



ARTIE SHAW
He got away ...



L. W. BROCKINGTON
... So did he



ROWENA MEYER
Eight years in Russia

(Continued from previous page)

To the *Monkeys in the Zoo*, who appeared to our contributor "J" altogether too much like ourselves. To *Rowena Meyer*, who had been in Moscow, and was on her way back to America after eight years of teaching English in Soviet Russia. She found us living in "unexampled luxury," and said we "just don't know what shortage and hardship can be." But then that was last July, wasn't it, Miss Meyer? You, yourself, wouldn't know on which side your bread was buttered if you came again now.

And to three musicians now in uniform who were interviewed in that same issue of July 16—*Peter Cooper*, from Christchurch, now playing to the troops "somewhere in the bush" in Australia, and *Harry Aronson*, a New Yorker, whom war has brought to these shores—both pianists. Also the bass-baritone, *P.F.C. Ray Baber*, U.S.M.C., who sang over the ZB's.

To two more musicians—*Artie Shaw*, swing-band leader, recluse, and Beethoven lover, who successfully fended us off, and made us feel like any American journalist wanting to get the low-down on his marriage to Jerome Kern's daughter. We hope you enjoyed hearing Beethoven's Sonata, Opus 111, in Wellington, Mr. Shaw. We would like to have heard it with you, though we are not quite so sure about your swing band. And *Terry Vaughan*, who led the Kiwi Concert Party, and told us how he had vindicated good music, and had proved that "you don't need to cheapen it," when playing to our men in the Middle East.

Those were all the musicians—and from music we went to munitions, where we found *L. W. V. Thunder*, and that really was his name. Furthermore, he said he was a descendant of the family whose illustrious forebear became the hero of a current popular serial. Mr. Thunder is in the Munitions Section of the Railway Department, and his aunt has a flag that was given to the Duke of Monmouth in 1685.

When Fortune Frowned

Then there was *Charles Edmondson*, representing the paper *Fortune*. Mr. Edmondson was reticent. He knew what journalists were like. But didn't you form those impressions in your own country, Mr. Edmondson? Nevertheless, we wish you good fortune, for we got a story, even if you didn't help us with it much.

An American who gave us the most important interview of the year, was

also one who had reason to know journalists. But then she knew what to do with them: a British journalist was once granted a special interview with her and thought he had an exclusive story, but next day he found that it was she who had been interviewing him, and her story was being read all over the United States. Her name was *Eleanor Roosevelt*, and we found her friendly, natural and gracious.

Within more recent memory we talked with another traveller from the Pacific—the Rt. Rev. *W. H. Baddeley*, Bishop of Melanesia, who told us how the Church works and teaches and fights in the islands. And with *Lieut.-Col. F. Baker*, D.S.O., who, thanks to plastic surgery, can talk to 100 people in the street without one of them suspecting that one cheek and part of his tongue were torn away by a bullet. But that was not Colonel Baker's claim to our interest—he is Director of Rehabilitation, and he is a big man in a big job. We remember his frankness, and the honesty with which he talked of problems he has not solved—yet.

And only the other day there were our Canadian colleagues, *Messrs. Ford, Richardson and Paré*, Canadian Press representatives, with whom we discussed New Zealand beer.

There were also the ones who got away: *L. W. Brockington*, advisor of Empire affairs to the Ministry of Information, who told us to put our questions in writing and he would answer them that way. We withdrew regretfully but politely. And *Gene Tunney*; he had an appointment with "Mac, of 2YD," whom we had deputed to face the monster in the flesh, but we needn't have been afraid, for the monster didn't turn up. He did later, though, and it wasn't his fault the first time. To these, and the others who got away, we repeat our greetings. But not without wondering why it was that the only ones who avoided us were from either the United States or Canada—there was *Artie Shaw*, who positively loathed reporters, *Charles Edmondson*, who showed us how *Fortune* could frown, *Gene Tunney*, who simply wasn't around except at the Press function, a most un-intimate affair, and *L. W. Brockington*, who didn't trust our shorthand. Could there be any sort of suspicion of reporters in that North American continent, perhaps? Or does the one big exception, the First Lady of the United States, disprove this theory?



FRIEND AT THE ZOO
Too much like us



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