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For proof read this outstanding testimonial, written by a grateful mother who has proved the value of LACTAGOL.

34 Tennyson Avenue,
Takapuna, Auckland,
March 22nd, 1945.

Lactagol Ltd.,
Dear Sirs,

I have just returned home with Baby after visiting the Plunket Nurse. Baby is now 3 months old and when Nurse measured him today she said he was the perfect baby. He was 7-lb. at birth and has been gaining 13-oz. on an average weekly. He is now over 14-lb. I have to thank Lactagol for this as I have been taking it regularly. I have five other children besides and could not breast feed any except the first. Also I am feeling so well myself and have picked up wonderfully after a long and difficult confinement. So once again I must say thank you for Lactagol. I always recommend it to any of my friends with new babies. You may use this letter.

I remain, Mrs. Les. Jack.

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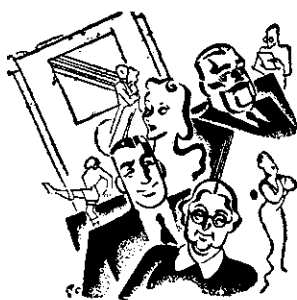
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Please send me free sample of Lactagol, together with useful booklet for expectant or nursing mothers.

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God is Not Mocked

NOW that the novelty of hearing weather forecasts on one's own radio again has had a chance to wear off, perhaps some of us are asking whether the best solution has been found for the problem of conveying the forecast from Weather Office to NBS. Obviously the very latest report is wanted and even the time taken to deliver a script to 2YA for an experienced announcer to read might be valuable. But at what cost do we enjoy this realistic and up-to-the-minute authenticity? Some of the nervous young men who have endured the trial of reading the forecast in the course of their duties have communicated their embarrassment all too vividly to us who listen. There has been one whose every deep breath is heard, a gasp before each fresh attack upon the script. Another fancied himself shouting to the entire population of New Zealand from the mountain-tops, and his delivery lost all that intimacy we are entitled to expect. And some have been desperately slow and deliberate. The scripts have been (of necessity?) devoid of the graces of the English language. And this is perhaps a just punishment for our modern heresy, whereby we permit the scientists to deny the Soul and anything else they wish, the Lord will still confound their predictions.

Compliments of the Season

AS the power came on again on the morning of the Great Christchurch Snow a voice from 3YA came from the set. It was Dickens, but whether it was selected with a view to seasonability, I do not know. If it was so selected, it should have been Christmas at Dingley Dell, or—more in keeping with the general civic mood—Scrooge; but it was

RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

Bransby Williams giving Mr. Micawber's Advice. Later the same morning—as I returned from trudging devotedly to the post office, past the stalled tram and the highly Dickensian snowballers, to post my last week's contribution to Viewsreel—Harry Lauder was to be heard singing a song whose refrain, if I remember right, runs: But when the snow is snawing and it's murky overhead, och! it's nice tae get up in the morning, but it's better tae stay in bed." No dissentients. And to round off the series of radio comments on our plight, we hear (the morning after an 18-degree frost) that Radio Brazzaville, situated in the balmy climate of West Africa, declares that Hitler is on an island in the Antarctic. To the citizens of Christchurch it seems like a good idea to leave him there.

Plays in Contrast

WHEN two radio plays come on the air within a few minutes of each other, in the words of Mrs. Malaprop, caparisons are odorous. 4ZB's offering, in the series "Short Short Stories," was the



most puerile, if possible, of all the plays I have ever listened to. It concerned a millionaire's daughter who was about to marry a "foreigner" who spoke the hammiest broken English, was obviously a cad of the first water and a fortune-hunter to boot. Nevertheless, the heroine is madly in love and it requires the machinations of a stagey butler and a friendly crook to reveal the lover in his true colours, and a ridiculous "curtain" finds daughter in papa's ever-loving arms to the accompaniment (if listeners' reactions were audible) of hisses all round. On the contrary, "Flood," in 4YA's "Play of the Week" series, was a well-constructed, well-acted thriller with not a few deft macabre touches. When one play is so good, why must another be so very very bad indeed? Is it the fault of the station which chooses to broadcast it, the actors who play it, the writer who concocted it, or the listeners who let it get by without protest?

Tripe

THE grilled chop has so secure a place in our affections that it has little need to fear such propaganda as was directed against it in a recent ACE talk called "Helping the Meat Ration." Certainly the chop is, nutritionally, the worst possible investment in money and coupons, but New Zealanders will take a lot of convincing. The talk began with the horrid fact that our pre-war consumption of meat averaged more than 11

ounces per head per day (and wasn't there an extensive advertising campaign in progress at the outbreak of war urging us to increase it?); our present ration of roughly 4 ounces is about right for good nutrition, and if it doesn't feel enough there are unrationed meats, fish, milk, cheese, and sometimes even eggs. There is a movement on foot to make those nutritious oddments of meat more palatable by changing their name from "offal" to "tit-bits." All the recommendations of this talk, though admirably suited to our own conditions, would have an air of fantasy in most other parts of the world. The British housewife would gladly stand in a long queue if there were the hope of a pound of tripe at the end of it, crudely labelled "cow's stomach." And she is the envy of her neighbours across the Channel, where even standing in a queue brings the barest hope of anything in the shape of protein.

Unavoidable

ONE has to be full of sympathy for radio stations in the many difficulties presented to them in the course of fitting programmes in, one with another. At the conclusion of the Mozart opera The Marriage of Figaro, the 1YA announcer apologised with obvious sincerity: "We apologise for having had to cut the opera rather severely to-night, but owing to the time factor this was unavoidable." Indeed it must have been so. For although the times of starting and finishing were all accounted for in the printed programmes, printed nearly a fortnight ahead (in the case of a Sunday programme, which this was) is this enough time to remedy the matter? The opera started at 8.15 p.m. and ran for less than 30 minutes. After an "interval" of 50 minutes or so it resumed and ran for another 90 minutes, until 11 p.m. And all these times were known long in advance, it seems. Yet, "owing to the time factor, this was unavoidable." May one be forgiven for suggesting that the calamity could have been avoided—namely by putting these operas on the auxiliary stations now and again, where they will be heard by those who wish to hear them—for the opera audience is in the cities, not the country—and at a reasonable hour, not a late hour on everybody's early night. And since one hears the Mozart operas so rarely, it is irritating to find two of them on the same night, so that one is compelled to miss one or the other.

Trains

THIS was the theme of the latest BBC Anthology heard from 3YL, and the poets were of necessity modern. Hardy, Spencer, de la Mare, Brooke, and others—a surprising number of short poems can be got into fifteen minutes reading. It was interesting to notice how the quarrel between industry and the rural tradition persists in modern verse; even the Spender poem ("The Express") has something consciously defiant about it. The most strikingly successful at overcoming this divided allegiance was Walter de la Mare, who simply absorbs a mere railway train into his own woodland experience and worries no more about it; this must be more difficult

(continued on next page)

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