

Sleep brings Youthful Beauty



Why just dream of beauty? Use precious dreaming hours to gain new charm and youthfulness. Each night, cleanse gently with Tokalon Biocel Rose Cleansing Cream. Soft, safe Tokalon wakes the sleeping beauty of your skin, and in the morning brings soft, youthful beauty that knows nothing of weary lines or worrying blemishes. Then for daytime Tokalon White Vanishing Cream makes the perfect powder base, non-greasy, gentle, lasting.

Asleep: Tokalon Biocel Rose Cleansing Cream
Awake: Tokalon White Vanishing Cream



TOKALON LIMITED, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.



"It hurts when I swallow, Mummy"

The beginning of something else?

Children can never escape all contact with infection, and it is wisest to be on the safe side.

Let them gargle regularly with 'Dettolin.' It protects the throat and mouth, where infection so often begins. Dettolin is a powerful germ-killer, containing the active germicidal principle of 'Dettol' antiseptic. It is blended specifically to suit the delicate tissues of the throat. Children enjoy using it; it is so pleasant and refreshing.

If 'Dettolin' does not bring quick relief—consult your doctor.

FROM
YOUR
CHEMIST

'DETTOLIN'
BRAND
GARGLE AND MOUTHWASH

RECKITT & COLMAN (New Zealand) Ltd., Bond Street, Dunedin.



THE POLISH SUPREME

LETTERS FROM LISTENERS

(continued from page 5)

COMPLAINT FROM THE COUNTRY

Sir,—As a country woman who depends largely on Radio for most of her music, cheer, company, entertainment and some of her information, may I draw attention to a matter which should be causing grave concern to all thoughtful listeners. I refer to the appallingly low standard of most of the features broadcast from our Commercial Stations. Most housewives enjoy good serials, and I for one, can get through piles of mending and other boring chores while being so entertained. The novels *Rebecca*, *The Rains Came*, *How Green Was My Valley*, *Emma*, were all well adapted for radio presentation, and were, in my opinion, worth the time spent in listening, but, with few exceptions, the current day-time serials are cheap, trashy, unrealistic, lurid, stickily sentimental and thoroughly boring. In short, they are an insult to the intelligence.

Being interested in Radio and fascinated by its potentialities, I have listened systematically for some months, and lest anyone think this is hasty judgment, just let him listen to the following day-time serials: "Ma Perkins," "Judy and Jane," "Big Sister," "The Editor's Daughter, etc., and in the evening, listen to "In His Steps," "Hollywood Radio Theatre," or "The Tale Master."

There are a lot more, but these are the worst. It must be sheer apathy surely not contentment, which keeps listeners mute while Ma Perkins drivels on in sentimental rubbish which is quite nauseating.

The literary counterpart of these serials (if one dare use the word "literary" in such a connection) would be the cheap magazine story—the penny dreadful, and all that sickly, high flavoured stuff which comes under the heading of the Yellow Press.

When people want reading matter, they have a fairly wide choice. The radio listener has on an average half a dozen stations. Why then should any of those stations be given the chance to waste one minute on such inferior material? If people will listen to such programmes without protest, then they would listen to much better programmes also without protest.

FARMER'S WIFE (Upper Hutt).

MUSIC AND PILLS

Sir,—I was most interested in "Old Timer's" letter on the subject of Music and Pills. I have had, for many years, an old copy of one of Beecham's Music Portfolios, and it is only now that I can understand the reason for the frequent advertisements for pills which appear in its pages. The book is numbered Vol. 4 and includes, "A Boy's Best Friend is his Mother," "When the Swallows Home-ward Fly," "Stephanie" Gavotte, and "Guinea Pills" Gavotte—all, as "Old Timer" says, in good clear print.

"VICTORIA" (Wellington).

AUSTRALIAN SPEECH

Sir,—May I say a word in defence of the typical Australian and his speech? If "Tolerance" imagines that those voices and the drawl of the players in "Dad and Dave" are typical he is much mistaken—ludicrously so! With the exception of a minority in the city areas, the Australian speech differs very little from

that of New Zealanders, especially since the children of most country farmers attend city colleges for several years. Having spent three years at one of these, and visited several country homes in "back blocks" districts, my subsequent experience of life in New Zealand has found little difference in these matters, although the outlook and characteristics of typical Australians are rather markedly different from those of this country.

V. H. COLE (Paparua).

SWEARING ON THE AIR

Sir,—During the last week or so I have noticed in the plays from Commercial stations a good deal of swearing. There were as many as five words in two plays one evening. I won't lower your paper with exact details! You probably wouldn't print them anyway, so why do we have to suffer them over the wireless?

What I want to know is, is it necessary for these to be included in the plays? I'm sure the story wouldn't suffer in any way. One play was on at 8 p.m. and even at that late hour many children would still be up. They are taught in the home, school, or church, that it is wrong to take the Lord's name in vain, but if this is continued, how can we expect them to obey this teaching? We are very strict in other things—especially the YA stations, so why take liberties in this respect?

H.D. (Milford).

RADIO VIEWSREEL

Sir,—I think it is about time somebody protested against the trash you print in the column "Radio Viewsreel." It's the one thing that spoils an otherwise excellent weekly. The one-sided way in which the comments are written shows a very high degree of intolerance for the ZB's and more especially for jazz music. I can just imagine a group of old men or women, whichever the case may be, crouching over the radio picking yet another fault with the Commercial stations, then, after carefully noting a trivial fault, turning back to their beloved YA stations and swooning over So-and-So's Prelude in "Y Minor," Opus 99,999, etc., etc. The result: an inch of uncomplimentary sentences about the ZB's, and a few inches of moonshine and drivel about the aforementioned Prelude, together with a long paragraph on their own personal reactions. In my opinion the Classical Bunk-lover gets too much of your space. Why not have a Jazz Commentator and do away with some of the old men! I would like to have heard their disgusted remarks when they heard that Bing Crosby topped the recently held Popularity Poll in America, and won the Academy Award.

But what really prompted me to write this letter was their stupid article about the ZB request sessions. These sessions are not to their liking, so they elect themselves to the job of writing a few inches of rubbish and place it in a prominent position. I ask them: why disapprove of the ZB's request sessions? They don't have to listen to music they don't like. It's the public that wants it, not a group of bewhiskered old, behind-the-times men.—ALAN N. STEWART (Pukeuri Junction).

[Our oldest beard grows on a chin of 22.—Ed.]