Boys and Girls...

This corner, all you young folks, is for you and your interests. This is where we tell you, week by week, about what is being put over the air for you, just as the grown-ups have their own pages with their own programmes. So make sure that you, too, "Look Before You Listen"



BOY SINGERS

OST of you have probably heard a famous boys' choir at some time or other. Perhaps you heard the Vienna Boys' Choir when it visited this country; or you will have heard it over the radio. Perhaps your school has a choir, although it is funny how some girls and boys are inclined to look on boys' singing as "sissy." It is the old story-if you cannot do a thing yourself you envy the person who can, and perhaps say unkind things about him.

Anyway, boys' choirs are among the oldest institutions in the world, and at the present day all over the Continent and in England nearly all the big cathedrals have their own choirs of boy sopranos.

Perhaps you have heard of the big English one at Brompton Oratory, or the famous Westminster Glee Singers, who visited New Zealand several years ago.

Actually, boys' voices are very sweet and clear. They are particularly effective in much of the great music which has been written for the church. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries boys were used in the church choirs, although they were later replaced by men with high voices because, as you know, a boy's voice breaks after he has had it only a few years, and poor, worried choir-masters found that no sooner had they trained their singers than their voices broke and they were of no further use until they got their "grown-up" voices.

The boys in the picture above are choristers of the St. Mary of the Angels Song School, at Addlestone, Surrey, in England, They recently paid a visit to Paris and sang over the French broadcasting system. The choristers of this school, which was first started in a room under a pavement in a London slum, travel all over England (wouldn't you love to do that?) singing at different churches. This picture was taken when they were rehearsing for their Paris visit.

-TERRY.

The poppy to the larkspur said: "What makes you look so blue?
I'd take a rope and hang myself If I were sad as you!"

The larkspur to the poppy said: What makes you look so red? I'd take a knife and scalp myself If I had such a head!"

Why Indians?

When you were very small did you ever say, "But Indians should come from India! How can there be Indians in America?" I did. And I think it's a quite sensible question. But this is how it was.

It all happened through a mistake that Christopher Columbus made. You see, he thought when he looked westward out to sea from Portugal that he could travel on and on over the ocean in that direction until he had covered half the globe—and then, of course, he would find himself in India. He had no idea that there was a great undiscovered continent in between. So that is what he thought had happened when his ships sighted America.

"Indians!" he cried when he first saw the natives. "We have come at last to the Indies!"

And that is how the groups of islands near the northern coast of South America have become the West Indies.

Here's a Problem

It is a matter of birthdays - and you can be pretty sure of bewildering your friends with it.

Get one of them to put down the number of the month in which he was born. Get him to

> Multiply it by 2. Add 5. Multiply by 50. Now add his age. Subtract 365. Add 115.

Now take the amount that is left from the sum. The two figures to the right will tell you his age. The remainder will tell you the month of his birth. Here is an example: The amount is, say, 614. Well then, he is 14 years old and he was born in June - the 6th month.

Flare Up

Then again, there was the boy who declared the fire was angry because it flared up and then went out.

"The lovely red tint of the rose, which was supposed to be originally white, was once said to be due to the kisses of Eve, mother of mankind-but we have no way of finding out whether Eve ever used a lipstick!"-Ebor, in a talk on roses, given in the Children's Hour.

For Your Entertainment

SUNDAY

1YA: 5.30 p.m. Children's Song Ser-

2YA: 5.30 p.m. Children's Song Service. Kelburn Normal School Choir

3YA: 5.30 p.m. Children's Song Service

4YA: 5.30 p.m. Children's Song Service

MONDAY

2YA: 5 p.m. Hiruharama Children's Choir

3YA: 5 p.m. Stamp Club. The Two Rascals

3ZR: 5 p.m. Legends of Umbopo

4YZ: 5.30 p.m. Legends of Umbopo

THESDAY

1YA: 5 p.m. Cinderella and Uncle Dave

"My Bush Friends": 2YA: 5 p.m. Talk by Uncle Harry

3YA: 5 p.m. Harmonica Band and Tiny Tots' Corner

2YH: 5.30 p.m. David and Dawn 4YZ: 5.30 p.m. David and Dawn in Fairyland

WEDNESDAY

2YA: 5 p.m. Ebor and Uncle Peter at Exhibition

3YA: 5 p.m. Kay Harmony Row

4YA: 5 p.m. Big Brother Bill and Travel Man

4YZ: 5.30 p.m. Coral Cave

THURSDAY

2YA: 5 p.m. Greytown District High School Mouth Organ Band

2YH: 5.45 p.m. Coral Cave 3ZR: 5 p.m. David and Dawn in Fairvland

4YZ: 5.30 p.m. David and Dawn in Fairvland

FRIDAY

1YA: 5 p.m. David and Dawn in Fairyland

2YA: 5 p.m. Andy Man gives special talk on travelling with the Gulf Stream

3YA: 5 p.m. Nicolo. Puzzle Pie. Pixie

4YA: 5 p.m. Botany Club

4YZ: 5.30 p.m. Legends of Umbopo

SATURDAY

2YA: 5 p.m. Play: "The Fir Tree," by Mrs. Crawford's pupils 3YA: 5 p.m. Riddleman and "Eyes

of the World"

2YH: 5.45 p.m. Westward Hol



The wind is a mighty, mighty man, A giant great and grim. His wings are strong, his wings are wide, They span the world from side to side And reach past where the planets glide To touch the red sun's rim.

In summer-time he never moves-He sleeps beneath the sun-Except he breathes a gentle sigh That stirs the leaves and grasses high, And tiny clouds across the sky Go trailing, one by one.

But when the nights are dark and cold, And the moon is lost to sight, He spreads abroad his mighty wings, In savage glee he laughs and sings, Across the world his great voice rings In songs of fierce delight.

He swings across the groaning land, Across the waters deep. He churns to spray the tossing waves, Amongst the frightened ships he raves And whistles through the ocean caves And wakes the world from sleep,

Then rushes back around the house. In bed I lie and quake, And down the chimney comes his shriek. The doors all shake—their hinges squeak, I hear the bending branches creak, When Giant Wind's awake.