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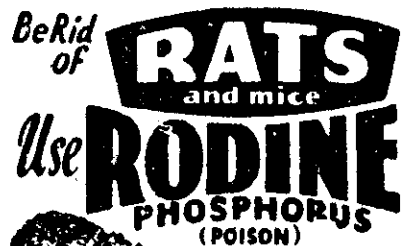
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RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

"Tutois"

I HAVE long been an admirer of C. Gordon Glover's technique as a writer of radio plays, since he seems to be one of the few whose method of treatment is completely indigenous to radio. And this gift was particularly noticeable in the play heard from 2YA last Sunday, since *Tutois*, as produced by the NZBS, was an adaptation by C. Gordon Glover of the story of Anatole France. Read the original, compare the two, and then, having conned the secret of radio adaptation, go and do likewise. *Tutois* was a very good example of Anglo-French collaboration. C. Gordon Glover provided a frame into which France's sketches of *Tutois* (as seen now by this one, now by another) fitted snugly, to the mutual advantage of both collaborationists, and the whole series of *tableaux parlants* was competently and zestfully interpreted by a cast of local talent hand plucked by the NZBS Production Department.

Curious Story

ACCORDING to what I heard in a recent ZB programme in the series, *This Actually Happened*, Noah's famous Ark is still in existence, perched somewhere on the top of Mt. Ararat. More than a dozen people, at different times, singly and in groups, have (so it was said) actually seen it—an enormous ship lodged in the ice. One group of intrepid climbers got inside the Ark, it seems, and found—guess what?—yes, cages suitable for holding wild animals! One expert identified the planks of the Ark as genuine gopher-wood, according to tradition (lucky the party of explorers just happened to have a gopher-wood expert along with them, wasn't it?) It was pointed out, too, that all sorts of things do get lodged in glaciers and are practically embalmed for a thousand years or more; still, if there was an authentic Deluge, I suppose scientists will place its approximate date some time earlier than a thousand years ago. It is a curious story, and the possibility that there really is something up there on top of Ararat is a fascinating one. But as for its being the one and only genuine Noah's Ark—well, what do YOU think?

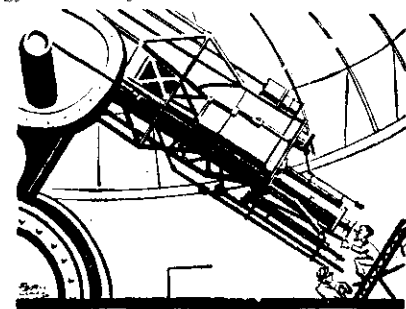
Musical Measles

IT was rather tantalising to see in a recent *Listener* a photograph of "Musicus" of 4YA but not to be given his real name. Since photographs are notoriously chancy things, I am not willing to bet that I do recognise "Musicus," and I am willing to grant him as much anonymity as the onlie begetter of Shakespeare's Sonnets, about whom Wilde wrote a fascinating story, "The Portrait of Mr. W.S." A recent programme compiled by "Musicus" filled me with delight and despair. I cannot tell him how ravished I was by Ravel's "Pavane for a Dead Princess," nor how exasperated to find it followed by "Valse Triste," and the Kentucky Minstrels singing "Love, Could I Only Tell Thee." I did discover a partial explanation in the remarks of "Musicus" himself, when he described a disease which he called "musical measles." Sufferers from this malady, says "Musicus," exhibit such symptoms as exclusive Chopin-worship,

or a conviction that "Clair de Lune" is the most perfect melody ever written; all musicians will be able to diagnose the disease at once, except when suffering from it themselves. I can only conclude, then, that this particular programme began in perfect health, but broke out in spots halfway—spots which, I hope, will have healed completely before the next *Moods in Music* programme on the air.

Occupation—Stargazer

ARE you a night-skyer? This will be the Question of the Month if all those who heard Alan Bryce's talk from 2YA the other Friday listened as zealously as I did. The stars in their courses were kind to Mr. Bryce and his listeners, since the talk was heard on what will probably be the only fine Friday in July, so that it was possible for the gymnastically inclined to have ears



glued to the radio and heads out of the window to identify the specimens named and described by the speaker. I found no difficulty in believing Mr. Bryce even when he presented one with facts which to my novice ears seemed remarkable, such as that one small reddish star called Antares was forty million times as large as our sun. In fact the only statement I found incredible was Mr. Bryce's — "as you will see from the chart in *The Listener*." By the end of the talk my current *Listener* was frayed at the edges, but I had still failed to follow the chart. However, none of these little setbacks can dim my resolution to be a star-gazer, first-class, especially in view of the fact that according to Mr. Bryce there are only 20 first-magnitude stars altogether, and 12 of them can be viewed at once in the night sky in July. It would probably be asking too much to expect the powers-that-be to make it January.

A Bas la Nudite

A TALK on *The Development of the Stocking Industry in England* suggested to me an expense of technicality in a waste of commercialism, but I found Mr. Ford's talk from 2YA on a recent Monday morning most entertaining. Beginning with Queen Matilda (wife of William the Conqueror) whose hose were "finest white cloth of Flemish weave," Mr. Ford took us rapidly along to Elizabeth, in whose reign the Reverend Lee invented the first knitting frame, thus staking his claim to be called the father of the British stocking industry. After an admiring glance or two at the Victorian ankle (in the 'sixties the "walking dress" was completed by stockings in startling colour schemes, including circular stripes and checks; and "stockings of red silk (continued on next page)