

"Joan of Arc" at IYA**Striking and Artistic Performance**

MUCH appreciative correspondence has reached the Broadcasting Co. concerning the play "Joan of Arc," produced recently at IYA, an extract from one letter reading:—"I want to tell you how very much the play 'Joan of Arc' was appreciated last night. I have been fortunate enough to listen-in for some years in London and on the Continent, and I can safely say this was the very best I have ever heard over the air."

"Thanks to Mr. Montague and his party, 'Joan,' especially in the last episode, was wonderful, and thanks also to all at the station, who helped to make such a success possible."

Verification from Czecho-Slovakia

WE have had requests for further details of the commercial receiver used by Mr. Peters, of Praha, who recently received a verification from a Czecho-Slovakian station. Mr. Peters advises that his receiver is an eight-valve a.c. Crosley Showbox.

Useful Tips

FIFTY turns of fine wire wound on a 2-inch cardboard tube makes quite a useful radio frequency choke for short-wave work.

ALTHOUGH other valves are occasionally to blame, it is generally the last or output valve that causes distortion.

ADD-A-PHONE Short-Wave DEMONSTRATION

By courtesy of Messrs. C. and A. Odlin, Ltd., who have kindly loaned us their combination Atwater Kent Electric Receiver, we are enabled to demonstrate the Efficiency and Simplicity of the

—ADD-A-PHONE— SHORT-WAVE RECEIVER.

Intending purchasers are cordially invited to these demonstrations.

TRADE NOTICE

The large number of enquiries we are now receiving from owners of electric sets all over New Zealand necessitates our having to appoint agents for handling the Add-a-Phone, and applications are now invited from Radio Dealers interested in this line.

This instrument is NOT an adapter and can be worked independent of any set.

Mack's Radio Service

76-77 Kent Terrace, Wellington.
Phone 23-448

Tom Brown's School-days

(Continued from page 7.)

and one panel of the door was broken. Tom and East managed to run out, and soon the whole lower school had learned of the escapade. The pledge not to fag for the fifth was taken by nearly all the younger boys. Their adviser was Diggs, a clever boy, nearly at the top of the fifth himself. He stood by them all through, and seldom have small boys had more need of a friend.

Flashman and his associates set about bringing the boys to their senses and the whole house was filled with chasings, seiges and lickings.

In Tom and East's study matters came to a head when Flashman came in and started bullying. Diggs, who was present, advised the two boys to "Go in at Flasman," as it was the

earned the character of sulky, unwilling fags.

At the end of the term the doctor wants to see them. He is not angry, only grave. He explains that rules are made for the good of the school and must and shall be obeyed. He should be sorry if they had to leave, and wishes them to think very seriously in the holidays over what he had said.—"Good night."

The turn of the Tide.

THE turning point of our hero's school career had now come, and the manner of it was as follows.

Tom, East and another boy rushed into the matron's room on the first day of the new term. The matron sent all but Tom away, and then broke the news that the Doctor's wife, Mrs. Arnold, wanted Tom to share his study with a new boy. He was to be kind to him and see that he wasn't bullied. In the far corner of the room was a slight pale boy who seemed ready to sink through the floor.

"Poor little fellow, his father's dead, and his mamma almost broke her heart at parting with him. She said one of his sisters might die of decline if—"

"Well, well," burst in Tom, "I suppose I must give up East," and quite good naturedly he took the boy off to his study.

"Mrs. Arnold would like you both to tea," finished the matron as the boys disappeared.

Here was an announcement for Tom, for this was one of the greatest honours of the school. He, the scapegrace, being asked to tea as if he were of some importance. His cup was filled when Dr. Arnold, with a warm shake of the hand, seemingly oblivious of all the scrapes Tom had been getting into, said:

"Ah, Brown, you here! I hope you have left all well at home. And this is the little fellow who is to share your study? Well, he doesn't look as well as we should like to see him. You must take him for long walks and show him the beautiful country we have about here."

Back in the now comfortably furnished study, for Arthur's mother had made it very cosy, Tom gave some advice. "And don't ever talk of your mother or your sisters," he concluded.

To which, Arthur, ready to cry, only answered: "But mayn't I talk about them to you?"

"Oh, yes, but not to the other boys."

He thought of his own first night when he led Arthur up to the big dormitory. He was terribly shy, poor boy, and for a while dared not take his clothes off. This task at last finished, he looked round nervously, and then, without hesitation, dropped on his knees.

Tom was unlacing his boots at the time and had his back to the boy, but at the sudden hush, looked up in wonder. Then two or three boys laughed, and one big, brutal fellow picked up a slipper and shied it at the kneeling boy. The next moment the boot Tom had just taken off flew straight at the head of the bully.

"If any other fellow wants the other boot," said Tom, stepping out on the

floor, "he knows how to get it." But at this moment a sixth-former came in, and Tom and the rest rushed into bed and finished unrobbing there.

Sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom. The thought of his broken promise to his mother came over him, and that night he made a resolution. It was the groping of the new and real Tom.

Next morning, in face of the whole room, he knelt and found the words: "God be merciful to me a sinner." He repeated them over and over and then rose, humbled and ready to face the whole school. It was not needed; two other boys had followed suit. Before Tom and Arthur had left the school-house there was no room in which it had not become the custom.

Tom Brown's Last Match.

THE curtain now rises on the last act of our little drama. Eight years have passed, and it is the end of the summer term at Rugby. The boys, except a few enthusiasts and the eleven, have been scattered to the four winds. The return match between Marylebone and Rugby is being played in the school grounds. Apart from the rest is a group of three. First a clergyman, looking rather old and worn. Beside him, in flannels, wearing the captain's belt, is a strapping figure, with tanned face and laughing eye.

It is Tom Brown, spending his last day at School. At their feet sits Arthur.

He goes to the wicket to play; his face is rather pale, but his figure is well knit and active, and all his old timidity has disappeared.

"I'm rather surprised to see Arthur in the eleven," says the master.

"Well, I'm not sure he ought to be," answered Tom, "but I couldn't help putting him in. It will do him so much good, and you can't think what I owe him."

The master smiled. "Nothing has given me greater pleasure," he said, "than your friendship for him. It has been the making of you both."

"Of me at any rate," answered Tom. "It was the luckiest chance that sent him to Rugby and made him my chum."

"There was neither luck nor chance," said the master, and he recalled the time when the Doctor had lectured him. The Doctor had been in great distress about Tom and East, and wanted something to keep them out of mischief.

"So the Doctor looked out the best of the new boys and separated you and East in the hope that when you had somebody else to lean on, you'd be steadier yourself and get manliness and thoughtfulness. He has watched the experiment ever since with great satisfaction."

Up to this time Tom had never fully given into or understood the Doctor. He had learned to respect him and to think of him as a very great man. But it was new to him to find that beside teaching the sixth and governing and guiding the whole school, editing classics and writing histories, the great headmaster had found time to watch over the career of him, Tom Brown.

The match was over. Tom said good-bye to his tutor and marched down to the schoolhouse.

Next morning he was in the train and away for London, for he was no longer a school boy.

**JOYCE SETH-SMITH.**

A very pleasing mezzo-soprano, who will be heard on March 20 from Auckland.

—S. P. Andrew, photo.

only way they would rid themselves of the bully.

The fifth former was a big fellow of seventeen, but the younger boys, although hardly up to his shoulder, were much more fit and wiry. Diggs promised to see fair play.

For a while the boys got the worst of the bargain, but Diggs stopped the fight temporarily, declaring that the end of the round had come. In the second round Flashman became furious and flurried. All three went down in a heap, Flashman striking his head on a form. The fight was over, Flashman's skull was not injured, however, as the boys had at first thought, but whatever harm a spiteful tongue can do the defeated bully took great care should be done. Some of the dirt stuck, and Tom and East lived as Ishmaelites. The upper school avoided them, so they became dilatory in their obligations to their own school fellows, and then to the masters. They