

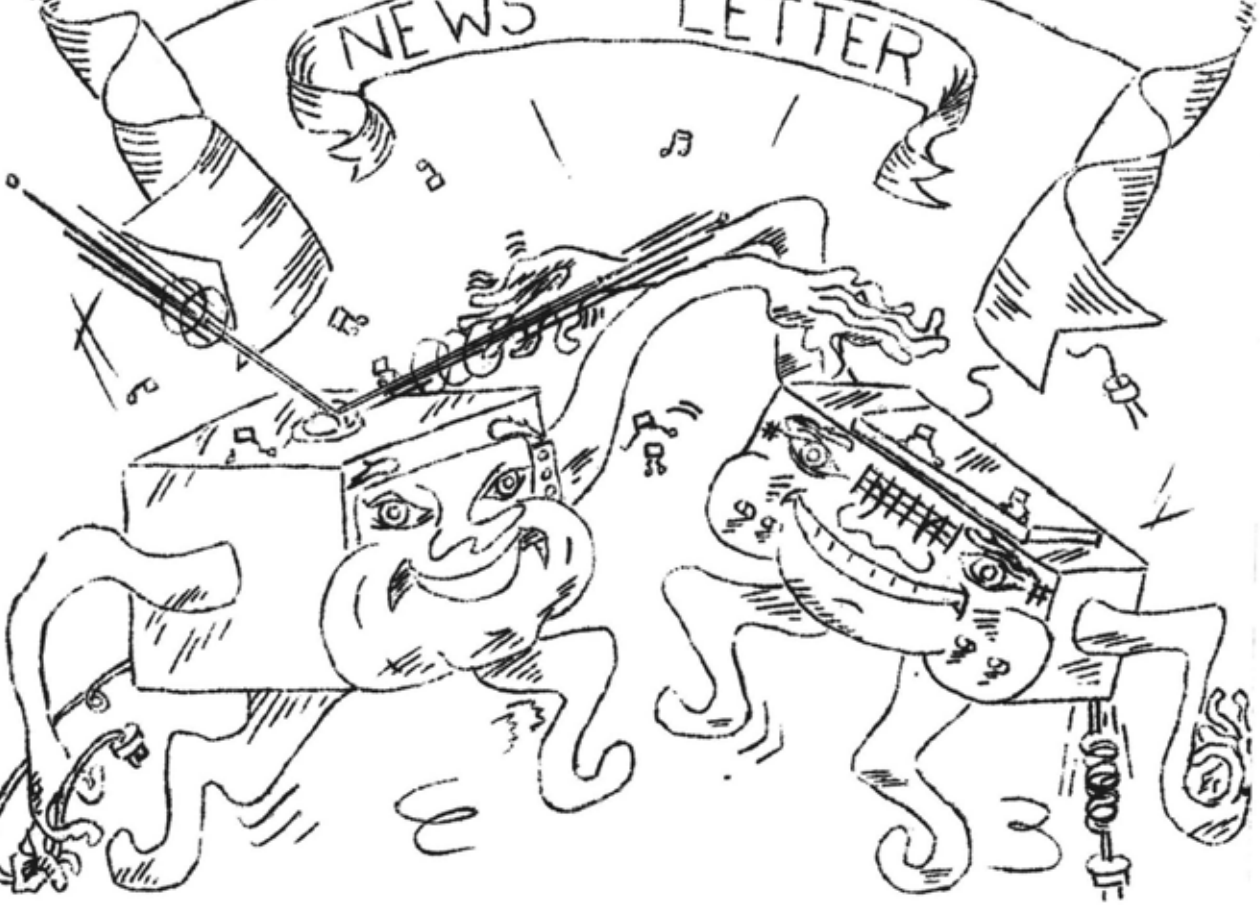
DING



DONG

The Beth Radio & Television
Social Club.

NEWS LETTER



Introduction Letter

Once again those tyrants the "Social Club Committee are on your door-step. We hope through this Newsletter to bring you a few items of interest, to cheer you, through the tedious dull Winter. Since the last issue, on casting our eyes around, we have a number of new faces in the firm, now is your chance to join the club, as we have only 5 weeks until the next social.

Committee

President	Ron King
Treasurer	Bill Appleton
Secretary	Pat Brown
Party Bookings	Muricl Feasey & Don Le Bas
Subscriptions	Helen James
Newsletter	Doris Simpson & Anne Little
Members	Jack Donker Michael Mercer, May Henry, Liz Anderson, Leo Barnes, Gail Brien, Carol Bishop George Fluery

The Committee wish to take this opportunity of welcoming Gail, Carol and George on to the Committee. Thanks a lot, more so for offering your service, instead of the Committee having to canvass. We really do need more members, what is wrong with some of you, are you afraid of hard work? Don't forget "more hands make light work!"

May we the committee, thank Mr. Stockwell for his assistance in helping us to find storage for our supper utensils, also Jack Roebuck, who without hesitation passed over one of the keys to his cupboard.

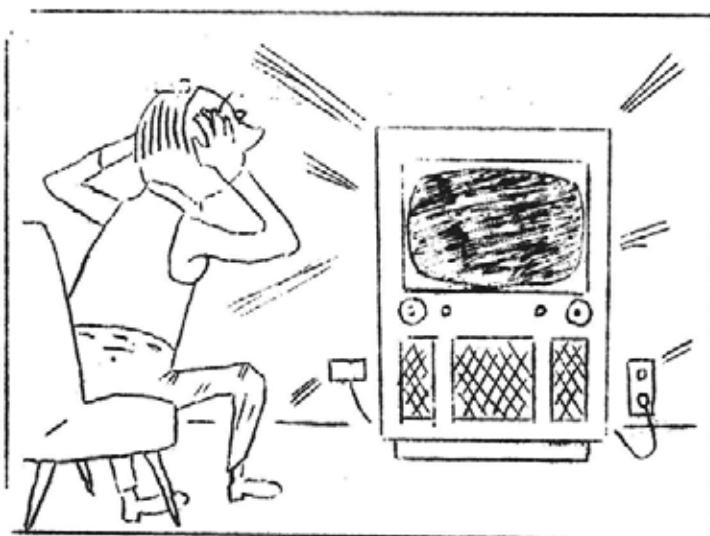
Unlike Doctors who are in a position to bury their mistakes failures in Television called rejections are cunningly concealed and aptly called rejection circuits.

contrast, discrimination is left to the checkers who ask themselves "Shall I capacitor not" brilliance in aptitude is not toned by volume of work. If in doubt ask polly thene who is not a twin feeder but is coaxed into thinking this is ohm from ohm being easily separated from syncs.

Finally in reply to those who say "You can keep your television"

We can truthfully say, "And the same to you with knobs on!"

From the faults on the line we go now to the faults in the Home.



TRUBLE SHOOTING PICTOGRAPHS.

Sound but no picture.
Probable cause.

1. You're blind.
2. Some wise guy painted your screen black.
3. You're watching the radio.

DEFINITION OF TELEVISION:

Radio with eye-strain.

ENTERTAINMENT.

Don and Muriel have indeed been busy the last few weeks. It is no small job arranging theatre bookings, but judging by the number of our staff visiting the theatre of late they must be doing a good job.

Fall of the Roman Empire	130
Roaring 20's	50
Acker Bilk	70
Beatle Film	150

Our thanks to you both. We also hear Don not only talks various managers into dropping their prices, but could sell a fridge to an eskimo.
How about that?

Before announcing the lucky winners of last month Quiz, have a go at:

Quiz No. 4

How's your Music knowledge??

1. Who are these people:-
 - Mr. Show Biz
 - The Voice
 - The Velvet Fog
 - Forces Sweetheart
 - Man with Golden Trumpet
 - The Chee Chee Girl(one point each)
2. Who wrote the following musical shows?
 - Porgy & Bess
 - West Side Story
 - The King & I
 - Pacific 1860
 - Music for "Kismet"
 - Music for "Carmen Jones"
 - Music for "Song of Norway"(one point each)

3. What popular songs are taken from the following:
"Tchaikovsky" Symphony No. 6" (Pathetique)
Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini (Rachmaninoff)
O Sole Mio
"Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto in B Flat
(one point each)
4. What musical shows are the following songs from:-
Look for the Silver Lining
Who cares if my boat goes upstream
Maria
Leave it to Jane
Once in love with Amy
American Eagles

Hand results to Don Le Bas or any Committee Member.

Answers to Quiz No. 3

1. The Arctic Indian
Antartic
North Pacific
South Pacific
North Atlantic
South Atlantic
2. "Flauta" - A Sicilian eel which it resembles.
3. A shoe
4. 1953, 1956, 1915, 1932, 1987, 1869.

Now for the lucky winners.

Ivy Gage 15½ points
Edith Wolfe 11 points

Thanks girls.

One must mention Stuart Bretelle's entry, not quite what we had in mind, but try again, you never know.

Forgot to tell you the 1st Prize this month is:

1st Prize: 1 12" L.P. Record (of your own choice).

2nd Prize: Box of chocolates

Record kindly donated by H.M.V. The leading record agents in New Zealand. If it is good - it's on an H.M.V. label.

Buy H.M.V. Records

Theatre Story of the Month

A story is told of Noel Coward and Lady Diane Manners who met at a dinner party in England at a time when they entertained no great liking for each other.

"Did you see my last play, "Private Lives?" asked Mr Coward

"Yes" replied the actress

"What did you think of it?"

"Not very amusing"

There was a pause

"Mr Coward, "did you see me play the role of the Virgin in

"The Miracle?"

"Yes"

"And what did you think of it?"

"Very amusing." answered the playwright.

As our Theatre Party system is working so well we are going one step further, as you know the supper in the Theatre Lounge after the film is proving very popular in the not too distant future we are going to arrange Dinner Parties at the La Boheme or Colony for 10/- head.

What could be better

Dine first
then Theatre

Final Dates for

"The Great Escape"	September 16th	Wednesday	5/7
"Sodon & Gomorrah"	" 22nd	Tuesday	5/7
"Night of the Iguana"	" 30th	Wednesday	5/7

and for the big show

The Searchers) -	Tuesday September 29th 22/6
Del Shannon		
Peter & Gordon		
Eden Kane		

Best seat at Town Hall

Book now don't worry



PICTURE BUT NO SOUND-----


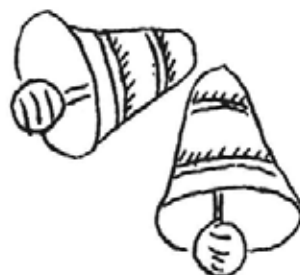
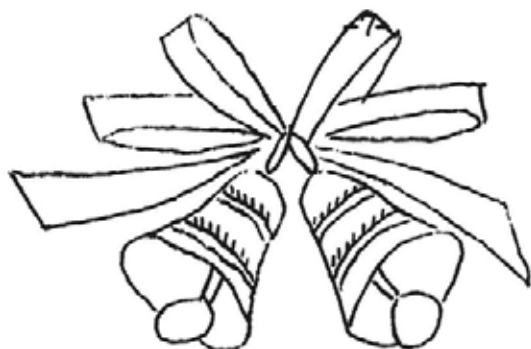
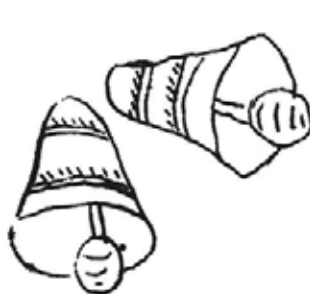
Probable cause.

1. The volume control knob is missing.
2. You're hearing-aid is turned off.
3. You're watching the washing machine.


STAFF NEWS FROM TELE-HIRE

Our congratulations go to Mr. & Mrs. Ron Parnell, on the birth of their baby boy born July 26th.

To Annette Taylor, heres hoping you are fit and well after your unfortunate car accident.



OUR CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES FOR THE
FUTURE TO THE COUPLES PRINTED BELOW:



CLIFF AND DAWN MAXWELL

MARRIED AUGUST 15th

PAT AND DENNIS BROWN

MARRIED AUGUST 22nd.



BARRY AND KATHLEEN FOOTE

MARRIED AUGUST 22nd.



To Bert Ransby, glad to see you back at work, reckon
you can beat some of the teenagers for exercise.

THE BANK COMMISSIONAIRE THOUGHT I WAS
THE DUSTMAN

A few days ago, on a Sunday morning, I'm sitting on a carton of empties waiting for my fish to finish smoking in the 40 gallon drum.

To kill time I pull the cork from the half-gallon jar and am admiring my four varieties of oxalis plants and the crop of twitch which is coming away nicely, when the mother-in-law comes along and says, "What you doing, Hori?"

I tell her that while I'm waiting for the fish to finish smoking I'm just doing a bit of thinking.

"Yes" she says, "but what with?"

Py korry, I tell her that sounds like some smart pakeha remark, and we have a few words - at least she did, 'cause when this wahine gets into action nobody can get a word in with a razor blade. I wait until she finishes the korero, and then I take the advice of a pakeha joker I meet in the pub, and put my foot down with the firm hand.

"Look here," I say, "it's getting near Christmas, and I'm going away for a holiday."

"I'm fed up with you and the wife's brother, who is always ratting the fridge for the pig's trotter or the crayfish claws."

"I'm fed up with the garage proprietors who sting me for fixing the old V.8"

"I'm fed up with traffic cops, production managers, noist motor mowers and the whole plurry lot of you."

I tell this dame that I'm going away to the South Sea Islands for a holiday.

"Oh," she says, "and since when did people in the South Sea Islands accept corwn tops and empty beer jars for money?"

I then tell her that a few weeks ago I strike the plurry good double, but I don't tell anybody 'cause I want this money to go for my trip at Christmas time.

I have to go to the bank to make arrangements to take my money out of the country.

I have never been in one of these big banks before, only in the Post Office Savings Bank.

Py Korry, this is a big joint alright, and looks like a picture theatre, with high ceilings and tiles all over the walls like the swimming bath.

As soon as I get in the door a big pakeha coot, about six feet high with toffee wrappings all over his chest and looking like a sergeant-major, comes up to me and says:

"The dustman called yesterday, so good morning and good-bye."

I say, "Look here, mate, I want to make arrangements about taking some money to the South Sea Islands."

"Pardon me, sir," he says, "I did not know. This way, sir."

Take a chair, sir, I will see that you get attention, sir."

He takes me to a pakeha girl with eyebrows that are painted up that way instead of this way and she tells me to come back in a week's time so she can get in touch with the Reserve Bank in Wellington.

I then go to the place where you get birth certificates and I fill in a form.

Py Korry, I tell them that I was born here, that my mother and father were born here and that my great-grandfather ate pakeha jokers like them before breakfast.

Next place I go to is the income-tax jokers to get a clearance.

I find myself in a stall like the starting barrier at the racecourse.

There is a push button on the counter and a notice which says, "ring for attention."

I push this thing and a joker comes along with thick lens glasses and pimples on the face that look like the white marks I see on the bottom of the pake dish when I put too much flour in when I make the gravy.

I want to get the income-tax fixed up 'cause I am going away to the South Seas Islands, I tell him

"Just a minute," he says and goes away.

Well, I wait in this place for about half an hour and no one takes any notice of me, so I press this button again.

An old joker comes along and says, "Are you receiving attention?"

I say, "Well I don't know, but a man came up to me about half an hour ago and I thought he was fixing me up."
This old chap says, "You mean the gentleman with the thick glasses? Well he does not belong to our Department but is here to sell the staff the television set."

Py Korry, I am getting a bit brownd off by this time and am thinking it would be better to get a few half-gallon jars and go overseas to the Great Barrier or to Waiheke.

I have to go to the place where you get the passport. I fill in another form which says: "State Mr, Mrs or Miss."

So I say lister.

In the next line it say. "Male or Female."

"Spare me days," I say to the pakeha girl, "do I look like one of those?"

This wahine gives me a look like a pay clerk when you argue the toss about the overtime.

"Have you got a photo of yourself?" she asks.

"Sue," I tell her. "Take a bo peep at this one with me holding the wild pig I shot last Easter."

She says, "Which one is you?" So I give her the old chestnut and say "The one with the hat on."

She says, "We don't want any family groups. Go away and get another one taken, with three copies."

When I get home the mother-in-law says, "Where you been for the last two days, 'cause you have not turned up at the factory?"

I tell her that this was the hardest two day's work I have ever done, mucking about with banks, Government departments and so on.

"Alright," she says, "Who's going to buy Christmas presents for the kids and look after us over the holidays. And who's going to cut the lawn, take us to the night trots and do all the things a father should do?"

This sob stuff don't cut ice with me after I have listened to that pakeha coot in the pub who told me to put the foot down with the firm hand.

"Py korry," I tell her, "you get that son of yours to take my place while I'm away and do a few things about the place. After all, he owes me hundreds of pickled onions, crayfish claws and pig's trotters to say nothing of the half gallon jars he drinks on a Sunday morning."

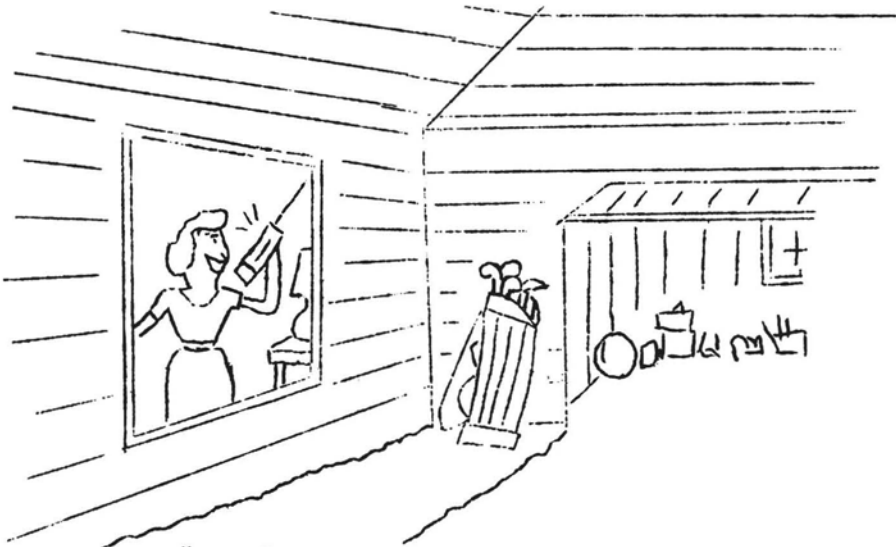
"But Hori," she says, "there is nobody like you to give us the love and affection and argue the toss with the T.A.B. People." Just then my little boy comes along and says, "Daddy, you going away to leave us for Christmas."

Stiffen the crows. What can a man do?

"No, son," I say "I'm going to stay home for Christmas and look after you and mum and granny and Uncle George, so go and get me the twelve cooked mussels you will find in a jar marked "Epsom salts" at the back of the fridge."

A few minutes later he comes back and says, "Uncle George cleaned those up last night when you were doing you overtime cause he was not feeling so good."

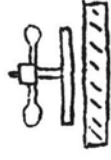
"Good luck to him," I say, "Go and tell him there is a half-gallon jar in the boot of the Old V.8 marked 'gear oil' and wish him a Merry Christmas.



"Fred" why he just left for the golf course but I have a hunch he will be back shortly.



STOP PRESS



Here's Big News For All you Rock Fans

The King of ~~the~~ Rock

Bull Haley & his Comets

Nov 2nd Town Hall.

Let's all Rock To-gether.

Bookings Open Soon - Be early

Book now for "Sodon and Gomorrah"
all star cast - Plaze Theatre
only 5/7 seat

ONLY FOUR MORE WEEKS:-

To our next Social.

Once again we extend a welcome to all who attended the last Social and also welcome those who didn't come but wished they had. For those of you who are not familiar with our efforts we have a quartet, of dances, an excellent band, a good supper and liquid refreshments.

LET US QUOTE

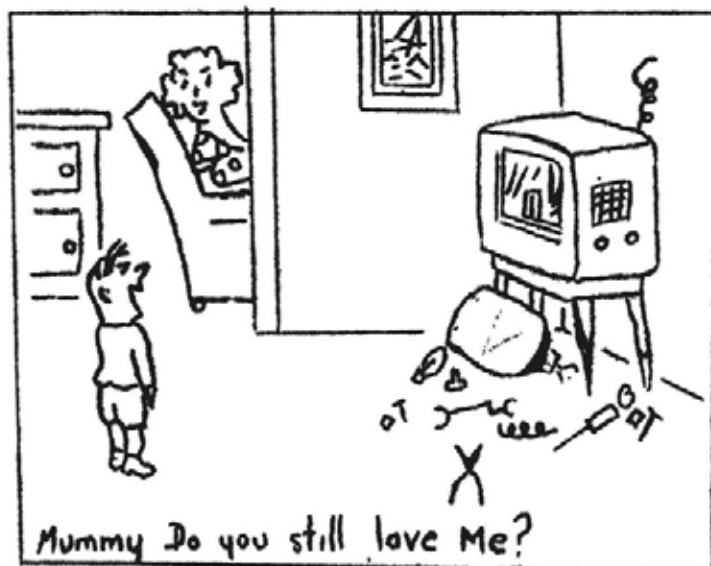
At our last social the caretaker of the hall told the committee that in his year of service in the heavily booked hall we were the best behaved group he had seen and laid the most plentiful and appetising supper he had ever seen. The Band quotes that they would break any engagement just to play for us, so you see with your participate our socials can improve even more.

FATHERS DAY

SEPTEMBER 6th

For those ~~who~~ have forgotten, you still
have time to buy your gift from ROGER KNOWLES.

(HURRY)



DONT FORGET
YOUR
NEXT MONTHS

DING - DONG