

There are some things that one would perhaps keep to oneself and yet, thinking about them again, decide that perhaps it would be better if we all shared in the delight of witnessing a good and thoughtful father's faith in his courageous daughter. Elaine Hamill is fortunate indeed in having behind her a mother and father possessed of all the virtues of good parents—courage, spirit and quiet strength.



MR. HAMILL says in his letter: "Elaine has told us often of your kindness to her in London, and, of course, kindness to our dearly-loved daughter means even greater kindness to us."

circles in London. No wonder that many fall by the way-side!"



THEN Mr. Hamill talks about his son Warren, who was, for some time, on the literary staff of the "Record." He sailed from New Zealand about a year ago to join the Royal Air Force in England:

"Warren secured his wings and greatly to his pride and delight is flying a Spitfire Fighter—400 miles an hour. He says that if a pilot wants to feel that he is master of one of these amazingly fast machines he must first of all be master of himself."

"Seemingly, the slightest aberration of judgment or of hesitancy in mental response may be fatal. Self-discipline in any case at his age is invaluable and indelible in its wholesome effects on character. He loves the life and—will you believe it?—he is fourteen-stone-ten!"

masses of the present generation get out of several hours imprisonment in a dark, uncomfortable box on wheels, I cannot imagine.

"Whatever the speed be, fifty or a hundred miles an hour, cannot matter very much, except to increase the

by
Trevor Lane

discomfort of the occupants, and as for the scenery through which their vehicle is passing, it might be Kew Gardens or the Rochdale collieries as far as they are concerned. I have stood by the roadside on a Sunday afternoon and seen thousands of such 'saloons' and 'limousines' pass, each packed to the roof with sad-faced humanity, including

children, the windows shut tight and their apathy or physical misery faintly, but unmistakably discernible through the steaming panes.



AN American woman writer has recently made investigation by questionnaire of forty-six colleges and finds that "The girls' standards are changing more rapidly than the boys." But she also found that—

"The present-day college man's attitude toward sex is a strange melange of new and old codes and loyalties." She thinks the young man's change of outlook is not due primarily to any psychological or moral evolution of the male species. It is due rather to the fact that to-day's girl has come down off her mother's and grandmother's pedestal—and very willingly. She is not ashamed to let her men friends know that she is, like them, compounded of flesh and blood and passions.



"In England, it needs no misogynist to discover

that girls of 'sweet seventeen' are rarely sweet, and look and act a good deal more than seventeen. Nor do they 'mantle rosilily' when they are addressed; while as for 'lifting their dewy orbs to heaven in virginal compassion' in the manner of the eighteenth-century heroine, they would scream derisively at the very idea of such 'soppiness.' Nor do they 'dissolve in floods of maidenly tears' over the death of a character in a novel, or, with streaming tresses trip like fauns over the greenward at the sound of a loved parent's approach."



BECKLES WILLSON talks of the Boer War, where "ignorance and imprudence of youth led to disaster after disaster."

He goes on to say: "It was only when Lord Roberts, a trained warrior of over seventy, appeared on the scene that matters assumed a different complexion. Youth wants to be led, it needs to obey a master in whom it has confidence. The leaders of Youth, it may be noted, are rarely themselves in the budding prime of life. Youth is only their consigne, their battle-cry; it is Youth which is inscribed on their banners, and the fifty-four-year-old Mussolini, and the forty-nine-year-old Hitler and the eighty-year-old Baden-Powell, though they ostentatiously exhibit themselves in juvenile undress and disport themselves magisterially in Youth's happy arena, are youngsters but by courtesy."

Pageant

"Brave-hearted Elaine—she seems to have suffered from the bludgeonings of Chance since she has been in London. Not that she is a bit down-hearted. On the contrary, she seems to be as sanguinary and resilient as ever."

"Admittedly she has had a great deal to learn about the subtleties of stagecraft, but she is an apt, keen and discerning pupil. It was unfortunate that she should have arrived in London when the film studios were going slow."



AS a matter of fact, Elaine Hamill arrived in London a week before I did and not for many years, I was told, had the British film studios been so slack. There were nearly 20,000 technicians, cameramen and actors out of work and their plight was such that a deputation had waited on the Prime Minister.

But to return to Mr. Hamill's letter: "When the studios are busy they attract numbers of theatrical stars, with the result that newcomers get more opportunities."

"Dear me, how stout-hearted a New Zealand or an Australian girl must be to attempt to storm her way into the inner and highly exclusive theatrical

AND so, with the columns of PASSING PAGEANT taken up to-day with the high hopes and the spirit of youth, it seems appropriate to refer again to Beckles Willson's book, "Youth Be Damned," parts of which I quoted last week.

You'd be amazed if you knew the number of people who have written to me in the last few days about the excellent Mr. Willson... and they were all pretty mad at him, too! My secretary asked if she could read "Youth Be Damned." She returned it with the cryptic comment: "I think the author's a bit balmy."

To-day I'm going to print a few more of his "pearls"... again without comment:



"In the early days of motor-ing I took pleasure in driving about in a car. It was open to the wind and sun and one bowled along the highway at twenty or even thirty miles an hour, with a sense of invigoration and well-being. But what enjoyment the

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Don't miss this splendid competition! It is just a short and easily-worded paragraph about A ROYAL PRESENT, which appeared in a New Zealand daily newspaper some time ago, and has now been put into puzzle form by our artist. The opening words, "IT WAS..." will tell you what it is all about and the rest of the wording is simple, and the sense of the sentence will help you. Each picture or sign may mean part of a word, one, two, or three words, but not more than three.

Solve carefully and write your solution IN INK on one side of a sheet of paper. Sign your name and residential address, and post entry to:—

PUZZLE PIE No. 284R,
BOX 950, G.P.O., CHRISTCHURCH.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

All entries must be postmarked not later than Wednesday, February 15. The Prize of £100 in Cash will be awarded to the competitor whose solution of the paragraph is correct or most nearly correct. In case of ties the prize-money will be divided, but the full amount will be paid. £100 prize-money is deposited with "Truth" (N.Z.) Ltd. The decision of the Editor of "Puzzle Pie" will be final and legally binding throughout. A postal note for 1/- must accompany each initial entry, and 6d. each additional entry. Penny stamps (1/1) accepted if postal note unobtainable. Any number of attempts may be sent on plain paper. Alternatives in single entries will be disqualified. Results will be published on Friday, March 3.

RESULT "PUZZLE PIE" No. 275.

The winning competitor in this contest is: Miss M. FOX, 335 Stafford Street, TIMARU. Her solution, containing two errors, was the most nearly correct one received, and the prize of £50 in cash is, therefore, awarded to her. Prize-money will be posted on Monday, February 27th.

SOLUTION TO "PUZZLE PIE" No. 275.

Paragraph from the "N.Z. Times," February 17th, 1896: "They had no time to free themselves from the awning of the sinking steamer. The agonised cries of perishing men and women were appalling, but only for a moment, for many were carried down with the boat."

