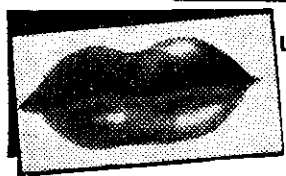


# Make Your Lips DESIRABLE



DULL DRY  
CRACKED  
ROUGH  
OLD  
—UNATTRACTIVE



LUSTROUS  
SMOOTH  
MOIST  
SOFT  
YOUNG

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Try too the Tokalon 'Bloom of Youth' rouge compact, made in new lustrous shades to match the lipstick. Only 1/-.



Psoriasis can be completely banished with Fadex Cream, the wonderful new treatment that is being recommended by doctors and skin specialists. If, after using Fadex you are not satisfied, your money will be refunded—2/6, 4/6, 7/6.

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**FADEx 26**

# FIRST FLIGHTS ARE HER HOBBY

## The Strange Pursuit of Mrs. Clara Adams

(By "The Snooper")

WHEN I reached the breakfast table, a tall, slim woman, whose every movement suggested animation, was vigorously fixing penny-halfpenny stamps to a pile of New Zealand pictorial postcards.

"It's a vurry pretty stamp," she said by way of introduction. "The folks back home will be pleased."

"You might have chosen a better collection," I suggested.

"I took them quick," she answered. "I haven't much time."

The usual speedy American traveller, I thought. But not for long.

Mrs. Clara Adams, of Long Island, New York, soon revealed her mission in life as she added to her pile of postcards, neatly printing the address, the date, the name of the hotel (which happened to be Wairakei), and the time of day on each one between bites of bacon and eggs.

### It Must Be Expensive

Just as other women take up music or painting or knitting as a hobby, Mrs. Clara Adams took up flying. But not ordinary flying. She has never controlled a machine. I doubt whether she understands how they work. She specialises in first flights as a paid passenger, which, with the possible exception of collecting Old Masters, must be the most expensive hobby in the world.

"I came down to Auckland on the Clipper," she told me, "and I was going back on it, but some of your nice kind people up there invited me to stay, so I'm doing a fast trip through the North Island as far as Wellington and taking the Clipper back on her next trip, Friday. So you see I haven't much time. We had a marvellous trip down, just marvellous. Flying is never dull. Some times you see the sea, sometimes you don't, and it's wonderful even in the clouds. The other passengers said I was the life and soul of the party. I had breakfast with them the morning they left and it was like a funeral; they were so sad I wasn't going back with them."

"You have to get up very early when you fly. Pilots always like to be on their way before dawn. Every time I make a trip it means getting up at about 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. One of the pilots said to me, 'Mrs. Adams, I wouldn't have your job for the world—you've got to get up so early in the morning.'"

"Now you sign this menu. I always have my table companions sign the menu wherever I stop off. I keep them all. They're grand souvenirs of my trips."

Mrs. Clara Adams was busily printing the date and the place on the card, which I dutifully signed, along with my occupation when she discovered it.

"I want to find out all about New Zealand. Now you tell me something about it—something interesting. I give lectures in America after all my trips."

So the conversation ran on as the postcards were finished. If Mrs. Adams remembers anything I told her she made no sign, but I imagine she possesses an



MRS. CLARA ADAMS  
... she gets up early

acute memory, so fully stocked already by flying over most of the countries of the world.

### Mother Objected

"I developed the flying bug when I was quite young," she hurried on. "But would not if mother had had her way. She's German—one of the Hitler sort, who tries to control everything and everybody. But she never controlled me. I've been flying since 1914." (And then, to my prompting, she told me a little about her flights).

"I bought the first ticket ever sold to a woman passenger to fly across the Atlantic. It cost 3,000 dollars. We flew in the Graf Zeppelin. There were 64 men and me—the only woman. It was a flight! It lasted for 71 hours. That was in 1928. In 1931 I was the only woman paying passenger in the Dornier Do-X to fly from Rio de Janeiro to New York. I had to fly down to Rio by other planes to make the connection. The Dornier was the largest airplane ever built, and is now in a museum. My next big first flight was in the Hindenburg when she flew from Europe to America, but I wasn't the only woman passenger."

### "Her Greatest Trip"

"In 1936 I flew 27,000 miles. That year I was a passenger in the China Clipper when she made her first flight across the Pacific. Next year I was a passenger on the first round-trip flight from New York to Bermuda and back."

"But my greatest trip was last year, when I flew round the world in 16 days 19 hours and 4 minutes and covered 24,609 miles in commercial flying ships. I left New York in the Dixie Clipper on her first flight to Marseilles."

And that is true. Mrs. Adams produced a full page from a New York paper containing photographs of herself at all her ports of call.

But by this time the coffee and toast were cold. "This is a beautiful country. I'd like to see more of it, and I'm coming back, but you can't make coffee," she added with some conviction.

We talked of America and its customs. Mrs. Adams is not afraid to criticise. She sees the faults of her own

land as readily as her quick eye lights on the defects and beauties of the lands she visits. Women who live on tinned foods are one of her special hates.

### Aunt Jane's Weasel Coat

"Women spend too much time on clothes," she confided as we made for the fire in the lounge. "Look at these clothes—they're good—but they are just clothes for a travelling woman. Feel that! It's the best English tweed," she said, lifting a piece of her coat. "And this skirt, too. Wait till you see my hat—it's a real hat."

"One of the Queen Mary variety?" I suggested.

"No, it's just an honest cover for my head."

It was. "I didn't bring clothes for a stay in this country, because I thought I was going straight back. And here I am, and I'm going to see everything, but I do feel the cold. I've brought Aunt Jane's weasel coat, as she called it. It cost her 700 dollars, and she always said she had been cheated. The sleeves are a bit short, but it keeps me warm."

Mrs. Clara Adams is as frank as she is interesting. While she waited for the bus to take her to see the sights of the Geyser Valley she swung her arms and legs in rhythmic exercises instead of huddling over the fire. "It stirs the blood," she told the other guests. "You should all do calisthenics."

One can't forget Mrs. Clara Adams. Everything thrills her. She hopes to go on flying all the days of her life, never missing a first flight if she can possibly buy a ticket, and leaving a long and interesting trail of picture postcards behind her. No country could wish for a more enthusiastic publicity agent than this persistent "first flyer" who doesn't commercialise her hobby or boast about it.

## TWISTING THE TAIL OF A GOETHE STORY

### "Mignon" Was Given A Happy Ending

LISTENERS who follow the story of "Mignon" when the opera is broadcast by 2YA on Sunday next, October 13, will find it hard to believe that the story originated in one of Goethe's most unhappy novels. The opera is gay and sentimental and everybody lives happily ever after in the approved fashion.

But Goethe's novel was a complicated tragedy. He took nearly twenty years in the writing of it, and seems to have added a new complication to the plot every year. When he does sort out all the characters and plots and counterplots, Goethe despatches his heroine with a broken heart, leaves one of the main characters with his throat cut, and leaves his hero with no character at all.

For the opera, Ambrose Thomas wrote the music to a story which carries the characters safely through no more than the usual number of reversals and

(Continued on next page)