

culty in recognising them. It does not broadcast on Tuesday mornings.

THE visit to historical London with Mr. Von Haast (2YA) was one that would arouse memories in many listeners. To appreciate fully the beauty of anything, its experience must be shared. The speaker's desire that intending travellers should communicate with him, is an index to the never-ending joy that Mr. Von Haast has with recollections for company.

THE cheery compliment paid by Fraulein Elli Beinhorn (2YA) to the aviation authorities in the advance made in New Zealand in the last few years, although we were very late in making a start, must have been gratifying to our fliers. I wonder if she were told how the City Council encourages the Aviation Club in Wellington?

THE "Radio Service to Listeners" session from 3LO appears to be very popular. I listened to Mr. H. K. Love a week or so ago describe what he termed a "Pre-selector," which, if added to any receiver is guaranteed to make it more selective without impairing its efficiency. Mr. Love invited those interested to write for a sketch of the device, and within a week he received over 500 applications from all quarters of the Commonwealth and New Zealand.

THE information in respect to Argentina's industries, given by Captain F. H. Billington (1YA), would have been heard with concern by many New Zealand farmers. The butter production, now so immense, had its foundation by the enterprise of an erstwhile Waikato farmer. This gentleman, by introducing modern methods of herd selection and breeding, and by importing the first milking machines, opened the way, with unlimited labours, to a keen rivalry with our paramount industry, and competition with Argentine will be a serious factor in compelling this country with high-priced farms to more intensively pursue increased production. I was glad to hear the speaker remark upon the excellent quality of Argentine beef. New Zealand may take pride in the fact that one who was largely instrumental in the successful transport of chilled beef to the English market was a New Zealander. The housewife in England usually classifies beef in the following order:—Scotch, Argentine, Australian, Irish, Canadian (home killed), and if New Zealand beef is obtainable, it is mostly used for soups. The "slink" that passes for prime beef in this country is like our bacon, and can only be termed execrable. Captain Billington also told us of a trade we had lost through the competition from Paraguay—the export of apples to Argentina. The apple business has cost us so much to foster that all must regret to hear of markets becoming more circumscribed.

LISTENERS to a B station down south were amused at the argument which followed upon a telephone call to the studio, wildly complaining of the programme, and would have been delighted to hear the argument continued. It reminded me of the occasion, when a Melbourne

What the Engineer did to Hell

ONE day three men—a lawyer, a doctor, and an engineer—appeared before St. Peter as he stood guarding the Pearly Gates.

The first man to step forward was the lawyer. With confidence and assurance he proceeded to deliver an eloquent address which left St. Peter dazed and bewildered. Before the venerable Saint could recover, the lawyer quickly handed him a writ of mandamus, pushed him aside, and strode through the open portals.

Next came the doctor. With impressive, dignified bearing, he introduced himself: "I am Dr. Brown." St. Peter received him cordially. "I feel I know you, Dr. Brown. Many who preceded you said you sent them here. Welcome to our City!"

The engineer, modest and diffident, had been standing in the background. He now stepped forward. "I am looking for a job," he said. St. Peter wearily shook his head.

"I am sorry," he replied: "We have no work here for you. If you want a job, you can go to Hell."

The response sounded familiar to the engineer, and made him feel more at home. "Very well," he said: "I have had Hell all my life, and I guess I can stand it better than the others."

St. Peter was puzzled. "Look here, young man, what are you?"

"I am an engineer," was the reply.

"Oh yes," said St. Peter; "Do you belong to the Locomotive Brotherhood?"

"No, I am sorry," the engineer responded apologetically; "I am a different kind of engineer."

"I do not understand," said St. Peter. "What on Earth do you do?"

The engineer recalled a definition, and calmly replied: "I apply

mathematical principles to the control of natural forces." This sounded meaningless to St. Peter, and his temper got the best of him.

"Young man," he said, "you can go to Hell with your mathematical principles and try your hand on some of the natural forces there!"

"That suits me," responded the engineer. "I am always glad to go where there is a tough job to tackle." Whereupon he departed for the Nether Regions.

And it came to pass that strange reports began to reach St. Peter. The Celestial denizens, who had amused themselves in the past by looking down upon the less fortunate creatures in the Inferno, commenced asking for transfers to that other domain. The sounds of agony and suffering were stilled. Many new arrivals, after seeing both places, selected the Nether Region for their permanent abode. Puzzled, St. Peter sent messengers to visit Hell and to report back to him. They returned, all excited, and reported to St. Peter:

"That engineer you sent down there," said the messengers, "has completely transformed the place so that you would not know it now. He has harnessed the Fiery Furnaces for light and power. He has cooled the entire place with artificial refrigeration. He has drained the lakes of brimstone and has filled the air with cool perfumed breezes. He has flung bridges across the Bottomless Abyss and has bored tunnels through the Obsidian Cliffs. He has created paved streets, gardens, parks and playgrounds, lakes, rivers, and beautiful waterfalls. He has built beautiful homes and—he has installed radio sets which relay the music from the Heavenly Choir! That engineer you sent down there has gone through Hell and has made of it a realm of happiness, peace, and industry!"

station put a pet cockatoo on the air one Sunday afternoon. Cocky was supposed to be quite a respectable bird, but realising apparently he was being broadcast, he thought the time opportune to spread himself. He was promptly shut off, much to the disappointment of a large number of listeners.

THE Rugby League authorities in Sydney decided that broadcasting running descriptions of their matches was adversely affecting their gates, and permission to describe the games was countermanded. The position did not long prevail though. The broadcasting stations refrained from mentioning the League's activities, and as a consequence one of the best matches drew the poorest attendance for years. The following Monday morning the League officials rescinded their earlier decision. Why give racing so much free publicity here in New Zealand?

WHY is it that everybody loves a dog, descendant of a ferocious carnivorous animal? Is it because we admire attributes not common in ourselves? We don't love monkeys, more because they cannot be trusted

than for the reason that we never like a poor relation. It is tike's faithfulness that excites our admiration. Yet, being a bundle of contradictions, we take it as uncomplimentary to be called a hound. Yet again it is because it is alleged that a Yorkshireman cannot be trusted that he is called a tike. So where are we? Anyhow, there is no doubt about the general love for dogs, and Mr. Wingrove's information (2YA) that the police and the newspapers throughout the Dominion were co-operating with the Tail-Waggers' Club came as no surprise. Branches of the club are bound to be formed all over the country, and every dog-owner should enrol his pal as a member.

I NOTICE in American papers strong complaints by listeners of the system by which the evening hours of radio are left to the mercy of commercial broadcasts. The educational and informative matter has tended more and more, under pressure of the advertiser, to be squeezed into daytime hours, leaving the more lucrative hours of the evening, when listeners are judged to be at home, available for the advertiser. Noth-

ing as allowed to stand in the way of commercialisation. Recently an operatic performance by the New York Metropolitan Opera Company was being broadcast by the National Broadcasting Company. It was abruptly cut off before the end of the concert because the time limit had been reached, and the time was required for the sponsored programme. One of these cut-offs came while the orchestra was still playing. College professors, speaking on specialised subjects over the air, are inclined necessarily to revert to type and treat the radio audience as though they were a class-room from which their listeners had no chance of escape. This type of speaker, quite unknown to himself, is usually addressing thin air, after five minutes or so. For a radio speaker to hold his audience is the highest possible test of personality, character and presentation of matter. Some of these days I shall ask my readers to indicate their view of the best speaker they have heard over the air here in New Zealand.

THE Australian B stations are setting the pace. 2CH has completed negotiations with J. C. Williamson, Ltd., for the right to broadcast musical comedies complete. 2UW has secured the rights to broadcast recorded versions of operas in the Ricordi catalogue, and it is hoped that during the winter some of the Williamson Imperial Opera Company's performances will be relayed direct from the theatre.

Separating 1YA and 1ZR

I WAS interested to read the query of N.D. (Auckland) in the Questions and Answers of the "Radio Record" of this date.

I have constructed the Rejecta, two crystal set, and I have experienced no difficulty in separating 1YA and 1ZR. Each station can be tuned completely out in favour of the other, sharply and distinctly. The volume of 1ZR is not quite as great as that from 1YA, but it can be heard perfectly clearly, and for listening purposes can be said to be the same as regards enjoyment.

I fitted a dial graduated from 0-100, and I find that 1YA comes in at 60 and the plug goes into the middle tap or the top fine-wire. 1ZR comes in at 45 using the bottom fine-wire tap. It also comes in at 0 with the top heavy-wire tap, but not so well.

The aerial is the T type and the ground system is extensive, and the installation is at Birkenhead on the opposite side of the harbour, and is about three miles equidistant from both stations.—Sigma (Auckland).

Transportable Radio

THE latest novelty in English radio is a receiving set on wheels which permit the instrument to be moved about a house with ease. One manufacturer is marketing a special radio table with rubber-tired wheels to insure silence in moving the receiver about. An added feature is that the table can be rotated, which is considered a useful point for sets containing a frame or loop aerial.