

HOLIDAY TIME FOR ALL

All Essays For Columbia Pictures' Ideal Holiday Competition Must Be In By December 20

COLUMBIA Pictures' "Ideal Holiday" Competition is moving to its close. The final winner, the lucky person who is to receive a fortnight's free holiday either at Rotorua or Caroline Bay, Timaru (plus, of course, all the contributed awards which go with the first prize) will be announced in the "Record" dated January 6, 1939. It will be a fine New Year gift for somebody. Essays for the final competition must be in by December 20. The winner for that week will be announced in the "Record" of December 30, and the final winner a week later.

It has been most interesting watching the progress of the competition. Right at the beginning entries were heavy, and interest has been growing all the way.

The result naturally, is that Columbia Pictures are the proud possessors of hundreds of ideas on the subject of ideal holidays. There is sufficient information and accumulated wisdom in those essays to start a travel service.

Essays have come from all over New Zealand, and even from Australia. Last week's most interesting essay was submitted by a steward on a coastal cargo vessel, and his idea of how he would spend his ideal holiday has a definite moral for discontented city folk.

"I work seven days a week serving meals to other people," he writes, "and I am away most of the time from my family and home."

"All I want is to be at home and cut my hedges and lawns, and do all sorts of odd jobs that require to be done; to go out with my wife and family, taking them shopping or to the theatre."

It seems to bear out everything the old song says about home.

Winning Essay

THERE was no difficulty in selecting the winner of this week's prize. It goes to Mr. C. J. Treadwell, of Wellington, whose essay contains some pungent observations on holidays in general.

Mr. Treadwell is obviously no novice when it comes to setting his thoughts down on paper, but his was the best essay submitted, and the prize goes to him.

Here is his essay:—

I know of nothing so unpleasant to an early morning ear as the mocking challenge of the kitchen alarm clock, and nothing so humiliating as the attempts (though surprisingly often successful), to catch the train to work. "What I need," we invariably murmur as we clutch desperately at the disappearing rail of the guard's van, "is a good holiday." And about Christmas time the chance regularly comes around.

Thus it is that a casual observer at one of our popular beaches on the 23rd instant may view with unconcern a wide yet deserted beach, and on the following day may see no beach but a surging, shrieking conglomeration of bank managers, clerks, accountants, their wives, children and relations.

Then there is the mountaineer. Our casual observer, if he chances by some overwhelming stroke of coincidence, to be piloting a 'plane over, let us say, the Tararua, in a bleak southerly gale, may raise his eyebrows in surprise to hear, emanating from practically impassable tracks hewn in the sides of New Zealand's toughest rock, the moving strains of "The Campbells are Coming." He will then know that a herd of these mountain climbers is at work.

Then I am told that to some of us, our country presents certain attractions. These Christmas rustics jump up in the morning at 6.30, breathe deeply and appreciatively, and imagine that they can smell the glorious scent of rose-blossoms permeating the

morning air. They breakfast hugely off brown trout and green apples, then read in the sun. In the afternoon they read in the sun. At night time, for want of something better to do, they stroke the cat population or read, though, to relieve the monotony, not in the sun. And so to bed. No, I won't take the credit for the last four words. Pepys thought of them first. And it was Pepys, or James Agate, or P. G. Wodehouse (I can never remember which), who profited from the wanderings of others and devised the real holiday. Having arrived at a resort, it was the custom of one of the above gentlemen to dismiss his wife with a few curt words, speak insultingly and with perfect candour to the maid, and go to sleep. He would wake and eat largely and noisily. And so to bed again.

His plan, flawless as it appears at first sight, lacks perfection in one detail, and that has to do with the horrible strain of waking up for meals.

Holiday Essay Competition

HERE is an opportunity to win a FREE two weeks' holiday this summer.

All you have to do is write an essay of approximately 250 to 500 words on your ideal holiday—how you would spend it, what you would do.

CONDITIONS.

1. There is no entrance fee and no limitation to the number of essays you may enter for the competition.
2. Essays must be written or typed on one side of the paper only.
3. Preliminary prizes of 5/- will be paid each week by Columbia Pictures Proprietary Ltd., for the best essay submitted each week. The grand prize of a free two weeks' holiday will be awarded to the writer of what is judged to be the best essay submitted during the competition.

4. First prize includes:—

- (a) Return rail fare to Timaru and Caroline Bay if the winner resides in the South Island, or to Rotorua if the winner resides in the North Island, and accommodation at a leading hotel.
 - (b) A smart travelling case presented by Nash's Leather Arcade, only address 133-135, Cuba Street, Wellington.
 - (c) One new season's model "Cutie" bathing suit presented by Lane, Walker, Rudkin Ltd., manufacturers of "Canterbury" woollen goods.
 - (d) A Slazenger "Match Point" racquet donated by Slazenger (Australia) Pty., Ltd., Sydney.
 - (e) An Ensign Camera donated by H. E. Perry Ltd., N.Z. Distributors for Selo-chrome Films.
 - (f) Fortnight's free accommodation at Armidale Guest House, Rotorua, or leading Timaru hotel.
5. Essays winning preliminary prizes will be published in the "Record" each week.
6. All essays must be post-dated to "Holiday Competition," c/o Columbia Pictures, P.O. Box 180, Wellington.

FAT PEOPLE WHO HAVE HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Should Take Kruschen Salts

One Woman 20 Points Down

Whether they know it or not, many thousands of people who are fat have high blood pressure.

Your Doctor can explain all that. And he can also tell you that if these thousands of fat folks would lose a goodly part of their excess fat they would also lose their dangerous high blood pressure.

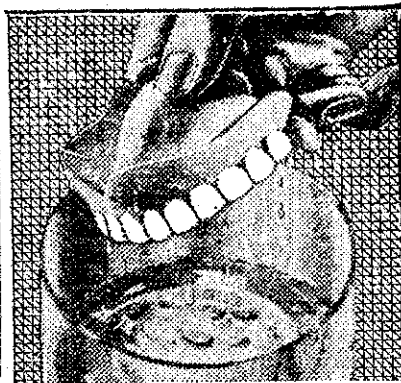
Take the case of this woman for example—just one of thousands that have lost fat by taking a daily dose of Kruschen Salts.

In a grateful letter she writes:— "I have had trouble with my back and high blood pressure. I was always tired and was twenty pounds overweight. I tried taking Kruschen Salts and lost five pounds in one week. The pain has stopped and blood pressure is 20 points down, and now I can get around much quicker and feel 100 per cent. perfect, thanks to Kruschen Salts. I will always recommend them."—(Mrs.) D.W.

To lose fat the safe, inexpensive way, take one-half teaspoon of Kruschen in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast—cut down on fatty meats, potatoes, cream, butter and sweets.

Furthermore, millions of people the world over—lean people—thin people—all kinds of people—take Kruschen Salts for constipation, dizzy spells, sluggish liver and headache—it helps to put vigour and ambition into the indolent and makes those who take the "little daily dose" gloriously alive and active.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable at all Chemists and Stores at 2/3 per bottle.



How to keep False Teeth REALLY clean

Pour a capful of 'Steradent' into a glass containing sufficient warm water to cover the dentures. Stir well. Put in your dentures and leave them while you dress or overnight. Take them out and rinse thoroughly under the tap. Every stain vanishes. Mucin film and tartar are removed. Dingy, yellow teeth become 'live,' lustrous, natural-looking. 'Steradent' is harmless to Dentures. It is sold at all chemists, 2/- and 3/6d.

IMPORTANT. Be sure you get 'Steradent.' Dentists recommend it.

Steradent
cleans and sterilizes false teeth



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... YOU, TOO, can learn to play your favourite musical instrument, be it the piano or piano-accordion, saxophone or clarinet, just by a little daily practice.

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... WHY NOT YOU?

Write for full details.

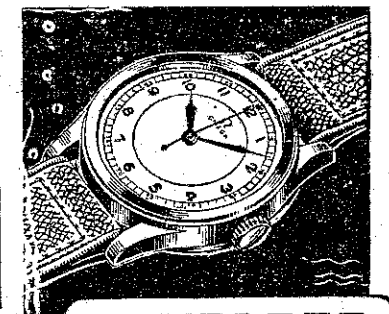
Listen to CLYDE HOWLEY, Pianist, in "PIANO TIME"—Atwaters feature on 12B—Mondays and Thursdays at 5.30 p.m.

Address all correspondence to:—

THE PRINCIPAL,
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