

told, the greatest need is technical changes to produce greater fidelity of sound, but that is about all we may expect, except changes in the appearance of the set. There will perhaps be no change at the broadcasting end either, since no amount of improvement at the transmitter can alter a bad receiving set. The only news of things to come was Mr. Coombs' mention of television, which he accepted as a commonplace of the future. He prophesied one transmitter for each large town, with only a few studios feeding a large number of transmitters in various districts. The movie film will be to television what the gramophone record is now to radio, but how this will affect picture theatres, touring companies, orchestras, and local musicians, Mr. Coombs astutely omitted to mention.

### "I'd Like to Meet the Author"

TESSIE O'SHEA proved a bit of an anti-climax. From her write-up and picture I imagined a sort of feminine colossus with a Wagnerian voice and a sense of humour to rival Gracie Fields. Instead I heard just another singer of popular hits. Probably Tessie has a stage personality, but for me she fails to register by means of radio. Her songs when I heard her were commonplace in theme and melody, and were not enhanced by her off-pitch renderings, however much they might gain rhythmically. She added a ukulele accompaniment of that monotonous vamping type which George Formby does so much better. No, I can't say I fell for Tessie, and I'd like to meet the author of a line in one of her songs, wherein she sings about a landscape being "all in technicolour—for me and you!" Nature holds her mirror up to M-G-M nowadays, it seems.

### Slugs and Sluggards

SPRING flower shows, according to IYA's gardening expert, are not the splendid social occasions they used to be, but by taking trouble their organisers could do a lot to liven them up. They might, for instance, have officials to explain to the sightseers the technical points on which prizes are awarded. In the decorative section, particularly, where the judges' decisions are an enigma to most people, there should be someone on hand to argue from expert knowledge. "You can get a great deal



of fun going that way." The exhibitor, too, must be wide awake. "If the entries close at mid-day, you should be down by 7.30 a.m. These people who drift in around ten o'clock can't expect to do any good." There is an answer, also, to the slugs and spring gales that lie in ambush waiting for the week of the daffodil show: flowers open better if picked in bud and kept inside. That prize bloom that is running a little late may be coaxed to expand if its feet are kept in

warm water and its face irradiated by electric light. It may mean sitting up all night with it, "But in any case I never thought of going to bed the night before the show. You've got to take trouble..."

### Irreconcilables?

IT is the practice of the Brains Trust to take no question for granted. Someone asked, in a programme broadcast from 4YA, how the Brains Trust reconciled the two opposing characters of the ruling classes in Georgian times—on one hand, the love of cruel sports, gluttony, and vice; on the other hand, a fine appreciation of the arts of music, painting, and literature. To the listener this might have seemed a poser. To the members of the Brains Trust no problem existed; the question itself was immediately suspect. Why should cruelty and aesthetic appreciation not exist together? Hitler attended Wagnerian opera with every sign of enjoyment. Pursuit of the fox (a cruel sport, said one member, from the fox's point of view) does not mean that the huntsman may not hang a Gainsborough in his drawing room just because he likes looking at it. And anyhow, were the Georgian ruling classes so full of vice that we moderns can afford to patronise them? Have we no vices of our own, in spite of our predilection for symphony concerts? The questioner had asked for a reconciliation between two traits that had not quarrelled; victims of vice need not be aesthetic morons, any more than cultured persons need be puritans. I hope the questioner, after hearing such great argument about it and about, was content to come out by that same door where in he went.

### Dragon Rampant

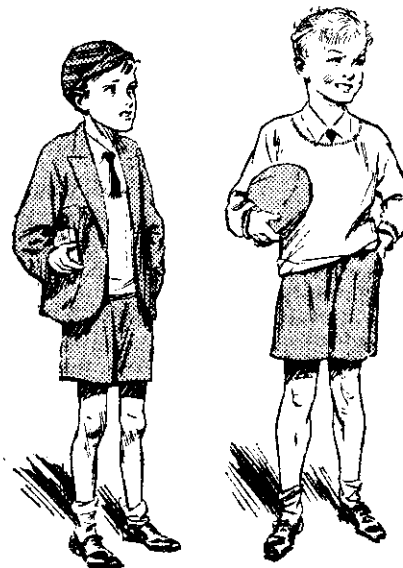
IN the Famous New Zealanders series broadcast weekly by commercial stations I heard the other evening the session devoted to Iris Wilkinson, whose pen name was "Robin Hyde." The form used in the session was the stereotyped but still effective one of biographical commentary interspersed with dialogues. We had, for instance, an account of Iris Wilkinson's distinguished school career, followed by a conversation in which she was shown doing what most women have failed to do—convincing an editor that as a reporter she might be fit for other jobs besides the society notes and the children's corner. Throughout the 15 minutes of this session both script and production were competent, and if the authors failed for some of us to recreate "Robin Hyde's" vivid personality, it is surely because they work under a heavy handicap. Were their subject still alive, a little more dash might go into the script with her laughing acquiescence. Had she been dead fifty years her biographers might proceed with the freedom of a Lytton Strachey. But it is only a few years since she was a familiar figure amongst us, and such a sketch is bound to have something still of the stilted care of a funeral oration. Yet I was led to look out and re-read her last book, "Dragon Rampant," where her personality is indeed very much alive. Written of China in 1938, it is a book we may now read with sympathy and appreciation more acute than when it was first published, having been required in the meantime to consider on our own account what type of enemy is the Japanese.

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## HOW IS YOUR CHILD?



### THIN? ... PALE? ... OR ... STURDY?

If your Jack or Jill is thin there is a cause for it—in all probability a cause that can be corrected. Check on these items:

- 1 **DIET**—Does your child get enough Protein "building material"? Such as Milk, Cheese, Meats, Dried Peas, Beans, Lentils. Sufficient Milk? Three or four glasses daily. And Cod Liver Oil or substitute each day.
- 2 **FRESH AIR**—A cooped-up, coddled child won't grow well. Sunshine, exercise, and fresh air day and night, help to build strong frames and robust bodies. Keep those bedroom windows open at night.
- 3 **SLEEP**—Proper food and fresh air are wasted without adequate sleep. During sleep, repair and building of the body goes on. Growth suffers if sleep is short. Children need 10-12 hours' sleep.

Get these three right —  
and watch the improvement!

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