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A familiar voice interrupted the musical programme. I racked my brains to remember where I had heard the voice before. I should have known. But at the moment all I could remember was that it seemed to have a slight Australian accent and reminded me of the man who conducted the "Diggers" hour on Sunday afternoons.

The Small Box

This voice introduced us to Professor May of the Mount Olive Observatory, who was going to conduct the momentous experiment of contacting the moon by radar and receiving from it signals in return. After some preliminary fussing, the worthy pair finally got down to business with the £25,000 worth of machinery, which they assured us was

TO THE EDITOR—

The Moon Went Down

Sir,—Thanks to 1ZB for a lasting chuckle provided by the "Radar Experiment" on April 1. A most amusing idea; whose was it? Strangely enough when we heard over the air the previous day about the proposed experiment being held at six next morning—as "sponsor difficulties" made it impossible at 7.0 a.m.—there was the very faintest ringing of a bell, so faint I heeded it not. "After all," I thought, "radar—I mean, that's of world-wide interest. Just a coincidence." I was up bright and early along, I'll guarantee, with thousands of others, and was greatly intrigued by the "noises." The sound of a laugh coming through after the "diatonic screen" (was it?) had been applied, slightly discomfited me, but only slightly, and it was only the necessity of having my husband's breakfast ready by 6.0 a.m. that stopped me rushing for a blanket. I chuckle with unkind glee every time I think of the feelings of those who were caught with their rear ends only protruding from blankets. Thanks, indeed, 1ZB.

"ONE OF THE SUCKERS"
(Auckland).

contained in a very small box. The switch was pulled, or the knob was turned, or whatever was necessary was done to start the works moving.

A medley of squeaks and groans and scratches assailed our ears. "Dear me," remarked the 13-year-old bitterly, "how very interesting!"

"You wait," her father warned her. "This is something to be remembered!"

It was.

The worthy professor and his compe became wildly excited. Nothing so momentous had happened, it appeared, since the explosion of the first atomic bomb. There were, it seemed, definite indications of return messages originating on the moon itself! What could be more intriguing? Visions of strange beings grouped, like ourselves, round weird instruments intent on establishing communication with creatures on the other side of the universe ran through our minds. This was experience indeed! And if there was an uncomfortable thought of Orson Welles and his broadcast of an invasion from Mars passing

through our minds at the same time, we pushed it ruthlessly from us.

Ha, we thought, this will be something to talk about!

Blanket Coverage

The professor now announced that he would proceed to screen out the extraneous sounds in the record being made, so that all and sundry could hear clearly the sounds originating from the moon. "Quick," the professor gasped, "a sheet or blanket, or something, Mr. Wrathall!"

Ah, we thought, so that's who it is. Jerry Jackson's boy-friend. Some sixth sense told us we had better be careful.

Mr. Wrathall, however, was all solicitude. He rushed, so we were led to believe, into the adjoining room and brought out a piece of canvas that had been covering some machinery.

The professor urged everyone to procure blankets or sheets without delay. It would be necessary, it seemed, to drape the blanket over the radio and over the listeners' heads so that all unwanted noises—well, anyway, it was necessary.

"Quick, fetch a blanket," said the man of the house. We rushed into the nearest bedroom. There was no time to search the linen-closet. We grabbed two blankets off the bed and rushed back into the sitting-room.

"Quick," said the man of the house, "put them over the radio."

We threw them over the radio. The 13-year-old hopped languidly off the chesterfield and we stuck our heads under the blankets.

Confused Noises

The record started playing again. There were sundry and confused noises. Then an insistent ta-ta-ta-ta started. Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta. Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta. We listened intently. The noise changed. It became ha-ha-ha-ha-ha. "He-ha-ha-ha-ha. Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, look at your calendar, look at your calendar, look at your calendar."

We didn't need to look. It was April 1. The man of the house started to laugh. "I thought there was something phony about it," he said.

"Gee," said the 13-year-old, disgustedly, "they were only fooling! Gee!"

Well, I thought, it's a good job I had to get up early, anyway, or I'd have been real mad!

Colour on the Air

CLEARLY and colourfully the most notable television demonstration of the year was given in the Manhattan studio of the CBS, Time tells us. Dr. Peter C. Goldmark, a 39-years-old Hungarian-born inventor of colour television, revealed equipment developed since VJ-Day. For an hour an ingenious new receiving set was tuned in to a fashion show, a football game and a Disney coloured cartoon. The broadcast was over ultra-high frequency, radar wave-lengths, and reception was vivid. The CBS stated that formidable obstacles had been hurdled; in a year, if the demand was great enough, colour television receivers could be in United States homes.



Pebathma, Queen of Egypt in 700 B.C., had a real knock-out of a smile. As one of her admirers said: "To hide that smile would be to take away half the sunshine of life." Is yours one of those sparkling, "where-have-you-been-all-my-life" Kolynos smiles? Kolynos polishes delicate tooth enamel until it's naturally white! Shining!

John Blumer, 17th Century explorer, wrote that there was a fountain in Persia "which caused the teeth of all who drank from it to fall out." In nine cases out of ten, decay is caused by the soft, sticky foods you eat . . . foods that cling between your teeth and harbour decay germs. But Kolynos Dental Cream is extra active . . . it foams up between your teeth . . . swirls away those dangerous food deposits . . . leaves every tooth in your head antiseptically clean.



Marcellus (Roman writer) tells of a cure for toothache. Standing booted under the open sky, you catch a frog, spit into its mouth, ask it to carry the ache, and let it go.

King James the Fourth of Scotland extracted teeth as a hobby—found it amusing.

Would you like to try something new in dentifrice? Kolynos Tooth Powder cleans teeth safely and thoroughly . . . its super-fine texture safeguards precious enamel.

Awarded 3 royal warrants! Kolynos was supplied by royal warrant to King Edward VIII. (the present Duke of Windsor)—to the King and Queen of Spain—and to the Dowager Queen of Rumania. Kolynos is a scientific dental cream, made from the formula of a brilliant American dental surgeon, Dr. N. S. Jenkins.



In 1861, a dentist made a set of artificial teeth for a wealthy patient. The patient died before the teeth were fitted and the dentist sued her executor for lost work and materials. Under Statute of Frauds, the Court ruled out the claim.

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