



Can anyone train himself not to be hurt by the words and actions of the people he calls friends? Passing Pageant today says NO! Were the sad-eyed refugees on the Aorangi immune to the lashes and barbs of their oppressors? But there is love in life

The person who has mastered his emotions, the person to whom the cruel words of others are like so much water off a duck's back, has ceased to be entirely human. He's a robot that eats and drinks and sleeps, but the magic of star-decked nights, of love, of plaintive music on a violin, is lost to him for ever.

And that's a pretty terrible thought, isn't it?

Most of her life she's struggled and fought and now she has what most of us long for—comfort, money, a tremendous circle of admirers and a small treasured handful of real friends.

Oh, how I wish I could tell you who I'm talking about, because I'm sure you know her, too!

[N Auckland—yes, you're right first guess—lives Dorothy Wood.

Dorothy is my idea of courage and simplicity and resourcefulness. She has forthrightness that is a tonic to those of us who spend our lives beating about the bush.

How much happier we would be if we could give a plain yes or a downright no to many of the questions that confront us. Well, Dorothy can—and she never offends anybody.

Don't think for one moment that Dorothy has always been the big radio star, packing town halls with her admirers and talking over the air to thousands of enraptured listeners. She's known what it is to be broke, to be hungry, to be one of a long line waiting for a badly-paid job.

But now she's "got there"—and her own experiences in the school of hard knocks have given her a sympathy with the folk whose lives are dull and despairing.

UTTERLY different in looks and temperament—but a great friend of Dorothy's, nevertheless — is Yvonne

I've trained myself not to let people hurt me any more. If you were to walk out of this room now and say to the first person you met that I was a swine, it wouldn't hurt me. . . . because I wouldn't let it.

"Britain Wants the Windsors Home Again," says a London newspaper heading. And the paper backs up its statement by putting out a voting paper. Sixty-one per cent. voted in favour of the exiles' return. It's probable, too, that the Royal couple will visit the United States next month. Here are the Windsors snapped arriving at a Paris theatre last month.

NO, to say you can train yourself not to let people hurt you is to make one of those glib statements that sound all right in a "clever" play, but won't bear the fiercer light of cold reasoning.

You've been in love—and so have I. You've been let down, too—and so have I. And didn't it hurt? Hurt like the very devil? And didn't you say to yourself that you'd never be such a fool again—that you'd never again let anyone run away with your heart and your head?

Of course you did—and a month or two later you were going through the same thing, your former good intentions thrown to the four winds.

dull waters of the Waitemata was the Aorangi, inward-bound from Vancouver.

THAT'S what someone said to me in Auckland the other day, and I've pondered a great deal about it since.

I can picture the whole scene again. We were sitting near the window high up in a big block of flats. It was grey and wet and misty, and cleaving its way slowly through the

Passing Pageant

MIND you, EXPERIENCE is a very different thing.

Experience tempers your judgment, tempers your emotions. But experience gives as it takes. It gives you the power to appreciate even more the lovely music of Schubert, it lets you look into and beyond the eyes of the Mona Lisa, it gives you a lump in your throat as you walk along the Champs Elysees in the dusk of a Paris spring.

And that is good for us. But experience is a mighty different matter to hardening the heart and steeling the soul against whatever the Fates may hand you.

the point I had been trying to make all the afternoon.

NO, I find boundless delight in liking people and being liked by them. And I hope I always shall.

The other day—I DO seem to have been having an intense time lately!—someone asked me if I could name six

by
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people that I really admire. I said yes, I could, and I don't mind telling you who they are. Two of them live in Auckland, two of them in Wellington, and the other two in Canterbury.

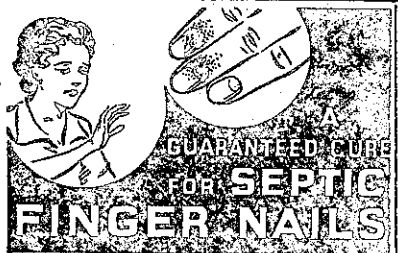
Oakes, of Auckland, wife of Major T. M. E. Oakes.

Mrs. Oakes is one of those rare people with a sense of humour that never makes you feel uncomfortable, an artistic ability that could earn her a very good living if needs be, and an adaptability that has brought her many friends in Auckland.

I mention adaptability because Mrs. Oakes is an English woman used to many of the things that we regard as "frills." But she has become "one of us," fitting into the colonial scene without losing that poise and quiet manner that are so much a part of her charm.

She sails quite soon for England, taking her young daughter Home to complete her education.

THE scene moves on to Wellington and one of my two choices here is Mrs. Knox Gilmer.



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