

## BELOW PAR SOME DAYS?



Run down? Mysteriously below par some days? Slack after a late night? Feel you need more sleep? Occasional headaches?

All signs of constipation.

But you're perfectly "regular"? So are lots of people who nevertheless are constipated.

Elimination must be complete as well as regular. If it isn't, poisons remain, get into the blood, sap your vigour.

A prescription widely recommended by doctors is Kruschen Salts. Doctors do not prescribe secret remedies, or habit-forming drugs. Kruschen has their confidence because the analysis is on every bottle. They know what they are prescribing. And their medical knowledge tells them that Kruschen is unalterably right for the condition to be relieved. There is nothing better, and nothing more to be known about constipation and its relief. In a word...

YOU'LL FEEL ALL THE BETTER FOR A PINCH OF

# KRUSCHEN

Take Kruschen in tea or hot water.  
2/5 a bottle at Chemists and Stores.

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Septic Finger Nails can be completely cured with Ung Favus Ointment. The treatment is painless and the cure permanent. If you are not satisfied with the result your money will be refunded—2/6, 4/6, 7/6. Ung Favus is obtainable from—All Chemists, or direct from Celesto Laboratories, 30, Kevin's Arcade 105 Karangahape Road, Auckland, C.2.

**UNG FAVUS**  
The Guaranteed Cure 26

## LETTERS FROM LISTENERS

(Continued from page 4)

### WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR?

Sir,—Many times in the course of a not very short life have I felt the urge to pick up my pen and rush into print. Until this occasion, however, my natural (or is it unnatural?) indolence has always won the day. But now it really is a case of "Up Guards, and at 'em!" Why, may I ask, have you cut out that most valuable feature of your paper: "What Would You Like To Hear?"

I was not a subscriber to *The Listener* until I chanced a few months ago to pick up a copy and glance through it. I was immediately struck by this very fine feature and at once placed an order for the regular delivery of the paper. Now I find myself left lamenting a subscription paid in advance.

Should any retrenchment of space be necessary—and we all realise such is the case at present—surely this should be effected from among the extraneous matter published? Your paper apparently aims at being all things to all men. Is this not a thought ambitious for a threepenny journal which is bought primarily—and usually, I should imagine, finally—as a Radio Programme?

It is of no interest to me to see therein a full-page article I have already read in the daily paper, cookery recipes which have strayed from their natural habitat and similarly unrelated matter which assuredly passes into oblivion, "unwept, unhonoured and unsung." But what I should much like to see, re-instated, is WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR?

—ROUSED AT LAST (Blenheim).

(What Would You Like to Hear? was a good feature before the war, when programmes were stable. It was a permissible feature after the war started until newspaper rationing began. It would still be a justifiable feature if it could be kept reasonably full and reasonably accurate. But programmes at present change from day to day, and with every change those two pages have either to be pulled to pieces again and remade or remain incomplete and misleading. We can't afford the time, or the cost, of remaking them, and would sooner disappoint some readers than mislead all of them. We shall restore the feature as soon as circumstances permit. Would our correspondent in the meantime please let us know which of our full-page articles she has already seen in the daily papers.—Ed.)

### CRIBBAGE COMPETITION

Sir,—I want to meet the originator of the Cribbage Competition advertised in *The Listener*; not that I have any torture chamber in mind—I just want to shake him by the hand and tell him what I think of him. Him? Assuredly. No woman would perpetrate such a diabolical contrivance for wasting her hard-working husband's precious time when there are so many odd jobs to be done. Conversely, being a man, I regard the originator as a public benefactor. He has introduced something that makes you forget your troubles, your aches and your pains, and that to-morrow is Monday. You certainly emerge a little cross-eyed and crazy, but these afflictions are not permanent. You soon straighten out again when you hear the announcer's voice "You are listening to etc., etc." But what a rest you have had, even though you have achieved nothing!

Another reason why I like this competition is that there is something different about it. As a matter of fact, it is made up of innumerable differences,

A learned friend told me that there were thousands of different ways of arranging the 25 cards. He gave me the exact number; but I wasn't interested. I told him he was wasting his time; that I had already found out for myself.

MAC (Whangarei).

(Our correspondent has our sympathy. If we offer him more we may keep a child out of the sun.—Ed.)

### SUNSHINE ON THE FARM

Sir,—Since I have already explained for the benefit of your first optimist why I wrote "There's Always a War on a Farm," was it really necessary for a second to turn up in your issue of September 13 and make me say it all over again? For your first I explained that I painted one side only of the picture, was grateful to him for painting the other side, but wanted it recognised that each of us, for our different purposes, had been biased. Let me say, finally, that I think farm life is in most cases a hard life, but that it has many

### Puss, Puss!

*Who said cats are only made to eat, sleep, and bask in front of the fire? In France, before the war, there was an army of cats on the national payroll. Special provision was made for them in the Budget, providing quarters for them and the wages of a servant to look after them. It was their duty to guard the huge stock of paper belonging to the French National Printing Office from the devastating onslaught of rats and mice.*

*In Vienna, in the old days, the municipal cats were not only kept in affluence, but were placed on the retired list and honourably pensioned when they had outgrown their usefulness.*

compensations. But let me also say that it is not all compensations, as your first optimist seemed to want me to believe it was. Your second optimist is more or less answered already. Because the first made no allowance whatsoever for the hardships of life on most small farms, I believe I was justified in talking about "rabid romanticism." However, Number Two is not so rabid. She admits that the farmer has his troubles. For the rest, she says what I very well know myself. I have worn boots as often as shoes and gone barefoot as often as anything. And I wrote what I wrote because I knew it was true. If your optimists will allow that, and allow me to concede their "compensations" without conceding that such incidentals are anything but incidentals against the background of long hours and many disappointments, then we shall all be able to settle nicely down to our first games of tennis, while the farmers stay out winning the war.—THID (Wellington).

Sir,—As the wife of a farmer I have read with interest "Thid's" article on War on the Farm, the reply by the "Optimist," and "Thid's" justification of his position. On the whole I am inclined to agree with "Thid" as long as he ad-

mits that he is showing only one side of the picture. I don't know which annoys the average farmer most, to be pitied for his hard lot, or to be envied his pleasant and abundant life. The former friends of the farmer's wife—that is the friends who knew her before she was a farmer's wife—can be divided into two groups, those who have not been to stay on the farm who say, "My dear, what do you do in the country?" and those who have seen her struggling with meals for farm hands, a cross baby, a neglected garden, a pile of mending, etc., and say, "My dear, I don't know how you do it all." Quite simple to answer—you don't!

One point I want to argue with the "Optimist" and with all those who have the idea that a family can live on the farm for next to nothing; that is his assertion that it is easy to have plenty of green peas, strawberries, etc. It is not that farmers are too lazy to make a garden, it is simply that there are too many tasks of importance to be done on the farm at the time when it is necessary to attend to a garden. I hope to have both strawberries and green peas in abundance this year, but only because I have put hours of work into the garden. I maintain that a man in a town job with a suburban section has a much better chance of having a profitable garden than a farmer. The "Optimist" does not remember the struggle and hardship; he remembers strawberries and green peas. I wonder if his wife remembers the years before the children were old enough to do the garden, or the year when everyone had 'flu in the spring, what a struggle it was to get the seasonal work done on the farm, how she herself could not give in and go to bed because of the children, and for six weeks life was a ghastly struggle and the garden went to ruin. Even in forty years' time I will remember those years, though I may be willing to argue that the farmer's life is the best life of all.

It is the best life, not because of strawberries or tennis, but because it is lived close to Nature and the eternal things. —ANNETTE (Murchison).

### CROONERS FOR BREAKFAST

Sir,—I fully appreciate the difficulty of trying to please everybody, but could not something be done about those dreadful "crooners"—especially at breakfast time when something cheerful is needed. Incredible as it seems to most normal people, it is said that there are those who actually enjoy this depressing rubbish; if so, let the crooners have their "ZB" Stations, but keep them off the YA lot. It has been aptly said that crooners are the lowest form of life yet discovered. The sounds they emit would be excusable in a sick goat, but why inflict them on a long-suffering public? The YA Stations are supposed to have an educative influence, and the management would not consider employing an announcer who could not pronounce and speak decent English. So why tolerate the crooner?

We always turn on the radio at 7 o'clock breakfast a little before time so as to get the news, and a little decent music or something cheerful is all to the good; but often we strike a crooner. The other morning we got one of these pests at 2YA, hastily shut him off, only to get another more poisonous still at 1YA, and then another at 3YA. We missed the news that morning. Surely there should be some escape.

—AVERAGE LISTENER (Hicks Bay).