

CORNS

lift out 6666

Cheer up! Forget that beastly, burning, throbbing corn. Just a drop of Frozol-Ice—pain goes in 3 seconds. This better-type anaesthetic action works that fast! And then your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers—core and all. Lift out your corns with magic Frozol-Ice—and wear new shoes—go dancing—anything you like on corn-free, happy feet. Chemists everywhere sell Frozol-Ice.

CLINTON-WILLIAMS PTY. LTD.,
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TRAVEL PATCHWORK

(continued from previous page)

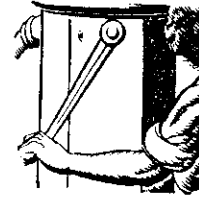
waistcoats or mustard-coloured sweaters, and wide-brimmed hats. Here you pay half-a-crown for a fair lunch. But if you should ask for beer at the table, the waitress shifts uneasily from one foot to the other and says, "I'll see." If you remind her, she says "Oo, I don't know . . ." The man at our table, who later turned out to be a reporter from a country paper who often ate at this hotel, said it was the first time he had heard anyone ask for beer at the table there. Further up the island, you may get beer, but your waitress will be sullen instead of shy. And you will pay 4s. for a meal that was not much better than the last. Further on still, in the heart of dairying country, you will go to a hotel that looks

and functions like a good city hotel, have excellent soup, a piece of fish, tender steak with three vegetables, pudding, and coffee, and wonder if there has been some mistake when you're told that the total charge is 2s 6d.

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ONE place where we stopped for petrol was a desolate spot, so barren and remote that you wonder what could make any human being live there at all. The hills bear the marks of the savagery of the wind and rain, so ugly that it is hard to believe Guthrie Smith when he says this is no calamity, and fertile soil is in fact being uncovered by the erosion. The elements must seem cruel there at any season — the intemperate summer sun would be as hard to escape as the biting wind we felt, for trees are few. The

store by the road had one display window—bare boards behind dusty glass. There were five hurricane lamps standing in it, a faded red and white notice about a patriotic concert given months ago and miles away, and hundreds of dead bluebottles, drying in the window. We went round the back and knocked. The woman came out with the keys for



the pump. She said, "Good afternoon," but hardly anything else, as I remember. Her features and manner seemed to be a challenge to all the enmity in nature that was about the place. You don't smile at her, because you aren't expected to, and yet it is a friendly hand that works the pump handle back and forth. It sends petrol flowing into your tank, and you feel grateful as when a warm handshake greets you in a strange place.

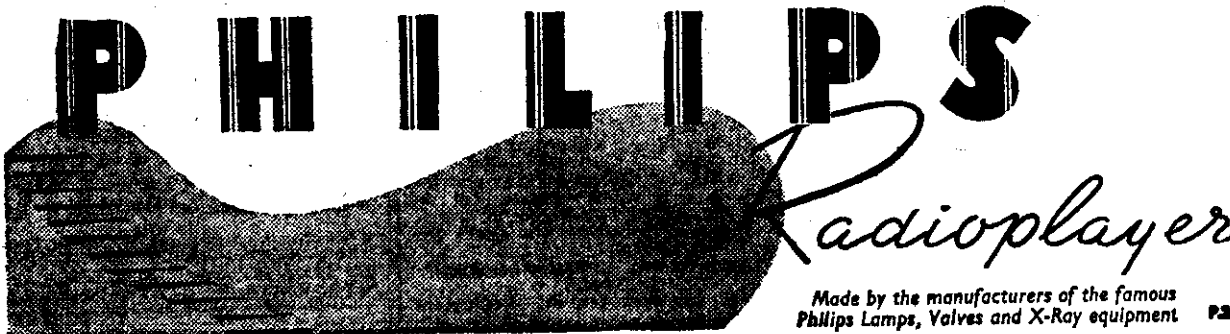
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YOU don't expect to meet friends on the inter-island steamer. If you do meet someone you know, as often as not it will be someone you would rather avoid. So I was surprised when I went into the Auckland air terminal in the dark before dawn, to see two passengers off on the flying-boat, and found that of the remaining passengers I knew two quite well, and two others by sight. One said to me: "I'm getting out . . . I've had it . . . They only want yes-men here." He was going to a better job overseas. Another, whom I had not seen for months, said, "I don't know what I'm letting myself in for. I suppose it'll be O.K." He had been offered a transfer, and had decided to chance it. The weighing-in was finished and everyone moved on through the building. Those of us who were not travelling expected to be held back, but we were courteously told we might go as far as the signpost. It had bird-shaped pointers—Sydney, Singapore, Calcutta, Hong-kong, Alexandria, Durban, London—and the mileages all in four or five figures. The passengers went down and disappeared into the flying boat. Soon one propeller started, then another, and two more. Mooring ropes fell into the water, and the machine moved off. It seemed to be ages getting out into the open water. For a short time it stopped and we could only just see it glistening from the faint light now showing in the east. Then spray spurted up behind and it moved more and more quickly towards the light. Someone said, "She's up," and the machine swung round against the red sky above Rangitoto, in stark silhouette. A small gull lent a touch that seemed to belong to a Fitzpatrick travel-talk by flopping across the field of view, also in silhouette. A woman nearby, moved to triteness, turned to a companion with whom she had been seeing off a young woman. She said: "Oh well, she's got a new life in front of her now if she likes to start all over again."

—A.A.



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