

# Sensible slimming in practice



A previous announcement outlined the rules to be observed in reducing obesity. Here are suggestions as to how these rules can be put into practice in the daily meals.

Butter for the day:—N.Z.'s ration allowance.

Milk for the day:—1 pint with the cream poured off.

**Breakfast:** A serving of fruit raw, or stewed without sugar; An egg when available, or a serving of fish (not fried), or a rasher of lean bacon with tomatoes; 1-2 thin slices of bread or toast (preferably wholemeal) with a little butter (no marmalade, honey, etc.); A cup of tea or coffee (not coffee essence) — no sugar added.

**Mid-Morning:** Cup of tea, coffee, marmite, or boyril and a serving of fruit if hungry, but no biscuits, bread and butter or cake.

**Lunch or Tea:** A salad, which may consist of lettuce, cabbage, celery, cucumber, tomato, radish, onion, beetroot, carrot, peas, herbs, plus egg and cheese or cold meat. Vinegar may be used on the salad but no salad dressing, or fish steamed, or grilled or baked with tomato or onion, stewed rabbit or a lean chop, grilled kidney or steak or egg boiled, poached, scrambled or as an omelette. 1-2 thin slices of bread (preferably wholemeal) with a little butter, but no jam, honey, etc. Tea or coffee and fresh fruit as for breakfast.

**Mid-Afternoon:** Cup of tea (no sugar), with nothing to eat.

**Dinner:** Clear soup if desired, but no thickened soups such as barley broth; A large serving of lean meat, e.g., mutton, beef, rabbit, fish (not fried), liver, chicken, no thickened gravy or sauce; A large serving of a green vegetable or tomato; An average serving of a root vegetable (carrot, onion, pumpkin, leeks, or turnip); 1 medium potato (not roasted); Fruit raw or stewed without sugar, or a milk jelly, junket, egg custard or spanish cream (no sugar) made from the day's milk allowance; Glass of water or cup of coffee (no sugar).

**Supper:** Glass of milk or cup of tea or coffee (no sugar).

*Foods may be sweetened with saccharin if desired.*

ISSUED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH

16/47

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# RADIO VIEWSREEL

## What Our Commentators Say

### How Green Was My Dolphin

THE lure of the longer length has even infected the world of broadcasting, and I discovered to my great surprise that *Green Dolphin Street*, instead of being parcelled out into neat 15-minute instalments (and it would have made a goodly number of them) has been dramatised into two hour-length programmes, the first of which I heard from 2ZB the other Sunday. Now, though I could have enjoyed the programme better perhaps had I not been conscious throughout of my ulterior motive in listening, I felt it my duty to make viewsreel capital out of it since I must be one of the few persons in Wellington who have neither read the book nor seen the film. This then is purely non-partisan comment—I approached the programme free from bias of every kind, apart from that implanted by numerous other people who had seen the film or read the book or both. *Green Dolphin Street* struck me as a good radio programme. It has a wealth of easily distinguishable and romantic characters (Marianne so crisp, Marguerite so sweet, Captain O'Hara so broguish). The conversion from book or film to radio has been well done. (Good use has been made of devices for avoiding explanation of emotional states: "Sophie, you have dropped your ball of wool" gives us a concrete picture of what's happening, and, more important, underlines Sophie's emotional reactions.) The geographical solecisms that offend in book and film can here, in the smaller compass of the radio version, pass almost unnoticed, though one did tend to wonder at the long lines of kauris marching down to the mighty river, and to deprecate the rhythmic pants of haka-ing natives seemingly de rigueur as a background to William's antipodean drinking. But my primary emotion was one of gratitude for what was in itself a good entertainment and which will have the effect of saving me the many man-hours needed for the perusal of the book.



### In Mellow Mood

JUST as beauty is in the eye of the beholder so radio entertainment is in the ear of the listener, and the programme selector's task is further complicated by the fact that even the individual ear is not consistent in its likes and dislikes. Sunday evening's 2ZB programme found in me the ideal listener, mellowed by almost 48 hours of high living and no thinking; and even the *Citizen's Forum*, discussing Education for Leisure, failed to tickle to wakefulness my dormant critical faculty. Then came Noel Coward's distilled accents to drip honeyed balm. I was thus a ready target for the *Radio Playhouse* dramatisation of Enoch Arden, and in no mood to head a resistance movement against its considerable emotional impact. Such in fact was the melancholy induced in me by the

tale (after all, there have been authentic modern versions of it) that I allowed myself to be carried willy-nilly well into the next programme, and found myself *Among the Immortals*, though I had resolved to avoid their company. But the bright fustian of *William Shakespeare* was a pleasant contrast to the watered silk (wet with wifely tears) of Enoch Arden, and the everyday shrewishness of Will's Anne contrasted favourably with the melodious ululations of Enoch's Annie. Shakespeare, moreover, was allowed the considerable privilege of occasionally supplying his own lines (Anne's were cut-rate wholesale from a firm of dialogue-suppliers) whereas ill-starred Enoch seemed to be cut off entirely from intercourse with his Bard.

### Extract of Shakespeare

THERE are hopeful souls in the commercial world who claim to be able to give one "The strength of two whole oxen" in one small basin of beef tea; and there are similar hopeful souls in the broadcasting world whose aim is to condense a full-length Shakespearean tragedy into half-an-hour's performance. *Playhouse of Favourites*, a Sunday night feature from the Commercial stations, performs this sort of reductio ad absurdum regularly with a variety of world-famous dramas, to which I have listened with a varying degree of tolerance. But 3ZB's recent effort, a *Romeo and Juliet* that ran 30 minutes from first curtain to last, was too much to endure. True, as the proprietor of the beef tea might say, there was nothing in it that wasn't ox; such as it was, it was all Shakespeare. But if you had never seen an ox, would you gain any idea of what it was like from a cup of beef-extract?

### Memory Holds the Floor

MY prize for the most original programme to date goes to 3ZB's recent Sunday evening session *Collector's Corner*, with half an hour of nostalgic memories calculated to draw tears of laughter from the most hardened listener. The compère of this programme had resurrected from somewhere an elderly gramophone and a number of recordings popular some 35 to 40 years ago. With a great deal of audible cranking the thing was set in motion—a performance very reminiscent of the rousing of a Ford car of the same vintage, and just about as noisy. For sheer entertainment value this probably surpassed even the recordings themselves, and they were hard to beat. Heard through the accumulated fog of thirty-something years, Helen Clarke's rendering of "Everybody Calls Me Honey" was neatly summed up by the compère, who remarked drily as he returned her to the dust that he "supposed they might have once." There was also a delightful recording of Peter Dawson (that dates him!) and someone else, singing *Excelsior* in a manner which suggested that banner-bearing in the Alps was child's play compared with the work of singing duets against such heavy odds. A recitation, slightly muffled as to words, reached us still in all its glory of rising

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