

Western **VOGUE**

Incorporating **TURNER'S**

6d.

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A METRO THEATRE MAY RELEASE



IN THIS ISSUE
for Mannequins
Shall I Cook?
Gossip
Story Competition
Flashes
trial

MAY
1940.

L. 4. No. 5.

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second class.



PROGRAMME

HIGHLIGHTS!

New Features!

Popular Sessions!

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."

MATRIMONIAL JACKPOTS

"Matrimonial Jackpots" are presented by British General Electric Co. Pty. Ltd. from 6PR and 6TZ every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Absolutely the latest in quiz programmes, the situations are dealt with in a very entertaining manner.

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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.

COMMUNITY CONCERTS

Kasely's Community and Vaudeville Concerts, broadcast by 6PR and 6TZ every Thursday evening from 8.30 to 10.30 are better than ever before, and offer £50 for the winner of the P. & A. Trials.

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.

MISS CHARMING SEARCH

The Corot Miss Charming Search is broadcast from the Ambassadors Theatre every Wednesday at 9.25. Corots are offering £50 to the Miss Charming of 1940.

A GIRL AND A PIANO

This popular programme featuring Nell Sheriden at the piano and vocalists in a recital of popular numbers is 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.

I WANT A DIVORCE

This popular feature comes on the Air at 8 o'clock on Thursday evenings from 6PR . . . Don't miss this brilliantly acted series of true to life stories of marital upsets and their remedies, presented by Hot-point Electrical Appliances.

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.

WESTERN VOGUE

(INCORPORATING)

TURNER'S

Vol. IV., No. 5.

MAY, 1940.

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



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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.

Art and Memory	11
Aubrey Melrose Across Australia	28-29
Book Reviews	9
Children's Page	34-35
Critiques	2
Golf	12-13
Guest Editorial	4
Home Furnishings	3
Just Looking Round, Thank You!	33
Our Perth Diary of the Smart Set	8
Pictorial	17-24
Plays and Players	32
Quest for Mannequins	16
Radio-Land	10
Scribblings and Scribblers	14-15
Short Story Competition	2
Short Story	6-7
Social	25, 26, 27, 39
Tripe Without Onions	31
What Shall I Cook?	30
Women's Work When Nations War	37-38
Women's League of Health	36-38

Short Story Competition.

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.

Dear Competitors,

The standard of the Short Stories for this month was definitely much better, speaking generally. The winning Story was written by William Hatfield and entitled "Peace."

This is a story of the last war and points a moral, expressed in the last line. A moral moreover that is likely to become once again a moral certainty, unless we all are watchful to see such a thing doesn't happen again, and that after this war we insist upon our leaders giving us some measure of planned economy.

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.

CRITIQUES.

THE FLYCATCHER catches no space in Turner's Vogue beyond advice to be considerably less sticky and messy about what he wants to say.

THE STATION FAIRY. An amusing parody. But how could Alf both hang on to the wand and shear the sheep at the same time? Magic, we suppose—but at that stage he didn't seem aware of the good thing he got hold of. A quibbling point: but we do like even fairy tales to have water—or rather judge-proof—plots!

SOUTH TO FREEDOM. This MS. was a pleasure to handle, but we gave it up when locally born Australian convict appeared driving a dray up to the capitol. A century ahead of himself; and a few thousand words too long for this magazine.

THE PICNIC. Quite good sketch of an episode, with some neat characterisation. Would be better with last two paragraphs deleted. Never over-stress your point. Readers aren't so dumb.

JACKPOT. Another sketch of an episode, but doesn't collect this time. Not sufficient development of character to justify the length.

THE DARK PASSAGE.—Would like this writer to stick to the sea and ships, and not impose a human interest of chestnut variety. Writing also too out of date in style, but some very good vivid work on page four.

L'INCONNU. Quite a neat idea, but consider the attack sentimental—and as facts have worked out the plot is, for the moment, not possible. Another fact, hard but true, is that most Belgians thought the Australians a lot of "hard doers" who generally stole their chickens.

VIRTUOSO. We enjoyed reading this, but would have enjoyed it much more had the writer not wished to display so much literary virtuosity. The plot was neat, but the story really comes alive in the centre when Dove appears. Dove is a live person, and the dialogue first-rate. A much more sparing use of words and sentences half as long elsewhere, would greatly improve the style.

We don't like! "A cold breeze came in off the river caressing the slim trunks of the trees . . ."

Or . . . "four men sat round a large up-ended suit-case playing poker in a second-class carriage."

We do not like amorous rivers nor yet card-playing suit-cases. And do wish authors would read and correct their MSS. with greater care.



Let Mirrors bring Your Home that Added Brightness.

Are small rooms or dark walls your problem? Be cheerful for cramped or darkened interiors can be made extensive in appearance and most attractive.

Ever since decorators have been assuring everyone that there were undiscovered possibilities in what light and colour could do for interiors, glass has played a more definite and important part in home decoration. Interest is centred about the windows in many modern rooms, while mirrors which have been hung in unexpected and unfamiliar places, catch lights that suggest space and depth.

There is something very spacious and suggestive of freedom about great strips of glass whether they are found in window panes or mirrors; something that keeps one from being overpowered by walls; helps in the escape from "tight living and tight thinking." In former days a small well draped and covered opening went by the name of a window. What great aesthetic strides have been necessary to evolve the scenic windows that grace almost every modern home today! Along with that advance came the evolution from small inadequate squares of old time mirrors to the sparkling surfaces that play surprising tricks in home furnishing if used with thought and tasteful arrangement.

Many of the recent uses of mirrors can be attributed to the genius of architects and experts who are always quick to recognise the possibilities of materials. This article however, is not for the fortunates with the modern home which has profited from the experience of these people, but for the housekeeper who is intent on brightening dull interiors. She also can utilise some of their ideas. A first and most important thing is, to remember not to clutter up the windows with over dressing. There is nothing more suffocating to your mentality even if you are not conscious of it. Besides light from your window is going to be very necessary if you are going to enlist the aid of mirrors. Simplicity in any room is imposing and impressive.

Here are a few instances of what has been done by re-decoration with mirror. There was a one room apartment which had only a moderate amount of daylight. Provided with a mirror window sill and a mirror top for a table, the room caught bright patches of sky, making it seem alive and newly interesting.

The loveliness of one dining room in a quaintly built old house was marred by a dimness at one end. Part of the room was cut off from the sunny garden outlook by a jutting section of the wall. A mirror screen placed in this spot caught the reflection of the windows, and cheerfully lighted the dim corners.

A dull colour famished room was given its freedom by the placing of twin mirrors where they achieved symmetry in well balanced wall spaces. Herein did not lie their sole purpose. That was thought out to reflect colour. One caught the green and red of a geranium plant, the other a gay picture. Think of the wonderful accentuation to colour scheme with adding more items to a crowded room.

Alice Funken of America gives us these ideas. A

small room was greatly enlarged by installing a complete mirror wall. A mirror panel over a fireplace gave dignity and a sense of space in another instance. A panel back of a dinette group made a crowded niche look larger. A sparkling dining room had a table with a mirror top.

Casements have been drawn into a unit and given interest by the use of mirror strips between each window, and mirror valances. The dull look that fireplaces are apt to have when not in use, was forestalled by putting mirror strips around them.

Powder rooms and bathrooms have been improved with mirror dressing tables. Powder rooms often have the entire walls of mirror to give them the illusion of depth.

If you are fortunate enough not to mind how much your home brightening activities are to cost, then you have a great range of surprises for both yourself and your guests. However, so much can be obtained from small rightly placed pieces of mirror, that the woman with the limited income, can find endless joy in this direction. Don't buy any mirror. Think your room out thoroughly. Consider the window light. Even borrow the bedroom mirrors for an hour until you decide just where you need your mirror and what size it should be.

Well, good luck in the extending of your rooms.

Constant Change

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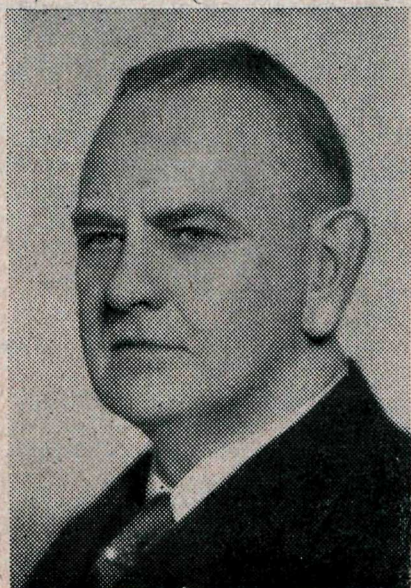
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GUEST EDITORIAL



SCANDINAVIA

by

SIR HAL COLEBATCH

"Times" of a certain date and offered to secure a copy for each intending listener who would send him the cost of the paper and postage. Within a week he received forty thousand applications.

Sweden is one of the most advanced of the world's democracies. She has for some time past had a socialist government with a small majority in both chambers, but it is in no sense of the word a class government. There is no attempt to stifle private enterprise. At the same time there is no country in the world in which the distribution of wealth is on a more equitable basis, and probably none in which the general standard of living is higher. Physically and mentally they are a superb people. They weathered the storm during the world-wide depression better than any other country. They departed in a measure from orthodox methods of finance, but always for the elimination of unemployment—not for its maintenance. The underlying principle was that the thing of first importance was not the money, but the use that was made of it. So far as world conditions permitted they followed a policy of free intercourse with other countries. Their factories are amongst the best in the world, and the taste of the people in art, in literature, and in music is at once wholesome and highly trained.

At the moment, all eyes are on Norway and on the Scandinavian countries generally, and my mind goes back to a visit I paid to that part of the world in February, 1936. It was mid-winter and the snow was a foot deep everywhere. My mission was to deliver a series of lectures on Australia in Sweden and Denmark. In the summer time the people of Sweden are engaged in their different avocations all over the country-side. In the winter they congregate, to a large extent, in the cities and towns and it is the time of the year for social functions of all kinds. To a greater extent probably than in any other country these social functions are of an educational and uplifting character. Swedish is said to be a very difficult language for a foreigner to learn, but the Swedes themselves are good linguists. Before the last world war most of the trade of Sweden was done with Germany, her near neighbour, and so German was a sort of second language for the people. Of recent years there has been an increasing tendency towards trade with Britain instead of with Germany. For this there were two reasons: first the Swedes hatred of the Nazi system of Government, and secondly the difficulties resulting from German currency control. A natural result was the displacing to a large extent of the German language by English, which was taught in the schools. The eagerness of the older generation to acquire a knowledge of English may be simply illustrated. An Englishman who had been some years in Sweden teaching the language made an arrangement with the broadcasting authorities to give weekly lessons in English over the wireless. In a preliminary address he said that it would be necessary for all who wished to take part to have before them the same printed matter as that from which he was reading. He suggested using a copy of the London

I have recently heard these Scandinavian countries rebuked for not having paid heed to the warnings that were given them from time to time of the dangers that threatened them. Such criticism is undeserved. Without exception they have for long years imposed upon all their men the obligation of military training for home defence. It should interest those who fear that a return to our old system of universal training, commencing with the elder lads at school, would encourage the development of a military spirit, to know that these Scandinavians are the most peace loving people in the world and that to a greater extent than in any other country they have followed a political policy directed to the maintenance of peace. Ever since the last war economists the world over have been saying—and saying truthfully—that the nations must either trade with each other or fight with each other. The Scandinavians were amongst the few who obeyed this injunction. At the time of my visit circumstances had forced upon them the necessity for increased war expenditure, although they fully recognised that it must threaten the

standard of living in their country. But what could a country of less than seven million people do in the way of preparing to defend itself against the might of Germany?

Denmark I found in much the same plight. The danger was not ignored, but the impossibility of effective defence was clear to all. These countries relied upon their own integrity, upon their peaceful intentions, and upon their willingness to trade freely with all the world. I spent an unforgettable day at Kronborg Castle near Elsinore. It was to this castle that William Shakespeare and his company of English actors journeyed to give a command performance to the King of Denmark and it was there he conceived the drama of Hamlet—the most enthralling tragedy in the English language. From Denmark I went to Germany to visit the Leipzig Fair—the mother of all fairs, that has enjoyed an uninterrupted career of nearly a thousand years. On Saturday, March 7, I motored from Berlin to Potsdam and to the lovely palace of Sans Souci.

On returning to Berlin we found the city in a

ferment of excitement and enthusiasm: very real enthusiasm. Hitler had sent his troops into the Rhine. It was regarded not as an incident by itself but as the commencement of a campaign in accordance with his frequently published intentions. In Belgium and in France the same idea prevailed. It was the commencement of another war. The country that to a greater extent than any other was guilty of disregarding the warning was Great Britain. Not until two and a half years later, in September, 1938, when Hitler—after invading Austria six months earlier—was able to dictate the so-called peace of Munich by which he scored a bloodless victory over Czechoslovakia, did England really wake up and commence to prepare in earnest. We have no right to reproach the Scandinavian countries with failure to heed repeated warnings. We have every reason for pride and gratification that today Britain is both able and willing to rescue them from German brutality and to preserve the independence of countries whose destruction might well be regarded as signifying the collapse of all that is best in European civilization.

HAL COLEBATCH.

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL ELECTION.

SIR HAL COLEBATCH'S POLICY.

Sir Hal Colebatch, an endorsed Nationalist Party candidate for the Metropolitan Province in the forthcoming Legislative Council election, said in an address to the electors that he based his claim to support on his long experience in State and Federal politics and his intimate knowledge of British and European affairs, acquired in nine years' service as Agent-General in London, which gave him peculiar qualification to assist in meeting wartime problems and in shaping post-war policy.

He strongly supported the war policy of the Commonwealth Government from the conviction that the fate of Australia depended upon the issue of the war. He was strongly opposed to the using of the present emergency as an excuse for enlarging the peace-time powers of the Commonwealth at the expense of the States. It was one of the first duties of the State Government and Parliament to resist further invasion of State rights and to endeavour to secure full recognition of State powers as laid down in the Federal Constitution. While recognising the difficulties of the State Government, he was opposed to the present emergency being used to assail the rights of the Perth City Council and other local authorities.

As a Nationalist, he regarded the Legislative Council as a non-party House and considered that its members should be entirely free from party domination. It was on that principle that he contested and won the Senate election 12 years ago, and during his four years' membership of the Senate he refrained from attending party meetings and freely exercised his rights of criticism. He considered that the Legislative Council would lose its value as a chamber of review if it allowed itself to come under party dominance. While recognising that the representative of a province

owed his first duty to his immediate constituents, there was an obligation on metropolitan members to have a full regard for the interests of the producing industries in all parts of the State. He strongly advocated the building up of secondary industries in the metropolitan area and in other parts of the State. The best methods of encouraging the establishment of new industries was the full support of all those now in existence and the freeing of them from present disabilities. A big effort should be made by the West Australian Government and Parliament to secure for this State a fair proportion of the contracts let in connection with defence expenditure.

He would resist any proposal calculated to detract from the natural beauty of Perth and would encourage an orderly policy of development and improvement. Regarding the difficulties that would arise after the war, he was convinced that, rightly used, the resources of Western Australia should make possible profitable and well-paid employment for all our own people, including the returned soldiers, and afford opportunity for such orderly increase in population as the State's security and enlargement of prosperity demanded. He was an advocate of educational progress and of keeping pace with the times in that connection.

Polling in the election will take place on May 11.

(With acknowledgments to the "West Australian.")

A modern two-tone occasional table with a round ribbon-grained walnut top, and built on a circular tube shaped base, which is in that lovely timber, silver ash. The top is nicely polished a medium walnut colour, and the base in contrast is finished in the natural shade. It's made beautifully in Hearn Bros. & Stead's own factory, and is priced at 75/-.

This Month's Winning Short Story.

PIECE

by

WILLIAM
HATFIELD.

There was no mail through the ranges where Alston worked his copper "show" in the Selwyn Ranges, eighty miles or so out of Cloncurry. Alston and his wife had few correspondents, so that didn't matter, and it was long since the war news had carried anything of interest. Last year there had been the enthusiasm when the Yanks came in, but all you ever heard of them was that Pershing wouldn't put his troops in anybody's army, except for a few here and there to get the hang of things. This was America's army, and America had privately declared war on Germany alone, not Austria or Bulgaria or Turkey. Nor had they "joined the allies." The Allies would only want to go running things themselves, and running the Americans too, so until Pershing had a big enough force to go in and win off his own bat there was nothing doing. Then early this year there had been the big German offensive in March, and the British 5th Army rolled back. Then you had heard something about the Americans. Detachments had moved in and given the Australians a hand stemming the tide of the German advance. Young Jim Alston had done his bit in that, his last bit, in fact. They had got the Defence Department's telegram about it that time they went in with the June "parcel" of ore. So there wasn't much interest in the war news, these days. You heard they'd shoved the Germans back for miles, but then, they were always doing that, but when you saw the map of the front in the papers they seemed just about in the same place as

The fact of having been born in England, does not prevent William Hatfield from being an Australian of Australians. When he adopted this country, several years before the outbreak of the last war, he did so in earnest, and his life and his writing since that time have both been concerned with our land. Quite recently, he spent a year or so in "the old country," but was glad to arrive back to the sunshine. A prolific writer, he is widely known for such novels as "Sheepmates," "Ginger Murdoch," etc., etc., and short stories and serials from his pen appear regularly in all leading Australian periodicals. His sympathy for "the under dog" has always been pronounced, and, though he is well aware that fiction should first of all be entertaining, he likes to impress an idea, or give food for thought, as this short story will prove to discerning readers.

they'd been since the end of 1914. And they usually put it in kilometres, how far they'd pushed 'em back, so you were as wise as before.

No, there was nothing in the papers, and nobody wrote to them any more now there were no Field Post Cards from Jim, or urgent requests for a few quid when he was on leave in London. Jim's bride had come out here, after. Nice little thing, too. From Scotland, away up north, somewhere, the Highlands, pretty cold. She hadn't been able to stand the heat out in Cloncurry, and she'd been terribly disappointed after that trip out to the show.

"But Jim said that ye'd a copperr-maine!" she said. "Is tha' a maine, that' wee hole that' ye craw' doon like a badgerr?" Her lip had trembled. They knew she had been bitterly disappointed, but had controlled her tears. A nice little thing. You could tell she had been decently brought up. Poor thing. What sort of yarn had Jim spun her about a mine? Those urgent cables of his: "London leave, send fifty." Had he cut a bit of a dash, and kidded this poor thing?

The baby was a year old when Jim got his issue. He hadn't said a thing about it. Just like Jim. Saving it for a surprise for them when he got off the boat. They could see him give a sideways nod down at that sweet little Scotch lass with the baby in her arms, and grin, and say "This's Bessie—and young Jim!" and pinch the kid's ear. It was the "dead ring" of him too. They remembered what Jim had looked like at that age. In fact this last while they'd remembered him

more like that than any other way. It didn't do to think of him too much as the flash horseman who rode in sometimes from the cattle station sixty miles up towards the Gulf from the 'Curry, didn't do to think of him too much as the tall dashing figure in the polished leggings and spurs and the emu-feathered hat up for a weel from Brisbane on home leave before sailing, or in the photographs from Cairo and London. Jim on a camel with a Pyramid in the background; Jim on a donkey on the sands at Brighton; Jim always in some laughing care-free pose, making a joke of the war. No. It was better to think of Jim as a little toddler diving into everything and falling over, barking his knees and running to Mummy; across a broomstick with a bit of string on the end of a twig, "yarding cattle." You seemed to have him a long time, that way, all the years watching him grow up. Somehow he'd a bit of style about him. He'd be managing a station one of these days.—But then you went back again to when he was like little Jim, here, that way you still had him a long time. As soon as you got to seeing him across a real buckjumper instead of a broomstick that cavorted to his order, you soon rushed straight along to that time he came home with the feathers in his hat. Then you got a few cablegrams for cash—and that War Office thing . . .

And poor little Bessie couldn't stand the heat. Truth was she couldn't live out at the show, in the bag and tin shack with the dirt floor, with the flies in the jam and all over little Jim's eyes, and the

water you had to go careful with because you had to cart it four miles from the creek. She didn't like the bare red gravel ridge dotted with spinifex, and no shade trees, and she didn't like the wee-bit heaps o' rock the Alstons called the Range, back a mile or so from the camp. She didn't like the tinned meat and the oily butter out of a tin, that *would* turn liquid during the middle of the day, although you kept it in a hanging canvas trough of water. The week or two she stayed out there you could see she was holding herself back from tears the whole time. And you were not to know whether it was Jim she was thinking of or the picture Jim had painted for her, very like, of his people's "copper mine" out in North Queensland.

She couldn't stand the heat, not even in Cloncurry; where they eventually found a house for her. True, it wasn't much of a house, with no fenced off garden area (there were no gardens, even in the most secluded quarters, for gardens want water, and there was no water in Cloncurry) just a four-roomed iron shack with a lip of a veranda on the front, and what had been designed as the verandah for the back sheeted in to make two of its four rooms. There was a rain water tank of a thousand gallons capacity, but it was a long time since it rained, so you bought water from the carter at 3/6 for a hundred gallon tank that stood out the back. Still, in a place like the 'Curry, unless you're prepared to build you own house, you can't pick and choose. Poor Bessie had stuck it a month in there, till it began to get really hot, then she had gone down to Brisbane. She had Jim's money, of course, but it wasn't much to keep a home on. Not that she growled. You couldn't say Bessie growled.

So Alston "hoed into it" a bit harder out there in the Selwyn Range. If they could send a few pounds down it would help her along. They didn't have to send any away to Jim, now, for his leaves (his pay, he pointed out, just about saw you through for smokes and a few pots behind the lines when you were in billets. Nothing for a leave. Jim had rather queer ideas about money. He had never earned much on the stations, but he was in

town so seldom that his cheque seemed a lot, for the short while he was in. And Alston had always said, when his wife "moaned a bit" about the cash Jim got through on his leaves: "Well, you see, he's only young, and when he goes back there—Who knows? You can't begrudge him a bit of a spree when he *does* get out o' the line."

No, they hadn't to send any away to Jim, now, so they could send a bit down to Jim's little Scotch bride, and Jim's kid.

Alston would have been in a bit sooner, only he wanted to get a fair parcel, this time. There was the new wagonette he'd had built down in Charters Towers, sixty quid, that set him back, but it would pay for itself on a few parcels. You had to have a turnout of some kind to

get out to the show, and the prices the Afghans charged for the few miles into the railway! Of course, you couldn't blame 'em. They had to come out from the Duchess, miles and miles empty, then cart your little parcel of ore the few miles, and wander back empty to the Duchess. And when you had the turnout you could put a ton aboard and do the five or six trips pretty nearly in a day. Lot of money, sixty quid, but you'd soon get it back, and then you had the turnout to show for it. So Alston stayed out this time till he had a real parcel, five tons. And it was fair stuff he was on, too. It went pretty near twenty per cent.—not a marvellous percentage for a gouger's show, but with copper at

(Continued on page 40.)

I want every drop!

OF SWAN

Crystal BITTER



OUR PERTH DIARY OF THE SMART SET.

HARRIS, SCARFE & SANDOVERS

Easter Weddings included the dapper, curly haired Cliff McCormick. During March, Cliff was listed "Absent through sickness" but we were happy to know that his recovery was timed so as not to disrupt the nuptial ceremony. Congratulations and good luck, Cliff.

HEARN BROS. & STEAD

Miss Edith Hearn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hearn, one of the principals of Hearn Bros. & Stead, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Graham Berry of the Union Bank.

MOORES

It is with most sincere pleasure that we hand on the happy news of the engagement recently announced between that charming and genuine personality, Miss Margaret Lynch from the Letter of Credit Department, to her fiance of the same name . . . Lynch. We just know you are going to be happy . . . so good health and good luck.

SELFRIDGES

What a lot of social doings in this popular store! We learn that Miss E. James and Miss K. Macutcheon went to the Porongorups for their Easter vacation, and are both looking fine—they had an extra week there, after everyone else had returned to harness. There is nothing like relaxation in the wide open spaces! And speaking of open spaces—who will fill the place of attractive Miss P. Murphy, who is leaving on the 4th for the Eastern States. Lots of her friends went along to Renos Cafe on Saturday, the 27th April, when Miss Dolly Warwick hosted a farewell party. The guest of honour was presented with a parting gift and a lovely bouquet from those present, including Misses E. James, Alison Greaves, F. James, G. Savage, K. Hanley, K. Macutcheon, B. Hulme, D. McDonald, B. Goode, T. Angel, M. Mehan and J. Halnen.

Two other lassies who are absent on vacation are Miss D. Payne and Miss E. Young, and they have chosen Albany—it's a popular spot at this time of the year!

AHERNS

Scarborough claimed the attention of quite a number of Ahernites—this was during Easter, and noticed amongst them were Misses Lois Secombe, Jean Doig, Nancy Smith, Lucy Bassett, Mary Day, Myra Wilmoughby, Dorothy Edwards, Noel Bassett, and Messrs. J. Evans, G. Woolley, T. Hales and V. Lippman.

NORWOOD'S LIBRARY

Miss Trixie Crabb has now taken the reins of this busy little hive—and her many friends all wish her every success in her new and interesting venture.

COLES.

Attractive little Emmie Pericles will be missed from the Stationery Department, now that she has gone off and married Mr. James Hugh Williams—a real Welshman from Wales, too. They were married at Christchurch, Claremont on the 27th April, when the Rev. Canon John Bell officiated. Before the wedding, Emmie was feted for weeks at parties arranged by her many friends, and Miss Nancy Goss was one of the hostesses who did the honours at her home in South Perth—the party was a novelty evening. At Scarborough Mr. and Mrs. Wally Dray arranged a surprise party, and those who turned up included Mr. and Mrs. Major, Misses Zilla McCaskill, Pat McDougall, L. Mousdale, Messrs. V. Lipman, J. Williams, N. Elphick and I. Brotherson.

Other parties were arranged by Mrs. McAulay, who was matron-of-honour, and Misses Margaret McNab and Thelma Dyson.

Another bride was Miss Isabel Vial, who was also married on the 27th April to Mr. Phil James. Parties for this popular bride were arranged by her bridesmaids—Misses Vera Uren and Maisie Ore. Miss Ness Fair also organised a gay variety evening, when music, singing and games were enjoyed by those present.

On the 24th April Miss Marjory Moore was married to Mr. Harry Lazarus, and her bridesmaid, Miss Olive Bennett hosted a kitchen tea.

The 20th April was chosen by Miss Eileen Higgins for her marriage to Mr. Laurie Edwards, and parties were arranged by her bridesmaids, and many friends.

THEATRE ROYAL.

The little blind god has been busy again and the result is Leone Coppin, that brown-eyed only daughter of Mrs. M. Coppin of Shenton Park and the late Walter Coppin, has accepted diamonds from John, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Singleton of Perth.

FOYS.

Miss Edna Dalzeill is leaving on Tuesday for a month's holiday in the East, where she will meet many of the old Foy's girls.

Miss Loris McGavin of Foy's Hosiery Dept. will leave on the "Koolama" to spend several weeks with her sister in Marble Bar.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"KITTY FOYLE" by Christopher Morley.

Now really Mr. Morley this is hardly fair . . . As one Editress to an Author, do you really think you should have revealed so much about our frail, weaker sex. Or are we? This story is rich in originality of wit, the Irish strain being most dominant. We women know only too well the life line as conducted by Kitty Foyle, we know the subterfuges and idiosyncrasies, but Christopher Morley has laid bare the feminine secrets for all to read, and blended it with candour, courage, humour and tragedy. It is not only worth reading but is worth re-reading. Obtainable at all book sellers. Published by Angus & Robertson; price, 7/6.

"THE PHANTOM FORWARD" by Sidney Horler.

Enough to say that it is "another Horler thriller." This time Horler has woven a simple love story which winding through the suspicions, sportsmanship enthusiasms and mystery of a young footballer who

through loss of memory is entirely oblivious of the plotting of his enemies, until he eventually becomes a member of the English International Team . . . Thrills and mystery . . . quite light yet interesting reading. Obtainable at all book sellers; price 4/6. Published by Hodder & Stoughton.

"WEEK-END WOMAN" by Ruby M. Ayres.

A light story dealing with ordinary men and women with whom one comes in contact every day. Woven into a romance of modern trend this plot unfolds a new interpretation of the verse on the cover page . . .

"O woman, born first to believe us;
Yes, also born first to forget;
Born first to betray and deceive us,
Yet first to repent and regret."

Obtainable at all book sellers priced 7/6. Published by Hodder & Stoughton.

They Who Grow Old.

(Written by "DOROTHEA" after a visit to The Old Women's Home, Fremantle, on Mother's Day.)



May Robson in "Mother" role.
(Block by courtesy of Theatre Royal)

Oh Mother of Mine! I thank God today,
That no hand of Tragedy shadows your way
I've seen a sight which has moved me to tears,
A Home for aged women . . . lost through the years.

We couldn't be blind to tragedy there,
As we gazed on grey locks, which once were so fair,
As we gazed into eyes and saw no spark
Just who had forgotten? Oh Memory Dark!

Presents were scattered—sweet music was played,
The voice of sad song made my heart feel afraid.
I looked on lined faces, my tears fell fast
As I wondered why to this Home they were passed.

I took my Babe's hand, and stumbled outside
Tears blinded the sun-shine, as I tried to hide
Someone's daughter, maybe someone's Mother . . .
Alone . . . and so aged . . . in charge of another.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may! But do
Ask God, that this may not happen to you,
We have only one Mother, just think I pray
Of somebody's Mother, who lives down that way.

I think of someone who loves me so well,
I live in her heart, as in mine she does dwell
Mother of Mine! How I beg God this day
Just to make your days happy . . . I pray . . . I pray.



RADIO-LAND

FUTURE CLUB FIXTURES.

"Frances" Listeners' Club.

Our Monthly Dance will be held at the Embassy Ballroom on Monday, 20th May, in aid of Charities.

Monthly afternoon meeting on the first Wednesday in the month, at Boans fourth floor.

The Dramatic Circle are holding their second birthday social at the Stirling Institute, on Saturday, the 11th May. Tickets, 1/9.

The Tinopeners will visit the Old

Women's Home on Sunday, 12th May, Mother's Day. All are invited.

They will also hold their Card Evening at the Girls' Friendly Society Rooms, Hay Street, on Monday, 13th May. Admission, 1/6.

The Art Circle will hold their next meeting on Tuesday, 7th May, at the home of "Leonie," 27 Cross Street, Subiaco. Members are requested to bring a plate.

The Choir hold their meeting every Friday night at the Methodist

Rooms, corner William and Murray Streets.

Bridge and Rummy are conducted at Boans Reception Room, 4th floor, every Wednesday afternoon. Admission, 1/3.

"Frances" Listeners' Club held their usual monthly dance at the Embassy Ballroom last Monday night the 15th inst. Members and friends spent a very enjoyable evening and items rendered by the pupils of the Lashbrooke School of Dancing were very much appreciated.

Although Frances was not present, being on a holiday, we are hoping that she will be at our next dance, which will be held on Monday, the 20th of May.

The Social Committee who arranged the evening's programme, comprised: Mesdames Stevens, Walsh, Collins, Southcott and Fort.

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Mellowness Loved
by Connoisseurs!*

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MARY BERRY, the Producer of "The Women," which was successfully and brilliantly staged at Assembly Hall during April. In next month's issue we intend giving a full page presentation in criticism on the play. The Workers' Art Guild of W.A. presented the Play.



ART AND MEMORY.

SOME FINE WATERCOLOURS.



Mrs. Kelly arranging the collection at The Hostel, Yanchep.

The sum total of a woman's life work, and her devotion to the memory of a son who died upon the field of battle finds tangible expression in the recently opened Max Kelly Art Gallery at The Hostel, Yanchep.

No more lovely or enduring memorial to Cyril Harvey Kelly could have been conceived than this charming collection of over 300 watercolour studies of Western Australian wildflowers, painted by the talented hands of his loving mother. A quiet, unassuming, white-haired lady, well over 70, Mrs. Kelly has single-mindedly pursued her objective of creating this commemorative work, over a period of twenty years. Her early art training was at the hands of her governess, and further tuition was received from an Art Academy in Adelaide.

In accepting Mrs. Kelly's offer of her beautiful collection, the State Gardens Board set about re-constructing the top floor of The Hostel, at Yanchep Park, and now, a perpetual memorial to a brave soldier son, the gallery is open for public inspection.

Each study is framed and glazed, and bears the botanical name of the subject. A complete catalogue is in course of preparation. Amongst the collection many rare, and now rapidly becoming extinct, varieties of West Australian native flora are to be found. Each study has been painted from nature, and during the last twenty years Mrs. Kelly has travelled extensively in search of specimens. Her wanderings have taken her over the highways and the by-ways of the State, even into the arid, sandy wastes.

Her art is of high order, the predominating features of which are faithfulness of reproduction, true colour values, and perfection in proportion and grouping. In fact, it is no exaggeration that the Max Kelly

Commemorative Art Gallery is the finest, largest, and most comprehensive collection of its kind in existence, and has considerable national importance.

Those who have already seen the exhibition are unanimous in their praise of the realistic beauty of Mrs. Kelly's art.

As its fame spreads, increasing numbers of people are being attracted to view not only a unique group of over 300 studies of our famous wildflowers, but also the expression of a mother's love which, unaffected by the swift passage of years, has materialized in all this fragrant loveliness built around a bronze plaque which reads: "In memory of Cyril Harvey Kelly, Killed in Action, aged 21 years."

A very lovely range of wall-to-wall carpeting in every sort of colour . . . autumn shades, blue, green, rust, brown, fawn, rose, wine and pink. One particularly struck my eye . . . an Imperial quality carpet with a rich green background having a winged effect in brown, fawn and nigger running across it. This was one of Hearn Bros. & Stead's exclusive designs and is only 16/9 a yard, made and laid in your home.

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Dropping in at the 19th.

Nedlands Golf Club certainly made merry on their opening day, which by the way was April 10. In the four ball best ball competition, the Vice-Presidents' Trophy, presented by Mesdames C. Pascoe and J. Bownes, was won by Mrs. M. Turpin and Mrs. H. Costello.

This same day, the first Ball of the Season, was driven off by the President of the Associates, Miss M. Egan, after she had welcomed all players both past and new members.

The following Wednesday, the second day of the season, the 18 hole stroke competition was played for Mrs. G. Wilson's Trophy. This was won by Mrs. J. Shearer.

The Monthly Silver Spoon, for April, was won by Mrs. A. Middleton.

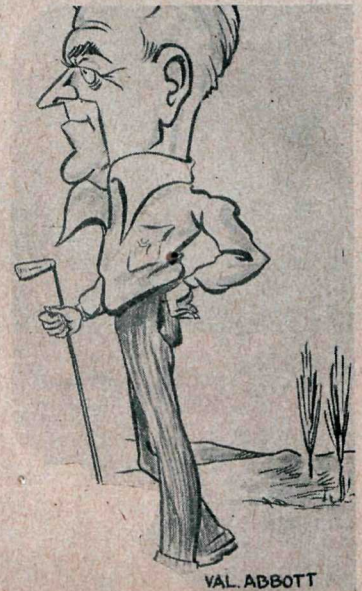
Over the last two Wednesdays, in spite of oppressive weather, several of the members reduced their handicaps.

Almost as a fanfare in accom-



J. M. Seward (Royal Perth)

paniment to the opening of the 1940 Golf Season, was the Dance held at the Nedlands Golf Club House on Friday, April 26. An energetic committee, presided over by Miss M. Egan, the President, deserve heartiest congratulations for the success of the evening. Members of the Committee being: Mesdames C. Pascoe and R. Berryman (vice-presidents), A. J. Baird (hon. secretary), R. Potts (captain), J. Donnes (vice-captain), F. Malla-bone, J. Young, G. Wilson, G.



Val Abbott (Royal Perth)

Stubbs and F. Atkins. Harry Ward's orchestra supplied the music and supper was served on the down-stairs veranda on tables gay with Iceland poppies, dahlias and roses.

Dancing was enjoyed in the lounge which was arranged with a



H. Gallahawk (Mt. Yokine)



No need for introduction! Our photographer caught this informal snap at South Perth "once upon a time." Mesdames Turner, Campbell-Egan, Cook and McKissock.

profusion of zinnias, marigolds, Mexican sunflowers, and plumbago, the sun lounge—a colourful spot with its multicoloured chairs lining the walls overlooking the swimming pool—and on the balcony.

Many charming frocks were noticed among the dancers, and beautiful fur capes, coats and wraps were striking adjuncts to some effective toilettes. Miss Egan chose a smart frock, the skirt of which was black satin, and the corsage rich ivory lace, with a black and flame sash lending a bright finish. A French frock worn by Mrs. M. Turpin of moonlight blue and silver floral lame was among the most striking gowns noticed, and a black lace frock—Mrs. A. J. Baird's choice—



Who is
"Whacko"?
(Mt.
Yokine)

had a telling colour note introduced by a Peter Pan emerald green moire collar at the high neck line. Mrs. J. P. Milner's elegant frock was black pencil striped chiffon veiling gold taffeta, with a smart black velvet sash.

A novel note was struck in the frock chosen by Mrs. A. M. Styles—a black lacquered net, hail spotted with pale blue in wide horizontal

stripe effect, and a wild blackberry satin frock donned by Mrs. S. Worth was as elegant as it was simple. Black toilettes supplied at-



Ossie Gamble (Mt. Yokine)

tractive contrasting touches to the scene, Mrs. L. P. Hawley's 'black brocaded roubaix frock, and Miss J. Smith's black velvet toilette being specially noticeable. A biege lace gown worn by Mrs. A. E. Riley was effectively sashed with violet velvet, and Mrs. N. Bentley was dainty in blue and cyclamen changeant taffeta.

Miss M. Clayton chose a striking frock of black net patterned in a scarlet design, and another effective net frock—worn by Mrs. Ames—had a fascinating little white floral design on the filmy net. Mrs. D.

A. W. Jacoby
(Cottesloe)



Davies chose green and silver lame, and Miss Sybil Downe's white georgette frock was effectively touched with silver. Mrs. J. R. Quinlivan chose cyclamen georgette, and Mrs. R. A. Teasdale a delicate blue georgette gown.

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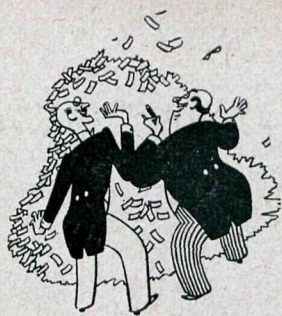
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SCRIBBLINGS and SCRIBBLERS



MARY DURACK (Mrs. H. Miller), has returned to Perth after an overland trip to the vicinity of Port Hedland. While in the North she saw her brothers and renewed her acquaintance with the area of which she and her sister Elizabeth have written so charmingly.

* * *

MR. E. A. BEE, of the Royal Automobile Club, has on two occasions won the prize offered for a radio play, in connection with the W.A. Drama Festival. His latest winning effort has now been accepted by the Australian Broadcasting Commission. It will come over the national network, but the date has not yet been fixed.

* * *

Cynics in our midst were rather inclined to fancy, when they heard that a certain amount of money had been made available to the University of W.A. for lectures on Australian literature, that one of the many hundred local scholars who know nothing of this subject would be chosen to speak on it. Such has certainly not been the case, however, for KATHERINE SUSANNAH PRITCHARD, NORMAN BARTLETT ("Norbar of the West"), JOHN K. EWERS, and WILLIAM HATFIELD are to handle the course, each talking on some particular aspect of letters in this land.

* * *

MERV. COOKE, who has for some months been Assistant Secretary of the local section of the Fellowship of Australian Writers, has assumed control of its records, now that George Mulgrue has made for the proverbial "fresh fields." Merv. writes under the pen-name of "Anthony Culpeffer."

* * *

The new Storyteller at 6WF is T. R. LEWIS, whose daily efforts in "The Daily News" are a source of wonder to less energetic writers. Mr. Lewis has written in many forms, one of his most noteworthy performances being as part-author of a full sized radio-play which won a major prize in an Australia-wide competition a few years ago.

REALITY.

I live, yet what am I?
I vaguely question and more vaguely try
To find some answer to this mystery.
The world ensnares me,
Till I think I am
Evolved upon some mortal human plan.
Then from the dust of ages thought escapes
And wings its way to vision full and clear
Where I perceive that mind and I be one.
Unfettered. Ranged beyond moon and sun.
Far flung entirety.

This fleeting thing.
This thread of mortal seeming.
This transient earthsense
Quelled by Lethe's gloom,
Slow passing.
Thence to bloom
And flourish in reality
Whence mind unswayed transcends mortality.

Thought precedes creations dawn
And lifts on high a light for those who see
A full proportioned safe reality
In mind.
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust?
If mind were first, return to mind we must.
If all is mind what substance in a tree?
A glorious image in eternity.
Thus mind in truth is true reality.

Rix Weaver.

* * *

TED MAYMAN deserted his bank desk for part of the month to wrestle with poultry, pigs, etc., on a farm in the hills near Perth. Though Ted writes chiefly of the Goldfields, where his youth was spent, he has travelled a great deal, having been stationed in both New Guinea and London, and having returned from the latter village across Russia and Northern China.

Writers in Western Australia will regret the fact that *GEORGE MULGRUE*, 6WF Storyteller, left for Sydney during the month. George was enthusiastic about local writing, but his eagerness to help inky wayfarers did not destroy his critical ability, and though he broadcast hundreds of West Australian stories, he was by no means easy to satisfy. He was guest of honour at an informal gathering of the Fellowship of Australian Writers, members of which wished him all the luck in the world in the big city.

* * *

When *JOHN K. EWERS*, as retiring president of the F.A.W. addressed its members at the annual dinner some months ago, many of his listeners expressed the opinion that his remarks on "The Great Australian Paradox" were worthy of print. They were recently published by Carrolls, at 9d. a copy, and are at present arousing interest all over Australia. "The Bulletin" says of the pamphlet, "An attack on syndication, State Governments and political lethargy, woven into a plea for more vigorous Australianism in letters and politics."

* * *

JAMES POLLARD, whose nature-writings and bush stories are widely known, has been studying marine life for a change. He recently enjoyed ten days of cruising among the islands, and returned to his Kalamunda home looking bronzed and well.

* * *

Readers will be thrilled with this interesting personal letter from Italy by that delightful writer *NAOMI JACOBS*. Among her list of books we have read, "The Young Emanuel," "Barren Metal," "No Easy Way," "Roots," "Loaded Sticks," "The Founder of the House," and her latest release, "Full Meridium." Dear Friend,

Many thanks for the card—delightful. And now, here's one New Year's resolution, I promised to send you some information about cheese in this country. Here you are. Of course there is the best known, the producer of many time worn and grey headed jokes, "Gorgonzola"—beloved of comedians. Only don't think that the Gorgonzola which we eat here is like the cheese you get sold to you in the grocers. This is much softer, more creamy, less strong, and lacking that lamentable "bite." The village of Gorgonzola is on the way to Milano. From where I live, I pass through it a dozen times a year, but now the best Gorgonzola is made at Navarra, beyond Milano. Said to be the richest city in Italy, they call it "The City of Millionaires"—Then there is the famous Parmigiano—the cheese which we call Parmesan, and use only when grated, because you'd split your teeth on it if you tried to eat it. Now here it is hard-ish, but not too hard to eat. It is fat, with a fine nutty flavour. Another favourite is Stracchino—which is a soft cheese, can be spread on bread like butter and is often sold laid on little straw mats. There are goats' milk cheese, sheep milk cheese, and mare's milk cheese—these used much by the peasants, and very strong—often not very pleasant to our way of thinking. There are the two fine cheeses Bell Payese and Bella Milano—both rather like a soft Swiss cheese, but with a good flavour, mild and delightful. Every district has its own

special cheese—and of course when you go to Bologna—the famous city where everyone eats well—known as "Bologna la grassa" or Bologna the fat—you find every kind of cheese from every town in Italy! There is a delightful soft, fresh cream cheese called Robbolino, rather like a Pomard. Really tasting of cream, and often eaten with conserve as they do in Germany. Oh, Italy is a land of good cheese, make no mistake about that. And here is another thing which many people don't realize—our beer is good too. The cheese is cheap, but the beer isn't so cheap. It's rather like lager, thin, but well flavoured and most pleasant. Of course there are plenty of other cheeses I could bring to your notice, but they are "locals" and so can only be obtained in certain districts. There are really two divisions of cheeses—for the better classes, and for the peasants. The latter like their cheese highly flavoured—I have eaten some which could take the roof off your mouth—people say because it "breeds a thirst"—but that I don't believe. The Italian isn't a drinker. Peasants drink wine copiously laced with water! I don't think that I have seen two intoxicated people in the last year!

Well, there you are, and I hope that may have been of some interest to you. One day I should like to really write you a proper article on Italian cheese, this is merely a—sample.

All good wishes for the New Year and may it bring us Peace!

Very sincerely,

NAOMI JACOBS.

* * *

"IN MEMORIAM"

(Trees, King's Park, W.A.)

By Gwen Snook.

(A photograph of this charming young scribbler appears on Page 24.)

Tread softly:

For here a mother's tear was shed—

Here,

A grieving heart with longing bled—

For those now passed away.

Here, all that's fine depicted in a tree—

A living emblem of that line

Of men who may not pass this way again.

Sturdy oaks bearing fruit—

The seed of pain—

Of loving sacrifice—

Their country's loss—its pride.

In life they fought as one—

In death united side by side.

They lie at rest in peace:

While we for whom they fought

Strive for greater glory—

Forgetful of the lesson taught.

Their's was the way—

They paid the price of others' greed:

Let us remember them:

The reason why they died. And freed

From cruel uncertainty

Of coming strife—March on! March on!

To greater things than War.

Western Vogue's

QUEST FOR MANNEQUINS

Since our last issue, progress in organising our "Quest for Mannequins" has been considerable, and we are pleased to say that the plan has aroused interest not only among such dainty lasses as might win it, but also among the business houses of Perth. This, of course, is as it should be, for we believe that we are performing a service to employers by making our effort to find girls of the type for which commercial houses are seeking.

Indications are that the Quest will be an even greater success than we at first anticipated, and we have pleasure in publishing details of Perth and Fremantle photographers

who are co-operating with us. Entries are, as we announced last month, free, and to take part in the competition it is only necessary to fill in the coupon, and visit one of the studios listed, where a choice of two poses will be offered for 10/6. The nomination form must be lodged with the photographer, who will in due course paste it to the back of the chosen picture. The photo must be signed by the photographer as an entry for the competition.

Entrants will find the studios helpful to the greatest possible extent, and should they require advice, or further particulars as to their photographs, they should see one of the listed photographers immediately.

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.

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.

Attractive girls are in constant demand as Fashion and Photo Models. Directors and Stylists are selecting types to appear in Style Shows, Dress Salons, Fashion Films. You, too, can find your place in this glamorous, dignified, well-paying profession.

PERTH PHOTOGRAPHERS.

BARTLETTO STUDIOS, Trinity Buildings, 671 Hay Street, Perth.

JOHN HALLAM, Photographer, over Bon Marche, Hay Street, Perth.

R. HARRISON, Grand Theatre Buildings, Murray Street, Perth.

LAFAYETTE DEASE STUDIOS, 81 Barrack Street, Perth.

LANGHAM STUDIOS LTD., Central Arcade, Perth.

SIVYER & SON, Photographers, 106 William Street, Perth.

WEBB & WEBB, 616 Hay Street, Perth.

RUSKIN STUDIOS, National Bank Buildings, 249 Murray Street, Perth.

E. SAMPEY STUDIOS, Devon House, Hay Street, Perth.

FREMANTLE PHOTOGRAPHERS.

A. ORLOFF STUDIOS, 155 High Street, Fremantle.
F. R. PETERSON, MODERN STUDIO, Woolworths Buildings, Fremantle.

The list of Judges has not been finalised but will appear in full in our next (June) issue—definitely.

Photos of Mannequins selected as divisional winners, will be published in our quarterly issues of Winter (June), Spring (September), and Summer (December).

Winner to Receive

£25

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Height.....

Weight.....

Complexion.....

Colour of hair.....

Colour of eyes.....

Accessories.....

Foundation garments.....

Make-up.....



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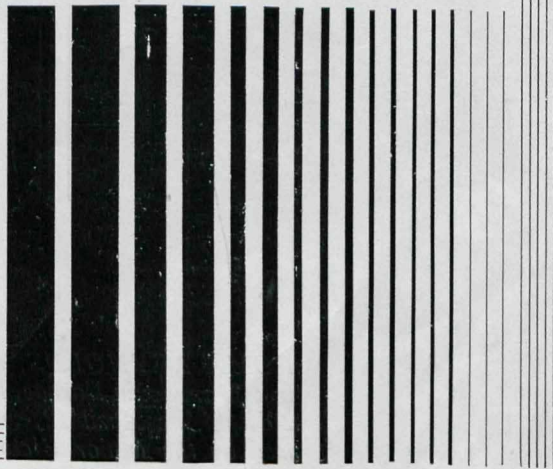
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FREMANTLE

BUNBURY





MISS DAPHNE COLLINS, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Collins, of "Windsor," Mabel Street, North Perth, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Edgar J. S. Thompson, of West Midland.

(Camera Portrait by Mattie Hodgson.)



ROMA REYNOLDS, who participated in a Mannequin Parade, held at the Hotel Adelphi, on April 12, which was organised by the Junior Victoria League.

[John Hallam Photo

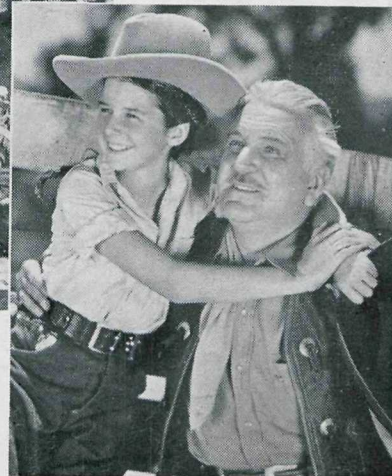


MISS KAY KINANE, who played the lead in the Radio feature, "Send for Paul Temple," over the West Australian National Station.

Metro's Film Flashes for MAY



**"HENRY GOES
ARIZONA"**



When an ex-vaudevillian goes way out West to collect an inheritance, only to discover that it consists of a mortgaged ranch, coveted by a scheming lawyer and his band of crooked assistants, things are bound to be interesting. But when the ex-vaudevillian is Frank Morgan, you can look for plenty of comedy, too. It all happens in "Henry Goes Arizona," another Metro Theatre coming attraction, and Morgan's chief assistant is talented little Virginia Weidler, who scored such a hit as Norma Shearer's daughter in "The Women."

WELCOME back again, Bill and Myrna and—the "family." We're glad to see you in "Another Thin Man." Welcome, also, to "Asta" and young Nick, jr. "Another Thin Man" is to be seen shortly at the Metro Theatre.



SUBURBAN THEATRES feature Star Presentations DURING MAY.



"BRIDAL SUITE" ... will
be seen at The State and
Civic Theatres during May.

"THE WOMEN" at The
Premier (Bulwer Street).
"JAMAICA INN" (Para-
mount) is also listed. "THE
WOMEN" is also shown at
The Regal Theatre
(Subiaco) and the same
month promises "FOUR
FEATHERS" (United
Artists) and "DUST BE
MY DESTINY" (First
National) at that theatre.



"TARZAN FINDS A
SON" (M.G.M.) at New
Oxford (Leederville).
Other super pictures at this
theatre are "THE LION
HAS WINGS" (United
Artists) and "SHIPYARD
SALLY" (Fox).





Wimple Hat

featured by Susan Hayward

Paramount Golden Circle Player

THE WIMPLE—is having a whirl in Hollywood's current fashion spotlight. Susan Hayward, lovely new feminine player opposite Gary Cooper and Ray Millard in Paramount's new "Beau Geste," copied her wimple-hat from the French Foreign Legion caps worn in the film. Brown felt fashions the cap with banded visor effect, and the wimple is of matching silk jersey.

"BEAU GESTE"

Super Attraction

PICCADILLY THEATRE during May.



War seems to be amusing, judging from the expressions on the faces of this trio. The war is between men of the French Foreign Legion and marauding Touaregs in the Saharan desert. On location for Paramount's "Beau Geste," the three men, left to right, are J. Carroll Naish, Gary Cooper and Brian Donlevy.



FAMOUS COUPLE—Gary Cooper and his wife, the former Sandra Shaw, snapped on the desert sand at the "Beau Geste" location in the heart of the California dunes. In the background are Fort Zinderneuf and the Saharan oasis in which transpires much of the action of this Paramount picture dealing with life and death in the French Foreign Legion.

"HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER"

will be shown at
THE PREMIER
THEATRE, also at
THE REGAL
THEATRE the same
month.

IN HIS HEART TWO WOMEN..

... One bound to him
by her faith . . . the
other by her infatua-
tion. The worldly dra-
ma of a romantic in-
terlude .

SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL
presents

LESLIE HOWARD in INTERMEZZO A Love Story

introducing

INGRID BERGMAN

with EDNA BEST

Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK
Directed by Gregory Ratoff
Associate Producer Leslie Howard

NOT SUITABLE FOR
GENERAL EXHIBITION

5 MEN TRIED TO Keep house with "THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER"

BUT KEEPING HOUSE WAS NOT IN HER LINE!



ROBERT—whose millions
didn't worry him half
as much as Hilda . . .



LEFTY... A big, bad wolf 'til
Hilda tamed him.



SCREW-LOOSE BENNY, the lady
killer. Even he was Hilda's
fella



THE DEAKON—or Percy The
Passion Flower. He thought
he knew women.



ED... He and The Deakon
ate together, lived together,
were pals to the end... and
Hilda was the end!

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER

starring

JOAN BENNETT ADOLPHE MENJOU

PEGGY WOOD · JOHN HUBBARD
WILLIAM GARGAN · DONALD MEEK

NOT SUITABLE FOR GENERAL EXHIBITION

"INTERMEZZO"

showing at THE
STATE and CIVIC
THEATRES.



MISS GWEN SNOOK,
only daughter of Captain
Charles Snook, Managing
Director of Airlines (W.A.)
Ltd., and Mrs. Snook of
Melbourne.



PAM GREGORY, formerly of Mount
Street, Perth, (and ex Perth College),
now flits between Darwin and Broome,
in which towns her father, Captain
Gregory, has pearling interests

[John Hallam Photo



A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME . . .



TEA AND CHATTER

The London Tavern was a merry spot one day last week when Mrs. Geoff Calder invited some friends to meet her cousin, Mrs. T. G. Wayne of Melbourne. The visitor was frocked in crushed mulberry shaded sheer, topped by a silver musquash cape, and Mrs. Calder pinned orchids to the lapel of her

DOWN FROM THE JUNGLE

Interesting visitors to Perth are Mr. and Mrs. N. Kersey of Rangoon, Burma, who are spending their furlough in Western Australia—this is their first visit and they are charmed with Perth and its surroundings. They must find our land very different from the mighty teak forests, and will be staying here until after the winter. On their way down, whilst in Batavia they met Mrs. Victor Smith, who will be remembered in Perth social circles as attractive Peggy Dalton.

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squirrel coat. Those taking tea included Mesdames G. Pilly, M. Newton, W. Lawrence-Naylor, W. Fyfe, G. Gladstone, W. Halliday, G. Reath, L. Longmore, W. Tilley, T. Tyson, Misses Vivienne Gladstone, Mavis Oates, Avis Shenton, Claudia Elliott (Glenelg, S.A.), Beryl Jackson, Nancy Hastie, Stella Parker, Biddy Saw, Lois Shearn, May Dickinson, Ada McEnroe and Bessie Keast.

CALIFORNIA, HERE I COME

How lucky some people are! We hear that attractive Miss Joanna Betts of Perth, who left a few months ago to tour America with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. P. Rushe-Linnegen of Toronto, Canada, (they were in Perth for six months) is now bound for California.

DINNER FOR EIGHT

To celebrate their tenth wedding anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Beauchamp of Mount Lawley invited friends to dine at their new home last week, when Mrs. Beauchamp received her guests wearing a handsome cloque model of gold

and green tonings. The reception lounge was a bower of pink and gold roses and palms, while the dinner table was quaint with pink boats of tiny flowers and lit with tall pink candles. Those who attended were Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Mortimer, Mr. and Mrs. Andre du Bois, Mr.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS

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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.**

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- HYGIENIC WASHING PROCESS
- QUALITY AT MINIMUM PRICES

AIRFLOW LAUNDRY MODERN,
HYGIENIC

483 HAY STREET EAST.

and Mrs. Claude Hassell, Mr. and Mrs. F. Freeman, Misses Iris Blechendyn, Mavis Tanner, Geraldine Fox, Lisette Langley, Nancy Oliver, Rachael Borden, Hillary Mofflin, Katherine Shepherd, Maude Hislop, Carol Johnstone, Esme Porter, Messrs. W. Elliott, G. Trent, W. Fox, L. Johnstone, Douglas Hardy, John Williams, Eric Pringle, Don Caporn and O. Stone.

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HONEYMOONERS RETURN

Mr. and Mrs. Wally Dray (she was formerly Miss Dulcie O'Sullivan) are now back in town, and have taken up residence at "Mon Desire," Scarborough.

We also hear that Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Montgomery have returned from an extended tour of Tasmania and are living at Nedlands. Mrs. Montgomery was Miss Chrissie Piper of Perth.

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Perdriau Co. Ltd.)

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Tyres.**

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SAFEGUARD

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

POPULAR APRIL BRIDE

Miss Betty Cuthbert, who was married to Mr. Cecil Baker at St. George's Cathedral on Wednesday, 16th April, was one of the month's most popular brides. She was positively feted for weeks before the great moment came, and one of the nicest parties was that arranged by her four bridesmaids — Misses Merle Hand, Beatrice and Dorothy Baker, and Sheila Gill, at the Adelphi Hotel one Saturday afternoon. The guests were received in the green lounge which was gay with gladioli in all shades of gold, and the guest of honour was smart in a suit of tobacco brown wool romaine, with a matching hat touched with vivid green. On arrival she was presented with a beautiful bouquet of tawny roses, and the guests all took along useful kitchen oddments. Those present were Mesdames B. McManus, Harold Baker, Tom Bennett, Brian Simpson, R. W. Chambers (Melbourne), (she was formerly a Baker, and came over specially from Melbourne for the wedding of her brother), Clive Sainsbury, Cyril Peet, Fred Hawley, A. Reay, Karl Knapp, D. McCulloch, Misses Audrey Barnard, Bette Davies, Marj Sinclair, Nance Ormiston and Muriel Baker.

Other parties were arranged by Betty's many friends, and one was hostessed by Miss Bette Davies at her Nedlands home, when everyone toddled along with good wishes wrapped up in an Electric Toaster. Mrs. Brian Simpson asked her guests to contribute things for the Bathroom, while the Tom Bennetts (she was formerly Olga Behn) staged a delightful party, when fun was the keynote of success. Mrs. D. McCulloch arranged a Pantry Tea, and Marj Sinclair's guests were responsible for a beautiful set of liqueur glasses.

NAVY AND PINK

When Mrs. John Teller of Melbourne was the guest of honour at a party arranged by Mrs. Dick Teller of Nedlands recently, she was smartly frocked in an unusual gown of continental crepe featuring a block design of navy and pink. It was terribly smart—really out of the box, and the hat which she chose

to set off her sleek dark coif was a turban effect in velvet to tone. She has not long been back from America, and had lots to tell of prevailing fashions over there—bustles, she said were the last word, and some of them really were bustles—huge bows and rich folds of velvet being used, to procure the correct proportions. Hats, she said could be any shape almost—although there was a certain trend towards the military effect for day-

Bouquets!
Posies!
Cut Flowers!

PICCADILLY FLORIST

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wear, while bunches of ribbon, large solitary flowers and all kinds of bits and pieces made inspiring headwear. Rosalind Russell's millinery, as worn in the recent film "The Women," were absolutely "tame" compared with some of the hats flaunted by smart Americans.

PLEIADES CLUB ACTIVITIES

Members of the Pleiades Club have been very active during the past few weeks, what with various social activities, and arrangements in hand for their May Ball on Wednesday, 8th May. The Committee responsible for this is headed by Miss Norma Borwick as Chairman, assisted by Misses Shirley Ogilvie,



Jean Mendelson, Sheila Christie, Zelda Grant, Moya Frederick, Billie Mardon, Peggy Whitworth and Marjorie Boas. Tickets are available at the Club, Chancery House, Howard Street, Perth.

Other functions have been the presentation of "The Mikado" as a reading, illustrated throughout by gramophone recordings provided by Miss Elizabeth Hamilton. On the 1st April, the General Purposes Committee organized a most enjoy-

NEWS! GOOD NEWS!

Miss Flo Gepp

(Late of Chas. Moore)

is now at

**27 PICCADILLY
ARCADE.**

*Hosiery and Lingerie
Specialist.*

**JOIN HER STOCKING
CLUB.**

able "Fool's Tea," at which games and competitions were played, and later everyone participated in a picture evening.

The Club's Special Opening Bridge Party was held last week in the Clubroom, and this proved to be a most successful evening. Mrs. Leckie won the prize for contract bridge, and Miss Nerida Berry for auction. The Hostesses were Mrs. Cecil Hughes and Miss Marjorie Stoddart.

WILLIAMS-SHERRARD WEDDING.

On Thursday, 25th April, Mr. Charles Williams, together with Ev Sherrard figured in a very pretty wedding celebrated at St. Matthew's Church, Guildford. The bride looked particularly smart wearing an ice blue morie lame frock with fuschia accessories.

Miss Noel Samson, bridesmaid, chose a vieux rose pink French embroidered georgette frock with bronze accessories. Mr. Jack Williams, the bridegroom's brother, acted as best man.

The bride is the youngest daughter of Mrs. B. Sherrard of Swan St., Guildford, and the late Mr. R. Sherrard, and the bridegroom the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Williams of Highway, Nedlands.

The wedding reception was subsequently held at the residence of Mrs. J. Farr, sister of the bride, at which only relatives of both parties were present.

It is interesting to note that the bridegroom recently was accepted for service in the Royal Australian Air Force, and left for Laverton, Victoria, to undergo a course of training for Drill Instructor.

ROSES! VIOLETS! CARNATIONS!

What lovely sentiments of sincerity and remembrance may be expressed by the gift of glorious flowers . . .

"To Mother with Love"

A Suggestion!

Ring B4300 on May 10th or 11th.

GOOD LUCK, LITTLE PLAYWRIGHT!

When Mary Agg and Phil Hawter sailed by the "Duntroon" last month, Perth lost one of its promising young Playwrights—for Mary

has won the "Pleiades Club one-act Play Competition" for two years running, and written several other one-acts which have seen the light of day on the amateur stage in Perth—these were "Poor Reception," and "Bulk Handling"—the latter, by the way was read by the Society of Playwrights (W.A.) at their April Reading in the Overseas League Clubroom on the 30th ult. Mary intends to be away several months—and from Adelaide went overland to Melbourne in her spanking crimson roadster, which she shipped over with her.

Invitation to ... Daintiness!

**SHEER DELIGHT IN
GLORIOUS UNDIES
FOUND!**

**AT
CHARME
LINGERIE
29 PLAZA ARCADE**

Conducted by
MISS McMILLAN
(Formerly of Ahern's)

WAGIN WEDDING.

A recent marriage celebrated at Wagin created much interest around that centre. The contracting parties who figured in the "I will" ceremony were Betty Alice, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Taylor of "Miourding," West Wagin, and Mr. Thomas Raymond Murdoch, eldest son of the late Mr. D. H. Murdoch and Mrs. Murdoch of "Belmont," Wagin. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Harley J. Morrell of Collie.

A girls' choir sang "The voice that breathed o'er Eden" as the bride entered the beautifully decorated church. During the signing of the register, Mr. Vic Kershaw sang "Because" with Mrs. C. W. Chelley presiding at the organ.

(Continued on page 39.)

USED CAR BUYERS! Do You Think this Way?

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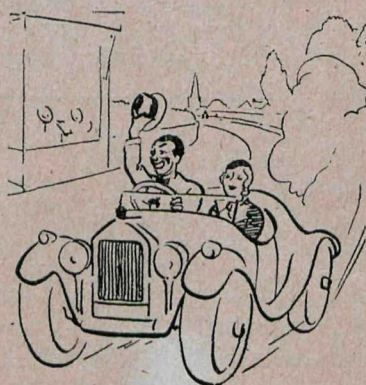
Continued from April Issue.

and Amotoring We would go...

Here we had delightful tea and cake provided by his two very young daughters. Mrs. Gutch was in Perth sick and we were shown the grand surprise awaiting her arrival home. A real green lawn. The first ever seen at Frazers and carefully planted and watered with the precious fluid. It had grown from nothing to a green patch in six weeks, so rich is the soil; but of course the country, so parched eternally, yields no such thing as Nature's gifts of beautiful green grasses. There was a dam of water above the house and the station was plentifully supplied with precious rain water but the rainfall of the country was so sparse that the sheep run on the station depended only on artificial drinking means. Mr. and Mrs. Gutch had brought their family of girls up in what outsiders would call a wilderness but to them it was a paradise as well did they know the modes and beauty of the desert country. They have no communication whatever with the outside world as there is no friendly phone. No landing ground in case of need, only the mail car once a fortnight excepting when thunderstorms make the track to Norseman impossible. Of course the friendly wireless is used for listening in, but static plays havoc with so much iron stone around.

This section of the country, because of its peculiar stone formation is a land of tremendous thunderstorms. Having had experience on previous trips of such cyclonic disturbances we know just what moods Mother Nature sometimes can be subject to in these parts. Evidences of what has happened in this direction are to be seen on every turn of the track

around Frazer's Range. It would be hard to find earth and strewn rock so water torn anywhere in this world. Yet in the heat of the day with everything like tinder and the earth like fine powder it is almost impossible to imagine how water had ever flowed in such obvious quantities. Our friendly homesteader so used to his isolation was quite content to listen in on his wireless. I suggested a pedal set for emergency and convenience and was



glad to learn he was already considering the innovation. We said goodbye and the Austin lurched its way drunkenly with its overload over the water torn terrain and then down and up giant gutters, finally after breasting a boulder covered rocky incline we came out into scrub country again. Warned by Gutch about the ditches left behind by a 5 inch downpour of cloudburst back in September we travelled cautiously at the breakneck speed of 15 m.p.h. for several hours.

Suddenly around a bend in the track we came upon a small sedan in obvious trouble with a large motor caravan standing close by the bush. We supplied one school teacher, the small sedan two and


the caravan, three more, so we had more school teachers than pupils, miles from anywhere in the bush.

Fancy me surrounded by seven women. Two were absolutely the filthiest females I'd ever laid eyes on. Poor things just covered with ingrained red dirt, dressed in shorts and very, very dirty shirts. With tousled hair and looking like some strange new race from the interior, I could see they were in real trouble for many hours. The other teachers, two of whom were standing by also in shorts but by comparison quite neat and clean, seemed to be supervising something being done by the owner of the pair of khaki trousered legs laying in a trench dug under the rear tank of the small sedan. I called out "Oi!" watch what you are doing under there and behold out wriggled a lady of about 50 odd who turned out to be a well known New South Wales Headmistress. She said, "Why the blazes didn't you come along four hours ago because I've been mending this busted fuel line on the flat of my back for hours." She had too, with this and that really affected a good repair. Anyway the wife and school teacher No. 6 from Nedlands exchanged a knowing wink as I pulled my coat off. The little sedan also had engine trouble as it was on 3. I found a fouled plug and crossed plug wires and someone further down the track didn't know that this make of car had a firing order of its own. These members of what I thought were of a new strange race had driven for hundreds of miles on a motor running like a something ready for the wreckers. The underneath part of their completely overloaded buzz

box had been clouting everything across the continent. However with repairs effected, they were ready to scrape the Overland Track again. They had no water left at all and we thanked our stars we had 25 gallons aboard so gave them all they needed. The teachers' conference then broke up with fond farewells and off scrunched the little sedan with good wishes for a safe bumping to Norseman. This left us with three teachers in the caravan 30 cwt. job. It was suffering from front wheel wobble because of gross rear wheel overloading and out of balance tyre pressures. I found 60 lbs. one side and 30 the other. The motor had no power and was overheated unbearably even though we were having a cold spell. I spent a heap of time carrying out a tune up and test over ten miles of winding scrub track, stopping them now and then to make correct ignition timing adjustments. We came to Newmans Rock in late afternoon and bade them farewell so we were left with our own Nedlands teacher and we were very glad. About nightfall we started to run out on what promised to be limestone plain and then as we picked our way over the indistinct rocks of the hard formation of Afghan Rocks the lights of our bus threw into relief peculiar pictures of the bush. We topped a rise of open plain and saw the lights of Balladonia just 600 miles from Perth. As we approached at 9 p.m. the sound of the car caused all lights to be extinguished. Maybe they thought the soft purr of the old Austin's engine was a Messerschmidt bomber on night patrol. Maybe it was the rattling of the bits and pieces made them afraid so they doused the lights all fearful of an earthquake or something approaching. But no! It was the spirit of the country asserting itself. To hell with overlanding night visitors—they would be wanting something. We wanted something—to leave their mail—so by electric torch and with the noise of barking dogs I left papers, etc.. I'd collected at Norseman for them hanging on the gate in front of the homestead, then off we went to find our way through the homestead yard.

(To be continued)

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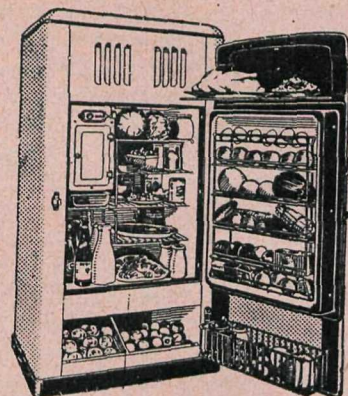
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What Shall



(DOROTHEA)



I Cook?

Let's have a savoury supper.

When Marion gave her party last week, she was imbued with the most romantic of ideas. Marion is a young lady who delights to be different. Her supper proved so different, that I thought of all the people who would want to be there if they only knew, and pinned Marion into a corner until she promised me some of her recipes for Western Vogue.

The first thing served was buttered eggs. To serve eight.

Toast. One large tablespoon butter.
Four eggs. Four tablespoons of new milk.

Method.—Melt butter and add milk. Season. Stir in beaten egg and cook until just thickened. Care must be exercised not to overcook. Place on toast. Garnish with beetroot or sweet gherkins if desired. If done methodically, this is not a difficult dish for supper, even if you are doing it unaided. Marion arranged it this way. Before her guests arrived, she had two inch squares of crisp buttered toast arranged on flat dishes (later decorated with parsley). The butter was in the pan and the milk measured in readiness. The eggs were beaten and standing in a covered basin. When supper time arrived she had only to cook the eggs and warm the toast slightly on the dishes, and serve. It is worth the trouble.

PORT CHEESE SAVOURY.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. rich loaf cheese. Olives.
2 good tablespoons port wine.

Method.—Grate cheese and soak in port wine. Add chopped olives (olives may be omitted). Serve on either toast, in zwieback cones, or savoury biscuits. To make zwieback cones. Cut inch thick slices of stale bread into squares and scoop out a hollow in centre. Place on slide in hot oven and leave oven door open. Dry until crisp and golden brown. Useful hint. Use tinned cheddar cheese in cheese straws to prevent them from breaking so easily.

VOGUE PINEAPPLE.

For each person: 1 savely.
1 slice ham. Butter.
1 slice pineapple.

Method.—Place ham in greased baking dish with slice of pineapple on top. Slice a savely longwise and place this on top again. Dab with butter. Bake in a moderate oven until crisp and brown.

TOMATO SAVOURY.

1 tablespoon butter. 1 cup grated cheese.
1 tablespoon cornflour. 2 tablespoons salad dressing.
1 teaspoon salt. $\frac{1}{4}$ cup breadcrumbs.
2 cups cooked tomatoes.

Method.—Melt butter in saucepan, add cornflour blended with the juice of tomatoes and cook well. Add tomatoes cheese, dressing, breadcrumbs, salt. Serve on buttered toast or crisp biscuits.

STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM

1 box strawberries $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream Pinch salt

Whip cream with salt and sugar until fairly thick, fold in mashed strawberries. Pour into refrigerator trays and freeze. Stir once or twice during freezing.

DEVILLED SCALLOPED FISH

Devilled Scalloped Fish is the most delicious dish, and an easy way of using up the cold left over fish from the morning meal which is lying in the frigidaire.

Bone and flake $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cold cooked fish. Make a white sauce of 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk, pinch of salt. Melt butter, remove from heat, stir in flour till smooth; return to fire, cook one minute, add milk gradually, stir till it boils. Season with a little cayenne and salt and add the fish. Put mixture into a greased pie dish, sprinkle with a little grated cheese and breadcrumbs. Place on top small pieces of butter. Bake in oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve with slices of lemon.



TRIPE...without Onions

GAVIN CASEY.

The knowledge of how insipid a dish is tripe without onions, is handed down from generation to generation, and so thoroughly impressed upon the very young, that it is doubtful if anyone has tasted the one food without the other, for several hundred years. That is, at the meal-table. At the reading desk, on the front verandah, on the lounge, or wherever it is we most often consult the printed word, most of us have been absorbing tripe without onions, for ages, and more or less liking it, too.

No magazine has ever been so compiled that 100 per cent. of its contents suited 100 per cent. of its readers, but it may be said for the best of them, that there are onions here and there, to impart flavour to the tripe. Since rapid modern transport placed this country in close contact with the rest of the world, and the happening more or less coincided with plagues of press-barons and get-rich-quick publishing companies in Europe and the U.S.A., disastrous things have happened to our reading-matter. Our own newspaper-lords have been quick to copy the methods of their overseas masters, and editors have been replaced by business men of that not very savoury type whose motto is, "the cheapest the public will take, and never mind the quality."

Syndication (the practice of selling an article or picture to many, instead of to one publication), began when it was generally realised that the wit and wisdom of certain eminent men of letters deserved a wider currency than they were ever likely to get when limited to one appearance in one paper. It has degenerated into nothing more nor less than a racket, and its present effects are to make eminent writers struggle fiercely all their lives against the tripe-merchants, and to deny beginners a market for their wares. In Australia, it has been disastrous, because 90 per cent. of the syndicated matter used in this country is imported. After the European or American writer, his agent, and all the middlemen concerned, have received fat dividends from publication of matter in the numerous publications in their own country, they can sell to us at prices which would hardly pay for the paper and typewriter ribbons used on new, original matter.

As a writer, I object to this, and I have every bit as much right to object as would wheatgrowers if the public were persuaded to eat Japanese rice instead of the home-grown grain, for the simple reason that some merchants could make more profit out of the Asiatic product. But neither I nor any other writer who does his best to introduce some good onion-flavour into his tripe, objects to the original objects of syndication. We will be the poorer, if we are ever denied the stimulating humour and profound thought of the best minds in overseas countries. Without streams of comic-strips,

sex and horror magazines, the inane babblings of intimates of the English aristocracy, and the rubbish churned out by dollar-crazy Yanks, we would be the richer.

Most of our business men-newspaper proprietors preach "Australianism" in place of the imported "isms" which they tell us will ruin the country. But to what extent do they practice what they preach? In their position, as teachers and educators of the public mind, what contribution have they made to the establishment of solid Australian tradition, and the stimulation of progressive Australian thought? To have read their papers and magazines from infancy is (for all except the most vigorous and inquiring minds), to be convinced that whereas Australia has a good climate, the best soldiers in the world, and some pretty fair cricketers and racehorses, all thought of consequence, and all experience in the art of life, must come from overseas. There are, of course, a few admirable exceptions, but generally speaking, they are fine Australians as long as it doesn't cost anything.

Because of all the above, writers have made strenuous efforts to have the amount of matter that is imported subjected to limits. They have wished to do so in a manner which would not keep good writing out of the country, and therefore many of them have supported a suggestion that matter from overseas should carry a duty only sufficient to make its price equal that which would have to be paid for the local article, thus making merit, and neither the price nor the country of origin, is the deciding factor when editors choose matter with which to fill their columns. They have had little success, for reasons probably closely connected with the pockets of persons who are vociferous "Australians when to be such would secure an advertisement or help end any industrial trouble. But now, the dollar situation seems to have succeeded to some extent where they have failed.

We have been informed that American magazines are to be banned, though some of the better class periodicals from the U.S.A., may be admitted. It seems too good to be true. We have also been told that our own newspapers will be severely restricted in their use of matter which has to be paid for in New York or London, and that is practically unbelievable. We cannot yet convince ourselves that this part of the scheme will not vanish into thin air before a few of the local Rothermeres are down to their last £100,000 or so. But if the whole plan SHOULD be carried out, and our possible maximum earnings thus brought up to the basic wage, we will be mightily pleased.

And, we will try our very best to provide for readers some onions with their tripe. And we shall succeed, I think.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Dodie Smith's "Call It a Day" was the choice of the Repertory Club's Junior Circle in April, produced by Miss Elsie McCallum. It proved that the younger members have the "game by the throat," and some of them are almost ready to become serious rivals to the more prominent players. In her character sketches Jean Mendleson is outstanding, and Virginia Barrett-Lennard should get plenty of encouragement—her performance in "Call It a Day" was definitely outstanding. Allan Cuthbertson as usual did good work, but then, he is one of the permanents. Lines all through were well rehearsed, and the prompt not necessary—we hope the Club will do everything in its power to sustain the standard set by the Junior Circle in this performance. They are to be congratulated.

* * *

Composer Jack Anstey must be a very proud young man these days—with four capacity houses to witness his Musical Comedy "Stepping Out," when it was presented in the Repertory Theatre from the 10th April. Costuming throughout was tasteful and striking, and some of the numbers are already being whistled, hummed, or crooned about the city—which proves that they "took." The "Wattle Song" and "Starry Nights in Spain" were perhaps the best, with "Spring" also in the running. "Rhythm" and "Singing a Song to the Sun" were very bright spots in the performance, and although the comedy did not quite make the grade, the choruses and ballet numbers made up for any other shortcomings. Miss Joan Stanton's solo work was excellent, and specialty dancers Olive Anstey and Ralph Punshon were very well cast. Mr. H. Gilmore-Nairn in the role of Lady Elizabeth Jumblewell is to be congratulated on his superb hand-work—only an artist is capable of such perfect movement.

"Stepping Out" was not only composed by Mr. Anstey, but he also wrote the lyrics and libretto, as well as producing it, and conducting his own orchestra. It is very gratifying to know that such ready

response was forthcoming from the public, who is decidedly becoming more and more "local minded" as the weeks go by. Mr. Anstey wrote the music for "Thank You Doctor" (libretto and lyrics by Sylvia Hodgson) which won the Pleiades Club Musical Comedy Competition last year, and also in collaboration with Edna Hopkins in "Tapping Toes" did Mr. Anstey prove his prowess as a Composer. He is to be encouraged and congratulated on his excellent efforts, and we wish him every success with the new Club he has founded, which is known as "The Amateur Musical Club."

* * *

Concerning "Turning Turk" by Marchant Flinn which will be publicly presented by the Society of Playwrights (W.A.) at the Reper-

The Amateur Musical Club's opening night will be Tuesday, 7th May, at Room 5, Temple Court Buildings.

tory Theatre, St. George's Terrace, on Friday and Saturday, the 10th and 11th of May, the author says that it has nothing to do with politics, religion or economic puzzles and has no moral, unless it be the advisability of every man's Turning Turk as early as possible. The play is just a laugh. He has dedicated it, he says, with affection and respect, to the Laureate of Mirth, P. G. Wodehouse.

* The Society of Playwrights intends to hold two further seasons of Australian-written plays this year—in July and October.

It has been said that any fool can write a play, but it takes a genius to place it. The principal object of the Society of Playwrights (affectionately known as the "Wasps") is to obtain audiences for plays written in Australia. In this they are succeeding as evidenced by the growing number of people who attend their public seasons.

The audience is invited to become part of the Society during a season,

by the somewhat unique expedient of expressing their opinion of the play, by tearing off and handing in one of the detachable portions of the programme bearing either of the legends "Hold the interest" or "Did not hold the interest." Should they wish to add any remarks they are invited to jot them down on the slip they are handing in. This has been done at past performances, the means of writing used being fountain pens, pencils—and even lip-stick. As a play is written for the audience, the Society and the individual authors are particularly interested in the opinions expressed by these slips.

The season on May 10th and 11th, is open to the public, booking at Musgroves. The cast includes Misses Lorna Booth and Jean Reynolds and Messrs. Frank O'Grady and Shipway.

* * *

When the Repertory Club chose Sacha Guitry's sophisticated comedy "The New Will" they overlooked the fact that brilliant memorising was the main essential—and the prompt stalked ahead of every word in fine style, like a drum major leading the way. Bernard Carter in the role of Dr. Jean Marceline looked the part—and that was all. Patti Rees as Lucie Marcelin (his wife), seemed to lack the convincing element, and her hysterical scenes held no appeal. In the part of Adrien Dubois, Stanley Wilbur would have been all right, except for his hair—the lacquer foundation seemed to be well in evidence in his wig. Jerold Wells, the butler, and May Downes, as Juliette Lecourtois, the only two who seemed to have learnt their parts both did good work. Mabel Pilkington as Marquerite Dubois carried the play, while the little we saw of Aline Sweetman as Mademoiselle Morot suggested that her character work was good.

In later performances, however, the play was pulled together to a considerable extent, and when not nervous over the lines they did not know, the players acquitted themselves rather better.

just looking 'round thanks

Skip the diet chart, if you like, but do not skip a really good sound piece of advice, which when given free of charge is oft-times not regarded seriously. The advice is buy undies which are designed to coax your figure into youthful curves. Special as a made-to-order, but budget priced. AND . . . the shop to find undies and other accessories to femininity is at Charmé Lingerie, in Plaza Arcade.

* * *

In yet another arcade, Piccadilly by name, is the Stocking Club which accommodates half the business girls of Perth . . . conducted by Miss Flo Gepp (formerly of Moore's) this little shop is worthy of your visit.

* * *

Lawrence Tibbett, that versatile young man of the Opera and Concert Stage, gave as a spontaneous answer to a query "What do you notice first about a woman?" . . . "Her eyes" Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., had the same question fired at him, and he said, "Her general sense of being soignée. If her voice is good, I like that too." Men all over the world have been asked about various brands of whisky . . . among our

own Australians the universal answer has been . . . "The label . . . if it's a Milne's label . . . then Mine's a Milne's."

* * *

Hearn Bros. & Stead have just opened a big new shipment of delightful quality Italian tapestries . . . perhaps the last to come from Italy . . . and you will be well advised to call out and see them before the best are taken. The prices are amazingly low, and the designs are amongst the nicest Perth has ever seen.

Always to the fore with new ideas, they have also introduced a new, splendid range of lounge suites, upholstered in a most attractive blending of heavy quality tapestries and Genoa velvets, with beautifully toned leathercloth. You really should see their fine new range. They're priced at £13/17/6, £16/17/6, £21/10/- and £25/- . . . and of guaranteed quality.

* * *

Deep purple, artichoke green, and russet brown! What exciting colours!! A fashionable range of delightful "Van Raalte" Handbags are to be seen at that exclusive centre, Caris Bros. Now turn to page 17 and see the pictures of their select range.

MAY-TIME BRINGS . . .

COMFORT TIME FURNITURE BARGAINS

Don't miss the truly genuine "May-time-comfort-time" Bargains offering at Hearn Bros. & Stead's Big Store in Victoria Park this month!

FINE FURNITURE FACTORY-DIRECT.



FINE FURNITURE

Lounge Suites . . .

A marvellous new range of exclusive Tapestries has just been opened . . . and is offering at Bargain Values for May. You must see them!

Curtains and Carpets . . .

A huge selection of very fashionable curtain materials, body carpets, and carpet squares are offering at Perth's Lowest Prices.

PERTH'S LARGEST
FURNITURE STORE

HEARN BROS and STEAD
PHONE M 1421 (2 LINES)

346 ALBANY RD.
VICTORIA PARK.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Conducted by Auntie Ethel.

Dear Juniors,

We have been fortunate to meet Mrs. Aubrey Barnes (Ethel John) whose delightful book "Silhouette" has enchanted both young and old. Now this clever young person has kindly consented to take over the "Junior Page," we are proud to present . . . Auntie Ethel.

Well, boys and girls, as you have just been told I am to be your new Auntie—and I do hope we shall get along splendidly together, and that you will like the Children's Page of Turner's Western Vogue, which I am going to have ready for you every month starting from this very issue.

You will see here some verses all about two little children—real children, Bobbie and John, who lived in the hills, and it was for these two children that the poems in "Silhouette" (that is the name of the book of verses from which these are taken) were specially written. Bobbie and John always liked these verses, and whenever I would arrive to see them, they would ask me whether I had another one ready for them—and so it went on, until I had quite a collection. Then it occurred to me that if Bobbie and John liked these verses, other children would probably like them as well—and that is how "Silhouette" first came to be a book of verses for little boys and girls. Perhaps you would like to learn this one, so that when grandma or auntie and uncle come to tea, you will be able to recite it to them—it is just what Bobbie and John used to do—and because you all know what Blackboys and Spider

Orchids are like, you will feel that they are very easy to understand, and written specially for all little Australian boys and girls.

Haven't you ever noticed how the friendly old blackboys seem to guard the glades where the orchids grow. The verses will tell you all about this, and lots of other interesting things about the bush you all know and love so well.

Now let us look at the rest of the page—Here is a Competition. All you have to do is make up or build as many words as you can out of the letters in the two words "AUNTIE ETHEL." For example N-U-T. You can use a word with two "T's" in it, or two "E's," because there are two of each of these letters, but you cannot use words with two "A's," because there is only one "A." There will be a prize of a Book for the winning entry—now all try and see what you can do, and post your entries to "Auntie Ethel," c/o Turner's Western Vogue, 65 Murray Street, Perth, not later than the 15th May.

HELP THESE PAGES

I want you to feel that these pages are YOUR pages, and if you can draw, or write little verses or interesting little essays, just send them along, and if they are accepted by the Club Management, there will be PRIZES or PRIZE MARKS awarded according to their merit. Always give your name, age and full address on your contributions. Perhaps you may know some other little boys and girls who would like to belong to the JUNIOR CLUB—tell them about it—because the more Members we enrol, the more fun we can have.

With very best wishes to you all,

AUNTIE ETHEL.

TURNER'S CHILDREN'S PAGE COUPON

Dear Auntie Ethel,

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.....

Answers to "Are You Quite Certain" in last month's Magazine.

No. 11 Downing Street is the residence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Anterior means *towards the front*.

Who would know most about Topiary?—*Gardeners.*

Which is the longer and by how much? Cricket Pitch or Tennis Court?—*Tennis Court by 4 yards.*

The official residence of the Bishop of London is *Fulham Palace.*

Length of the three famous Canals in their order: *Suez (100 miles), Kiel (61 miles), Panama (50½ miles).*

The letters from Nona and Valerie Browne were received too late for publication. Their marks and letters will appear in June issue.

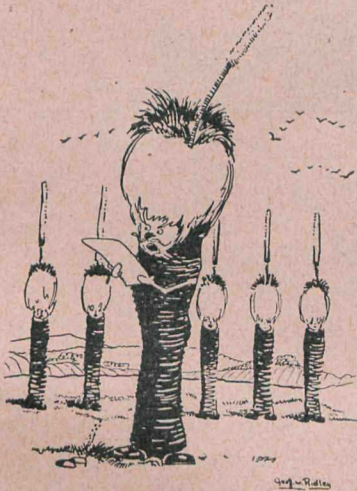
Blackboys on Parade

They were changing the Guard in the Valley,
And the Blackboys were out on Parade,
All the Spring Blossoms went to the rally,
In their very best dresses arrayed.

Dick and Val were amongst those invited,
So they sat down beside Joey Roo;
He was jumping about, all excited,
And kept waving to someone he knew.

There were not enough seats, some were standing,
And then suddenly Val felt a pat—
Pilot Dragon Fly made a forced landing
With a bump, on the top of her hat.

"This will do me," he said with a quiver,
"I can see over ev'ry one's head;
All this gliding's no good for my liver,
So I'll rest here a moment instead!"



Green and red Kangaroo Paws were clustered
With their families about on the hill,
Where the little grey Rabbits were trusted
To be out, if they kept very still.

On the cobwebs the dew was aglisten,
While the trees beat a leafy tattoo,
And the Bushfolk were eager to listen,
When the Drum Major read a review.

"We are here for the Springtime is calling,
And our work must commence without fail—
We've no time to go wilting or falling,
Spider Orchids are tender and frail.

"That's why Blackboys by Spring were elected,
To mount guard over Orchids so rare—
You will notice if one is collected,
There'll be two—for there's always a pair!

"So we've promised to stand still and steady,
In our black coats and bushies of green—
Bushland sentinels silent and ready,
Till Spring rolls up her carpet of green."

"JOEY 'ROO."

(An Australian Bush Story.)

By ETHEL JOHN

Dickie and Val were wild with delight when Daddy brought Joey Roo home. He was such a soft, furry little fellow—brown with large eyes that he kept shut nearly all the time, because he was so young, Daddy said. He hadn't learnt to drink properly yet, and the children had to feed him with a milk-bottle, like they did the young lambs, when they were hurt, and had to be brought in out of the fold.

They kept him nice and snug in Val's dollies' cot, under a warm blanket, and took turns to stroke his soft little head.

"I do wish he would stay little all the time, and not grow into a big kangaroo," said Val.

"So do I," said Dickie, "but I expect he will get big. Anyway, we'll keep him here at the farm, and people won't be able to hunt him when they hunt the other kangaroos. He'll be quite safe."

"Do you suppose he'll want to follow us to school, like the lamb in the story-book. I hope he does," said Val, as she stroked Joey Roo's silky ear.

The children were very sorry when Monday came, and they had to leave Joey Roo home, and go off to school.

The bush is always lovely early in the morning, and as Dickie and Val walked down the pebbly road they could smell the damp earth and the pink heath. It was a pretty road, with tall gum trees almost meeting overhead. In fact, there were trees all round for miles and miles, and the scrub was dotted with Everlasting Flowers, because it was September—the season for flowers. Cobwebs, wet with dew and glistening in the sunshine, hung on all the trees, and yellow and pink clematis climbed over the big grey logs.

"I'm glad we live in the country, and not in the city," said Dickie. "I say, Val, did you think you could hear something?"

"I can hear water dripping down with a splash, can't you?" said Val. "There isn't a brook about here, what can it be?" Softly they tiptoed across the road and crept into the bush. From this spot they could see over the top of the hill.

"Look—it's a Kangaroo," whispered Dickie.

(To be continued.)

It was all very still in the Valley—

Ev'ry Blackboy marched into his place,

And all those who attended the rally

Caught a glimpse of white feathers and lace,

When each Orchid, a debutante blushing,

Kissed her fingers to sunshine and breeze,

While a glamorous morning was brushing

Pretty paints over hilltops and trees.

(From "Silhouette" Book of Verses for Children
by Ethel John, with illustrations by Geoff Ridley.)

WOMEN'S LEAGUE OF HEALTH.



All - Australian Demonstration in Adelaide on Easter Monday, 25th March, 1940.

By MISS JEAN BARNET, newly appointed teacher-in-charge of Perth Centre.

This day was indeed a great event for Adelaide's 1,300 League members, as 150 Adelaideans took part; all had been rehearsing regularly since the beginning of the year, some coming to as many as 11 classes in one week, which speaks volumes for their keenness and enthusiasm.

After spending a delightful Easter at the beach with our Interstate visitors we came up to Adelaide early on Easter Monday to get ready for our big event which was to take place at 3 p.m. on the newly-mown green turf of the University Oval. What a lovely sight it was too on this day of days for we Leaguers, a perfect, sunny day, with the beautiful background of the Mt. Lofty Ranges just a few miles distant, and on the edge of the oval, gracious tall poplar trees and just beyond these loomed the majestic spires of St. Peter's Cathedral. In fact, it was a truly perfect setting for us. As 3 o'clock chimed, Mr. Talbot Smith stepped forward to introduce Dr. Frank Mitchell who is in charge of the Physical Education Course at the Adelaide University, who in turn introduced Thea Stanley Hughes, the Australian Director of the Women's League of Health. Thea then proceeded to set out the aims and ideals of the League to the crowd of 1,500 who were present and at the conclusion Thea re-entered the oval from the far side to lead over 200 League members. Following Thea was Cicely Millington who represented the Nottingham centre in England,

then came Mrs. Bernice Dixon, who is going to Sydney in June to train in the Fourth Training School and so become one of us in the inner circle of the League on the staff. Bernice hopes to take the League to Mildura, where she is now living, next year, when she completes her training. Bernice represented future League teachers and centres. Then followed Mrs. Doro Dowling, former teacher-in-charge of the Perth centre, who led her contingent of sixteen members from Perth; Mrs. Dowling has now taken over the Adelaide centre. Phyllis Ross, in charge of the Riverina centres, led six of her members, then came Beatrice Lynch, one of the teachers from Melbourne, with her contingent of 28 Melbourne members. Myrtle Gilham, Thea's secretary, led the 12 members from Sydney; and I was very proud to lead the 150 members from Adelaide. I believe it was a wonderful sight to see us, in our black satin knickers and our white sleeveless satin blouses, marching to the tune of "Marching Feet," our League marching song, first in pairs around the oval, then in single file, as we wended our way, snake-tailing into lines. After going through loosening, head, feet and leg exercises, which comprised the Elementary section, we ran off, a line at a time, to the thunderous applause from our appreciative audience. We were very happy to be swinging and stretching our bodies to the lilting music supplied by Rena Krogdahl, our head League

(Continued on page 38.)

WOMEN'S WORK

when NATIONS WAR.

(From the Department of Information)

Emergency Legion

Without waiting for anyone officially to say "Go," the women of Queensland have hustled for themselves in amazingly widespread organization plans for National Defence in emergency.

The Women's National Emergency Legion and Youth Movement leapt into existence in September, 1938, when the Empire stood on the brink of war—a little over a year before the Declaration in 1939.

One day, during those weeks of crisis in 1938, a few friends met at the house of Mrs. W. D. Ryan of Brisbane, founder and leader of the Women's National Emergency Legion. The Legion immediately came into being as a result of that informal meeting. It was felt then that women should organise and be prepared to "stand behind any constitutional Government in the promotion of its National aims, whether their aims should be war or peace . . ."

So, the Women's National Emergency Legion was already a self supporting, live organization when war broke out; and it has gone ahead by leaps and bounds ever since.

British Example

Modelled on the lines of the "W.A.T.S."—Women's Auxiliary Territorial Services of Great Britain, the Legion hopes that, like its prototype, it may be incorporated into our National Defences under direct control of the Defence Department—should emergency and necessity arise. Meanwhile, under the leadership and inspiration of Mrs. Ryan it is daily growing in strength and prowess, extending its ramifications all over Queensland.

Like the "W.A.T.S." of Great Britain, the Legion is divided into various sections. These include: A

First Aid and Home Nursing Auxiliary; Transport Division (both horse and mechanised); an Air Wing; a Communication Unit (embracing Signalling, Radio and Morse Code instruction); Despatch Riders (trained to use motor cycles to the best advantage); Cooking (both invalid and large-scale Field cooking); a Land Workers' Section; and an Air Raid Precautions Section.

By the end of 1939, in the metropolitan area alone, the First Aid and Home Nursing Auxiliary had to its credit over 1,200 certificates of St. John Ambulance, while many hundreds of certificates have been gained by members throughout the 51 country branches of the Legion. There are also 180 members (probably added to since the last report came to hand) who have been trained under the Brisbane and South Coast Hospital Board and been granted certificates of efficiency. All these have given an undertaking to the Board to serve as emergency nurses in the event of National emergency.

The Legion anticipated the National Women's Register in November, 1938, with a voluntary register of those prepared to give their services in the event of war. In March, 1939, this was superseded by the Women's Voluntary Register instituted by the Federal Government. But the work of the Legion, which is affiliated with the National Council of Women in Queensland, continued to go forward faster than ever.

Excellent Standard

Most members of the Horse Transport Section have already completed a most comprehensive course in the care and management of animals under the direction of Professor Seddon of Queensland

University. The course includes First Aid for injured animals.

Those in charge of various sections, where instruction is for the most part honorary, report that the standard of the work is very high. In the Transport Unit, which is divided into sections or companies on semi-military lines, Legion Officers have to qualify by competitive examination.

The actual work comprises the driving and mechanism of a vehicle, whether car, truck, or ambulance, and tests to obtain the best use out of any vehicle in emergency conditions. The interpretation of military maps, sizing up of surrounding country, crossing of bridges, etc., in emergency conditions, are being studied under the guidance of Colonel Stansfield, C.M.G., who acts in a general advisory capacity to the Legion.

As soon as students complete their First Aid Course, they begin on Invalid Cookery classes, in the charge of Miss Irene Stoddart, who has a fine service record as a masseuse in the last war. (Even if the Legion is never actually called into action, what marvellous possibilities for the future of Queensland are opened up by all this training).

Features in the New Quarterly Issues of Western Vogue, will include . . .

**WINTER FASHIONS
WINTER SPORTS
MANNEQUIN DISPLAYS
PROGRESS IN AUSTRALIAN
INDUSTRIES
HOMES AND GARDENS**

Each division under the supervision of a Specialist.

There will be no increase in price and present subscribers will be protected by having their subscriptions extended.

PROGRESS !

Western Vogue to Expand

New features being introduced demanded a larger publication. This would of course mean the use of much more paper, which under the present war conditions would not have been permitted. It has been decided, therefore, to publish an enlarged issue, including modern lay-outs and colourwork. We will be able to comply with the request to reduce our consumption of paper slightly by publishing

A BIGGER AND BRIGHTER MAGAZINE QUARTERLY

replacing our present monthly publication. The first number will be our Winter Number, published about the middle of June, to be followed by Spring (September), Summer (December), Autumn (March) issues.

A SMART WOMAN . . .

SHABBY CAR

She was definitely smart, and you could not help noticing it as she stepped out of her car, nor the fact that the car was definitely shabby, although it was a comparatively modern car, with lines that were good, as those of its owner. It was a pity—she evidently had not con-

sidered that the car could have been given a new dress, that attractive show room lustre of a new car for less than it would probably cost her for just one new gown. Yes! Lady Motorowners should know that the shabby old car, can, in the hands of experts, be made to look attractive and in keeping with the smart appearance of their lady drivers. So

for a perfect job at just the ordinary price the Winterbottom Motor Co. Ltd. offer you just that in either Duco or "Dulux." A perfect job we said, for they have one of the most up-to-date duco and spray painting departments in the West, in fact it would not be exaggerating to say, most modern. Both Duco and Dulux are sprayed there and the cars we inspected were without a blemish, due to the special booths in which the work is done. The metal walls are all coated with a heavy yellow grease to collect any particles of dust in the air, and the atmosphere in which the work is done is as nearly dust free as it is possible to make it, by the air being extracted at one end and replaced with air drawn in through special filter screens at the other. The beautiful free-from-blemish work only obtainable in a duco shop so equipped, must commend this progressive firm to motor owners, both ladies and gentlemen, when they need their car's appearance restored to that of new models. Our ladies would not think of going to the city in a shabby old dress, so why go smartly dressed in a shabby old car, when the Winterbottom Motor Co. Ltd., can, in their modern body reconditioned department, make that old car look like a new model?

Women's League of Health

(Continued from page 36.)

pianiste in Adelaide. Rena was ably assisted by a drummer and saxophone player. They also played the musical interludes, in between our exits and entrances.

The Medium section was next on the programme, this was done by the staff and the medium and advanced members from Adelaide, comprising breathing, feet and legs, shoulders and waist exercises, this section marched on into an inner and outer circle, so that the sequences were done facing outwards, not as in the Elementary section, which was done in lines facing front.

At last came the long-awaited Advanced section, which was to complete the demonstration, this was done by 20 advanced Adelaide members and 6 of the staff. We marched on into the formation of an "A," to represent Australia. Thea was in front at the apex of the "A," 4 of the staff forming the cross bar, and 10 of us on each of the 2 spokes. We went through sequences for waists, shoulders, feet, legs, heads and spines and it was very thrilling to march off to the tumultuous applause of the crowd. After it was all over the crowds were still sitting and standing waiting

for more and Thea had to go back to the microphone to tell them the demonstration had finished. Lots of people came up to us later to tell us what an inspiration we had been to them, consequently lots promised to join. We are still getting letters of congratulation on our efforts, and people are still talking about it in Adelaide. We hope to repeat this performance here in Perth next year in September, 1941. This will be the 5th All-Australian demonstration.

On Friday, 12th April, the Perth centre held its first birthday party, over 100 members present, and we were very pleased to have with us on this happy occasion, Mrs. Joyner, the League's honorary member, to whom we owe a lot, as it is due to Mrs. Joyner that we now have our own Headquarters on the first floor of the new Cecil building, in Sherwood Court. The Perth centre has created a membership record for Australia, as we finished our first year with 880 members.

I want to take this opportunity to thank the Perth members for their wonderful hospitality which has been showered upon me since my arrival on 30th March from Adelaide. I heard lots about the marvellous hospitality of the West, from the other States, but one has really to stay here to know what it means, so I thank you all for your kindnesses.

A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME...

(Continued from page 27.)

A glorious Harvard white satin bridal gown, patterned in silver fern leaves, was chosen by the bride and her filmy tulle veil which was embroidered with silver braid was held in place by a coronet of star flowers and net leaves outlined in silver. To complete a truly lovely picture she carried a bouquet of white dahlias, stephanitis and fern. The gift from the bridegroom was a white gold wristlet watch, which the bride wore. Twin frocks of white stiffened lace and net modelled in old world style, crinoline effect were worn by the two bridesmaids, Miss Gwen Taylor and Miss Margaret Murdoch. Long lace mittens were worn and their white ostrich feather head-dresses were in pretty style. They carried posies of lemon-tinted rosebuds, and wore white opal pendants (gifts of the bridegroom).

The duties of best man were carried out by Mr. James Murdoch (brother of the bridegroom), and the groomsman was Mr. William Taylor (brother of the bride).

After the ceremony, a reception was held in the Wagin Town Hall, the guests being received by Mr. and Mrs. Taylor. Mrs. Taylor chose a black silk velvet frock and black picture hat, and carried a posy of blue hydrangea and delphiniums. Mrs. Murdoch (mother of the bridegroom), who assisted in receiving the guests, wore a black sheer frock braided in panels of silk braid and a black toque, finished with a flowing veil. She carried a posy of red rosebuds.

During the evening, the bride and bridegroom left for their honeymoon, which will be spent in the Eastern States, the bride travelling in an ensemble of Chartreuse frock and navy coat and navy hat, trimmed with ospreys and navy accessories.

RED CROSS DANCE.

A dance to raise funds for Woolworths Red Cross was held in St Alban's Hall, on Tuesday 16th April. Those assisting were: Mesdames Smith, Misses Gwen Sutton, Margaret Barnet, Joy Turner, Dot Mays, Gwen Hatton.

Among those present were:

Verna Carmen who was daintily dressed in rainbow georgette, Dot Davey, white net, Gwen Sutton, pink net, Winnie Flanagan, pale green net over taffeta, Joy Turner looked charming in white georgette dotted with silver spangles. Nancy Wallman in buttercup satin, Margaret Barnet blue taffeta with mauve flowers, Gwen Hatton, pink satin silver lame trimmings, Alma Turner very smart in rainbow satin, Dot Mays black taffeta, Dorothy Templeton green spotted voile with two tone sash, Gwen Cartilage smartly gowned in floral taffeta,

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feta, Vera Bland, blue floral georgette. Messrs. Jack Eastcott, Bert Dunn, Arthur McGann, Bob Cottie, Roy Speer, Kevin McAuley, Jack Henderson, Alec Howatt, Jim Sommerville, Ron Banks, Malcolm Scott, S. Stevens. Music was supplied by Lew Smith's Orchestra. Nell Collinson pink satin, Joy Duff blue taffeta, E. Hooper black taffeta, Joan Whitely dusty pink taffeta, Bridie Coffee figured blue taffeta.

OVERSEAS LEAGUE.

Varied Activities.

The Perth Branch of the Overseas League arranges programmes of events each month for its members and the functions are always varied to such an extent that at least one event during each month should have some appeal to every member. The April functions were as numerous as ever—firstly a mixed card evening was held hostessed by Mrs. W. G. Blencowe and Miss M. Bin-

ney and assisted by the Hon. Secretary (Mr. A. W. Barnes) and this was followed the next week by a most interesting address by Captain J. M. Miller who spoke on his experiences in the Yokohama Earthquake and gave to an attentive audience some reminiscences of his travels in many parts of the world. These monthly talks are very popular with League members and are generally given by some much travelled speaker.

The monthly bridge afternoon was hostessed by Mesdames F. M. Alford, W. G. Blencowe and A. Snashall and took place on the 17th whilst a Bridge Party organised by Mrs. J. Breydon and Miss D. W. Martin was held the following week. To finalise the April activities members met this week at the Club room on the occasion of the reading of several one act plays by local authors. The reading was arranged in co-operation with the Society of Playwrights (W.A.) whose efforts to foster interest in local play writing has met with considerable success.

The members of the Overseas League have already contributed generously to a fund controlled by the London Headquarters for the supply of cigarettes to men on service with the Allied forces. Recently donations received were sent through to London providing for 25,000 cigarettes to be sent with similar gifts from all parts of the world to men in France, in all sections of the air force and the navy. With each packet of 50 cigarettes a card is enclosed giving the name and address of the donor so that the recipient can send a line if he wishes to the person who has given a donation to this good work.

SINGAPORE LOOKS SOUTH

Now that folks from the Islands are unable to take their leave abroad, they are naturally looking south, and in Perth for an extended vacation is Mrs. Billy Anderson of Singapore, who is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Les Arnold of Nedlands. Another visitor from up yonder is Miss Beverley Deacon of Malaya, and she came down by air—to be bridesmaid at the marriage of her cousin, Miss Helene Woods of Mount Lawley, who will become Mrs. Robert Elgin at a very early date.

PEACE

(Continued from page 7.)

—£140 a ton, that meant real money. Alston totalled it up. Sixty quid for the turnout; say seventy quid for his store account, and that included fracture and all; then the fifteen pounds he owed on the two active coacher sorts of horses, a fiver for railage, about a fiver a ton for smelting and commission—twenty five quid: say, a hundred and sixty-five quid altogether. Yes, he was on velvet. Hardly more than the price of a ton of ore, leaving him the other four tons nearly all *bunce*.

And he'd been dragging it out at nearly two tons a month—well not quite. Five tons in three months and a half. Still, five hundred quid in that time, five hundred odd, there'd be, but never mind the oddments. Five hundred quid. Now with five hundred quid you could get a decent sort of a "little business" in Brisbane. Ham and beef, near a factory on the wharf, or somewhere, perhaps a school near—ice-cream and lollies for the kids. Yes. Better than sending Bessie a cheque down, and staying on here. The water just about had him beat. Lot of bailing every morning before you could go down, only it was so impregnated with sulphate you couldn't drink it. The horses wouldn't drink it. And the company engineer they'd had out to look at it said that the lode wasn't wide enough to warrant a company putting machinery on it. Still, five hundred quid wasn't too bad to pull out on.

There was a kangaroo shooter who had passed last week and said there was talk about peace in the papers, but what was that? Hadn't there been peace-talk before? And what did it matter, *when* they had peace, now young Jim had gone!

Alston ran his five tons down to the siding and saw it picked up by the ore train, then he and the Missus drove on into Cloncurry. Nice to be going on into town again, after a few months in the ranges. There were some went in a lot oftener, but it paid you to stick out there and be dragging a bit to the surface. Slow and sure. Got your hand in your

pocket all the time you're in town, and you definitely weren't getting any up to the grass while you were in town. Best o' being married. Kate was a trimmer. Never growl. Good as a second man. Strong enough for the windlass. Gave you a marvellous feeling of security below, with Kate up top. And she never growled. She had earned a bit of a sit back in a ham-and-beef down in Brisbane.

It was late in the afternoon, the second day, when they got in, put the horses opposite a trough of chaff in the pub yard, and got a room, just time to change before tea. They were in no mood for the pictures after such a long drive, and turned in about nine. They might have

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been asleep an hour, or just dozed off, when an engine up at the loco sheds let go a long whistle.—Some lazy young cleaner firing up, left the whistle open to tell him when he had steam up, likely. But another one joined in, then another with one of those four-chime whistles they were putting on some of the big new engines. Then the loco-shop starting hooter joined in. Some cars came down the streets with the horn on all the way. People rang bells. There was the sound of breaking glass in the bar below. People were running out into the street and yelling. "We've won! We've won! Peace! Hooray!" The town band hastily assembled and marched up and down playing "Tipperary." The town's news sheet came out with a free edition, the editor, printer and proprietor

himself pedalling a bicycle and chucking them out of a sachel on the handlebars. The Alstons, like everybody else, got up and dressed. The bars stayed open till all hours, the police just dropping quietly in and saying: "Draw it a bit mild, you know, it's hours after closing time!"

Peace! . . .

The local paper came out again in the morning, although it was only a weekly. **FULL PEACE TERMS! GERMAN FLEET TO SURRENDER!**

But it was when the mail-train came in from Townsville that Mrs. Alston found the bit of peace news that affected *them*.

"Look!" she said in dismay. "What do they mean? Copper down to forty pounds overnight as a result of cancellation of all Ministry of Munitions purchases? That can't mean *our* lot, surely! Ours was in before they went an' . . ."

"I dunno if that makes much difference," said Alston, gloomily. "It ain't in the smelter, yet. Wouldn't have had time to get assayed. They won't hurry, now. We won't get our cheque for a week or more."

And when they did, it was at forty!

There *was* talk of copper being brought up to seventy and held there.—If they liked to wait? . . .

"And by the same rule, it might go down to the price o' coke!" said another old gouger from round the back of the range from Alston's show.

Alston let it go at forty. He wanted just about that much to put him square, anyhow. There was a few pounds left for the track. They still had the turnout, and the tools. "What'll we do?" said Kate.

"Might get a well to sink on some station," he said. "An' I suppose Bessie'll manage somehow. But I *would* 'a liked that five hundred quid to've got you into that ham-and-beef. Blast 'em, what did they want to knock off that sudden for, after four years and four months? Why couldn't they 'a knocked off a year ago, so's Jim could a' been here? Whyn't they . . ."

"Why'd they wanta start it at all!" said Kate.

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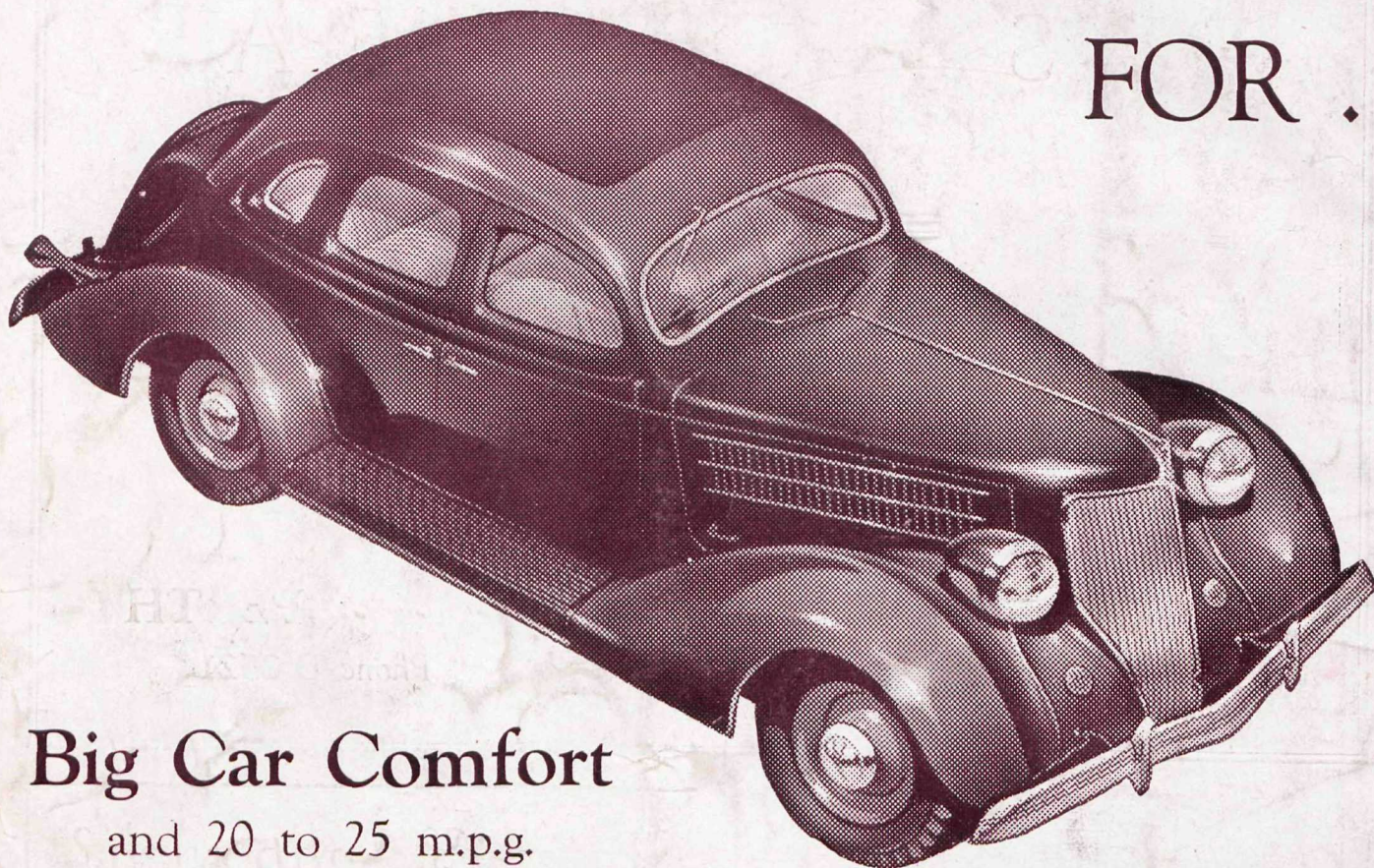
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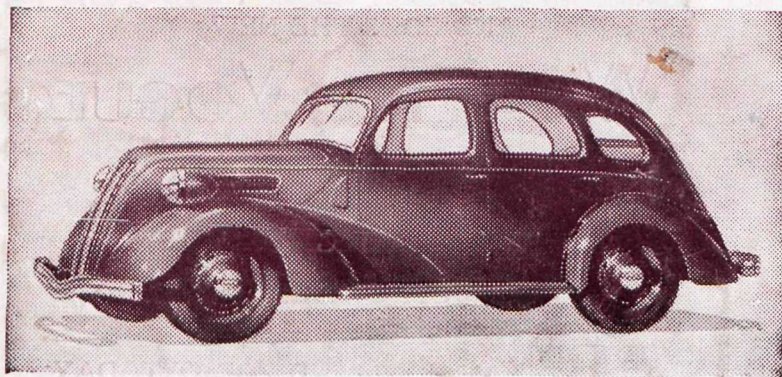
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