

Miss Evelyn Byrd LaPrade

Young and outstanding lovely, Miss Evelyn Byrd LaPrade is a Pond's beauty who has shining golden hair and a gloriously smooth, fair complexion. "Pond's Creams are best for me," she says. "Fair skin like mine needs extra special cleansing care. That's why I choose Pond's Cold Cream. And Pond's Vanishing Cream is a perfect powder base."



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ONE... smooth satin-soft Pond's Cold Cream completely over your face and throat each night and morning and for freshening-up during the day. Pat, pat, pat it in with light upward strokes of the fingertips

to soften and release dust and stale make-up. Wipe off, and you'll love the sweet, fresh feeling of your skin!

TWO... always smooth on a gossamer film of Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder. It softens away little roughnesses, keeps your make-up "just-so" for hours.

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Pond's Cold Cream for thorough skin cleansing. Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder base and skin softener, at all chemists, chain and departmental stores in attractive jars.

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RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

Madrigals

WE are perhaps inclined to think of the Elizabethan Age as a lusty one, an age when life was richer and yet less highly prized, when for a penny you could see *Macbeth* at the Globe (with perhaps Will Shakespeare playing the Second Murderer), and for nothing the heads rotting on their spikes outside the Tower. It seems an age when life was lived at first hand, when men were not afraid of the grander emotions, and need not flinch from the agony of *Lear* or even the rhodomontade of Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*. And I think we tend to forget that the Elizabethan age was also a highly artificial one, that Euphuism flourished as well as Shakespeare, that Shakespeare treated of the woes of Corydon as well as those of Hamlet. It is this delightfully Arcadian aspect of Elizabethan England that was recalled by a programme of Elizabethan music I heard from 2YA last Thursday night, one of a series of several studio recitals by four well-known Wellington singers. The madrigals and airs were tuneful and charming, and though lacking the richness and variety made possible by the freedom of modern harmony seemed perfectly suited to the Dresden-china fragility of their themes.

Northern Adventure

MR. and Mrs. North, the heroes of the Lockridge novel-writing team, were already known to me as having begun their career with a series of *New Yorker*ish misadventures and then having bent their steps into the strange world of crime detection, while retaining their affably scatty outlook. In the radio series which began from 3YL the other night, they were still dashing blithely from cadaver to scaffold over the conventional obstacle-course. How characteristic of the day is this mingling of murder with ultra-light comedy. What the multiple slaughters of Punch and Sweeney Todd were to the 19th Century primitives a multitude of amiable nitwit "sleuths are to ourselves; a means of robbing one of the more fatal crimes of its terrors by associating it with fantasy. But the more olden time worked by isolating the factor of the macabre and exaggerating it so madly that it lost all seriousness: the Lockridges and their kind eliminate it altogether (I except Damon Runyon and a few others) and make the actual murder nothing more than a point of departure for the antics of the detective-clown. As often as not the corpse is a cypher, a literary convention, and the whole point and purpose of the story is the fantastic maze of the clues and the detective's behaviour. Even the murderer pales to insignificance beside him.

Venetian Vivisection

THE "potted Shakespeare" recordings from the BBC, now making the rounds of the NBS stations, have been getting rather a rough handling in these columns; and indeed several of these have shown signs of timidity in presentation, an unwillingness to let Shakespeare have his head for fear of frightening the Average Man away, which has produced some rather lamentable results—a bright Lady Macbeth, a tedious Juliet, a Falstaff (supreme blasphemy)

in kid gloves. However, the Trial Scene from *The Merchant of Venice* does something to redeem the series. The speaking and timing produced a genuine suspense; Antonio really sounded like a man who had a Minor Prophet coming at him with a knife; there was a good Portia and an adequate Shylock. But, really, what a play! "I came to it first as a schoolboy," records Quiller-Couch, "and though I got it by heart I could not love it." An array of unlovable characters: a theme which cannot much appeal, when all latter-day priggishness is discounted, to the 20th Century; a treatment which veers from the Karloff of Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* to a genuine sympathy and understanding for the splendid old scoundrel, so that one never knows where one is; but worst of all, a coldness and a failure to make the show-pieces anything more than show-pieces. And this of all the plays is the one most selected for the dejected pupils of primary schools.

I.Q.

IN the talk "Measuring Your Mind" in the Winter Course series from 4YA, G. W. Parkyn, M.A., Lecturer in Education at Otago University, gave a concise and precise account of the methods used in arriving at that weird and wonderful quantity known as the Intelligence Quotient ("not Intelligence Quota, please!" implored the lecturer). It is a fact that the fascination of intelligence-measurement does not exercise itself on



scientifically-inclined psychologists alone, but exerts an equal if totally unscientific attraction on the rest of mankind—as witness the number of people who go to radio stations to have their intelligence publicly tested by means of quizzes, or spend much of their spare time filling in questionnaires to which "the answers will be found on page 100." Mr. Parkyn, however, dealt with the expertly-prepared type of intelligence-test which is designed to measure the mental age of the person who answers it. The science of preparing such tests is so complicated that I couldn't help wondering who, in his turn, would be capable of devising a test severe enough to measure the intelligence of the maker of intelligence-tests?

Classics

CONSTANT listener that I am to Rebecca I am sitting bird when 2YD's *Here's a Laugh* comes along. The session is sub-titled "A Quarter-Hour with World-Famous Comedians," thus providing an example of that rare figure of speech, prolepsis, for the comedians, though deserving, are usually obscure. But the other Monday I renewed