NBS Offers Twelve Prizes

HAVE you ever thought of writing a Radio Play? Maybe you have.

Maybe you haven't. Perhaps you've actually written one—or half-written it—and the manuscript lies about somewhere.

Well, here's a chance for you-12 chances, in strict fact.

The National Broadcasting Service is offering two series of prizes for radio plays.

FIRST PRIZE - - £50 SECOND PRIZE - - £25

Four Third Prizes of £10 each.

(Six prizes in each case).

SUBJECTS: No. 1 Competition: Any subject.

No. 2 Competition: The life or part of the life of any historical character of any country or time.

The NBS wants good radio plays. It is on the look out for talent. Playmaking talent, like the ability to write a novel, is apt to spring up here and there, sometimes in quite unexpected places, and perhaps all it needs is a little encouragement. These prizes provide that encouragement.

You may have ideas but not know how to set about putting them into form. The NBS will help you. With the entry forms you will be given a set of the rules and some pieces of advice. Apply for these now at any NBS station, National or Commercial. Don't delay. Entries close on February 28, 1946, for scripts posted in New Zealand, and on March 31 for those posted from oversea.

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spirits had had their wishes heard that he could be persuaded to finger the white fur, pull the long beard. We watched the children, their faces lifted up to the beard and the bushy eyebrows. They all began with beaming smiles, became shy, fidgeted, pulled at the fur, and at last began to giggle and smile and talk excitedly again. Each one went through almost the same stages of enthusiasm, shyness, and renewed enthusiasm.

The new Father Christmas had a way with him. When the crowd had gone we asked him how he liked the job.

"Great fun, great fun," he said.
"They've got me up well, don't you think?" We agreed that they had and admired his boots.

"Yes, the boots are pretty wonderful. But what do you think of the beard? Of course I have to keep on fingering it myself so that they don't get a chance to tug too hard." He stood up and turned round to show us how well his tunic was cut. "They'll have a bit of taking in to do if they pick on a thin Father Christmas after me!" He was round and jolly and kept on rubbing his hands together in apparent enjoyment of the part he was playing.

Santa's Brother

We called in at another department store and listened-in to a few conversations, watching the anxious mothers hovering near enough to catch the important words. One young person was ready for this: "You go away while I whisper," he said. The Listener came in handy as a relaying agent in that case. We stood around on this leg or that and heard TRAIN, SLEEPING DOLL, WHEEL-BARROW, BABY SISTER AND DINGHY. Two little girls, solemn and composed, looked on. We strolled over to them and asked if they weren't going to talk to him. "No," said one, "I've told him." We asked what she told. "A doll's house," she said, losing her composure and dragging her toe on the floor. We

asked the other one. "I've told two Father Christmases. A doll's house and a baby doll." She spoke so fast we could hardly tell what she said. Someone else had another idea. A small boy was towing his mother away from the wool counter. "Here's a Santa," he was shouting, "come on, here's Santa's brother." The mother looked a little bewildered, but seemed determined to go through with it again.



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