

Uncle Ernest Farewelled by Radio Family

MERY touching and affecting was the farewell tendered to Uncle Ernest by 2YA and its wide circle of radio friends on the evening of Friday, December 7. There gathered in the studio some 50 or 60 friends and associates who had admired the work of Uncle Ernest and appreciated his enthusiasm, affection and quality. The studio was decorated with flowers for the occasion, recalling the many happy evenings enjoyed under Uncle Ernest's kindly regime.

The organisation of the farewell had been carefully arranged by Aunt Gwen, and it is a tribute to her that the proceedings went off so smoothly. From the very nature of the occasion and the desire of those intimately associated with Uncle Ernest to express their feelings on his departure, speeches necessarily played a large part. Nevertheless the ordinary routine of birthday greetings and musical items and, finally, even the regular story from Uncle Ernest, was adhered to.

IT is certain that an unusually large radio family listened-in to the "farewell," so that an extensive report of its nature is unnecessary. It is fitting, however, that record should be made of the occasion. The outstanding feature was the presentation by Cousin George of the massive autograph book of members of the radio circle. This was a handsome volume, bound in green leather, of some 15in. by 11in., and 3in. in thickness. This volume contained over 200 pages, on which were recorded the names of thousands of listeners, young and old. Many letters of marked appreciation were received with these autographs, and a selection of these was read by Cousin George in his speech. Inscribed in the book was the following address from the children of Radio Land:—

Dear Uncle Ernest,—We, the children of Radio Land, New Zealand, are asking you to accept this book, which contains all our names and addresses, so that when you are far away from us you may not forget us.

We shall not forget you, nor all the beautiful stories you have told us through the microphone from Station 2YA, Wellington.

Often on Friday and Sunday evenings we shall be thinking of you and wishing that we could hear your kind voice speaking to us; and we shall be wondering if, far away on the other side of the world, you are speaking to other girls and boys, giving them lovely thoughts and help such as you have given to us.

We hope that wherever you go you will be happy, and that you will always have the fairies near you to work with you for the boys and girls around you.

And so we say "Good-bye, dear Uncle Ernest, and God bless you."

Your loving and grateful

N.Z. NEPHEWS AND NIECES.

In addition to Cousin George, Uncle Toby spoke, and greetings were received from Uncle Jeff and Big Brother Jack, who were both unable to be present. On behalf of the children of the radio family, little Miss Ailsa Wood-

ward also spoke a message of farewell.

Address from the Company.

MR. ANNOUNCER also presented Uncle Ernest with an illuminated address from the directorate of the New Zealand Radio Broadcasting Company. This presentation took Uncle Ernest completely by surprise. Its text was as follows:—

"To the Rev. Ernest R. Weeks,—

"On the eve of your relinquishing your position as Uncle Ernest of 2YA, Wellington, prior to departing on a trip to the Old Land, we wish to express to you our feelings, feelings which are a mixture of great appreciation and deep regret—appreciation for what you have done for broadcasting in New Zealand and deep regret that your departure from these shores means the cessation of your splendid work. In that expression of regret we are sure we are joined by the vast Radio Family to whom you as the senior broadcasting Radio Uncle in New Zealand, have been accustomed to speak. That many thousands of young New Zealanders, whom you have never seen have grown to love you as you love them, we have on our files an overwhelming wealth of testimony. That you also have received abundant evidence of their love and appreciation we know.

"You are going to a far country—to the land which by right of our common heritage we call Home.

"But though the voice of Uncle Ernest must for New Zealand children cease to exist as a material reality, neither time nor distance nor any other thing shall rob it of its influence and power in the grateful hearts of the generation it has served so well. What self-sacrifice that service has involved we realise perhaps better than do those who have profited by your labour of love. We know something of what it has meant in long hours of studious thought and patient preparation, in willing forfeiture of personal convenience, in the cheerful renunciation of well-earned leisure—in the practical demonstration in the fullest measure of service before self. This is the service gladly rendered by all men and women who during the Children's Hour help to people the air with the gossamer-winged fairies of loving thoughts, kindly wishes and words of wisdom, the while with the merry quip an wholesome story they hold entranced their great unseen, unnumbered audience. In a very real sense you have pioneered this splendid work in Wellington. From the microphone at 2YA you have broadcast through all New Zealand and the isles beyond an example and an inspiration. To an extent which we find it difficult to express in words you have helped us to make radio broadcasting a service of inestimable value to the fathers and mothers and boys and girls of New Zealand. You have done something worth while for the well-being of this young nation.

"We thank you sincerely.

"For and on behalf of the Radio Broadcasting Company of New Zealand, Limited.

"WM. GOODFELLOW,
Chairman of Directors.

"A. R. HARRIS,
General Manager.

"ARNAUD McKELLAR,
Director.

A Song of Farewell.

VERY touching was the song of farewell sung by a little group of nieces and a group of uncles, aunts and others. The words were specially composed and were:—

*Tho' we seem to sing with gladness;
Our young hearts are tinged with sadness.*

We're losing one who loves and is beloved,

*Tis, indeed, a night of sorrow,
But there'll come a bright to-morrow,
For our friend who loves us all as he is loved.*

*In days to come when far away,
Far, far from dear old 2YA,
In memory sweet you'll live for ever near,*

*As you loved us so, you we love.
And loving both as God above,
Tho' oceans sunder still you'll be ever dear.*

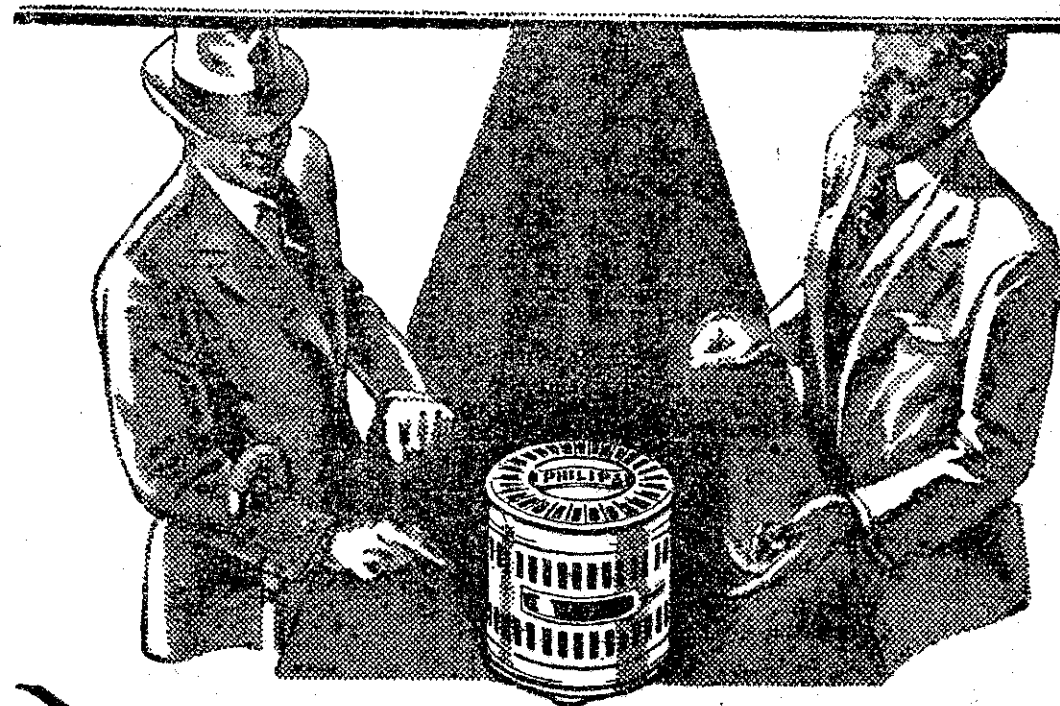
Chorus:

*Oh, good-bye Uncle Ernest, good-bye cheerio,
You've been to us a friend of friends;
You've filled our lives with joy
Now we know that you are going
Every radio girl and boy
Sings good-bye Uncle Ernest, good-bye and cheerio.*

Uncle Ernest's Farewell.

DURING the proceedings a bouquet was presented to Mrs. Weeks. "Auntie Ernest," or, as Uncle Ernest himself revealed, "Aunt Mary" of former times.

Speaking under definite emotion, Uncle Ernest finally in a few words, that will be long remembered by all who heard them, expressed his heartfelt thanks and appreciation of all the tokens of love and esteem that had been showered upon him.



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"No, it can't happen to this charger for it's a Philips 'Four-Fifty.' When the accumulator's connected up and the power is snapped on, a 'Blue Glow' is visible through the ventilating ports, meaning that everything's quite O.K.

"There's lots of other interesting things about the 'Four-Fifty,' Sir, including its dual rates, and if you write to Philips Technical Department they'll send you the fullest information, and give you advice on any point that you would like cleared up.

"But you'll have it now. Yes, it's complete with plugs and cords.

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