

# Western VOGUE

Incorporating — TURNER'S

6d.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S  
"WIZARD OF OZ"  
IN TECHNICOLOUR.



IN THIS ISSUE  
Best for Mannequins  
What Shall I Cook?  
Gossip  
Short Story Competition  
Fashion Flashes  
Editorial

APRIL  
1940

Vol. 4. No. 4.

Entered at the G.P.O. as a  
second-class publication by post as a  
periodical.



## PROGRAMME

## HIGHLIGHTS!

### New Features!

### Popular Sessions!

\* Note alterations of times of feature sessions which have already firmly established their popularity.

#### GINGER

"Ginger" is here! "Ginger" the smart wise cracking doll of ventriloquist Mal Verco. Tune in to 6PR and 6TZ every Monday and Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. for "Ginger" the new comedy session that is delighting Radio listeners.

#### 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

You'll enjoy every moment of this musical quiz programme sponsored by Radiola, and there are splendid cash prizes to be won. Tune in every Monday at 8.15 p.m. for "Money for Music."

#### \* I WANT A DIVORCE

This popular feature, previously heard in the Women's Session on Tuesday mornings, now comes on the Air at 8 o'clock on Thursday evenings. . . Don't miss this brilliantly acted series of true to life stories of marital upsets and their remedies, presented by Hotpoint Electrical Appliances.

#### \* IMPERIAL INTRIGUE

Sponsored by Edments every Wednesday at 8.30 p.m. this fifteenth century tale tells of the rise of King Henry of Navarre over the unscrupulous and merciless Queen Mother in medieval France.

#### RADIOLA RHYTHM

Maybe there are about half a dozen people in this State who haven't heard Radiola Rhythm. If you happen to be one of them, tune in to 6PR and 6TZ at 9 o'clock each Sunday morning and enjoy this cheerful session of melody.

#### MIRTH PARADE

One of the finest galaxies of stage and radio talent ever gathered together are featured in the Mirth Parade, sponsored by Caris Bros. over 6PR every Tuesday evening at 8.15 p.m. Tune in for a laugh every minute in this "rib tickling" programme.

#### \* REFLECTIONS IN A WINE GLASS

Presented by the House of Sepelts every Monday at 7.45 p.m. Here's your chance to forget for a while the workaday world and enjoy a few moments reflection and contemplation.

#### MY GARDEN

Every Friday evening at 7.45 Mr. W. Dawson of Dawson and Harrison gives an interesting talk dealing with problems that beset the gardener.

#### VIOLIN RECITAL

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

#### \* A GIRL AND A PIANO

This popular programme featuring Nell Sheridan at the piano and vocalists in a recital of popular numbers is now heard on Monday nights at 9 o'clock.

#### 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 the care of your pet.

#### ALIBI JACKPOTS

"Alibi Jackpots" is presented by British General Electric Co. Pty. Ltd. every Wednesday evening 8-8.15 p.m. from 6PR and 6TZ. This session is absolutely the latest in quiz programmes, and unfolds many very humorous situations. Tune in next Wednesday!

Remember 6PR-6TZ's 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,

We have selected as the winner of the April Section of the Short Story Competition, conducted by *Western Vogue Magazine*, a Short Story "AND THEN CAME THE STORM," written by a Western Australian who hies from Katanning, and who has adopted the unique pen-name of "Bergel Acre." The story shows accurate observation of bush phenomena and an understanding of human psychology. All the stories this month were of good standard.

As we are desirous of rendering all manuscripts anonymous, we are distressed to have to inform the competitors that an over zealous member of our staff mutilated the manuscripts submitted, by cutting off the names and addresses of the contributors. For this dreadful breach, we most sincerely apologise, and we will be only too pleased to re-type the first page if any competitor advises us.

May we suggest that (a) All competitors submit their stories under a nom-de-plume. (b) That if they fail to do this, we might gum stamp paper over the name, in which case they can steam it off afterwards, or (c) That all names, etc., be typed on a separate piece of paper.

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.**

## COMPETITORS PLEASE NOTE!

Would all competitors refrain from putting their name and address on the opening page of their story, but if they do not adopt a pen name, we would suggest the full name and address is given on an extra front page, together with the name of the story and approximate number of words. The idea is that we may detach these extra pages before passing the stories to the Judges, so that judging may be effected in the fairest way possible.

## CRITIQUES.

*My Story.*—Writing one's life story may be, as you say, "quite a vogue," but not in "The Western Vogue" . . . at least, not this one.

*More Lives Than One.*—Not badly written and we read it with interest, but when this present existence is so complicated, it seems hardly necessary to drag in a previous one to make a short story.

*The Greed in the Blood.*—Great grandfather's elemental greed is interesting and, within its limits, is well told. But we couldn't make out how the cunning Tahuu came to read Tolstoy's story, "How Much Land Does a Man Require?" . . . or did Tolstoy hear about great-grandpapa? Anyhow, he beat you to it.

*Last Flight.*—Has some of the quality of Thomas Burke's "Limehouse" stories, but if we thought "nuggets" were as plentiful as your story suggests we'd be off to the fields like a shot. The reader is entitled to know what you mean by "nuggets" and also how the bad villian knew they were waiting to be collected by "Grey Owl," or whatever her name was. The plot could be used to better effect if you let the reader more into your confidence and stuck to probabilities.

*The Fatal Mistake.*—It was a fatal mistake to enter a 6,000 word story for a 3,000 word competition.

*Dog's-Eye View.*—If you must write about a dog let it be a dog, not a quadruped with human attributes.

*Sky-Lite.*—An attractive theme. You spoilt it by touches of sentimentality and by imposing your personality upon that of the little black boy. Psychologically it didn't quite ring true. It needs to be told more simply. We don't think Yulla-gai would "attach no importance to the appellation." It seems more likely he "took no notice of the name."

*En Route.*—A well told light story of the magazine type, not quite solid enough to win this competition, but you should be able to sell it if you can find the right market. The conversation was cleverly done, and the tale had an air of probability.

## GUEST EDITORIAL

# Successful Westralian Girl Discusses Commercial Advertising.

Visiting Western Australia, on holiday leave to see her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Kealy of Vasse, Miss Molly Kealy, made a lightning trip from the Eastern States during the early month.

Although Miss Kealy is now Mrs. Robert Calder, her profession and career has not been sacrificed. After the leaving the University of Western Australia (where she obtained her Arts Degree) this girl entered into the world of commercial advertising, in a Perth firm. That was six years ago, and today she is in appointment with one of the leading firms of Sydney Advertisers, and has advanced considerably, thereby standing as solid evidence of a splendid field which Mrs. Calder states offers splendid opportunities to girls with enterprise and individuality.

Sydney women are well recognised in the Advertising World, as may be seen by an examination of the Advertising Manager of David Jones.

"The main difference," said Mrs. Calder "between Western Australia and the Eastern States, is that in the East there are larger organizations, and everything is much more specialized, while here in W.A. Advertising folk, do a little of everything . . . lay-out . . . copy . . . etc.

"This in some ways is an advantage, though, as it gives one a good working knowledge but in the Eastern States, they have plenty of time to do one job really thoroughly and as "near perfect" as possible. Each single word is considered fully before finally approved. From the 'Copy' Dept., the work goes to the 'Lay-out' Dept., from there to the Artist, then the Production and Schedule, and Specialists in each Department attend to that particular section. My advice," she continued, "is . . . get a job in an advertising firm or in the Advertising Department in a retail store . . . anywhere . . . even if only as a messenger . . . but *get in* so that you can see what is going on. There is plenty of scope for the person who is wide awake, intelligent and ambitious.

"Conditions here in W.A. are different, but those who have had experience as direct sellers in Retail Houses have a good chance as they hold a splendid impression of the public mind and public reaction. People who are 'good at English' at school, are not necessarily good 'Copy' writers. As a matter of fact very often they write far too elegantly and too far above the heads of the people to whom the advertising is directed. One of the golden rules for advertising copy writers to follow is . . . 'Don't write an Advert., sit down and talk to Mrs. Jones of Subiaco at her own front door.' By this means you will adopt the language of the people, and write interesting and alive advertisements.

"The job is most fascinating, as it ties up with Radio Stations, Commercial Photographers, etc. It is good to be busy, it keeps the mind alive and vital."

In her off-duty hours Mrs. Calder takes a keen interest in Sydney's flourishing little theatre movement and, as a member of the Chelsea Theatre Group, has appeared in a number of productions. Among her parts was romantic lead in "Wives Have Their Uses," written by Gwen Meredith (Mrs. Ainsworth Harrison), the founder of the club. Miss Meredith, Mrs. Calder said, had established the Chelsea Theatre Group shortly after graduating from Sydney University, its foundation members being mainly fellow university students. Now it has over 400 members on its books and embraces a wide variety of activities, ranging from literature and dramatics to yachting, riding, golf, tennis, and bridge.

Before leaving Perth, Mrs. Calder took a keen interest in "The Black Swan," the magazine of the University Guild of Undergraduates, and for one year was its editor. Among her friends in Sydney are Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Clarke Rees and their small daughter, Megan. Mr. and Mrs. Rees were also closely associated with "The Black Swan" both during and after their student days.



# WESTERN VOGUE

(INCORPORATING)

## TURNER'S

Vol. IV., No. 4.

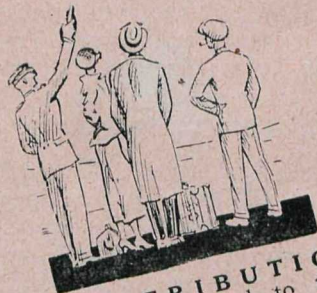
APRIL, 1940.

Registered at the G.P.O., Perth, for transmission by Post as a Periodical.



**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.

### CONTENTS.

Aubrey Melrose Across Australia . . . . .	12-13
Children's Page . . . . .	37
Children's Protection Society . . . . .	36
Critiques . . . . .	1
Dramatic Art . . . . .	34-35
Gardening . . . . .	11
Golf . . . . .	40
Guest Editorial . . . . .	2
Home Furnishings . . . . .	5
Just Looking Round, Thank You! . . . . .	4
Our Perth Diary of the Smart Set . . . . .	8-9
Pictorial . . . . .	17-24
Quest for Mannequins . . . . .	16-17
Radio-Land . . . . .	10
Scribblings and Scribblers . . . . .	14-15
Short Story Competition . . . . .	1
Short Story . . . . .	6
Social . . . . .	25, 26, 27
'Ware . . . a Mad Motorist . . . . .	31
What Shall I Cook? . . . . .	30
Women's Work When Nations War . . . . .	28-29
Women's League of Health . . . . .	32-33

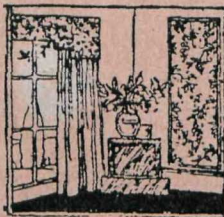
# just looking 'round thanks

There's something about the sparkling tang and zest of ice cold Vim Cola, that makes a natural partner of good things to eat. With frosty bottles of Vim Cola picnic time becomes Refreshment Time. It's easy to take along, packs easily as the bottles are neat and of compact size. Inexpensive . . . AND Girls, confidentially it's the greatest aid to slimming that has been heard of for years, because, besides being so valuable as a refresher, it does not contain any of the injurious ingredients so often found in Slimming Aids (it's a Mackay product).

I say, I found some Liquid Bath Salts the other day. Perfumed with Pine cones, it certainly was delightful poured into the bath. Only needed a few drops, too.

It contains the best obtainable pine-oils. Sprinkle into the bath as the water is running and the most refreshing perfume will immediately dissolve. The enchanting qualities of the Pine Bath Salt will be immediately appreciated. It refreshes the skin and calms the nerves.

Noticed at Hearn Bros. & Stead's big furniture showrooms in Albany Road, Victoria Park . . . A very attractive Dunlopillo-cushioned lounge suite in green tapestry with reversible cushions; one side being green and the other off-white. The backs, arms, and seat are fully sprung with 4in. Dunlopillo rubber in addition to

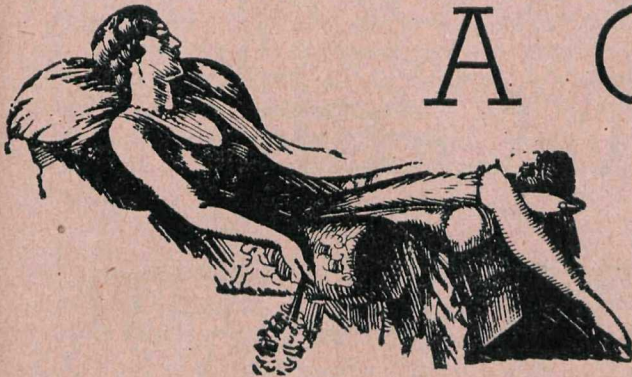


the luxuriously deep Dunlopillo cushions. The back is specially shaped into a pillow effect that supports the head. Hearn Bros. & Stead say that this is the most comfortable suite they have ever built, and you will agree if you try it, that it would be hard to imagine anything more luxurious. Priced very reasonably, too.

Miss McMillan has just returned from a buying trip to the Eastern States. You know the Proprietress of "Charme Lingerie," Plaza Arcade, don't you? And of all the "lovelies" she has brought back . . . No, I won't tell you, you go along and have a peep.

And talking of Plaza Arcade, did you see the wonderful display of Millinery at the Savoy Hotel Ballroom, conducted by Miss Belle Gladstone. Really it was a revelation, and I was most pleasantly surprised. Air Force Blue creations, Pillar Box Red, Stop Red, Soft Greys, White Toyas, and ultra smart Black Models. Every one seemed an original design, and very moderately priced, too. During the month her windows in the Arcade have been a joy to passers by.

Look, don't worry about your little son's Education, when there is a school like the Greenstead right here in W.A. Situated in Middleton Road, Albany, this Boarding and Day School for Boys has attracted kiddies from many parts. Yes, they take boys from 5 years of age to leaving standard and they have only one standard . . . the best.



# A Chair for Madame

Will Madame take a chair?

If Madame is to have a chair, Madame wants the best and why not the best for Madame!!!

Today the sensation in the upholstering trade, is the introduction to Western Australia of *Dunlopillo*.

England's two "monarchs of the sea," the Queen Mary and the new Queen Elizabeth, have furnished all their lounges (and there are a lot of them) with the new air-cooled, Dunlopillo cushioning.

Dunlopillo cushioned lounge furniture has taken control in European countries and America, and Australia is not going to lag behind.

Every modern theatre in the Eastern States has changed to Dunlopillo cushioned seats. In Perth, and in our suburban area too, our better theatres have followed and are following suit because of the much greater comfort and durability of Dunlopillo cushioning.

What is Dunlopillo cushioning? It is a latex sponge rubber, blocked in cells. It is self-ventilating; it is air-conditioned. It cannot sweat. Will not sag like kapok or springs. Is dustproof. Mothproof. Odourless. Very hygienic. Indestructible. Constructed of millions of tiny inter-connecting air-cells, it completely adjusts itself to, and breathes with, every move of your body. Dunlopillo is the only cushioning that remains free from body-odours. In short, Dunlopillo is the greatest sensation since springs in the history of upholstering.

Hearn Bros. & Stead of Victoria Park, West Australia's largest furniture people, are the direct W.A. agents and manufacturers of Dunlopillo cushioned furniture. Today Hearn Bros. & Stead have a very up-to-date display of Dunlopillo-cushioned lounge suites, and theatre seats, always on show in their big showrooms in Victoria Park, and you are invited to go out to see them. You don't have to be buying a lounge suite in order to try them. You are very welcome, buying or "looking around."

## 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.

### 100% RELAXATION

with Dunlopillo air-cooled, rubber lounge suites. Make this test: Sit on the edge of an ordinary lounge suite cushion. It is lifeless. Then sit on a Hearn Bros. and Stead Dunlopillo cushion. It is resilient—buoyant; you do not reach the base because of the "permanent point of suspension."

From £26/10/- — Guaranteed 10 Years



PERTH'S LARGEST FURNITURE STORE

**THE HEARN BROS and STEAD**  
PHONE M 1421 (2 LINES)

346 ALBANY RD.  
VICTORIA PARK.

This Month's Winning Short Story.

# "And then Came the Storm"

by "BERZEL ACRE"

To the Editress,  
Western Vogue Magazine,  
65 Murray Street,  
Perth.

Dear Madam,

A new reader, I'm introducing myself by submitting (under separate cover) an entry for your Short Story Competition. It's titled "And Then Came the Storm." I'm fully aware that by choosing a title like that I lay myself open to a kick in the pants from the person who writes the critiques, for even the most tolerant Editor would be pardoned if he observed "A storm get down to earth, but your's doesn't."

My reasons for entering the competition are twofold; (1) Hope springs eternal in the human breast. (2) If my effort doesn't click I'll at least get a constructive criticism. Regarding (1) if it doesn't "click," it won't be the first time—not by long chalks—and (2) the advice and observations of experts such as John K. Ewers and Henrietta Drake-Brockman are worth having.

I'm all for Australian literature, and acquired the habit of writing about eight years ago. My other vice is that I'm an inveterate smoker . . . Am I famous after those eight years? . . . Yes, notoriously famous . . . But only in my own home! . . . Alas, the path of the budding scribe winds mainly through granite country, and his bed is a bed of roses (the kind with the long thorns).

However, Western Vogue Magazine has set a Vogue which many tryers will appreciate, and which could be well followed\* by bigger journals—even newspapers — in the Commonwealth. Apart from the prize, there's a real kick for the scribe who knows that his effort will get what he's yearning for—a constructive criticism.

I'm proud of the efforts of my fellow Australians in the literary world. May they stick to their guns and keep to Australian themes, even though publishers tell them they're not the kind that become best sellers. Australia is fast becoming a nation, and its geographical situation and the calibre of its people demand a literature of its own. That literature is being built, brick by brick, every year. Let us aim to put our brick just above the foundations which have been already well and truly laid. If we do, our names will be inscribed on the scroll of the immortals.

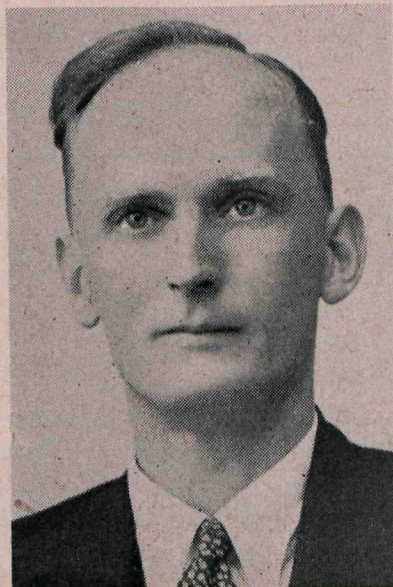
Forgive my last outburst and the pen-name.

Yours sincerely,

"BERZEL ACRE"

Jim Gray was on his feet at last. Not that he noticed it much, for he had no ready cash after paying the last instalment on the farm, and buying his super for next seeding. But somehow he felt that he was working for himself, that he was really his own boss after a ten-year struggle against low prices and indifferant seasons, and that any future money he made would at least pass through his hands.

Jim lit his pipe and sat on one of the kiddies' beds in the sleep-out of their weatherboard settler's cottage. He usually built his dream castles there because it was quiet and airy. Dolly, his wife, and their three children were in the dining room, and they never disturbed him when he came round to that part



of the house after dinner. Today he had a lot to think about. Shearing was due to start in three or four days. Hay carting would follow, then harvest; and this year he'd strip the best crop he'd ever put in since he started farming . . . If it didn't go nine bags to the acre he was a Dutchman, and every penny of the proceeds would be his, to do as he liked with. What *would* he do with it? . . . Answering that question had already given him hours of pleasurable meditation; and here he was at it again.

Placidly sucking his pipe, he considered the urgency of his various wants: a motor car, a wireless, a new machinery shed, two brick rooms on the front of the homestead, a lighting plant, and a refrigerator. The car was needed number one so far as he was concerned, but the trouble was he'd half promised Dolly the two brick rooms and the kerosene refrigerator—things that wouldn't benefit him a bit. Why new brick rooms, when he spent the heat of summer out of doors; and if it came to that, he'd always been used to melted butter and warm food in the hot weather.

Perhaps Dolly might spring the kelvinator from her cream money, and maybe he'd be able to talk her into a new car instead of the rooms. He'd always given her the cream money because he hated fiddling round with cows, and most of all loathed milking them. She must have fifty or sixty pounds tucked away by now, even though she clothed herself and the kiddies from

the cream cheques. Anyway, it was worth trying once.

Jim pocketed his plug tobacco and walked through the house to the dining room. Dolly was in the kitchen running water from the fountain into the wash-up dish. Jim placed his pipe on the hobb of the fireplace and started clearing away the dinner things. His eldest daughter, aged eight, was already engaged in the task, but magnanimously, he dismissed her.

"I'll finish it, dear," he purred. "Run out an' play with little Tommy and Jean. They're down in the chaff shed."

Young Elsie regarded him suspiciously. "Aren't you feelin' well Daddy?" she asked.

"Course I'm feeling well . . . Run out an' play with Tom and Jean, there's a good girl."

After carrying two loads of crockery and cutlery to the kitchen, and almost dropping the second on the floor, he grasped the tea towel. Dolly's brows were knitted as she put the first batch of cups on the draining tray, but she said nothing.

"Looks as though we're on our feet at last, Doll," he said, pushing the tea towel into a large dinner cup.

"You mean the farm belongs to us."

"It's the same thing . . . Every penny we make from now on is ours. The wool clip'll pay all our working expenses and the harvest's going to buy us a few luxuries . . . I was just thinkin' what a break it'd be f'r you an' the kids if we had a car—one of them streamlined sedans with a wireless in it . . ."

Dolly saw daylight.

"But you can't live in a car, Jim," she quietly protested. "The kids are growing up now, and we need two more rooms . . . Let the car wait till next harvest . . . You said only a few nights ago that we'd have to build before next summer . . . And that refrigerator we saw at the show . . . You promised it'd be the first thing you'd buy when we paid the place off."

Jim grunted. "Seein' all the money's earned by the sweat of my brow, I'm entitled to a bit of a say on how we spend it."

"I'd like a car just as much as you; but it'd only be used once or twice a week . . . The new rooms'd

be used every day, so would the refrigerator."

"Then how about buyin' the refrigerator from y'r cream money. You ought to have fifty or sixty quid put away by now," said Jim.

Dolly's eyes flashed. "That's put away f'r a rainy day, an' it's stayin' put," she snapped.

"So that's all the thanks I get f'r giving you the cows an the cream money," said Jim with injured innocence.

"All the thanks I get," she echoed acidly. "You're too durn lazy to feed the cows, much less milk 'em. And don't forget I've clothed the kids 'an bought half the stores from the cream cheques ever since I started getting them."

Jim shrugged his shoulders. He couldn't think of a suitable retort.

"The house can wait . . . We're goin' to have a car," he said doggedly. "An' you'll thank me for it from the day it comes."

"The house can wait!" . . . She looked bitterly at her husband . . . "It jest shows my mother was right when she said all men're selfish devils . . . But don't mind, Jim," she added with gumption which irritated him, "I may hold the whip handle some day . . . an' if I do . . ."

She did not complete the sentence, for a knock sounded on the door, and Jim answered it.

"Hello Bob! We w're just discussin' the harvest . . . Come into the dining room."

Bob Searle passed through the kitchen and greeted Dolly.

(Continued on page 38.)

I want every drop!

OF SWAN

Crystal BITTER



# OUR DIARY OF THE

## LORETTA FROCK SHOP

Saw the vivacious blonde, Win Robinson, who always looks the ninth degree in smartness, arranging a set of afternoon frocks of choicest design, in the window last Wednesday. The accompanying ticket announced "Five O'clock and After" and they certainly made one straighten up and think of especial dates and new cloth outfits. Bye the bye, did you see that delightful white fabric evening gown with the snoopiest, loveliest and newest hood at Loretta?



MISS PEG DEANE, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Deane, of Mt. Lawley, who is Ladies' Committee candidate for the Mounts Bay Sailing Club Popular Girl competition. She was Hostess at a flannel dance at the Crawley Bay tearooms on Tuesday, March 26, in connection with the Club building funds. [John Hallam Photo

## WOOLWORTHS

The lass with the twinkling eyes, but whose brown orbs can reflect such serious depth, became Mrs. one of the "young married" on March 20th, and hid herself to the far South . . . Albany . . . for the honeymoon. We just know you're going to be happy Joan, and all your friends say "Cheerio."

## BOANS

Jean Henderson from the Fountain Pen Department, has decided to be Mrs. Urquhart, and the Urquhart-Henderson Wedding was listed as an Easter Wedding. In this happy event she chose for her life partner our mutual friend, Urquhart from the Provision Dept. Oh, well, Fellow! No more aroaming shall ye go . . .

## MEET ONE OF OUR AGENTS

As you saunter down the Central Arcade, you will find near the Murray Street entrance, a kiosk, behind which sits a delightful little blonde lass, with a bright smile and a happy personality. Her name is Marie Smith. And why shouldn't she smile, for after all amongst the books she sells every month is a bundle of "Western Vogue Magazines." This Kiosk was recently occupied by Miss Hazel Dixon, from whom Miss Smith took over. So . . . go in and see her some time.

## MOORES

There is as much certainty about the Easter Egg Display at Moores, as there is only "Maybe" and even if this seems like cheap wit it certainly is not. In reality it is a compliment to the excellent display of Jitterbug Chickens, Donald Ducks and "what have you," arrayed at the said counter, by the very capable lass in charge. A fine display excellently handled.

## FURLANES

Oooooer! Luxurious, glorious new furs and a brand new Fur Shop in town. Peeping in on the opening day, I saw an array of musquash, squirrelette, silver fox . . . Well, as Furlanes have such lovely furs, and have selected such attractive Sales-girls, we feel that they have opened with good effect.

## THEATRE ROYAL

The brown eyes of the vivacious Leone Coppin, literally danced as her fingers skipped the keys of the typewriter, while she told me of the glorious week-end down at Bunbury. Well, Leone, if any one knows how to get the best out of life . . . that person is you. Atta-girl . . . and what about that Short Story??

# SMART SET

## SANDS & McDOUGALL

"When Irish Eyes are Smiling, all the world is bright and gay," and so it is when one meets that alive and conscientious young man one, Arthur Francis, who has been associated with Sands & McDougall for almost 18 years now. By the way Arthur, tell us confidentially . . . what is the true story behind that "Good Samaritan Badge" we noticed on your lapel last week? Won't talk, eh? Well, anyway, we feel the better for having met you and having seen the merry twinkle in your eyes.

## WOOLWORTHS

That happy-go-lucky lass, Beryl Phillips, an ex-Woolworth's girl, who incidentally is also a member of the Ladies' Section of the Scarborough Surf Club, is engaged to Jim Reid, the well known Claremont Footballer. A whisper to you Beryl . . . don't let Jim make football meetings an excuse to stay out too late or too often . . . and remember, commence the way you mean to finish when embarking on this great scheme of matrimony. Good luck to you both!

## CARIS BROS.

So the dashing Bob Ledger had a birthday on the 13th, eh? Although it is too late for a Radio call, and maybe too late to drink your health in yon olde Tavern, still it is quite in order for us to say "Happy Birthday" in our pages and to congratulate your family. Who ever unearthed that photo of you taken in infancy??

## ANN BOLEYN

Miss Mildred Hackett . . . proprietress of that fascinating shop which was formerly situated in London Court, and which stocked all the most divine of feminine lovelies, stockings, undies and adorable baby clothes, has moved her premises to another Arcade . . . her new address is Central Arcade, near the Hay Street Entrance. As a matter of fact it is right opposite Deasy's Kiosk, which is the stand of another of the progressive Agents for "Western Vogue Magazine." So when you pop in to buy your copy of our Magazine, call in and see Ann Boleyn.

## SELFRIDGES

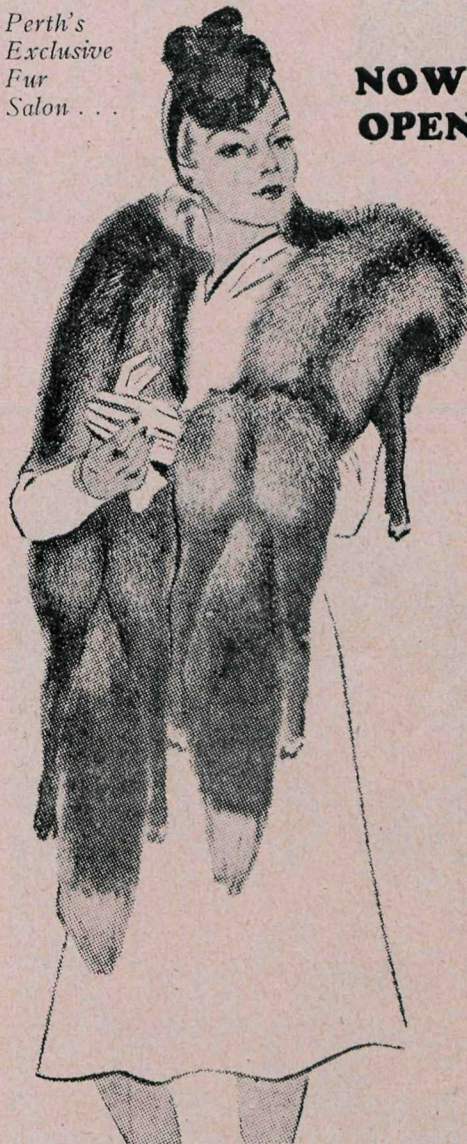
Dolly Warwick, that popular Store Guide, has recently enjoyed the balmy sea breezes, during her happy sojourn at Cape Resch which is down Esperance way. For two weeks this lass played cheery truant from the school of duty, and . . . How big was the fish you caught, or did it really get away? Well, we really expected you to come along with a new "angle" to that old, old fisherman's tale.

# FURLANES

FOR FINE FURS

Perth's  
Exclusive  
Fur  
Salon . . .

**NOW  
OPEN**



Deep down in her heart, every woman cherishes the dream of wearing magnificent Furs . . . AT LAST!!! Perth has an up-to-date Fur Salon, equal to anything in Australia consisting of a lovely range of Silver and Natural Musquash coats, which are the rage this season, also genuine Russian Squirrel, and Pechaniki, Marmot, Chinese Rabbit, Coney and Squirrelette Coats, as well as marvellous capes and boleros and most gorgeous genuine Canadian Silver Foxes.

We remodel Furs to the latest designs, at reasonable prices.

NOTE THE ADDRESS.

**FURLANES**  
CORNER HAY STREET AND PLAZA  
ARCADE.



# RADIO-LAND

## "FRANCES," Former Leader 6PR Club.

"Frances," Mrs. Daphne James is no longer with 6PR and has gone on a short health trip.

It has been decided that all the activities of the vast club of 2500 members, which Frances has built

up, shall continue, and Mrs. James has stated that it is her great desire on her return, to serve this organisation in whatever way the members may desire her to.

In the future the late 6PR Listeners' Club will be known as "Frances' Goodwill Club."

The following are the Club fixtures for April: Tin Openers' Card Evening, 1st April; Monthly Afternoon at Boans, 3rd April; Dance, 15th April.

The Choir meet as usual at the Methodist Rest Room under the baton of Macushla. Inquiries may be made by ringing B7027 Mrs. Semple, Kitchener Street, Shenton Park.

Dramatic Circle will continue to meet every Wednesday night at the "Alexander Lounge." Those wishing to join ring Miss Olive Mizen, B3354.

Those interested in the Sewing Circle for the Lady Lawley Cottage are asked to ring Mrs. Clarke, Railway Road, Cottesloe.

Bridge and Rummy will be held every Wednesday at Boans, fourth floor. Inquiries "Bridge Hostess," Mrs. Stevens, Albany Road, Victoria Park.

The Art Circle will hold their usual monthly meeting as arranged. Members interested in Art may ring Miss C. Edwards, Adelphi Beauty Salon, Hotel Adelphi.

Sewing Circle will meet at Mrs. Cranes, Aberdare Road, Shenton Park.

Members of the Club are advised that whatever else happens, the visit to the Old Ladies' Home on Mother's Day will definitely take place. Considering the extreme happiness this visit gave those at the Home last year, it is hoped that all who possibly can do so, will make the effort to take part in this particular outing on Mother's Day, which is the second Sunday in May . . . Yes, The Tinopeners are busy already.

Bridge and Rummy is held every Wednesday afternoon at Boans, with "Elsie" as Hostess, except the first Wednesday of the month, which of course, is a Social Afternoon.

The Tinopeners intend holding their Card Party (also Bridge and Rummy) on 1st April . . . and don't forget the Picnic to Coogee on Sunday, 7th April. Buses leave the old G.P.O. at 10.30 sharp.



*PAT TURNER*, who has come West from the University of Melbourne, where she acted as Secretary to Professor Bernard Heinze, in association with A.B.C. At present moment Pat Turner is in charge of the Publicity for the A.B.C. Celebrity Concerts, the first of which will be heard on 20th April with Professor Georg Schneevoigt as Conductor and Harold Williams as Soloist.

# Guildford Girl as Garden Designer.

## Unique Profession of Helena S. King.



★  
A recent portrait  
of  
Helena S. King.  
★

In these modern days, we are quite prepared to hear from day to day of the new fields into which our womenfolk are venturing, and so it was with interest and with more than a tiny twinge of curiosity that I arranged to meet the central figure of a new profession at the immediate moment being launched in Western Australia. Carefully I dialled her telephone number, Guildford UL 3.

By appointment at that charming Perth Cafe, Reno's (upstairs, Murray Street Entrance of Piccadilly Arcade) we met . . . Helena King, vivacious, brimming over with keen enthusiasm . . . and yours truly.

"You are a Western Australian, aren't you?" was the first inquiry.

"Oh, yes, definitely," came the reply, "as a matter of fact, two years ago I returned from England, where I had been studying Garden Designing, and continued the line of study under Australian conditions in Melbourne, I have now obtained my Diploma of Horticulture."

I gasped . . . good gracious is all that necessary in the art of garden designing?

"Oh, most certainly," she replied, "but it is most interesting. It is a very comprehensive course and begins with lessons in digging and ends with design. You may think anyone can dig—yes—after a fashion—but to dig well is an accomplishment. The intermittent stages include planting out, potting up, pruning,

cutting hedges and edges, grafting, budding, propagation, etc. The habits of trees and shrubs have to be studied—when to prune—time of flowering—position, soil, etc.

"All this is necessary in order to qualify as a garden designer which is the most specialised form of gardening and is being utilised in other parts of the world to a large extent.

"At one time people did not bother about architects they just employed a builder to erect a house—now if anyone wants to get the best results the architect is a necessity. So it is with gardens to get the best effect and pleasure from a garden it should be properly planned.

"Rock gardens, water gardens, desert gardens (contain cacti only). Formal and informal gardens all come under my purview during my study and many beautiful gardens were visited in order to study layout, planting, etc.

"Miniature gardens are most fascinating things to create and I have dreams of making roof gardens in Perth after the manner of some I have seen in London. If they can make a success of them amidst sleet and fog, why can not we, with favourable climatic conditions to help.

"I am particularly interested in native trees and shrubs. Grown in the East they make a lovely splash of colour in the border, but it seems the exception rather than the rule to grow them here. One enthusiast in Adelaide grows nothing else and this garden is most unique and fascinating. It would be a good idea to have an area set aside for growing only native trees and shrubs and make it a show place—a tourist attraction and I'm sure people would come from all over the world to see it.

"This is only one of the many dreams I have in mind for making this State more attractive. People over here all love their gardens and are keen, too—but often a good effect is spoilt for want of a little harmonious planning. A little less cement perhaps—more grouping instead of isolated specimens, etc.

"But this will come—folk will look to their gardens for rest and repose—places of contemplation and peace where they can shut out the world with its turmoil and strife."

Aubrey Melrose presents

# ACROSS AUSTRALIA in an AUSTIN 6 (1929 Model)

and Amotoring We would go...

The urge to see what new adventures lay around the corner was strong upon us as New Year's Day approached. Our friends told us how foolish we were to start out upon our seventh overland trip in the last week of December as we would be roasted alive. Little did our poor old, unsuspecting 1929 Austin 6, 16 h.p. Tourer guess what was in my mind as I gazed at it one day in the garage. The tyres were all retreads and the previous owner had traded it in because he reckoned he had had his money's worth after ten years of faithful service. Goodness only knows what mileage it had done and as I contemplated the question of the moment, "Would she or wouldn't she get us to Melbourne?" I pretended I didn't notice the tears of despair dripping from her radiator, all battered sulphated and worn. "Never mind old girl! I'll give you a nice new fine mesh radiator core to do the journey with," thought I. "But as for the rest of you I'll just scratch your carbon out, grind your valves, tickle up your sparkers, distributor, vacuum tank, carburettor, then I'll examine your universals, differential carbon clutch, etc., and if you promise to be good, will fit some extra leaves to your springs." The day of departure loomed nigh and with the usual mad last minute rush the completion of buying and stowing all the fuel oil, water, provisions, spares, luggage as per the lists we had carefully made there stood the old Austin, greased, overloaded and looking very crestfallen in our garage.

Our four year old son was quite happy to be left behind to "mind" his Grand-ma and Grand-pop and as we made our farewells I began to wish we weren't going at all as did the wife. Three of us sat in the front seat as we took a young

lady teacher on holidays with us to see the Nullabor and all points East.

The old Austin surprised by panting over Greenmount on top gear and also by running sweetly without squeak, groan, or knock up through the hills and far away to the wheat fields on to Southern Cross. The day was warm, and in this town so strongly advertising that the red dirt of the goldfields was now entered upon, it was not refreshing to inquire at every cool drink shop for a real lemon squash and be told, "Yes, we have none." The "Yes" meant lemon essence in a bottle, so we had the "none." An uneventful trip found us in Coolgardie for the evening and it was nice to sample the showers so beloved by denizens of the red dirt of the countryside. This town is 350 miles from Perth and a run of 25 miles on a bitumen road into Kalgoorlie and of course the faded town of the roaring gold days of the 1890's where 36 hotels once dealt out beer and joy to the gold diggers and their hangers on. Indeed at one period Coolgardie had the greatest population of any town in West Australia even larger than that of Perth. The goldfields pipe line water supply supplies the populations of Kalgoorlie and the wheat towns down to Perth, can thank God for C. Y. O'Connor and men like him who pioneered and fought against politicians and zealous critics to make possible this wonderful project. At one time it was for many years unparalleled in the whole world as a feat of engineering of its kind and has faithfully been the life flow for tens of thousands since it was first opened. We

saw the tap which turned on the first drip of water. Do you think it might be encased in glass or perhaps in a safe or a museum, or in any hallowed place? No, sir, just chucked in a corner in the road board office.

Imagine the pomp and pride which went into the action of turning on *water* more precious than gold as it flowed that day through that tap in Coolgardie. An inglorious end for just a tap, but what a tap. They tell us that it's nothing to see £10,000 in gold laying unattended in solid bars on the Coolgardie railway platform. There's a catch, though as it's all yours if you can take it way, but you can't lift a block too well so it's as safe as in a safe. Coolgardie we always find has many surprises and every time we stay a night, tales of the golden days of the past are intensely interesting. Early morning saw us away with the old Austin stoutly linking its way along the corrugations to Norseman—96 miles away.

As we passed through Larkinville laying off in the scrub the glamour of the famous Golden Eagle nugget started conversation between we three and our school teacher astounded us by her knowledge of this sensational find. Fancy £6000 worth found in a wheel track by a boy and not more than a few specks before or since. Norseman heralded its approach by giving us an inspection of the giant salt lakes so profusely thrown about its section of the country. Vast wonders of Nature they are too, and one begins to realise that Perth is very far away as mirages of fascinating grandeur flip this way and that as

islands turn upside down in the shimmering haze of the noon day heat. It was hard for us to make up our minds as to whether we were looking at shining salt or sheets of water.

We entered Norseman crossing its well known narrow causeway across the lakes all very nicely cluttered up with giant corrugations as it would seem that the road is too narrow for the local road board grader to do its stuff. At intervals there are guide spots let into the fences to facilitate passing. Norseman gives the newcomer a surprise as it is a well laid out gold mining town with very wide streets and fairly hums with life. The water problem has been dealt with as the wonderful water supply from Mundaring Weir, 459 miles away gives life to what was once a tough spot without it. A fine swimming pool provides joy to all, a million thanks again to C. Y. O'Connor. Five years before Norseman was just a name to most, but now its gold production has brought it into the limelight so much so that it is reckoned as being the makings of a new Kalgoorlie. We stayed long enough to have our last square meal for 800 miles and to stock up with provisions, water, fuel, etc. A mile out of the town rough unmade, water torn tracks began to assert themselves and we knew we were at last really in the scrub of the overland trail and the land of the unshaven and unwashed. Our next habitation was the Frasers Range Homestead, 70 miles ahead and our wanderings through heavy scrub and snake-like track were only punctuated by mileages and signs shown on the admirable maps provided by the major oil companies and the Royal Automobile Club. Thousands of pounds have been spent in well and truly laid signs wherever there is a chance of the overlander going astray and it fills one with contempt for the low and scurvy vandalism. Something to shoot at and a few bottles of beer to lubricate the primordial lust to destroy does the trick. Once into Nature's wide open spaces and Man becomes a victim of the hereditary instinct to lay waste. No one seems to know why people should destroy these valuable signs. The only traveller we met that day was a cattleman with his niggers on an old

utility truck having a siesta in the afternoon heat. They were bringing cattle and horses along and it would be many days before their journey ended. A brief chat and a message to be given to the homesteaders at Frasers Range and we were off again. These travellers of the scrub were well fitted out as they even refused fresh fruit we had bought at Norseman. We suddenly came upon Frasers Range as we topped a rough and strong hill. Tough ironstone abounded out in every direction and we looked out over a plain and, faintly to be seen nestling in the shelter of a high knob of outcropping we could see the homestead. The school teacher had her first taste of gate opening and as we were riding three abreast in the front seat it fell to her to be the chief gate opener, being on the outside. My manipulation of the gear lever automatically made our young school-mistress the official

gate opener for the trip. This gate business wears a bit thin after opening the first 50 gates, but is good for the figure.

We stopped at the homestead and I asked an intelligent looking aboriginal was Mr. Gutch at home and he showed me the shed where he was working. I walked in and introduced myself to a virile strong man of about 50 and his *handshake* coupled with a searching look straight in my eyes showed me a real man. I gave him the message and some mail we had picked up at Norseman to bring through for him and turned to go after a few minutes of conversation. He then asked me could he do anything for us and I told him he could and that was to come out and meet the wife and her friend. This was my undoing as we then spent several hours up in the lofty roomed stone homestead.

(To be continued)

AWARDED FIRST PRIZE  
ROYAL SHOW MELBOURNE

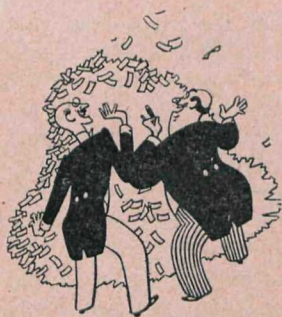
MILNE'S

WELL MATURED  
SPECIALLY SELECTED  
WHISKY

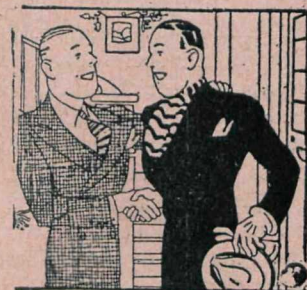
MILNE & CO. LTD. DISTILLERS ADELAIDE  
NETT CONTENTS - 1 P. 6 P.

Age only gives the  
Mellowness Loved  
by Connoisseurs!

6 D PER NOBBLER  
86 BOTTLE  
(METROPOLITAN PRICE)



# SCRIBBLINGS and SCRIBBLERS



*BOHEMIA*, an Eastern Literary friend, has arrived at its first anniversary. It is as widely read, we understand as the Bulletin was twenty years ago, although its circulation is not as big. *Bohemia* has

## KATE BAKER, O.B.E.

Dear little lady with the silver hair  
And soft caressing voice,  
Some little honour fallen to your share  
Makes all your friends rejoice.

The tender spirit of a dreaming Celt  
Shines from your quiet eyes;  
For you have toiled and suffered, seen and felt,  
And you are very wise.

Not with the wisdom that the world acclaim—  
To gather goods or gold—  
For you have higher dreams and nobler aims,  
And you have wealth untold.

Courage, forbearance, insight, self-control,  
These are enduring things;  
Richness of spirit, purity of soul  
Are not bestowed by kings.

For you, dear friend, have chosen the better part,  
As Mary did of old;  
The seeing eye and understanding heart  
Are better far than gold.

And now with steadfast soul and faith undimmed  
You face life's closing day,  
For you have kept your lamp well oiled and trimmed  
To hold the night at bay.

If these poor verses, faltering and few—  
Sincere, though crudely penned—  
Do ought to pay a debt long overdue,  
I am rejoiced, my friend.

Edward Harrington.

brought many young and brilliant literary and artistic characters to the front since its birth, but nothing has appeared in Australia's critical and satirical journalism, as big as the introduction of Mr. Grouch's purely Bohemian character with a stinging and versatile wit.

\* \* \*

News is to hand, that Hutchinson's will publish in London, this month, a novel by *ROY BRIDGES*, bearing the title, "Old Admiral Death." Per medium of a mutual friend, Roy Bridges informed *Western Vogue*, that there was "no longer any thrill about selling a novel . . . Too little money!!" He and Hilda Bridges live at Sorell, Tasmania, and apart from writing her own novels, Hilda Bridges has written since 1919, more than 50 serials, hundreds of short stories, sketches, etc., and numerous novels, typed all Roy's work for him, and kept house, so she certainly *does* work. Another shining example of just how much the female of the species really *can* do.

\* \* \*

Several books of verse are in preparation by the Bread and Cheese Club. A volume by *JIM GRAHAME*, with an introduction by Walter Jago, another by J. Alex. Allan, and one by Thomas Tierney. From The Hawthorn Press there has just appeared a volume by Eleanor Watt and another shortly expected by Paul Grano. The Hawthorn Press by John Gagner, is the publishing house of the New Quarterly Design.

\* \* \*

During the last three or four months, E. J. Brady of "Australia Unlimited" has been playing a prominent part in the battle axe contest, for the rights of Australian writers. Australian readers and writers will remember E. J. best as the man who has put the Australian coastline into poetic Anthology of Australia. And when his pen is dipped in fighting ink, woe betide his opponent.

\* \* \*

The West Australian Branch of the Fellowship of Australian Writers, held a general meeting at their Club Rooms on the third floor of the Chancery House on Thursday, March 21st. No address was given because the entire evening was occupied with general

business discussions. At the next meeting, which will take place on Thursday, April 4, Dorothea O'Sullivan will give an address on the "Editorial Piracy."

\* \* \*

Appreciation is expressed of *TED MAYMAN*, whose story of the Goldfields appeared in the Bulletin of (approximately) 14/3/40. Himself a Goldfields boy, Mayman depicts scenes with an accuracy and vividness second only to that Master of Goldfields Stories, Gavin Casey.

\* \* \*

*E. J. ("Ted") TURNER* is Hon. Secretary and Worthy Scribe for the Bread and Cheese Club.

Mr. J. K. Moir, President of this Club, has the original name-title of Knight of the Grand Cheese.

Inaugurated eighteen months ago by 12 men, Melbourne's Bread and Cheese Club now claims a membership of about 60 artists, writers and musicians, pledged to do their utmost to further the interests of Australian literature, art and music. They do this by publishing books—three are now on the presses—and with their monthly literary magazine, *Bohemia*.

"Australiana" exhibitions are held in libraries and galleries, showing authors' folios, original manuscripts, first editions and other interesting rarities. Not all members are successful in their artistic pursuits, but are inspired by others.


The Bread and Cheese Club, Melbourne, helps Art, Literature and Music.

(This information carries acknowledgments to "Picture Post.")



*E. J. ("Ted") TURNER, Hon. Secretary and Worthy Scribe for the Bread and Cheese Club.*

## MIRA LOUISE



PHONE B.7221

95 WILLIAM ST.  
PERTH

HEALTH CENTRE

Have YOU Tasted the New Butterfly Health Sweets.

IF NOT . . . WHY NOT?

Tahini (Ta-hee-nee) Toffee is made from a highly nutritious food especially imported from Greece and contains no WHITE sugar, acids or colouring matter. It satisfies the natural craving for sweets without impairing the health as other confections do.

AT THE POPULAR PRICE OF 4OZS. FOR 6D.

Obtainable from:  
**THE MIRA LOUISE HEALTH CENTRE.**

Depots at:

95 William Street, Perth.

307 Hay Street, Subiaco.

909 Beaufort Street, Inglewood.

28a Newcastle Street, Midland Junction.

### THE SONG OF THE INLAND

Sing me a song, my poet friend,  
Not of the lands where rivers run;  
But of the wild where long tracks end,  
Eastward beneath the inland sun.

Sing of the salt bright claypan beds,  
Dust clouds, and heat, mirages strange;  
The silver spinifex that spreads  
To meet the lazy, fenceless range.

They had a mission, they who went  
Eastward to meet the morning sun,  
With bright eyes dimmed and strong backs bent,  
Labour they on their task half done.

Not as the multitude that ride  
The wave crest, lured by gold's fair fame,  
That sweeping like a stolen tide,  
Like it, returned from whence they came.

Listen to me—"What e'er befall,  
Honour those mounds beside the track,  
They were great-hearted, one and all,  
Who lie in nameless graves outback."

Only the best of those who went  
Remain to strive, the iron-willed  
With bright eyes dimmed, and strong backs bent,  
They have a mission half fulfilled.

Jack Sorensen.

# Western Vogue's QUEST FOR MANNEQUINS

Winner to Receive

£25

**ENTRY COUPON**

Name.....

Address.....

Height.....

Weight.....

Complexion.....

Colour of hair.....

Colour of eyes.....

Accessories.....

Foundation garments.....

Make-up.....

During the month we received a letter, which we have printed for your perusal (with the writer's consent). It represents a problem confronting many modern girls.

Dear Western Vogue,

I am facing a very awkward moment in my life. For quite a few years previously, I have held a position with a certain commercial house in Perth, but now find myself unemployed and at an age when Junior Employment is behind me, and to be engaged as a Senior is very difficult. Could you advise me of any profession or avenue of employment, for which I might apply.

Yours, etc.,

PERPLEXED MISS.

\* \* \*

Western Vogue has made inquiries in several directions, and one avenue which seems to be constantly demanding ambitious intelligent, cultured girls of attractive appearance, is the Professional Mannequin. Fashion models who may be trained thoroughly and competently can find remunerative careers as Fashion Models in Dress Salons, Photography, Motion Pictures and Fashion Shows, Demonstrators, and Receptionistes.

It is admitted overseas that Australian girls are particularly suited to mannequin work, their height being one advantage, their initiative another, and their adaptability to personalities in various company also.

Photographs are to be sent in each month; advice is to hand from the President of the Professional Photographers that each and every Photographer is prepared to take a Press Print for the Competitors on production of the entry coupon from Western Vogue for the flat reduced rate of 2 prints for 10/6.

Entry coupons must be filled in, pasted on the back of the photograph, and sent in to our office at 65 Murray Street, Perth NOT LATER than the 15th of each month.

From these photos, judges select six girls each month (for six months) and these six photos will appear in Western Vogue on the 1st of the following month of each issue.



*Now Western Vogue is right behind the idea of Mannequins being selected from the heart of this city, and we would consider it a great privilege to be the ones to find the charm and talent which must be hiding somewhere . . . so . . . it has been decided to conduct a Quest for Mannequins.*

Judging to be conducted by photos only. The readers of Western Vogue will be able to vote at any time during the contest by means of coupons which will be published each month in this magazine.

*Carriage, Photographic Posture, Modern Style and Grooming, and Modern Hairdressing will be considered by the Judges, when choosing the six photos to be published each month.*

On the list of Judges who have kindly consented to act on appointment are:—

Mr. CHAS. ZECK, President of the Hairdressers' Association.

Mr. PENROSE, President of the Professional Photographers' Association.

*A full list of the Judges will be given next issue.*

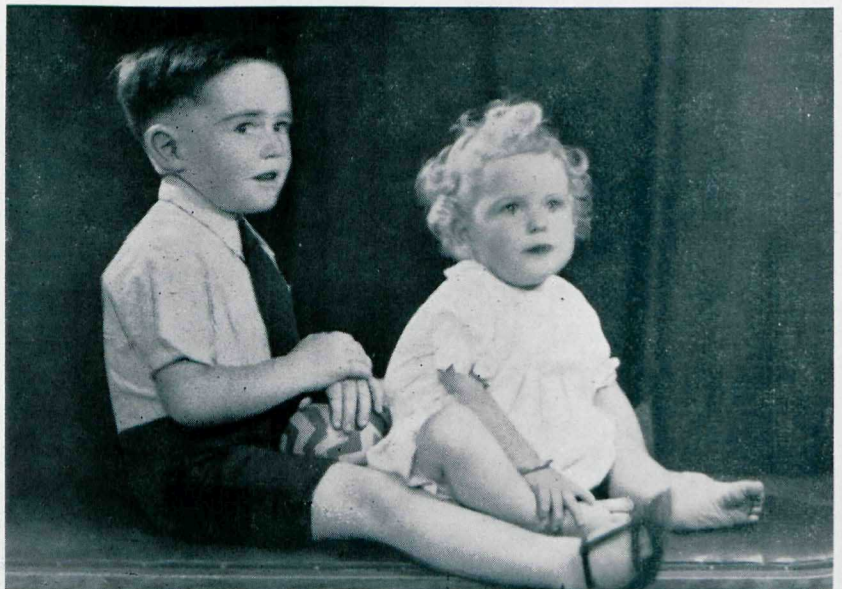
---

*This model (pictured above) selected from Boans Display Showroom of Autumn-Winter Fashions.*



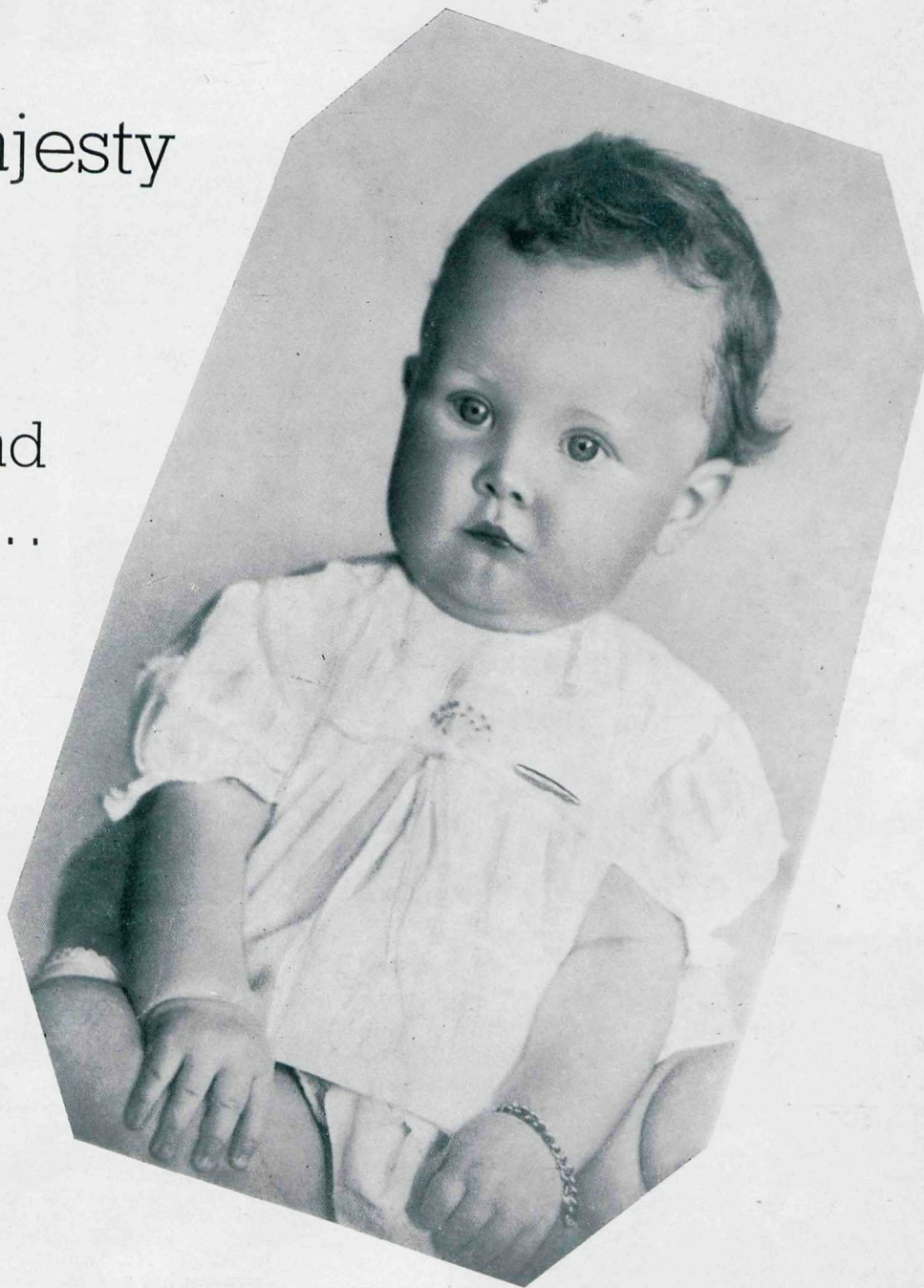
*ROSEMARY, the charming daughter of Captain and Mrs. Lou. Goldie, of Broome, whose winsome and delightful personality has won her so many happy friendships. Rosemary, who was formerly a student at St. Hilda's College has for the last twelve months lived in Broome with her parents, her father being a prominent Pearler there. Mrs. Lou. Goldie enjoyed a short respite "Down South" during April, making her headquarters the Karrakatta Club.*

*DESMOND and DEIRDRE, the two children of Mr. and Mrs. Roy S. Thomas, of "Kerrymore," Kalamunda.*



# Her Majesty

petite and  
adorable..



[John Hallam Photo

BARBARA GAIL (11 months), the baby daughter of  
Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Lutz, of Paddington Street, North  
Perth,



# FILM



GARBO LAUGHS . . . and the world will laugh with her in "Ninotchka." Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, the film is the surprise hit of the year, a gay rollicking comedy of a pearl of the proletariat who discovers that silk is preferable to home-spun, champagne to goat's milk, and the bright lights far better than night school. Going down in history as the man who makes Garbo laugh is Melvyn Douglas, and, for proof positive, we print the scene at the right.

## "NINOTCHKA" WILL BE SCREENED AT THE METRO



Responsible for not a little of the comedy in "Ninotchka," the Metro's next screen offering, are Iranoff, Buljanoff and Kopalski, the three Commissars from Moscow. They're as mad as the Marx Brothers in Russian, as laughable as Laurel and Hardy. Why, even their names are funny! Privately, they are respectively, Sig Rumann, Felix Bressart and Alex Grenach, but we'll wager that whenever you see them again, you'll only remember them as Iranoff, Buljanoff and Kopalski. Above, they join Garbo in a little bourgeoisie merriment just to show that even a Russian has a sense of humour.

We could ask for nothing more in the way of thoroughly entertaining screen fare than this story of Ninotchka, the flat-heeled, unromantically-mannish commissar who is sent to Paris to take over the duties of a comically floundering three-man mission, entrusted with the sale of the former Grand Duchess Swana's jewels. Paris in the spring being what it is, and Melvyn Douglas, as an insidious capitalistic meddler, being what he is, Ninotchka so far forgets herself, in Mr. Lubitsch's fable, to buy a completely frivolous hat and to fall in love.

To do justice to it, we should spend hundreds of words describing the arrival of the delegation in Paris where they debate the merits of the Hotel Terminus (a shoddy place) and the Hotel Clarence, where one need push a button once for hot water, twice for a waiter, thrice for a French maid. We should need a few hundred more to describe Ninotchka's tour of Paris under Douglas' stunned guidance; or the typically Lubitsch treatment of a stag dinner party, with the camera focussed on a door, and only the microphone capable of distinguishing between the arrival of a cold meat platter, and three French cigarette girls on the hoof.

# FLASHES



Metro-Goldwyn-  
Mayer  
presents  
Judy Garland  
Frank Morgan  
Ray Bolger  
Jack Haley  
Bert Lahr  
in  
"THE WIZARD  
OF OZ"  
A Metro Coming  
Attraction.

One of the outstanding films of the year, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Technicolor production, "The Wizard of Oz," comes soon to the Metro Theatre. Based upon the famous book by Frank Baum, it is a miracle of fantasy, music and colour. It breaks away from all the established traditions of screen stories, being comparable only to "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," in that it has the same happy blending of whimsical fantasy, downright comedy, and delightful music. However, in "The Wizard of Oz," the story is carried by live artists, headed by the five stars pictured above. Amongst the many tune hits heard is the popular "Over the Rainbow."

*Of course you have read "Gone with the Wind" and you know all about Scarlet O'Hara and Rhett Butler, and of course you know that this much talked of film will shortly be released in Australia by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, but here is a picture of the clever young newspaper woman, who wrote this all-time-high in best sellers . . . MARGARET MITCHELL.*



*MRS. A. L. PERICLES, formerly Miss Enid Ermine Mickle, third daughter of Mrs. J. J. Mickle and the late Mr. J. J. Mickle. Her marriage took place on 27th March at St. George's Cathedral, Perth. The groom was Mr. A. L. Pericles, third son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Pericles, of Claremont.*

Those who remember the former PAT HANNAH of Repertory Club and 6ML fame, will be happy to know that as Mrs. C. J. Thomson she is now the proud Mother of a baby son and heir, a brand new arrival. Her husband, Mr. C. J. Thomson is associated with the Jergin's Oil Coy., and he and Pat live at lovely Long Beach, California.



A charming picture of BETH YOUNG who has left for an extended tour of the Eastern States. Beth intends visiting relatives in Queensland and leisurely making her way back to the West after her two months' sojourn.

[Susan Watkins Camera Portrait

# McNamara - Walsh Wedding



*Simplicity and sweet dignity was the charming keynote on the occasion of the marriage celebrated between Miss Mollie Walsh of Adelaide Terrace and Mr. A. ("Wit") McNamara. The ceremony took place in St. Mary's Cathedral 24th Feb. The bride was given away by the Lord Mayor (Dr. T. W. Meagher) who is an old friend of the family. Miss Walsh is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Walsh, and the bridegroom, Mr. A. ("Wit") McNamara, is the son of Mr. J. R. McNamara, of New Zealand, and the late Mrs. McNamara. The wedding gown was really girlish and truly lovely with its old-world grace fashioned in white, all-over, stiffened lace, with a self-spot design, made with a very full skirt extending into a slight circular train, light bodice, full puff sleeves, and a band of narrow white velvet finishing in a flat bow at the high neckline and another at the waist. On entering the Cathedral, she wore a raw-cut tulle veil, held by a circlet of tuberose and carrying a Mother o' Pearl prayerbook, with tiny tuberose on either side of the trailer ribbons. The two attendants were Miss Mollie Jones and Ann Meagher, the latter being the petite nine-year-old daughter of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. Their twin frocks, made on similar lines to that of the bride except for the train. On their heads they wore matching bonnets, and they carried armfuls of pink roses. Mr. Harold Mitton carried out the duties of Best Man in meticulous manner. After the ceremony an informal family reception was held at the Savoy Hotel. Later the bride and groom left for a honeymoon at Rottneest, the bride travelling in a frock of coarse powder-blue linen trimmed with white pique, white felt hat and accessories.*

[John Hallam Photo

# A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME . . . .



## BUNBURY-ITE IN HOSPITAL

It is with regret that we publish the fact that Miss Mollie Dyer has been seriously ill, in St. John of God's Hospital, Bunbury. Molly, who hies from Capel, will be among those "not present," when

Members of the 6PR Club will be glad to know that Mrs. Webb "Michael" is well on the road to recovery and would like to convey her most sincere thanks to those members of the Club who sent flowers, fruit and home made jam to her during her recent severe illness.

**Cash's**  
**NAME TAPES**

The Modern Way to Mark  
All Linen & Woollens

» Sold by Leading Stores «

## WELCOME MASTER PINKUS

"To Mr. and Mrs. Harold Pinkus, the gift of a son" . . . so read the certain notice early in March. In view of the fact that Daddy is Secretary to our popular and ever cheery Minister for Health, Mr. Alex Panton, it is quite reasonable to suppose that Pinkus, Junior, will be weighed, measured and duly registered week by week to make sure that he is in keeping with the standard of the perfect specimen of Australian Youth. As is ever the case with new babies, nobody seems to know whether he looks more like Father or Mother.

## QUIET WEDDING IN SYDNEY

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Morris Edwards and Mr. Don Hudson, which took place at the chapel of the Church of England Grammar School, North Sydney, recently, was a very quiet one. The bride, bridegroom, and two witnesses—Messrs. Roland Maclean and Gordon Hunt—drove into the school grounds in the same car. No one else was present. The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Edwards, of York, Western Australia, and danced with the Duke of Gloucester during his visit to Australia in 1934. She is also well known as a mannequin, and recently returned from abroad where she worked for several famous fashion houses.

The Rev. Nigel a'B. Backhouse

The Comfort and  
Convenience of the . . .

## Savoy Hotel

(Central Hay Street, Perth)

With Modern Lounges and Bars, ensures your Pleasurable Stay.

Prop. GORDON HACK

Phone B 9561 (5 lines)

officiated at the ceremony. The bridegroom, who is a son of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Hudson, of Mosman, was stroke of the Shore eight in a year when it won the Head of the River boat race.

The bride wore a tailored suit of white corded silk with a navy sheer blouse and wide white hat trimmed with navy. She added a

the role is called at her school at Bayswater for some time yet, for although convalescing she is still away from duty. Unfortunately, Miss Dyer will miss the pleasure of seeing her brother Maurice, who is making a hurried trip from Wiluna at the immediate moment.

Wave Set

Special Ordinary Shampoo

A More Glamorous You

16 BEAUTY AIDS

PARIS NEW YORK

**Glamor**

544 Hay Street  
Tel. B 2453

4 Creams

4 Different Face Powders

PERTH

## Talk of the Town

### MARGOT JONES

has taken over  
**THE LENDING LIBRARY  
and BOOKSHOP**

IN PICCADILLY ARCADE

(recently conducted by Mr. Archer Norwood)

Latest Releases  
Magazines  
Novels and Educational  
Books

# SIGNS!

*See us for Signs,  
the vital link in  
your sales story!*

*We also specialise  
in Screen Process  
method of repro-  
duction.*

## ABBOTT SIGN ADS LIMITED

● 1007 HAY ST. Phone B1911

shoulder-spray of pink orchids. Mr. and Mrs. Don Hudson will make their home in Sydney.

### VISITING SOUTH

Another couple of Northerners "Down South" are Mr. and Mrs. Ike Treloar of Corunna Downs Station, which is situated outside Marble Bar. Ike still looks cheery, but how could he help it with a charming life partner like "Tup."

### Trouble-Free Motoring—

When You Consult

## SINCLAIR'S

**TYRE & WHEEL SERVICE  
"MOTOR HOUSE"**

Cnr. Wellington & Milligan Sts.  
Perth — Phones B 2860, B 5037

Retread Contractors to the  
Commonwealth Government

Take no risks, have your tyres  
retreaded and save 50 per cent.  
on present new tyre prices.

**FREE SERVICE and ADVICE**

Under Personal Supervision of  
Mr. C. M. R. Sinclair (late Sales  
Manager, Tyre Dept., Dunlop-  
Perdriau Co. Ltd.)

**We Buy Worn and Second-hand  
Tyres.**

OUR WORK IS YOUR  
SAFEGUARD

**ALL WORK GUARANTEED**

### FOUR SMART GIRLS

That "sundowner" spot at the Savoy is a great excuse for a gathering of the bright young things about town. This last week, it was a happy sight to see clustered together in Hay Street (near the Savoy) Pat Streat (pardon! I mean Mrs. Pardoe Brandwood nee Streat) making the most of the meeting with the three lasses who had acted as her charming attendants at the recent Brandwood-Streat wedding (at which Pat was present in the role of bride) Jean Sabine in a multi-floral summer frock and peep toe shoes, standing alongside Greta Brennan who had donned a smart jade green creation with an ultra old gold neck-dangle which swung in jaunty style, and Dorothy Brehaut wearing an ice blue two piece suit, with air force blue hankie, belt and skirt and ice blue hat to match. Pat (Mrs. Brandwood) looked her usual charming self in a patriotic ensemble of red, white and blue with the cheekiest white hat and splash bow. As I stopped to say "Hello" to them I heard Dorothy Brehaut say . . . "Oh, I don't want to go home to bed tonight," and perky, petite Melba Badger (the girl who just makes a piano talk) replied lightly . . . "Oh, well Dorothy, why not just go home." Yes, we certainly have some bright wenches right here in Perth.

### WEDDING BELLS

Invitations are afloat for the wedding of Mollie Greive and "Mick" Hungerford. It is to be an evening wedding and I believe it is to be the event of the season, and takes place on Wednesday, April 10. The reception is to be held at Raffles Hotel.

### BUSY AS USUAL

Mr. Harry Hearn, one of the principals of Hearn Bros. & Stead was kept very busy in the first fortnight of March travelling to and from Northam, where he was superintending the installation of the theatre seating at the new Northam Theatre. Hearn Bros. & Stead are engaged also at the present time in the re-seating of the Goldfields Theatre.

### BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS

(From 5 Years of Age to  
Leaving Standard.)

## GREENSTEAD SCHOOL

MIDDLETON ROAD,  
ALBANY.

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.

### WEDNESDAY, 3RD APRIL . . .

This is the date of the "At Home" given by the State President of the Women's Service Guild at Cecil House. The time is set at 3 p.m. The new Guild rooms are really ideal for their purpose and being centrally situated meet the requirements of all members, as far as accessibility goes, from whichever suburb they gather.

## EXTEND YOUR LEISURE HOURS

HAVE YOUR LAUNDRY DONE THE MODERN WAY.

Airflow Laundry Features:

- 24-HOUR SERVICE
- HYGIENIC WASHING PROCESS
- QUALITY AT MINIMUM PRICES

**AIRFLOW LAUNDRY** MODERN,  
HYGIENIC

483 HAY STREET EAST.

**MR. STORK CALLED**

Yes, our old friend, Mr. Stork, called on Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Angear of North Perth, and left the most adorable baby daughter who is to be known from now on as, Patricia Clare. Well, as both her parents seems to know the secret of eternal youth, methinks this petite lass has every opportunity of developing into a 100 per cent. Personality Girl. One word in your ear Patricia, don't let Daddy commercialize that radiant personality which might be yours, by his too near association of The Firm's Product (Daddy understands Pat . . . Oh, yes, Eno's).

**SUCCESSFUL EASTER FAIR**

The fact that it was held on a date corresponding with the Devil's Number did not deter one iota from the success of the Easter Fair, held at Cecil House and conducted by and in aid of the Women's Service Guild Red Cross Unit, on Wednesday, March 13. The official opening was performed by Mrs. S. B. Alexander, Vice-president of the W.A. Branch of the Red Cross Society, and on her arrival at the Fair, she was presented with a glorious bouquet, fashioned in the colours of the Guild, deep royal purple and gold gladioli. The President of the Unit, Mrs. F. Bromilow, acting as Hostess, when introducing Mrs. Alexander, made mention of the interesting fact that Mrs. Alexander was actively engaged in Red Cross work, during and since the last war, and has the 20 years Service Medal (which by the way she wore on this particular afternoon). Also on December 18th, at Government House, Mrs. Alexander had been invested with the M.B.E.

Afternoon tea was served in the most delightful surroundings, on

the balcony of Cecil House, amid ferns and palms. The stalls were decorated with the Guild's colours in streamer effect, and really looked so attractive, in their proud role of bearing evidence of patience and hard work enacted by the contributing members. At the Fancy Stall there was Mrs. Martin in charge surrounded by her helpers; at the Produce Stall, Mrs. Neck and helpers; at the Cake Stall, Mrs. Pratt and helpers; at the Flower Stall, Mrs. Clayton and helpers; at the Book Stall, Mrs. Turner and daughter; and at the Easter Egg Stall, Mrs. Jago. The all important matter of refreshments was capably watched by Mesdames Shand and Wells.

**BACK TO ANNA PLAINS**

Mr. Stanley Mullens of Anna Plains Station, has just returned to the North-West after a spell of two months during which time he visited the Eastern States on a cattle buying expedition. We noticed however, that he timed his return to the West, so that he might see the Inter-Dominion Championships which were conducted at Gloucester Park. We know you are an expert judge of cattle Mr. Mullens, but how did you fare as a judge of horses at those Trotting Championships . . . ?

**AFTERNOON TEA PARTY**

Last Wednesday at her delightful flat in Mount Street, Mrs. E. H. Nelson entertained a gay group of friends, with the idea of giving them an opportunity to meet an old friend, Mrs. Otto Nettlebeck, who has been away from Perth for over 20 years, her home now being in Adelaide.

Gum tips and roses of glorious

**NEWS! GOOD NEWS!**

**Miss Flo Gepp**

(Late of Chas. Moore)

is now at

**27 PICCADILLY ARCADE.**

*Hosiery and Lingerie Specialist.*

**JOIN HER STOCKING CLUB.**

hue adorned the lounge and merry chatter greeted the delicious afternoon tea, as the Hostess recalled when and where and from whom various recipes had been obtained. With music and happy exchange, a very pleasant afternoon passed only too quickly.

The party consisted of Mesdames A. J. H. Wilson, R. Hamilton, M. Mews, E. Polan, Angus Rutter, Gordon, J. P. Kenny, E. K. Young, Otto Nettlebeck, Dorothea O'Sullivan, Phyllis Stevenson.

**USED CAR BUYERS! Do You Think this Way?**

Can I buy a USED CAR with SAFETY?

Can I be assured of a FAIR DEAL?

YES!—SEE . . .

**J. E. MORRIS** who is trading in the name of **WHITE WHEATLEY MOTORS**

A wide range of High Quality Used Cars can be inspected in our Spacious Showrooms

1032-1034 Hay Street, Corner George Street, Perth. Phones: B2726, B2786

**Invitation to  
... Daintiness!**

**SHEER DELIGHT IN  
GLORIOUS UNDIES**

**FOUND!**

AT

**CHARMIE  
LINGERIE**

**29 PLAZA ARCADE**

Conducted by  
**MISS McMILLAN**  
(Formerly of Ahern's)

# WOMEN'S WORK

## when NATIONS WAR.

(From the Department of Information)

The clicking of a new generation of Sister Suzies has set in, forming a continuous theme song running behind all the other varied efforts being organized by the women of Australia "for the duration."

These efforts on the part of volunteer workers are so widespread and so comprehensive already, that it is difficult to remember that only four months have elapsed since war was declared. In every city, in every suburb, in every remote village and settlement, women's committees are now hard at work raising funds, making garments, providing stores, etc., for either the Comforts Fund or the Red Cross Society.

Then, the Women's Air Training Corps has been formed, ready to develop its scope and functions in line with the Women's Auxiliary of the Royal Air Force overseas, if and when the necessity arises. The aim of the present organization is to form a recruiting ground for a semi-trained personnel ready to replace ground staff men in time of war emergency. The organisers do not undertake to train women as pilots, but will instruct them in general aircraft knowledge and general aerodrome behaviour.

All this work is a boon offering an outlet for pent-up emotions. It is in itself, of course, of immense psychological benefit to the women engaged in it. But that is quite apart from the practical material value of the work itself. There is work that must be done by someone, real, hard solid work that is just as much a part of the successful prosecution of the War as the massing of troops and the firing of guns.

The Australian Comforts Fund will sustain and fortify and allev-

iate the hardships of the fighting men, and the Red Cross will give succour and save the lives of thousands of our soldiers who are sick or wounded. The women are quietly and doggedly setting to work, preparing, organizing, stocking and providing—just as every efficient housewife and mother always does for her menfolk in any time of need.

---

By HATTIE KNIGHT

---

### WAR IS VERY REAL

It is a "different" war, a war of nerve strain and waiting for something to happen . . . As a result, many in Australia, being so remote from the "feel" of war are already inclined to rest in a detached security. Pleasure as well as business seems to be much as usual. Surf beaches and seaside resorts are crowded. It has been a record season for holiday camps. For the superficial pleasure-seeking few in Australia, it may appear that way on the surface, in spite of the news from overseas.

But beneath is another picture. For the mothers, sisters and sweet-hearts of the 2nd A.I.F. the War is a very real thing. For the women relatives and friends of our grand little Navy and Air Forces there can be no doubt of the reality of War. Even for those whose sons are now in Militia Camps throughout the Commonwealth, the War is a stern reality. The women folk of all these men know that at any moment in this queer unpredictable war, Australia may be threatened: there can be no help from overseas as at other times of danger. And it is to these young men now in

training that we must turn for protection and for the very preservation of our lives and our country.

Serious-minded women who understand this are working continuously throughout the Commonwealth. Up to the present, the chief war-time work being undertaken by women comprises Red Cross work and Comforts Fund services. This covers a very wide field of activity. The Australian Red Cross Society in liaison with the Army Medical Services is arranging to provide £50,000 worth of equipment and resources for overseas needs for the 2nd A.I.F.

### Making Uniforms at Top Speed.

Team work, brought to a remarkable degree of efficiency, accounts for the high-speed production of military uniforms and equipment at present being averaged by women machinists at the Commonwealth Clothing Factory at South Melbourne.

Standardised A.I.F. uniforms are being made by the new "mass production" method at long tables, each holding 12 machines. At every machine a girl operator makes one section of the garment. The machined sections are passed on to the top end of the table where they are assembled into a complete jacket.

The khaki drill service jackets are being turned out at the rate of 150 per day per bench (plus a few minutes in addition for buttons and button-holes handled by machines in another section). More of these "mass production" tables are being installed as quickly as possible, and each will increase the output of the standardised uniforms of the rank and file at the rate of 150 per day per table.

Uniforms of other sizes and specially made-to-measure suits for

officers are being made in other sections of the factory, where "speeding up" is the slogan of the moment.

### Wide Scope of Work

But the women workers at the Commonwealth Clothing Factory are not engaged only on this output—large and important as it is. The scope of work being dealt with within the works is very wide and varied, and the amount of delicate hand-work entailed comes as an eye-opening surprise to any outsider who is privileged to inspect the various processes.

There are altogether 450 women employed at the Commonwealth Clothing Factory, and their numbers are being added to at the rate of about 10 a week, as new machines are being installed and extra shifts arranged.

Though the work is very arduous and exacting, they are a happy collection of workers, very neat and attractive, with their hair (like that of practically all Australian girl workers) beautifully dressed and tended. There is a sprinkling through each of the large airy work-rooms of silver-haired women, who seem, if possible, keener and more enthusiastic about their work even than the younger ones.

Most of these were making uniforms for our troops during the last war, and are glad to be again doing their little bit behind the lines for National Defence—with their needles. There are many daughters of former workers and last war's fallen Diggers among them. The grandchild of one of the "old hands" was signed on the other day!

### Working to Music

Every work-room is furnished with a number of loud speakers, and jazz and popular music from a wireless set operated by the girl at the switch, brighten the busy hours of this vast sewing bee. Sometimes when a well-known tune comes over the air, the whole room will join in the chorus! The management smiles approval at this, for the machines seem to work all the better and the stitching goes all the swifter to a little bit of rhythm . . .

It is worth while walking round among the various tables to watch the operations of some of the latest model machines—all of which, by

the way, are of British make. There are two types of button-fixing machines, for instance. The ordinary metal trouser buttons are fixed at the rate of two seconds a button. The button is held horizontally above the chalk mark on the cloth while the needles sew through their holes, finishing off their own threads, while you say "Hey Presto."

The other machine fixes shank buttons to the uniforms, being held by a little clamp while the thread sews the shank loop firmly to the cloth. The button-holing machines cut and button-hole-stitch to any required size at the rate of 120 an hour.

### 500 at Lunch

There is a comfortably furnished rest-room for any girls who become faint or indisposed, and a fully trained nurse, Sister Calder, is in charge of the well-equipped casualty room, to deal with all minor injuries. The wash-room is large and airy, although it is not part of the more recent additions.

The huge lunch-room is lofty and capable of seating 500 at its green-lacquered tables furnished with orange chairs. In the centre of the room where electric stoves are fitted, attendants supply tea, sugar and milk gratis in white enamel teapots. Nearby a Canteen is available with cigarettes, sweets, etc.

The factory is working overtime at present, and will probably con-

tinue to do so till further orders. But, even if they feel rather back-achey at the end of a long day, followed by working back in the evening, all the workers are cheerful, and there is a quickening atmosphere throughout the whole establishment indicating satisfaction and eagerness in being "on the job" helping to clothe and equip our fighting forces here and overseas.

### SOJOURN IN EASTERN STATES

Mrs. Ernest Hearn (of Hearn Bros. & Stead) arrived back from a six weeks' holiday in Melbourne and Sydney early in March, on the Westland express.

\* \* \*

### PAT DOYLE MARRIED

All who remember Pat Doyle as a shy little girl at the Boulder City Convent, were delighted to meet her again as a radiant girl-about-town, ultra smart, charming and happy, and holding a splendid position as one of the office team at the Adelphi Hotel. Today, Pat has another role and another name. As one of the young marrieds, her name is now Mrs. Bob Stirling. At one time, her father-in-law, Mr. Stirling, Snr., was Inspector of the Commonwealth Bank, Kalgoorlie, but has since retired. Mr. Bob Stirling, Pat's husband, is associated with Goodyear Tyre Co. Best wishes go out to these two youngsters.

## SINGING — DANCING — LAUGHTER

### "THE AMATEUR MUSICAL CLUB"

*Present for your entertainment their first Musical Production*

## "STEPPING OUT"

*A Musical Farce by Perth's own Writer and Composer*

**JACK ANSTEY**

STARS OF THE AMATEUR STAGE — LOVELY GIRLS  
GLORIOUS VOICES — LILTING MELODIES  
AND LAVISH COSTUMING

*Go to make a thrilling show which you MUST see at the*

**REPERTORY THEATRE**  
ON 10TH, 11TH, 12TH, 13TH OF APRIL

BOX PLAN NOW OPEN AT MUSGROVES.

TICKETS 2/6 PLUS TAX

# What Shall



Peg and I went for the most delightful picnic during Easter, with John (that's my boy friend, not Peggy's though I *never* can make Peggy understand that). Away in the launch. There was Peggy and Yours Truly with John between us, plus Gwen and her husband (at least she is married to him so Peggy cannot steal him away from Gwen). There was Gwen's, four year old, and really it was a lovely affair, except for one horrifying moment when Gwen's four year old, after blithely climbing up and down the roof of the launch cabin, slid quietly but quickly into the deep dark water below. For a moment I thought Peggy had pushed him in. I wouldn't put *anything* past that one, oft-times I am ashamed that she is my friend, but she clings to me and how can I leave her, she is so alone and so dumb. Any way to tell you about our hamper.

We had Pinwheel Cookies. Every tried them? If not here's the recipe.

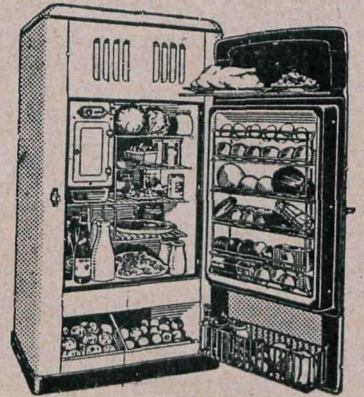
## PINWHEEL COOKIES

½ cup butter	1 teaspoon baking powder
¾ cup light brown sugar	Pinch of salt
1 egg	Vanilla
1 cup sifted flour	1oz. chocolate

Cream butter and sugar, beat in egg, add essence. Sift, flour, baking powder and salt, and mix in thoroughly. Divide dough into two parts. Add 1oz. melted chocolate to one; allow to stand in a cool place until mixture is firm. Roll each piece of dough into a square, having both the same size. Place chocolate square over plain. Roll up like a jam roll. Wrap in greaseproof paper, and place in refrigerator until firm. Cut into thin slices and bake in oven 400-425 degrees, current off. Time, 8-12 minutes.

Another delicious surprise was the Ginger Fluff. I am giving you the heat degrees of an electric oven, hoping it will help you.

(DOROTHEA)



# I Cook?

## GINGER FLUFF

¾ cup castor sugar	2 teaspoons cocoa
4 eggs	2 dessertspoons plain flour
1 dessertspoon golden syrup	1 teaspoon cream of tartar
½ cup arrowroot	½ teaspoon bicarb. soda
2 teaspoons ginger	Pinch salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon	

Beat eggs and sugar until light, then add golden syrup (warmed). Sieve together the flour and all dry ingredients, fold into eggs and sugar. Grease two large sandwich tins and pour mixture in. Bake in oven 400 degrees, current off. Time, 20-30 minutes.

Have you a frigidaire . . . ? If so, here's an easy recipe.

## VANILLA ICE CREAM

½ tin condensed milk	½ pint cream
1 cup milk	Vanilla essence
Pinch salt	

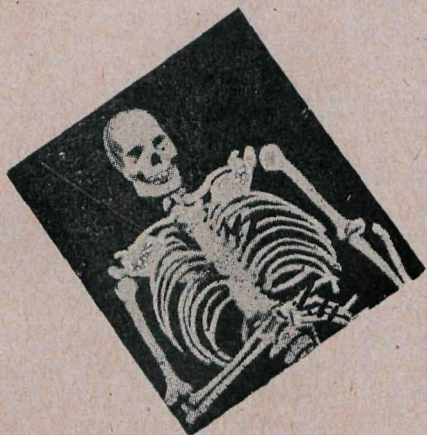
Mix milk and condensed milk together, add salt and vanilla. Whip cream until fairly thick and stir into other ingredients. Pour into refrigerator trays and freeze. Stir occasionally during freezing. Serve, if liked, with melted chocolate and marshmallows.

## LEMON MERINGUE TART.

6oz. good shortcrust.	4 tablespoons water
2oz. butter	1 tablespoon arrowroot
4oz. sugar	1 or 2 eggs
Grated rind, and juice of 2 lemons	4 tablespoons castor sugar

Line flour ring or sandwich tin with good shortcrust, and bake at 500 degrees, top element off, bottom element low. Time, about 20 minutes. Allow to become quite cold. Put arrowroot in saucepan and mix gradually with water. Add butter, sugar, beaten egg yolks. Stir over element, turned to low, until thick. Cool. Fill pastry case with mixture. Beat egg whites stiffly and fold in castor sugar. Pile this mixture on top of filling, and return to over till meringue is a pale brown.

# 'Ware . . . a Mad Motorist.



Toot, Toot, Honk, Honk . . . oh, a damned Woman Motorist . . . I might have guessed as much.

And with a leer and a twist His Majesty the Superior Male Driver, swoops in and out of the whirling traffic and clears from out your path.

Now as one woman motorist to another. I resent this . . . especially when I see a mere male do some darned silly thing such as screech around a corner on two wheels (I live at the corner of two particularly wonderful corners for the expert two wheeler to tear around if his spirit of fun so wills) . . . and therefore I often hear the hot squealing of tried tyres.

Now, listen, be a honey, and let us band together and show these men that we are not so dumb at the steering wheel as they so fondly try to believe.

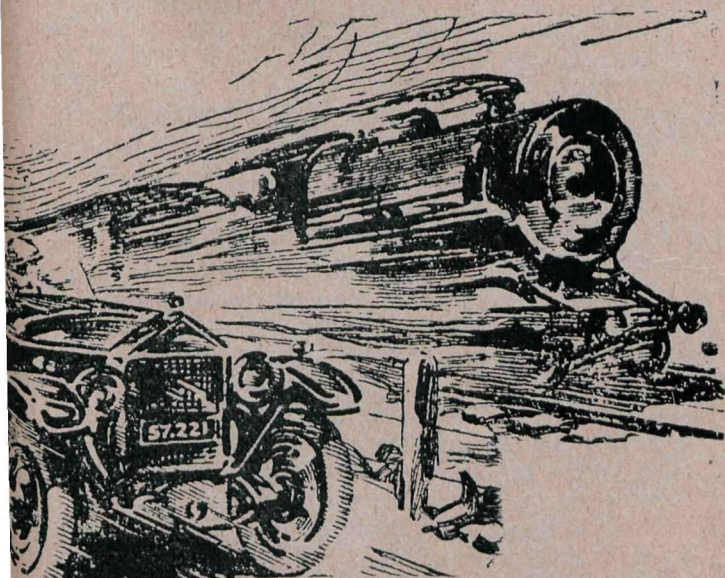
Here are a few DON'TS:—

If you need a dash of lipstick, pull over to the side of the road and daub it on yourself. Don't let Sally botch you up as you steer your blithe but pre-occupied way down the street. . . . And kissing requires undivided attention to be really effective! . . . Filling up every nook and cranny of your car with precious cargo and allowing it to spill over on to the running boards is a distraction hard to beat. No matter where your gear-shifting apparatus is located, there are too many feet, elbows and shoulders in what should be your private operating department. . . . And too many other things to think about: Mary's jokes; Bill's shrieked greetings to the lads on the corner; an arm draped affectionately across your shoulder. How can you keep your mind on your work?

And don't drive so fast. You spurt off in a get-away, only to crawl when you've caught up with the traffic ahead of you; you cut out of line and whiz by three cars, only to be stuck behind a truck a quarter of a mile up the road; you leap at a curve, tyres screaming, to swing and sway to a dead stop at a hidden obstruction around the bend; you surge up a hill, then jerk into line ahead of another car in the face of a down-bearing bus. You go so fast—and most roads and most traffic can't take you.

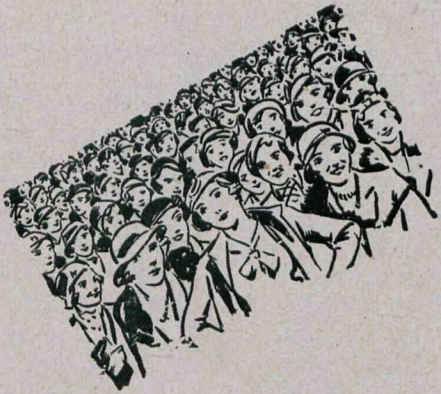
Signal with your hand to indicate the little whimsy of your mind and let the driver behind you know what to expect. Heed the signs along the road, at intersections and grade crossings—they were put there by people who know the local situation. They warn you! When driving at night, if you've any doubt, you *can't* make it. Too many unexpected things lurk ahead of you in the dark to make overreaching your distance and your speed sensible.

Be a chameleon when you drive your car. Set your pace by the road, the weather and the traffic. If the coast is clear, you can put your foot down without doing much damage. But when it's all cluttered up with crowns, mud, crossroads and jay walkers—take your cue! Crazy driving isn't funny and it isn't cute. Keep things under control. That makes sense! And I feel better!



# 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.

Soon after this the need for expansion was realised and January, 1936, the League moved into 306-308 George Street, Sydney, the present Headquarters.

In March, 1936, a Branch was opened in Melbourne, and in June of the same year Newcastle was opened. Earlier in the year Suburban Centres had been established in Sydney, and on the 1st June, 1936, the League of Health in Australia held their first birthday party.

The Second Training School was opened in June, 1936, with seven Students, and on October 24th of the same year the First Annual Demonstration was held at Mrs. MacQuaries Chair, Sydney, 180 members taking part. Lady David presided, and Lady Gowrie was present. This Demonstration was a great success and attracted many people, and brought many new members to the League.

By the end of 1936 Classes were being held in Sydney, Parramatta, Hurstville, Chatswood, The Women's College, Relands School (Neutral Bay), Newcastle, Melbourne and the Homecraft Hostel (Hawthorn, Melbourne).

Adelaide was now clamoring for the League to be established in their City, so Thea decided to open a Branch on her way to England to attend the League Demonstration at Wembley, London.

On the 25th February Miss Hughes, accompanied by her Secretary, Myrtle Gillham and Gladys Cole arrived in Adelaide and on March 1st, 1937, the Centre was opened with a League record of 50 Foundation Members, and Gladys Cole was appointed Teacher-in-charge of the Adelaide Centre. The establishment of a centre of the Women's League of Health in Adelaide is of special interest to South Australians, as Prunella (now Lady David Douglas-Hamilton), the daughter of the Founder (Mrs. Bagot-Stack) is connected with two of the State's oldest families, the Bagots and the Oldhams. Her Grandmother, the late Mrs. Edward Stack, was Rosalie Oldham of Adelaide, and a cousin of Mr. Talbot-Smith of Adelaide.

On the 7th March, 1937, Thea Hughes and six other Australians, including Myrtle Gillham, left for

England to represent Australia at the League of Health and Beauty Demonstration in England. This wonderful spectacle held the audience of over 90,000 people spell-bound and was the largest display of its kind ever staged in England and possibly in the world. On July 2nd, 1937, Thea Hughes and two or three other Australians appeared with the League in a command performance before the King and Queen. Miss Hughes returned to Australia in November, 1937.

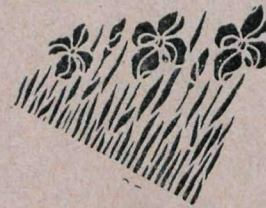
The Goulburn Centre was opened in February, 1938, and in March, Canberra was officially opened. The Second Annual Demonstration was held on April 23rd, 1938, in Sydney, and proved particularly interesting, as Miss Anny Fligg, the famous German dancer made her appearance. Miss Fligg, who was on the Staff of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and was the London representative of the Laban School of the Central European Dance came to Australia under the auspices of the Women's League of Health. Miss Fligg also gave Recitals in Melbourne and Adelaide.

On 2nd June, the third birthday of the League of Health was celebrated at Headquarters, Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide, and various other Centres, and on 7th June, 1938, the third Training School had quite an International flavor, as two of the students, Drs. Penizek and Ascher came from Vienna and one came from Shanghai—Miss Mavis Ming.

The Training Schools, to which reference has been made several times, are held every two years in Sydney. There are only the two Training Schools, one in Sydney and one in London and no one teaches on the Staff of the Women's League of Health unless they are fully qualified according to the new standard of physical education for women set at these Training Schools. The curriculum is extensive and comprehensive, the subjects studied being:—

- Anatomy and Physiology.
- Body Mechanics.
- Bagot-Stack Exercise System (Practice, Theory and Teaching).
- Food.
- Parent Education.
- Voice Production.
- Public Speaking and Greek Dancing.

A Summer School is held at Headquarters, Sydney, towards the end of the course, when Teachers from all over Australia attend. This is actually a refresher course, for the fully qualified Teachers.



Early in February, 1939, Miss Hughes set out on a tour of Australia to open up various new Centres. The Blue Mountains Centre (with Headquarters at Katoomba) followed each other in quick succession.

On 20th March their Annual Demonstration was held at Como Park, Melbourne, when over 200 members and their Teachers came from various parts of Australia to take part.

On 13th April Perth Centre was opened with a foundation membership of over 100, breaking all Australian records. In eight months the membership was increased to 800, with various Classes in Perth and at South Perth and Guildford. In June and September, respectively, Lismore and Yass were added to the steadily growing list of the League of Health Centres.

On 25th March, 1940, the fourth Annual Demonstration will be held in Adelaide, when members from all over Australia hope to attend. It is quite probable that in 1941 the Annual Demonstration will be held in Perth.

The third Training School opens in Sydney on 3rd June, when the fifth birthday of the Women's League of Health in Australia will be celebrated. The Australian Membership to date is over 10,000 with Centres at Sydney, and Suburban Centres at Chatswood, Epping, Gordon, Mosman, Parramatta, Penhurst, Penrith, Riverstone and Windsor. Hunter River Centres (Headquarters Newcastle) Canberra, Goulburn, Yass, Tamworth, Blue Mountains and Riverina Centres. Melbourne with Suburban Centres at Caulfield, Camberwell and Ivanhoe. Adelaide and Perth.

The growth of the Women's League in Australia proves that women of all ages, creeds and nationalities can be drawn together by a common goal, and that when this happens tolerance and unity and the spirit of good fellowship are brought into every day life. Australian women should be grateful for the courage and foresight of the young Director and Founder of the Women's League of Health in Australia, Thea Stanley Hughes, who, assisted by her small band of teachers, has in just over five years pioneered the way to health, happiness and a renewed vitality and interest in life for the—now—thousands of League Members in Australia.

Forward to the Women's League of Health. Verily  
"MOVEMENT IS LIFE."

# Plays and Players.

On 24th April (remember the date!!!) The Pleaides Club members are holding a Party for the Red Cross at their Club Rooms in Chancery House. There will be Surprise Packets, Darts, Bagatelle, Puppet Show and last, but not least, in fact very, very important . . . Refreshments.

\* \* \*

The first Season for 1940, of the Society of Playwrights (W.A.) will be on the 9th and 10th of May in the Repertory Club Theatre and the Play will be a three-act entitled "Turning Turk" by H. E. Marchant-Flinn.

\* \* \*

And while on the subject of coming productions, remember that the Musical Farce, "Stepping Out" is to be held at the Repertory Club Theatre on April 10, 11, 12 and 13. This effort is to raise funds for the Amateur Musical Club to open new Club Rooms.

## Huge Mannequin Parade on Repertory Club Stage.

Stars of the Amateur Stage, lovely girls, glorious voices, music which has dripped from the pen of Jack Anstey, which fact alone speaks of lilting popular melodies which will haunt you for days after the Show is ended . . . and the gorgeous spectacle of beautiful Mannequins frocked in luxurious gowns, specially featured by Derry's (Perth's Bridal Specialists). This will take place during the second Act, when a complete Bridal Scene is to be staged.

The leading part is taken by H. Gilmour Nairn, portraying the laughable predicament of Dame Lizzie Jumblewell, into whose hands fall an unexpected legacy. Those who have seen this versatile player in action know how alive his characterizations can be, and feel keen to see him in the role of the Dame. Mr. Neil Clough who is doing magnificent work on settings, and

general stage management, is also taking part in the show. Neil is a real live wire, and we take our hats off to him, for his excellent handling of an enormous undertaking; also to Trevor Tuckfield who is working night and day to perfect the lighting effects.

The cast is headed by such well-known artists as—George McCorkhill, Dick Cullen, Brenda Minorgan, Nell Bestman, Joy McPherson, Joan Bridger, Joan Stanton, Henry Johnson, Dot. Hudson and Glen Matson and his Hawaiians.

The orchestral section is being carried out by that popular band, "Jack Anstey's Rhythm Makers."

\* \* \*

The three successful playwrights who scooped the pool for the annual competition for the most original one-act play written by a member, conducted by the Pleaides Club were: Miss Mary Agg, with her Play "Too Many Backs," first; a comical sketch by Mrs. R. O. Way (formerly Miss Margaret Giles) entitled "Shirts Are Black," second place; and "Beauty Romps Home" by Mrs. Aubrey Barnes (Ethel John) third. The plays were judged by Mrs. Henrietta Drake-Brockman and Messrs. H. E. Marchant-Flinn and Gerald Ruse.

\* \* \*

The West Australian Drama Festivals presented two Plays at their Season during the month of March. The use of the Capitol Theatre for Amateur Productions was in reality a splendid idea, as it gave players better scope for their settings, and allowed the audience a greater degree of comfort during the performance. Let us hope it will not be the last time we witness Amateur Performances at this lovely Theatre. The first presentation "French Without Tears," was the weaker of the two. The Heroine, while being a beautiful girl, seemed too conscious of the fact, and was a little inclined to over act.



Actually there was no need for her to do so, as her make up was extraordinarily well done, and her frocking entirely suitable for the play. Ilma Weston as Jacqueline Maingot was a little more natural. Strangely enough the men were the stronger characters in this play. Usually in Amateur productions the menfolk are a little self-conscious, but this time it seemed the reverse. Pierre de Chazel as Monsieur Maingot was splendid, and Eric Parrant gained first place for his natural easy manner of delivery. It is to be hoped that this young player will not be spoiled by too much demand on his talent, or worse still by a sense of over consciousness. At present he is among the most promising of our youngsters. Jerold Wells was the producer of the play "French Without Tears" by Terence Rätigan.

The second production was "Libel" by Edward Wooll. This was produced by Alexander Todd. The most outstanding two characters in this set-up were H. Gilmore Nairn as Emile Flordon, whose make-up and eccentricities were remarkable, and Tom Tracy as Sir Wilfred Kelling, K.C., M.P., whose delivery and every action marked him as a perfect Counsel. Denise Dingwall caused much fun as Sarah Carleton, and Norrie John, played with excellent dignity the party of Lady Loddon. Calder Crowther played a convincing role as Sir Mark Loddon. Speaking generally "Libel" was the better production of the two, the plot lending itself to more variance and character work. All players, however, seemed to fit their respective parts, and carried them out accordingly.

\* \* \*

On Wednesday evening, March 13, a delightful Fantasy was staged at Cecil House in aid of the Women's Service Guild, Red Cross Unit, following their Easter Fair. This Fantasy which was carried out in meticulous fashion was produced by Miss Nancy Berryman. Also on the programme of delightful vocal presentations were: Mesdames I. Birtwistle, Leigh Thomas, with Misses Peacock and Kitty Meares acting as accompanistes. Mrs. Vincent gave a piano solo which was well received. In all it was an extremely pleasant evening and a credit to the organisers.

"Time and the Conways," a recent J. B. Priestley play, provided the Repertory Club with an excellent opening for its 1940 Season.

The opening finds the Conway family re-united at the end of the Great War, and a happy crowd they are; from the delightfully vague Mrs. Conway (splendidly portrayed by Mrs. H. E. Braine) to the elfin carol played with great charm by Rita Dunstan. Roma Joy Williams is Hazel, the beauty of the family, Dorothy Mark is the clever Madge, Denise Dingwall the thoughtful Kay, Stanley Gorringer the placid Alan and James Young the ubiquitous Robin. Welcome outsiders are Nance Ormiston as Joan Helford and Harold Edel as Gerald Thornton with John Bottomley as the not-so-welcome Ernest Beever.

Transition to 1940 finds the Conways with little of their early promise fulfilled. Family fortunes have taken wing and Mrs. Conway has developed into a headstrong, foolish woman with a genius for antagonising her children. Middle-aged Kay is a hack journalist living a secretive and non-too-happy existence away from her people. Madge is a hardened schoolmistress with no vision beyond the schoolroom. Hazel has married the objectionable Beever and Carol, the best of the lot has met an untimely death. Joan Helford is now the petulant and neglected wife of n'er-do-well Robin, and Alan, alone, maintains his calm philosophy and hopeful outlook in the midst of chaos.

An ironic twist is given the story when it is brought back to the happy days of 1919, and we again see the Conways with the world stretched out invitingly before them. Our foreknowledge of what is to come adds a poignant touch. Priestley's theory that Time is a complete whole and that all experiences past, present and to come are equally and consistently present is cleverly expounded. Each player was well cast and perfectly at home. Frocking and make-up showed careful preparation.

Cyril Riley, producing his first play in two years brought out all nuances of character and situation provided by the author, and set his stage in novel fashion. Lighting and stage arrangements were particularly effective.

# Filmads (W.A.) Ltd.

Economic Chambers,  
Perth.

B 5070 — PHONE — B 5070

*Specialists in Publicity that  
Pays.*

**TALKIE SLIDES  
TALKING FILM**

**Slide Advertising Services  
throughout Western Australia  
on City, Suburban and  
Country Theatres.**

*Designers and makers of first  
class Screen Slides.*

*Producers of Publicity  
Talking Films.*

CITY REPRESENTATIVES  
FOR

**STATION 6GE Geraldton**

*the best Radio Advertising  
Station for the*

NORTH-WEST AREA  
GERALDTON DISTRICT  
MURCHISON DISTRICT  
MIDLAND DISTRICT

**B 5070 - PHONE - B 5070**

**ECONOMIC CHAMBERS,  
PERTH.**

# Filmads (W.A.) Ltd.



## “SUFFER the Little Children..”

Many young lives have been saved and many mothers have laid their burdens on the shoulders of the capable sisters at the Infant Health Clinics.

Another phase of the work of the Society is the fostering out of children.

Yet another phase of the work conducted by the Society is the collecting and distributing of worn clothing. Dozens upon dozens of mothers, their spirit broken by too large families, or by having to manage for too long upon sustenance rations, come to the Society's offices, their clothing unfit for human use. These women are helped and encouraged to give outlet to their pent up sufferings. From the stores of clothing which more fortunate people have donated, garments are found to fit Johnny, Mary, Father and Mother herself, and a much lighter heart leaves the premises than came in. Indeed our families regard the office as a cure for all their woes. Rarely are they disappointed, for those who understand our work, keep us supplied with their discarded clothing and many of our country friends supply eggs, fruit, jams, etc., for use in the Nurseries. Often a saddened woman is made very happy by a little gift of these good things.

Who is there among us who would not listen to a child's cry for help? What one of us would not be perturbed at the thought of our loved child being left helpless and at the mercy of the world. There ARE many children in this plight today. We, in the comfort of our homes feel that our own children have protection and comparative security—so far as such is possible—throughout their childhood. We are glad to give them our love and friendship as well as protection. But what of the little ones who can claim no parents, what DOES become of them? To whom can they turn for all that childhood means?

In July, 1906, a public meeting of the citizens of Perth inaugurated the present Children's Protection Society of W.A., Incorporated, of which Sir Edward Stone was the first President, to be followed by the late Rabbi D. I. Freedman who remained in office from July, 1908, till his death in 1939.

The Society, in 1908 was fortunate in obtaining for its Secretary the late Mrs. Jessie A. Gover who remained in office till 1938, retiring after thirty years of devoted service to the children of this State.

The Society now controls two Day Nurseries where working mothers may leave their children from 7 a.m. till 6 p.m. for the small sum of 4d. per day. The children are cared for and given hot nourishing meals prepared by a matron trained in child welfare, and assisted by two trainees in each Nursery. Last year 15,000 children passed through the Nurseries, and when it is considered that these children would otherwise be left to the mercy of other young children or allowed to roam the streets, the value to the community and to the children themselves will be apparent to you who read this.

The Society also controls one quarter of the whole of the Infant Health work of this State. When you are told that over 37,000 consultations were given by our six nursing sisters during last year, you will have some idea of the magnitude of this part of the work.

If any of you who read this page can send us your last year's coat or little garments that your children have grown out of we can make good use of them. It is difficult for you to realise the abject poverty of some of our families, and difficult for us to adequately express our appreciation of your gifts.

The Railway Department will carry all donations free of charge if addressed to the Society at 11 Stirling Street, Perth, and marked “DONATION.” The Society's Secretary is Mrs. Philip Ellis whose offices are at the above address and who will be pleased to welcome any of you who can find time to visit the Nurseries.

tion is too small to be welcomed so do not be afraid to send even 4d. as an offering. This is the Child's Appeal to YOU:—

“I am the Child. All the world waits for my coming. All the earth watches with interest to see what I shall become. Civilisation hangs in the balance. For what I am, the world of tomorrow will be.

“I am the Child. I have come into your world about which I know nothing. Why I came I know not. How I came I know not. I am curious. I am interested.

“I am the Child. You hold in your hand my destiny. You determine largely, whether I shall succeed or fail. Give me, I pray you, those things that make for happiness. Train me, I beg you, that I may be a blessing to the world.”

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

Dear Boys and Girls,

Oh, I say, what a dreadful error last month . . . we checked up on the winners of the competition, and could not find any names to award the marks for three successive competitions. Actually we were quite correct, but we had overlooked the fact that two of our members were not members until the second competition was already in course of conduct. The two girls who obtained highest marks were therefore:—

NONA BROWNE (11 marks).

LEILA ROBERTS (11 marks).

We are sending these two girls a book each which we hope they like. If they have read the books, would they advise us, and we will exchange, if notified within two days of receiving same.

The interest of the Word Tests seems to be fading, there was only one attempt despite the fact that we received quite a few letters from our Junior Club Members. If we have more interesting letters next month, we intend printing same. Any verse which any member of the Club writes will be printed if it is of good standard.

However, we are opening new competitions, and hope to hear from you so that we shall know if you like them or not.

Send your name and address, age and birthday on the coupon on this page, and address it to Auntie Dorothy and Uncle John, 65 Murray Street, Perth.

Prizes will be awarded as result of competitions, and also Prize Marks, which, on completion, highest marks will entitle the holder to a big presentation.

Any original drawing, pieces of verse or essays sent in voluntarily, if accepted by the Club manage-

ment, will be given Prizes or Prize Marks, according to their merit. Always give your *name, age and address* on your contributions.

Hoping we will always be good friends,  
Enthusiastically,

AUNTIE DOROTHY and UNCLE JOHN.

## ARE YOU QUITE CERTAIN?

Here is a fascinating way of testing your store of General Knowledge. One, and only one, of the suggestions in each group is correct. Put a tick against the ones you think are right. You will find the answers in next month's magazine.

No. 11 Downing Street is the official town residence of

*The Prime Minister — the Chancellor of the Exchequer — the Leader of the Opposition — Government Whips — the Home Secretary — the Minister for Health — the President of the Board of Trade.*

Anterior means

*Towards the front — towards the back — lower — inner — outer — ancient.*

Who would know most about topiary?

*Chess-players — publicans — journalists — gardeners — meteorologists.*

Which is the longer, and by how much? Cricket pitch, or tennis court?

*Cricket pitch by 2 yards — tennis court by 4 yards — tennis court by 2 yards — cricket pitch by 2 feet — neither, they're both the same.*

The official residence of the Bishop of London is *Westminster Abbey — Tower of London — St. Paul's Cathedral — Fulham Palace — Lambeth Palace — Palace of Westminster.*

Can you place these three famous canals in their order of length?

*Panama — Suez — Kiel.*

## ANSWERS TO WORD TEST CONDUCTED IN MARCH.

- |           |                |
|-----------|----------------|
| (1) CLIMB | (4) CALCULATE  |
| (2) SON   | (5) HALVE      |
| (3) STEAM | (6) BIBLOPHILE |

Valerie Browne, 123 Second Avenue, Mt. Lawley, sent in correct answers. Good girl, Val! We are sending you a lovely Book Prize.

### 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.....

# "And then Came the Storm"

(Continued from page 7.)

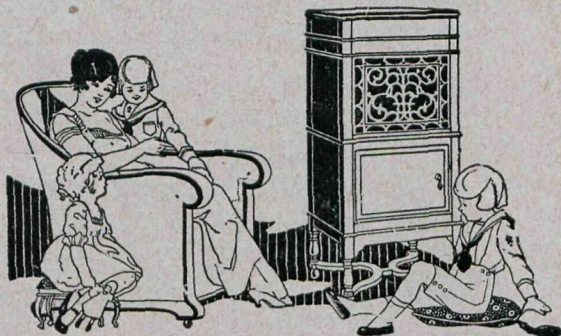
"Day Mrs. Gray . . . I always turn up like a bad penny at the end of October . . . But insurance's a good thing, specially when you've got a bumper crop like Jim's to cover."

Dolly nodded and Jim led his visitor into the dining room. While they were talking preliminaries he turned things over in his mind. He couldn't pay the premium himself, and he wasn't going to borrow from Dolly after what had transpired in the kitchen. He'd have to hedge.

"Y' know Bob," he said, clearing his throat, "I'm sorry you came all the way out f'r that insurance. Only

knew he'd have to wait at least another week for substitutes. In the meantime the corkscrew grass started to seed and the fleeces of his sheep became more impregnated every day. In desperation he decided to start shearing himself, and spent the whole of Sunday morning rigging up the engine and sharpening combs and cutters.

Just before dinner time he noticed the shed was dark, and that his eyes were smarting from the strain of watching the combs he was holding to the emery wheel. He stretched his arms, lit his pipe, and strolled outside to investigate.



a week ago I sort'r half promised Tim Murphy I'd give him a turn . . .

"What's a half promise," said Bob breezily, "you can say I've already renewed it."

"No Bob," said Jim firmly, "I think I'll play square with him . . . An' anyway, October's too early to insure against hail and thunderstorm . . . It's money lyin' idle . . . The risk don't start till December."

Bob tried again, but found his client adamant, and was well content when he left with the promise of an order for wheat bags. After all the commission on an insurance policy wasn't worth much to him.

A week later, in early November, the weather turned suddenly hot, and Jim Gray was at his wit's end because the two shearers he'd engaged had slipped him up, and he

"Hell and Tommy . . . Why the blazes didn't I look before!" he muttered.

The air was curiously still. Flying ants were rising from the old stump near the killing yard. The sky was grey, and a huge thundercloud was gathering like a pall right overhead. It seemed to grow denser in the half minute he spent watching it.

Jim Gray was suddenly galvanised into action. He rushed to the shed and switched off the engine. With a bound he leapt into the penning yards and opened every gate from the shearing shed down to the bottom entrance. Then he grabbed a saddle and bridle and set off across the home paddock to catch his hack.

"It's bad enough shearin' dry sheep," he muttered. "I'll be durned if I'll shear 'em wet!"

Jill, his pony hack, was unusually provocative that day, and led him a fine chase round the paddock. Blowing and perspiring after his marathon, he finally cornered her and slipped the bridle over her head.

"Y' little swine," he snapped, and, unable to resist giving Jill a kick in the ribs for her bad behaviour, caused himself a further delay of fifteen minutes. Jill jerked back her head, dragging the reins from his hands, and tore off at full gallop to the far corner of the paddock.

When he finally ran her to earth and got the saddle on her back, he set off at a smart canter into the wind. Clouds of dust were blowing from the fallow he had to cross to reach his first paddock of wethers, and when he got to the gate he was half blind. Just as he flung it open and prepared to remount, something struck him on the wrist. It was icy cold and wet. Simultaneously Jill snorted and reared, taking him completely off his guard. He slid down her rump and landed with a thud in the dusty fallow. Jill turned tail and fled at a mad gallop for the homestead, pig-rooting and bucking. Jim painfully raised himself to a sitting posture, and gazed after her—but not for long.

Swish . . . bang! . . . Something struck him a crashing blow on the head, raising a lump like a pigeon's egg.

"Hell . . . it's hail," he roared. Jim Gray jumped to his feet and rushed for the nearest cover—a jam thicket near the creek which ran past the lower end of his homestead paddock.

Before he reached safety hailstones as big as plums were spattering all round him, striking his back and shoulders. He dashed under a big, leafy jam, and heard the hail crashing like rocks into the foliage above him. Odd stones slithered through the branches and landed near his feet. They were big jagged masses, fused from smaller stones during their mad flight earthward . . .

Jim Gray started panting like a broken-winded horse. It was not only the fact that he was out of breath, but that he stood face to face with a sickening realisation—one that made him want to tear

across the fallow and risk being battered to death by the hail . . . His crop! With wide, staring eyes he watched the monster stones thudding on the now sodden earth, saw trees around him being stripped of their foliage. What chance had his nine-bag crop of surviving that? . . . Only one in a thousand, and that was if the storm travelled in a belt and missed it altogether!

"Gawd," he groaned, "what a blasted fool I was! Fancy tellin' Bob Searle I was goin' to insure with Tim Murphy, when I 'adn't even mentioned it to 'im . . . The crop's a-gonner—I c'n feel it in me bones—the best crop I ever grew . . . It's damnable . . . No insurance . . . no compensation . . . nothin'!"

He peered through the storm towards the wheat paddock, hoping to see the hail thinning out in the direction of his crop . . . "Thicker if anything," he muttered, his teeth chattering. "What the hell! I do . . . Fancy goin' home and tellin' Dolly I didn't insure . . . If only I'd kep' my promise about the house, I'd have asked her to pay the insurance."

For ten minutes he went through purgatory waiting for the hailstorm to ease so that he could relieve his suspense. It seemed like ten hours before the hail stopped, and pure rain started falling in torrents. With a bound he leapt out into the open and trotted over the fallow towards his precious crop, paddling through slush up to his ankles. He was wet to the skin by the time he reached the brow of the hill and gazed down on the wheat paddock. A groan escaped his lips. The hail stretched ahead in a thick white carpet right to the edge of the crop, and big bare patches of earth were visible in what before was a golden mass of waving wheat. Closer inspection more than confirmed his fears . . . With shoulders bent, he plodded into the paddock and surveyed the scene of desolation. Not a single stalk was standing upright . . . The whole crop had been battered level with the earth, as though flattened out with a spiked roller. It was a complete write-off, not even fit for sheep feed.

Like a man in a dream Jim Gray gazed through the remains of his crop, and saw a spanking new sedan speeding ghostlike towards the horizon and dissolving in the misty rain.

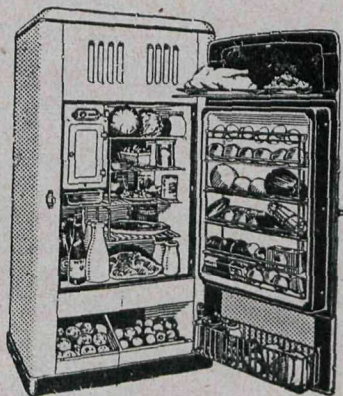
He turned away, his lip quivering, and trudged homewards.

By the time he reached the homestead track, the rain had stopped, and as he walked towards the house his three children came running out to meet him. Elsie, his eldest girl, got there first and grasped his hand . . . "Oh Daddy, wherever have you been . . . Mummy's all worried . . . she thought you'd been caught in the hailstorm."

"Mummy was right, I did get caught in the hailstorm, but I ran under a big jam tree."

At that moment they were joined by the two other children.

"Look at this one," cried little Jean, holding up a block of ice as big as a tea cup, "isn't it a whopper!"



Come and let's gather some more in the milk bucket."

The children made off, and Jim Gray walked on towards the homestead. Glancing up he saw the curtains drawn aside; and Dolly gazed furtively at him.

When he entered the house she was laying the table, trying to look unconcerned. Jim sighed and sat down on one of their kitchen chairs.

"Hadn't you better change your clothes? . . . They're wet through," said Dolly.

"The crop . . . I . . ."

"I suppose it's been battered to pieces."

"Yes," answered Jim with a catch in his voice . . . "It's not even worth feedin' to the sheep."

"Thank heaven for insurance!" said Dolly. "Just think where we'd be now if it wasn't for that!"

Jim made a noise in his throat like a cockatoo with quinsy, but with

sudden resolution pulled himself together . . . "It's no good, Dolly," he blurted out, "you'll have to know . . . The crop wasn't insured . . . I didn't have the money when Bob Searle came out the other day, and put him off by tellin' him I was goin' to insure with Tim Murphy."

"And did you insure with Tim Murphy?"

"Nun—no . . . I didn't get a chance. Thought it'd be in plenty of time if I waited until after shearing . . . And anyway, whoever heard of hailstorms in November . . . ?"

Dolly gazed through the kitchen window with a far-away look in her eyes . . . She was a brick to take it like that, thought Jim.

"I'm sorry f'r you an' the kids. . . . No motor car—no new rooms—no refrigerator."

"I'm not worryin' about the motor car. We didn't want it, anyhow."

"No Doll—you were right after all . . . We didn't really want it . . . But we could have done with them brick rooms an' the refrigerator."

There was a short silence, and Dolly finally broke it.

"I'm glad you said that, Jim," she said quietly.

"Said what?"

"About the new rooms an' the refrigerator."

"What for, Doll, didn't you think I meant it?"

"No . . . it's not that . . . I was jus' thinkin' how nice it was that we did agree after all . . . You see we're goin' to collect the insurance on that crop," she said with her eyes sparkling. "I paid the premium with my last cream cheque—caught Bob Searle just as he was leaving."

"What?" thundered Jim.

"I mean it," said Dolly composedly.

"Doll—y'r worth y'r weight in gold . . . Why, I didn't even dream you'd do such a thing . . . That means we may get the —er —car after all.

He rose from his chair as though to embrace her.

Dolly walked to the other side of the table.

"No Jim, we won't be buyin' a new car," she said. "The policy's in my name, and I'm still nuts on those two new brick rooms and that kerosene refrig'rator!"

# DROPPING IN AT THE 19th.

Whispers are afloat to the effect that Cottesloe Golf Club is to be the Course of the Season. The fact that it is fully bunkered, augers well for the authenticity of the whisper . . .

Speaking of Cottesloe Golf Club . . . I noticed Mrs. Tom Bunning, during this month, in full swing. Dressed sensibly for the occasion in an Eton Grey skirt and blouse, and wearing one of those new turbans around her head . . .

That same day saw Dorothy Courtenay and Mollie Rowe enjoying the balmy breezes . . .



Onlookers see most of the game. Ah, yes! Miss Mollie Noble I guess you could give us a "spot" about the Play and the Players. However, that candy striped frock you wore was indeed snappy, and the short bolero in gay accompaniment matched beautifully . . .

We haven't seen Lou Gardner 'round Mt. Lawley Golf Links for some time now. How so Lou?

## Open Fixtures for the Winter

The Western Australian Golf Association has arranged the open fixtures for the 1940 winter season, which will open on April 6. Teams of seven a side have been decided on for the "A" and "B" grade pennants, Royal Perth, Mt. Lawley, Lake Karrinyup and Sea View being in the No. 1 zone and Royal Fremantle, Mt. Yokine, Cottesloe and Nedlands in the No. 2 zone. In the "B" grade Dunreath has been included in the same zone as the No. 1 "A" teams. The finals will be played on a neutral course on September 8. After four rounds "A" grade players who have played in all four matches will not be permitted to play in "B" teams for the remainder of the season.

The principal open fixtures are as follows:—

April 6, season opens; 7, captains' day, Royal

Fremantle; 14, Mt. Yokine invitation four-ball; 28, Mt. Lawley birthday cup (open).

May 5 and 6, Sandridge Park Cup; 8, reserve fund competition, Mt. Yokine; 12 Royal Fremantle, Law trophy (invitation); 16, reserve fund competition, Nedlands; 19, Mt. Yokine, Ledger cup (invitation); 26, Sea View cup (open); 29, reserve fund competition, Cottesloe.

June 1, 2 and 3, country district championships; 2, Wembley cup (open); 9, Royal Fremantle, Champion cup (invitation); 12, reserve fund competition, Mt. Lawley; 16, Darlington cup (open). Nedlands winter cup (invitation); 22 and 23, South-West foursomes championship; 23, State foursomes championship, Cottesloe; 26, reserve fund competition, Lake Karrinyup; 30, Mt. Yokine Prosperity cup (open).

July 10, reserve fund competition, Royal Fremantle; 12 and 13, State open championship, Cottesloe; 14, Royal Fremantle cup (open); 15 and 16, country and junior championships, Royal Fremantle; 17, 18, 19, 20, State championships, Cottesloe; 21, Victory cup, Royal Perth, Commemoration cup, Cottesloe; 28, Dunreath cup (open), Royal Fremantle, Miller trophy (invitation).

August 3, Reserve Fund cup qualifying rounds; 4, Kalamunda cup (open); 7, reserve fund competition, Royal Perth; 10 and 11, South-West championships, Sandridge Park; 11, Mt. Lawley Founders' cup (invita-



tion); Mt. Yokine Celebration cup (foursomes invitation); 14, reserve fund competition, Dunreath); 21, reserve fund competition, Sea View.

September 1, Lake Karrinyup winter cup (open); 8, pennant finals; 15, Nedlands spring cup (open); 22, Mt. Yokine family foursomes (invitation); 29, metropolitan championship, Mt. Yokine.

October 6, Soldiers' cup, Dunreath; 13, Lovell cup, Royal Perth (invitation); 20, Veterans' cup, Royal Perth (invitation); 27, Reserve Fund cup play-off.

November 3, secretaries' day, Lake Karrinyup.

IF IT'S an AUSTIN REPAIR

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF W.A.

bring it to

Aubrey Melrose

Perth's Austin Specialist

169 ST. GEORGE'S TERRACE . . . PERTH

PHONE B 2521

PHONE B 2521



Smart & Snappy eh?

AND SO IS THE NEW

WESTERN VOGUE  
MAGAZINE

(INCORPORATING TURNER'S)

65 MURRAY STREET, PERTH.

DON'T DELAY . . . SEND FOR IT TODAY

Name.....

Address.....

SEND ACCOUNT TO.....

Subscription Rates.—6/6 per year (throughout Australia). For overseas, within the British Empire add 2/6 per year for postage.

# WHO SAYS a woman doesn't know her own mind?

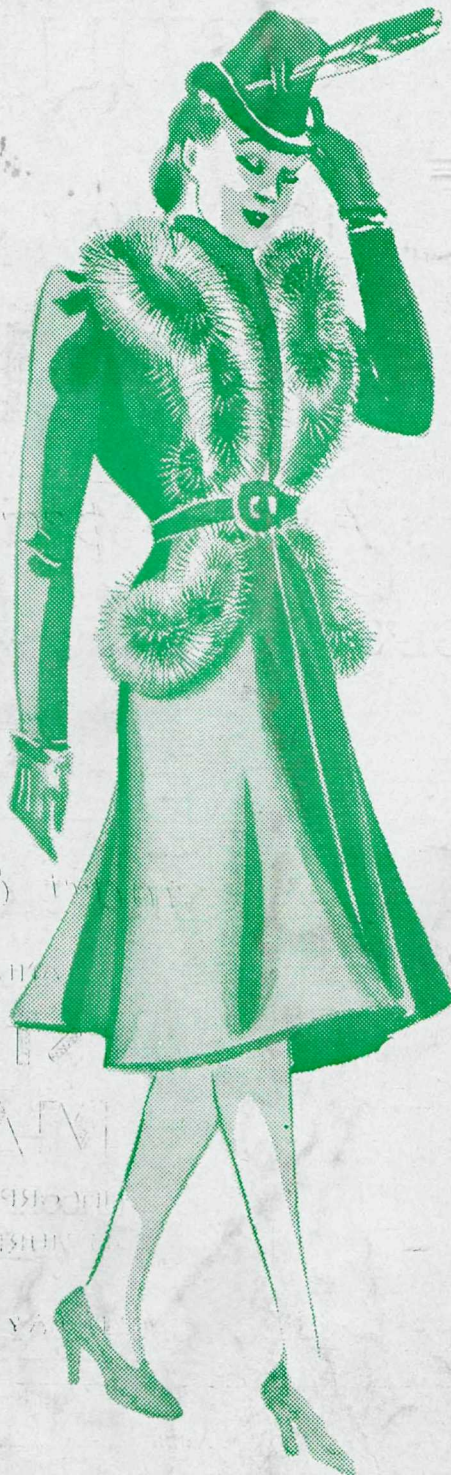
Joe started it, he came home last night and made some cracks at our old car. So I said, "Out with it, my man, just which new car have you been looking at?" And he said, "Oh, not any really, you know we can't afford a 1940 model, but I did watch a swell Ford go by, down town today."

So this afternoon I took a long look at the slightly used Fords at "The Ford Distributors." That's easy to do. And the salesman was grand. Never mentioned fan belts or fuel pumps, or anything like that. He just let me look around and open things and ask questions.

Pretty soon I began to get as excited as Joe. Then we went for a ride in a 1938 model deluxe V-8 sedan.

FIRST, I SAT IN THE BACK. It's simply marvellous how they're put so much downright comfort in that car! The cushions are deep and soft with real leather upholstery.

THEN I TOOK THE WHEEL. I was amazed at how nicely the gear lever shifted. There's nothing tricky about it all.



## I've known mine ever since I saw a Beautiful FORD V-8 SEDAN

IT'S FUN TO FEEL THE POWER of the V-8 engine. It sweeps you ahead so smoothly.

WISH YOU HAD SEEN ME PARK! I eased right into a tight place the first try. The Ford is certainly easy to handle. And Joe will be pleased too, when I tell him I've made up our minds.

IF YOUR JOE IS TALKING ABOUT ANOTHER CAR . . . DO SOMETHING. You know a good buy when you see one, so go and see a good, Used Ford. Take a ride. Take the wheel, and try it out yourself.

PRICES ARE LOW, and probably your present car will more than cover the down payment.

---

1938 Ford V-8 Sedans are available in the full range of colours, priced at £120 to £130 less than the 1940 models.

1936 and 1937 V-8's, and Ford Tens are also offering from £175 up.

---

IT'S SAFER TO BUY A USED FORD FROM "THE FORD DISTRIBUTORS"

# LYNAS MOTORS Ltd.

USED CAR DEPT. AT 983 HAY STREET, PERTH.