

Between Items

Chestnuts — Gentle Thrusts — And One or Two Ideas



by THE IMP

THIS week's prize-winners are marked with stars. The winner of the 5/- prize, A.M.G. (Wellington), did not supply his name and address. Will he please forward it?

NOT long ago we were listening to a church service relayed by 2YA, and the announcement of the last hymn was worded like this: "We will now stand

Daily Broadcast of Own National Anthem

MAY I put in a plea for a daily broadcasting of our own New Zealand anthem? Now, I am not unpatriotic, but I do think the National Anthem should be reserved for national occasions only and our own anthem played daily. It is



surprising to me that the YA stations fail to broadcast it, as both words and music compare more than favourably with any anthem in the world. As an alternative, why not open the session with the National Anthem and close with the New Zealand Anthem? Also, in my humble opinion, one of our various Maori airs would make an appropriate "good-night" melody.—

A.M.G. (Wellington).

and sing, 'Is there any room for Jesus.'"—Veetee (Palmerston North).

WILL "Amazon" please send her address to "The Imp"? He has been charged with the duty of forwarding a bulky letter from one of "her" admirers, and has mislaid the "lady's" address.

DENIS (Johnsonville): We seriously doubt whether your suggestion would have sufficient interest, except to students of the language, who, presumably, have their own sources of information.

MY set has a detector oscillator, which, of course, gives a whistle when tuning in to a station. On Sunday morning, about 12.80 a.m., after the usual preliminary whistle or two.

I tuned into an Australian (4BC, I think), to be instantly greeted with the words, "Stop that noise, will you?" For a split second I was dumbfounded. It almost seemed like a personal reprimand for oscillating.—"Radiola" (Wellington).

THERE has been a great deal of discussion lately relative to the pronunciation of some foreign languages by our announcers. What about 2YA broadcasting a series of talks by competent authorities on the pronunciation of the more important foreign tongues, or, better still (as has been done overseas) courses of instruction by radio in French and German.—Tinakori (Wellington).

WOULD it be possible to have broadcast the winning entries in the Model Programme Competitions? Listeners could then see for themselves whether it is possible for the present programmes to be improved upon greatly.—Tinakori (Wellington).

MANY thanks, Miss J.C., Tauranga, for your note. Would you please send the "enclosed clipping," as we should like to read it?—The Imp.

WHO'S right? On the front cover of the "Radio Record" for August 25 a complaint is made of the lamentable ignorance of correct pronunciation of B station announcers, titles murdered, etc.—"one announcer described a record by Beniamino Gigli as a 'song by Benjamin Giggly'." Imagine my surprise when reading on page 5, under the heading of "To Beatrice Elliott—An Intelligent Artist," to see Madame Elliott refer to the famous tenor as Benjamin Gigli!—"Savant."

WHAT a convivial little party they must have been having at 4ZL on Saturday night, during their special dance session. At About 1 a.m. on Sunday morning the announcer.



after a preliminary hiccup, said, "I wish television were in use now; you'd have a thrill." A lady present with him in the studio then gave a surprised and dismayed "Oh-h-h." I wish I'd been there!—"Radiola" (Wellington).

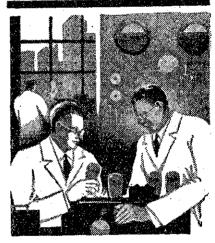
THE station soprano was reaching the climax in a song entitled "When My Ships Come Sailing Home." Suddenly her voice broke down on the top note, and the mike went "dead." "What was that!" cried the announcer. The station operator

having faded out the rest of the song in time, replied, "Just another wreck on the high (C's) seas!"—J.V.M. (Wellington).

YOU have probably heard of the lady who reached from Dover to Calais, to say nothing of the one who did likewise from Wellington to Lyttelton, but



Sir James Parr has them both beaten. In his talk from 1YA this week he mentioned a rough trip across the Bay of Biscay, "and we eventually reached Gibraltar." Steward!—Mariata (Auckland).



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