

# New Kind Of Face Powder



MADE by a new process, this face powder is finer and lighter—so fine the powder itself can hardly be detected on the skin. Gives a wonderful, smooth, matt-finish complexion. Blended with Mousse of Cream, the unique ingredient that makes Poudre Tokalon stay on for hours and hours. Poudre Tokalon is the only face powder with this secret—Mousse of Cream to make it stay on. Made in the latest shades. At all Chemists and Stores.

Salmund & Spraggon, Ltd., Maritime Building, Customhouse Quay, Wellington.

A SCREEN STAR NEVER TAKES CHANCES WITH COMPLEXION BEAUTY. I LOVE MY DAILY LUX TOILET SOAP BATH.



Joan Bennett

A 20th CENTURY FOX STAR IN "GIRL TROUBLE"

LUX TOILET SOAP COSTS SO LITTLE... LASTS SO LONG.



LUX BROTHERS (N.Z.) LIMITED—PETONE

LT.82.572.

# "Killed in Action"

by Isobel Andrews

## His Father



A MAN'S son is a man's life. When his son dies, something that was strong dies too, and what is left is women's sympathy and women's tears.

BEFORE his birth they used to say You'll want a son. I'd say It doesn't matter, girls are nice. A son, they'd say, To carry on the Name. The name is Johnson. There are many more.

One more or less won't count. All this small talk—inheritor—someone to carry on when I am gone—it's out of date, I told them. Sentimentality run riot. Relic of the primitive, when man was needed by the tribe to run, trap, hunt, fish, kill. Tradition-minded maniacs I called them saying, what will it matter to the world at large if I beget a son?

A LITTLE girl, I thought. A little girl. Fair, perhaps, with curls and a ribbon, and a skipping rope, hopping up and down the street waiting for me to come home chattering nineteen to the dozen, of her little day's big doings. BUT a son came, and in the end I knew they had been right. A man's son is his life. Beyond the limitations of the individual, behind the barriers we all erect too soon a man can share his son's thoughts, part-share his doubts, know all his growing pains. He can, for good or ill, relive his own life as it once came while he yet savours the waning flavours of his own.

I HAVE wept once in manhood. I wept when he was born. Now that he's dead I have no tears but I can feel with Saul who in his agony called out My son! My Son!

## His Mother



IT doesn't seem so long ago since he, in that blue suit I made, taking my hand because he staggered so on too-young feet, Went up this path with me and plucked these flowers.

I'LL never look again on marigolds, on cornflowers, on snapdragons without this dreadful tugging at my heart.

IT doesn't seem so many years ago mock guns in hand, mock battle cry on lips, stalking mock ambushes with young mock tears he and his cronies, earnest and remote, played out their games of war in the hot summer days.

(I'LL never see an eight-year-old again with wild befeathered head-dress and bright face without this feeling that is cold as death. I'll never see the world again with the same eyes.)

## Jack Stewart



AFTER a day that was as hot as hell a wind came up that had a coolness in it. We put on pullovers and sat in front of the tent smoking and wondering if in the morning there would be parcels from home. We talked. You know the things we talked about. The war. The folks at home. The long, long beers we'd have when we got back.

Football in the park in winter with the wind tearing your ears off. Newspapers. Bottles of pop. Everybody yelling like mad over the men scrumming in the mud after the ball. The walk home when the trams were too full, with the wind hitting the rain in your face and nearly freezing your nose off. Mum's scones and apple pie and cheese. The hot bath and going out to a dance after. The girls. Mary. Betty. Molly. Lou. I liked Molly best, but I never seemed to be able to talk to Molly. Never could tell what she was thinking. He was so struck on Lou. Couldn't see her like the rest of us could—a bit on the make. Not too much. Just enough to have all a mug like him would give, and serve out in return looks from her eyes, a promise from her lips, a finger for his ring, and, when his back was turned, going out with Fred and John and that double-breasted salesman from the store. He never knew and sat there by the tent, talking about her and looking at her photo as though there was a halo round her head. It was just then the Jerries came across against us in the fading light and there was no more time for talk. No more again. It hit him in the chest. Crashed through her imaged face before it hit his heart. When I had time to look, I found him. There was nothing to say. I tried to write his mother what I thought.

## Molly



LOU'S out dancing again to-night. She seems to have forgotten. Perhaps she never meant to remember. He never knew about me. He was always looking at her. They say you don't die of it, this pain, this feeling in your breast, They say that time heals all.

He knew me so well he didn't stop to know me at all. When you've grown up next door to a girl you come to think of her as a sister, maybe, or a great friend, but you never come to look at her like he used to look at Lou.