

STATIC

by
"SPARK"

IN his talk on current international affairs from 2YA, Dr. Guy H. Scholefield elucidated a puzzle in describing the method by which the President of the United States of America is elected. Those entitled to a vote do not directly record a preference for any particular candidate, but are able to vote for the representative of a party, which duly expresses a choice when the President's term is completed. Thus it is that although Mr. Roosevelt is President-elect, he will not occupy White House until March, and thus it is also that the head of the nation can quite possibly be elected, in defiance of the majority of the electors' wishes. Mr. Hoover has really been one of the great Americans of this century, and has undoubtedly suffered defeat through the world-wide depression, which the people of the United States have thought is a condition to which ancient Europe was heir, but which could not happen in a vigorous country like the United States. Mr. Hoover's record in big emergencies is of world-wide fame and although it is rare for any President to be elected for a second term of office, the overwhelming victory of the Democrats in the recent election portrays a spirit of defeatism and dejectedness that the mighty U.S.A. did not know in their humility in 1918.

FROM 2YA Major Stewart Fraser gave some very illuminating information about the performances of a noted English baby car in the annual road race from Durban to Johannesburg. So much attention has this event attracted that foreign makers have built special cars for the race, but last year a stock model baby led the field home and broke the record by ten minutes. If that is not an achievement worth being proud of anyone may ask what is. This information was given when Major Fraser spoke on the subject of "speed" and his burden was that such results only come by actual test of cars in attempts to break existing speed records.

THE brief talk by Miss Molly de Gunst from 2ZW, all about herself and her grand opera aspirations, was something well worth hearing, and I think listeners would be glad that Miss de Gunst's hopes have been realised, if only because her beautiful speaking voice merits recognition as an Australian. There must be something in the sweetness of Bundaberg sugar-cane when that village can give us Miss Molly de Gunst and Miss Gladys Moncrieff. There is something more than sweetness in the air there, too, for Bert Hinkler calls Bundaberg home.

ONE of the brightest programmes that 2YA has given us for some time was the nigger minstrel show on Tuesday night. Many of the jokes and quite

A Slight Misunderstanding

THIS paragraph was awarded "Spark's" 5/- prize:—

The night was a little cold and so our heater was full on. Our lady visitors were quietly knitting, and at the same time listening to one of 2ZW's interesting programmes. While lazily fingering the volume control, I inquired if it was too hot. Our lady visitors glanced up with a puzzled look on their faces. "Not at all," one of them said. "I don't call that song hot."—F.F.C., Wellington.

a lot of the bantering were new to me, and it was a happy thought that decided the show should be of an hour's duration only. Two hours of minstrelsy has to have features that wireless cannot supply, and in the days when burnt-cork knock-about's stormed, much of the entertainment was for those who were not blind, even if they were deaf. The programme gave a happy hour, and in wisely terminating it at 9 o'clock there was no wearying drag.

THE short sketch of the life of Sir Herbert Austin, the designer of the seven, the vehicle which infests the roads so crowdedly in Britain and has been termed facetiously or by rival manufacturers, the road louse, was a very interesting contribution to 2ZW's programmes. Many people were under the impression that Sir Herbert was an Australian, and will no doubt be disappointed to learn that it was only in Australia that he started his engineering profession, in making machines for the people who barber sheep. His little car is a mechanical marvel, and in competition with the fabrications of the rest of the world's factories is without a peer. Much valuable information comes from this session at 2ZW, and I never miss it if I can help it.

I FEEL sure that few were aware that a broadcast from the links of a golf match could be so thrilling, until they heard Mr. H. A. Black on Saturday when he described the match for the New Zealand amateur championship. Unlike a seven-furlong race or a spirited boxing contest, there are long waits of inaction in "gowf," and Mr. Black had something to do to keep the carrier modulated, but he did it remarkably well. My sympathy went to the amateur transmitter who carried the machinery about, and I can only hope that in addition to his being one of that body of silent national heroes, he is a "foozler," too, and thoroughly enjoyed the match from a

golfer's standpoint. This running account of the final of the championship was made possible by the co-operation of the amateur transmitters, who seem to suffer from a conspiracy of silence, for when the recent aeroplane accident occurred and two young men lost their lives through flying into the hill at Porirua in a fog, among the first to render assistance were the "Hams." They didn't get much space in the reports, but, like true sports, they thrive without laudation, but upon the approbation they know they deserve.

I WAS sorry to hear the announcer at 2ZW, when giving on Thursday night particulars of that station's Armistice Day services, make reference to the Great War as the war that was fought to end war. Wireless is another written page that science has added to the book of truth, and in our humble acknowledgment of the Creator's wonderful and miraculous gift, we might reasonably expect that the voice of radio shall forever and always speak truth. We get altogether too much of this pernicious propaganda, inspired by two classes, the misguided and the traitorous, who would germinate about us a sense of false security. When we honour our deathless army, we gratefully remember that seventeen thousand, the flower of New Zealand's manhood, gave their all to repel the aggressor who had no clarion call that the war was a war to end war. All civilisation deploras man's limited vision and recourse to arms, but falsehood will never get us nearer the millennium. Radio and truth are terms which a civilised community should be able to consider synonymous.

A WORTHWHILE relay by 2YA was that from the final concert for the season of the Commercial Travellers' Choir. A better balanced programme has never been given by the "Drummers," nor have their concerted vocal efforts been better transmitted. Very often such relays give emphasis to a

few voices near the microphone, with a background of undefined noise accompanying, but on this occasion definition was marked and pleasing. The solo items were meritorious, and the whole concert one that will be retained in the memory.

IF Harold Logan's pilot, who is without the shadow of a doubt a great judge of pace, had run the race in the New Zealand Trotting Cup as he did, just in order that he might give the narrator an opportunity of getting listeners on their toes, he could not have done the job better. All recognise that the announcer knows the racing game from A to Z, and when we were told that the champion was out of the running, I think everyone concluded that it was unwell. Like a true champion, Harold Logan ignores all handicaps, and there are many thousand excited listeners who were truly sorrowful that they were unable to be present and share the announcer's thrill when the old fellow started to lengthen his steps. It's a good job for the horse's eardrums that the broadcast was one-way communication only. If he had heard the reception from every receiver, added to the rousing cheers that greeted him when he returned to the enclosure, he would have been deaf for ever more. Quite a number who take only a cursory interest in horses will be on the course, when Harold Logan harnesses up again, that would never have seen him, had it not been for broadcasting.

LISTENERS to 2YA have cause to remember with gratitude the visit to Wellington of the Williamson Grand Opera Company. Apart from the male and the mixed choruses that have made two successive Sunday night concerts celebrity performances, some of the individual artists of the company who have broadcast during the week have been a great pleasure to listen to. Each has distinctly given evidence of artistry and style that is characteristic of a professional, and the joy that correctness of time exemplifies has been reflected in the accompanying. What a pleasure it must be to the pianist to know that he is playing with the songster and not altogether for the vocalist. One who aroused so much enthusiasm in me that I felt constrained to exclaim "bravo" at the conclusion of each of his items was Mr. George Ververs, who apparently ignored the microphone and sang to a real live audience. Mr. Ververs "sings," and his music is not all from his mouth. What a thrill for the accompanist!

I'M glad I waited up to hear the re-broadcast of 5SW on Friday night when this station relayed the Armistice Day service from the Cenotaph, Whitehall. This was undoubtedly