

ON SHORT WAVE

GROWING INTEREST

MR. SELLENS' NOTES.

Mr. F. W. Sellen, Northland, writes: Each week finds more amateurs going on to 'phone. Several are heard at good strength and modulation, but others are not nearly so good, modulation being so bad in some that it is almost impossible to understand their speech or call sign.

On Saturday, November 12, from 9.20 till 11.15 p.m., FCJJ, on about 20 metres, was heard at good strength, speaker volume with three stages of audio. The programme consisted of gramophone items with a few words in between in a foreign language. Later on, a new announcer, speaking good English, stated that Mr. — would speak to our Japanese listeners. Here followed a talk in, I suppose, Japanese. After this, the announcer asked for reports on reception to be sent to the Dutch Telegraph Company station, The Hague, Holland, or to the Dutch Telegraph Radio Laboratory, Kootwijk, Holland. He spelt Kootwijk two or three times to ensure listeners getting it right. More musical items followed and they were still going strong when I closed down at 11.15 p.m.

2XAF was heard on Sunday afternoon, relaying a programme of orchestral music from the Arcadian Ballroom, Buffalo, New York. From 4.15 p.m.—5.30 p.m., when they signed off, giving the time as 13 o'clock, eastern standard time reception was good speaker strength.

3AU, 3AJ, and 2AT were also heard earlier in the afternoon, all New Zealand amateurs.

On Monday evening RFN and 3AU were on the air. 3LO, Sydney, was heard on Tuesday evening, testing on about 32-33 metres. 4AE, of Gore, was heard calling 2UK, Sydney. 2AQ was busy with 7CW, Hobart; both these stations come in at splendid strength and clarity. RFN and 3AG were also heard.

On Wednesday morning from 5.30-5.15 o'clock, 5SW, Chelmsford, was heard testing. Strength was fairly good, but not as steady as on previous tests. All that was heard was, "Hullo! Hullo! Hullo! 5SW testing, 1, 2, 3, 4," etc.

During the evening 2AQ and 2SW, New South Wales, were heard, the former being very strong and clear. On Thursday evening 3AU was quite good, later on 3AG was spoilt by Morse.

Rising early on Friday morning I was repaid by hearing a new station on about 32-33 metres. At 5.30 a.m. music was just audible, but volume gradually increased till from 7 till 7.30 a.m. it was quite good speaker strength. At 7.30 this station went off the air. I ring the time I was listening to this stranger the call sign was not given. I understand from others that he has been heard several times this week, but appears to be too modest to say who he is. I wonder if any other listener can give these particulars. The programme consisted of gramophone records.

When I arrived home on Friday evening a 'phone message was waiting to say that WLW, Cincinnati, was on the air, broadcasting an organ recital. I was too late for this.

Early in the evening 3AP, Ashburton, was heard calling 4AE, Gore; the latter was heard afterwards replying.

On Saturday morning I gave the mystery station another go. I think it is ANE, Java. He was heard calling Netherlands, England, India, Africa, etc. He said, "Here is Radio Laboratory, Java India or Indies." The volume was not so good and steady as Friday, except at times.

ESPERANTO

Inquiries relative to the Esperanto lessons and the movement may be made to "The Esperanto Instructor," N.Z. Broadcasting Co., Wellington, or care of this journal. To ensure a reply, enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Esperanto textbooks are obtainable from the instructor for 1s 6d., post free.

Published below is a further lesson of our course of twenty lessons.

LESSON XVIII.
(To be broadcast from 2YA on December 1, from 7.30 to 7.54 p.m.)

Bonan vesperon, Sinjorinoj kaj Sinjoroj!

AFFIXES (continued).
-EDZ—denotes a married person: doktoro, doctor; doktorredzino, doctor's wife.

-EG—denotes enlargement or intensity of degree; anteno, an aerial; antenego, a large aerial, an immense aerial.

-EJ—denotes the place specially used for, or allotted to, the idea implied in the root: tombeo, a tomb, grave; tombejo, a cemetery.

-EK—denotes the beginning of an action or its short duration: brilli, to shine; ekbrili, to flash.

-EKS—denotes late (like English ex-): kolonoelo, a colonel; ekskolonoelo, an ex-colonel.

-EM—denotes propensity, inclination, disposition: babili, to chatter; babilema, chattering, a chatterbox; emo, a disposition.

-ER—denotes one of many objects of the same kind: mono, money; monero, a coin.

-ESTR—denotes a chief, leader, ruler or head: s'ipo, a ship; s'ipestro, a captain, skipper.

-IT—denotes decrease or diminution of degree: valvo, a valve; valve'eo, a tiny ("peanut") valve.

-GE—denotes persons of both sexes taken together: patro, father; gepatroj, parents.

-ID—denotes the young of, offspring, or descendants: ka'fo, a cat; katido, a kitten.

-IG—denotes to make, render, cause to be: morti, to die; mortigi, to kill; pura, clean; purigi, to clean, purify. Bonan vesperon al ĉiuj.

NEW ENGLISH VALVE

FOR RADIO FREQUENCY.

A big English radio-parts manufacturing company is shortly marketing a new type of radio-frequency valve which will render neutralising unnecessary. The amplification factor is given as 110, with a filament rated at 6 volts and a current consumption of .25 amperes.

Neutralising Faults.

A London writer says: "It is well known that the most careful shielding of the components in radio frequency amplifier circuits is useless unless some form of neutralisation is adopted, and even then the fact that the neutralising condenser cannot have the same phase angle as the inter-electrode capacity makes perfect balance impossible. Further, this neutralisation is only effective over a comparatively narrow band of frequencies, and requires adjustment as the tuning changes if the set is to be kept at its most sensitive stable working point.

Neutralising Unnecessary.

"The new valve is designed to overcome the inter-electrode capacity effect within the valve itself, and thus neutralisation is unnecessary.

"A fine mesh grid is placed between a standard type grid and the anode—a flat circular plate with dished edges. The grid and filament are supported by and connected to a cap at the end of the glass tube, and the anode and screening grid by a second cap at the opposite extremity.

Method of Use.

"In use, the valve is mounted in a special holder placed in a horizontal position, the grid and plate circuits being separated by screening boxes so arranged that the partition dividing them is in the same plane as the screening grid, and cut away sufficiently to allow the glass bulb to pass through. The partition is earthed and the screening grid connected to a suitable point in the B battery (about 90V), so that a complete electrostatic screen is formed.

"About 120V. is then applied to the plate through a suitable H.F. transformer or tuned anode coupling. The best type of coil to use is a single layer solenoid wound with '112' wire, some form of 'fieldless' winding being employed.

"Thus the new valves bring within reach an amplification of 30-50 per stage with absolute stability and maximum efficiency over a wide range of wavelengths. A single stage presents no particular constructional difficulties, and a second or third may be easily added if required."

WHAT LISTENERS WANT

INDIAN BROADCASTERS' DILEMMA

Throughout the radio world of all countries the abiding difficulty that faces broadcasters is how to please the greatest number of listeners. In India, as in New Zealand, this problem is always before the broadcasting company. It is not expected that all the listeners can be pleased all the time, nor even can some of the listeners be pleased all the time, but if all of the listeners can be pleased some of the time much has been achieved by the broadcasting company. It boils down to a question of pleasing everyone in a due proportion to numbers.

WHAT DO LISTENERS WANT?

Under the above caption the "Indian Radio Times" (the official organ of the Indian Broadcasting Co., Ltd.) says:—

"The penalty of being connected with broadcasting is that wherever you go people will discuss it with you, often to the exclusion of anything else, but it's a pleasant penalty and the interest of the subject so great that you can never tire of it. A great deal of the discussion is criticism and most of it destructive, and the opinions expressed are so varied that it is extremely difficult to judge between them. Let us take a few examples.

"A Mofussil resident speaks. He lives 15 miles from the nearest town and five from the nearest neighbour. I wish you'd give us more news; you just whet our appetites for more, and we impatiently wait for our papers two days later in the hopes of getting fuller details.

"A resident on Malabar Hill speaks. 'I can't think of what interest your News Bulletin can be; I've read it all either in the morning or evening paper before you broadcast it.'

"An Indian music lover speaks. 'Can't you give us a greater variety in the evening's programme of our music; one or two singers become monotonous?'

"Another Indian music lover: 'I don't like the way the Indian programme is split up; just as you get to appreciate a singer's style, he stops and something else starts.'

"Two speakers, one a charming young girl, the other a lady whose dancing days are over. 'Why can't we have more dance music? You give us much too much high-brow stuff.' 'The items I love are the orchestral and vocal ones: it's splendid to hear good music again after being starved of it.'

"These, of course, are merely typical remarks, but the question is: 'What do listeners want?' The reply is that it depends upon the listener. Different listeners want different things, and so does the same listener. We have to try and steer a middle course, pleasing everyone a little or more, offending no one."

And India has a programme board of about a dozen notabilities to arrange programmes to suit all tastes.

The Commonwealth Postal Department made a clear profit of £10,000 last year from the 2s. 6d. taken out of each radio license fee.

The Children's Corner

By "ARIEL"

Dear Radio Children.—No doubt you all love nuts and crack them in the approved fashion—with nut crackers; and not in your teeth or in the hinges of the door, like someone I know! But have you ever watched a squirrel eat nuts? He is usually so shy and retiring at meal times; but one, quite a long time ago, a bonny little fellow, with round bright eyes and a large bushy tail which looked twice the size of his dainty wee body, made a habit of visiting our garden every day. He would come quite early in the morning and visit first of all a hazel-nut bush, collect a nut, and run nimbly up a tall fir tree. There, perched on one of its branches, safely out of harm's way, he would enjoy his breakfast. He always set his teeth in the sharp end of the nut and made an irregular hole, through which he quickly pulled out the nut, nibbled and nibbled at it until he had finished, then away he would go for another! He looked such a darling sitting up on his hind legs with the nut between his paws but at the slightest sound he became alarmed and disappeared away up the tree. We had a pussy who spent hours and hours stalking our little Squirrel friend, but needless to say, she never managed to get very near him! As the autumn advanced, the clever little fellow collected a store for the coming winter. He began by digging a hole at the foot of his favourite fir tree—quite a big one it was, too, when he had finished. He scratched and scraped, the dirt flying in all directions. Of course he didn't complete it in one "scratching," but in little jerky spasms when he was quite sure Pussy had gone a-hunting. Finally it was considered large enough. Then began the laborious task of carrying nut after nut to the hiding-hole until it was well-filled, after which Master Squirrel scratched again to cover his treasure. We all grew very fond of him and as time passed he grew bolder and bolder, and would even remain at his branch to be admired. Then one day he didn't come, and the next day passed, and the days became weeks, and still he didn't appear. He had either found a better hole to go to, or a happier hunting ground. At any rate, that was the last of our dear little friend the Squirrel. We all missed him and his fascinating performances. Pussy said nothing, but personally I thought her unconcerned attitude was more than a trifle suspicious, as she disdainfully trod the garden path with tail erect and triumphantly waving.—Your

ARIEL.

RADIO JOYLAND

Mr. Len Barnes is arranging a merry hour for the wee folk on Monday, November 28. The pupils of Queen Margaret College, who were here once before, will cheer you and keep you happy with their songs and stories. Auntie Jo will be there to meet her large circle of radio boys and girls, and a truly jolly session is assured. A trip to Mount Cook—Oh, glorious fun—right to the Hermitage. We're taking the Y.M.C.A. Boy Scouts with us on this journey on Tuesday. Train leaves studio (2YA) sharp at 6 p.m. Uncle Jasper will come with us, and we'll have a merry party on board. Of course, there's a ride in the steamer right across the Straits.

On Thursday, December 1, there will be a great novelty for the children. Nothing of the kind has been broadcast before. It will be provided by



REV. E. WEEKS,
Uncle Ernest of 2YA.

—S. P. Andrew, photo.

the Otaki Maori College, and will be unique. You will all wish for more haka, instrumental trios and Maori songs. Uncle Sandy will talk about the Maoris and read interesting legends.

What a delightful hour we are having on Friday, December 2. Marsden School from Karori will give carols—Christmas carols. Doesn't it sound thrilling? Groups of songs from "When We Were Very Young," by A. A. Milne, and too many other nice things to tell you.

The pupils of Mrs. Mildred Kenny and Mrs. Isobel Halligan will give a special programme on Saturday, December 3. Mrs. Kenny's little followers will play banjos, mandolins, ukeleles—and Mrs. Halligan's little band will recite and give sketches, dialogues, etc.

JUST NONSENSE.

Tommy, who had rather a large head for a small boy, went to live in the country with his grandmother, and was sent to a back-blocks school. Asked how he liked his new school, Tommy replied: "I don't like it at all. The boys all call me 'fat-head.'"

Said Granny: "Just take no notice of them—there's nothing in it at all!"

Small boy: "What sort of plums does the King like?"

Other small boy: "I dunno."

Small boy: "Victorias, of course, stupid!"

Other small boy: "How do you know, smartie?"

Small boy: "Why, it says in 'God Save the King,' 'Send him victorias.'"

AN IRISH FAIRY TALE

(By Hazel Murphy.)

There was once a little white cottage, hidden away at the bottom of a mighty, rugged mountain. In this cottage there lived an Irish cobbler called Martin, and his little daughter, Naneen. Nobody could have helped loving Naneen; she was a rosy, merry little person. Her father simply adored her.

One day when Martin left off his work, he noticed that Naneen was paler and thinner and inclined to be peevish. This continued for some weeks, till the poor man was nearly driven mad with anxiety for his little daughter. One evening he came home earlier than usual, and, hearing strange soft music in his house, he peered through a crack in the door to see what it was. Seated on the earthen floor with his legs crossed, there was a little old man playing a flute, while Naneen danced to him. Immediately Martin knew what had happened, and why his child had changed so in the past weeks. The little girl who was dancing in the kitchen was not his daughter, but a fairy-child, while Naneen must have been carried away to the land of Little Men. He knew that the Good People, as he always called the fairies, often changed their babies for mortal ones, and sent little men to play and dance with the fairy children.

The only thing to do was to catch the little old man and bully him into restoring Naneen. Martin sprang into the house, but was not quick enough; for, before he could get near the fairy man, he had vanished. Day after day, Martin tried to catch him, but without success. Then he had a wonderful idea. He went and bought a bit of the softest and finest leather, and then sat down to make a pair of shoes. Never before had such beautiful shoes been seen; they were tiny and dainty, and wonderfully made, and fastened with bright silver buckles. The next day, before he went to work, Martin left these in the middle of the kitchen, and when he came back in the evening, he saw the little old man sitting on the floor, busily trying on the new shoes. Then Martin sprang into the room, and the fairy man was unable to escape from him, because a fairy is powerless when it is wearing anything made by human hands. He was seized and shaken roughly.

"What have you done with my daughter?" said Martin, "restore her to me and then I will let you go, otherwise—" "No, no, no," screamed the little man, "please don't hurt me; see, I will return her to you!" And as he spoke, Naneen, the same chubby little three-year-old, ran into the room to her father. Martin lifted her up in his arms and kissed her, and when they had time to look round, the room was empty, and the little man and the fairy child had vanished.

Naneen soon forgot her strange adventure, and she and her father lived happily together for the rest of their lives.

Mamma: "Did you have a nice time in the park?"

Boy: "Yes."

Mamma: "What did you do?"

Boy: "Oh, lots of things. Ran on the grass, an' made faces at the pleece-man, an' dodged the horses, an' threw stone at the 'Keep off the Grass' signs, an' 'nervethin'!"

"You understand your duties thoroughly, don't you?" said the mistress to the new footman.

"Yes, ma'am, certainly ma'am."

"And you know your way to announce?"

"Well, ma'am, I shouldn't perhaps like to go so far as that, but I think I know my weight to a pound or so."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

THE CROSSWOOD CLOWN.

Across.

- | | |
|---------------|-------------|
| 1. Fig. | 18. Cast |
| 4. Canoe | 19. Sheet |
| 6. Warfare | 20. So |
| 8. Marmalade | 22. Either |
| 10. E. G. | 23. Norfolk |
| 11. Ea | 29. Firpo |
| 12. Solutions | 30. Poe |
| 17. Snag | |

Down.

- | | |
|-----------|----------|
| 1. Farm | 14. Ugh |
| 2. Infant | 15. Ice |
| 3. Goat | 16. Oat |
| 4. Car | 21. On |
| 5. Era | 22. O.K. |
| 6. Wagon | 24. Of |
| 7. Edens | 25. Rip |
| 8. Messrs | 26. Fro |
| 9. Easter | 27. Ope |
| 13. Las | 28. Lo |

A HIDDEN COUNTRY.

The hidden country is ENGLAND. Letters 1, 2, 7 make END. Letters 3, 4, 5, 7 make GLAD. Letters 6, 2, 3, 1, 4 make ANGEL. Letters 4, 5, 6, 7 make LAND.

A SENSELESS SENTENCE.

If "is" is not "is," and "is not" is "is," what is it "is not" is, and what is it "is" is not, if "is not" is "is"? This is the sentence with all the proper punctuation marks. Who thought of the right ones?

HIDDEN RIVERS.

The twelve hidden rivers are:

- | | |
|------------|-------------|
| 1. Rhine | 7. Weser |
| 2. Loire | 8. Rhone |
| 3. Tagus | 9. Menese |
| 4. Moselle | 10. Dnieper |
| 5. Danube | 11. Severn |
| 6. Tiber | 12. Medway |

RIDDLES.

What is the most awkward time for a train to start?—12.50, because it is ten to one if you catch it!

Why could Eve never take measles?—Because she'd Adam.

Why is the letter A like noon?—Because it is in the middle of DAY.

Why is Z like a cage of monkeys?—Because it is to be found in the Zoo.

HIDDEN TRADES.

Rearrange the letters in the following short sentences and words to make seven different well-known trades.

1. Break.
2. I cut one ear.
3. I start one.
4. It cost bacon.
5. Ladders.
6. Sal or I.
7. Shake more.



MASTER ERIC JOHNSTON.

Master Eric Johnston, boy singer, is a pupil of Madam Reggardo, of Dunedin, and possesses one of the most beautiful voices which it is possible to hear from a child; he is a born artist, and great things may be expected of him.

—Artlife, photo.

LIMERICKS.

A young man at college named Freeze, Weighed down by M.A.'s and A.B.'s, Collapsed from the strain.

Said the doctor, "Tis plain, You are killing yourself by degrees."

There was a small boy of N.Z. Whose mother had put him to bed. She said, "Now be good."

He said, "Yes," he would; But he turned on the wireless instead.

There was a bad boy of Otago, On whose movements was laid an embargo; They had tied his left leg, To a stout wooden peg,

So that he shouldn't very far go.

There was once a young man at Dunedin Who used some barbed wire as a lead in, And when his set spluttered The poor fellow muttered:

"It's catchin' more waves than we're needin'."