

Interesting Teapots

No. I: Spode

Josiah Spode the first, established one of England's greatest potteries. He worked in salt glazed stoneware, jasper and basalt as well as in porcelain. The teapot illustrated, made about 1765, is in Egyptian red ware with floral design in pink, yellow, green and blue enamel colours.



Look after an heirloom teapot if you have one-but remember, your usual teapot will give you good tea if you put in BELL, the TEA OF GOOD TASTE.

THE TEA OF GOOD TASTE

RELIEF and HEALING



Dettol Ointment applied to a septic sore or skin eruption calms and relieves the irritation. It also sinks deeply into the inflamed tissue, and there destroys the germs which cause the inflammation, and which, by their poisons, make healing both difficult and slow. Dettol Ointment contains the active germicidal principle of "Dettal," the famous antiseptic.

DETTOL OINTMENT

HEALING & ACTIVELY ANTISEPTIC RECKITT AND COLMAN (NEW ZEALAND) LTD., Pharmaceurical Division, BOND STREET, DUNEDIN.

HERE'S GOO RIDDANCE TO BAD COLDS WORKS OUTSIDE Like a Poultice. Just rubbed on, VapoRub works on the skin, warming away the tightness and pain, "drawing out" congestion. And WORKS INSIDE, TOO! With inhaled Vapours that are released by the body warmth and breathed in, to clear stuffy nose, soothe sore throat and relieve troublesome coughing. Oh-h-h that sunny sensation they smell to his sore, stuffedof warmth and comfort in up nose as he inhales their his chest when you rub on active medication with every VapoRub 'at bedtime. How breath . . . 18 times a minute! good VapoRub feels as it "draws" and tingles, soothes away discomfort like an old-This "inside-outside" action goes on for hours during

fashioned poultice!

Anhh those penetrating, pungent vapours -- how good sleep. Usually, by morning, the worst of the cold is over. Good riddance to it!

VICK PRODUCTS INC., 122E 42nd Street, New York.

LETTERS FROM LISTENERS

(continued from page 5

WRESTLING BROADCASTS Sir,--Both A. T. Bailey and A. Binnis make the mistake of thinking that because wrestling is popular it is a sport. Both these correspondents have apparently forgotten that Gladiatorial Contests, Chariot Races and the throwing of Christians to the Lions were very popular sports in the "good" old days. More recently public hangings were reckoned a good show.

CLEAN SPIRIT (Khandallah).

AUTHOR WANTED

Sir,-Could any reader tell me the author of the following lines:
Lo! The stillness all around,
Oh! The silence lone and deep;
Tender ears can hear no sound;
Our brave soldier's gone to sleep.

Angels to their starry home Called the one we could not keep; There he waits until we come Our brave soldier—Gone to sleep. COMPOSER (Wellington).

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

Sir,-I am sorry that the broadcasting authorities have cut down 1ZM's orchestral hour. I think, now that we have a permanent symphony orchestra, the missing hour would help many people to get familiar with orchestral playing before they went to a concert by the National Orchestra. Singers and instrumentalists have a large share of time on the air, so why not cut them down a bit and devote more time to the world's famous orchestras?
COLLECTOR (Auckland).

"I DON'T BELIEVE IT"

Sir,-In your issue of June 9 your viewsreel commentator spends first a half a column in handing out bouquets to the NZBS production unit for the production of Wallace Geoffrey's play I Don't Believe It. I have heard this play from 2YA, and it most definitely was not produced by the NZBS. The NZBS unit has been responsible for some good productions, and also for some very poor ones, but I Don't Believe It is produced by the BBC, and your commentator should give credit where PLAYFAIR credit is due.

(Wellington). (We are pleased to give credit now.—Ed.)

ARMS AND THE WOMAN

Sir,-The late A. G. Macdonnell had a likely theory on the position of the arms of Venus de Milo. The right hand, he said, grasped a gun. The left was extended, palm upwards, while the word "Gimme!" trembled on the perfect lips.

G. le F. YOUNG (Christchurch).

SUNDAY NIGHT PLAY

Sir,-I have just completed gorging myself on an hour of the most scabious, putrescent entertainment I have ever heard from a New Zealand station, I refer, sir, to a play from 3YA on Sunday evening. It consisted of the ravings in an acute psychotic episode in which a grossly maladapted, inadequate, impulsive psychopath reveals his progressive deterioration into a world of his own

(continued on next page)

NEW ZEALAND LISTENER, JULY 11