

dog's eye view


Tell you what I notice, Mac. More and more girls with these converging fashion marks on their stockings. Yes, Aussie, and the taper heel as well. When you see them both together you know it must be

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RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

Library Session

FIRST comers are proverbially timid. The first snowdrop of the year hangs its head, and the first guest to arrive at the party spends a long time powdering her nose. Station 2YA, we are told, is first off the mark with its Winter Course Talks, so it is perhaps not to be wondered at that the new series, *The Library To-day*, is inclined to be diffident in its approach to its audience. Usually the Winter Course Talks are prepared and delivered by one person, an authority on his subject, who pours his facts and theories into the waiting emptiness of the listeners' minds. But *The Library To-day* is different in presentation and in effect. The second talk in the series, "The Large Feed the Small," took the form of a discussion by three members of the New Zealand Libraries Association on the inter-relation between the various types of library; incidentally conveying to the audience that there's been a lot of unsuspected activity going on in regard to the country's library system, and that New Zealand is almost as honeycombed with libraries as Central Otago with rabbit-warrens. The three speakers were young, but their familiarity with their subject largely cancelled out their lack of familiarity with the microphone. The fiction that the audience was merely overhearing an informal little chat among the experts was well fostered, and the manner of presentation helped listeners to feel that they were learning from the inside how things were run, rather than being treated to a quarter-of-an-hour of "blurb" about the National Library Service.

Animal Farm

THE Animal That Talked is the never-failing support of editors of children's pages and setters of school essays. A more adult version of the same theme was presented from 2YA last Sunday night, in the form of a play by Wallace Geoffrey, *I Don't Believe It*, which proves there's life in the old dog yet. In one way it seems a pity that because of its very nature, radio should be so indissolubly wedded to fantasy, so that instead of getting good plays about things that do happen we get competent plays about things that don't. Entertainment, how many crimes are committed in thy name! The air is thick with telephones that talk, jovial ghosts, discerning dogs, and penny-in-the-slot poltergeists. Considered purely as entertainment (and it had no other claims), the play was not so bad (the conversation of the two elderly lions at the Cat Club was a delightful interlude). But too much of this and we shall end up where Professor Duberry and the Rajah of Bhong ended up, in the monkey-house. Probably accompanied by the Marx Brothers.

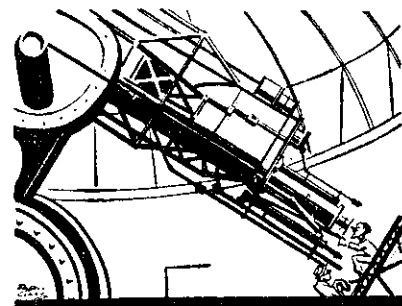
Taken by Storm

THOUGH I cannot claim to speak as a tired business man (there are fewer tired business men on Saturday nights since the introduction of the five-day week), I must say that I thoroughly approved of Jenny Howard's all-too-short recital from 2YA on a recent Saturday. Miss Howard, in theatre parlance, gave us all she had, and the experience of

sitting with the feet up while Miss Howard worked her facial muscles to the bone to entertain us was as restful as having a ringside seat for a professional wrestling bout. Miss Howard was on the air for 15 minutes only, but her kinship with Miss Fields (also a working girl) is shown by the fact that in that time she sang five songs, including a nice parody of that star-hitched vehicle, "With a laugh, not a care, with a smile debonaire, I'm free, as the sea, etc.," and also managed to squeeze in a couple of jokes, and a few Lancashirisms. New Zealand listeners should feel at home with Miss Howard if only because her remorseless quick-tempo audience-wooing is exactly what they're used to in their Morning Recipe Session.

The Night Sky

THE talks on popular astronomy promise to be of special interest judging by the first of them, "The Night Sky in April," given by I. L. Thomsen, Director of the Carter Observatory, Wellington. What I liked about this talk was that it was composed of nothing but information, and (save for the



legend of Orion) of nothing but facts. The listener had to concentrate his attention not to miss salient points, and in this connection the map of the night sky published in *The Listener* was of immense assistance in locating the various stars and planets mentioned in the talk. Knowing next to nothing about astronomy, I suppose I may call myself the average lay listener for whom these talks were prepared, and I know that other listeners besides myself will find them an excellent introduction to a fascinating subject which, pursued in a more scientific way, may lead the devotee into very deep waters indeed. There is one point which I should, however, like to have elucidated. Since the light by which we see the stars has taken so long to reach us, are we now gazing at them as they were hundreds of years ago? May we be, in fact, looking at objects which have long since changed their shape, nature, and position, and which, as we see them, do not really exist at all? If the eye of any astronomer, professional or amateur, catches this paragraph, would he be kind enough to elucidate?

Stories by Farjeon

TWO readings of the stories of J. Jefferson Farjeon have been heard lately from Dunedin stations, in the form of NZBS productions. In reality, each has been, in this form, the triumph of one personality only, the reader who does them (if it be the same in each case) with a voice of such varied modulation

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