



Lady Dudley

For that

Glow of Beauty 'Blush-Cleanse' your skin

Lady Dudley, one of the loveliest of England's younger peeresses, with the fairest of hair and hazel eyes, says: "I really enjoy caring for my face the new 'blush-cleanse' way with Pond's Cold Cream. It makes my skin feel so wonderfully soft and fresh . . . gives it a clean, glowing look."

How to "Blush-Cleanse"

1. Rouse your face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream and swirl it in soft, creamy circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.
2. Blush-rinse. Cream again with snowy soft Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl about 25 more creamy circles over your face. Tissue well.
3. Tingle your face with a splash of cold water. Blot dry.

RESULT: The freshest, softest face that ever looked back at you from your mirror! So every night—this complete Pond's "blush-cleansing" . . . every morning—for a bright awake look—a once-over "blush-cleansing".

Complete Complexion Care

POND'S COLD CREAM, thorough skin cleanser, and POND'S VANISHING CREAM, powder base and skin softener. On sale everywhere in economy size jars and tubes—for 2/6. Ask also for POND'S DREAMFLOWER FACE POWDER—POND'S "LIPS" in 6 lush new American shades and POND'S CREAM LOTION for lovely hands.



POND'S COLD CREAM

Pond's Extract Company, Toronto, Canada

PC9-5

BETTER THAN MOST

- DEATH OF A SALESMAN**, Arthur Miller, 9/9 posted. The play that has been acclaimed as the most powerful drama of this decade, currently making stage history on Broadway and in London.
- INTRUDER IN THE DUST**, William Faulkner, 10/- posted. A moving novel of race relations in a Southern U.S. community, rich in incident and character, and with profoundly stirring undertones.
- OUR PLUNDERED PLANET**, Fairfield Osborn, 13/9 posted. Extraordinary interest was aroused in America by this book on the misuse of land by the people and the menace this holds for mankind.
- CHINATOWN FAMILY**, Lin Yutang, 10/- posted. The story of an immigrant family, skilfully picturing their struggles to adjust themselves to America, by the author of "The Importance of Living."

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ELECTION DAY

(continued from previous page)

to vote. There's no harm in it afterwards. Anyway, it helps make 'em go to the poll. And that's the Law, isn't it?

We joined the crowd in the sun and, when a service car pulled in, we decided it was the only chance if we were to get through by night.

AFTER we had a meal in a Grills-at-all-hours, I rang a cousin to see if he could pick us up. He was running a poll, too. He would be in later, much later; it was a two-hour drive and he had to sort out his votes. We strolled down the one-sided main street. The two party rooms were open. We walked into a large old shop resurrected for the occasion. A single election poster hung awry in the empty windows. Inside it was bright—naked bulbs. Tables ran around the room. Theradios playing music in the background. We were greeted and someone shifted up and made room for us. There was more excitement in the old shop than it could ever have known on a sale day. Everybody was in good spirits, but the talk and banter stopped when the radio cut in.

Here is a progress report from Dundee Central . . .

They hunted down their lists.

The returns from 15 polling places are . . .

A tap on my shoulder. Excuse me, can you lend me a pencil? Down went the figures.

Music came from the radio again, women went back to knitting, and there were comments and the checking of totals. More people came in. Families gathered. Youngsters, a couple of prams, a sleepy collie wandered from group to group being patted and rubbed. Everyone was a friend and you didn't have to know a man before greeting him and being greeted in return. Somebody started singing, and everybody joined in for a few lines, but the chorus faded because no one knew any more words. So *Tipperary*. And *Daisy*, with *Good Morning Everybody* at the end. Then each side of the room hit on a different song. Neither stopped, but each sang more loudly trying to drown the other. Laughter. Then, all together, they started *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*, but the radio was turned up.

Here are the returns from ten polling places . . .

It was the home electorate. Cheers.

More returns now. Returns from all over the country. Three thousand how many? And Seventy-five, seventy-five. Confusing. What's its name. Top of the next page.

Independent, two hundred and thirteen, 2-1-3.

TWO young mothers with babes in arm came to find how things were going. Plenty of informers. We gave them our seats and went outside for a breath. We walked down by the river, over the

bridge and back. A beautiful night, lights in the water, the road quiet and clean in the lamplight. When we got back a cup of tea was on but there were not enough cups to go round. Neighbours offered us theirs and we washed them and poured for ourselves from the big enamel teapots. Someone found some biscuits. And someone knocked a cup over. A result sheet floated in the steaming tea.

It was being mopped up when a man walked into the middle of the room and called out, Ladies and Gentlemen, we are going to draw the raffle for the Christmas cake. Butts were thrown hurriedly into a hat and a young girl pulled out the winner.

The winning ticket is number 792. Just a minute and we'll tell you whose it was. They flipped through the books.

Everybody's in again. It's an unsold ticket.

The girl said she was sorry, and determinedly took another butt.

Number 528. We'll see if that was sold. But there was no need. She was in the room waving her ticket. Congratulations and suggestions were shouted at her.

And now, began the M.C. with a shout

to get attention again. And now, on behalf of the committee and myself, I would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who have helped us in any way in the campaign. It's been a lot of work but let's hope we've won. Especially the women's committee. Approved with a burst of clapping.

Still a few newcomers dropped in. Perhaps they had been to the pictures. The radio came on again with an election summary.

Here are some final results . . . absentee and postal votes have still to be counted. (That was us.) But they cannot affect these contests.

The party leader had won his seat. They sang *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*, even a few who had been criticising him earlier on joined in the singing.

It was getting late. Everybody was a little weary. Less joking and laughter. The children and the prams had gone long ago and the dog was sleeping under a bench. Only a few kept on copying all the progress reports, but among the diehards some arguments had started on the finer points of policy.

We were glad when my cousin and his wife arrived. We made them a cup of tea, while they found out who had been elected when they were driving in. We stayed for the final summary. And as we climbed into our last car for the day, *Auld Lang Syne* sallied down the darkened street.

Household Wizards

"BRITISH housewives are more than just housewives—they are magicians. Their ingenuity and invention, would do credit to anyone who had been lucky enough to train under both Mrs. Beeton and Thomas Edison. Professional magicians saw a woman in half and get a lot of applause. British housewives take half one person's ration and make it into a full meal for four people and there's never so much as a single hand-clap."—Jon Cleary, an Australian novelist, speaking from the BBC.

N.Z. LISTENER, NOVEMBER 25, 1949.