

# BRUNETTES

- an exciting

# NEW SHADE OF POWDER

SPECIALLY  
FOR YOU



BEAUTY  
TIP from  
PARIS

A LOVELY new shade of powder—a rich, warm, *subtly different* shade—is now all the rage in Paris for brunettes. Brought straight over from Paris by a famous French Beauty Specialist and blended by her specially for Tokalon—you can obtain it here only in the new BRUNETTE shade of Poudre Tokalon. Gives a ravishing *richer* loveliness to all brunettes for both day and evening wear. For blondes—a radiant 'peach-bloom' effect is the Paris vogue—obtainable in New Zealand only in the new Tokalon PEACH shade. And there are ten other exciting shades of Poudre Tokalon direct from Paris. Each one has more life and radiance because the powder itself is blended with "Mousse de Cream." This makes even fallow, dull complexions glow with new and *natural* colour. Ask your chemist to show you the whole range of thrilling and flattering shades of Poudre Tokalon. See the actual shade before you buy through the window in the bottom of the box—a Tokalon patented device. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

## WELLINGTON ROUNABOUT

By "Thid"

### In Which We Become Quite Irresponsible

LAST week came a letter. It was handed over, as is usual in such matters, to the roomful of secretaries they let me have hanging about here. (Fan mail, you know.) The idea was that a reply should be sent.

We send thousands out daily, each of us, from our different luxuriously furnished rooms. I can't think what New Zealand would do without us. What worried sweetheart is there who has not gotten comfort from Ann Slade? How often has our Puzzle Editor brought new interest into drab lives? Quite surrounded by whole-plate glossies of movie lovelies, and his w.p.b. overflowing with cast-off superlatives, our Film Editor writes furiously all day telling "Curious," "Fan," and "Picturegoer" how Richard Arlen once grew buttercups and how Clark Gable keeps goldfish.

Talk about service! If we don't know the answer we make it up.

I, personally, was nearly distracted only last week about how to tan my new trawling-net. And bless me if Aunt Daisy didn't come out with the answer in the next issue!

### And Programmes, of Course

Of course, we also have rooms and rooms and rooms full of people working on the purely radio part of the magazine. People write in and ask why the Broadcasting Services are all up the shoot, and, of course, it's our job to tell them. We know all the answers.

And recipes! And knitting!

And, incidentally, we publish the programmes. I used to know a man who used to say it was nice to have a barometer about the place—it was useful for telling you what sort of weather you'd been having. It's the same with the programmes. People simply couldn't do without them.

Well, as I was saying, you should tell him to marry you as quick as he can, for True Love Will Always Find a Way. And if he doesn't, go after him!

But that seems to have got into the wrong department.

### From One to t'Other

The point was, and is, that none of my fan mail secretaries quite knew what to do about this particular letter I'm trying to write about.

Miss Smith referred it to Miss Jones, who was doing her hair at the time and had to pass it on to Miss Brown, who

simply couldn't see what it was all about, so we sent a memorandum to Head Office, who referred it to Continuity, who gathered up the whole file (now quite large) and referred it back, and Miss Glumly, who knows about these things and really is a treasure, sent it to the Crown Law Office, and it's still there, and I'll have to do something about it myself after all.

A close examination of my copy (the original has been lost somewhere in transit and we are at the moment conducting a correspondence with the Chief Messenger on this subject—he's going to get what-ho because he didn't get in first and say that someone else did it) as I was saying, a close examination shows that the trouble seems to be that the address was omitted, no name given, and the postmark lost when the office

asked something about something, and she wrote a sweet note about A.D. (for Ask Daisy), the C in B.C. being a typist's error.

And my good friend Ann, when she gets a letter about J (for jilting) knows to reply under P.G. (for pig, or poor girl). If anything, my system is best of all. When someone writes under V.G. (very good), I reply under Y (for yes), and when someone writes under B.S. (for not very good), I reply under C (for cad).

### This Letter of Ours

Now this letter came under B.S. (bad sir!), and all the confusion described above rather put me off my stroke in the card-index. To cut it short, to answer a complaint that Roundabout had been too gloomy, I found myself in Bolton Street (for B.S.), where C could only stand for cemetery.

So all I can properly say to "Star Boarder" in answer to his (her) perfectly thrilling anonymous letter, is that I remain his (hers) for more and better gloom,

Thid  
with the hope that he (she) will remain

### THE CAUSE OF ALL THE TROUBLE

### POST CARD.

THIS SIDE FOR CORRESPONDENCE

THIS SIDE FOR ADDRESS

PRINTED  
IN  
ENGLAND

Take a tip from this and  
try painting your word pictures  
of the land  
ladies as set brighter  
from a Star Boarder  
+ an ardent "Listener" fan

NO 63

"How to Deal With Anonymous Letters" is the subject of this week's Roundabout. (With apologies, in advance, to the Farmers' Union)

boy tore the cover to get the stamps for his collection.

### We Have Our Systems

What with this, and that, it's all been rather difficult; but in Wellington, as everyone knows, we have systems for dealing with this sort of thing. All you do is to apply the system. And if you haven't a system that applies you establish a precedent, which automatically establishes a system, which automatically disposes of all problems afterwards appearing under that heading.

For example, Aunt Daisy has a table printed. Under S (for stains) she has L.J. (for lemon juice), and under C (for cake) she has B.C. (for baking powder) — which once led to a rather amusing contretemps when someone

as he (she) says he (she) is now, "An Ardent Listener Fan."

P.S. (for properly sunk): The letter is reproduced on this page in the hope that someone will recognise the handwriting and tell me who it was that sent it to me on a postcard with the caption: "I Can't Gild the Lily, But I've had a Jolly Good Try."

P.P.S. (for Pride of the Public Service): My try:—

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven  
to garnish  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.