

way to Panama and connect with a ship there. I had nine days at Los Angeles, saw the first night of Deanna Durbin's *Can't Help Singing*, visited Universal City where the film was made, and saw the shooting of part of a film called, somewhat menacingly, *Blonde Ransom*. I'd always wondered how movie actors managed to remember all their lines, and now I know. They don't.

From Los Angeles I travelled at first through orange groves, then across desert, three days and nights to Mexico City, which is 7000 feet above sea level. After the primitive conditions of cultivation in the fields the city was a remarkable contrast. It has some very fine buildings, and here are some 20 film-producing companies operating in its vicinity—and operating sufficiently well to give Hollywood some headaches over the South American market.

New Disney Film

I saw the first presentation of Walt Disney's new film, *The Three Caballeros*, which is yet another experiment by the great producer. He superimposes Donald Duck and a couple of other shady characters on real scenes in technicolour of Mexico and other South American countries. Can't we induce him to give Donald a Kiwi friend and do New Zealand in the same way?

To catch my ship I next undertook in one day the 1800-mile flight from Mexico City to Balboa in the Panama Canal Zone, calling at every country in Central America en route and being bounced all over the sky, thanks to the combination of high mountains and great heat. After this hasty journey I found on arrival that my ship had not yet left England.

Close-up of a Revolution

So I settled down to three weeks in Panama and to watch a revolution thoughtfully provided by the President, who decided to abrogate the Constitution as his term of office was nearing its end. The opposing delegates used our hotel as their meeting-place while the police of the republic watched from the other

side of the road. What ultimately happened I hope to find out on my return journey, but I couldn't help feeling that democracy was scarcely the term to apply to this corner of the United Nations. At Panama I met Ted Scott, former Wellington middle-weight boxer, now prominent in TACA airways, of which another New Zealander, Lloyd Yerex, is chief.

A voyage of three and a-half weeks brought me at last to Brisbane. Then I flew to Sydney, Melbourne, and Canberra, and finally to Auckland. Now I wait while the ship is loaded and then once more I make for Panama and to a Britain relieved of blackout, bombs, and the million anxieties of war.

For the Gardener and the Botanist

New Zealand Alpines in Field and Garden, by W. B. Brockie, 3/7 posted. An excellent book describing the chief species of alpine flowers, and the localities in which they are found. Each specimen has been beautifully photographed. Practical advice is given on methods of transplanting and cultivating alpines in the garden.

Brush Up Your Gardening, by Stanley B. Whitehead, 6/2 posted. A book which covers many of the questions the average gardener wants to know—from the best methods of making a compost heap to ways of combating pests.

Gardener's Earth, by Stanley B. Whitehead, 12/9 posted. Whitehead explains how soils are formed, how and why they differ, and what these differences mean in terms of practical gardening and plant growth.

The Flora of New Zealand, by W. Martin, 7/9 posted. An illustrated manual of the main New Zealand plants and trees.

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The Superman

["Aged 49, and six feet tall, Kuhn was born in Germany." From Rugby News Item stating that Fritz Kuhn, formerly leader of a Nazi organisation in America, is being sent back to Germany as an undesirable alien.]

*NOT as an infant, weak and small,
He chanced upon this troubled earth;
He came full-statured—six feet tall;
His years were forty-nine at birth.*

*NOT his to suffer wearily
The ages seven the Bard portrayed;
Lactation, learning, love—these three
At least—he managed to evade.*

*SO growing pains he never knew,
Nor childish fevers, fears or fits;
His shoes and pants he ne'er outgrew;
No long, long thoughts of youth had Fritz.*

*HERE, surely, is a Superman,
The hope and pride of Germany;
And was it not the Nazi plan
To breed such prodigies as he?*

*IT matters not. For him and it
The game's played out—and none too soon.
Thanks Rugby, for your newsw bit
Anent this most intriguing Kuhn.*

—Ronald Buchanan.

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