

NEWS FOR THE CHILDREN

"AUNT PAT GOES TO WIRELESS LAND"

Aunt Pat, dear children—has been away, But I did not know till the other day Where it was that she travelled to. But Brer Rabbit told me, so I'll tell you.

It was so strange, how it all came about I never could really have found it out. I was sitting alone the other night, It wasn't dark and it wasn't light, When I heard a queer sound, so I ran to the door, And was just in time to see a brown paw Dropping a note in my letter box. I hadn't heard footsteps—there'd been no knocks.

'Twas old Brer Rabbit! then off up the street, I heard "patter-patter" go his soft little feet; And this was the note that I got from old bunny. I'll have to tell you, it was so funny. The note just said, "If you want some fun Put on your hat and run! run! run!!! As fast as you can to 3YA. The fairies are taking Aunt Pat away." So off I ran, and when I got there, The fairies had trooped to the top of the stair.

They said: "We must watch out for Uncle Sam," But they found he'd gone home on the Summer tram. Then they peeped in the microphone, romped round the stair, And even tried the announcer's chair, While with soft fairy voice, one small wireless sprite, Said: "Our session's concluded; we bid you good-night."

And then they hunted and hunted around, Until in the office Aunt Pat they found. Aunt Pat began to laugh and laugh, When they led upstairs a tall giraffe, Who bowed his head and wished her "Good-day"

And said: "A fine station, the 3YA." He said he'd come from far over the sea And was only too proud and too happy to be The one who was chosen to fetch her away.

Then bowing again on the carpet he lay, And dear Aunt Pat could do nothing but laugh. And stroke the head of the proud giraffe. She's so full of fun herself, you see That she quite enjoyed this Wireless Spree.

Then the fairies said: "We will take you afar, To the place where the wireless fairies are. We have often heard your happy laugh, So we all decided to send the giraffe. He's a trusty friend and true, And he knows our wishes regarding you."

Then the old giraffe again bowed his head, And there in the room stood a coach of red. And the fairies harnessed the tall giraffe With wireless waves. Didn't Aunt Pat laugh. Then they put the wireless reins in her hand, And said: "Off you go to Wireless Land."

Of course all the fairies went with her too, And wasn't there then a fine hullabaloo. It was dark as dark but it was such fun, And the old giraffe soon started to run. Of course Aunt Pat didn't know the way And she couldn't help wishing that it was day.

At last they came to the Static Zone, Such a noisy place and oh so lone. They came to a beautiful place at last, Where the old giraffe did not go so fast.

There were aerial masts everywhere she turned And this was wireless land she learned. She saw one place with a beautiful dome, And they told her that that was the fairies' home.

(Continued in Column 5.)

Children's Sessions for Next Week

AT 1YA.
TUESDAY, 24th.—Uncle George will amuse the large Radio Family from 6 to 7, with his delightful stories and talks. He will also have a song or two about our friends in Nursery Rhyme Land, and there will be letters and birthday greetings. Mr. Faigan will give a talk on Shakespeare.
WEDNESDAY.—Uncle Tom will talk to the members of Radioland about Anzac Day, and there will be suitable musical items.
THURSDAY.—Peter Pan has the Optimist Club with him, so look out for a cheery evening. Jolly people singing jolly songs and choruses. Everybody happy.
FRIDAY.—Nod will be assisted by pupils of Madame Annie Morris on the piano, and pupils of Mr. Wilfred Morris on the violin, so watch out for these clever little performers.
SATURDAY.—Here's Cinderella again with some splendid news. In her glass slipper she has Sunny Jim, and as usual he is full of jokes, conundrums, and interesting stories.

AT 2YA.
MONDAY, APRIL 23, being St. George's day and Shakespeare's Day, a special programme will be presented. Light dainty scenes from the comedies will be presented, and

several of the songs of Shakespeare. The music and word pictures of the great poet will long remain in your memory.
TUESDAY.—We are going to a fancy dress masked ball. Pierot and Pierette will conduct us there, and oh, the splendid costumes, gay music and colour everywhere. You will enter through the archway of Japanese lanterns till you find yourself in a veritable fairyland of delight. Our friends Bernard and Elton, with their banjo mandolines, will be there dressed as gondoliers, and serenading the party.
THURSDAY.—We come to the land of lilting rhymes and fairy pictures. Uncle Sandy and his court, consisting of the Northland School children, will reign supreme in this land of joy for one whole hour; songs, sketches, birthday rhymes, and stories.
FRIDAY.—The Girl Guides with their campfire stories and choruses will help Uncle Ernest to amuse the little ones. We shall transport ourselves to some far away dell, and in the dancing shadows that are cast by the flickering fire, unfold our treasure store of songs and stories.
SATURDAY.—Auntie Dot and Uncle Toby, with Felix the cat (the sworn enemy of Spot), will while the hour away—songs, birthday greetings, stories, and general dialogue.

AT 3YA.
MONDAY, APRIL 23.—A grand entertainment to-night to celebrate Shakespeare's birthday. Uncle Jack is in charge, with Aunt Edna and a band of Miss Cowan's clever little pupils to help in songs, dialogues and choruses.
THURSDAY.—Chuckie is to be back with us to-night, with a host of fresh ditties to sing, and stories to tell, and Aunt Pat so pleased to see him back that she will sing, too.
FRIDAY.—To-night we have a new helper whose name is "Soccer." Doesn't that interest the boys? Look out for some good play. The girls won't be forgotten, however, and there will be stories and songs for them, too.
SATURDAY.—Uncle Sam and Aunt May are names that bring joy to all the Radio Family, and they will keep you happy during the bedtime hour to-night.
SUNDAY.—The song service, for young and old. Uncle Sam in charge, and Conductor, Jos. Taylor is bringing the Girls' Song Brigade from the Salvation Army to help.

"AUNT PAT GOES TO WIRELESS LAND"

(Continued.)

Then they brought the wee fairies that carried her voice. It seemed they were all allowed their choice; But if a place was too far away, The fairies just whispered her voice away.

There were 'phones and loudspeakers all over the place, With an extra big one to send the bass. And whenever the wireless fairies dispersed, They'd go to the sick little children first.

They never forgot to go to one They'd have been ashamed when their day was done. Over the speakers the fairies would bend To catch the nice greetings the uncles would send. Then swiftly they'd run to each white little bed To tell them exactly what each uncle said.

And the lovely songs that the children would sing Some kind little fairy would hasten to bring. The wireless fairies were oh so gay That carried the children's voices away. And wherever she went in the wireless zone Were fairies in charge of a speaker or 'phone.

They kept Aunt Pat three days and nights, And showed her all the beautiful sights. The wee fairies belonging to Auntie Pat Had nothing to do so the little things sat And ever so softly they stroked her hair And said: "Will you laugh like you do down there?"

But poor Aunt Pat could only sigh. They were all so sweet she wanted to cry. And they loved her so much they begged her to stay. But she thought of the children at 3YA.

On the last of the nights Aunt Pat was away Someone announced: "Station 3YA." And what do you think it was Uncle Sam.

He had come up again on the Summer tram. 'Twas the Children's Hour, and she heard Uncle Jack. So she thought it was time she was starting back.

So the tall giraffe once again was brought. He seemed to have been most carefully taught. And again was Aunt Pat by the fairies led And placed inside the coach of red. When she still was up—oh, ever so high She thought she heard voices, as she went by.

And then she laughed, for of course she knew 'Twas Big Brother's voice and Peterkin's too. They were asking riddles as she passed through The very thing they were sure to do. But the riddle's answer she did not know.

It was: "Where does the wind from a windmill go?" She was too far down to hear the rest. And she wondered and wondered if Peterkin guessed.

But she got back safely without being seen And nobody guessed where Aunt Pat had been. So now when you hear her happy laugh You will think of the pride of that tall giraffe; And whenever Aunt Pat is speaking to you, You will know what it is that the fairies do; And all little children, both near and far Will know who the wireless fairies are. And whenever you hear her over the air, Won't you all just wish that you'd all been there!!

—By "Aunt Mary."

WIRELESS WORLD CLOCK

At ten in the morning and six in the evening the Rugby (England) wireless station sends out time signals of such exactness that an astronomer on land or a navigator at sea could set his watch by them.

For five minutes at second intervals the dots and dashes go on, and, radiating outward for hundreds or thousands of miles, tell those who pick them up not only what inquiring children call "the right time," but the right place.

For example, if when the 10 o'clock signals began to tick off the navigator's chronometer marked 20 minutes to the hour or 30 minutes past it he would be able to calculate just how many miles he was east or west of the meridian of Greenwich by which the standard time sent out by Rugby is fixed.

A surveyor in Africa or Asia having the means to pick up the signals would in the same way know just what was the longitude where he was travelling; and the 300 signals sent out in 300 seconds are of such extreme exactness that they would serve as a correction to surveyors mapping out the land.

This new British time signal, sending out the time over half the globe, is the first instalment of a plan by which the standard time will be sent out from a number of selected great wireless stations. When the system is complete it will be the equivalent of an international clock and send out time for the world. It will, in short, be the World Clock. Some day, perhaps, the planets will be able to set their time by it; we shall have one time everywhere. Why not?

Pending that achievement we may well look forward to a day when men all over the world will wear wireless watches on their wrists, or at least carry them in their pockets, to catch up the wireless signals of the time whenever they want it. Then nobody will have an excuse for missing the train.

SOUND v. WIRELESS

Two fog-signalling stations off the German coast, one at the mouth of the Rhine and the other on the Meuse, are using a new system of warning vessels by which a ship can tell how far it is from shore. It is done by making a sound travelling through the water race a wireless signal!

The sound from a submarine bell travels at about 1360 yards a second



Auntie May, of 3YA.
(Miss Eileen Warren.)
—Webb, photo.

through the water, but a wireless signal, travelling with the speed of light, takes so little time that it need not be counted. The operator on the ship thus hears the wireless signals instantly and the submarine signals later. The wireless signals are recorded as dots, which are marked on a travelling paper ribbon, so many a second, and the operator has merely to count how many dots appear between the beginning of the wireless signal and the hearing of the submarine bell to find how far away he is.

Two lightships have been equipped to test submarine signalling, using an under-water oscillator which vibrates 1050 times a minute. The signals will be picked up by ships provided with submarine telephones or hydrophones.

WAYS OF WIRELESS WAVES

The short wireless waves which are being used so much have recently been found to behave very mysteriously. The wave 30 metres long can, for example, be picked up at any distance up to 50 miles, but is quite often inaudible at points between 50 and 500 miles. But at distances between 500 and 1500 miles the waves can be picked up quite easily.

Still shorter waves behave more curiously still. A 15-metre wireless wave

WIRELESS FINDS THE WORLD'S LOST PEOPLE

A message was broadcast from 2LO not long ago which was a first instalment of some of the visions of the future conjured up by a scientific novelist long ago.

A young American was on a cycling tour in Scotland, had left no addresses, and was for all practical purposes out of reach of letters and telegrams. He was wanted. His father had died at sea. It was imperative that he should go home with all speed.

So much the wireless spoke aloud to all who might listen, and who can doubt that wherever the young man was he must sooner, rather than later, hear of this strange call, perhaps at the first inn in the Highlands where he stopped for a night's lodging? Even if he sought a bed at a farmhouse he would more likely than not be told of the message that had been humming the night before on the wireless.

The wireless had another arrow on its string. This one was winged in search of a relative of the American, a lady who was known to be touring the Eastern counties, and whose car had been seen in Cambridge the day before. That wireless arrow was sure to find its mark.

When the scientific writer was plunging into the future years ago he imagined that if a man were wanted urgently he could be almost immediately found, even if he were wandering lonely in some glacier field of Spitzbergen or in Pacific Islands. Wireless, in its infancy then, has made the whole of the prediction matter-of-fact now.

can be picked up easily at any distance up to ten miles; after that no one can hear it until 1500 miles away. All these and many other quaint vagaries of short wireless waves have just been considered at a special meeting of the Radio Society of Great Britain, and as a result of this meeting it seems quite certain that short waves are more useful than the miles-long waves hitherto used, at any rate up to distances of a thousand miles.

AN AUSTRALIAN UNCLE.

By each mail from New Zealand Uncle Bass has been receiving many dozens of letters from his little friends in the Dominion.

Uncle Bass gives a special call to all his little New Zealand friends on Monday evening. This is a regular feature of the Bedtime Story programme from 2BL.

Our Mail Bag

(Continued from Page 14.)

enables me to fit this night in. I consider the programmes from 2YA are generally very good. We are not compelled nor are we expected to swallow all the items provided on the menu—"programme." We do not do so when we go to a restaurant for a meal. When we go to a restaurant for a meal we consult the menu and pick out certain articles of food that we fancy, and those we do not care about we do not have, but we do not abuse the management for having provided something we do not like.

The Broadcasting Company is in somewhat the same position as the restaurant keeper, having to provide a bill of fare to suit a variety of tastes, and if listeners will insist on trying to digest everything on the menu, if it agrees with them or not, they should not blame the company if they suffer from musical indigestion, or, in other words, get "fed up."

I would like to add a word of appreciation on the enterprise of the company in again securing the right to broadcast the Sunday night concerts by

the P.N.S. and W.M.T. Bands from 2YA on alternate Sunday nights. Although I usually attend these concerts myself, the broadcasting of them is a boon to country listeners.

The formation of an orchestra in place of and including the Studio Trio is a good move, and is being eagerly awaited for by many listeners.

Mrs. Kenny's Mandolin Band is also worthy of a bit of notice. The programme put over by this band on Saturday night last (Easter Saturday) was not only in keeping with the season, but amply demonstrated that this instrument is capable of putting over what we might call medium heavy-weight music, equally as well as the light jazzy programme this party put over some six weeks ago. This combination, with its high pitched firsts and deeper seconds, playing in splendid time to the rhythmic strumming of the ukulele, should go a long way to popularise the radio with all classes of listeners if they are given the opportunity.

I would like to add my weight to "2.M.U.C.H.," "Record," 13-4-28, re Sunday afternoon concerts from 2YA during the winter months, and also agree that good class gramophone records would be very suitable.

In conclusion I must thank you for so much of your valuable space, and wish your paper and the Radio Broadcasting Company all possible success and good wishes.

The Programmes

Satisfied (Wellington): I should like to answer through your columns a letter written by one who signs himself N. S. Francis. I am now referring to his criticism of 2YA's concert programmes. I am pleased to say that I cannot altogether agree with the complaints outlined by this gentleman, whose musical intellect seems somewhat lacking. Taking into consideration the amount of foolish complaints the authorities of 2YA must receive, I think their patience must be somewhat tried. When one considers the complaints put forward by Mr. Francis, one is reminded of an Oxiphone belching forth noise, that is, a bull bellowing in a paddock. Trusting that listeners will endeavour to aid broadcasting by helpful criticism, and not twaddle that may retard the effort of those who are endeavouring to make it a success.

Inquiries Answered.

R. J. Crabbe (Napier): I notice a couple of inquiries in this week's issue of the "Record." A Wellington listen-

er reports having heard a station on a fairly low wave-length after the Australian stations had closed down. I think that he will find that it was 3DB, Melbourne. This station is operated by the Druileigh Business College on a wave-length of 255 metres and power of 500 watts.

Last Thursday night (April 5) I sat up very late to see if there was anything after the Aussies had closed down. 3DB was the only station heard, and he was going until about 2.15 a.m., corresponding to 12.45 Australian time. No other stations were heard, although I listened periodically until dawn as a trial to see what might be picked up.

In the second query a reader from Etrick reports a station on about 230 metres giving a speech session at 7.30 p.m. I think this will be found to be the first harmonic of 4YA, Dunedin (463 metres). This harmonic can always be heard when 4YA is on the air, a few points below KPON.

Static has been a nightmare to Napier listeners for the last month with practically no clear night. There is plenty of volume in all stations, but static on most nights has put listening out of the question.

A new member to the broadcasting band is 2AQ, Taihape, who has been heard testing on various waves from 280 to 310 metres on one or two evenings recently. He comes in with plenty of kick.

It is very pleasing to note that 2YA is shortly going to have a fine studio orchestra.

Can any reader tell me the identity of a station, presumably an American, on about 310 metres. I have heard him faintly between 5.30 p.m. and 6 p.m., but as soon as 3YA, Christchurch, starts, this station is, of course, blotted out. It is not an Australian. I will have a good go at him on 3YA's silent night. 2AQ will be found on 320 metres when he gets going properly.

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