. I have just heard, from 4ZM, a new record, "Nellie is the Nitwit of the Networks." Remarks hold good. Song on the reverse—I missed the title—is more serious, and I thought not up to standard. Maybe further acquaintance is needed.

Listening to the NBS dramatic presentation "The Raider Emden" from 2YA on November 9—the anniversary of the destruction of that damaging marauder of the sea—I was frankly disappointed. Too much time was wasted on trivial details of "sighting a ship which proved to be the good ship 'Yacka Hicka,' laden with mustard and cress, bound for Timbuctoo," and not enough time allotted to the obvious opportunities of telling of the more adventurous days of that raider. One bad slip made—unless my hearing tricked me—was a reference by a German to "when the Emden got our range" instead of "When the Sydney, etc." It was unfortunate that so much time was taken in recounting the dozen and one ships met and destroyed, and the epic voyage of the boats' crews back to Germany had to be passed over in few words. "Taffrail" has done better!

"TAFFRAIL" HAS DONE BETTER

To say that O. L. Simmance, of Christchurch, who has introduced to 3YA some fascinating readings with music, "has a beautiful voice" is true. But more than that. He knows just how to use it in bringing out the fine points of the characters he is speaking about. This speaker is something of a "find." He has not been on the air very long but has already a large following of those who welcome the spoken word, even if there is a regular feast of music on the same programme. May he be heard more often.

If the poet was right and imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, I doubt very much if Will Hay and his scholars, the originators of those delightful "Fourth Form at St. Michael's" records, would be so heavily flattered to hear the Australian imitation "Fourth

KNOWS HOW TO USE VOICE

Form at St. Percy's," now prominent on 4YA's Thursday night programme. The feature follows Will Hay's original gift to humour too closely to be really appreciated by most listeners. But the quality of the performances falls miles below that given by Hay and company. Sheer impertinence, the strongest point of the "St. Percy's" blitherings, is not humour, and the company, to my mind at any rate, is not capable of putting across with the requisite naturalness and skill such rare flashes of original humour that the sketches have.

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