

"How Do You Do?"

(Continued from page 1.)

*Oh, who would be a cocky's wife,
To work from morn till night,
With butter fat at only a bob,
And land at such a price.*

*No picture shows or cabarets,
Such things would turn our heads,
For when we've milked our cows at night,
We're glad to go to bed.*

*Oh, who would be a cocky's wife,
When things are looking glum,
With skim milk, cheese, and high-priced
land,
We're well nigh dumb.*

Here is another glimpse into a home where radio brought the joy germs and a quiet sacrifice made for others "possibly worse off."

"My husband is out of work, so he lies in bed until midday, saving breakfast and tobacco. So I can send you 2/6 for your sing-song."

A flash of humour comes from the Manawatu. "That song, 'Somewhere the Sun is Shining,' may be true in Wellington, but sunshine is a stranger in Kairanga. Wednesday is a holiday here now, and we forget the cows and mud for an hour."

And so the letters read, every one with some word of approbation and nearly all enclosing a donation. One letter relates how some school children gave a concert, for admission to which they charged 3d, thereby raising 6/-. Another correspondent says: "You seem to have stirred up latent notes within me

—I forward two for £1 each." Comes a letter from a boardinghouse: "We find your joy germs better than the Saturday night pint. We will do without the latter in the future and forward the 5/- instead."

But there is a case on record of the sing-song precipitating a domestic tragedy. "So great and all-powerful was the last community sing-song that our cat had time to eat my neighbour's canary while she (the neighbour), like me, sat dazed. I am being sued for the price of the canary, so would you kindly sing 'Who Killed Cock Robin,' or something like it?"

Animals are often mentioned in the letters—"Wise men say cows are fond of music, which increases production—Frank's playing should make them fill a can instead of a bucket. They are not filling too large a one in this weather."

Another correspondent gave a graphic description of a canine "dogs-ology" and a "bark-a-roll." An appreciative listener offered a sitting of eggs to be sold for whatever it might fetch.

And so, in each of the many letters, there is something which expressed the intense admiration of the listener. Donations could not always be made, though it was not difficult to see that there was a desire to make one. Hence the offerings in kind.

The promoters and principals, however, declare that they have had the lion's share of the fun. They were tremendously interested in the sing-songs, for they felt that they had the support of not only their seen audience, but also of the great unseen audience that radio brought to them. They express appreciation of the many donations and kind remarks that were made. These spur-

Huge Mail Bags**Received by American Stations**

THE "New York Times" recently published an article on the correspondence that comes to American broadcasting stations. It described how overwhelming the mail was when the radio listener was an enthusiast, how it gradually fell off, and how it was stimulated into revival.

"The broadcasters had learned to like the mail. Naturally they enjoyed reading the flattering letters and the letters of criticism. The former they felt came from the hearts of the true radio fan. The latter from cranks. And naturally in a countless audience, which was estimated to number many millions, there were sure to be cranks. So they didn't take those letters seriously. They liked the others best."

"There came a time when the stations realised that something must be done to stimulate mail. They sanc-

tioned the programme sponsors to offer samples and prizes and to conduct contests on the air. Soon the mail trucks began to make more frequent trips to the studios. The mail soared. The 'bait' did the trick.

"To-day one programme sponsor who supports a twelve-minute band concert nightly, except Sunday, offers an automobile to the listener who sends in twenty cigar bands with a word written on each band that makes twenty words of advertising for that particular cigar. A board of judges selects the best 'advertisement' daily and the winner learns over the air that he has won an automobile. And the less fortunate listeners hear that they, too, have an opportunity to win an automobile. Apparently they are trying to take advantage when Dame Opportunity knocks on their door. Letters are being received at an average rate of 10,000 daily, which means that 200,000 cigars have been purchased, which is equivalent to 1,200,000 cigars a week.

"This is just one example of the way in which the radio audience responds to the announcer's message on the air. Maurice Chevalier offered his picture to all who made a request accompanied by a label off a coffee can. He sent out more than 50,000 pictures. Amos 'n' Andy offered a bottle of mouth-wash to those who made the request along with two cartons in which they had purchased tubes of tooth-paste. In less than two weeks a million bottles had a million destinations."

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