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ing, the revenue from which it was thought might be the means of giving a filip to radio in the Irish Free State, the innovation has not had the desired effect. The authorities are now trusting that the new station at Athlone will not be an extra burden, as they already face a large deficit for the year. From license returns it would appear that only one per cent. of the Free State's population is interested in wireless.

ALL listeners will commend the Broadcasting Board for their alertness in public interest, in securing the Right Hon. J. G. Coates and the Right Hon. S. M. Bruce to broadcast from Auckland prior to their departure for Ottawa, and having the speeches relayed to the other YA stations. Mr. Coates, whose few words were necessarily of a domestic character, was splendid. Mr. Bruce, whose reputation for fervent imperialism is better known than his voice, was disappointing. I did not expect to hear in his oratorical flight a forecast of the outcome of the Conference deliberations, but I did think the occasion one that a reputedly great apostle of Empire unity would encourage hopes of tangible results. Somewhat like the blackbird he repeated each phrase of his song, and left the impression that he was merely talking. The trade between this Dominion and the Commonwealth is infinitesimal, and the efforts to increase it, I should think, have been mostly talk. I have been in many parts of the British Empire, some of them a dot only on the map, with a red underlined name, and I have never met anyone yet, whether white, brown or black, Whig, Tory or Rationalist, who did not deplore the paucity of inter-Empire trade and ascribe it to the machinations of public figures with reputations. Perhaps Mr. Bruce's mission is not inspiring, for I never heard anyone with a reputation so great take so long to say so little.

THE reserved space on 3YA's programme was ably filled when tap dancing was illustrated. This provided a novel turn. Generally dancing lessons are too much left and right, and remind me of the raw recruit who remarked the sergeant was an ass, whose left-right, left-right indicated that he did not know what he wanted for two consecutive seconds.

NEW ZEALANDERS will feel proud to know that the conductor of the Welsh National Orchestra is Mr. Warwick Braithwaite, a Dunedin pianist, who went to England before the war to complete his studies. After a term with the B.B.C. Mr. Braithwaite went to Wales and then to Edinburgh, where he distinguished himself as a director of music on the concert platform. Returning to Wales, where he found the National Orchestra threatened with disbandment owing to lack of funds, Mr. Braithwaite propounded a scheme which included subscribers, and this met with instant response. The maintenance of the combination amounts to £14,000 per annum, and

the B.B.C. has undertaken to guarantee half of this amount in future.

AN irate English correspondent to a London daily newspaper, in answer to a writer complaining of a deficiency of Scotch items on B.B.C. programmes, declares that the B.B.C. is too Scottish now, and remarked:

"Robert
Burns—
A Man
Among
Men"



is the title of a recorded talk by the Rt. Hon. Ramsay MacDonald to be broadcast from 2YA on July 11

"The director-general is Scottish, the announcers are Scotsmen whose native speech has been overlaid with the 'Oxford accent,' resulting in a diction that is as unlike King's English as it could well be; and even a preponderance of the artists is also Scottish."

THE programme at 2YA this Friday, July 8, contains an orchestral item, "Nell Gwynn Dances," by German, which calls to mind the curious thing about this English composer, who is almost a Welshman, and whose real name is Jones. Born at Whitchurch, in Shropshire, Sir Edward German was baptized Edward German Jones. Sir George Farren, however, recommended him, when he was a student at the Royal Academy of Music, to drop the Jones, and he took the advice.

FELLOW pupils at the R.A.M. were Ben Davies and Sir Henry J. Wood. German did very well at the Academy, but winning prizes as a student and making a living from music afterwards are too different things, as he soon discovered. For a time his prospects looked black indeed. Then one day, when almost in despair of ever getting anything to do, he had the good fortune to run across Signor Randegger, to whom he confided his tale of woe. This resulted in his being appointed musical director of the Glog Theatre. A further result was that German became pre-eminently a composer for the stage, possessing in a marked degree that "sense of the theatre" which seems to be given to so few English composers, apart from Sullivan and one or two others. One of the most strikingly successful examples of his work in the vein of incidental music for stage plays was that which he wrote for the production of "Nell Gwynn" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, London, in 1900. The set of dances for Anthony Hope's play, which Mr. de Mauny's orchestra is playing, possesses the quality of unflinching freshness and, did space permit, it would be interesting to