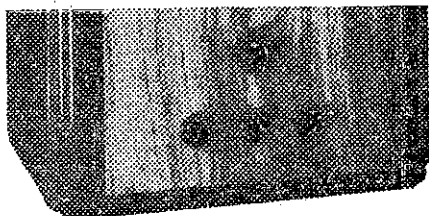


Has Your Radio Lost its Tone?



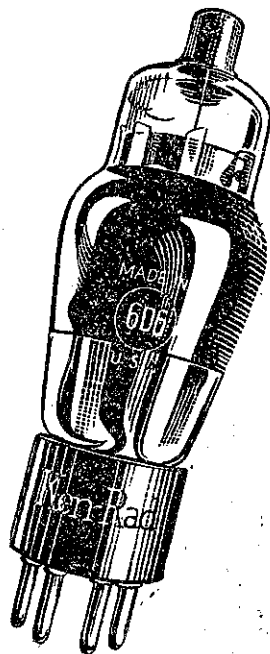
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Dead Man's Tales

HIS CHURCH EXISTED

(Continued from page 12).

Hollywood, were real people, and no fancies of a clever script-writer's brain.

The church actually exists in the centre of the movie colony's "make-believe" land, a small, white-spired church, with easy-chairs in front for elderly people.

OIL lamps, hanging in brackets from the walls, shed the only light in the small church. A large picnic-ground makes a meeting-place at noon-time for the parishioners, with whom Parson Hopkins and Sarah used to talk, and there really is the creek by which the parson loved to stop while on his way to meeting.

Parson Hopkins, once an army chaplain with the American Expeditionary Force, wounded in France in the early years of the war, founded his simple church himself amid all the glitter and heartbreak, the Oriental sumptuousness and the poverty of America's crazy film city.

THE church grew into the affections of millions of listeners, and was soon accorded first place on the nation-wide radio schedule in America. Parson Hopkins used to write and broadcast fourteen 15-minute programmes weekly, preach to several thousand people three times on Sunday. At the same time his doors were always open to the simple followers of the Christian faith wanting guidance in their perplexities.

ALMOST from the beginning of the Commercial service in New Zealand, the "Country Church" sessions have been heard on the air. The present series is now concluded.

Listeners who follow the services, however, need not be dismayed. There is another series available of 39 episodes, recorded before the death of Parson Hopkins. These are now on the water on their way to New Zealand.

Meanwhile, according to the wish of a huge body of listeners, the service is filling in the interval by replaying some of the earlier episodes already heard.

I HEARD one of them again last week at the headquarters of the service. The parson and his wife Sarah were driving to "meeting" just as usual, and you could hear the cllop of the hoofs of the faithful Dan.

The parson and his wife stopped on a hill to look down below at the view.

"When you get away up, things look mighty small below," said Sarah.

"It's that way with troubles," the parson drawled. "They get mighty small, too, when you look at them from high up."

No doubt they look small enough to him now.

He gave a small piece of verse as well. It was about the little a man can keep of all that he has got when he dies.

*And all you can hold in your cold, dead hands,
Is what you have given away.*

If comfort and heartsease to millions of listeners comes in that category, the parson's hands must be pretty full now.

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For Children's Hacking Cough