

Even like the waves, the royal desire shattered upon the strand.  
 "See!" cried the bard, upleaping, "yonder snow-covered peaks o'er cloud-banks peeping!"  
 And it was Olav Trygvason, suddenly he seemed to sight  
 Towering temples, domes and spires, glistening in virgin white;  
 Then vowed the king, undaunted, with his followers to tread that land enchanted.  
 Onward he went; the rushing streams heralded the coming spring,  
 Swayed in the stormy wind, the forest strangely was murmuring;  
 Sounds as of church bells, chiming; and then spake the king—spake as though dreaming:  
 "Here the spot to found our kingdom: Hell, these temple walls defy thee!  
 Hearts are swelling, souls are yearning; God, to Thee alone be glory!  
 Be, my faith, as yonder mountains; root as deeply, shine as purely;  
 And as these my faith strive upward, on to Him, the All-Creator!"  
 Olav's prayer be ours to utter, as we near the throne of mercy;  
 Hearts are swelling, souls are yearning; God, to Thee alone be glory!  
 Be, my faith, as yonder mountains; root as deeply, shine as purely,  
 And, as these, my soul shine upward, unto Him, the All-Creator!  
 On to God! On to God!

#### "OLD SEA-CHANTIES."

(arr. by Bradford and Fagge.)

(Note.—Words in brackets are repeated in subsequent verses.)

Haul on the bowlin'  
 The bully ship's a-rollin'  
 (Haul on the bowlin')

Haul away, jo!  
 Heave, heave her up,  
 We'll either break or strand her,  
 Away, haul away,  
 Haul away, jo!  
 Haul on the bowlin'  
 The skipper he's a-growlin', etc.  
 Haul on the bowlin',  
 The main-top-gallant's howlin', etc.

I love my gal across the water  
 (Weigh! aye! roll and go!)  
 She's good old Sal, yet Sally's daughter.  
 (Spend my money on Sally Brown!  
 O Sally's teeth are white and pearly,  
 Weigh! aye! roll and go!  
 Her eyes are blue, her hair is curly,  
 Spend my money on Sally Brown.)  
 For many years I courted Sally,  
 She called me Boy, and Dilly-dally, etc.

Where are you going to, my pretty maid?  
 (Weigh, heigh-ho!)  
 O where are you going to, my pretty maid?  
 (We're bound for the Rio Grande!  
 Then away, heigh-ho, away heigh-ho!  
 Sing fare you well, my bonny young girl,  
 For we're bound for the Rio Grande!)  
 Jolly our ship and jolly our crew,  
 O jolly our mate, our good skipper, too, etc.

Walk her round, for we're rolling homeward,  
 (Heave, my boys, together!)  
 The old bully ship is a-lying wind'ard,  
 (Heave, my boys, away!)  
 We're taut and trim and the wind's a-blowing,  
 Snug up aloft and the ship's a-going.  
 (Heave her, for we'll strand her, and the old ship's a-rolling home).  
 Walk her round, for the wind a-blowing.  
 Now heave her, boys, for the ship's a-going;  
 So blow, ye winds, for Bristol city  
 Where the gals are fine and pretty, etc.

(Blow the man down, blow the man down),  
 Weigh, heigh, blow the man down,  
 Haul her up, we're bound for to go.  
 Give me some time to blow the man down.  
 The mack'el was singing "I'm king of the sea"  
 (With a weigh, heigh, blow the man down.)  
 Give her a pull, we're bound for to go  
 (Give me some time to blow the man down.)  
 As I was a-walking down Rotherhithe Street  
 (To my weigh, heigh, etc.)  
 A pretty young girl I chanced for to meet, etc.

We're all afloat in a very fine clipper,  
 (Blow, boys, blow.)  
 Taut and snug, a very fine ripper,  
 (Blow, my bully boys, blow.)  
 Haul, my lads, and haul her over,  
 Give her a shake and bowl her over.  
 Soon we'll be in London City,  
 With the gals all dressed so pretty,  
 Soon we'll hear the skipper shouting,  
 "Grog, lads, grog!" for that we're waiting.

Shanadoah, I love your daughter  
 (Away, ye rolling river!)  
 Shanadoah, I long to hear you  
 (Away we're bound to go 'cross the wide Mis-souri.)  
 Shanadoah, a gale is blowing.  
 The anchor's weighed and sheets a-flowing,  
 Shanadoah, I'll ne'er forget you,  
 Till I die I'll love you ever.

O whisky killed my brother Tom,  
 (O whisky, Johnnie!)  
 And I'll drink whisky hot and strong  
 (Then whisky for my Johnnie!)  
 O, I'll drink whisky all day long,  
 Then haul her up and bowl along.  
 As we scud o'er the waters blue,  
 A good old pull and strong and true;  
 For 'tis a wind the sailors love,  
 It blows the royals out above.

## A Radio Miscellany

A LISTENER has forwarded a letter in which he formulates the theory that when static is not heard during daylight but becomes terrific when night sets in, it is from a very distant source. He claims that the poor conductivity of the ether during daylight prevents the static from being audible at a long range. Anyhow, we all have observed on many nights that static increases as the night progresses.

DURING those extremely rare occasions when Wellington has been visited by a thunderstorm the writer has tested the effect of a flash of lightning as heard from the loudspeaker. When the lightning was relatively close a sharp and loud clap came from the loudspeaker. The sound differed somewhat from the ordinary static, and might be likened to a highly magnified effect of switching on an electric light in one's house. The latter action will cause a sharp snapping sound to emit from the loudspeaker.

SOME creditable relaying was accomplished by 3YA, Christchurch, recently. In the morning the British short-wave broadcast station, 5SW, was rebroadcast by 3YA, in the writer's opinion, more successfully than any previous attempt in New Zealand. In the evening 3YA raked in the Australian stations, one after the other, with astonishing clarity and volume. Indeed, one could hardly imagine 2FC, Sydney, was being rebroadcast from Christchurch, so loud and free from parasitic sounds was reception.

WELLINGTON is extraordinarily happy in the rarity of thunder-

storms. Take Brisbane as the antithesis. The Queensland capital experiences scores of thunderstorms in a season, and not infrequently the display of lightning is almost continuous for an hour or more. The lightning has often struck forest giants within three or four miles of the city. Listening-in for long-distance stations while a thunderstorm is raging around Brisbane is practically futile.

IN Australia, pigeon racing is carried out on a large scale, and frequently the stout-hearted homing pigeons meet their doom through flying against a radio aerial. The homing pigeon societies have appealed to listeners, in certain districts, to attach corks here and there along their aerials to render the latter more easily visible to the pigeons. Many listeners have received the suggestion in the right spirit and have followed it.

THE wireless operator of a steamer which visited Wellington a little while ago had a monkey pet who took a keen interest in the radio apparatus, and was of necessity kept on a chain to prevent him getting busy among the radio gear. When broadcast reception was put on a loudspeaker the monkey used to put his head into the speaker to investigate matters, and then shake it to see whether he could dislodge the "devil" within. One day Mr. Mon-

key got his fingers across the loudspeaker terminals and received an electric shock which scared him to such an extent that thenceforth nothing could induce him to venture within six feet of the loudspeaker.

A STRIKING proof of the importance of absorption in wireless reception may be gained by the city listener if he takes his receiver to some country position. He will find an enormous increase in the signal strength of all the distant stations he could hear in the city, and in addition he will generally hear many stations that could never be heard in the city. The reason for this is that the buildings, telegraph lines, and electric light lines of the city have a marked shielding effect, which greatly reduces the intensity of wireless waves near them.

MANY people are troubled by the question whether dry batteries suffer from not being kept "right way up." The natural assumption is that the terminals are supposed to be at the top, but sometimes the batteries will not fit conveniently into the available space in that attitude, or are not readily accessible. There need be no hesitation about the matter; dry batteries will work equally well in any position. Those who advocate that they should always be kept with the "top" of the zinc casing uppermost,

overlook the fact that the outside of a B battery block gives no indication of the way the cells are packed inside. In many heavy duty batteries the cells lie horizontally when the case is placed with the terminals uppermost. Both A and B dry batteries may be arranged in any convenient way.

FIXED condensers of a larger capacity than about 0.05 may be tested by connecting each side for a moment across a 100 to 200-volt B battery or accumulator. This charges the condenser, which is discharged by placing a short piece of wire to connect both ends of the condenser, both battery leads having been removed. If a spark is seen on connecting across, the condenser is intact. A high grade condenser will hold a charge for hours. A condenser that will not hold its charge for a minute is no use for coupling a resistance amplifier.

IF you are situated near to a broadcast station which you find difficult to cut out, a wave-trap is the first improvement. Greater facility in cutting out the local is gained by shortening the aerial, as the pick-up is thereby lessened, but the shortening should not be overdone, as the volume of distant signals will be decreased. Shielding the set with copper is a great help in cutting out the local station, and in conjunction with a simple wave-trap, leaves little to be desired.

A SMALL piece of thin fuse-wire, twisted into a spiral, makes an ideal "cat's whisker."