

Four "Flying Uncles" Speak from 2YA.

Kingford Smith

T. W. McWilliams

J. H. McWilliams

H. A. Litchfield

Signatures of the famous aviators and "uncles," now recorded in the visiting books of 2YA and 3YA.

—“Weekly Press.”

NEWs was circulated among the little people who come along to 2YA regularly that four new uncles (the airmen) were to be initiated on Monday evening (September 17). Excitement ran high, and all came armed with autograph books to capture the valued signatures of the first men to cross the Tasman by air.

But these little folk (and their mothers) were not the only ones to come along. So many old and young wanted to enter the studio that the outside doors had to be locked. Aunt Gwen and Uncle Jeff conducted the session. Incidentally, a great deal of trouble had been gone to in order to procure a spray of Australian bottle brush to honour the flyers.

At about half-past six a buzz went through the assembled kiddies—the airmen were coming up the stairs. No sooner had they come within earshot than one and all struck up “Smithy,” with such vigour that many who listened at the other end acclaimed the rendering the best they have heard.

INTRODUCED to the microphone. Uncle Smithy, as the intrepid leader styled himself, told all radioland how he would like to see them, and added that there was one young lady out at the races on Saturday to whom he gave a great big kiss. Uncle Smithy then told a humorous flying story, and expressed regret at not being able to take the Southern Cross to Wellington.

“However,” he added, “it will not be long before New Zealand will have plenty of large aerodromes. All those men in Parliament who govern the country are interested in aeroplanes, and I’m sure it will not be long until you have plenty of aerodromes in New Zealand. At least, it will be before you grow up at any rate. Good-night, kiddies. I’m sorry I can’t kiss you all good-night.”

BUT Smithy, keen as are his eyes, did not recognise the bottle-brush. Naturally enough when Aunt

Gwen chaffed Uncle Smithy about it, Uncle Charlie, who was now before the microphone, said that he had recognised it, but that it was smaller than the Australian flower. He then told all radioland how afraid he was of the microphone, but was willing to back up his chief. “Whatever Smithy has

told you is right.” “We have a radio fan in our family,” he concluded; “he’s just seven years old, and if he is listening in, I’ll say ‘Good-night, John.’” Radioland wonders if young John heard. Probably he did, for Mrs. Ulm heard the aviator speaking at the welcome to Tom Heeney.

UNCLE LITCH, as Mr. Litchfield was styled, then came before the in-offensive looking microphone.

“Hello, Kiddies. How are you? I’m navigator of the Southern Cross. Uncle Mac and I are in the cabin. We are more comfortable than Uncle Smithy and Uncle Charlie. We’ve got quite a lot of room. We can stand up and walk about and we’ve got a window in either side of the cabin.” He added that he was sorry that the children could not see the Southern Cross, and wished them all good-night.

Mr. T. W. McWilliams, Uncle Mack, then came forward and addressed all the thousands of listening children, young and old. Uncle Mack did not have much to say, but made a promise that all radioland greeted with a cheer. He was going to speak over the air on his return from Australia. He was going to tell a story, but on second thoughts decided it would not quite fall within the category of bed-time stories.

THE end of the speeches was a sign for the autograph books to come out, and for the next five minutes the aviators were lost among the twenty little ones present. All four gave their signatures without hesitation, and each little one present felt a glow of pride on looking down the four honoured names in his book. What happened during this mix-up is hard to relate, but one very proud young lady was overheard to say, “He kissed me.”

THE airmen were restricted to time. They had just left the R.S.A. and had not yet dined, so bidding everyone good-night, they left the studio amidst “For They are Jolly Good Fellows.”

On the ground floor they were taken by Mr. Davies to sign the visitors’ book—a book kept for the signatures of the most distinguished visitors. Again all four signed willingly and then departed from 2YA, and the twenty happiest children in Wellington.

Tasman Flyers

Proposed Radio Fund.

THE proposal announced last week of raising a fund for presentation to the Tasman flyers is a most excellent one and should appeal to every listener. But as no indication was given as to any method of carrying out the idea, may I suggest that it might be advisable to organise it on the following lines:—

1. That the fund be called the Tasman Flyers Radio Presentation Fund.
2. That the fund be confined to New Zealand radio license-holders.
3. That the subscription be one shilling per license-holder.
4. That the appeal be made through both the four New Zealand radio stations and the columns of the “Radio Record.”

I need not say that the subscription would not be limited to one shilling—

this would be left to the discretion of the individual license-holders. I suppose that the aggregate number of licenses now current is in the vicinity of 40,000. Assuming that each license-holder subscribed not less than one shilling the amount raised would approximate two thousand pounds, which would be not only a handsome but adequate amount for presentation to these gallant and intrepid airmen. I would further suggest that whatever amount is raised it should be given to the flyers in equal proportions.—56210 (Wellington).

THE managing director of Amplion (Australasia), Ltd., Mr. William Blogg, passed through Auckland on September 24, en route to America. It is the intention of Amplion (Australasia), Ltd., to appoint agents in New Zealand for handling Amplion products. From America Mr. Blogg will travel to England to inspect the works of the Graham Amplion, Ltd., at Slough.

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