

WITH FOUNDATIONS, NEARLY RIGHT IS WHOLLY WRONG

When you choose your next Berlei, don't accept a fitting that's nearly right. You're doomed to disappointment if you do.

Berlei are busy on uniforms and battledress, but we still make foundations for all figure types... plenty for everyone.

You've no reason to accept a nearly right fitting.

So if your usual store says, "Sorry, sold out of your Berlei fitting", hold on a little while... they should soon have it. If, however, your need is urgent, then try at another store just this once. The comfort, beauty and perfect satisfaction, that only the right Berlei can give you, is well worth a little time spent in waiting.

The Wartime Fitting:

Because of regulations which insist on less elastic in foundations, all women should make sure, when being fitted, that the garment is tried in the sitting position. Also, it is necessary to have slightly more freedom at waist and hips to allow movement and to avoid discomfort after eating.



For SUCCESSFUL BAKING

Behind every tin of Edmonds ACTO Baking Powder is the experience of over 60 years of baking powder manufacture. Edmonds ACTO is full strength; use the exact quantity the recipe stipulates.

**Edmonds
ACTO
Baking Powder**

A Product of T. J. Edmonds Ltd., makers of Edmonds ACTO Cake Powder, Edmonds "Sure-to-Rise" Custard, and also of Edmonds "Sure-to-Rise" baking Powder.



B.3C

Listening While I Work

By "Materfamilias"

OF all listeners or would-be listeners the housewife is the most favoured. She has a potential listening time from early morning until the family come home and insist on favourite serials, news, or swing. She can get an apparently interminable flow of household tips beginning at 9 a.m. from the *Commercials* with Aunt Daisy and continuing with A.C.E. talks, *Health in the Home*, *Home Front Talks* from the *Nationals*, followed by *Shoppers' Sessions*, *Home Service Sessions*, *Health and Beauty Sessions* from the *Commercials*. Clearly, radio aims to make the good housewife into a better one. (The bad housewife will probably be lying in the sun or be off to the pictures and impervious to the well-meant efforts of radio anyhow.)

THEN take the serials. Almost any day of the week from almost any Commercial station between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. the listener may keep five or six stories going. I cannot say I have ever tried or am ever likely to try to follow six serials a day, not to mention the evening serials which I have not counted at all. But I can imagine that serial listening would become as fascinating as crosswords. Does this bit belong to *Dearest Mother* or to *Linda's First Love*? Was it the girl in *For Ever Young* who was left in that hideous predicament or was it *Judy and Jape*?

Some way behind serials, but high up on the list, I would put what might rather euphemistically be called "interest programme"—travel talks, talks with a reminiscent air, talks which have a purpose other than instruction or sensation. Last on the list comes what is for many a woman in her home a highlight, the classical hour, which is happily planned for 2 p.m., a time when even the harassed mother of small children can, if she is clever, make for herself half-an-hour's listening at the least.

AND the rest of the time? For most of it there is a spate of every type of light music which will insinuate itself into the unconsciousness of the housewife who believes in having her radio on. And I am prepared to believe, for I have often heard it said, that she is more cheerful and less lonely for this. Also, and this is an important function of radio, it is a valuable clock. "I'm lost without it," one woman told me. "I put the porridge on with the 7 a.m. news, and the 7.45 a.m. news is the signal for the children's breakfast. The kiddies must be out of the house before the 8.45 news begins. By the time *Morning Star* comes on I have done the bedrooms. *Music While You Work* is the signal to tidy up before catching the train in to town if I have to go in. Each programme change is an indication of something I must do. I can have it on all day without listening at all. In fact I can't imagine who could listen all the day and all the time. But it's a dandy timepiece..."

THE title of a recent Sunday afternoon programme "Facing the Sunset" took me back to a story that I loved in my

(Continued on next page)