

My Husband Couldn't Believe His Eyes!

He says I look 10 years younger



"IT seems just like a miracle," were John's own words. **THIS IS HOW I DID IT**

Only two months ago I had lines and wrinkles on my forehead, around my eyes and mouth—I looked very definitely 'middle-aged'. To-day all my friends admire my unlined girlish skin and clear complexion.

I use Tokalon Rose Skinfood every night. It contains 'Biocel', the amazing vital youth element—the discovery of a famous University Professor. During the day I use Crème Tokalon White Colour to make skin clear and smooth, free from blackheads and enlarged pores. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

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Thousands of people with false teeth have found Steradent an effective and handy preparation for cleaning and sterilizing dentures. Steradent removes all stains, film, and food particles, leaving the whole denture clean and sterilized.

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Owing to difficulties in regard to raw materials, it is not possible to supply Steradent on the same scale as in normal times. All available stocks of Steradent are being evenly distributed right throughout New Zealand. The manufacturers therefore recommend you use Steradent as economically as possible.

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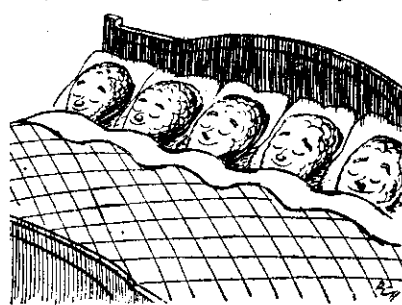
THINGS TO COME

A Run Through The Programmes

THE editors of *Time* have just about convinced the English-speaking world that their magazine moves, in fact that it marches (f. F. marcher, etym. dub), on. So much so that many people now seem to believe that the magazine's namesake (the three-score-years-and-ten variety), also marches on, indeed that it runs on. How far away from the newsreel theatres did A. P. Harper have to go, we wonder, to find the place "Where Time Stood Still," about which he is going to talk from 2YH on 8 p.m. on November 25.

From Cradle to Gravy

Once there was an American who—in a restaurant—tasted an oyster patty for the first time. He called the waiter: "Say, bo, something's died in my bun!"



There is, isn't there, a faint flavour of mortality about the freshest oyster? Yet we are glad to see oysters on our tables. How do they get there? Elizabeth Richardson is going to tell us something about this in the first of a series of "Biological Bits" talks in the Women's Session at 2YA on Wednesday, December 2. Mrs. Richardson will recount, with scientific accuracy and human feeling, the life and story of the oyster, from cradle to dinner table.

Christmas Carols

As in former years, the grounds of Homewood, the Sutherland residence in Karori, are to be thrown open to the Wellington public on Sunday afternoon, November 29, and once again the chief feature of the afternoon's entertainment (arranged in aid of the Free Kindergarten Association), will be a Christmas Carol Community Sing, led by the Wellington Harmonic Society and the Apollo Singers. H. Temple White will conduct, and accompaniments will be provided by the band of the Wellington City Battalion Home Guard. But for the benefit of those who think Home is better than Homewood, the programme of carol singing will be broadcast from 2ZB at 3.0 p.m.

The Cup That Cheers?

Time was — mind you, we're going back a bit now—when we set out for a day at the races with confidence and our Indefatigable System. Later on, we went with our Infalible System. And now we just go along with our wife to watch the horses. But if anyone happens to mention Serenata or Happy Ending to us—well! It was only the week before Serenata's win that we abandoned our System based on Music and adopted the one

based on Birds and Animals. And really that was most frightful bad luck, because our Little Robin ran third, and there was some trouble about weight, and our tickets didn't count. So when Fred Thomas talks about "New Zealand Cup Memories" from 3YA on November 27, we know we won't be able to resist him, but we know we're in for a bad spell of nostalgia dividenditis.

Nature's Second Course

Do you have difficulty in sinking into the arms of M. Orpheus? Are you continually dropping stitches in your nightly attempts to knit up the ravell'd sleeve of care? Do you, in short, suffer from sleeplessness? If you do—and who don't, what with worrying about next year's income-tax and all?—tune in to 1YA next Tuesday forenoon and listen to the *Health in the Home* talk on "Sleep for the Sleepless." As a topical tip, we might suggest that there is more scope in counting Italian prisoners than sheep (memo: must find out how the prisoner-counters keep awake on the job). If your sleeplessness is induced by the wakefulness of an infant, we suggest a noggin of brandy. But take it yourself. Don't give it to the baby.

Going West

"Happi Hill" fans will look forward to a new series of "The Roving Canadian" (beginning 1ZB this Saturday, November 21, at 8 p.m.), in which Happi, himself a Canadian, tells of life way-out west, up-north and down-south as it is to-day. These stories of the Canadian Prairies apparently lack nothing in variety, if we may judge by the sub-titles "Cactus, Sage and Mosquito," "Hats of the West" (maybe there are fashions in sombreros too?), "Calamity Jane," and "Bodie, the Ghost-town."

Going Wrong

By WHIM-WHAM

"I am confident that the German home front is behind me—and the man at your head is not a man to go abroad like the Kaiser if things go wrong . . ."
—Hitler, speaking at Munich.]

*IF things go wrong?
Why, Adolf, here's a strange,
Disquieting Change
In your familiar Song!*

*WHY "if" at all
If Victory is sure?
It quite secure,
Why contemplate a Fall?*

*WHAT are these Things
Which you suppose can go
Wrong? Let us know
Your worst Imaginings!*

*YOU say that you
Won't bolt in that Event:
The Kaiser went;
But you will see it through.*

*NO doubt you're right.
When Things begin to break,
You will not take
To ignominious Flight,*

*BECAUSE there are
So Many who await
Your final Fate:
They'll see you don't get far!*

RECENT MUSIC

By Marsyas: No. 37

A CORRESPONDENT'S suggestion that the broadcasting of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was a convincing answer to those who say that "most people are incapable of attention for more than thirty minutes" and also "to the fears of those who, including myself, dread intellectual snobbery" may have been an allusion to my query: "How many . . . managed to keep their attention right on it for the whole 75 minutes or so?" Though I have ignored past allegations of musical snobbery, I am bound to explain now that I certainly did not keep my own attention on the work for the whole time and have no expectation of doing so. I would not pretend to be satisfied by the introduction to the last movement, where Beethoven intrudes the clumsiness of his non-musical thinking (by trying over themes from the other movements, rejecting them, and then deciding on the great tune). It is not a musical process of the mind to be thinking out loud in terms of trial and rejection but a critical process, and clumsy criticism doesn't make an introduction to the finale of what should have been the greatest symphony ever written. Still, I do remember liking that little bit at twenty-five to eleven.

ONE or two recent short programmes have pleased those who find solace in pre-psycho-analysis music. There have been Couperin, Scarlatti, and Bach recitals, madrigals, and Handel choruses, all health-giving reliefs from the newly plugged *Rite of Spring*, or Gershwin's *Concerto in F*. As William Glock wrote recently in the *London Observer*, there is no need for an effort of the imagination to rediscover such music: "for the genius of Byrd and Wilbye and Weelkes (here I add Couperin and Scarlatti) shines through their works with no more need of an 'explanation' than with Haydn or Mozart."

GUSTAV MAHLER'S Ninth Symphony, on the other hand, was a weapon placed in the hands of those who say that classical music is deadly dull and lifeless. Even an earnest attempt at respectful and attentive listening had to be abandoned long before the symphony had spent its rambling hour-and-a-half. (To put the whole thing on without a break was to show commendable enterprise, and it may be ungrateful to notice the enormities of the work.)

We permit our Great Composers to lose their grip of specific virtues here and there: Beethoven may lose control of texture at a peak of excitement at which Haydn would retain it; symphonic non sequiturs are pardonable if they are as beautifully done as Schubert's; but to lose grip of Music itself cannot be atoned for by all the virtues in the world.

IF someone sent in Augustus John's portrait of Madame Suggia playing the 'cello by way of bringing me to my knees (already half-skinned), I certainly had not bargained for a 'cellist who could (a) afford to pay an Augustus John to make her bowing stance look handsome, (b) could also afford to use up all her M. and most of her O coupons, in a dress-length that reaches almost to the painter's feet.