

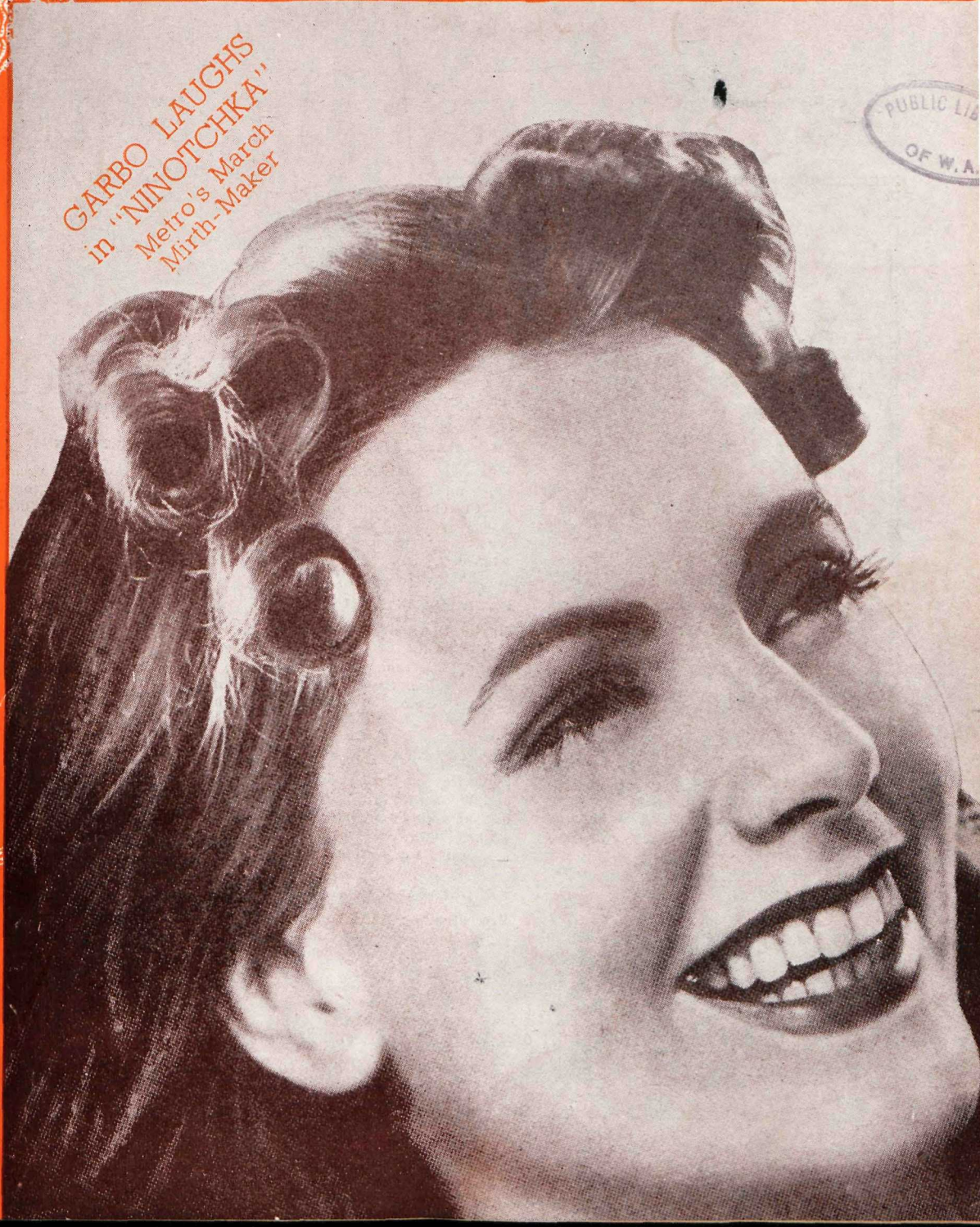
Western VOGUE

Incorporating — **TURNER'S** —

6d.

GARBO LAUGHS
in "NINOTCHKA"
Metro's March
Mirth-Maker

PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF W.A.



MARCH
1940.

DL. 4. No. 3.

Entered at the G.P.O., Perth,
transmission by post as a
magazine.



PROGRAMME

HIGHLIGHTS!

Special Evening Features

SPELLING JACKPOTS

Sponsored by Radiola, every Monday at 8.15 p.m. There's money to be won and fun for all in this entertaining session. If you would like to take part in this interesting session, write in to Stations 6PR-6TZ.

B.B.C. NEWS

6PR and 6TZ take part in two daily relays from the B.B.C. of their News Bulletin. These take place at 7.30 in the morning and 9.15 in the evening.

MONEY FOR MUSIC.

Sponsored by Radiola, each Thursday at 8.30 p.m. You're sure to enjoy every minute of this musical quiz programme, and there are cash prizes to be won every Thursday.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF DR. DANTON

Presented by Woolworths each Tuesday and Thursday at 8 p.m. For a new kind of thrill hear this amazing series of tense exciting experiences with the supernatural.

IMPERIAL INTRIGUE

Sponsored by Edments each Wednesday and Friday at 7.45 p.m., this fifteenth century tale tells of the rise of King Henry of Navarre over the unscrupulous Queen Mother, in medieval France.

RADIOLA RHYTHM

Maybe there are about half a dozen people in the State who haven't heard Radiola Rhythm. If you happen to be one of those, then tune into 6PR and 6TZ at 9 o'clock each Sunday morning.

A GENTLEMAN RIDER

Sponsored by Caris Bros. each Tuesday and Wednesday at 8.15 p.m., this is one of Nat Gould's racing thrillers and is packed with excitement and thrilling moments from beginning to end.

REFLECTIONS IN A WINEGLASS

Presented by the House of Seppelts every Monday at 7.30 p.m. Here's your chance to forget for a while the workaday world and enjoy a few moment's reflection and contemplation.

MY GARDEN

Every Friday evening at 8.45, Mr. W. Dawson of Dawson & Harrison gives an interesting talk dealing with problems that beset the gardener.

VIOLIN RECITAL

By Baden Fixter, the noted violinist, each Tuesday at 8.45 p.m. Music lovers will enjoy this popular session.

A GIRL AND A PIANO

Every Thursday at 9.20, featuring Nell Sheridan at the piano, and vocalists in a recital of popular numbers.

OUR DOGS

Presented by Boans Ltd. each Tuesday at 9 p.m. An expert on dogs gives an interesting and informative talk on matters concerning dogs.

THE SENTIMENTALIST IN MUSIC LAND

If you appreciate good music, listen to "The Sentimentalist in Music Land" from 6PR and 6TZ each Sunday evening at 9.25 sponsored by "Alleen for Beauty."

Remember "Frances" popular Women's Session, every Morning 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. from Station 6PR and from 6TZ, 9 a.m. to 10 a.m.

SHORT STORY... ...COMPETITION

Dear Competitors,

The judges were very disappointed with the standard of stories submitted this month, but eventually chose one. However the Editorial Department considered that while the story being an excellent sketch, was totally unsuitable.

We would like to ask all competitors not to be discouraged and disheartened by this decision and casting vote from the Editorial, but to realise that we are earnest in our endeavour to forward the progress and culture of literature in Australia.

With this object in view, we feel sure that our competitors, being earnest also in this direction, will take it in the right spirit and TRY AGAIN.

A committee of five persons has been formed including Henrietta Drake-Brockman and John K. Ewers, neither of whom need any introductions, as they are well known to the reading public as popular and successful writers. Short stories will be accepted from all parts of Australia, and need not necessarily be of West Australian setting, although Australian atmosphere will of course be looked for.

Length must be approximately 3,000 words. The prize is £10/10/-, and there will be twelve divisions. Prize money will be paid to the winner of each division for the publication of their story, and of those 12 divisional winners, one will be chosen as the ultimate winner and will be paid the £10/10/- prize. The judges are associated with the W.A. Branch of the Fellowship of Australian Writers.

**ENTRIES CLOSE 10TH OF
EACH MONTH.**

CRITIQUES

Noel B.: Could have been decided as winner but it needed many alterations. The title did not seem to fit the story. The thumb nail character sketches were good; but the part could have been told in a story half the length of the one submitted. It was drowned with too much descriptive matter. If MS. had been written with the "punch" found in the last two pages, there could have been no doubt about it. Shows good promise, will look forward to more of this writer's work. Shows outstanding promise in handling a bush theme. Suggest you verify your facts regarding times of clearing and burning. One adjudicator found the significance of the title puzzling.

A South African reader sent in an article on "Crocodile Hunting" but while we were thrilled at receiving this article from overseas, we are specialising in Short Stories. However, try again and Greetings across the sea, Reader!

M.T.B.: It is a good story, but spoilt by the occasional intrusion of comments unnecessary to the narrative. Charles Shaw's story, "Tracks of the Faithful," winner of the A.B.C. Radio Story Competition would be useful to you for comparison. It was published in the A.B.C. Weekly, 2/12/39. I liked it as a sketch for its quality of reality, but it needs careful re-writing and some little cutting would improve it.

* * *

K.W.: Just too ordinary for words . . . even the Kookaburra comes to light with a mocking laugh. More a sketch than a story. There is some good descriptive work in it though.

* * *

Norman B.: We like the idea behind the title *very much indeed*. But feel it might have been presented in a more original form. It is far and away the most original idea we have had to date; that peace cannot be given the world by Coercion; but *why* bring in a death ray, etc.? All old stuff. A story with a topical interest, cleverly told through conversation, but the difficult technique of this story is handled in an excellent style.



DON BRADMAN

DADDY
PIANIST
GOLFER
CRICKETER

One of the shyest and most reserved of any celebrity, one could ever meet, is that Hero of the Pitch, Don Bradman.

This attitude is definitely NOT an assumed pose, but a genuine hatred of any demonstration or fuss. As a matter of fact it is well known that Don becomes really embarrassed if anyone attempts to praise him or his efforts. Once his playing is over, he quietly slips from the field, and is rarely seen. This is a clear cut illustration of his dislike of parading. There is one person with whom Don Bradman does not become embarrassed if ever praise comes his way. That one person is Bradman Junior.

Bradman Junior, known to this gay old world as John Russell, and he certainly leapt into the limelight, not only by virtue of the fact that he was the son of Don Bradman, but also in association with the story circulated at the time of his birth. Apparently the "Daily Mail" telegraphed their representative in the town where John Russell Bradman was born, to secure a photo of Bradman Junior, *holding a bat*, and this demand of a babe but two days old. And then they say the male mind has more sense of detail than the feminine. (Couldn't imagine a woman making an error like that one anyhow.)

Autograph hunters, must be the bane of Don's life. But one man in Perth "got away with it." Don paid a courtesy call, at a Government Office, and one of the Senior Staff, being a bright lad, asked for

an autograph. Of course Don said "certainly" and the lad produced paper and pen. One thing nobody knew until after though, was, that slip of paper was only one of a half dozen pieces, separated only by impressionable carbon paper. So he asked for one autograph and obtained six.

Don is an exceptionally fine pianist. While not strictly averse to Jazz, he prefers Classics, of a medium range, that is to say not TOO heavy.

While not aspiring to be a writer, Don once wrote a book called "How to Play Cricket." It was published by the "Daily Mail," London, in June, 1935, and is still selling in Perth.

Don believes that one's private life should be their own, so we have endeavoured as far as possible to adhere to his wish, as a matter of courtesy. His Cricket life, is as he said, public, and he lives it fairly and squarely. His concluding remarks as published in the book previously mentioned, show the good sportsmanship of one of whom we are justly proud, basking in reflected glory as fellow Australians.

"Play the game whole-heartedly," he said, "with spirit and zest, and play to win, but irrespective of the outcome, always treat your opponents as you would have them treat you, and play it as a sport. In other words, play Cricket, in the fullest meaning of the term."

And there you have Don Bradman . . . Man's Man.

WESTERN VOGUE

(INCORPORATING)

TURNER'S

Vol. IV., No. 3.

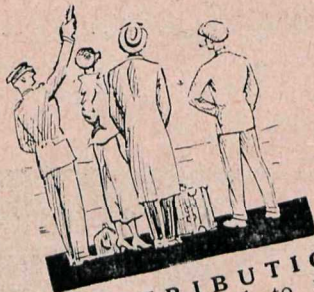
MARCH, 1940.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Within the Commonwealth,
New Zealand, Fiji and Papua,
12 months' subscription . . . 6/6

ADVERTISEMENTS
All inquiries regarding advertising . . . communicate with Advertising Department, Turner's Western Vogue, 65 Murray Street, Perth Telephone B 7470



CONTRIBUTIONS
We are pleased to receive contributions, but cannot be held responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photographs. If return of MSS. is desired, it should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope, addressed to the sender.

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just looking 'round thanks...

It's dreadful to think that any man could be so barbaric these modern days, as to allow his wife to slave over a wash tub, when such an easy and inexpensive method is at hand to solve the problem. "Airflow" Laundry situated in Hay Street, near Irwin Street, offer a quick service at a very, very reasonable cost. Yes! they do "Bag-wash" also.

* * * * *

Once again Frascati throws open the advantages of "something different" in the way of dining out. Although the doors are not open for lunches and dinners for casual customers, catering is available and arrangements may be made with Mrs. Sachse for the occasion in question. Business has become so demanding, that these special caterings are all Mrs. Sachse can satisfactorily manage . . . and she does manage . . . satisfactorily, too . . . very.

* * * * *

For careering round in these new swirling skirts, a girl must wear undies which fit well. Slips that fit and stay put, walking, sitting, lounging . . . clinging with sleek perfection. Miss McMillan (ex Ahern's) is now in her own dainty shop known as "Charme Lingerie" situated in the Hay Street end of Plaza Arcade.

Select your stockings by the old haphazard foot size, and see where it gets you. Into another woman's stockings . . . stockings that look like a dream on someone else and like a nightmare on you. NO! don't be foolish, go to a reputable house. And speaking of stockings reminds me that Miss Flo Gepp (formerly of Moore's) has opened a Stocking Club at 27 Piccadilly Arcade. Call and see her.

* * * * *

A used car is only as good as the reputation of the dealer who sells it . . . and so stands the motto of fair dealing, of Jack Morris (J. E. Morris) trading in the name of White Wheatley Motors. He remembers it and not only that, but he practices what he preaches.

* * * * *

More than ever in these modern days of Bobs, rollee curls and fal dals a woman's crowning glory is her hair, and remembering the joy it was to use that exquisite shampoo last week, I have now bought all for myself, a bottle of Brilliantine (which occasionally I sprinkle on "Himself's" hair . . . What is it? Why GLAMOR BRILLIANTINE at all Beauty Salons and only 1/6 per bottle.

FOR FURNITURE—



FINE FURNITURE

- CARPETS
- LINOLEUM
- CURTAINS
- BODY CARPETS

and furnishings you can't go wrong if you select from Hearn Bros. and Stead—the largest furniture store in W.A. Make a point of seeing Hearn Bros. and Stead—in Victoria Park—when you're requiring furniture. There's no furniture quite as good.

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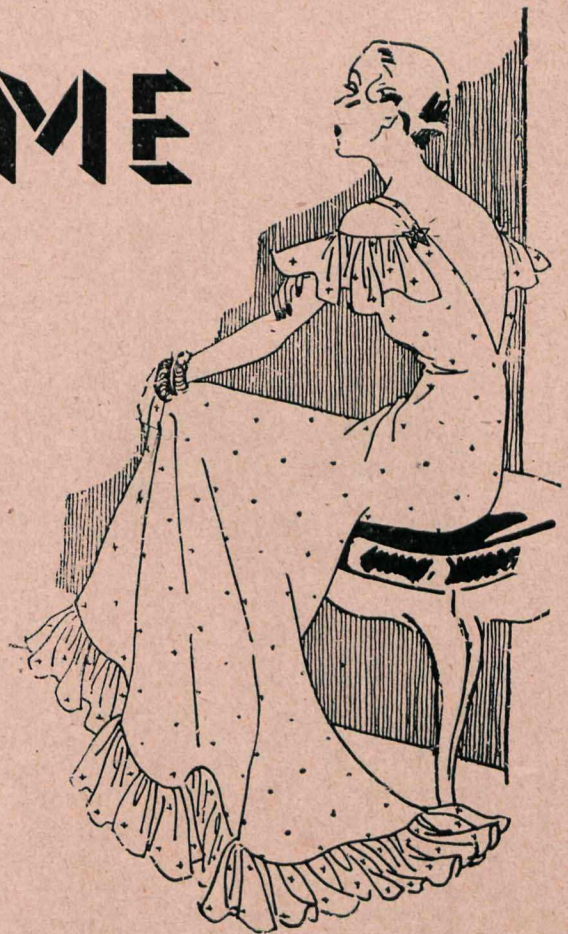
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PARDON ME

for

BRAGGING

*but I use Modern "Make-Up"
for my Rooms...*



Exciting new colours are today's beauty treatment for tired homes, the bringers-of-life to sombre, plain Jane rooms. So dip a brush in this modern magic and transform your home with the gay shades that are the vogue in make-up and lift-up for interiors.

And here are some hints from colour headquarters for re-awakening your rooms—transforming them into gayer settings for happier living.

LET YOURSELF GO WITH COLOUR.

Put colour on the ceiling—the dominant shade that's in your rug, or pictures.

Go to the Easter lily for a lesson in coolness. Put the green of the leaves on the walls—the white on woodwork and ceiling.

Put the blues and pinks of Marie Antoinette in your boudoir—on walls and in combination on doors.

Remember the effectiveness of gorgeous Dutch blue. Try it with white woodwork in the kitchen.

When furniture has lost its charm, paint it a shade darker than the walls. See the new beauty it takes on.

To make a room look larger, try painting two walls cocoa brown and two chalk white.

One day painting makes it easy to transform cold, cheerless rooms, into bright colourful ones. For a cosy lounge room, beige walls, and ivory ceiling may

be finished white tinted with Venetian red tone. White enamel could be used on the woodwork. Make your carpet verdue green and the curtains fashioned in lemon. For a brighter bedroom, use a Suntone on the walls, and also the twin beds frill a soft green around the top of the snow white curtains, and edge these white curtains with that colour. Use light tan enamel on the woodwork. And now for . . .

THE BATHROOM.

A white bath . . . basin . . . towel rack, etc., can be used as the basis of a very striking setting. Use an English rose-pink for curtains across the bath and colour the bathstool and mat a pretty mauve with a deep bluish tinge Alco. Behind the basin paint the wall in that same deep bluish mauve colour.

Hang your mirror (plain one please) your light with a mauve shade to tone, and place the tiny shelf and towel rack. Cameo blue makes a kitchen feel and look attractive, and if combined with rose pink or maybe suntone, the effect is charming.

Colour your chairs and table in suntone, also the cupboards and let your floor cameo blue.

The magic of *one day* painting gives you these sparkling new rooms without inconvenience.



Photograph by Martha Hodgson

George Mulgrue is Westralian born, as a matter of fact he was born in Geraldton, W.A. He lived in India during early youth as his father was in the Indian Army. Came back to Broome where Mulgrue Pere was pearling.

George Mulgrue was educated in England. Apprenticed as an engineer . . . Slump . . . broke . . . Paperhanger, Bartender . . . Courier to Paris . . . Chauffeur . . . Finished training as engineer . . . went to sea as engineer . . . after three years chucked it came to Australia . . . broadcasted . . . went mining . . . came back and became storyteller . . . started writing . . . secretary Fellowship of Writers . . .

* * *

I wonder if you remember me telling you about a funny thing that happened to me up Greenmount way. Well . . . the thing I'm going to tell you about was something like that, only, this time it wasn't at Greenmount, but at Rottnest.

I'd never been to Rottnest before . . . and people had told me what a marvellous place it is . . . I mean, the beaches and the privacy and the lovely girls who go over there and all that sort of thing. Anyhow, *this* holiday I decided that it was to the island I would go!

Well . . . I'll cut the story of the trip over there . . . the first part I spent contemplating the bar down in the depths of the sharp end and

FUNNY..

Isn't It?

by GEORGE MULGRUE.

the second I spent plumbing the depths . . . if you know what I mean . . . at the other . . . I must admit that I enjoyed the first part much better. However, I eventually arrived and had myself transported the odd half mile to that hostel place for the modest charge of sixpence. The place was pretty full and I was given a sort of bunk affair in that shed in the middle of the quadrangle place . . . quite smart it was too! . . . and good for the soul . . . I imagine that's the sort of place you end up in when your bucket-shop isn't quite as successful as you'd expected. Of course, if it is, you have a somewhat nicer bed at the Ritz!

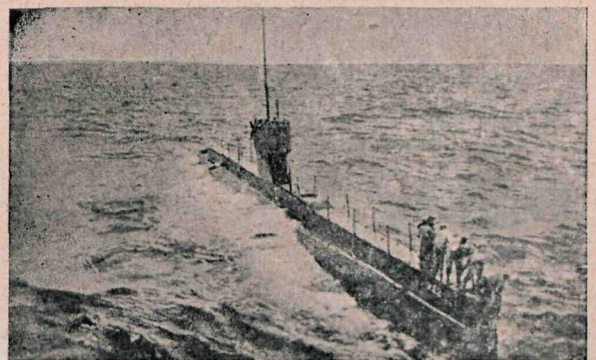
Anyhow . . . I didn't take long to get myself settled in . . . hooked up my toothbrush in the appropriate place and hung my pyjamas over the end of the bed . . . in case there should be a fire in the night or something. After that, I had a bit

of a meal and went for a walk. This was Friday night, by the way . . . that's one advantage of not having to work on a Saturday . . . you can leave for week-ends on the Friday. Well, the evening went off quite well . . . I met rather a nice girl who beat the pants off me at Table Tennis, after which we went for a walk to see what the island looked like by moonlight. Most enjoyable . . . I was particularly taken with those little animals that seem to be roaming all over the place . . . jumbuks, or dingbats, or whatever they are. At a fairly early hour . . . certainly not later than about two . . . I turned in and slept my usual untroubled sleep.

The next day nothing much happened . . . nothing that could interest you, at any rate, but for reasons over which I'm afraid I had no control, I found myself all alone in the evening . . . I don't think that they should send soldiers over there during the holiday season, do you? . . . Most inconsiderate and surely not calculated to be good

THE FAMOUS AUSTRALIAN SUBMARINE AE.2.

Here is depicted the famous Australian submarine AE.2 "breaking water" after one of her epic raids on Constantinople and Turkish shipping in the Sea of Marmara. With her sister ship the AE.1 she and her Australian crew of Royal Australian Naval men made history for Australia's then young Navy.

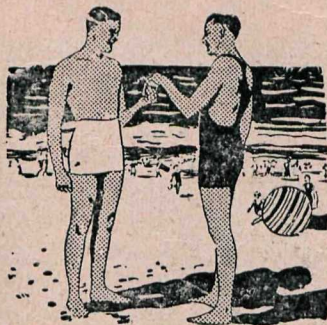


training for the troops. Anyhow . . . there I was all alone. It was a nice warm night and I thought that a swim would be a good thing . . . cool off the troubled brow and all that sort of thing, you know. So I



went and found a costume and went down to that pool where the diving rock is.

It was a nice moonlight night like the one before and I had a very pleasant half hour or so, trying to do double jack-knives and what have you, safe in the knowledge that there was no one to watch me and jeer when I came a . . . when I . . . er . . . hit the water with the wrong part of my anatomy first. After a while, I gave it up . . . my



tummy was getting a little sore . . . and having rubbed myself down, sat on the rock and smoked a quiet cigarette.

Well now . . . as I was sitting there, communing with nature and wondering how the . . . army manoeuvres . . . were going over at the dance hall place I was attracted by what I thought was a very low-lying star out over the sea to the north. It was terribly bright and I was sure I'd never seen it

before . . . I'm rather keen on astronomy, by the way . . . take a great interest in stars and all that sort of thing. Anyhow, it wasn't for quite five minutes that I realised that it wasn't a star at all, but a light on a boat . . . I was convinced of it when I heard the faint putting sound of a motor. After that, naturally I wasn't terribly interested . . . I mean, well, it was probably only some sort of party out after fish or something . . . they go in for that sort of thing over on the island, I believe . . . and I rolled myself another cigarette.

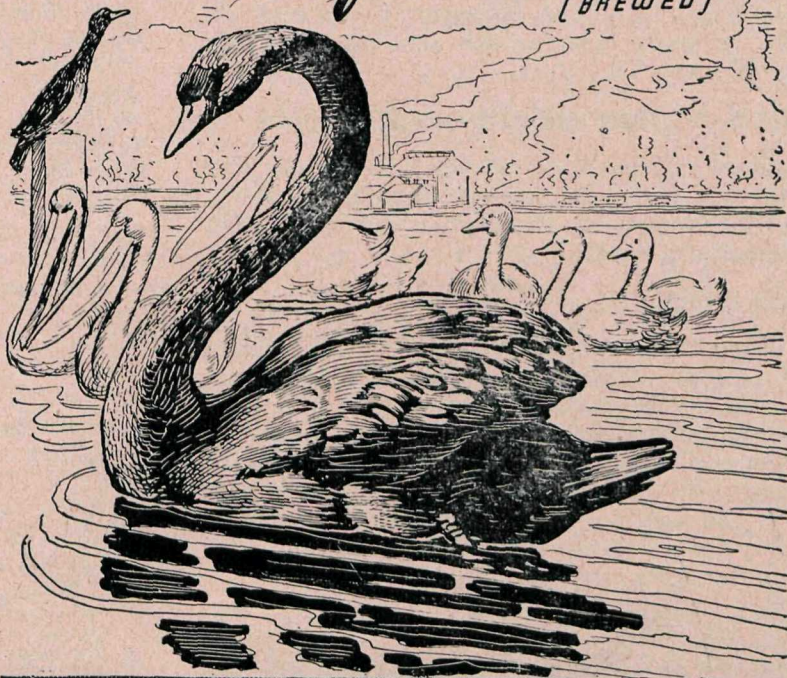
And then the most extraordinary thing happened . . . I heard the sound of somebody swimming . . . coming in from the sea . . . from the direction of the light . . . it had

moved on some distance, by the way, and stopped. I was quite interested again . . . I mean . . . what was it? . . . Either there was a bet on, or there'd been trouble in the party . . . or . . . well, it was extraordinary, wasn't it? People don't go swimming as far out as that over there, because of the sharks and things. I sat up and took notice, and very soon the swimmer arrived at the foot of my rock . . . it was a man and he seemed to be somewhat done up. I said, "Hallo there. Do you want a hand?" He said, "No, that's all right, thank you." and scrambled up to where I was sitting. I said, "Taking a bit of a risk aren't you? I mean with the sharks and things." He said, "Oh

(Continued on page 38.)

The Best of the Brood

[BREWED]



SWAN LAGER



Our Perth Diary

BOANS . . .

There are few men in Perth, who have as many "ups and downs" as the cheery and witty "Doc" who operates the Express Lift in Boans. Not only is he popular with the adults who travel in his lift, but he is adored by every tiny member of the junior community with whom he comes in contact. With a kind smile for each, a comforting word for the timid ones and a joke at all times, "Doc" has earned a reputation amongst his passengers as a regular fellow.

FOYS . . .

The heat wave did not mean as much to most of us as it did to Miss Doris McGavin of the Hosiery Dept. Apparently she delighted in the opportunity of getting accustomed to the heat, as her six weeks' holiday, due in April, is to be spent in that inland simmering town of Marble Bar, and if you read the papers (of course you do) you know the reputation of the Weather Clerk there.

HARRIS, SCARFE & SANDOVERS . . .

Hurrah! Jasper is on holidays, so at last the staff can have their Morning and Afternoon Tea in Peace. Hence the general evacuation to that nearby Milk Bar all through the week.

CARIS BROS. . . .

Dapper and ever cheery, Mr. William Bulman, from the Dept. which stocks such exquisite silver ware and especial time pieces, has an original philosophy which explains his happy personality. He always believes in walking on the sunny side of the street (but of course not on days when it is 111 degrees). He realises that folk do not enjoy hearing about trouble and chuckled quietly as we agreed that the "Surlly Bird catches the Germ."

LORETTA FROCK SHOP . . .

Let others try it, but no more Solitaire for Joan Kitchen, except the delightful solitaire which she is wearing from now on, to adorn her third finger of the left hand. Best wishes Joan, and please send us a photo of the wedding frock, for if it comes from Sorel, it assuredly will be beautiful.

COLES . . .

"Wars . . . Wars . . . and rumours of Wars . . ." and now we hear of trouble at Rottnest. Well girls you said you were going for a holiday and we believed you, but couldn't you have given the Military a

break. Why! those boys just didn't have a chance. Yes, we mean the Misses Doreen Glacken, Rose McMillan, Eileen Braine and May Taylor.

HARRIS, SCARFE & SANDOVERS . . .

Whose boy friend came back from his holidays with the measles? Maybe we can't tell, *but* this we know Vera Newby is the latest to go under with the plague which puts the victim "on the Spots."

MOORE'S . . .

On that dreadful day in February, when the temperature soared above the century, Cliff Wood looked cool and debonair as usual. In a well cut light grey suit, he swung along to the advertising department with a jaunty, swinging stride, and one envied his style. How do you do it Cliff? And by the way, where did you learn to cultivate that sudden engaging smile which lights your eyes and bespeaks of more humour than one would expect an Advertising Manager to have?

FOY'S . . .

Hats off to Gladys McNicol of the Millinery Showroom of Foys. Miss McNicol is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. McNicol of South Perth, and her engagement has been announced to Jack Gerke, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Gerke of Claremont.

MOORE'S

Charming Alison Greaves, who is one of the Popular Girls in the Mounts Bay Sailing Club; also a member of the Scarborough Surf Club. Alison is one of the two girl runners. An outdoor girl, and a lovely one, with a sparkling personality and delightfully natural mannerisms.



of the Smart Set

BAIRDS . . .

Saturday, 15th February, was the big day in the life of Peggy Phillips. She was married in St. Mary's Church, Colin Street and made a lovely bride. And I say, didn't the lass Williams carry out, in charming fashion, her role as bridesmaid.

COLES . . .

Perry's boy friend believes that most girls have clean minds because they change them so often, but his girl friend, we believe, is that one exception which proves the rule. If Miss E. Pericles makes up her mind, wild horses could not make her change it. By the way have you . . . ?

WOOLWORTH'S . . .

The vivacious Lil Johnson, is wearing a circle of diamonds on her engagement finger, but when asked when the strains of the Wedding March on her behalf were to be heard, she merely shrugged her shoulders, and said, "Can't tell you, haven't made up our minds." We gazed in consternation, as Lil is usually SO definite about things. "Why, Lil?" we murmured, more for something to say than anything else . . . "Maybe," she answered, "it is because I can't catch up with myself" . . . Oh! well it's Leap Year and one never knows, and of course even if he refuses you, he is forced by tradition too sacred to break, to accompany his refusal with a gift of a new frock.

METTERS . . .

One would never suspect, when they hear the stern business-like voice of Charles Cornish over a telephone that a man who could be so strict in the commercial world, could have such a wonderful sense of humour as C.C. His eyes and entire personality in fact, bespeaks good fun and fine fellowship and . . . what was that you said about the Glamour Isle . . . " 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have been to Rottnest" or was it you who said it?????

FOY'S . . .

Another good girl goes "East" . . . Florence Cox of the Office Staff, but only temporarily, for six week's holiday, they say.

COLES . . .

So Eunice Glacken, plans a wedding, but still even at date of going to Press, we cannot say "A wedding has been arranged," for Eunice (more affectionately and popularly known as "Uni" to her pals), is uncertain as to whether Keith Taplin who at the present moment is at Pearce Aerodrome, is to be transferred to Melbourne or is to stay in W.A. In any case may good fortune attend you Uni, and smile on your pathway.

AHERN'S . . .

Down the Central Arcade, I saw a figure which reminded me of the title of Miles Franklin's new novel . . . "All that Swagger" I stared very rudely . . . suddenly I started forward . . . I knew him. Yes, I knew this modern, meticulously attired young man about town. Gordon Woolley. He wore a well cut suit of good taste, and the hat, yes the hat was indeed "a thing of wonder" I spoke to him "The Hat" came off. We shook hands. "The Hat" went on again. A soft grey Angora, which Gordon predicts as next season's model. "Good Sports Hat," he declares. "You can take it to the Beach, sit on it, crush it, and Lo' Hey Presto! as good as new again." Many may remember that once upon a time Gordon was a remarkable Adagio Dancer of high repute, but as I asked about it, he told me that now he was Floor Walker he was forced to abandon all childish pranks. Did you say ALL Gordon? Any way I liked "The Hat." It is swell, and suits you perfectly.

HARRIS, SCARFE & SANDOVERS . . .

Digby insists that he is the best dressed man in town—a suit for every day in the week—the one he is wearing. And he is the one man in Town who is dressing and undressing all day long. Yes, definitely—but he's a window dresser.

AMBASSADORS THEATRE . . .

Mavis Penno has been on holidays. And where did the lass with the Page-boy bob and delightful twinkling eyes spend her holiday? "Somewhere in the South-West touring the country of tall timber, rivulets and dales. Lucky Penny!

ASCOT FROCK SHOP . . .

Saw Brunette Marj. Fordham whose modern rolled curls tumble in fascinating fashion, looking very smart last week, frocked in a smart black georgette. The bodice was a ruched bow front, and the buttoned back finished in a fishtail swirl of shirring. Smart!

BAIRDS . . .

How many thousands of people know the popular Miss Isa Lawson! Numerous parties have been arranged by friends, for her, prior to her impending marriage. Among others one other party, which took the form of a novel and pleasant afternoon, was tendered to her by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bottle of South Perth on Saturday, February 3rd. Tennis, Clock Golf and other games were enjoyed by a large number of friends. Good luck and a happy future Isa! You deserve it.

RADIO- LAND



Congratulations go to Billy Barnes (Ukelele Ace) on his expert handling of the Community Concerts at the Ambassadors, during the absence of Alwyn Kurtz. Even that Announcer, knowing his people and his job could not have bettered the take over which Billy Barnes enacted at such short notice. He was assisted by Allan Barry and fellow Artists

Billy Barnes was originally one of the wise men of the East, who came to Western Australia, with no intention of making more than a cursory visit of the event, but Billy got to the West, and the West "got" Billy. He has been here now for quite a few years, and with each

passing week his popularity increases

It is not generally known, but all the writing of the comedy and continuity for the Ambassadors Community Concert held each Friday at noon, is written by Billy Barnes. And then as an addition to his spare time (?) he has 40 pupils for Guitar and Ukelele Tuition. It has recently been announced that Billy Barnes has been selected to play the Bass and Guitar in Ron Moyle's Band this Season at the Embassy.

Bye the bye, the Beach Concerts which are held at Cottesloe Beach every Tuesday and Friday nights, give their proceeds to the Red Cross. Good effort boys!

RADIO RASCAL . . .

JACK LUMSDAINE

I hung around the Ambassadors Theatre, feeling the snoopest of snoopy newspaper girls—I had a ticket in my pocket but I hadn't a chance to see the show—duty called and I was cramming 20 hours work into eight. Poor lass! you murmur but lo! a ray of sunshine in my day—a cheery smile—an extended hand—a jaunty though minute pheasant feather in a hat and I meet my quarry—Jack Lumsdaine the Radio Rascal! His companion was a charming lass in a Derby blue frock . . . and she had grey eyes. Her name was Sheila Riddette a Perth girl, who was "discovered" by Jack Lumsdaine, and who worked with him as partner in a Session "From one Composer to another." We went upstairs to that luxurious Ambassadors lounge. "Grey eyes" came with us and waited patiently while the Radio Rascal amiably "chatted" an easy interview.

Fifteen years ago Jack Lumsdaine appeared at the old Prince of Wales Theatre, as an act in conjunction with the pictures. For years, he had been appearing with J. C. Williamson and with Tivoli Vaudeville, toured right through Australia doing a spot of broadcasting in every capital city including New Zealand and Tasmania. Perth is the only capital city where he has not broadcasted *but* on February 21st he gave his Session over the A Class Station here.

(Continued on page 40.)



BILLY BARNES in
pensive mood . . .



SAY IT WITH... FLOWERS



by Harry Wilson of Wilson & Johns Ltd.

We find a Ti-tree cover excellent protection from the hot sun until seedlings are strong enough to look after themselves. This cover is usually placed about 12in. above the earth level.

I would suggest that for the best result, to pick off these seedlings into other boxes spacing them about 2in. apart and when they are strong plants then plant them into their permanent positions, spacing them about 10in. apart. By this method greater success in transplanting is achieved and quicker results obtained.

Another rarely seen plant is the Physostegia. This plant is a perennial and a wonderful cut flower. The spikes of flower are about 18in. to 24in. when well grown and excellent for cutting. The spikes somewhat resemble a miniature Foxglove. It prefers a semi-shaded position and kept very moist. There are two colours, White and Pink.

The New Cockade Scabious introduced last season really lived up to expectations and is a great improvement on the older type. Flowers are highly domed, broader and colours are greatly improved, especially the rich blue, which is quite new and distinct colour in Scabious. Stems measured up to 2ft. long which is exceptional. The rose pink is also a splendid colour.

"Roggli Giants" are always with us and are recommended. Flowers are large with good long stems.

An old favourite and an outstanding one is "Baths Empress" and is used extensively for exhibition because of its excellent markings.

A recent introduction of merit is "Englemann's Giants" another fine type.

Pansies are easily grown and do well everywhere.

Any organic manure will do as a base to dig in, but use plenty, and when plants are strong a dressing of Potato Manure every three weeks will usually produce the maximum flowers.

For perfume in the garden you cannot be without Stocks. These delightful flowers are and always will be one of the favourites. Double flowers are always wanted, but Stocks can be very fickle at times, and give many singles. To get the most doubles you must buy the best seed obtainable.

There are several types to choose from, but they are all beautiful, the difference being the habit of growth.

Stocks are easy to grow and do well everywhere in W.A. but the best stocks are grown inland in the wheat belt. The usual cold and somewhat dry climate seems to suit them admirably. They respond to liberal manuring.

The only trouble with them is the fly and aphid which attacks them freely at times, but with regular sprayings of Clensel, Nicotine or derridust these can be kept in check.

Choice Seeds for Sowing Now

ICELAND POPPY, New Art Shades	1/6
ICELAND POPPY, Gartford Giant	1/-
ICELAND POPPY, Sunrise Giant	1/6
PANSY, Colossal Record	2/6
PANSY, Roggli Giant	1/6
CALENDULA, Yellow Colossal, New and Very Large	1/-
DELPHINIUM, Giant Strain	1/-
DELPHINIUM, Belladonna	6d. and 1/-
GERBERA	1/-
CARNATION, Giant Bedding	1/6
STOCKS, Giant Imperial	1/-
STOCKS, Giant Perfection	6d.
STOCKS, in separate colours	6d.

CATALOGUE POST FREE.

Wilson & Johns Ltd.

74 and 125 BARRACK STREET, PERTH
AND
128 HIGH STREET, FREMANTLE

Special

Let's
Discuss
this
Quietly..



THE INTIMATE
LIFE-STORY OF

that Ace
Heart-Throb

CHARLES BOYER

On the 8th of August, 1899, to Louise Boyer, nee Durand, and to Maurice Boyer, a son was born. He was christened Charles. His mother's first thoughts when she gazed on him were, "His eyes are like his father's—and yet they are not like his father's—not like anyone's, pas du tout!"

These is not one drop of theatrical blood in the Boyer ancestry.

The father of Charles was a respected business man in the town of Figeac, as his father and his father's father had been before him.

Louise Durand, as she watched her son's first steps, marvelled at his prodigious memory. She saw him, her only son, as a doctor of the Sorbonne. She saw him frock-coated, reading philosophy to pupils. She saw him expounding law to the less enlightened. And always she saw him as far away from the little town of Figeac, as someone honoured and set apart.

Here, indeed, was not "just another Boyer"—but one whom the whole world would know by name and fame.

But as Louise Durand dreamed

her brilliant dream, Boyer père thought only, with solid satisfaction, that at last he had a son who would carry on the business when he was gone. The fair fields of France still would be reaped and sown by machinery bearing the Boyer name.

Charles' dark-eyed mother would tell you that her exceptional son was called "The Town Prodigy." She would tell you that when he was scheduled to appear in a concert or a school play the citizenry of Figeac turned out, enmasse.

And strangely, to no one did it occur that a star of stage and screen was rising in their midst.

"I was twelve when I first announced to my mother that I intended to become an actor. It was," said Charles, "the most momentous moment of my life up to that time."

"You are too young," his mother said, "too young to know your own life as yet, mon fils."

But she was a very firm woman.

She knew that, if his purpose were sincere and passionate enough, opposition would but strengthen that purpose, delay but intensify it.

And so she commanded him to con-

tinue studies, as they had planned, to enter the Sorbonne and to obtain his License of Philosophy. Then she said, and only then, would he be free to answer any calling he might choose. If the theatre still seemed to him to be his "life" she would offer no further opposition.

By the slight smile playing about her mouth she still saw him, in her mind's eye, as frock-coated and covered with scholastic dignities. She could not easily replace that image with a grease-painted actor from an alien world.

And so they made the pact between them. He returned to school—and to romance—again.

His first love worthy of the name was a young woman who had come from Paris to teach his class in philosophy. She was tall, blonde and very beautiful.

At last he devised the brilliant scheme of writing his love for her into the themes he had to compose and she to correct.

And so, instead of the erudite and dispassionate analyses of the subject matter allotted him, he wrote fiery panegyrics to her eyes,

her hair, her lips, her hands, even her feet—odes to love, to love tinged with fatality, to unrequited love.

She asked him to remain after the others had gone.

She said, in her grave sweet voice, just tingled with a gentle amusement, "Charles, one day you will be a very charming man, possibly you even may be a very great lover. But that day has not yet come. Why don't you wait for it?"

He graduated from school in Figeac, and entered the Sorbonne at the age of eighteen.

He lived, while at the Sorbonne, in a Paris pension.

Charles saw very little of the gay night life of the city and he had no romantic adventures.

In all his latter life in Paris, even today, Charles Boyer goes about with very few actors. His friends are almost all doctors, lawyers, authors, scientists and scholars.

And then in the daytime, of course, he attended all of the necessary lectures at the Sorbonne, working hard for his License of Philosophy.

A criticism from a French magazine says, "Women succumb to his great charm, his powerful personality, without being able to help themselves. He leaves them stunned and astonished, yet with all that he is superbly modest . . ."

The French critic was correct. For despite his fascination for women his life has been singularly free from romances. He is not the "professional charmer" in private life. He has no tricks. If he leaves women stunned and astonished, he also leaves them alone! He is superbly modest. He is simple, gracious and kind.

When Charles Boyer came to Hollywood he did not like it. The one bright spot in his life there at that time was his friendship with Maurice Chevalier. He had met Maurice in Paris several years before, it was not until they were in Hollywood, two Frenchmen alone, that they really became intimate friends. They played golf together. They dined and talked and were homesick together. It is doubtful whether Chevalier will ever go back

to Hollywood or not. He loves the life of Paris. He loves his villa at Cannes.

Charles Boyer made the French version of "The Trial of Mary Dugan." The French versions were costing too much money so they decided to abandon French versions.

He could not speak a word of English and his friends all urged him to learn the language, especially Ruth Chatterton, who assured him

that he would succeed enormously if he could but speak English.

He learned a little English, and he was cast in the "Magnificent Lie," with Ruth Chatterton, in "The Man from Yesterday" and in "Red-Headed Woman." All very small parts and all mis-cast rather than cast. Do you remember that Charles played the chauffeur in Jean Harlow's picture, "Red-Headed Woman."

He asked for his release and got it.

When he returned to Paris, however, he took up the study of English seriously.

Then Fox Films cabled for Boyer to come back to Hollywood and make "Caravan."

He returned and made "Caravan" which was ridiculous for him. He was not the type to wear black curls and play mad music in the moonlight. He felt a fool, and again he was unhappy. Again he asked for his release and got it. That would have been the end of Hollywood for Boyer and of Boyer for Hollywood if he had not charced to meet Walter Wanger.

For it was Wanger who induced him to make "Private Worlds."

Marriage had never entered Boyer's head until the night in Hollywood when he met Pat Paterson at a party.

He had accepted an invitation to dine at the home of Robert Kain. It was a casual invitation, casually accepted.

When he entered the room he saw her. They were two strangers meeting. But with one glance they were strangers no longer. Within two weeks they were engaged, within three months they were married!

Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson were going to see "Queen Christina" at the Chinese Theatre. When they reached the theatre, there were no seats. They stood in the lobby and thought what they might do as an alternative. He looked at her. "Let's be married—now," he said. They flew to Yuma and within the hour they were Mr. and Mrs. Boyer.

(Continued on page 34.)



Lingerie Touches

FOR DAYTIME WEAR

favoured by

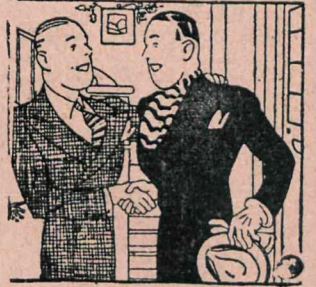
HEATHER ANGEL

A Paramount Player

LINGERIE TOUCHES — are smart on first autumn day dresses. Heather Angel, in Paramount's "Bulldog Drummond's Secret Police," wears a simple frock of dubonnet crepe with a wide girdle of the fabric and frothy white organdy leaves at the neck and on the sleeves. The dress was designed by Virginia Kay



SCRIBBLINGS and SCRIBBLERS..



DEATH OF A PIONEER.

From "Western Writing" by N. Bartlett.

JESSE E. HAMMOND, the Western Australian pioneer and author whose persistency led to the formation of a branch of the Australian Fellowship of Writers in this State, died at the Perth Hospital on Sunday, February 4th at the age of 83.

What Jesse Hammond knew he had learned from life, and life, as he knew it, was not easy. Schooling was indifferent and had to be paid for in Western Australia 80 years ago, but the boy who prattled among natives on the banks of the Swan and the Murray, and the young man who rode with cattle into the wild north country, when sudden death came brutally to his murdered companions, had the type of mind which receives the imprint of events clearly, and keeps the picture undimmed with the passing years.

In this he was not unusual among the men of his generation, who had little but the essentials of life to fret their minds, but he was unusual in the passionate desire which came to him later to record in some permanent form the things he knew.

We, a generation to whom reading and writing are second nature, can scarcely realise the magnitude of the task he set himself—no less than to write books about the native lore he had learned as a boy and about the people and things of the early days.

His books, "Winjan's People" and "Western Pioneers," may not be great works of art or scholarship but they have a genuine human quality as well as historical value. Jesse Hammond loved the natives as human beings among whom he was bred, and he knew the unsung epics of the everyday men and women who put down the foundations for this State; inspired by the reality of these things he achieved what he set out to do and died bravely as one who felt that his years had not been in vain.

MILES FRANKLIN.—Writing to Jack Sorenson from Carlton, N.S.W., Miles Franklin states:—

"I am just off to Victoria with some of your West Australians—to wit Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Furphy of Perth. Mr. Furphy is the son of the great Joseph, who with his wife is buried in Karrakatta Cemetery. They came all the way over in a lovely caravan and went up beyond Brisbane. They are taking me with them to visit the old places around Lake Cooper and Shepparton in Victoria where they lived before going to W.A. about thirty-five years ago. You may remember I shared the Prior Memorial Prize (Bulletin) with Kate Baker this year for doing a biography of Joseph Furphy, in which I used some of the rare material collected by Miss Barker. It is therefore wonderful to go to the places of origin in company with the Furphys.

* * *

EDWARD HARRINGTON the popular Victorian Poet has been commissioned to write twelve Australian ballads for world renowned Australian singer, Peter Dawson.

* * *

DR. KEITH BARRY supervisor of A.B.C. programmes is receiving a number of letters asking that more work of *Katherine Susannah Pritchard* be broadcast.

* * *

Not generally known that *Bernard Shaw*, takes a genuine interest in the work of *Bernard Ingleby*, whom he considers to be Australia's greatest poet. His poem "The Virgins" is recognised as a classic.

* * *

Angus and Rubertson are setting up a new edition of *MILES FRANKLIN* refreshing novel "All That Swagger." By the way Miles Frankins is an admirer of the writings of *Mary* and *Elizabeth Durack* and when their books "Chunuma" and "All About" were obtainable, Miss Franklin sent several copies to her friends in United States of America, who found them enchanting.

ANIMATION.

True I have striven little to resist,
The penalty the world has made me pay,
For being of it; I have lost the mist,
Clouds, rainbows, all vague things that pass away,
Hills blue in haze have lured me from afar,
And I have sensed some solace in a star.

Yet had I never lived I could not deem,
To know the heights and depths of joy and pain,
Of what vague things could that create a dream,
Which ever with its fellow earth had lain.
Better to live and suffer than to be,
Inanimate for all eternity.

—Jack Sorensen.

* * *

GAVIN CASEY provides us with an excellent excuse to bask in reflected glory as fellow Westralians and we were indeed proud when the "Bulletin" in its issue of January 31st, 1940, published the following paragraph:—

"There was as much joy at 252 George Street when the first Gavin Casey story reached the editor's desk as there was when Archibald read Edward Dyson's 'A Profitable Pub' in 1887 at 24 Pitt Street, or when James Edmond read the first of C. J. Dennis's 'Songs of a Sentimental Bloke.' So long as a 'Bulletin' office stands in Sydney there awaits a welcome to the new writer as warm and as cordial as has been extended to all Australian writers during the past 60 years."

* * *

TED TURNER of the Bread and Cheese Club, who perhaps corresponds with more writers than anyone else in Australia, is himself a Portrait Painter.

* * *

THE W.A. BRANCH OF THE FELLOWSHIP OF AUSTRALIAN WRITERS, meet every alternate Thursday in the Rooms of The Modern Women's Club on the third floor of Chancery House, Howard Street, Perth.

The objects of the fellowship are to foster literature in Australia, to help Australian writers, artists, and composers in every way possible, and to resist censorship and all other attempts to limit our traditional freedom of thought and speech. These meetings give writers the best opportunity of getting to know their fellow-craftsmen. Interesting talks are arranged, and discussion is always invited.

At the meeting on Thursday, February 8th, Bernard Robertson, the Director of Adult Education, addressed the meeting, prior to his departure for America.

"Among those present" were: Mary Durack, Henrietta Drake-Brockman, Ethel Davies, John K. Ewers, Mr. and Mrs. Gavin Casey, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hatfield, George Mulgrue, Dorothea O'Sullivan, James Pollard, W. ("Bill") Irwin, Jack Sorensen, Norman Bartlett, Mavis Weaver, John McLeod, Neroli Mondon, Stanley Wilbur, Peter Mantle, Dr. and Mrs. Clark, Marchant Flinn, Mr. and Mrs. Billie Edwards, Mrs. J. K. Ewers.

"THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN PARADOX" which has been published by Carroll's Ltd. of Perth, W.A., is the Presidential Address given at the First Annual Dinner of the W.A. Section of the Fellowship of Australian Writers, by the retiring President, Mr. John K. Ewers. The talk raises the issue that Australians are peopling a continent they do not know, and are not encouraged to know. (Price, 9d.)

* * *

FROM JUSTICE.

By Mary Durack.

"Heavy rain fell last night in the region where the Police are searching for the native murderer of the Japanese crew. This will have washed away all traces of the wounded Nermaluck's tracks though the Police may be aided in their chase by the fear all natives have of dying alone in the bush."—(Extract from "West Australian.")

It rained last night!
Heaven availed
A legion, silver mailed,
To aid a murderer in his flight.

Succouring rain!
Invincibly it came,
Closing the jungle pass,
Through vines and tangled grass,
Blood wood and paper bark
And drooping banyans, and the stark
Ghosts of silver gum;
Filling lagoons where the grey pythons come,
And buffalo, bellowing shrilly,
Trample the crimson lily.

It rained last night,
Aiding a murderer in his plight,
Covering the way of his wild retreat,
Sweeping the tracks of his naked feet
Into a whirl of leaves and mud,
Covering the round, red splashes of his blood.

It rained last night,
Only one hour too soon,
And in a break of clouds the pale moon
Lit up the haggard face of Nermaluck
Lips parted, terror struck,
In mute surprise;
Haunted (pale, yellow ghosts with almond eyes,
And spears still quivering in their writhing sides).
What matter where he hides?
Free from the mortal hand,
The tempered justice of a white man's land
Into this hell, the terrible unknown
Looming ahead.

To die alone.
And unincanted enter the chill places
Of clinging, bloody hands and sunken faces!
Nermaluck the warrior, the bold,
Of many scars—behold?
Panting, wild eyed with pain,
Flings him face downwards, clutching at his hair,
Respite, new hope, new terror and despair,
Mingling his savage tears with rain!

Turner's Junior Club.



THE PROUD PUSSY.

A very small Cat
Had a very large bow
He thought he looked lovely
So stuck up you know . . .

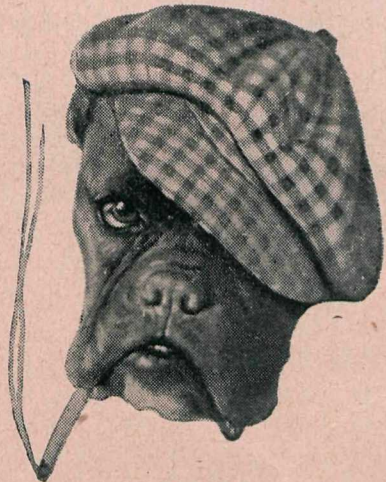
But one day I tell you,
He gave no more airs,
For he trod on his bow,
And fell down the stairs.

Dear Boys and Girls,

Now the question of the Competition in Word Building, has us worried. As a matter of fact, there was not one competitor, neither boy nor girl, who entered for any more than one of the three Competitions. That meant of course, that of the entries there were as many as twenty competitors who gained six marks, and that total was the highest score of any obtained. What are we to do? We fully expected in the first place that quite a few would persist and enter for the three Competitions, but as it is, many entered for the first, second or third and then forgot all about the other two. So we are intending to conduct THREE more tests, and remember to send in EACH month. If you do not you are NOT ELIGIBLE for the prize. Any little boy or girl may join our Club, if they fill in the form below and post direct to this office at 65 Murray Street. I do hope you have a Sunny and Happy Easter.

Love from,

UNCLE JOHN and AUNTIE DOROTHY



WORD BUILDING CONTEST.

- (1) To ascend (5 letters).
— L — — —
- (2) Person of the same race, or relationship (3 letters).
— — N
- (3) The mist formed by water when condensing (5 letters).
— — — A —
- (4) To reckon (9 letters).
— — — — A — — —
- (5) To divide into two equal parts (5 letters).
— — — — A
- (6) Acquaintance with books (10 letters).
— — — — — — — — — E

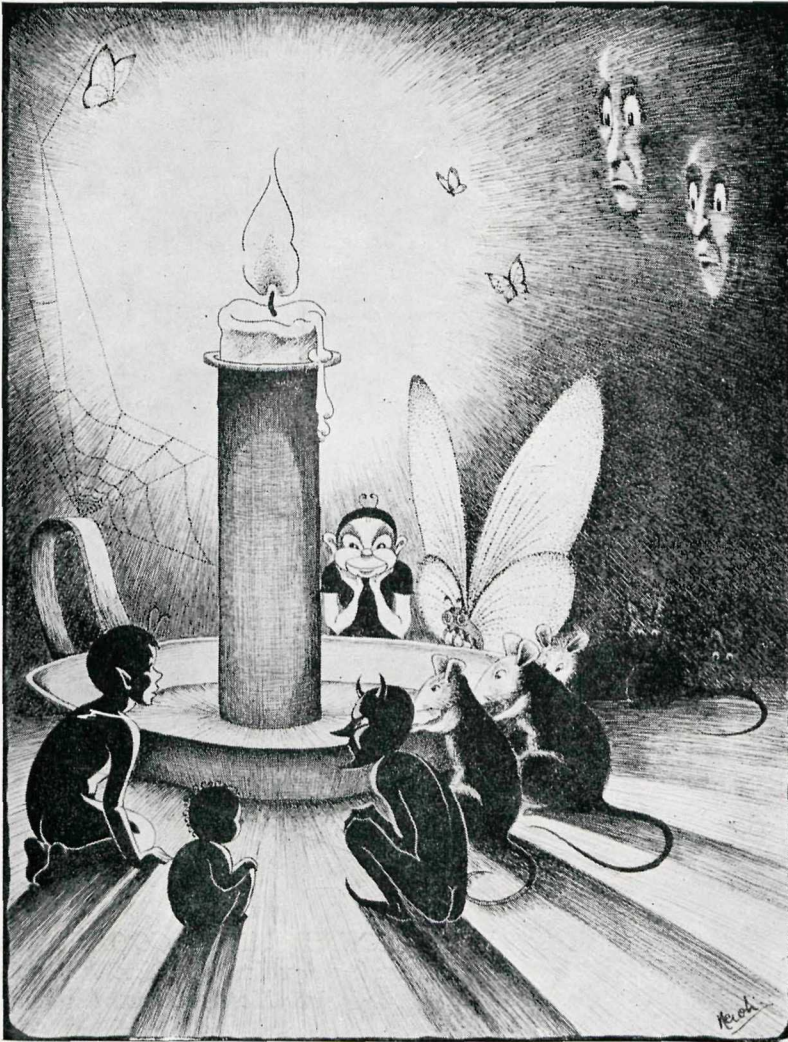
TURNER'S CHILDREN'S PAGE COUPON

Dear Uncle John and Auntie Dorothy,
Please enrol me as a member of your Junior Club, for which the entry is free.
I promise to spread goodwill and happiness.

Name.....

Address.....

Age and Birthday.....



Candlelight..

by Neroli Mondon
(20 Years)

This unique, clever, penwork of Neroli Mondon is a delightful Fantasy which may be recommended, amongst other merits, for its superb purity of outline. Neroli is really very young and this piece of work as presented on this page, was done by this talented artist, at the tender age of twenty years, which is absolute infancy in the World of Art. The Demon faces, peering from out the fringe of darkness, are both fascinating and fantastic. Neroli Mondon is a keen student of Mythology, both Greek and Nordic, and is a member of The Women Painters' Association. At the time of the painting of "Candlelight," Neroli Mondon, was entirely self taught. Now her Tutor is Mr. Webb, the prominent Perth Artist, whose work created such a sensation in London recently. Even her name "Neroli" stirs the imagination in a breath of Romance, being derived from the days of King Phillip of Spain, when the Court Perfumer, by extracting the essence of the orange blossom created a new perfume, which he named after the little Spanish Princess Neroli. To this day the perfume of the orange flower is known as Neroli. At an early age, Neroli Mondon, began painting and produced work of high quality, possessing the hall-marks of extraordinary imagination, amounting to genius. She lives quietly, with her Mother and Father, at their home at Applecross, overlooking the Swan River.



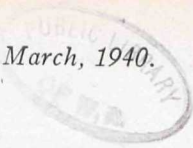
MISS VIV ANGELO, the popular lass from Carnarvon, who has arrived "Down South" to take up residence in Perth.



PEACHIE ANN COOKE, the charming daughter of Mrs. V. Cooke of the Palace Hotel, Kalgoorlie.



MRS. HAL PATTERSON and one of her Scottish Terriers, with which Mrs. Patterson has recently "scooped" the Canine Prize Pool for exhibiting these champions.



A happy study of Deanne, the baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Wood of Beverley.



MRS. ROY S. THOMAS, author and producer of the Sacred Play, "Bethlehem," which was successfully staged recently at Kalamunda and Mundaring.



FILM

WILLIAM POWELL & MYRNA LOY, M.G.M. stars, as detective Nick Charles and his wife, Nora, have a screen son in "Another Thin Man," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's renewal of that rollicking mystery series.



Griffith Park walks make grand cycling paths for one of Ann's favourite diversions. ANN RUTHERFORD, M.G.M. star, stops to pose for the cameraman.



FLASHES



Velveteen in a black and red check one-piece dress is ideal for town or college and is worn here by LARAINÉ DAY (M.G.M. star). The bodice simulates a vest and has criss-cross buttoning, the skirt is circular and very full. Miss Day wears a black felt coachman's hat embroidered band in red, yellow and black.

CECELIA PARKER, M.G.M. star, decided that business and pleasure well mixed equal a slim figure. Miss Parker finds working on the vertical bars aids in strengthening the back muscles, and is a general toning up tonic.



Ray Milland, Reginald Owen, Isa Miranda in "HOTEL IMPERIAL," the Grand's Easter Attraction.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE

*Madame Mira Louise,
Consulting Psychologist and Dietitian,
95 William Street (Next Metro Theatre).*



In response to urgent demands from practically all sections of the community, Madame Louise is organising a Domestic Help Department in connection with her work at the Health Centre at 95 William Street. Women of all ages will be enrolled and their hours of leisure utilised and turned to profitable account in the service of suffering humanity.

The immediate need is for reliable women with a knowledge of health cooking, to go into the homes and assist young mothers returning from hospital with a new baby, or to the homes of the sick and teach the people the health way of preparing foods in an attractive and appetising manner.

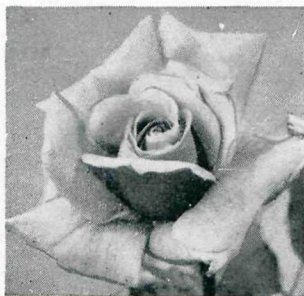
Madame Louise is giving a series of Lectures, and Classes in the Arundale Hall for Health Cooking are now in formation.

For further information apply personally to . . .

MADAME LOUISE, 95 William Street.

Depots at 307 Hay Street, Subiaco, 909 Beaufort Street, Inglewood and 497 Beaufort Street, Perth.

Easter Weddings!



BRIDAL BOUQUETS!

SHEATHS!

SPRAYS!

EASTER PRESENTATIONS!

BOXES!

BASKETS!

Wreaths delivered at Shortest Notice.

H. Gilmore Nairn

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NEWSPAPER HOUSE
ARCADE, PERTH.



MRS. MAVIS WEAVER, whose brilliant pen is earning for her recognition in Literary circles. Her new book "This Hesperides" has recently been accepted by the publishers, Patersons of Perth, and it is expected to be released late in April of this year.



MISS VERLE ROWLES, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Charles Penn. Mr. Penn is at the present moment touring America.



PAT HOCKING, of Maylands, one of the charming Debutantes presented at the last Kindergarten Ball.



A delightful study of MRS. INDLE of Nedlands.



MISS PASCARL, who is wearing exquisite diamonds, given her as a betrothal gift from Gordon Dean.

A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME . . .



FAREWELL PARTY AT ADELPHI

Just prior to the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hodgson for Brisbane, Miss Dulcie Dowling, arranged a very successful Party to allow a few of their many friends

MARION WHITING
BOOKSELLER & LIBRARIAN
BON MARCHE ARCADE Next
Nicholsons Ltd., Barrack St., Perth.
FIRST WITH THE LATEST

to say "Cheerio" in a delightful way. The guests met at Miss Dowling's flat at Winter Court, Adelaide Terrace, where a Cocktail Party was the order of the moment. And later the party entire adjourned to the Adelphi Hotel, for supper, and

more dancing. The Hostess chose a unique frock of smart Harvard White parcalay, with waistcoat effect, and wide front lapels were the feature.

The Guests of Honour, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson were very happy to meet Mr. and Mrs. Jack Love, Mr. and Mrs. Don Chipper, Misses Phil Smith, McCaul, Dorothea O'Sullivan, Win Davidson, Mrs. Rogers, Messrs. Wally Duncan, Cliff Rees, Bert Morris, Walker, Walk, John Colebatch and McCaul.

POPULAR COUPLE TO WED

The little blind god, with his bow and arrow has been to work again and this time the happy victims are two of Perth's most popular people. Jessie Pearse and Keith Cherry, whose marriage takes place at Fremantle on March 19th, in the Congregational Church. They tell me it is to be an evening wedding, the time of the ceremony is listed at 7.30 p.m. Wonder if the bride will be late . . .

SOJOURN AT AUGUSTA

Miss Lou Gardner, of "Portree" has recently returned from a happy sojourn "down under" at Augusta, and by the sound of the merry chatter surrounding her on return, it is quite evident she thoroughly enjoyed herself. By only one day Miss Gardner missed the arrival of her friend Miss Sheila Cullity, who also chose Augusta for her holiday, so it was not until the two lasses returned to the gay capital, that they could compare notes on the trip.

* * *

Kalgoorlie-ites who have hied Westwards to the glorious Waterman's Bay for holidays, are Mr. and Mrs. George Bell of Egan Street.

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LONDON DRAMATIC CLUB

The Green Lounge of the Adelphi buzzed with excited chatter, and many turned happy smiles in the direction of the young people who in their thrill of meeting were absolutely oblivious to all around them. It was the meeting of the members of the London Dramatic Club, commencing their 1940 activi-

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ties with an Afternoon Tea Party. Miss Billie Cohen, who is the President, welcomed the Members, and Miss Nonnie Tyler was re-elected Secretary. Amongst those who enjoyed Tea and Chatter were:—

Misses W. Bancroft, N. Epstein, O. and E. Quatt, G. Mann, I. Tandy, N. Button, T. Donaldson, S. Haugaard, V. Pyke, J. Byrne, M. Dick, C. Hart, J. Gibson, J. McKee, C. Sheridan, S. Fitzgerald, J. Zeffert, G. Gordon, J. Forbes, B. Potter and V. Furnace.



PRETTY WEDDING

At the Wesley Church on February 24th, in Perth a pretty wedding took place. Miss Daisy Clayton was the bride and Mr. Donald Gliddon the bridegroom. Miss Flo Lalor played the part of bridesmaid and Mr. Joseph acted as best man. The frocking of the bride and bridesmaid was rather charming. Twin frocks were worn, one of Blush Cyclamen with ruched coatee and hat to match, and the other of Mustard Seramee. Gay Floral Sprays completed the tonings.

Their friends wish them happiness always.

VISITOR FROM BROOME

Mrs. Doris Goldie, wife of Captain Goldie of Broome arrived in Perth this week for a short respite from the severe heat of our North-West. Mrs. Goldie is staying at the Karrakatta Club.

BROADHURST-ALLEN WEDDING

A lovely picture gown of white broderie organza with banding of plain organza weighting the hem and featuring on the heart shaped bodice and sland sleeves, was the bridal frock worn by Miss Betty Allen only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Allen of Black Hill Station, Sandstone, for the occasion of her marriage to Mr. Phil Broadhurst of Atley Station, Sandstone, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Broadhurst of Highway, Nedlands.

The bride wore the modern top-knot of orange blossom which held in place a three-quarter veil of plain tulle.

The white cactus dahlias and tuberose which she carried were indeed very beautiful.

The two bridesmaids were the Misses Lesley and Agnes Clark and their twin frocks were fashioned in stiffened Marquisette one in turquoise and the other in shell pink. The corselet waists were studded with rhinestones and the skirts swung away fully.

Stiffened net bonnets with ribbons toned with the glorious sheaves of pink and green hydrangeas which they carried. All the floral work was artistically arranged by Mr. H. Gilmore Nairn of Newspaper House Arcade.

Messrs. Bill Broadhurst and Reg Allen attended the groom. At the Karrakatta Club where Mrs. Allen received the guests she wore a Navy Cellophane embroidered

georgette with a smart spray of orange tiger lilies. Mrs. Broadhurst assisted the hostess and chose a black pintucked georgette with black hat and red rose spray.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil. Broadhurst left by car for their honeymoon, in the South-West.

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AFTERNOON PARTY AT RENO'S CAFE

A pre-wedding Party, took place at that lively Perth Rendezvous, Reno Cafe, on Wednesday, 31st January, when joint hostesses arranged an Afternoon Party for Miss Betty Allen of Blackhill Station, Sandstone. Miss Allen was married to Mr. Phil Broadhurst early in February. With giant Agapanthus and Hydrangea as a

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colourful background, merry chatter and tinkling of tea cups presented a vivacious scene. The Hostesses were: Mrs. E. P. Broadhurst, Mrs. Tom Male, Mrs. Jack Wade, Mrs. A. Dry. Those invited to greet Miss Allen were: Mrs. Bracks, Mrs. Allen, Miss L. Clark, Mrs. C. Clarke, Mrs. Motley, Mrs. Fisher, Miss Rowlands, Miss A. Clark.

whom wore their Air Names were: The Hostess "Silvia" and her daughter "Neroli" with the Host Mr. Mondon, "Frances," "Dreamer," "Tiffie," Mavis Weaver, "Leschenaultia" "Jenny Wren," "Rose Marie," John Colebatch, "Music Lover," Gladioli, "Giotta," "The Lady with the Bulldog" and Robin. Amongst other treasures to be found in the Mondon Home, is a wonderful old book . . . The First Edition of "Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy," printed by S. Palmer in 1728. A treasure indeed.

NEWS! GOOD NEWS!

Miss Flo Gepp

(Late of Chas. Moore)

is now at

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JOIN HER STOCKING
CLUB.

6PR EVENING

Members of the 6PR Listeners' Club, met at an informal Party, on February 9th, at the home of "Silvia" in Frazer Road, Applecross. The home is delightfully situated facing the River and the lawns surrounding the house were well availed of by the visitors. The wonderful work of "Silvia's" daughter, "Neroli" was greeted with keen appreciation.

Amongst those who exchanged friendly pleasantries, many of

**"TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN
BLUE"**

Looking spic and span, and in their usual "out-of-the-band-box" manner, I spied the two Ormiston lasses through the week. Jean and Nancy. It was a terrifically hot day, but these two looked so delightfully cool that I felt envious. Well if it is a knack, you certainly have it Jean and Nancy.

**MADAME ROSENTHAL
PREPARES CHOIR**

Madame Rosenthal is preparing her Annual Concert, which is to take place in the Perth Town Hall, on June 7th. It is a Friday night, so with the best night of the week, and the cream of talent, it should be a mecca for music lovers, with the Vocal Choir, and Piano work, rendered in a presentation of Madame Rosenthal's best.

SPLENDID ALBANY SCHOOL

Away down South, at Albany, there stands a school, which is doing a great deal of good in the big scheme of character building for young boys of school age. It is

**BOARDING AND DAY
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**GREENSTEAD
SCHOOL**

MIDDLETON ROAD,
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A special feature is the Physical Culture given by an English ex-Army Instructor. There is a Rifle Range for the Senior School.

Arrangements may be made for Riding Lessons. These are given by a fully equipped Instructor from the local Riding School.

Prospectus on Application to the
Principal.

known as Greenstead School. The motto of this school is "Mens Sana in Corpore Sano" and the crest is a book symbolising a healthy mind, and a ball symbolising a healthy body.

Greenstead School is situated midway between Albany and Middleton Beach amongst the finest climatic conditions. The grounds are extensive and the building has the appearance of a country house, among the flowering gums. The beach is ten minutes walk from the School.

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... Daintiness!**

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WOMEN'S WORK

when NATIONS WAR.

(From the Department of Information)

FIRST REACTIONS ON DECLARATION.

The night we heard the announcement on the wireless that war had been declared, I think that every woman throughout Australia felt momentarily stunned with shock and horror. Mr. Chamberlain's speech following the announcement made by our own Prime Minister was received in most homes in hushed silence, and at the end of it most of us reacted in a very feminine way—in tears.

Arrangements were being made in England for the immediate protection of her women and children from an enemy Air Raid. We listened in awed silence. We held our breath in shame at our temporary panic. We realised how very fortunate we were here in Australia, so far removed from the seat of War, from the zone of enemy raids.

Those with relatives in England understood just how much more terrible that Declaration must be for them than for us. Our hearts went out in a tremendous wave of sympathy and deep anxiety for the homeland. As we listened to those practical, matter-of-fact orders for black-outs, air raid shelters and the comprehensive organization of civilians given out within the first hour of the War, we knew that Britain was already facing up to things in the old traditional way. She was ready for the worst, and the worst was likely to be very terrible.

FACING THE FACT

By the next morning, Australian women everywhere, not only accepted the situation—that a state of war existed—but they had begun to re-act with characteristic energy and resourcefulness, to do some-

thing about it! Telephones buzzed furiously, engagements were cancelled, domestic worries were shelved. "What can we do?" everyone asked everyone else. But they did not go on asking for long.

They got down to work in a surprisingly short time, all the pent-up emotions and quick-beating hearts finding an outlet in "getting busy" with some actual War work. Knitting needles and khaki wool sprouted into existence overnight.

RED CROSS AND COMFORTS

Side by side with the Red Cross, the Comforts Fund is now working full steam ahead all over the Commonwealth to supplement the stark simplicity of the Military issue and to provide comforts and various necessities for those on the troopships and the fighting forces wherever they are. By keeping the men fit and well many casualties will be avoided and sickness prevented. The tremendous drive made by a Special Flag Day Appeal, for instance, was for the purpose of providing comforts for the 2nd A.I.F. while aboard the troopships and to stock the Base Overseas.

Some of the comforts for which these funds were needed include:—

(a) A standard kit given to every soldier on embarkation, comprising cotton shorts, towel, three handkerchiefs, pyjama suit, singlet, cotton shirt, socks (1 pr.), sandshoes, cake face soap, cake washing soap.

(b) Extra stores for use on ship board during voyage including fresh fruit (70 cases), lemon squash (concentrated 33 cases, gallon jars 66 doz. bottles), 1584 lbs. block cake and cash for purchase of cigarettes and fresh fruit, etc., at ports of call at rate of 3/- per week per man.

(c) Games including dart boards, playing cards, draughts, quoits, cricket bats and wickets, Chinese Chequers and Lotto.

Other funds are allocated for stocking the Base Depots Overseas, where goods will be issued at the discretion of the A.C.F. Commissioner. Among the many goods being stocked at this Depot are: socks, towels, cotton vests, tooth brushes, handkerchiefs, razor blades, boot laces, shaving cream, boot polish, soap, cake, tomato sauce, fruit saline, tinned vegetables condensed milk and toothpaste. With the 2nd A.I.F. is sailing a unit of Red Cross personnel to ensure effective administration of Overseas Service from its inception.

And all the time the knitting needles keep on clicking. The humblest little Sister Susie keeps on doing her job, even if it only amounts to a little bit of purl and plain during the lunch hour.

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Frascati

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- SUPPERS
- SPECIAL AFTER-NOON TEAS.

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DRAMATIC ART.

After a recess the various clubs should now be getting into swing again.

Opening on Friday the 1st of March, and again on the 2nd of March, Mr. Jerold Wells of the Repertory Club, is producing "French Without Tears" by Terence Rattigan. This is a sparkling comedy and the cast which Mr. Wells is using in the production should make the show a certain success.

On the following Friday and Saturday, i.e., the 8th and 9th of March, Mr. Alexander Todd, well-known for many successful stage productions in Perth, and Guildford, is producing "Libel" by Edward Wooll. The cast for this show is excellent also, and as it is an outstanding play (almost it might be called a legal thriller), there should not be much doubt about the success of this production either.

The Capitol Theatre has not been used very much of late, and has not at any time, been used for Amateur Productions. It will be interesting to see how the public likes the theatre for this purpose.

* * *

On the 26th of February, The Concert Artists held a meeting, which in time might have historic

interest . . . The very, very least that may be stated here is that "a good time was had by all" and a busy time was had by his lordship the energetic and conscientious Hon. Secretary, Mr. Bishop.

* * *

News is to hand that the Amateur Musical Club, Perth, is to have presented at the Repertory Club Theatre, a Musical Farce on April 10, 11, 12 and 13. This effort is to provide funds to open new Club Rooms for The Amateur Musical Club. Among others there will be Glen Matson and his Hawaiins, Bobby Hayes, Dick Cullen, Harry Nairn, Brenda Minorgan, and a possibility of Bernard Carter. Vocal work is to be provided by those artists which all Perth is anxious to hear once more. Joan Bridger, Joan Stanton, and it is hoped to secure Ken Johnstone, Allan Roydhouse, Dot Hudson.

Jack Anstey is Author, Composer and Producer. Luxurious gold and black satin curtains have been arranged, and the costumes are lavish in design.

DATES ALSO TO REMEMBER . . . Shakespearean Play, "Othello," April 26th and 27th, MARLOWE CLUB, on March 13th, with Harry Nairn playing Leading Man.

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STARS OF THE AMATEUR STAGE — LOVELY GIRLS
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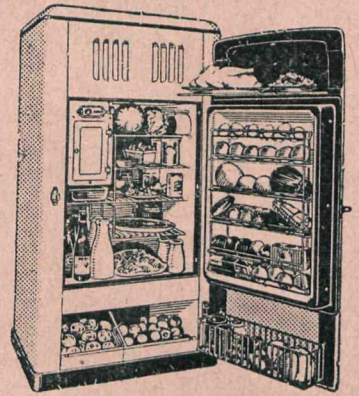
ON 10TH, 11TH, 12TH, 13TH OF APRIL

**BOX PLAN OPENS AT MUSGROVES ON 28TH MARCH.
TICKETS 2/6 PLUS TAX**

What Shall



(DOROTHEA)



I Cook?

Remember the old rhyme, which we used to say when we were all kids together . . .

"Easter is coming and the geese are getting fat,
Please put a penny in the old man's hat . . ."

Who the "Old Man" was or why we should give him our hard earned pennies, never entered our heads, it was a convenient rhyme and that was all that mattered for the moment.

Poor dumb little Peggy, my pal, and sometimes my flat-mate (when she is home) has gone to visit our mutual friend, Gwen. Now Gwen lives at Nedlands, has a lovely home, an adorable baby boy, and an enthusiastic husband. Well and why shouldn't he be enthusiastic . . . Gwen is a swell cook, and recently she went for a trip to Melbourne and attended every Cookery Demonstration she could peek her precious little nose into about the Queen City of the Southern Hemisphere.

If Peg brings home any new recipes, I shall give them to you next month (April) meanwhile, it is nearing Easter and Lenten Dishes are the order of the day.

Have you ever tried . . .

GARLIC CLOVES IN TOMATO SOUP

All you need is 3lbs. tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of water, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints milk, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon plain flour, 1 small dessertspoon sugar, 1 small teaspoon salt, 2 cloves garlic. Cut up tomatoes and let them stew for 30 minutes with the 2 cups of water and the peeled garlic cloves. While they are cooking take another saucepan and in it melt butter, add flour, stir till smooth, cook a minute, add milk whilst stirring, and keep stirring.

CREME DE POISSON

Speaking of soups, the new Creme de Poisson . . . select a medium sized fish, and take 1 carrot, 1

onion, 1 stick of celery, 1 quart of water, a little salt, pepper, parsley, 1oz. of butter, 1oz. of flour, milk, anchovy sauce, and lemon juice. Put the fish into the saucepan, with the water, vegetables, and sprigs of parsley (keep a few sprigs of finely chopped parsley for garnishing the top of the soup on serving). Boil for 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Strain. Melt the butter, add the flour, stir till smooth. Cook for a few minutes. Add the strained stock, to stock and milk, stir till boiling, and then add the anchovy sauce, lemon juice and more salt if necessary. A little cream added last is an improvement.

EASTER VEGETABLE PLATE

Easter Vegetable Plate is a different but delicious way of serving a strictly vegetarian dish . . .

Place on a plate heavily buttered asparagus, and arrange a few tender baby carrots. Take some new small potatoes and serve in their jackets, just break open the tops, and dob large spots of butter into the potato. Boil some green peas (or use tin peas) and garnish with beetroot, cut in round slices. If you fancy pineapple, serve this as an extra, but simmer it first in butter or in its own syrup. Americans are more favoured to pineapple with their vegetable dishes than we. If you like it, it is delicious, but it is all a matter of taste, it does not matter if it is not included in the Easter Vegetable Plate.

Or maybe, you like fruity salads better. Well then here's a tongue teaser.

ICED FRUIT CUP

Cut a slice from the top of as many oranges as required. Scoop out all the centre and chop up. Add to it diced pineapple, apple cherries, sliced banana, and sugar to taste. Chill for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Fill the orange cups with the fruit salad and tie the tops firmly on. Pack in a cool place till ready to use.

HELLO!..GLAMOUR GIRLS



A study of Irene Dunne in "Invitation to Happiness" coming to the Piccadilly Theatre 1st March.



Mary Carlisle, a Paramount Star.

Let's wage a war against Glamour Girls, and those who are responsible for the legend being built around them. Every day thousands of normally pleasant girls are being sacrificed on the altar of Glamour, and being utterly spoilt by this craze for glamourising them.

Why is it Men's Cubs have lasted so long?

Because intelligent men, who have the means to do so, long to get away from the cloying atmosphere of femininity, exaggerated to The Ninth Degree. Why do you think Sports Organisations, Flying Clubs, Male Musical Societies, Golf and Football Clubs, have such an enduring appeal to men? Because fellows who haven't the means to join an exclusive club contrive to escape to a world where women find no place.

Calling a line-up of habitual offenders, who, should come up for masculine judgment we cite.

OFFENDER "A"

The lass who loads her small talk with "double Entendre" in questionable taste, under the impression that she is proving her devastating sophistication. Actually she is proving she "wasn't brought up right" which is a libel on her charming mother.

OFFENDER "B"

The bright thing who is so merrily but consistently late; who tells us to go ahead and won't—and—"order one for me darling, you know what I like."

OFFENDER "C"

The Skite who brags about her men and their jagged hearts.

OFFENDER "D"

The Dumb Beginner who disrupts serious poker or bridge, with naive queries about the difference, if any, between a flush and a straight, or whether two pair beat three of a kind.

OFFENDER "E"

The Witty Wench, who makes mental marginal notes, on your story while you're telling it, then caps it with a funnier one the minute you stop for breath.

OFFENDER "F"

The Artistic Bandbox Brunette, who disappears every hour (and on the hour) to repair the war paint with a blithe disregard for what you are supposed to do in her absence.

OFFENDER "G"

The Movie Queen, who emits a constant succession of eerie shrieks at already sufficiently eerie mystery movies, and clutches the manly biceps to the black and blue point.

OFFENDER "H"

The Little Girl who is as confiding as a child but is unable to grow up and has a congenial inability to keep theoretical discussions purely impersonal happily intruding her private problems into adult discourse of more than local interest.

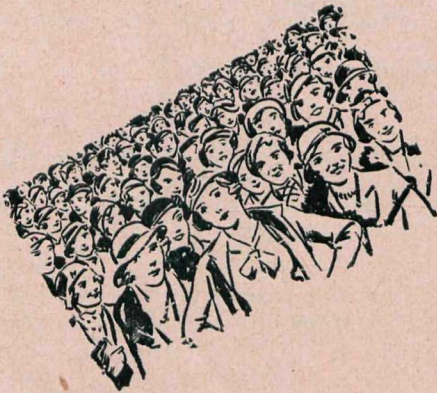
A word to the lasses—be natural, men love you far better when you have medium looks, but a bright intelligence.

Quite a few people have discovered that dark glasses can be brought for fourpence a pair and usually make their posing wearers look just that.

So forget the glamour pose and you will probably develop a more sincere natural personality, which will positively radiate happiness and—more than Glamour—"It" to the Ninth Degree.

WOMEN'S LEAGUE OF HEALTH.

A ROMANCE OF THE 20TH CENTURY.



A movement of great interest is the Women's League of Health, and it is the intention of the publishers of Turner's Western Vogue Magazine to publish the life story of this League. Each month a new instalment will be presented and in all they should make a story of splendid enterprise and initiative, also acting as a messenger spreading the news of a way to better health.

"Movement is Life," the motto of the Women's League of Health and Beauty, and the League sign of the graceful figure is now well known in Australia.

The romantic story of the League in England and Australia and its meteoric growth is of absorbing interest.

The Women's League of Health and Beauty in its present form, as an Organisation with a system of exercises for women of all ages, and within the reach of all, was launched in London in 1930 by Mrs. Bagot-Stack. At that time the League numbered 16 members, and today there are over 130,000 members stretching and swinging their way to health.

In 1907 Mrs. Bagot-Stack entered as a student of the Conn Institute of Physical Training in London, and later became a member of the Teaching Staff.

It is a matter of interest to Australians, that Mrs. Josef Conn, herself an Australian, acquired most of her knowledge from Sir Frederick McCoy, a distinguished Professor of the Melbourne University. Mrs. Conn's system of exercises originated in discoveries made by him in regard to successful child-bearing; the three main principles being central control, more elastic breathing, and the fundamental postural positions of standing, sitting and lying.

Whilst keeping to the basic principles of Mrs. Conn's exercises, Mrs. Bagot-Stack decided to include a wider range of subjects than those covered by Mrs. Conn. She considered relaxation exercises a primary necessity and dancing in all its forms was added and eventually all exercises were put to music. In this further development of her plans, Mrs. Bagot-Stack had the whole hearted support of Mrs. Conn.

Realising the need for universal physical fitness Mrs. Bagot-Stack spent years in intensive research be-

fore perfecting a system of scientific exercises suitable for women of all ages and which is now known as the Bagot-Stack System. Briefly this system is joint-loosening rather than muscle-building, it is both remedial and preventive, and it is devised to counteract the effects which modern civilisation has on woman's physique and every exercise is designed to get a specific result. The Bagot-Stack System, therefore, should recommend itself to all thinking women, as it was found by a woman for women.

In January, 1935, the Women's League of Health and Beauty suffered an irreparable loss in the death of its leader Mrs. Bagot-Stack. She left the League as a sacred trust to her beautiful and talented daughter (then only 20 years of age) Prunella, now Lady David Douglas-Hamilton.

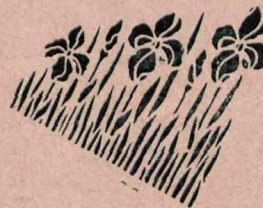
Today Prunella is hailed as one of England's remarkable women. She is one of the six women appointed to the National Advisory Council on Physical Fitness, and for which £2,000,000 has been set aside by the British Government on a three year plan.

The growth of the Women's League of Health and Beauty is phenomenal, as in addition to over 130,000 members in the British Isles, there are over 9,500 members in Australia and the League has spread to Canada, Denmark, New Zealand and Hong-Kong.

The story of the establishment of the Women's League of Health, as it is known in Australia, is a tribute to the idealism, enthusiasm and dauntless courage of its young Founder and Director, Thea Stanley Hughes, B.A.



PUBLIC LIBRARY OF W.A.



Before proceeding with the story of the League in Australia I would like to explain why the word "Beauty" was dropped. Firstly, because the title was a little misleading, some people believing we did face-lifting, etc., and secondly because health means beauty—the true inward beauty that shows itself in an outward radiance.

Miss Hughes, or Thea, as she is known in the League was born in England, but has spent most of her life in Australia, and gained her B.A. Degree at the Sydney University. In 1930 she went to England, and after studying various systems of physical education she became interested in the Bagot-Stack System of Health Exercises and later joined the Training School in London and qualified as a teacher. Miss Hughes taught in London for a year and during Mrs. Bagot-Stack's illness took over the Health Theory and Remedial Exercises Classes in the London Training School.

Early in 1935 Miss Hughes decided to return to Australia to establish a Branch of the League. Mrs. Stack had given her permission to train her own Teachers, an honour and a great tribute to Thea's personality and ability.

Thea arrived in Sydney in May, 1935, and on the 1st June gave a Lecture-Demonstration—her first! However, her superb courage was rewarded, as from then on events moved swiftly.

The First Training School was opened in June, 1935, with three students and in the summer of the same year the League staged a beach demonstration, which Lady Gowrie attended and at which Thea presented her with an Honorary badge of membership.

(To be continued)

CHARLES BOYER

(Continued from page 13)

Hollywood and even Maurice Chevalier, Boyer's closest friend, were amazed to hear that he had eloped to Yuma with English Pat Paterson.

When the news broke, no one believed it. Chevalier discredited the report. Chevalier had said, "I couldn't believe it of Charles. Why, he could have had any woman in France. Women were mad over him, but he was never intrigued. Anything can happen to anyone if this has happened to Charles!"

"Well, after they married, he returned to Paris and made "Mayerling."

Boyer enjoyed making "The Garden of Allah," and he is happy in his marriage. "I have learned what I should have surmised years ago," he said, "that marriage and the theatre are compatible, and can be two halves of a perfect whole if the marriage and the woman are right."

"And because my marriage is right for me," he continued, "because Pat fits so perfectly into my life as an actor, and enriches my life as a man, I can still say of the theatre, 'It is my life.'"

They have their apartment in Paris, Charles and Pat. It is, for the time their real home. They have taken this house in Hollywood furnished, and Charles is hoping that his mother, widowed again, is going to stay with them.

Any day he's not at the studio, you can find Charles in his study, where he finds great relaxation in both writing and reading.

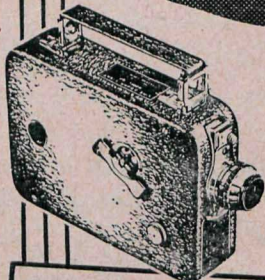
Although a native Frenchman, and his wife and Englishwoman, Charles is a great convert to California. His home overlooks Hollywood Boulevard.

Charles and his wife, Pat Paterson, are very congenial. They live six months in Hollywood and six months in their Paris apartment.

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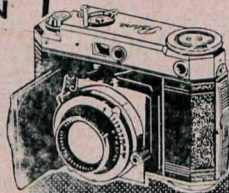
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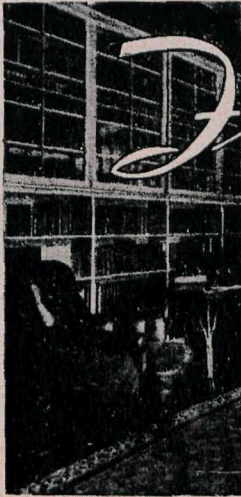
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BOOK REVIEWS.



From My Armchair

by "PYM"

"THEY BUILT A NATION" by Francis Clancy. (New Century Press, Sydney. 9/6.)

An anxious present, a precarious future, there seems little time to spare in these days for contemplation of the past. If, however, the conflict ended, we are to rebuild a worthier structure on the ruins of other days, it is more than ever necessary that we know something of our beginnings, the disgrace and the glory, the mistakes and the triumphs that went to make the history of our young country.

Francis Clancy, a rising author, of whom, one feels, we are destined to hear more, has given us a survey of our history that is as absorbing as any novel. He has a feeling, rare in historians, for Australia's story as a whole. "They Built a Nation" sweeps us along from earliest convict days to the primitive beginnings of trade in the young colony, revealing the devastating effects of the discovery of gold, the spreading out of the settlement, the growth of agriculture, the pastoral industry, manufacture and political democracy. Keeping his finger on the pulse of public opinion from the beginnings of the settlement up to recent times, he traces the growth of the Labour movement, fearless alike in lauding its triumphs and achievements and in denouncing its failures and the breaking down of its ideals.

Although Sydney fills the greater part of Mr. Clancy's canvas one is aware of the growth of a nation in the story of this city and its environs. A strong love of Sydney runs in the author's veins, the city for what it is today, for the beginnings from which it sprung, for whatever future destiny holds for her.

The book jacket presents a tangled mass of names,

famous in the early history of Australia—a somewhat misleading factor this, for although each of these men and women is given full share of note, Mr. Clancy is eager to remind us that it was not these alone who were the builders of the nation. That motley assortment of human freight that was poured into the colony in the early years played an equally important if more obscure part. There were the pickpockets and the petty thieves, highwaymen, vagabonds, homeless children, political offenders—the human refuse of Britain, many of whom were destined to find liberty and prosperity and to play a considerable and not unworthy role in the development of their adopted land. Then there were those who comprised the army corps, sons of small farmers, tradesmen and the like, but though not distinguished of lineage they became a power in the young colony. From their ranks rose one who was to establish the sheep industry in Australia. After the Napoleonic wars came a different type of immigrant, one that was to lay the foundations of mighty commercial undertakings and great industrial enterprises.

"The Colony panted with life, riotous, greedy, desperate, insatiable. Above, the officers ruled, mercilessly . . . controlled in inflow of rum. The soldiers drew portion of their pay in rum; rum bought tickets to the theatre, land, bread, clothing . . . Social life was as primitive as the economic bases of the Colony's existence."

Thus, in telling, staccato sentences, Francis Clancy makes his story a thing pulsing with life and picturesque reality. "They Built a Nation" is not a book to borrow, but one that should stand in the Australian home for family reference and delightful reading.

GOLF — How to



There are a great many players who are puzzled as to how the force is produced in the clubhead so that you deliver a blow that will hit the ball both far and sure. "A blow is a son of motion, the grandson of force, whilst their mutual ancestor is weight." You have power and you also have weight, but you must know how to use it. Weight is the origin of all force, but it must not be allowed to overpower the force that you are trying to produce. You have to realize that it is the club-head that does the hitting, so therefore the first thing to consider is the motion of the club-head. Once you are certain of the right motion, you must get as much force into that motion without altering it, or overpowering it.

The greatest force that can be produced into the club-head is centrifugal force. Now then, there is only one way of moving the club that would produce centrifugal force into the head of it, and that is by a swinging motion.

When you are holding a golf club

in your two hands, you are the power behind the club, but you can only move the club-head with a swinging motion through the medium of your hands and fingers.

Your hands and fingers are also the only medium through which you can accelerate the swinging motion of the club-head. The hardest point to make clear in teaching is how to overcome the inertia of the club at the start of the stroke, for we all have an overwhelming desire to start the stroke with the movement of the body. Yet every hitter, whether it be in golf, tennis, baseball or chopping a tree down, agrees



that the weight must be behind the blow, still the idea persists that you must start your weight first. This, to me, does not make sense. It is just like a child learning to throw. It will try to use the whole weight of its body, yet after a time, and with lots of practice, it learns to throw through the medium of its hands, and the weight of the body is behind the motion. This, of course, is the position of the average golfer. He will persist in trying to get his power in his hands and fingers and letting the weight flow into the motion of the swinging club. Practically all first class professional golfers spent a great deal of their young lives in

the caddies' yard, which has not much area, yet they all have a few holes dotted around, and the caddies spend most of their spare time playing these short holes. In a short stroke very little exertion is needed and can be done easily through the medium of the hands. Caddies do not develop footwork on these short strokes, they develop control of the club through the medium of their hands and fingers. As they play longer strokes their body naturally responds to the greater length of the swinging club. I have often heard discussions by golfers on footwork, and how they compare it to the footwork in tennis, boxing or fencing. This also, to my mind, is ridiculous. For all these games, footwork is extremely important to enable you to get into a position to deliver a blow or evade one.

In golf, you simply take up a properly balanced position to strike a blow and the footwork is, or should be, the natural response so as not to offer any resistance to



Hit with a SWING.

the action of swinging; everything should move easily in the path the club is moving. Of course, I know you can bring pictures to prove that every golfer at some part of the stroke has his weight in front of the club. This simply shows that there is no one anything like perfect, and it does not alter the fundamental principles one bit, for the more the weight must be behind the motion, but so long as the idea remains that you must use your weight initiatively, instead of responsively, there will be no chance for much improvement. I think your statement saying, "I know the right feeling of swinging, but if I make a definite attempt to merely swing without hitting. I do not get the right feeling, and produce a weak shot, from as it were swing-



ing the club back and *letting it swing down.*" This is a very common attitude in many golfers, but I have in my writings explained over and over again that you do not *let* the club swing, but that you must learn to get all your power



into the blow. It is precisely the same idea if you are trying to bite something, you certainly would not try to use the muscles of your neck, you would naturally use your power through the medium of your teeth, and if you were trying to bite on something very hard, you would use more power than if you were biting something very soft, yet it would be power applied in and



through the same medium; even that has to be acquired.

Power can only be developed to swing the club-head through constant practice, but if you want to learn to swing the club-head and get your power into it, you must practice swinging the club-head, and not the thousand and one things that you may imagine will help you. Jimmy Adams describes it very well when he says, "It is a Hit within a Swing."

Of course you have to hit as hard

as ever you can. An expert axeman has to hit, but he has to learn to swing the axe to hit with. First you must know what the movement of the tool is. If you are trying to get the maximum force in the head of it, it must be a swinging motion, and, as I have explained, that can only be done through the medium of the hands and fingers. Next, get as much power into the motion, without overpowering the motion of swinging, then get as much weight into that power without overcoming the power you are the Motion, and Weight behind the



trying to use. A blow must be in that order, Motion, Power behind Power. It is all very simple, but oh, how very elusive to accomplish, it should be made complicated to understand. I sincerely hope that I have been able to make clear the order of delivering a blow, but as the saying that "One ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory," a practical demonstration is better than reams of writing. However, I hope for the best.

FUNNY.. ISN'T IT?

(Continued from page 7.)

well . . . needs must you know." Well . . . I wasn't quite sure what he meant, but being a tactful little thing, I didn't say any more.

He just sat there and I offered him a smoke, which he accepted gratefully. The moon was bright enough for me to have a really good look at him and I must say he was a fine looking lad, about six foot two, I should say, and fair, with beautiful even features that would have been remarkably handsome, if it hadn't been for a lot of shocking scars on his face. Looked as if he'd been slashed several times with a sword or something.

When he'd had a few puffs at the cigarette and seemed to have his wind back, I said, "Do you often go swimming like this at night?" He said, "No . . . but I had to tonight," and once again I decided that he wasn't going to be terribly communicative about his nocturnal natation (that's a good expression, isn't it?). We sat there for a few more minutes without saying anything in particular, but I couldn't help feeling that there was a friendly sort of atmosphere about the place, as though we'd been friends for a long time and didn't need to talk to be good company for each other. What

they call speaking the same language isn't it? Suddenly he said, "What's the time?" I happened to have a watch with me . . . I'd got it back from my uncle's place only the day before . . . and I told him . . . it was twenty past ten. He said, almost to himself . . . "Oh! she ought to be here soon." Of course, I scented all sorts of romance and what have you. I may have a romantic imagination, but it was somehow the sort or thing you read in stories, wasn't it. I mean . . . well a handsome young man like a Greek god, swimming in from apparently nowhere to keep an assignation with a woman. I must say I was curious to know what she'd be like.

While my mind was working along these lines, there was a low cooee sort of sound and he looked up and said, again more to himself than me, "There she is now. Well, I must go. Thanks for the smoke." I said, "Don't mention it, you're welcome." And then off he went over towards those cliffs. Well . . . I suppose you think I'm inquisitive . . . maybe I am . . . most people who try to write are. But I watched intently and took considerable interest in the woman who came to meet him. Of course, I couldn't see her very well . . . they were about fifty yards away when they met . . . and I couldn't hear what they said, but I'll bet a hundred pounds . . . and I haven't got a hundred pounds . . . that she was an absolute slasher. I know she must have been . . . from the way she walked and stood . . . oh . . . anyhow . . . I'll bet she was!

Still, I'm getting away from the story. They talked for a while and she took a paper from her bag . . . a largish thing rather like those road maps that the R.A.C. give you, and they sat down in the sand and pored over it. Every now and then she would say something in a rather louder voice than usual and he would mutter and nod his head. This went on fully . . . oh . . . half an hour. What I couldn't understand was that they didn't seem to take exception to my presence. I

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mean . . . I know I had a perfect right to be there and they couldn't stop me or anything . . . but it was the absolute indifference that piqued me . . . it was just as though I hadn't been there at all!

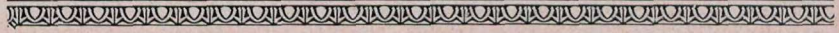
Anyhow . . . after about half an hour, as I said, they stood up and she put the paper away in her bag. Then he took her in his arms and kissed her as though he never expected to see her again. I . . . well, even I felt that this was . . . *private*, if you like . . . and I looked the other way.

When I looked up again, he was walking away from her . . . towards the water and she was just standing there . . . watching him go. Now . . . I'm not an emotional sort of chap, but . . . well . . . it was the saddest thing I've ever seen in my life. She stood as if, as if . . . oh, I'm no good at describing this sort of thing, but it seemed as though life had finished for her . . . her whole attitude . . . *everything* showed it. The man didn't look back . . . just walked into the water and began swimming. Very soon he was out of sight.

After about fifteen minutes, the light I spoke about began to move and very soon that was out of sight too. And all the time the girl had been standing there quite motionless. When the light had completely disappeared, she gave a sort of sob . . . quite audible . . . and turned and ran off past the cliff bottom.

I just sat there and smoked cigarette after cigarette trying to nut it all out. And the more I thought, the more confused I became. At last, quite in the dark, I went back to my prison shack and went to sleep. Or at least, I tried to . . . there wasn't much sleep for me that night.

The next day I did the usual things that one does on holidays . . . slept a bit and swam and took a few photographs. I don't need to tell you that I didn't even try to cut in on the licentious soldiery that evening. There was only one thing that I wanted to do . . . yes, you're right! And that's what I did! At ten o'clock I was back again down at the rock pool place. I had an-



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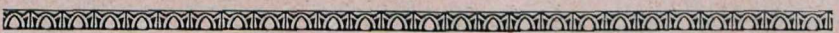
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other swim and once again I sat on the rock smoking and once again I saw the light come from the sea. It didn't come so far this time, but stopped a good quarter of a mile further out.

And then, just as I was waiting for my friend, the swimmer, another light appeared, moving much faster than the first and going towards it. Well . . . this was a new departure! I was watching with great interest, wondering what on earth this was all about, when I heard a cry from the shore. It was a dreadful cry, like someone in terrible despair. Of course, I turned quickly, and there she was . . . right down by the beach this time . . . staring out to sea at the two lights, and wringing her hands, as though she was going through some terrible emotional experience.

I looked out to sea again and just as I did so . . . incidentally, just as the second light had almost converged on the first one, the first one disappeared . . . just went out as though someone had blown it out. And the second light started away immediately, and made out to sea. Soon it had gone too. I looked round at the girl, but she had already started to walk away. Naturally, I didn't follow her, and of course, there was no swimmer after that.

Well, I went back to bed again, but you'll understand when I tell you that I was most intrigued by the whole thing. The next day, I went and had a yarn with a pal of mine, whom I knew had been fishing round there from his launch. When I told him about it he said, "Lights . . . what lights? You're been dreaming, laddie. Why I was out there off the diving rock on both nights, and there wasn't another craft for miles. If you don't believe me, you'd better stay for lunch and have some of the fish I caught . . . that ought to convince you!" I said, "But I *saw* them." He said, "Yes . . . I've seen pink elephants with straw hats in my time . . . take more water with it old man!" Well . . . it was no use arguing with him, so I left it at that. Anyhow, I had to come back to the mainland that evening. But the whole thing worried me. After

all, I had *seen* the lights and I *hadn't* been drinking!

Well . . . there it was . . . until during the week, I happened to be having dinner with a friend of mine who's in the . . . well . . . who knows quite a lot more than you and I do. He heard the story and said, "Well, that's funny! I've just been going through the records of the war . . . the last war that is . . . we want to know if there's been any experience of subs in these waters. Well . . . there has. During the last war a submarine used to anchor off the island and get information from a young woman who lived in Fremantle. She was an Australian girl, but sh'd been living in Germany before the war and had become engaged to a young German Naval Officer . . . A fine lad, from all I've read. Any how . . . of course, her sympathies were with Germany . . . you could hardly blame her . . . and when he was given command of a sub . . . well . . . the whole thing was made to order. He used to swim ashore and meet here and get all the information they required . . . ships sailing and so on. Fortunately, for our people, they were found out and the sub was surprised by a coastal motor boat one evening. However, it got away."

I said, "What about the girl?" He shook his head. "She was caught and . . . well . . . there was a lot of sympathy for her, but spying is spying and she had to have what was coming to her." He walked over to the desk, and took out some papers. "Here's a photograph of the girl, and one of the fellow . . . his name was Carl von Lechstein."

Well . . . you don't need two guesses as to who the man . . . those sabre wounds were enough for me. And that was that. Or rather it wasn't quite. I wonder if you happened to see the daily paper on Saturday. There was an account of a German submarine that was sunk . . . did you notice the name of its commander . . . Yes, Carl von Lechstein! And it was sunk on . . . Yes, Saturday week. That was the week-end I spent on the island . . . Funny, isn't it?

RADIO - LAND

(Continued from page 40.)

("Grey Eyes" who is visiting W.A. also took part in these sessions.)

Jack Lumsdaine recalled the early days of Talkies, and said that with the advent of "Talkies," Vaudeville was knocked "Skyhigh," so he decided to go into Radio work and has taken his part as an announcer, Producer, Pianist, Singer and Author "and then" he added with a laugh, "the rest of the day was my own."

Jack Lumsdaine records exclusively for Columbia, and he had the good luck to make the first record for "Hang Our Washing on the Siegfried Line" and as the original records from England had not arrived, therefore his records received a wonderful sale value.

Chappels have just brought out his new number "Little Diggers Lullaby." A fact of great Australian interest is contained in the statement that "once upon a time" Don Bradman and Jack Lumsdaine wrote a Song in Collaboration with each other. It was known as "Every Day is a Rainbow Day for me."

"I've no sense of colour and no sense of artistry," says Jack Lumsdaine but he certainly has a good sense of humour and enjoys a joke against himself.

At Wangannui, New Zealand, the Radio Rascal attended a Movie at which a number of Maoris assembled among the audience. The villain was a particularly "bad man" and a very villainous villain.

Strangely enough this villain bore a facial resemblance to Jack Lumsdaine and when Jack came down after the show the Maoris (some of whom are very simple and child-like) took to him with one accord and let him understand in no uncertain terms that they resented his part in the picture. They were indeed very hostile about it all, and it was only with much tact and quick thinking that he made his safe "get away."

Perth is very lucky to have had the opportunity of his personal appearance at the Ambassadors and to hear his Sessions over National Stations.



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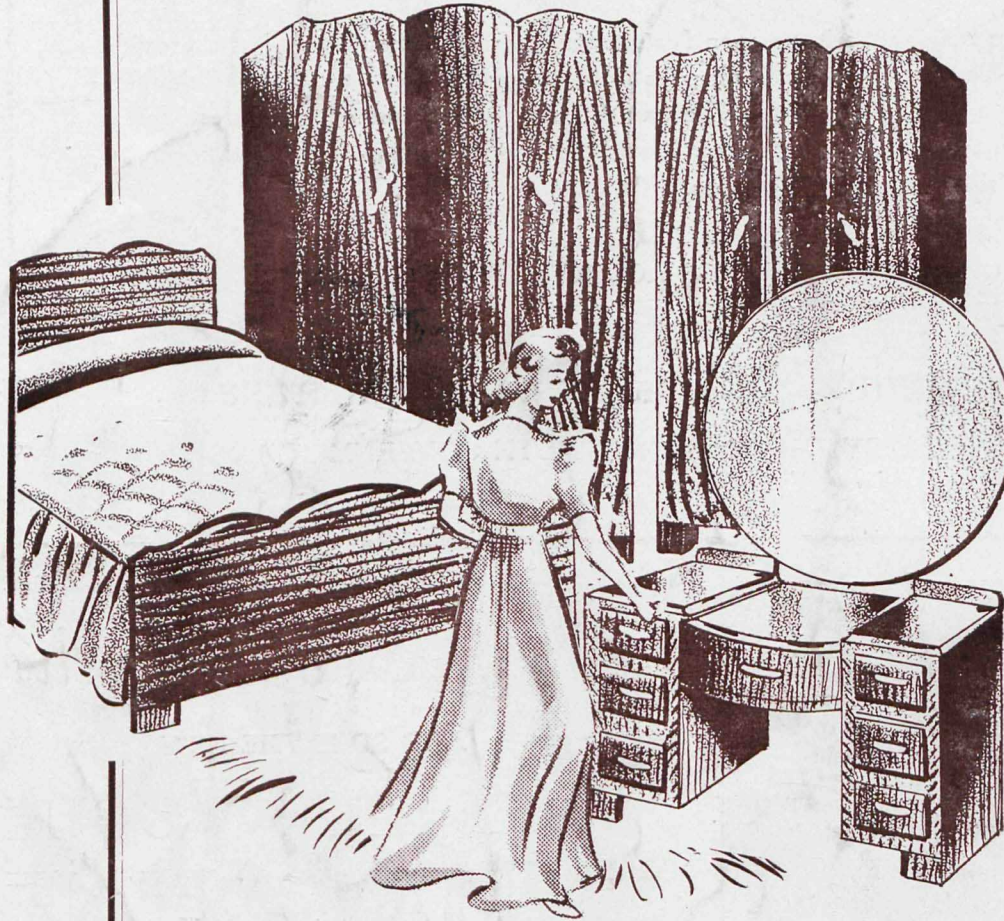
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