

Society beauty gives beauty cue to YOU



Miss Nancy du Pont, debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest du Pont Jr., has the radiant loveliness of amber eyes, light brown hair and fair skin. Nancy says: "Before I go out I always have a 1-Minute Mask. In one minute—literally—the mask smooths my skin back to a soft satiny finish. My whole complexion looks fresher and brighter."

How to apply the 1-Minute Mask

1. Smooth a cool white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—except eyes.
2. Instantly the "keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream starts to loosen dried skin flakes. Dissolves them off.
3. After just one minute tissue off clean. Your face looks lighter, clearer... feels so blissfully soft. Your make-up smooths on beautifully—and clings.

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Pond's Vanishing Cream

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BOOKS

(continued from previous page)

from Auckland and the South Islanders of the 23rd." He also finds the mortar the most-disliked enemy weapon; the author's pet aversion is machine-gun fire.

In Tripoli, General Patton arrives to watch demonstrations, and Kippenberger watches the American with delight, "He sat looking at the ceiling and chewing gum. When a piece was finished, his Chief of Staff handed him another."

The first reinforcements from New Zealand for over a year (the Eighth) arrive "like an infusion of fresh blood." At the attack on the Mareth Line, a private of 26 Battalion appears with 600 prisoners. Did he want help? "Oh Lord, no! They trust me." A haunting, proud melancholy touches his blunt description of a German major's farewell to his broken, captured battalion.

Brief little bits tug the reader's mind: the clear pipes of the Highland battalions; a body "completely severed at the waist"; a brigadier of the Fourth Indian Division appearing in a bowler hat; the uprooting of an olive tree to rescue a pet rabbit; an Italian squashed out like a hearth-rug; another Italian excavating ruins oblivious of the war and enthusing over ancient Emperors; and "in the moonlight the long lines of silent rifle-men brought a catch to my heart."

Takrouna, "a real soldier's battle in which the initiative and determination of the fighting troops won the decision," is a red badge of courage, and, in Italy, he relates with pain the solitary incident of a platoon at Orsogna refusing to go into action: "unheard of" in the Division and the C.O. was heartbroken."

Cassino is his first battle as a divisional commander. Gently, as in his chapters he farewelled individual members of his "spirited infantry" going to their death, he prepares to take the reader's leave. "So we had failed again," but "soldiers should not worry, you do your best and do not cry over spilt milk."

The last page (360) before the index is in diary form. The last paragraph reads: "March 2nd. Corps Conference at 1400 hours. Went with Frank Massey up Mount Trocchio afterwards and, coming down, stepped on a mine and had one foot blown off, the other mangled and thumb ripped up. Frank slightly hurt. Picked up by very plucky party of 23rd. and amputation done at A.D.S. by Kennedy Elliott. Saw General and Jim Burrows before operation. . . ."

SCOTTISH PAINTING

SCOTTISH ART, by Stanley Cursiter, C.B.E., R.S.A.; Hartap. English price, 17/6.

THIS handsomely-produced book provides a record of Scottish painting (but not, despite the title, of any of the other arts) from earliest times to the end of the 19th Century. Its author was for 18 years director of the National Gallery of Scotland.

The 48 full-page illustrations, many of which are in colour, show a high standard of reproduction. Looking through them, I must say that my strongest impression was of the excellence of the earlier work, and of the tailing off into illustration, and occasional vulgarity, towards the end. The detail from the Trinity College Altar-piece, Hugo Van

der Goes's "Sir Edward Boncle," was painted in the middle of the 15th Century. It is a powerful piece of painting—unsentimental, well simplified, and strong and original in design. When we set it beside the work of Orchardson or Pettie, its virtues shine even more brightly. These painters of the 19th Century, for all their technical competence, have lost the substance and retained the shadow of great art. Literary or merely sentimental associations are dominant.

Scotland has a remarkable tradition of portrait painting. Once again, we must go back to earlier times to see the liveliest and best work. The Scougalls, who painted in the 17th and early 18th Centuries, are represented by several fine portraits. Allan Ramsay's paintings of women are sheer delight, and his "Sir Peter Halket Wedderburn" and "Hew Dalrymple" show that he could paint men almost as well. Then we come to Raeburn. What sensitivity, and what charm, the man exhibits! His portrait of William Ferguson of Kilrie is surely one of the most delicate, most appealing, representations of a human being ever put on canvas. The well-known portraits of Mrs. Scott Moncrieff and Miss Lamont show him at the height of his confidence. These paintings have style, and spirit: they are like thoroughbred race-horses compared with the Clydesdales of a later period.

The text is very full and circumstantial, and gives us a clear picture of the background against which Scottish painting was carried on. In the choice of illustrations the emphasis is placed on portraits: there is a little landscape, and some genre painting. The book is to be strongly recommended to students, as well as to those whose interest in art is more relaxed. The illustrations alone justify its being given a place on the shelf.

—A.R.D.F.

ROYAL ROMANCE

THE LOVE LETTERS OF HENRY VIII, edited with an introduction and comments by Henry Savage; Allan Wingate, through the British Council. English price, 9/-.

ANYBODY who is attracted to buy this book primarily because it proclaims itself as a volume of love letters and, more than that, the love letters of such a notorious amoralist as Henry VIII, is likely to be wanting his money back. For though there is a suspicion of spice on a few pages there is, to maintain the metaphor, very much more dough: solid substantial fare considerably more likely to appeal to the historical scholar than to the mere seeker after sensational disclosures of scandals in exalted quarters. The collection includes a few letters between Henry and Katherine of Aragon, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Kathryn Howard, and Katherine Parr, but the main part of the book, and its chief source of interest, is the 17 letters between Henry and Anne Boleyn—known as the Vatican Letters from the fact that they are housed in the Vatican—which, it is claimed, are here correctly and authentically reproduced, with one exception, for the first time.

Considering the general coarseness of the times, the frankness of Tudor speech, and perhaps the reputation of the correspondents, these intimate letters are remarkably restrained; and whatever they did to Anne Boleyn on receiving them, are not likely to bring a blush to any modern reader's cheek. The academic nature of the book is emphasised by

N.Z. LISTENER, OCTOBER 28, 1949.

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