

Prize Poem Competition

London Calling!

Test Cricket Broadcasts

NOT a few listeners have been mystified to find in an unknown station broadcasting what is apparently an eye-witness description of the Test cricket matches between Australia and England. One optimistic correspondent in an excited letter claimed that he had received London direct! However, judging by the realistic commentary, broadcast as though from the famous Oval, there is some justification for such a claim.

The descriptions heard by New Zealand listeners are really broadcast by 2UW, Sydney, and are made possible by an ingenious system of communications. The following article from "Wireless Weekly," an Australian contemporary, explains in detail how these broadcasts are accomplished.

"We have engaged Captain Ballantyne, a famous English cricket-writer, to describe the matches from the field. At the end of every over, he puts an exact description of each ball through the cable. These messages are in the usual cable or beam-message form, and give the name of the bowler, the batsman taking strike, the disposition of the field, if it changes, the kind of delivery, if it is different, the stroke, and where the ball went, the runs, and anything else worth remark. All this, of course, may be conveyed in very few words.

"The messages arrive in Sydney, either at the A.W.A. offices or at the Cable office, at each of which we have a man stationed at a telephone. He 'phones the decoded messages to the outside table, and there the nucleus of the story is arranged and discussed. Finally it is brought in to Mr. Brown, the commentator, who puts it over just as though he were at the cricket ground. This is the most difficult part of the whole broadcast, and it is due to Mr. Brown's knowledge of cricket and cricketers, and also to his ability to dramatise the simple facts, that we have succeeded so well.

"One would scarcely credit what a great number of people think that these descriptions come from England. We have made no attempt to deceive them—in fact, some of our regular announcements betray our methods unmistakably; nevertheless, listeners seem to WISH to believe that the matches are described from England, and so long as they are satisfied . . . Really, it would be quite easy for us to put over the scores just as they come in; but this would break the cumulative effect of a ball-to-ball description, and would destroy interest in the game. As it is, thousands of listeners stay up with us till four in the morning, many have arranged listening parties for their friends, and dance to our music. We have received thousands of letters, congratulating us on the success of our arrangements."

TWO American "Gold Star" visitors to France (mothers of American soldiers who lost their lives in the Great War) became seriously ill during their pilgrimage. To save the lives of these ladies it was necessary that they should receive blood transfusions. Two French soldiers immediately offered themselves and the patients recovered.

THE prize of half a guinea this week is awarded to A.N.I.C. for her poem entitled "Wait for Me," which sets forth in artistic fashion the keen visualisation and love of this young poet for the glad days that are coming, when "blossom by blossom the spring begins." Next in order of merit are "Eldon's" austere beautiful lines of the loveliness of an Auckland seascape, conveying a clearly-etched word-picture envisaging deep shadows splashed with glowing colour, somehow reminiscent of a vivid Brangwyn sketch.

J.Y.: We like your ode to the Wild Wind, so pertinent to climatic conditions of the Capital City, and are holding it over till next week in the hope that room may be found for it.

"Lucibel Lee" sends topical but halting lines about wireless. We prefer her whimsies of flowerets, bird songs, and little dancing zephyrs.

Viva: A pretty idyl of Strophon and Chloe, which lags in the last lines.

"Wild Rose's" contributions have the freshness and ingenuous charm of youth, with something of its immaturity. Perhaps the better of the two poems submitted is "Spring or Summer," but they're both attractive. Well done, Wild Rose!

S.E.F.-J.: Subject-matter apropos, but too tautological.

Jacobite: The sonnet form is hardly the vehicle for an ethical argument, and anyhow you propound a fallacy.

"Never-Never": Meanderings in a meadow, insipid to a degree.

"Britomart": Sentiment of a past decade. Why not call a spade a spade?

E.M.F.: We commend the brevity of your pessimistic poem.

... Wait for Me ...

DON'T go so quickly . . . for the wind is calling
As he ruffles through the newness of the grass,
And the wattle with her fluffy yellow bubbles
Waits to shower them on my hair as I pass.
Wait for me . . . I'm coming . . . though the birch trees
With their new pale leaves bid me stay,
And the frail pink blossom buds are quivering
So softly that I daren't steal away.
The primroses, a golden carpet weaving,
Are raising starry faces to the sky
While quiet-eyed the daffodils are blowing,
And lazily the thistledown drifts by.
Don't hurry . . . for the dragonflies are tilting,
The blackbird shouts his song beneath the trees,
The violets are breathing magic fragrance
'Mid the grave beauty of anemones.
Wait for me . . . I'm coming . . . though the willows
To me wave proudly from the river's brink,
And gnats are dancing gaily in the shallows
Where brown-eyed cows come slowly down to drink.
The poplars on the sandy hill are silver,
The shadows there are velvety and black,
But wait for me . . . wait . . . for I am coming!
It is Spring who is holding me back!

—A.N.I.C.

Chocolate Cream Caramel

"CONSTANCE" forwards this recipe, which was invited several issues back:—1 tin condensed milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, 1 teaspoon essence vanilla, 1 dessertspoon cocoa. Melt the butter and add the cocoa, sugar, milk and flavouring. Boil for 15 minutes, stirring all the time. Pour on to a greased tin, and cut in squares when cold.

sponsored by the League of Arts. Various dancing-class students perform in the arena in the sunshine, and hundreds of spectators view the display from beneath the shady elms, on the grassy, semi-circular slope. At one of the recent performances dances of various na-

—ALISON.

equal in any country. There are special reflectors used which produce diffused illumination, making the course proper absolutely shadowless. More than 120 miles of electric wiring has been used on this wonderful installation.

WASHING nowadays has lost its terrors in an up-to-date home. Only a few days ago I saw a lady acquaintance, dressed ready to attend a charity meeting, doing her washing with an electric washer. All she had to do was to put the clothes into the washer, and in a very brief time they were beautifully white. The lady wore her pink crepe de chine without getting a drop of water on it.

ONE of the most delightful events in London is the weekly dancing in the natural amphitheatre in Hyde Park,

HUNTING through some tattered recipes in my grandmother's desk the other day, I came upon an old-fashioned remedy for broken chilblains. It was nothing more or less than grated raw turnips, applied as hot poultices over the sore parts. Apparently it was quite effective, too, being underlined twice in faded violet ink.

WHEN enamel bowls are used for home dyeing, the stains left on them are often difficult to remove. Try rubbing the bowl with a mixture of cooking salt and paraffin, then wash in warm soapy water and rinse with cold. The stains will be found to have completely disappeared.

THERE is a craze at present among young mothers in England for giving their children poise, by having them taught ballroom dancing from their tenderest years. Many tots who can scarcely prattle a sentence, have mastered the rhythm of clapping to music, and prance about on their feet with absolute unself-consciousness. The shy child will soon be as great an anachronism as the retiring bachelor.

AMERICANS are much addicted to statistics, even on such romantic subjects as trousseaux. Economy in the purchase of a trousseau is one of the foundation stones of a happy marriage. This is the principle laid down by the New York Federation of Women's Clubs (says a British United Press message). The budget is graduated according to the salary of the prospective husband, the relation between salary and trousseau expenditure being: For the 50 dollars (£10) a week husband; 200 dollars (£40) for trousseau. For the 100 dollars (£20) a week husband; 500 dollars (£100) for trousseau.

IF a door is jamming at the top and you want to discover the exact spot in order to plane it, place a sheet of notepaper on the top of the door and close it. At one point the paper will be caught, and this will give the required indication.

THE latest whim for the entertainment of England's idle rich (by which I do not mean the recipients of the dole) is to be a "floating casino." In plain words this means a liner which will be chartered, fitted up as a palatial hotel, replete with restaurant, ball-room, swimming bath and gambling rooms, and anchored somewhere off the coast. Motor-boats will be used to convey visitors to and fro, and if any are unfortunate enough to miss the last boat to shore they can stay the night on-board in sumptuous cabins. What about the magnificent liners lying unused in our own harbour off Ngahauranga? Here is an idea—free of charge—for some of our enterprising organisers.—(Henley Cable T. and J.).

AMONG a very large percentage of the population of New Zealand, "horse-racing" has played a very important part in the enjoyment of life this week. Are we to let Australia always lead, or is the time soon coming when our electrical engineers turn night into day, and illuminate our racecourses? We need not then fear the approach of evening during the winter months when we attend the race meetings. On the racecourse at East Perth where night horse racing is conducted, everything is so wonderfully equipped that it is probably without