



His Majesty the King speaking into the microphone on the occasion of the opening of the Indian Conference. On his right are Captain Wedgwood Benn, Secretary for India, and Mr. Arthur Henderson, Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The speech was heard in New Zealand by short-wave enthusiasts.

Sales and Service

Since the publication of the feature article on page 1 of our last week's issue, we have been many times asked the name of the organisation represented by Mr. G. Menon, so, for the benefit of our inquirers and those who were undoubtedly interested in his sound and efficient survey of the radio position in the United States, we have much pleasure in stating that the firm who has sent Mr. Menon abroad is the Stewart Warner Radio Corporation. Mr. Menon's visit is for the purpose of supplementing and installing the most modern service equipment in their New Zealand representative's houses. Our talk with him was arranged by Messrs. Hope Gibbons Ltd., who, as we have on past occasions remarked, are the New Zealand distributors for the Stewart Warner radio receivers.

that is, the note must be "pure D.C." as it is called, otherwise the voice or music will be marred by a hum. Also plenty of power is needed, so that the beginner is well advised to let fone alone until he has the requisite power and note.

The Wall Paper.

ANOTHER interesting factor in amateur radio is the system of "QSL" or confirmation cards used by hams. After two-way contact has been made between two stations, each sends the other its station card, on which is printed prominently the call-sign and details of the conditions and signal strengths at the time of the QSO, also particulars of the transmitter and receiver in use at the station. These cards are usually pinned up on the wall of the "shack" or radio-room, and make an imposing sight, as they are often in colours, and fill the whole wall space of the room.

In conclusion of this introductory article, it may be stated that amateur transmitting would be a great boon to country residents, who would never feel at a loss for amusement with a short-wave transmitter, and would have an advantage over city hams owing to the lack of interference in the country. However, there is no reason why any listener should not obtain an amateur "ticket" and get on the air, if he (or she) is prepared to spend a little time on it, and there is absolutely no doubt that he (or she) would be many times repaid for the trouble taken.

The Benediction

(Continued from page 3.)

unknowingly slackened his hold. It was his undoing. His fingers, grown careless, suddenly clutched in vain at crumbling, treacherous rock. A shriek, followed a little later by a dull, horrifying thud, and all was still. . . .

IT was dark, and the rain was still pouring down, beating cruelly on the unresponsive, crumpled body which lay at the foot of the black cliff walls. The old man had lain there over four hours, seemingly lifeless, but with just a flicker of life remaining within the pitiful, rain-sodden form. He moved feebly and groaned with the pain that enveloped him as consciousness returned. He couldn't think clearly, and his body was racked with an agony that threatened any moment to send him back into unconsciousness.

Very slowly, covering a few inches at a time and passing through a hell of pain at every movement, he crawled toward his shack. At last he reached it, and with a supreme effort raised his body high enough to fumble with the latch. The door swung back, and he half fell, half crawled into the hut. With his last ounce of strength he pushed the door shut and drew himself to his bunk, when again unconsciousness overtook him. . . .

IT was approaching midnight. For hours he had lain there, motionless, and at last a long-drawn shuddering sigh came from his lips. His eyelids flickered, and he once more became aware of the roar of the storm raging round the whare, which rattled and shook as though at any second it would be torn from its foundations. A groan sounded through the darkness. He was dying, he knew, and at the thought he became terribly frightened. To die like this, broken in body and with no one to be with him in his last moments, appalled him, and he moaned pitifully.

And then an inspiration forced its way into his clouded brain. The radio! With a rush he recalled the church service announcement he had heard the previous night. A trembling hand fumbled for the switch that would bring comfort and cheer in his dying moments.

Out of the darkness came the beautiful strains of the "Messiah," the voices of the choir blending perfectly in the inspiring climax. The voices died away, and the organ swept the glorious harmony to a close.

At the sudden silence the old man started, and after a struggle raised himself on one elbow. He put out an inquiring hand toward the dials, but the effort was too much for his failing strength, and he sank back despairingly. . . .

IN the rain-swept blackness outside a horse, bearing a crouching figure on its back, was stumbling and slipping along the path to old Sam's dwelling. The storm lashed furiously around rider and beast, as if indignant at their presumption in venturing from shelter on such a night. That morning a trapper had called at the station homestead, ten miles distant and had been directed to Sam's shack as a place where he might spend the night on his way to the coast. Unfortunately, he had postponed his departure from the homestead until evening, and was now completely lost in the storm-swept darkness. It was useless for him to dismount to look for shelter. His only plan was to keep moving, no matter where his horse might take him.

Slipping and sliding, the animal slowly climbed the rise, squelched through the mud on the flat for a few yards, and then stopped dead. His rider impatiently urged him on, gently at first and then with spurs, but after reluctantly moving a few paces, the horse suddenly wheeled and went back.

"Silence, Please"

THOUGH strict silence is enjoined "when the red light is burning," listeners with acute hearing may on occasion have detected agitated whispering in the studio—the announcer receiving a last-minute message or an anxious producer dealing with some temporary hitch in his show.

The Columbia Broadcasting System of America has recently announced that there will be no more whispering of any kind in its studios. Sign-language will be used instead. The announcer is to learn a whole code of signals made by swinging the arms in various directions and extending them at various angles. The "gesture of cutting off one's head" is to be a sign that the microphone is no longer required and the current may be switched off.

Finally, "when the studio is about to go on the air, the man behind the partition holds his arms above his head like a football quarterback signifying a fair catch."

Sensing something amiss, his rider dismounted stiffly, cursing the stubbornness of his mount. He stepped forward—and stumbled against the doorstep. Surprised, he fumbled for the latch, entered, and then stood as if transfixed.

Out of the darkness came a voice, strong, yet strangely tender and comforting: ". . . May the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be upon you and remain with you always." The voice stopped.

In bewilderment the stranger groped forward, one hand digging deep into an inner pocket of his oilskins. A light flared. His eyes fell on the still figure on the bunk, and a low exclamation escaped his lips. The match flickered and went out. Outside, the storm still roared, but on old Sam's face, a few minutes before so twisted with pain, was a look of ineffable peace.

He, too, had heard.

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