

# DO YOU MAKE THE DANDRUFF SIGN?



Head-scratching is a sign that you've got dandruff. Neglect it and your hair will undoubtedly grow brittle, split and drop out.

**MAKE THIS TEST:** scratch your scalp, and examine your nail. If there is a greyish deposit, you suffer from oily dandruff. If you see white flakes in your hair and on your clothes, you have dry dandruff. Don't delay—get at the cause of the dandruff—try Silvikrin—the tried and proven remedy. Obtainable from any chemist, hairdresser or store.

For **SLIGHT DANDRUFF**—hair beginning to fall, apply Silvikrin Lotion—keeps normal hair both healthy and tidy. Price 3/5 & 6/- per bottle.

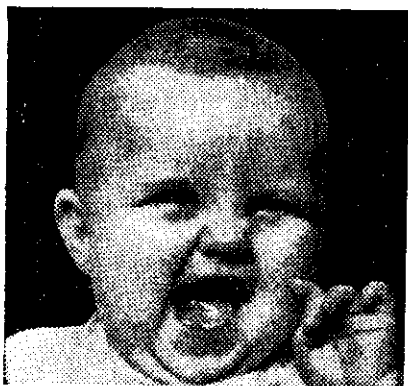
For **SEVERE DANDRUFF**—serious falling hair, apply Pure Silvikrin—the concentrated Hair Food. Price 8/3 per bottle.

Drugs Ltd., Sydney Road,  
London, N.10.

NZ.2.3

## Silvikrin

FOR THE HAIR



### Untroubled by Teething

Teething is easier when habits are regular and the bloodstream is cool. Steedman's Powders—a safe and gentle aperient—keep habits regular during the teething period. Used by mothers for over 100 years for children up to 14 years of age. Keep some Steedman's handy.

Write now for Free Booklet  
'Hints to Mothers'  
Van Staveren Bros. Ltd.,  
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Give  
**STEEDMAN'S**  
**POWDERS**

FOR CONSTIPATION

NEW ZEALAND

# LISTENER

Incorporating N.Z. RADIO RECORD

Every Friday

Price Threepence

DECEMBER 31, 1943

1944

**T**HE girl on our cover is two years old. When the war ends she may be five or six—carrying a little bag to school. When the last war ended her parents were at school—a little older than she is to-day but as little able to plumb the future. A grandfather, who is still living, could have served in the South African war, and a grand-uncle did. In short, her background is three wars in forty-three years, two of them involving the whole world. She was born in war, she is growing up in war, and what has happened to her has happened to millions of girls right round the globe. But like her, they are as innocent of their past as of their future. They do not know that military uniform is not normal dress for men and a very recent innovation for women. It has not occurred to them to ask why their fathers are so seldom at home and why their mothers and grand-mothers are so often in tears. They are children of the storm, preserved from the knowledge of it by its universality and duration. And even their parents are afraid to tell them—almost afraid to remember—that the world was once a different place and life almost as sunny for grown-ups as their youth and innocence permits it still to be for them. The question is: Can we save the world in time to give them a normal girlhood, and preserve it long enough to guarantee them a normal womanhood? To the first question the answer is now Yes. Victory is on the way; and victory for the United Nations means food and shelter and sunshine and laughter for the girl on our cover. Whether it will continue to mean freedom from want and freedom from tyranny, freedom to marry by her own choice, and a carry-over of all those freedoms to her children, is more obscure. The answer is Yes if we have learnt during the last forty-three years as well as suffered. It is No if we are too dull to learn and too selfish for sacrifice. For we shall not get some of our privileges back—those that were mere luxury and self-centred power—and we shall not recover and retain our liberties unless we pay the price for them.

December

At  
Home



**Y**OU who are abroad,  
Perhaps you would like to see us  
as we are to-day.

**T**HE grass is growing thickly on top of the air-raid shelters. In spite of Keep Out notices the children are playing round their doors. The pits we dug for ourselves in our gardens are all filled in now, and we've planted potatoes and silver beet and radishes.

No terror has struck at us from the skies. None of us have had to carry our children in fear.

crouching low under the hedges. We haven't had to see the soft limbs quiver or the clear eyes change.

Any time we hear an aeroplane we know it's from Auckland, or Nelson, or some other place, or else it's just one of the boys from the 'drome that is learning to fly.

In all the gardens down our street there are roses.

It's been a great year for roses, and they flaunt themselves rather all up and down the paths and under the windows.

Women who are going to have babies put on flowered smocks and walk in the sunshine.

The girls from the offices don't wear hats.

Their hair is long and fine and curled at the ends.

We still love, dance, hate, get divorced. Now that butter has been rationed, we wonder what we're going to do for Christmas.

We feel clever if we save a coupon here and there by making one new dress out of two old ones.

Summer is on us at last and we buy sandals, and white dresses, and those whose figures can stand it get into slacks. We aren't any wiser or better or kinder.

And we aren't any more selfish or hateful or sanctimonious than we were before you went away.

We're not changed at all, not the way you will be by the time you come back.

Perhaps you feel we're getting all the ha'pence and you're getting all the kicks.

Perhaps you're right.

But perhaps if you remember the whining bomb and blasting shell

And if you could see them The grasses growing undisturbed over the air-raid shelters

and the pits we dug sprouting carrots and parsnips and silver beet, you'd feel all right about it.

If you could see the women in their smocks in the sunshine.

If you could see the roses. If you can realise that children's eyes out here are still unclouded.

Then perhaps you who are abroad will realise why you went and what we think about it.

—Isobel Andrews

Letters from Listeners this week will be found on Page 32

### TO ALL READERS

**T**HIS issue contains programmes for eight days—January 3 to January 10 inclusive. The reason is that our NEXT issue may arrive a day later than usual, owing to delivery delays which we cannot control. But do not suppose that it will not arrive at all. It will. We hope in fact that it will arrive at the normal time, but we have thought it better to play safe than have some of our readers feel sorry.

NEW ZEALAND LISTENER, DECEMBER 31