

Our Mail Bag

Daylight-Saving Cursed.

Dairy Farmer, Aria.—I think it is a good idea to get the opinion of the dairy farmers on this matter of daylight-saving. I have spoken to nearly all the farmers round this district about it, and they nearly all give it a good round curse. Personally, I do think it is the most useless and silliest piece of legislation that was ever put through Parliament, and I do hope it will die a natural death this next session. The funny thing about it is the author of it is a lawyer, and gets up about 8.30 to his breakfast, and then reads the morning paper before getting to his office.

Less Growls and More Credit.

Pansy (Peone).—For some time past I have read, sometimes with interest, other times with disgust at the many complaints from listeners-in. What a happy world it would be, if we would always look for the best in everything and everybody, instead of the worst. Some folks want news cut out, others lectures, jazz, snipping, etc. Are not some a little sensu? They surely forget that some folks have receiving sets, with the object of hearing arrivals and departures at various ports or ships, so that they can trace their loved ones and get into communication by telegram with these men that are doing their bit in bringing coal, etc. to Wellington. When I strike an item that does not interest me, I am content to listen, feeling there are many people interested. With reference to the broadcasting stations they deserve every praise for their untiring efforts in trying to please the public in spite of the many criticisms they get at times. When we look at the great improvement and longer hours of the programmes we are indeed certainly getting good value for our £1 10s. per annum license. Wishing the Broadcasting Company every success.

"Flaming Youth's" Idea.

Young Buck (Fort Anan).—Behold! Another critic wishes to voice his opinions of programmes. The artists are o.k. But why should we, of the "flaming youth" generation, be compelled to listen to them alter item or classics? Couldn't there be more popular music selected? Or is New Zealand devoid of vaudeville artists, such as the Aussies have? I don't mind military bands, or occasionally something classical; but listen to this—a few evenings ago I tuned in to 1YA—an instrumental trio, 2YA and 3YA ditto all at the same moment! Now I wouldn't have minded if there had been any tuncful air in the compositions, but it sounded more like scales or a musical study. Mind you, a programme of jazz is just as monotonous, as I have been brought up in a combined musical atmosphere. I don't wish to offend the artists as their technique and harmony are wonderful; but can't they play popular music? When you come to consider that the majority of listeners are of the younger generation, couldn't something in their line be put out more often? I read in last week's "Record," in "Switch's" column, of a prominent Sydney musician's opinion of "high-brow" music. It should have been given a full page in large type!

Good Results from "Megohm's" Four-valver.

S. G. Taylor (Levin).—I am writing this note concerning the performance of a four-valve Browning-Drake set, which might prove of interest. 2YA is the only New Zealand station at present giving good results; volume good, and no fading. 3YA and 1YA, however, are quite good at their loudest, but fade very badly. 3YC, Christchurch, comes through well, considering its power, and does not fade so much as the two larger stations. The Australian stations are the ones for

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volume, however. The 8 o'clock chimes last evening (Thursday) from 2BL could have been heard half a mile away, the volume being more than twice that of 2YA. At 9.30 p.m. 2BL is excellent speaker strength, and on three evenings of this week the same station was distinctly audible on the speaker, using only two valves, and with earth and aerial switches disconnected. 2PC, 4QG, 3LO, and 2GB were also good speaker strength at 10.30 p.m. last evening. 2KY was also audible all over the room, while 7ZL, 3AR, and 2UW were also on the list. A soprano solo was also heard from an "Aussie" station between 2BL and 2GB. The above results were obtained using 2 p.m. 3's and 2 p.m. 4's, with about 80 volts on the plate. For a set of moderate price, and very economical running costs, the Browning-Drake four-valver, such as described in the "Radio Record" by "Megohm," will take a lot of beating.

Gramophone Reception.

Mrs. A. A. R. (Wanganui).—Having been a keen listener-in since the initiation of 2YA station, I must congratulate them on the nature of the programmes they put over the air. Reception here in Wanganui is well-nigh perfect, and in the evenings especially. The variety of gramophone items during the afternoon sessions cannot be criticised, but one thing strikes me as being very marked—it is the speed at which the records are played. Most of the records are set at too low a speed, causing them to drag badly, spoiling reception beyond doubt. H.M.V. records should be played at a speed of 78 revolutions to the minute, and Columbia at 80 revolutions. These I have tested with my machine (an H.M.V.), and find that best results are arrived at by being careful to regulate them thus. Since noticing the drag in reception I have tested the pace of the records broadcast from 2YA with my machine, and found that they were placed at a speed of 75 revolutions. If this question were looked into I believe it would greatly improve reception for listeners in the afternoon. The player piano items are in comparison exceptionally clear, which seems to prove that there is some fault somewhere in the gramophone items. Seeing that it is to our mutual interest, I write this in the hope that it may prove of some little use in helping to satisfy afternoon enthusiasts, and not to mention the ever-increasing hope of more licenses. We had quite a number of friends spending the evening listening-in on the night of the "Maori Pageant." Hardly a word was spoken during the whole of the performance. That, in itself, is the biggest compliment that can be paid. We were unanimous in pronouncing it yet another success to 2YA's already splendid achievements.

Some Suggestions.

D.T.C. (Nasterton), being a subscriber to your excellent paper, I would like to make some comments on the programmes broadcast by 2YA, and to add a little of what I hope to be constructive criticism. I enjoy very much the items put over by this station, particularly those given by the "Symphony-Short" Trio, both as soloists and as a trio, and also the singing of Miss Myra Sawyer and of Mr. Len Barnes. Certainly the most completely enjoyable evening I have spent in listening to 2YA was the night of the studio presentation of "Maritana" some weeks back. It is the opinion of a number of listeners, and it is certainly mine also, that 2YA "talks" too much. The most interesting "talk" I have heard from that station was that given by an American gentleman, some weeks ago, regarding the production of moving pic-

4YA NOTES (Continued)

On Friday afternoon a representative of the D.S.A. will deliver a "Fashion Talk" from 4YA.

Friday evening's programme will include many popular ballad songs of the past and present age. Mr. Neill Black (bass) will sing "Mountains of Mourne," "My Old Shako," and "Two Eyes of Grey." Other singers will be Mr. Bert Rawlinson, Mrs. D. Carty, and Miss Flora Williamson (contralto).

A newcomer to the microphone on Friday will be Mr. Gordon Findlay, one of Dunedin's leading pianists. He will present a group of classical numbers.

Listeners on Saturday evening will receive another musical treat from 4YA. A splendid programme has been arranged, including the following artists:—Miss Molly Vickers (mezzo-soprano), Miss Edith Morrison (soprano), Mr. Dan Fogarty (Dunedin's Irish tenor), and Mr. Percy James, probably the best-known humorist and entertainer in Otago. The instrumental portion of the programme will be provided by Miss Eva Judd (violinist), and Miss Muriel Caddie (pianist), and Mr. D. J. Robertson (cornetist).

In contrast with some New Zealand racing clubs, the Australian racing clubs welcome broadcasting from their meetings as a means of advertising the sport. The first efforts of 4QG, Brisbane, to cater recently for the racing public have been so successful that the descriptions of the races at Ascot are to be augmented early this month by descriptions from Albion Park. Many congratulatory letters from country enthusiasts have reached the Queensland Radio Service since these additions were made to the programmes.

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The Children's Corner

By "ARIEL"

Dear Radio Boys and Girls,

I wonder how many of you were allowed to stay up late enough to listen-in to the Maori pageant last week. It certainly was rather late, but I hope lots of you heard it because it really was a most important event in the Radio World, and one that you should remember for years and years. I think the Maoris themselves got every bit as much pleasure from their performance as they gave. They all looked so jolly and full of fun, enjoying every moment of it. Of course, you all know what the pageant was about—the history of the Maori in New Zealand from the time of his arrival here right up until to-day—and of the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi on that particular day eighty-eight long years ago. The chief spokesman of the party (Whose name I can't spell!) got up and said "How-d'you do" to all listeners-in by way of a beginning. He was such a big man and looked splendid in his native costume, but he WAS so hot and bothered before he began. I think he had a sore throat, too, because he seemed to need such a lot of cough lozenges! I wonder if he felt as nervous as some of you did the first time you recited to a microphone? It is a rather dreadful feeling, isn't it? However, he got on famously, and told how the Maoris lived in the olden days, before they were civilised, and described the arrival of a travelling party at a Maori pah. The welcome they gave their visitors was wonderful; the haka party certainly did not spare themselves! After exchanging speeches, food was handed round, to a weird kind of chant (not real food, of course, only the pretend kind), and the Maori girls did such a pretty poi dance and sang songs. Then after that they talked a lot about the Treaty, which was very important but wouldn't interest you very much, and also about the help given by the Maoris in the Great War—how brave they were, and how well they fought; and after that there were more poi dances with those fascinating little balls on string which you could hear tap-tapping through your loudspeakers if you listened.

Then at the end there was a pretence garden-party given in the grounds of the chief, and more songs and most exciting hakas. The faces they made were just lovely, and the noises were better still! They rolled their eyes and put out their tongues and stamped their feet and shook their fists, and altogether behaved in a most alarming way; but when it was over they had a good laugh at it themselves! But it was rather a relief to see them looking good-humoured again! I don't think I'd care to make them feel really annoyed!

The girls were so pretty, with their large dark eyes and soft voices, and they sang so many sweet songs; but best of all I liked "Home, Sweet Home" which they all sang together at the end.

After the evening was over the Maori party had a photograph taken by flash-light in the studio, which makes quite a nice picture which you will see for yourselves in another part of the paper.

There was only one little Maori girl at the studio and she fell asleep before the performance was half-way through, but no doubt she had heard it all before and was tired out with the many excitements of her visit to Wellington.—Yours,

ARIEL.

UNCLE LEO

TO TAKE A HOLIDAY.

On account of ill-health Uncle Leo, of 1YA, is to take a holiday from the children's sessions on Tuesday evenings. This will be sad news for the kiddies, with whom Uncle Leo is a great favourite, and they will, one and all, join with the grown-ups, who also listen in to Uncle Leo, in hoping that it will not be long before he comes to the microphone again. However, there is some good news for all, and that is that Uncle Leo will not give up the children's session on Sundays. Uncle Leo loves all work for the children, and it is only owing to stern medical advice that he is giving up the week-day session.

FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS AT 2YA

Lots of fun for the young folk this week at 2YA. Note these dates:—Again on the 20th "Toby" or "Jeff," the funmakers, will entertain everyone. Oh, yes, they'll make you laugh. Tricks—songs and sketches unending.

Hurrah for Uncle Jasper and Spot! On the 21st they will wait you away to the land called "Good Cheer." A merry party of Miss Petersen's pupils will assist.

The 23rd we shall spend a jolly hour with Uncle Sandy. He has merry little ditties and birthday rhymes in store for you all. A party from the Trinity Methodist Sunday School, under Mr. Crewes, will join in our revels for the night.

Uncle Ernest 24th? That's a day to anticipate. Uncle Ernest has stories and fun for you. His merry little troubadours will be as bright and spontaneous as of yore.

Aunties Gwen and Dot, with their box of tricks, will toe the line at 6 p.m. on the 25th. See how quickly the tricks fly out.

CHILDREN OF 3YA

The next week's programmes are: Sunday.—Children's song service, conducted by Uncle Sam, with hymns and solos by cousins from the Congregational Sunday School.

Monday.—This is the night Uncle Jack tells his stories, among them the story of "The Water Babies," and Aunt Edna sings her good-night songs.

Wednesday.—An hour with Uncle Peter and Mother Hubbard and their merry band of entertainers.

Thursday.—Uncle Sam and Aunt Pat will provide a merry hour's entertainment for the little ones; cousins Geoff, Joan, and Patty helping with songs, duets, and solos.

Friday: Big brother in stories for the bigger boys. Aunt Pat for the Tiny Tots. And a merry band of cousins from the Addington School in part songs and choruses.

Saturday.—Uncle Sam in Saturday mood in song and story, Aunt May helping with her merry music.

GOOD FARE FOR 1YA KIDDIES

The children's hour at 1YA (Auckland) continues to improve each week, and clever little "Cinderella" is always providing new ideas and new competitions for the entertainment of her large and ever-growing family. The reappearance of "Genial Jimmy" was a jocular event for the children, for he has a breezy and entirely unconventional style that catches the fancy of the young listeners every time, and he is blessed also with a wonderfully infectious laugh.

Then very shortly "Jack and Jill," a rollicking and happy pair of "musicians" and pianists, will be heard in nursery songs, sketches, and stories. These will, it is hoped, be followed shortly by Cousins Pat and Cyril, who tinkle the piano to some purpose, and with whom will appear Aunt Manue, singer of sweet songs for the children. Now, isn't that good?

A "musical" competition is now "in the air," and on the air, and the idea has caught right on with the kiddies. "Cinderella" having described a "radio" wedding party, proceeds to tell the eager listeners-in, with well-known musical items (furnished by "Bluebell" at the piano), the names of the bride and bridegroom, what the bride wore, what her bouquet was made of, where they went, etc., etc., and the children must guess all the answers from hearing well-known nursery rhymes played on the piano. For instance, the bride's name ("Mary, Mary, quite contrary"); her bouquet was composed of ("The Blue Bells of Scotland"), and so on. The competition closes on Saturday, February 18, when the winner will be announced, and the prize sent to the lucky one. Other competitions will follow.

"CIRCUMSTANCES"

I lie in bed—my 'phones are on
To hear the circumstances.
The children's session has begun,
So hang the circumstances!
I love to hear the children sing,
Their voices just like joy-bells ring,
The mirth and laughter that they bring.

To smooth my circumstances.
There's Uncle Tom, who tells the tale,
About some circumstances;
He never lets the hour get stale,
By any circumstances.

He gives us stories—quite a few,
That simply thrill us through and through;

He makes them all appear so true,
Under the circumstances.
There is one more I can't forget,
Under any circumstances.

I have not mentioned her as yet,
She charms the circumstances;
I'm sure you know the one I mean,
She's often heard but never seen;

Oh! Cinderella, Princess, Queen
Of all the circumstances.

So here's good luck to all who try,
At rhyming circumstances.
To dry the tears from every eye,
Whatever the circumstances.

They make us happy when we're sad;
They cheer us up and make us glad;
Such "relatives" we've seldom had,

THE ADVENTURES OF A BLACK CAT

It was midnight as I stole down the stair-way of my mistress's house in the town. I leapt through the open kitchen-window, chuckling as I thought how cook had forgotten to close it. The night was dark and wild, with a few stars faintly striving to show their light, while the moon was like "a ghostly galleon tossed on cloudy seas." I crawled under the backyard gate. There was no one in the street save the night policeman and the yawning lamp-lighter who was returning wearily from his rounds. Now I was free! All fishmongers' stalls were now open to invasion; even the dairies I had so often attempted to raid, and never succeeded, were now my prey. There was no mistress to stop me now!

As soon as the sun was up, I was away at the fishshop, awaiting my prey. The fishmonger was opening the windows when I, from concealment, surveyed my favourite fish. "A nice morning, Mr. Brown," he said to his neighbour, the baker. Now was my chance! I was on the counter in a second; I had captured my fish in another; and in another I was down at the bottom of the street, with the enraged apprentice panting after me.

I was smacking my lips behind a milk-kit at the dairy, observing that there was a pail of delicious, creamy milk within reach. The dairyman was supervising the loading of the milkcart when I, eyes agog with excitement, dodged behind an eggbox to drink the refreshing stuff. "How creamy!" I spluttered. By the time Mr. Jones had come back, I had whisked my tail and disappeared round the corner.

Grrr! I was on the top of a corner-stone, with my back arched, my hairs bristling, and my tail waving, while a biting, yapping, snapping, leaping and bounding cur danced around me. Snap! Scratch! Spit! Snarl!—we went, that disturber of the peace gaining all the time. Round and round we went, leaping, bounding, snapping, spitting, growling, and biting. My breath was coming in short gasps, my proud tail drooping heavily, my ear bleeding, my silky fur ruffled terribly, so I gave up hope and fled, a bedraggled specimen of cat-life. How I longed for my old comfortable home, and the cosy place on the hearthrug, with the fire blazing merrily, and my mistress stroking my fur. But, finding none of these things, I fell asleep.

When I awoke, I found myself in a bright room, with gaily-coloured wallpaper; a fine fire was crackling in a polished grate, and by my side was a saucer of milk. After I had been awake about five minutes, a pretty little girl came into the room. "Poor puss!" she exclaimed, stroking me gently. "We'll take you home when you're better, and you'll be happy." I had lived here about a week when they took me to my old home, the warm hearthrug.

"HOORAYDIO."

(By C.E.).

We're going to have the wireless in our school;

The chaps are all excited as can be

When Splinter Wilson's father puts the masts up,

The joy will send them dippy—all but me.

We're going to learn our singing by the wireless—

The orchestra at 3LO will play—

And most of us will very soon be Brozenlees,

Our sisters, Madame Melbas, so they say.

We're going to learn geography and history,

And lots of other things across the air,

We're going to hear the Gov'nor speak at Canberra

The very same as if we all were there.

Our teacher's just about as glad as we are—

He's eager for the other teaching stunts.

He's jolly good, but has the little weakness,

He can't do more than seven things at once.

Some day we're going to see as well as listen

By tuning into station 3LO,

So let us give a whoop for happy schooldays,

Together now, come on, Hooray-dio!