

that they had received letters from twenty different country clubs saying that they were going to hold a radio dance on that night. Between the dances he was calling up the different clubs, and using some of his wit. Surely 2YA could set aside one night like that. I am sure the town people wouldn't mind giving way to the country people for one night. In conclusion, I wish to congratulate the B.C. on the splendid services they are rendering.—C.G.R. (Tasman).

Weather Reports of Value.

I AM very pleased that you give out the weather report at 7 p.m. and also at 9 p.m. I think it would be well to give full details from all the stations at 9 o'clock the same as at 7 o'clock, as often we are not finished work to hear the report at 7 p.m. It is the weather that concerns most country people, as they all have to work out in it and have stock to look after. Especially in winter time the weather report is very valuable to runholders and farmers. Getting the weather report early means often the saving of thousands of sheep.—D.McN. (Gars-ton).

Bad Rebroadcasts.

I THINK the YA stations should use a little more discretion before putting on some of their rebroadcasts when conditions are bad. 3YA's rebroadcast of 4QG on Wednesday evening was an absolute farce. All we got was fifteen minutes of cat calls, squeaks, static, and other noises with an occasional word. As to following what was said, that was an impossibility. The conditions were very bad as I tried 4QG direct and could make very little sense of it, and that was clearer than 3YA's attempt. Another thing, 3YA ought to boast of a better receiving set than the one they have got, that has to be kept on the verge of oscillation to pick up a distant station. I am not against good rebroadcasts, only those that give us noise and no sense. The programmes are splendid and the dinner session is what we wanted and is perfect. Could not the company see its way to put a dinner session on at 3YA or 1YA on Wednesday nights (2YA's silent night), as we miss it badly that night. —A.R.G. (Purua).

Race News.

IN last week's "Record" I find an article suggesting the possibility of the R.B.C. discontinuing the broadcast of racing results from near the courses. I take it that this is more or less an official tip that this will come to pass. In my opinion it would be a very great mistake to take this step. There is no doubt whatever that a great many people are interested in these broadcasts and, as a seller of radio, I can say of my own knowledge that to cease this service would cost the R.B.C. many fees. I would suggest that, instead of lessening this service, the company should improve it by resuming their late running descriptions, in view of the fact that it is no longer necessary for the R.B.C. to consider the very touchy feelings of the Racing Conference. I could personally take your representative to quite a number of people who would buy sets (and pay their 30s.) if running descriptions were resumed, but who will not buy at all if racing is not included in the programmes. Even if the present limited service is continued it would be better than nothing, but I

cannot for the life of me see why the R.B.C. and the listening public should be dictated to by that august body, the Racing Conference.—Gordon C. Moses (Whangarei).

Radio in a Bush Home.

I WISH to express my appreciation, and the appreciation of our family, of the service rendered by the Broadcasting Company. We have no faults to find whatever, and have followed with interest and approval its progress and improvements for two and a half years. I am unable to express just what radio means to us in our little bush home. It provides our news, our instructor on many interesting topics, and it is our sporting and musical entertainer. We regard the announcers as our friends and appreciate their different personalities. We do not mind how many o-o's Mr. Clive Drummond uses in his G-o-o-o-d night! and would like to hear Mr. Ball say "Good night all Radio Land, good night," a little more often, and why did he stop his weekly chats on international affairs? Wishing you continued success. —"Outback."

Empire Television

MR. W. M. HUGHES, the former Premier of Australia, has just published a book, "The Splendid Adventure." The author sums up the importance to the outposts of our Empire of rapid communication, and his words reveal the fact that he is by no means unacquainted with the vast possibilities of television. The passage in question reads as follows:—

"Wireless is to the people of the Empire a veritable gift from the gods, and daily new and wonderful developments are manifested; broadcasting and direct beam wireless, telegraphy, and telephony, which in a very short period will be operating between Britain and the Dominions, and later television will bring the peoples of a world Empire as intimately together as the inhabitants of Britain itself were twenty years ago."

Children's Sessions

(Continued from page 15.)

WEDNESDAY:

Uncle Frank and his young helpers amusing you to-night, as Mother Hubbard is away holiday-making. But we will strive to make you all happy.

THURSDAY:

Uncle John, with Cousins Desmond and Nina in good form to-night. And this is the night that a new young Cousin tells you some stories.

FRIDAY:

Storyman, at the helm with a crew of jolly singers and reciters, Rea, Yvonne and John.

SATURDAY:

Ho! Ho! and a cheer for Chuckle, who is to the fore to-night with new songs for old. Will Aunt Pat sell them, do you think? Listen in and hear!

SUNDAY:

Our song service, conducted by the Church of Christ Sunday School.

"Hello, Mum"

From Sydney to London

A FEW days ago a boy lay dying in a Sydney hospital; he had been injured in a fall, and his condition seemed hopeless. "Mother, mother!" he kept uttering, each time weaker and more desponding, but no mother came—she was in England, and it seemed as though he must sink without seeing her. To the doctors it was evident that his very life rested on seeing or hearing his mother—there was one possibility, radio, and the decision was made.

JACK SIGRIST was keyed to a pitch of excitement that was fraying his nerves. Anxiously he watched the electricians installing the apparatus near his bed, and it seemed years to him before it was ready. At last the microphone was slung over the top of his bed. Jack regarded it with doubt in his eye. "I just can't believe that if I talk into this thing mother will hear me," he remarked to an electrician. The suspense was telling on the boy; he smoked cigarette after cigarette. Appealingly he gazed at the microphone. At his bedside the wireless man was connecting and disconnecting, testing, and retesting. "Hello, London!"

The boy sat bolt upright in his bed, pain forgotten.

"Hello, Mrs. Sigrist, just a moment."

Almost before the last syllable was out of his mouth, the boy was speaking.

"Hello, mum!"

His voice rang through the ward; an elderly woman visiting her son at the other end of the ward, wept.

"Yes, mum, I'm getting on fine—no, no pain."

The boy was smiling happily now, and the other patients craned their necks forward.

AT the other end of the wire a joyous mother spoke commonplaces to her son, who answered her from a distance of more than 12,000 miles. Her voice faded slightly; panic in his eyes, the boy looked up at the wireless man.

"That noise will go soon, sonny," he said reassuringly.

"Hello, mum! Yes, I can hear you. I'll soon be out of here. I'm coming home passenger. I'm sitting up now, mum. There's no need to worry about anything. There's lots of people come in to see me."

"And, listen, mum, I've got the best doctor in Sydney looking after me. How's Marjorie? Give her my love, too."

"I'll write soon," he promised. "My arm is out of splints, and I'll soon be able to write."

"How's everything at home? Good."

"The Guardian' has taken some photos of me—I'll send you some. What's that? They are taking photos of you, too. Will you send me some?"

"What's that, you've got to go now? Good-bye, don't worry. My leg's all right."

He took off the headphones. Twenty minutes had passed.

"Wonderful! I heard as plainly as anything," he said. Then glancing apologetically at the nurses. "I had to tell mum lies about my poor old leg, otherwise she would have worried."

"Of course you had, sonny," they chorused.

No Conflict

Statement on Sunday Services

QUESTIONED on the possibility of the New Zealand Broadcasting concerts on Sunday evenings, simultaneously, with the transmission of the church service, in the same way as is now done in Australia under the new regime, Mr. A. R. Harris, general manager of the Radio Broadcasting Company of New Zealand, Limited, stated that in no circumstances would the Company consider such a proposal, or in any way trespass on the recognised evening hour with other than the broadcasting of church services, so long as such were available or could be made available.

A Radio "Faux Pas"

IN a recent American programme the announcer stopped the item in order to announce the death of a man, prominent in public affairs. Having done so, he mentioned that Mr. So and So was on the way to visit the sick man, but arrived too late. He then added without a pause, "The next will be, 'The Wind Blew Through His Whiskers Just the Same.'"

Exhausted, he lay back, tired, but smiling. Quickly the wireless men removed their gear and congratulated the lad. The screen was drawn around Jack Sigrist's bed, a screen of content, for inside a boy dreamt of England, his home, and his mother.

Helping the Estate

A Testator appointing the Public Trustee his Executor may also desire to have his family solicitor, a public accountant, an intimate friend, or some other person in whose judgment he has confidence, associated with the Public Trustee in the administration of his estate.

This may be done by the appointment of an Advisory Trustee or Trustees to co-operate with the Public Trustee in the management of the testator's estate.

ADVISORY TRUSTEES

Further information relating to advisory trustees is contained in a folder just issued by the Public Trust Office.

You can get a copy from any Office or Agent of the Public Trustee, or free by post from the Public Trustee, Wellington.