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RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

Non-Participation

POSERS, Penalties and Profits, the stupendous new ZB feature, may be profitable for the sponsors, plummy for the competitors and perfectly priceless from the viewpoint of the theatre audience, but it's certainly no great shakes for the home listener. (You know, the man the twenty-five bob comes from.) There we were, out in the cold like Clapham and Dwyer or the Poor Little Match Girl, and there were all the others at this Marvellous Party, with Father Christmases handing out magnificent presents at the slightest provocation (you got one if you knew the colours of the spectrum or Harry S. Truman's second name), and people coming in Dripping Wet (shrieks of laughter and we couldn't see a thing!) and being made to kiss their sisters or propose to their husbands or make speeches of welcome to De Valera. Actually from the listener viewpoint the whole thing was only slightly better than being expected to listen to a race meeting, a football game or a wrestling match without benefit of commentator. Before next Thursday I should like to see a special Listeners' Representative appointed to the show, whose duty it will be to keep listeners *au fait* with the performance by means of a voice comments similar to those used in the broadcasting of celebrity concerts or Sunday Night operas. ("Mrs. Blank, the next competitor, now takes the centre of the stage. She is wearing . . .") Only thus can listeners avoid feeling that they are chewing the bitter bread of banishment.

Grand Slam

I **BYPASSED** two previous engagements to attend the premiere of Radford and Wayne's *Travellers' Joy* from 2YA, and listeners will doubtless be delighted to hear that I was not disappointed. This is veritable R. and W. vintage stuff, the fine old bubbly we lapped up joyously in *Fools' Paradise* and savoured, somewhat diluted, in *Double Bedlam*. But you need a good head for it, and I must confess that owing partly to the exigencies of the jam-making but largely to the nature of the entertainment I emerged somewhat bemusedly from "French Leave." One should drink deep, or join the wowsers. Even in this one episode the plot has thickened, alarmingly, and as usual we were forced to leave Woolcott and Spencer buzzing and blundering in the middle of a web of intrigue, in a somewhat sticky position and entangling themselves deeper by their efforts to do something for the many corpses similarly entangled. Typically cartoon-British in their optimism, their obtuseness and their devotion to the sporting cliché (bridge seems as rich in well-thumbed phrases as cricket or racing), they have also the British characteristic most to be prized by heroes of radio serials—the inability to win any battle but the last.

Brains from Abroad

THE Dunedin session of the Brains Trust was a greater success than I had anticipated, mainly, I think, owing to the presence in our midst of Lord and Lady Beveridge, and the irreplaceable question-master Donald McCulloch. I cannot imagine a Brains Trust

without this particular personality to introduce the speakers, and when the local sessions continue minus his effervescent presence, I hope they will try to get someone with a totally different style as question-master, rather than attempt to imitate the inimitable. Some really excellent questions were sent in to this session, and a full-length discussion on the best of them, "what is the most

ALL THESE

SANDY fell into the Bougainville jungle, and Wilfred died in a life-boat at sea less than an hour from the African shore. He had crashed in Malta, and still was weak from illness and the injury. His mother dreams still, and cannot speak, When she shows his D.F.C.

DEREK was always highly-strung and "lived on his nerves," as people say. He said he must fight, and "would rather be hung" than rot in a base job, any day. So he won his wings, and later on, he married a girl in Canada. His bomber came down in France somewhere. They found his disc, so she knew he'd gone. He never saw his baby son.

ALL these loved life, and so did Dick, and yet he chose to go and die, because he was giving way to drink, and it was in the family, and the girl he loved was neurotic, I think, and couldn't help him to fight the thing; so Dick thought, here was a way to clean the slate, and serve his King as well, and be more admired than he'd ever been hanging round the hotel.

TERENCE was pretty as a girl. You'd never forget his gentle look. Too light for footer. But he would go till he dropped in long-distance; and he was mad on books, and to do what heroes do, Hereward, Shackleton, or Cook, since he was a kid in Standard Two. He didn't pass the Air Crew test, or get the commission he counted on, but just went west, helping to lift the gun.

HEARTS can be broken more ways than one; but I think I'll say no more just now. We can't remember the dead for long, in this busy life, with so much to do. There will be songs we'll sing; and Anzac Day; and stones with names that soon will be "just names," to all but one or two; and when my restlessness bites deep as flames, I'll think of all these men, and try not to complain.

—N. F. H. Macleod

urgent problem confronting New Zealand to-day?" would have been of intense interest. Instead, this question had to be dealt with quite briefly, some of the replies being rather frivolous compared with the succinct answer of Lord Beveridge, who pointed out that it is useless to discuss any of our many problems, however urgent we consider them, until we have solved the problem of how to stop the next war before it starts. There were only two local speakers on the panel, both of them acquitting themselves very well; the whole session, indeed, went with a swing—helped in this respect by the presence of people used to conversing naturally and easily even before a microphone. The only fault I found was that the time went too quickly, and that the shortness of the session and the importance of the questions made it seem that the questions were dismissed with brief and inadequate

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