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morning! But a check-up proved me wrong. Cologne had its first big raid in early summer.

I suppose it is just possible that ex-R.N.Z.A.F. types may find one or two small errors of fact in the documentary sequences, but they will have to be on their mettle to do so. The same might be said of the film's version of the Bruneval commando raid. The behaviour of officers and other ranks in this episode kept it well up to the standard of the street-and-village-fighting cameos which were, for many New Zealanders, welcome highlights in the dull curriculum of basic training a few years ago. That is to say, it showed every evidence of having been done by professionals whose lives had depended more than once on their ability to do just this kind of job perfectly.

Turning from these professionals to the amateurs whose names appear on the billboards, it is no less than just to say that (whatever the defects in the handling of the story) they all perform most capably. Despite the disadvantages of his part—or perhaps because of them—Richardson impressed me most. But Laurie and Huntley run him close and the former, as a Scots physicist, gave me the best laugh of the evening. "Who," he asks his wife, as he turns over a buff envelope in his hand, "who do we know who would spend money on a telegram?"

ON MODEL PLANES

ALTHOUGH, being a national journal, we are somewhat allergic to events of local rather than Dominion-wide interest, we weakened the other day under a bombardment of enthusiasm from one, W. G. Read, and sent our Auckland representative along to have a look at the Auckland Model Aero Club's exhibition being held at the War Memorial Museum.

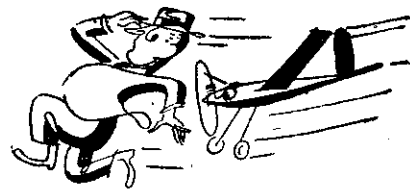
For the exhibition, portion of the first floor of the Museum had been decked out like Christmas week at a departmental store. Suspended on strings and grounded on tables were a collection of aeroplanes such as would delight the heart of any boy—they ranged from models with a nine-foot wing span to tiny replicas of craft that have made air history.

Our correspondent was quite content to walk round the exhibits, but his companion soon dived under the ropes, and ignoring the impressive notices "PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH" enthusiastically picked up the models and explained what made them fly. Smooth explanations of who and why warded off the custodian. Apparently, our correspondent reports, models are not just models to the enthusiast. They are sailplanes or gliders, rubber models, gas

models, or solid scale models. In addition, there is direct control, radio control and free flying. And although the young boy with his first kit invariably starts off with the glider-type of model, this does not mean that modellers who never get past the glider stage are looked down upon by the gas model types. No, sir! A modeller can specialise in gliders.

The classes of models are explained by their names. The solid scale models do not fly; they are exact replicas in miniature of full-size planes. The sailplanes and gliders just do the best they can after being launched, while the rubber models depend for their movement on the unwinding of thin rubber bands attached to the propeller and the gas types on oil-burning engines. The one thing all models have in common is the requirement of an impressive degree of patience in building them. Larger models have as many as 1000 separate parts which have to be carefully put together. But even simple models are a test of temper.

Having gone through all this nerve-racking building, the next thing is to fly the aircraft, and as much skill is required in flying the things as there is in making them, Mr. Read volunteered. Now there is indoor flying and direct control flying and outdoor free flight.



Of these three our representative expressed a strong prejudice against the last. In indoor flying the worst that can happen is that the model bash itself against some obstacle such as a wall, ceiling, or the wife of the judge; with direct control the plane can't get away because it is attached to the flier by means of a pair of wires with which he controls the plane's aerobatics (the wire moves that horizontal piece of the tail of the plane); but with free flight the plane is let loose with only the prayers of the owner to bring it safely back, and the chances are that it will end up in the sea, tangle itself up in a fence, or be eaten by a cow—cows have a great liking for model aeroplanes, the dope used to tighten the fabric being a delectable appetiser to them.

However, although the cows may prove a little difficult at Wanganui at the New Year when the national championships are held, a watery grave is not predicted for many models as the prevailing winds there are off the sea.



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