



Lady Bridgett Poulett

reveals complexion 'pick-up'

One of Britain's most beautiful peeresses, Lady Bridgett wears her dark hair drawn back smoothly from a wide, high brow — dramatising her perfect complexion. "Before going out for the evening I appreciate the quick 're-styling' that a 1-Minute Mask gives my skin," she says. "My whole face feels smoother and softer with a perfect finish for make-up."

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RADIO REVIEW

(continued from previous page)

never be used as a mere means. Still, perhaps it was unfair to expect an outline of the basis of judgments of value in a social-political discussion. Even many who reject Russell's philosophy must have applauded this persuasive vindication of social ideals lost to a great part of humanity today.

Gentle Whimsy

THE title of the BBC series of plays heard from 1YD on Saturdays, *Mystery and Imagination*, is a somewhat misleading one. To me it suggests Edgar Allan Poe and Grand Guignol, certainly not the engaging group of whimsical and blandly supernatural tales the programme offers. The plays are all in that somewhat genteel tradition of fancy popular before the First World War, and in the mood more of Arthur Machen and James Stephens than of Algernon Blackwood and M. R. James. *Fantasy and Imagination* would be more suitable for the sessions I have heard — Lord Dunsany's characteristic "Golden Dragon City," telling of the magic casement in a London apartment-house which revealed a strange world, "Uncle Arthur," the amusing tale of a bun-eating elephant, trumpeting "I'm Your Uncle Arthur," who foists himself on a suburban family, and the gentle ghost story "The Church by the Sea."

—J.C.R.

Walkie-Talkie

CONQUERING kings their titles take from the foes they captive make, but the broadcasting services are even less particular about where they get theirs from. Not that I feel unduly perturbed by the BBC's conversion of Craig Rice's *Having a Wonderful Crime* for the new Wayne-Radford vehicle from 2YA. But I would describe as felonious the use of John Dickson Carr's title *It Walks by Night* to lure innocents like myself into listening to Max Afford's second-rate serial. In all my years of thriller-listening I have seldom met anything less convincingly written or less convincingly acted. Possibly our intelligent NBS cast finds it difficult to believe in werewolves (so do we all), but they should not lose sight of the fact that it is their professional if not their moral duty to convince us. Admittedly the author has made it harder for them by refusing to make his characters anything more than caricatures, and I defy any actress to make convincing the scene where the young ingenue mentions casually over a knitting pattern the fact that she noticed a werewolf skulking in the courtyard the night before. The sooner young Janet gets round to telling the authorities and getting the dreary business cleared up the better, but I feel the production is doomed to proceed at walking pace at any rate till the cast is more familiar with its lines.

Unsolved Mysteries

STATION 2YD's last *Passing Parade* programme exploited to the full the retention value of incompleteness. Nothing occupies so much valuable memory-space as the serial we didn't finish

hearing or the tram-conversation we left in mid-career or the chance acquaintance who suddenly vanished from our orbit. And now I must add to my mental junk-collection the trio of History's Unsolved Mysteries told me with so much gusto the other Tuesday night. The first poser is the one most calculated to employ my wakeful nights, since I missed the first part of the exposition. It concerns two pairs of feet coming away from a wrecked aeroplane, and I am haunted not only by not knowing why there should be two sets of feet, but also by not knowing why there should not be two sets of feet. In the next I was present from the beginning, and am well primed with reasons for regarding the discovery of a petroleum barrel sunk in arctic ice never before trodden by human foot as very mysterious indeed. The strange affair of Conan Doyle, the Great Houdini, the suspended slate and the moving ball is much more obviously and excitingly mysterious, and so presumably worthy of more after-ponderings on the part of listeners. But bafflement is not concerned with the size of the stonewall it beats its head against, and I am gnawed as much by the problem of the barrel as by the more metaphysical implications of the Houdini-Doyle mystery. Could it have been the work of a performing seal? Answer, as Miss Delafield and the announcer say, comes there none.

—M.B.

The Shy Muse

TO adapt poetry for the air is no easy task. The muse has always been difficult to woo, and is too conservative to take kindly to a new medium. So a cautious approach is indicated. The shy Lyric would vanish at sight of microphone, the Epic shuns the studio and even Dramatic Poesy is a rare visitor. The Narrative Poem does seem the most likely to yield her charms to the radio listener. So 4YA evidently thought in resurrecting for the air Canon Barham's *Ingoldsby Legends*, of which "The Ghost" was presented recently, with musical accompaniment and varied voices. It was very competently done, and if the result was



not particularly thrilling or funny, the fault is Barham's for spinning his rather mediocre story out to such length. Other of the shorter legends are much better, for example, "The Jackdaw of Rheims," which we are promised for January. There are many other poems which could be exploited in the same way. The Browning "Pied Piper" has already been done very successfully. What about "Tam o' Shanter" for a Burns Night, or Masefield's "Reynard the Fox," or Day Lewis's narrative of the flight of Parer and M'Intosh to signalise the Empire Air Race? The possibilities are endless, but the material must be good.

—K.J.S.

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