

other book, "when the sublime stealer of the Mona Lisa carried to my retreat the panel wrapped in an old stable cover, but I could not endure and I detested the white, flabby hands of Mona Lisa, forced to have them always before my eyes for days on end, during the metaphysical speculation which the robber proposed it would induce."

It was also brought out that in discussing the English poet, Walter Savage Landor, D'Annunzio had once said:

"Why could not a man, a poet, an artist, fall in love with a dead woman? It is not a novel, it is real life. One could fall in love with a picture. I know someone, for example, who fell in love with the Mona Lisa, not the woman who has lost all her colour, but the woman who was Mona Lisa. This man is the one who stole her from the Louvre. Some day I will write of the man who stole the Mona Lisa."

HOW much an obsession Mona Lisa was to the poet is brought out by Guy de Maupassant, who relates that D'Annunzio once said to a couple of guests:

"In Italy I know of only two men who have shown the intelligence of genius. The first is Leonardo da Vinci, painter, sculptor, architect, mathematician."

"And the second?" the visitor asked. Shocked that anyone should doubt that the great D'Annunzio was the other, the poet merely looked at him in icy silence.

Great Dumb Public

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service to draw attention to its own accomplishments—presumably on the assumption that a good book needs no gilded dust-cover.

On the other hand an advertising radio service seeks to establish friendly, intimate relations between its stations and their listeners—to make the listeners feel that they share, to some extent, the excitement and labour of putting a programme on the air. It seeks to enter, as it were, into the life of the average home, as a party of amusing visitors with whom the family can spend a happy evening—even if the tenor is no Caruso and the pianist no Paderewski!

That is why the radio magazines are full of pictures of commercial announcers, why the colours of their ties are solemnly recorded, and the world knows about the nifty things they did before they became radio announcers.

As much and sometimes more emphasis is laid on the organisation that transmits the entertainment than on the entertainment itself.

Why?

The commercial announcer handles the bulk of advertising announcements and the station itself is associated with advertised products. Therefore, the greater the mana of the announcer and the greater the mana of the station, the less likelihood there is of a listener turning off before Binks Beans have had their little say at the end of the episode.

A nationally subsidised service can afford to be a sexless mouthpiece. A commercial service must, to exist, be the merry drummer with his bag of tricks—and samples.

Personally I find hours of enjoyment listening to both YA and ZB stations. I think most people feel the same way.

I am interested in Aunt Daisy's amazing culinary experiences, and I don't give two hoots about Mr. Drummond's old school tie.

I think most people feel the same way.

I don't think the commercial service is outraging the memories of dear departed BBC announcers. Nor do I think 5YA needs pepping up with a spot of hot rhythm to break down the chamber music hour.

Which station I listen to depends entirely on my mood—or what I think will interest and divert me at the moment.

To Sportsmen

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first race was scheduled to start permission to broadcast from the roof was withdrawn and a new spot had to be selected. The gear was set up on top of a large vegetable cart owned by a Chinese. He objected strongly and in any case said he was not staying after the big race. Once more the gear had to be taken down again. Eventually it was rigged up in the branches of a large tree overlooking the course, only seconds before the first race started. Under these conditions the whole of the eight races were described.

"But it's a great life and I like the job," said Gordon.

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